THE LOST LANDS



The Northlands Saga Complete

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Swords & Wizardry

FROG GOD GAMES



The Northlands Saga Complete

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Foreword

Why a Norse saga themed setting? My background is as an archaeologist and history teacher. I moved from there into writing, and I dragged along decades of accumulated knowledge, and fortunate knowledge that was. My teachers had instilled that the study of history required good storytelling, for nothing else than to make dry facts more palatable to the general public. The history of the medieval Norse, as well as their tales and legends, are filled with the kind of stories that good fantasy adventure should be built from, and now it is.

I started working on ***The Northlands Saga Complete*** by looking at the Norse Sagas, especially the sagas of the Icelanders and Greenlanders. Throw in a little *Beowulf* and some Grimm's, and you nearly have the Northlands. Nearly, that is, but you will need a bit of classic Sword and Sorcery, some Howard and Leiber, a touch of Lovecraft, as well as the descendants, followers, and pastiche artists of those greats. Yet, you still are not there, not quite. To get the full mix you would need to have been at the table when I started playtesting the first **Northlands Saga** adventure, ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***.

I started the Pathfinder Roleplaying Game hacks for the Northlands years before the setting was even dreamed of. As much as I have enjoyed Pathfinder, *Swords & Wizardry*, and the entire D&D style of games, I never felt they really fit a more or less historical or mythical style of play, at least not as they were written. That is one of the beauties of our hobby, you buy a book and make the game your own, and if you are lucky enough someone publishes it and you can share it with others.

We sat down to play our first game of set in the Northlands and right away I hit the players with some genre restrictions, some historical background, and a few rules alterations, a true homebrew in the great tradition of role-playing. Barbarians became Bearsarkers, and later the Ulfhanders were added. Skuld the Witch showed how we could treat arcane magic in the game and in the setting. We had huscarls galore, fighters and skalds, and eventually a host of playtesters came and went, each making their own mark on the development of the Northlands.

Like all role-playing, the results were ephemeral and mostly forgotten after five years. There was the tense bargaining with a group of fairies that nearly saw a PC sold off to those weird alien beings. Skuld sticks out in the mind as a prime character example, the daughter of a jarl and a thrall, cursed with the gift of magic, and completely insane. Eventually she multi-classed with barbarian in order to enhance her wild, frenetic, savage concept.

There was the battle between Bolvi the Bearsarker and a bull mammoth. At this point in our campaign, Bulvi had fought many large animals, once losing an eye to a dire bear. The party was getting ready to leave the Far North when a herd of mammoths went by, several bulls following in anticipation of the spring rut. Bulvi spotted one large bull and eyed him intensely, prompting a trumpeting challenge. This sort of thing couldn't go unaddressed, and as the rest of the party paused in loading bundles of furs and amber onto their longship, Bolvi threw off his cloak and walked out naked to challenge the mammoth. He stood out on the thawing tundra, arms spread wide in the classic "Come at me, bro" stance.

The two met on the tundra and battle commenced. In the end, the rest of the party ran to Bolvi's aid and the beast was brought down. In the aftermath, Skuld the Witch was lost and presumed crushed under the bull mammoth's weight, she was last seen heading between the beast's legs to, "grab a double handful of mammoth". As the party began to mourn, or in some cases sigh in relief at their loss, the hairy flanks of the beast rumbled and she burst out. It would be three days before someone managed to "accidently" knock her overboard, the only way to get Skuld to bathe.

This is what I want you to do with this book, have wild, memorable, and most of all fun adventures in the Northlands. I certainly have, and have been so lucky to do so with my playtesters and at convention games. Go forth my friends, and carve a name for yourself with mind's worth and wound-hoe, blood-ember and bravery. If you need me, seek me in the shieldwall where the spear-din is thickest and the battle-sweat flows freely. I'll be there, and I trust, so will you.

—Ken Spencer
September 2015

The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide

ᚺ Hagalaz, Hail! ᚺ



Welcome to ***The Lost Lands: The Northlands Saga Complete*** from **Frog God Games**. This ***Campaign Guide*** is designed to aid players and GMs in enjoying exciting action-filled adventures from ***The Northlands Saga Complete***, as well as creating their own adventures set in the milieu of the ***NS*** series. We want you to go beyond the published adventure series and explore the wild and furious lands of ***The Northlands Saga Complete***. So, haglaz, traveler! Well met, indeed. We hope you find the spear-din and mind's worth to bring excitement and glory to your game.

The Northlands Saga Complete is a campaign setting and an adventure path all set in the **Frog God Games'** game world of the **Lost Lands**. Far at the northern edge of the world map where the continent of Akados connects to the frozen polar continent of Boros are the lands of the Northlanders huddled around the often-frozen North Sea and verging upon the gray-green swells of the Great Ocean Ûthaf that circles the northern portion of the world.

The Northlands are a realm of rugged frontiers on the very edge of the arctic wilderness where the men of the North contend against the horrors of the icy wastes with little more than sinew, iron, and their own mind's worth. Here is a realm of gameplay for a classic Viking saga or adventures in the gritty north envisioned by Leiber or Howard. It is a land of epic sagas, savage creatures, and heroes of mythic proportions, and it is yours to play in.

History of the Northlands

The story of the Northlands is ancient; it goes far back to a time when the world sat differently in the Great Expanse and the Northlands were not yet cold. Even in those distant and ancient days, there were men dwelling in the Northlands. Yet despite the length of human habitation in the Northlands, the people currently known as Northlanders have actually lived there only for slightly less than 800 years and are, in fact, the third migration of human settlers, having arrived from a land much farther to the south. They are what is thought of when folk of the Lost Lands think of the Northlands, and their history is an epic worthy of the harsh lands they now hold. But no history of the Northlands can be told without speaking of the first humans to live there.

The first settlers of the Northlands were organized tribes of peoples clad in hides and wielding weapons of wood and stone. Some of these tribes even knew the secrets of working bronze, and these were the princes among the peoples known as the Andøvan. Tribes of these peoples existed across most of Akados, a savage remnant perhaps of the civilizations that fell with the great betrayal of Orcus. Known throughout most of Akados as the Ancient Ones by modern folk, in the Northlands they have retained their identity as the Andøvan if only due to the presence of the mountain

range by that name that has survived in ancestral memory for thousands of years. These lost folk left behind only barrow mounds, earthen hill forts, and enigmatic rings of standing stones upon the heights. The ancients who once dwelt in the Northlands are still held in a mixture of awe and fear by modern Northlanders, their barrow fields still haunted by the specters of their civilization that walk the night-darkened hills and forests.

While it remains a mystery what happened to the many tribes of Ancient Ones that dwelt throughout Akados, in the Northlands the oracle Siljus spoke doom over the Andøvan when he said, "Seek you the mountains, tribes of the gray sea, and there you shall know your doom." His words dutifully scribed on the Stone of Andøvan, the tribe's chieftain ritually strangled the blind seer for such an ill-omened utterance, even though he protested his innocence to the last. Such measures did not save the Andøvan of the north, however, for they soon learned their doom when from the Stoneheart Mountains far to the west came a migration of giants, foremost among them were hordes of trolls and troll-kin. While the giants primarily took to the mountain peaks to make their homes in caves and rock shelters, the trolls descended upon the lowlands around the sea to claim their homes among the human-held lands. The Andøvan fought this onslaught for many years, but the tribes never fully united and ultimately they fell to the trolls one by one. Those who survived became thralls to their troll overlords, and the Andøvan ceased to exist in the north.

Not much lore of the Andøvan survived to modern times, for they were gone even before Oerson led the Legion of Hyperborea out of Boros to begin the colonization of Akados. Though the primary route of the Legion was to the west of the Northlands, the Hyperborean scouts that surveyed the area around the North Sea found the native Andøvan long gone. They did report, however, the presence of a great number of trolls and trollkin and described in ancient documents now held in the Imperial Library in Courghais a savage troll-blooded people they called the *thrydreg* — the last remnant of Andøvan blood long polluted in its thralldom to the trolls. Not wishing to bog down in a war with such savages, Oerson elected to circumvent the accursed region and continued his march south into Akados with little more than the occasional skirmish at the very edges of the troll territories.

More than a thousand years later, after the third great elven exodus, a tribe of wild elves known as the Nûk came upon the Northlands seeking a peaceful home far from the ever-encroaching Hyperboreans of the south. The thrydreg still held the coastal lowlands, and giants were plentiful in the mountain heights, but in the forests and plains north of the mountains, the elves found a new home that eventually became known as Nûkland. These elves did not build cities or large settlements but instead elected to remain in small bands, hunting among the forests to avoid the notice of the giants and to be able to pack up and move on quickly should human intruders show up in their territory once again.

When the poles of the world shifted nearly 1,500 years later, the Northlands suddenly found itself on the very edge of the arctic. Temperatures plummeted and powerful blizzards dumped vast amounts of snow over the formerly temperate lands. The thrydreg were ill-prepared for such changes, and famine and warfare overtook the troll-kin tribes as they competed for ever-dwindling resources. The agile Nûk fared better, quickly adapting to hunting among the snow-laden forests and across the newly formed tundra as the mega-fauna that they lived off of were able to adapt to the colder clime as well.

It was into these new subarctic conditions that a tribe of the wandering Shattered Folk, bands of the long-ago defeated Hundaei, arrived in the Northlands led by Hvran Kalsong. Known as the Uln, this clan saw that ferocious bands of troll-kin still roamed the coastal lowlands and that elves held the arboreal forest to the north. A raid by the thrydreg killed Hvran's son and took his daughter as thrall. Knowing his people to be too weak to challenge the savage thrydreg or avenge his family, Hvran led his people farther north until they came upon the Seal Coast and the Wailing Mountains. Beyond the mountains, they found ruined cities — abandoned by the ancient folk of Boros — that held shelter and resources unlike any they had found in their generations of wandering. The Uln settled in these cities, abandoning the nomadic ways of their forefathers and adopting the sedentary lifestyle of their ancient foes the Hyperboreans. Cursed for his shame at abandoning his daughter — even though to save his people — Hvran and his wife bore no more children, and leadership of the Uln was divided among the cities upon their deaths. For saving his people, though, he and his wife were laid to rest in a special tomb in the waters off the Seal Coast.

The Uln thrived in their newly found cities and were able to weather the harsh climate of the Far North thanks to resources of the cities that were ready-to-hand. Unfortunately, they also found other things left behind by the missing Boreans that were less benign in nature. Among some of the storerooms of the cities were found certain icons and holy texts dedicated to elder gods of the cold and ice, including one called Althunak. Some of the Uln settlers turned to these ice spirits and Althunak in particular as a means to an easier existence among the ice and snow of the northern tundra. Before long, a cult had formed dedicated to the Lord of Ice and Cold.

Within a generation, the Cult of Althunak had risen to great power among the Uln, as the cult's patron held such power over the environment in which they lived. During this time, it came to be known that Althunak was actually a demon lord — one of the Ginnvaettir — but by this time his cult held too much power. Too many of the Uln were dedicated to his Liturgy of Icy Death, and the leaders of the cities were forced to coexist with the evil cult in their midst, content at least in the knowledge that the cult's mastery over the arctic climate provided benefit to all of the Uln as well.

As the cult gained power, it began to construct its own city on the shores of an icy lake. The City of the Lord of Winter became a bastion to the cult and a place where they could begin to consolidate their power. Many Uln of the Borean cities saw this as a threat too great to be ignored and chose instead to relocate back to the Seal Coast where they took up the ways of their ancestors in hunting and fishing. They called themselves the Ulnat. Their departure was none too soon, because in that same year, slaving bands began to issue forth from the City of the Lord of Winter and take slaves from among the Uln cities nearby. These were brought back to the city by the lake and set to work making their bastion ever bigger.

By the time 20 years had passed, the Cult of Althunak held sway over all the cities beyond the Wailing Mountains, and the Demon Lord of Ice and Cold was forming the beginnings of a new empire to match one he had established and lost long ago at the opposite end of the world. But just as the fates had conspired against the demon lord then when heroes and gods rose against him, this time too the strands of wyrd turned so that there came those to combat him. Among the tribes of the Seal Coast, there appeared a hero named Hvran the Half-Born, a direct descendant of the daughter of Hvran Kalsong who had been taken by the thrydreg. Being deformed and troll-blooded, Hvran Half-Born was ill-received among the Ulnat until he saved one of their coastal settlements from the depredations of a vicious sea serpent. With that heroic act, however, the Ulnat realized him for a hero and saw in him a means of salvation from the Cult of Althunak.

Dozens of other heroes flocked to the banner of Hvran, and soon he had raised a mighty army among the Ulnat of the Seal Coast. With this in tow, he and his champions crossed the Trail of Ravens to the plains beyond the Wailing Mountains where they found all in desolation. The former cities of the Uln were in ruins, their homes and settlements erased from the frozen tundra now called the White Field of Death. Though they faced harsh resistance, the Cult of Althunak was not prepared for an army of this size, and the Ulnat won through to the City of the Lord of Winter. There, Hvran Half-Born and his fellow heroes faced the demon lord himself and slew him in battle. Of the two score champions accompanying Hvran, only the Half-Born himself survived due to his trollish heritage, and then only long enough to see the demon's corpse trapped beneath the waters of the Lake of Frozen Screams. Upon the submersion of the demon lord's lifeless cadaver, the lake subsequently froze solid from his icy influence, creating a solid sarcophagus of ice.

The Half-Born succumbed to his wounds and was carried solemnly in state back across the Trail of Ravens with the battered remnant of his army, and interred with his forefather Hvran the Third. The lands beyond the Wailing Mountains were abandoned and forgotten, considered a cursed realm, and the Ulnat separated into small bands and villages to resume the ways of their distant ancestors and never again dabble in the corrupt practices of "civilized" men.

Barely a century and a half after the rise and fall of the Uln in the Far North, a third migration of humans began for the Northlands. At the far southern end of the continent of Akados, on the aptly named Helcynngae Peninsula lived the Heldring, a barbarous people of feared warriors of great size and martial prowess who had sold the soul of their people to the goddess Hel in exchange for might and protection from the invading legions of the Hyperboreans. This contract had served well, for the Hyperboreans were never able to conquer these tribes and ultimately had

to wall off the entire peninsula with a defensive breastwork known as the Helwall. It was from this ruthless and bloodthirsty people that the final migration emerged.

Not all of the tribes among the Heldring were as devoted to the Lady of Pestilence and, at a time when her cult's power was waxing among the Heldring, one thegn called Swein Sigurdson turned his back on the wicked ways of Hel and sought an escape for his people. Swein gathered his family and related clans and headed north to cross the Helwall. The clergy of Hel, however, learned of his defection and sent an army in pursuit. Unable to reach the Helwall, Swein retreated into the mountains of Cumborian to find safety. The Helite council's army pursued doggedly and drove them ever deeper among the jagged clefts. Finally, Swein and his people were forced to seek shelter in a cave and await the arrival of their eminent executioners. However, even as the Helite raiders charged up the valley and Swein formed his shieldwall across the mouth of the cave, an earthquake struck the valley. The cliff face above the cave mouth collapsed, sealing it off and trapping Swein's people within while killing many of the charging Helite warriors.

Saved by seemingly divine intervention, Swein nevertheless despaired at the prospect of his people dying trapped within the collapsed cavern. However, when torches were lit, it was found that the back of the cave had likewise collapsed to reveal a series of natural tunnels that ran deep beneath the earth and into the Under Realms. For two years, the clans following Swein survived and forged their path through the darkness of the Under Realms on what they came to call the Neimbrall Trail. At some point during that journey the Æsir gods of their ancestors, long forgotten when Hel became the dominant deity of the Helcynngae Peninsula, reappeared to them. Swein received a vision from Wotan the All-Father of a distant land of snowy peaks and timbered forests, far from the Helcynngae Peninsula, a land where they could hack their homes out of the wilderness and live as a free people.

Swein Sigurdson became the first godi and led his people toward this promised land. For nearly three years, the clans of Swein stumbled through the dark, being forged by the hardships they faced and tempered by the foes they fought until finally one day he led them into the light of day from beneath the a chain of mountains in a wide valley they named Storstrøm. Across the vale at the foot of another mountain range they found the Stone of Andøvan, which gave cryptic clues to what people had lived in the valley long before, and named these mountains for them as a result.

Unfortunately for Swein's people, the lands they had found were not unoccupied; the thrydreg still held sway in the lowlands around the North Sea. But the Æsir favored Swein's people and provided them with a stone fortress built upon a river from which they could defend themselves and begin their own expansion. Thus with the might of their faith in the Æsir behind them and the tempering they had endured on the Neimbrall Trail within them, Swein's clans made war upon the thrydreg. No longer as numerous as they had once been due to the faltering resources since the climate shift, and with most of their true troll overlords long since relocated into the mountains, the thrydreg fell before the onslaught of Swein and his people. In a few short years, the thrydreg had been driven from the Vale and the new society of Northlanders had been established.

Over the following decades, the Northlanders continued to push the thrydreg back. They mastered the art of crafting swift longships with which they could launch raids all along the coast, and soon the last pockets of thrydreg were destroyed or in hiding among the wildlands. Swein was named the first Køenig of Storstrøm Vale, and what became the first modern nation of the Northlands was begun.

Lost Lands Timeline of the Northlands

Imperial Record (I.R.)	Erylle Cycle (E.C.)	Huun Chronicle (H.C.)	
–6484	1		Elves retreat in First Exodus
–4572	1913		The paragon troll Thrydutir leads his horde east into the Northlands and attacks the Andøvan tribes there
–109	6376		Polemarch Oerson leads Hyperborean Legion out of Boros and into Akados
725	7209		Wild elves withdraw to the west in Third Exodus; Green Warders established
1021	8599		Nûk tribe of wild elves ends its wandering among forests along coast of North Sea and establishes Nûkland far from human influence
2491	8975		Poles shift; Ice sheet begins forming over continent of Boros and World Roof
2494	8978		Uln tribe of the Shattered Folk arrives in the Far North and begins to settle beyond the Wailing Mountains in abandoned cities of lost Boros
2516	9000	21	Cult of Althunak rises to power among the Uln
2528	9012	33	Cult of Althunak begins enslaving Uln settlements; Construction begun on City of the Lord of Winter
2553	9037	58	The Cult of Althunak holds sway over the Far North from the City of the Lord of Winter
2584	9068	89	Cult of Althunak overthrown by Ulnat uprising; City of the Lord of Winter abandoned; Althunak imprisoned beneath Lake of Frozen Screams; Ulnat tribes scatter along Seal Coast
2731	9215	236	Swein Sigurdson discovers the Neimbrall Trail in Under Realms, leads his tribe of the Heldring through tunnel away from Helcynngae Peninsula to escape worship of Hel
2734	9218	239	Guided by vision from Wotan, Swein Sigurdson leads his people to emerge in Storstrøm Vale; Colonization of Northlands begins; Swein Sigurdson named Køenig of Storstrøm Vale
2997	9481	502	Settlers on Hord Peninsula declare independence from Storstrøm Vale; Balfyr Longhair named first Køenig of Hordaland
3003	9487	508	Gerimund the Bold scales the World Tree, Yggdrasil, and woos the Norn, Skuld. The Daughters of Skuld are born of divine and mortal

Imperial Record (I.R.)	Erylle Cycle (E.C.)	Huun Chronicle (H.C.)	
3030	9514	535	Beginning of Køenigs War as Hrolf Gundlaakson contests Swein Skúlison's right to rule Storstrøm Vale
3032	9516	537	Køenig Swein gains upperhand in Køenigs War; Hrolf Gunlaakson retreats to holdings on Jarvik Peninsula
3033	9517	538	Hrolf Gunlaakson declared Køenig of Hrolfland, consolidates power over Jarvik Peninsula; Køenig Hrolf assassinated, no Hrolf kinsman is able to garner the support to be declared the new Køenig of Hrolfland
3109	9593	614	The legendary Eleven Godi of the Hearth Stone gather to cast powerful spells and throw down the fortress of the infamous giant Gunnlaugr
3145	9629	650	Kein the Bearsarker leads Northlanders in the Forgotten Wars against the undead of the ancient Andøvan
3153	9637	658	Kein defeats the Longnight King at the Battle of the Barrow Lands ending the Forgotten Wars
3221	9705	726	Althing of Storstrøm Vale founded
3223	9707	728	Five siblings of Gat clan relocate to Bornhølm Peninsula in dissension from assembly form of government represented in Things and Althing; Gatland founded
3280	9764	785	Gat-Hrolf feud begins
3298	9782	803	Kraki Haraldson slays red wyrm Verthenstyr and recovers the sword *Kroenarck* from beneath Mount Helgastervän
3306	9790	811	Kraki Haraldson unites all jarldoms and named High Køenig of the Northlands
3316	9800	821	Oathbreakers assassinate Kraki Haraldson and flee to mountains of Seydiford Peninsula; High Køenig Kraki Haraldson interred with *Kroenarck* overlooking Storm River; Athils the Seer prophecies no High Køenig will rule the Northlands again until *Kroenarck* finds a worthy hand
3321	9805	826	Vastavikland founded by rebels on Seydiford Peninsula
3355	9839	860	Disappearance of Folkmar the Reaver after 30 years of raiding
3363	9847	868	First sighting of Jomsvikings with raid on Tallsinki
3378	9862	883	Jomsvikings raids increase in frequency around North Sea
3380	9864	885	Combined fleet of longships from Storstrøm Vale, Hordaland, Hrolfland, and Gatland defeat Jomsviking fleet at Battle of Kulding Swells; Allied fleet pursues surviving Jomsviking ships back to Jomsburg and are totally destroyed; Alliance falls apart, Northlanders avoid Jomsburg Island; Jomsviking raids greatly curtailed and focus farther abroad than North Sea
3401	9885	906	Hrolfs employ Southlander mercenaries to stymie Gat raids
3437	9921	942	Beast Cult of Shibauroth driven out of Storstrøm Vale
3452	9936	957	First Althing of Estinfird convened at Three Rivers trading post
3517	10,001	1022	Current year

A Word on Pronunciation

Pronunciation of words from a Nordic base is no easy task to a non-Nordic tongue, and many of the place names, and names of gods and heroes are just that. They are not, for the most part, intended to be a true rendering of Norwegian or even ancient Norse words and names, but they are meant to convey that flavor. As a result, there are some spelling habits that are perhaps strange to the eyes of many gamers. As a result, we've included a little bit of a pronunciation guide, though it is no way meant to be a didactic or exhaustive discussion of the subject in any real-life context. It merely explains the conventions we have used in the ***Northlands Saga***. As with anything game related, they are there for you to use or ignore as you see fit.

Of immediate note is undoubtedly the fact that many names end in an 'r' that do not normally do so. This final 'r' of Nordic origin is often left off in Western renderings, but to lend the air of legitimacy to our Northlands setting, we have opted to go for the older, more obscure spelling. However, in general the final 'r' is silent unless it follows a vowel, so that 'Thor' is still 'Thor', but 'Grimr' would be pronounced 'Grim'. In the case of 'Baldr', however, conventional use would still pronounce it 'Balder', so this rule is far from absolute.

For vowels, 'Æ, æ' is usually pronounced like 'eye' or 'ay'; 'Á, á' is pronounced like 'ow'; 'Ö, ö' and 'Ø, ø' are pronounced like 'oeh', and the other accented vowels are held longer. Unaccented vowels usually have their long sound. The letter 'Ð, ð' is called 'eth'. It is pronounced as a 'th' sound and is sometimes used interchangeably with the letter 'Þ, þ' (called 'thorn' and also pronounced with a 'th' sound).

While these hints by no means create a fully authentic pronunciation in terms of real ancient Nordic and Germanic languages, they will help you to catch the intended flavor and feel. However, if it is easier, just use the spellings for the look of them and make your pronunciations whatever is simplest for you. Use them as best fits your tastes.

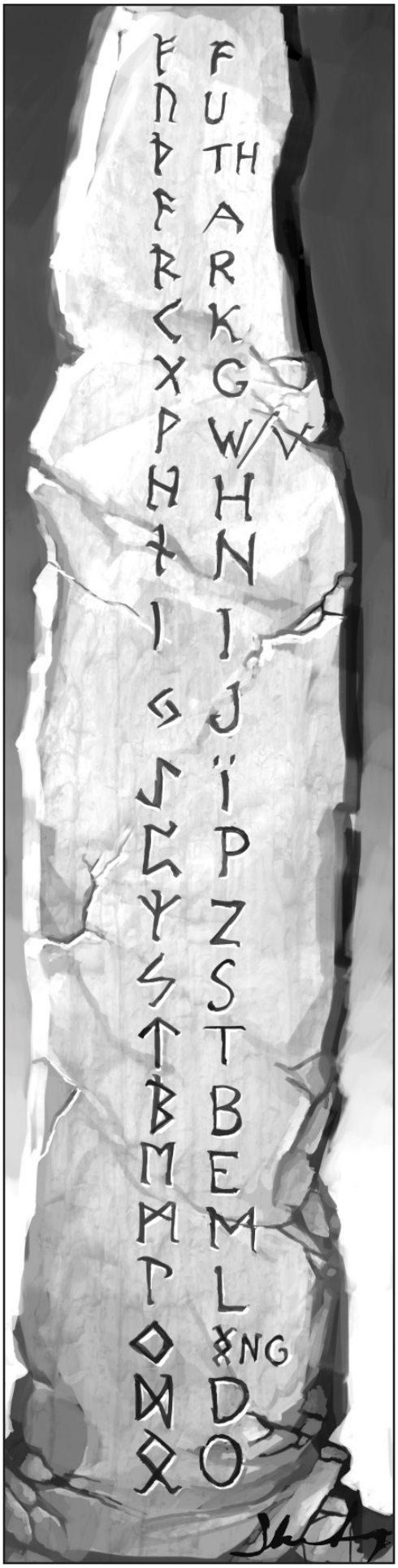
Kennings

Throughout the **Northlands Saga**, you will notice the frequent use of *kennings* — word pictures expressed by the skalds and oral traditions of the Northlands cultures to paint a vibrant picture of what is being described. As the Northlands are a harsh and violent land, many of these kennings describe battle and bloodshed. Because of their reliance upon the sea for their livelihood and survival, a great many of them also describe the seas and the struggles of surviving upon them. Many kennings are self-explanatory, though others are often more opaque. It is considered a great skill among Northlanders to come up with new kennings that are simple to understand yet brilliantly illustrative and original. Certain renowned skalds are known for their expert kenning-play.

While many of the narratives of the adventures make use of kennings, it is up to you whether you choose to use them in your narration and dialogue as you run or play in Northlands adventures. We highly encourage you to do so in order to catch an authentic feel of the Northlands. Below is a list of some of the more common kennings so you will know what they mean when used, can employ them yourself, or can use them as a base from which to create new kennings of your own. For whatever purpose you decide to use them, we hope you enjoy the "word-dwimmer" that comes of it.

Common Kennings of the Northlands

Alfar dwimmer: magic
Baldr's bane: mistletoe
battle-dew: blood
blood-ember: axe
blood-worm: sword
breaker of rings: Køenig or jarl
Corpse-ripper: the dragon Nídhöggr, chews upon the corpses of murderers, adulterers, and oath-breakers
easer of raven's hunger: generous leader
feeder of ravens: warrior
Freyja's tears: amber
Hanged God: Wotan
Frigg's thread: gold
icicle of blood: Sword or spear
Loptr's favor: fire
Loptr's mead: lies/deception
mind's worth: courage/honor
moon distaff's thread: silver
Rán's hammer: waves
raven harvest: corpse
ring-giver: Køenig or jarl
sea-steed: ship
shame of swords: shield
Sif's hair: gold
sky-candle: the sun
slaughter-dew: blood
Slayer of Giants: Donar
spear-din: battle
swan of blood: raven
sword-sleep: death
wave-cutter: ship
wave-swine: ship
wave thread: sea serpent
Wotan's children: raven
weather of weapons: war
whale road: sea
wolf-hearted: coward, oath-breaker, one without mind's worth
wound-hoe: sword
wound-sea: blood



Special Non-Player Characters

There are lots of NPCs in this book who would normally need an individual description of special abilities and extra hit dice. The village blacksmith isn't a fighter, but he's much tougher than a "normal human" with 1d6 hit points. The hedge-witch who lives outside town isn't a full-fledged magic-user, but can cast spells. The sly diplomat isn't necessarily trained in anything, but he's too important to be nothing but "normal."

For purposes of describing the role of NPCs who fall somewhere into the gap between "normal human" and "character class," we've stolen a couple of standard notations to avoid describing special abilities each and every time one of these NPCs appears, and to indicate a bit of information about their role or social status. This is especially important because in the lists of "Notable NPCs" for a settlement, there are many NPCs who appear only in that line, with no other description anywhere.

In all cases, these "special" NPCs have extra hit dice (d6), and a saving throw of 15 – HD, to a minimum of 8. If you can't find this part of the book later on, just make up a number. Specifics aren't important.

Adept (Adept): A minor spellcaster, falling short of being a true magic-user or cleric. Hedge-witches, shamans, and healers might be described this way. The number after "Adept" is the number of d6 hit dice. The hit dice also indicate (vaguely) the adept's ability to use magic.

Aristocrat: Designates a noble or sedentary leader such as a mayor or a courtier. These people have less combat training than veteran fighters, but aren't nearly as helpless as an ordinary, completely untrained human. The number after "Aristocrat" is the number of d6 hit dice.

Commoner: This is your standard village blacksmith, innkeeper, or dockside laborer: strong, but not battle trained. The number after "Commoner" is the number of d6 hit dice.

Expert: This is a catchall term for those who make a living by their skills. Sages, falconers, merchants, lawyers, and craftsmen would all be marked as experts. The number after "Expert" is the number of d6 hit dice.

Settlement Descriptions

Most of the information in a settlement's stat block is straightforward and self-explanatory, but a couple of the categories may need explanation.

Quick Summary

The first line of the settlement description is an instant picture of the community's size and general alignment. For example: Small city, Lawful (good tendency). Some communities have only an alignment; others might have only a moral tendency. If the characters are just passing through, this line might be all you need.

Settlement Types and Population

Thorp	Fewer than 20
Hamlet	21–60
Village	61–200
Small town	201–2,000
Large town	2,001–5,000
Small city	5,001–10,000
Large city	10,001–25,000
Metropolis	More than 25,000

Profile

This line contains a quick reference for a settlement's relative corruption, crime, economy, law, lore, and society. "Relative" means compared to an ordinary town, not necessarily to a settlement of equivalent size.

Corruption: Corruption measures how open a settlement's officials are to bribes, how honest its citizens are, and how likely anyone in town is to report a crime. Low corruption indicates a high level of civic honesty.

Crime: Crime is a measure of a settlement's lawlessness. A settlement with a low crime modifier is relatively safe, with violent crimes being rare.

Economy: A settlement's economy modifier indicates the extent of its trade. It is not a measure of poverty; it is a measure of how far and how much the community trades beyond its own walls.

Law: Law indicates how strict a settlement's laws and edicts are, and how vigilant the guards are. A settlement with a low law modifier isn't necessarily crime-ridden (that's indicated under "Crime"). A low law modifier generally indicates that the town simply has little need for protection since crime is so rare, but it can also indicate a lawless city.

Lore: A settlement's lore modifier measures how willing the citizens are to chat and talk with visitors, and how useful the general population's "tavern talk" is likely to be. It can also be used to measure the quality of libraries and sages in larger cities. Basically this is used if you need a quick determination about information.

Society: Society measures how open-minded and civilized a settlement's citizens are. If there is a half-orc in the party, this could become important.

This is a multi-use tool that can be used either for a modifier on whatever 1d20 "saving throw" type roll you might make for quick resolution of player actions (such as, "We ask around in taverns") or as an indicator of the relative level of certain basic characteristics of a settlement.

Using the Profile for Fast-Resolution Die Rolls

Sometimes you need to know how a town will react. Are the guards vigilant? Is a rumor likely to be available? Can the prison warden be bribed? The numbers in the profile line can be used as a short cut for tasks that aren't automatic but also aren't important enough to spend much time on. The numbers potentially range from a modifier of –10 to +10, and represent the bonus on a player's 1d20 roll to determine "success" of some kind. Treat the die roll as a saving throw where 10 is what's needed for an easy task. If the task is more difficult than normal, such as bribing the king's bodyguard instead of a town watchman, make the target number higher to reflect the increased difficulty. If you're more comfortable thinking in terms of a percentage chance of success, treat a +1 bonus as +5% for a percentile roll.

Using the Profile as a Comparison

Another use for the profile is to use it as a comparison with other settlements. Multiply the bonus number by 10, and you have the percentage by which the community is greater than or less than a "normal" community. So a town with +3 corruption has 130% of normal town-level corruption. If crime is listed at "–6," then the community has only 40% of normal crime rates.

Unusual Qualities

Settlements have characteristics that can't be captured as a numerical modifier. This line uses a few standardized terms; simply read them as useful nutshell descriptions.

Disadvantages

These are things such as curses or plagues that are effectively destroying a community; only adventure-type locations will have one. This line does not appear if the settlement has no unusual disadvantages.

Danger

Danger is probably more important than the items in the profile line, and operates the same way. A town with –4 danger is 40% less dangerous than a normal small town. A town with +4 danger is 40% more dangerous than a normal small town. Hence, all cities have a high danger quotient.

Government

This is a quick guide to how the community is organized, usually fleshed out in the community's text description. Autocracy is a single leader such as an elected mayor, chosen by the community. A Council is also chosen by the community, but it's a group. An Overlord inherited, stole, or was appointed to rule (not chosen by the community, in other words). Magical means there's a magical component to the leader's rule, and Secret Syndicate means the so-called "ruler" is someone else's puppet. We considered getting more specific here, but since the text description covers this part in detail, we decided not to go into all the possibilities such as "gerontocracy," "meritocracy," etc. The reason for stat blocks is for speedy resolution, so we decided to keep it very abstract.

Population

Population shows the settlement's total adult population, including the elderly.

Notable NPCs

These people will most likely be described in the text, but if the characters are only in town to get healing at the local temple, you may

want to know the high priest's name and level without reading through the whole description. It's not a complete list, especially for cities, but it is often helpful.

Purchase Maximum

If you roll into a hamlet of twenty peasants planning to sell the *staff of the archmage* you found in the depths of a nearby dungeon, you're going to be disappointed. Hard coinage is scarce in rural areas, and even towns can't raise the money to buy buckets of gems or powerful magical items. This line indicates the most that a settlement can spend on buying things from characters.

Additional Note: Settlement notation in other books for the **Lost Lands** contain a "Maximum Clerical Spell Level" entry. Clerical magic in the Northlands is rare and not "sold," so we left out this part of the notation as extraneous. However, any clerical spellcasters will be described in the "Notable NPCs" part of the settlement's description, and if the characters make personal contact with one of these spellcasters, it is still possible to get the help of clerical spellcasting — but usually in connection with alliances or for tasks, not for money.

Chapter 1: Mannaz, The Peoples

There is not as great a diversity of races and peoples in the Northlands as one sees in the Southlands or especially the distant Caliphate. Only humans and elves have any large representation, but even this is overshadowed by the fact that the Northlands are nearly entirely dominated by the human Northlanders. Elves, of a sort that many Southlanders would find alien and foreign, are represented by the Nûklanders, but these reindeer herders live to the north of the Northlands proper. There has been some limited interbreeding between the Northlanders and Nûklanders, creating a small number of half-elves. Most of these half-breeds can be found in the wilds of Estenfird where Northlander civilization abuts the southern range of the Nûklanders. Of dwarves, there are only the few enclaves in Halfstead and Trotheim, plus the occasional dwarf who has found his way into the household of a jarl. Of halflings and gnomes, none are native to the region, and it is rare that members of either of these races wander into the frozen and dangerous north.

Of the other common humanoid races found in other lands, these are nearly or entirely absent in the Northlands. No orcs, goblins, bugbears, gnolls, or other of the "monstrous" humanoids are present, save for the rare individual who has made the journey north. Likewise, half-orcs are rare to the point of being nonexistent, and would be considered either some form of troll-touched abomination or a bizarre specimen, depending on where one goes.

What one does find in terms of non-humans are giants, and lots of them. Nearly every type of giant, and several varieties of troll and other giant-related species, can be found in the Northlands. These large and dangerous creatures lurk on the edges of Northlands' settlements and are a popular target for heroes and would-be heroes. Invariably, the giants of the Northlands are evil and Chaotic. The presence of these monsters has led to the birth of humans with giant or troll blood, unfortunates wanted by neither group and unwelcome in all but the most tolerant of halls. Still, a few of these giant- or troll-blooded unfortunates have managed to keep their innate evil in check and rise from the humblest of beginnings to become heroic companions in another — more proper — hero's saga.

Languages

The Northlands are distant from the centers of civilization in the world, and the natives speak their own languages. Those who venture abroad know the common trade tongue of Westerling, but in day-to-day life the Northlanders speak their own language, Nørsk. The written form of Nørsk is Runic, and must be learned as a separate language. Literacy is by no means universal in the Northlands. Other languages native to the region include Andøvan (the dead language of the ancient Andøvan peoples), Seagestrelander, Nûklander (a dialect of Elven), Ulnat (language of the seal hunters of the Far North), and two secret codes of the demon cults. Beast Cult Sign is a complex set of hand/ paw/ hoof movements that allow communication between the various species that make up the cult. The dying cult of Althunak uses Old Uln (a precursor to Ulnat) as its own written language. It is more akin to the Kirkut language of the Shattered Folk than any other Northlander tongue.

Andøvan
Beast Cult Sign
Nørsk
Nûklander
Old Uln
Runic
Seagestrelander
Ulnat

Peoples of the Northlands

Northlanders

The most populous cultural and racial group in the Northlands are, unsurprisingly, the Northlanders themselves. Famed for their size, cleanliness, independence, and ferocity, the Northlanders stand out among the smaller, darker people of the Southlands. Most Northlanders are of above-average height and weight for a human, though they do not exceed human norms for size. In skin, eye, and hair color they tend toward the lighter shades, though dark brown hair and eyes, as well as black, are not uncommon. Northlanders are also well known for being clean and for regularly bathing. These hardy folk see no problem with diving into a winter-chilled stream, providing they can quickly exit and get back into the warmth of a hall.

Men and women wear their hair long and in braids, though women's hair tends to be longer. Men, and women engaged in more-active pursuits, wear trousers, a long tunic, and shoes of wood or leather. Women's clothing tends toward dresses, aprons, and smocks, and both genders wear several layers, especially in winter, as well as cloaks and hats. Although women occasionally wear men's clothing, men rarely are seen in women's clothing.

The Northlanders have two social classes: thralls and freemen. The latter have some gradations from simple freemen to the jarls. Thralls are in effect slaves and are owned property of a freeman. They are generally captives taken in raids of Seagestreland, the Southlands, or places beyond, though they are occasionally purchased from Caliphate traders. A thrall may own property and may purchase its freedom, or it may gain its freedom though heroic deeds, the decision of its owner, or rarely by vote of a Thing (though like other decisions passed by these bodies, the Thing does not enforce the freeing of a thrall). Thralls may also bring suit before a Thing, though they may not vote and have no right to speak unless so granted by the assembly. The child of a thrall is also a thrall, but traditionally owners free their thralls upon death. A rare few thralls are Northlanders who have been captured in a raid or who have fallen on hard times and have sold themselves into slavery to pay debts or simply to find food and shelter.



All other Northlanders are freemen, and by tradition considered equal in rights and responsibilities. Freemen can own property, make oaths, and vote or speak in the Thing. Most freemen are simple farmers known as bondi; even craftsmen usually pursue their professions as a side job when not farming. The common farmer barely makes enough to put something away for the next year, and can arm himself only with a light wooden shield, a spear, a long knife or axe, and maybe a chain shirt if he is lucky, but more often leather. Wealthier farmers are known as hirdmen and make up roughly a third of Northlander society. A hirdman has a large enough excess income to afford to arm and armor himself at a higher level, namely with a suit of chainmail, a heavy wooden shield, several spears, an axe, a sword, and possibly a riding horse as well. These are not to be confused with hirthmenn who make up the citizen militias of the Northlands nations and derive their name from the hirdmen who originally almost solely comprised their.

First among equals, jarls have enough wealth to support themselves and their families, but also a large household of specialist craftsmen, thralls, and skilled warriors. The most valued members of a jarl's household are his huscarls — men and women sworn into his service whose support is entirely dependant on the jarl. In effect, to be a jarl a person needs not just wealth, but the ability to convince others to pledge their lives in your service and also be able to provide for their feeding, shelter, clothes, weapons, armor, and all other things they may need. A jarl rides to war (though he fights on foot), and bears the best weapons and armor such as a heavy wooden shield, a sword or axe, and a suit of finely linked chain. Many jarls also own a longship or two — sometimes more — and regularly outfit expeditions for trading or raiding.

Lifestyle

Contrary to the belief among the Southlanders that the Northlanders are born warriors who spend their days and nights raiding or preparing to raid, most Northlanders are farmers. Wheat, rye, vegetable, and dairy farming make up a large proportion of the Northlander agricultural production. Growing seasons are short in the North, and many areas struggle to produce enough to last from one harvest to the next. Animal husbandry is common, and in addition to cattle (considered a marker of wealth), one finds swine, geese, goats, sheep, chickens, and ducks. Horses are rare and more likely used as draft animals than for riding, and never for war (aside as a means of transport). Hunting and fishing, as well as sealing and whaling, makes up the balance, leading to a greater amount of animal proteins consumed than in other lands.

Other economic activities include logging and some mining, though aside from iron, few readily available metals are in the Northlands. Trade is a major affair, as is raiding, and brings in goods and commodities scarce in the North. The emphasis on farming is so high that, just as with craftsmen, even those who engage in other trades do so as part-time endeavors to supplement their income.

Towns are few, and even villages are somewhat sparsely distributed. Most Northlanders live in scattered communities composed of several farmsteads grouped around a central area that serves as a marketplace and meeting site for the local Thing. This helps to reinforce the independent nature of the Northlanders and encourages tight family bonds. In most ways, each farmstead is self-sufficient, and one can find the same farm raising a variety of crops and livestock.

The family is the basis of Northlander society, though a Northlander family tends to be large. The eldest members, be they male or female, govern the families, which are often composed of two or more generations plus servants, thralls, and guests. It is not unusual for a Northlander to spend a season with a cousin, uncle, aunt, or even grandparents, and some go so far as to move in and make permanent residence in a relative's household, especially when times are tough.

Women enjoy far more rights in the North than in many other lands, and are generally considered the equal of men. Female jarls are not uncommon, as well as with godi, warriors, and nearly every other profession. However, there is not total equality, for it is assumed that shortly after marriage a woman will focus much of her attention on the household and any children produced from the marriage. Still, Northlander women are allowed to hold land, vote in most Things and Althings, hold the title of jarl, and if they are so inclined, fight in the shieldwall. In fact, when it comes to women warriors, the North produces more than its fair share. It

is considered quite normal in many regions for young unmarried women to participate in raids and other martial endeavors, and all women receive at least a minimum of training to be able to defend their homes while the menfolk are off a-viking or trading during the summer.

Buildings in the Northlands are almost entirely made of wood; even the defensive walls of towns are wooden palisades. Roofs are generally thatch, though slate and wooden shingle roofs can be found in mountainous areas or on the homes of the wealthy. Most houses, even in towns, are long, rectangular affairs known as longhouses. These are built of a wooden double frame, often with tightly laid boards that abut each other, with the area between the frames filled with sod, rocks, sand, or other material. In the northernmost regions, sod is cut and piled against the outer walls for additional insulation. Farmsteads tend to be fenced or walled with enough room for outbuildings, sheds, and some grazing area. Nearly every home has its own well, save in towns were communal water supplies are the norm. Since Northlander society tends to be rather egalitarian, even the jarls have halls much like the common longhouse, only larger and more ornately carved.

Northlanders have a well-deserved reputation as superb warriors and are skilled and cunning combatants. Cavalry is unheard of in the Northlands, and all Northlanders fight on foot save for a few degenerate Hrolf who have adopted Southlander ways. When battle is imminent, Northlanders form up into a shieldwall with the best-armed and armored warriors in front, and the rest of the formation grading down to the freemen who can afford only a shield and spear in the back. Archers, usually youths or old men, form up on the flanks and attempt to send their projectiles into the midst of the enemy shieldwall. If either side has Bearsarkers or Ulfhanders, these stand before their shieldwall and initiate the battle by throwing themselves against the enemy formations.

Spears thrust over the shields, with the front rank either keeping two hands on their shields or otherwise wielding short, stabbing blades. The two formations advance on each other. The main goal of shieldwall battle is to overlap the other formation's wall and attack it from the flanks. Another option is to break the enemy's front, though this is very difficult to achieve. The front ranks attempt to stab each other over, under, and between the shields, while the back ranks push on those in front of them, shove spears over the shield wall into the foe, or fling axes, daggers, rocks, and spears. A shieldwall battle may take hours to resolve as each formation attempts to exhaust the other and execute a flanking maneuver or breach. During this entire time, both sides are busy flinging insults and jibes at each other, and individuals are looking for not just the opportunity to gain personal glory, but are seeking out particular foes in order to resolve vendettas or blood feuds.

These same tactics are used when raiding or in battle against non-Northlanders. In a raid, the Northlanders swarm ashore and attempt to overwhelm their targets through surprise. If this fails, the raiders fall back toward their ship and set up a shieldwall, beckoning their foes to come and try it. This works especially well against the Seagestrelanders, who seem to have never tired of their own mad rush tactics in the vain hope they may overcome a shieldwall through sheer numbers.

One other tactic not often used due to the difficulty of pulling it off, is the schweine-kopf, or swine's head. Unlike the shieldwall, this formation is highly mobile and very aggressive. The warriors form up in a tight wedge with the best-armed warriors along the outside and the most skilled, usually a jarl and his huscarls, at the point. In this formation, there is less protection for everyone, but that is not the purpose of the swine's head. Instead of meeting the foe's shieldwall in line, the purpose is to hit hard and fast, gambling all that a breach can be made in the first moments of battle. Failure leaves the warriors at a disadvantage, as they must quickly unfold into a normal shieldwall to avoid being overlapped and flanked by their foes.

At sea, Northlanders attempt to turn the fight into a land battle by ramming enemy ships, linking ships together with boards and chains, or otherwise counteract the unstable nature of the sea and the general lack of effective ranged weapons in Northlander forces. More often than not, sea battles devolve into fierce single combats as warriors board each other's vessels and attempt to slaughter all on board.

Government

To the eyes of outsiders, the Northlanders live in absolute anarchy. Unlike the peoples of the Southlands, no governmental institutions are capable of enforcing laws beyond the reach of a ruler's own household, nor is there a layered bureaucracy like in the Caliphate. Instead, the Northlands are governed by a combination of tradition, democratic assemblies, and charismatic personalities. Northlanders view themselves as free men and women, differing from their thralls and the enthralled peoples of other lands. Every person has the right to self-determination, and if the local Thing or jarl seeks to encroach on this freedom, they better have a convincing case or be ready for a fight. In short, the Northlands are governed by consent of the governed, at least in theory.

Tradition is the main force keeping the Northlanders together, and even a weak jarl can rely on the force of tradition to maintain some semblance of order in his lands. It is because of the traditional obedience to jarls that most Northlanders treat the commands of the local jarl as words to be obeyed. A person could decide, at least in theory, that his jarl is unworthy of their allegiance and swear oaths to a different jarl. This is rare, for the first action in such an event is that a person must break his oath to his current jarl, something that flies in the face of tradition. To keep one's word is the cornerstone of Northlander tradition, and oath-breakers are despised, even when they have just cause. Likewise, lying is seen as an abomination, especially to one's companions, jarl, or during a Thing.

Other traditions govern Northlander society, but most especially the traditions of hospitality, community, and courage. Both a guest and a host are bound by the traditions of hospitality, sometimes called the laws of hosting. A guest is bound to obey his host, to defend his host's house in the event of attack, to graciously receive whatever food and lodging is available, and to behave in an honorable and sober manner. He is not to abuse his position and overindulge in the best of the host's food, drink, shelter, gifts, and thralls. The host also has several rights and responsibilities, for he is to provide for the guest the best of his house and, if lacking in anything, to make good the discrepancy even at great personal loss or risk. He is to defend and protect his guest, treat his guest as an honored member of the household, and provide for the guest's entertainment. Guests are allowed to stay for at most six weeks or the length of one winter, after which the guest overstaying his welcome negates the traditions of hospitality.

Community is of grave importance to the Northlanders, and it is a general assumption that neighbors will help neighbors in need, though this should never be exploited or abused. The people of a community, be it a jarl's hall, a family clan, a village or town, a farming district, or the crew of a longship (or even a band of adventurers), form one body. Share and share alike is the key motto, for those who share hardships and joys must also share food and shelter as needed. A great deal of property in the Northlands is communal land. Most longships, for example, are owned by a jarl and his huscarls or by the crew as a whole. A community commonly owns even valuable items such as ploughs, livestock, and mills.

Finally, of the cornerstone traditions of the Northlands, the one that seem to impress Outlanders the most is that of courage. Every Northlander is subject to this tradition, and men, women, and children are expected to be courageous in the face of danger or even simple embarrassment. To show fear is to show oneself to be less than human, and thus risk being excluded from the community. This is not just courage in battle, but stoic resolve against sickness, injury, accident, or misfortune.

The traditions of the Northlanders are not written down; instead, they are commonly held beliefs that have been passed down through the generations. Because of this, and because of their love of freedom, the Northlanders have developed the Thing, a democratic body that serves as arbiters of tradition, as well as makers of laws and passers of judgment. The exact composition of a Thing depends on local tradition, but in general, it is made up of either all adults in a given locality or all adult landholders. Everyone in the Thing has an equal vote and an equal right to speak before the assembled body. Most Things assemble monthly or seasonally, though the Things of Halfstead and other larger towns meet on a weekly basis. The Thing is empowered to pass rulings on any crime brought before it and to pass laws declaring actions that should or should not be taken. It has no power to enforce these laws, though for large public works projects, a Thing may take up a collection to see that a wall, canal, or such be built. Because of this, justice is often in the hands of those who wish to seek it, but the ruling of the Thing as to the legality of taking that justice is of paramount importance in avoiding a feud of revenge.

Family and clan are more important to the Northlanders than Things or jarls and form the basis of the nations Gatland and Hrolfland. These

are part of the tradition of community, for family or clan is seen as one community that often cuts across other communities. A family has a head, and this person has many of the same duties and rights as a jarl. Above the family is the extended clan, and the leader of a clan has great influence and prestige, the right to command others of his clan, but the duty to protect the clan as a whole and see to its prosperity.

Finally, there are the jarls, charismatic rulers who govern through a combination of influence, prestige, bribery, and force. Technically, outside of his or her household, the jarl has no true authority. Individuals take oaths to obey a jarl and serve his needs, and it is up to the individual to fulfill this oath. A jarl attracts followers through the power of his own personality and through deeds. Simply being the heir of the previous jarl does not mean that anyone will follow you; however, tradition leads most people to make oaths of allegiance to their jarl's heirs, though there are always those who prefer to wait and see how the new jarl behaves before making these oaths.

In return for an oath of service, a person expects that his jarl will protect him and reward him with gifts. It is of utmost importance that a jarl be known as a ring-giver, one who frequently gifts his followers with hacksilver, goods, and land. If a jarl fails to fulfill his responsibilities to his followers, he is assumed to have broken his word to them, and thus his own oaths are no longer binding. In the most extreme cases of rebellion and banditry, a jarl may be forgiven for using force against his own people. In all other cases, unless so empowered by a Thing, a jarl that uses force to back his commands is considered a tyrant, an oath-breaker, and an enemy of the people.

One other layer of governance exists in the Northlands, though it is so closely tied to tradition that it forms a subset of the traditions of community. In some areas such as Hordaland, there is a tradition of a køenig. This ruler can be best seen as a higher jarl, one whose sphere includes the entire region. Like a jarl, the køenig must rule with the consent of the governed, but unlike a jarl, a køenig has far broader powers. A køenig need only obey the Althing of his region, lesser Things have no binding power over him. Furthermore, a køenig may call all of his followers to war without their consent, and they are honor-bound to obey. Finally, a køenig may exact a tax on all within his domain, though this may not exceed one piece of hacksilver per person per season.

Religion

Much like the rest of their society, the Northlanders do not follow an organized or hierarchical religion. They have their gods and heroes, and the worship of them is up to the individual. There are priests, but these are part-time positions that do not produce wealth in any appreciable amount. Instead, priests, called godi, are afforded a great deal of respect, but are also expected to see to their own affairs as any other freeman. Because of this, all godi have a regular occupation, often farmer, which provides a more profitable means of support. Also, godi tends to be an inherited position that passes from father to son or mother to daughter depending on the family. Godi are required to maintain their temples, called godi houses, that are normally simple affairs of wood and thatch. Those that avail themselves of a godi's services are expected to gift the godi a reward of some sort. However, aside from funerals, births, and deaths, most people are content to worship in their own ways and in private, thus limiting the need for the godi's skills.

Godi do not dedicate themselves to one deity, except for a few rare individuals who have felt a specific calling. These specialized godi are normally the only ones who gain access to spells; other godi may be of the cleric or druid class, but would consider the granting of a spell from their deity to be a momentous event. Likewise, only those dedicated to one deity ever gain supernatural powers from their god. More on religion of the Northlanders can be found below.

Magic

Arcane spellcasters are extremely rare in the Northlands, to the point of being largely unheard of save in story and myth. Trained magic-users from afar are usually tolerated, but all consider it best to keep such wizards far away from good, normal folk. Among the Northlanders themselves, "sorcerers" and "witches" are greatly feared, and are often declared outlaws and hunted down.. The only exceptions to this general distrust of arcane spellcasters are the "cunning woman" lineages, whose daughters are treated as honored and valuable members of the community.

Alchemy, being a science of more civilized lands, is unheard of in the Northlands. The Northlanders would not ordinarily perceive the art or its products as magical, so potions and other such items are not considered evidence of witchcraft.

The divinely inspired classes are rare and poorly represented in the Northlands. Few godi actually have any sort of spellcasting ability, and those that do are clerics or druids who have dedicated themselves to a specific deity instead of the Northlander pantheons as a whole. Paladins are even rarer, as only one deity of the Northlanders has the requisite temperament to attract and empower these paragons of virtue.

Nûk, Nûklanders

Beginning at Neiuburg in Estenfird and reaching north to the Endless Glacier that marks the edge of the world lays Nûkland, the land of the Nûk. Invariably, the Northlanders know the Nûk as Nûklanders despite their claims that this name is a mistranslation (a more correct translation would be "People of the Reindeer"). The Nûklanders are a different race than the human Northlanders, a race that foreigners would describe as elven. The average Nûklander is short, slender of build, and dark of skin and hair. They have long faces with small, broad noses, pointed ears, and eyes possessing slightly folded lids. Nûklanders have a second, inner eyelid that is transparent and seems to serve to protect the eye from the sun and cold, but also gives them the look of perpetually staring (Nûklanders rarely blink). Despite their slight build, Nûklanders do not suffer from the great cold of their icy homeland; indeed, they tend not to feel the cold at all due to their innate resistance derived from their inherently magical nature.

While the Northlanders consider the Nûklanders to be natives of the area, they were in their present range when the first Northlanders wandered beyond the Wyrm Fang Mountains; the Nûklanders are in fact rather recent settlers. Nearly three thousand years ago, a new god appeared among the elven peoples of a distant land to the south. This god proclaimed he would lead his followers to a place of eternal sunshine, vast fields, and endless game. Many scoffed at this boast and called this new deity a demon, devil, or scam. A few chose to pay homage to the new god, and soon a cult formed around him. As the cult grew in power, it came into conflict with the more established elven religions. In time, this conflict transformed from simple arguments to repression of the new cult.

The Forgotten One, whose name the Nûklanders and other elves have stricken from all record, encouraged his followers to strike out against those who would oppress them, and the nation was rent in civil strife. The traditional elves won out, and the cult fled north, traveling thousands of miles and slowly working its way to the "promised land." In the frozen reaches of the North, they entered a land that has endless daylight for half the year, but night for the other half. Vast fields of heather and flowers filled the land, at least when it was not covered by fields of snow and ice. Game was abundant, at least part of the year, but became scarce when the winter winds blew in. In their rage at this betrayal, the less-enthusiastic members of the cult turned on their leaders and in a night of slaughter ended the worship of the Forgotten One.

Trapped in the frigid north and facing their death, the small group of former cultists found themselves cast out by the elven gods. Seeking some aid in this new and barren land, they called out to the night. Not to be seduced by evil as they had before, the Nûklanders pleaded with those their people once worshipped, the spirits of the land, of the sky, of the water, and of the beasts that dwelled in that frozen waste. These spirits answered their call. To this day, the Nûklanders have adhered strictly to the worship of the spirits of nature, fearing any reference to a single god may again lead them into evil and corruption.

Lifestyle

The Nûklanders are hunters and herders of reindeer, supplementing their diet by gathering wild plants. They are nomadic, traveling as far south as Three Rivers in the winter and heading to the edge of the Endless Glacier in the summer. In addition to providing food and hides, their reindeer are also used as mounts and beasts of burden. Many of the tribes follow a migration route that takes them along the coast, where they prey on seals, walruses, and other sea life that spends its summer on land.

Although famed basket weavers and leatherworkers, the Nûklanders do not work metal, make pottery, or build permanent structures. Their tools are made from bone, wood, and stone, though trade with the Estenfirders and other Northlanders has introduced metal tools and ceramics into the Nûklander culture. Their homes are conical lodges made of hide with wooden supports, and a whole family from the youngest child to the most respected elder shares one dwelling.

Despite this apparent paucity of advanced technology, the Nûklanders are well known for their handicrafts. Clothing and other leather goods are richly decorated with dyed quills (though beads are becoming popular as trade has increased) and intricate embroidery. Jewelry made of bone, shell, feathers, ivory, and amber are commonly seen. A sign of hunting prowess and courage among the Nûklanders is to bring down a mammoth and place its carved tusks as frames around the entrance to one's tent. These huge pieces of ivory feature detailed carvings that tell the story of the mammoth hunt and are kept only for the life of the hunter. In times past, these tusk displays were burned with the owner's death, but now the always-pragmatic Nûklanders trade them at Nieuburg or Three Rivers for metal goods, beads, and "exotic" foods such as dairy, bread, and alcohol.

Arcane magic is greatly taboo among the Nûklanders, and the handful of arcane-wielding Nûklanders are met with oppression and violence. Because of this, the arcane arts are almost entirely unknown, and they have no native form of such magic. The nature-oriented spellcasting of druids and the spirit-magic of shamans, however, are well-respected: every tribe has at least one shaman or druid who can call upon the spirits of the land in order to heal their fellows, find game, and defend the tribe. Clerics are effectively absent from Northlander culture, but visiting clerics are not treated with the deep suspicion that a magic-user would encounter.

Nûklander society is based around the extended family, and it is not unusual for several generations to share one lodge. They practice polyandry and polygyny, each family choosing for itself how many men and women will make up its complement of spouses. Children are raised communally within the family, with much of the childcare performed by the grandparents. Multiple families form tribes that migrate together and share the tasks of managing the herds (which are held in common). Tribal life also allows the Nûklanders to let some of their people perform specialist roles such as shamans or reindeer-mounted warriors.

Government

It would be easy to say that the Nûklanders lack governments of any kind, and for the most part this is true. The idea that one person can command the obedience of many is foreign to them, as it is largely foreign to the Northlanders as well. There is no Nûklander equivalent of a jarl, much less a køenig. Decisions are made in councils that include all adult members of a tribe, and once a decision is made, it is up to the individual if they are going to follow it or not. Beyond the tribe, there is no higher authority, and no one speaks for the Nûklanders as a whole.

Religion

It is to the spirits of the land that the Nûklanders turn for divine aid and spiritual comfort. To a Nûk, the gods have turned their backs on them, but the simple spirits of the natural world will never forsake them. Animism is very strong in this faith, and every type of animal or plant, as well as natural features and events, have their guardian spirits. These spirits generally keep to their own spheres; a wolf spirit is concerned with wolf things, not bird things. The tribes' shamans are tasked with interceding with these spirits in order to placate them or request their aid, though every Nûklander knows some simple prayers (these are not spells, just minor forms of worship).

Seagestrelanders

To the southwest of the Northlands proper lies the Seagestreland, a forested band that stretches between the shores of the North Sea and the vast plains of the Sea of Grass. This forest, and the plains beyond, is home to hundreds of warring tribes known collectively as the Seagestrelanders. These tribes are human, but of a different origin than the Northlanders, speaking several different languages, and possessing a very different culture (in fact, several different cultures). Despite the variations, the Seagestrelanders are all one people to the Northlanders, just as the Southlanders are considered one nation despite the plethora of kingdoms that make up the Southlands.

It is difficult to describe the average Seagestrelander, as there is truly no such thing. The vast majority are smaller in frame and stature than the towering Northlanders, tend toward equally pale complexions, but have darker hair and eyes. They are human, and number few mixed-races among themselves, having no half-elves or half-orcs, and rarely producing a giant- or troll-blood child.

In times past, the Seagestrelanders wandered north out of the southern expanses of the Sea of Grass, likely pushed out by the then-expanding horsemen of the Hundaei tribes. In their northward migration, some groups settled along the Dnipir River, while others took to life in the forests and along the coast of the North Sea. Others stayed on the plains and took to a mounted nomadic lifestyle similar to that of the Hundaei that drove them from their ancestral homes.

With the coming of the Northlanders, the Seagestrelanders found any further expansion north, east, or west blocked, and soon saw their coastal villages raided and plundered. Yet other Northlanders came and offered to trade for amber, gold, and slaves. It is this last trade commodity that started the constant warring among the tribes, as neighbors raided each other in order to sell their prisoners to the Northlander traders and hopefully stave off raids against themselves by wild vikings. This did not help, as the various groups of Northlanders had no central authority to stop the raiding. Thus, today the Seagestrelanders treat every approaching vessel with fear, for until they see if the dragonhead is set they do not know if this will be a fight or an exchange of goods.

The Seagestrelanders desperately need this exchange of goods, for their land is poor in mineral wealth and their metalworking skills are less than those of the Northlanders. Strange beasts and fell monsters abound in Seagestreland and on the Sea of Grass beyond. Warfare is constant between the tribes, and the advantage that well-forged weapons and armor gives can mean the life or death (or often enslavement) of a tribe — not to mention aiding in defense against vikings coming in from the sea. Furthermore, trade goods can be exchanged to Northlanders in return for aid in some battle or conquest, a practice that has often led to Northlanders fighting each other on behalf of different Seagestrelander tribes. As the Northlanders have begun to move up the Dnipir River, this need for better armament has become all the more important.

Lifestyle

In general, Seagestrelanders pursue three main lifestyles: farming, fishing, and herding, with cattle, horse, and sheep being the most common livestock. Along the forested coast, the former two go hand in hand, and most tribes practice both in roughly equal measure. Along the Dnipir River, farming is the most popular occupation of the tribes, while out on the Sea of Grass it is herding that dominates. Hunting and trading, as well as raiding, heavily supplement all three.

The forest and coastal Seagestrelanders, as well as the farmers along the Dnipir River, build sturdy wood and turf houses occupied by an extended family and their livestock. On the plains, wool tents replace these, and the hardy livestock is welcome to live outside. All the tribes practice various decorative arts that range from embroidery to carving, though stone and metalworking are rare skills and not highly advanced.

Magic of any sort is even rarer than it is among the Northlanders, though the Seagestrelanders make no distinction between arcane and divine magic. All magic is from the gods regardless of its source, and the local priest might be a sorcerer, oracle, or cleric for all the Seagestrelanders care — all magic is a gift from the gods.

Religion

The gods of the Seagestrelanders live in each village inside a god-tree, a single massive tree trunk carved or painted to represent the gods of that tribe and village, or with a hollow in the trunk in which the tribe's tibaz idols are placed. It is here that communal worship takes place, and the local priest usually lives adjacent to it. The dead are cremated, and their ashes scattered on and about the god-tree. The god-trees do indeed have magical powers, which vary from one to another. Some have powers that

reach no more than thirty or forty feet (often quite powerful in this limited area), and others may have an influence of a mile or more (but are able to exert only small influences and cryptic guidance in this wider region).

Seagestrelander Characters

Seagestrelander characters face an uphill battle in the Northlands, for it is generally assumed that any Seagestrelander found outside his home region is a thrall. The other option is to play a thrall, though this would be quite the role-playing challenge and should be attempted only by experienced and mature players. Most Seagestrelanders should be warriors, barbarians, fighters, or rangers. Clerics and adepts are not uncommon nor are other spellcasters, though any such should be played as priests of the Seagestrelander gods no matter what type of spellcaster they are.

New Races

The ***Northlands Saga*** introduces two new races and one new variety of elves. These are not proposed for use as player-character races, but if the Referee chooses to add house rules adding these as possible races in character generation, feel free to do so.

Giant-Blooded

The Northlanders hate giants, especially in regions plagued by hordes of these monsters, such as Estenfird or Vastavikland. Yet sometimes a union between a giant and a Northlander occurs (usually a giantess and a human male), and the result is the giant-blooded. Occasionally these abominations are born to two Northlanders, for it is said that the taint of giant blood corrupts for a dozen generations. However the unfortunate thing is conceived, it is usually killed at birth, for most Northlanders will not accept the shame of such an abomination. Still, some are allowed to live and find a place in Northlander society, though always at the fringes and never with full acceptance.

Physical Description: Giant-blooded are huge, often well over 8 feet tall, hairy, brutish in body and mind, and prone to tempers and passions beyond that of other men. Their hair is coarse, as are their features, and birth defects such as cleft lips, missing or extra digits, enlarged foreheads, and other unsightly things are common. They are also not terribly bright as the giant blood seems to dim the intelligence of the human, producing individuals who have trouble with even the most mundane of tasks. Furthermore, the giant-blooded are not patient, giving into impulses and desires, often of a fell nature.

Society: The giant-blooded do not form their own societies, instead living in either human or giant communities.

Relations: Despite all this, having a giant-blooded warrior in your household, although seen as shameful, can be a great boon. These warriors are inhumanly strong and hardy, capable of breaking a shieldwall on their own. Having someone about who can lift oxen is more than merely useful; it can also serve to intimidate rivals. Some jarls keep giant-blooded in their household as a sort of freak show, bringing them out in order to impress guests, and allowing friends to insult or pester a caged or bound giant.

In more kind and merciful communities, great care is taken to integrate the giant-blooded into society. This often takes the form of assigning a person, usually a close relative, to look after the giant-blooded and keep it out of trouble. Riding herd on a rage-prone, not-terribly-bright relative, especially one who can break most men like dry wood, is a thankless job whose only real reward is helping another to simply live. In these situations, it is not unusual for the giant-blooded and his uncorrupted relatives to take to the whale road in search of adventure and the possibility to make a name for themselves.

Alignment and Religion: The giant-blooded tend strongly toward Chaos and evil deeds, though like any creature with free will, they can be of any alignment. Even those who have learned to live in Northlander society are still usually wild and reckless in temperament. Few godi, save for those dedicated to Loptr, will include a giant-blooded in their congregation unless so ordered by their deity or jarl, or driven by feelings of kindness or pity.

Troll-Bloods

Even as rare as the giant-blooded are, the troll-blooded are even more so. Few interactions between humans and trolls are of any nature other than killing and eating, and thus almost never produce troll-blooded offspring. Still, it does happen, and like giant-blooded, troll blood corrupts for generations, meaning that two humans can produce a troll-blooded child. The fruits of these unions are even more cursed than the giant-blooded, for if there is anything the Northlanders hate more than giants, it's trolls.

Through mercy or their own evil, some parents allow their troll-blooded offspring to live, though it can be argued that the prejudice and hatred troll-bloods endure in life makes death a greater mercy. Those allowed to survive must face the hatred of their neighbors and an all-consuming drive to eat. Troll-bloods are always hungry, and due to their nature and digestive systems, they need to consume far more meat than anything else. This makes keeping a troll-blood fed throughout the long winters a daunting task, for he will eat something, and a troll-blood driven into the depths of hunger will be hard pressed to eat meat that is socially acceptable. True, they can consume carrion, but fresh meat is what a troll-blood desires the most. Settlements that host troll-bloods over the winter often find that by spring they have a dearth of rats, cats, and dogs, assuming that the livestock hasn't already been pillaged.

Physical Description: Troll-bloods are feral, savage, creatures, at least in appearance if not in behavior. They are tall, but not much taller than most men, and have a hunched posture. Their skin is greasy and tends toward a greenish tint, their hair is straight and black, and their eyes range from red to blue. Like their troll relatives, the troll-blooded have long limbs and short torsos; in fact, their hands easily reach to their knees when standing. These hands grow long talon-like nails that can rend steel. It is the face that is the most troll-like, having a long, narrow nose, high cheekbones, and a mouth filled with sharp teeth. Despite these inhuman features, most troll-bloods retain some signs of their human heritage, usually in their facial expressions or as a glint of intelligence in their eyes.

Society: Troll-bloods are so rare that they do not form their own societies.

Relations: Everyone hates the troll-bloods: Northlanders, Nûklanders, Seagestrelanders, everyone. Even the giant-blooded do not feel a kinship for these abominations. If not killed at birth, a troll-blood is often hidden away in order to keep it safe and to keep a family's shame a secret. When they are discovered and make their way into the larger world, they are often the targets of would-be heroes, local hirths, or a jarl's huscarls. Those kept by a jarl in his household are often enslaved and treated as thralls whose only use is to be thrown into battle and expended against one's foes.

Alignment and Religion: Most troll-bloods tend toward Chaos, although some few are Neutral with various tendencies toward good and evil.

One of the greatest prejudices suffered by the troll-bloods is that no godi will willingly take one into his congregation. Occasionally a troll-blood who has proven himself might receive the blessings of the gods from a godi, but such a troll-blood and such a godi are extremely rare. Not even Loptr looks with favor on a troll-blood, much less the more popular gods such as Donar and Wotan.

Chapter 2: Odal, The Lands



The Northlands are not one homogenous region of the world, but are instead eight separate regions united by common culture and history. To outsiders, a Northlander is a Northlander, but the people of heavily settled and peaceful Vale are a far cry from the hardy frontiersmen of Estenfird. To tell a Gat that he is the same as a Hrolf is to ask to be brought violently into their generations old feud. This is especially true considering that not all of those native to the Northlands are Northlanders, for the Nûklanders and Seagestrelanders are different cultures entirely, and the Nûklanders aren't even humans! It is not just the people, but the terrain, even the environments, that are different. The frigid tundra of Nûkland is a far cry from the boggy forests and moors of Hordaland, and both are strange and alien in comparison to the rocky volcanic mountains of Vastavikland.

The following chapter lists not just the eight lands of the North, but ventures beyond to look at the rumored Far North, Oestryn Isles, the Sea of Grass, and other areas. No descriptions of the Northlands would be complete without at least some mention of their trading partners and victims in the Southlands, especially the Barony of Monrovia.

Many of the NPCs listed here have a parenthetical note about their moral tendency toward good or evil. This is a guide to the NPC's likely behavior in ordinary situations, and is discussed in more detail at the beginning of Chapter 3.

Estenfird

Alignment: Neutral
Capital: Three Rivers (1,640)
Notable Settlements: Nieuburg (156), Risør (867), Vöss (1,367)
Ruler: Althing of Estenfird and local Things
Government: democratic
Population: 22,200 (22,200 Northlander)
Humanoid: dwarves (few), Nûk (few)
Monstrous: giants, drakes, wyverns, linnorms, dragons

(Wyrm Fang Mountains); giant animals, barghests, worgs, fey, vlkodlak, megafauna, grimmswine, ajatars, erdhenne (woodlands); trolls, ice trolls (Troll Axe Pass); yeti, remorhaz, vlkodlak (Bloody Pass)
Languages: Nørsk, Common, Dwarven, Nûk
Religion: Æsir, Vanir, Ginnvaettir
Resources: timber, furs, foodstuffs, copper, gems
Technology Level: Dark Ages

As one of the newest Northlander colonies, Estenfird is a wild land on the frontier of what the Northlanders call civilization (and considering that the rest of the world thinks of the Northlands as the frontier, that is saying something about its ruggedness). Less a nation than a quarrelsome collection of independent-minded settlers, Estenfird does not have a køenig or jarl, leaving the local Things and the Althing of Estenfird as the only semblance of government in the region. Estenfird ranges from the tip of the Skagerrok Peninsula northwest along the Ice River as far as Nieuburg. Few settlers have pushed beyond Nieuburg, as the climate becomes far too cold for agriculture and the Nûk, although not violent, have made it known that they do not appreciate people moving into their lands. Many brave words are said in the halls of Estenfird about pushing the Nûk out of the way, but so far none have dared to confront that enigmatic and mystical race.

The average Estenfirder is a rugged and forthright person, inured to hard work and dangerous environments. They are often stern and taciturn, slow to speak, but quick to act. Few Estenfirders go a-viking, as they have plenty of adventure at home. In the southern portions of the region, along the many rivers and on the coast, agriculture takes precedence, and many Estenfirders are farmers or herdsmen. The rivers of Estenfird are rich in fish, but the surrounding waters yield only a poor catch, making this region one of the few that sees little in the way of maritime activity. Inland and in the mountains, fur trapping and logging are the primary industries. In the spring, fur trappers and hunters come down the rivers and gather at Three Rivers and Nieuburg to sell their season's catch. In the fall, the loggers come down in huge flotillas of cut timber, selling lumber to merchants from throughout the Northlands and beyond.

Estenfirders are notorious for their independent ways, a factor that causes worry in the more dictatorial jarls of other regions. There are no

Technology Levels

One of the lines found in the information blocks for the various nations of the Northlands (and, indeed, for all of the forthcoming **Lost Lands** products) is "Technology Level." This line simply indicates the level of technological achievement that can be found throughout the land in question. There are always exceptions as some areas may be more erudite and others more savage, but this gives a general guideline of the types of weapons, armor, and equipment that can be found in the area. These levels can vary between even neighboring nations as one may be more insular and cut off from outside contact and ideas and another may be open to a great deal of trade bringing in new innovations from outside.

In general, characters should only be able to find equipment of the technology level listed and, in some circumstances, that of lower technology levels. For instance, just because the residents of a given nation have achieved a High Middle Ages technology level does not mean that they cannot find a wheeled conveyance just because that was invented during a Bronze Age technology level. Likewise, the short sword was developed in the Bronze Age and would still be available in later technology levels. Stone or bronze weapons and armor, however, would be unlikely to be found in a High Middle Ages technology level as few artisans in such a technology level have practiced that sort of crafting. As always, the GM must use his discretion to determine what might be available from a lower technology level.

It should be noted that the technology levels presented in the **Lost Lands** products are not meant to represent real-world advancements in technology. There is, perhaps, a loose correlation in some of it, but it is instead intended to represent the developments of technology in the world of the Lost Lands specifically.

The technology levels most frequently found in the **Lost Lands** are as follows:

Stone Age

Materials: clay vessels, furs, hides, horn, stone tools and weapons, some copper, wood; **Armor:** hide armor; **Weapons:** dagger, javelin, shortbow, spear; **Warfare:** ambush, raiding bands, single combat; **Settlements:** rock shelters, semi-permanent camps; **Social Organization:** tribes/bands; **Transportation:** paddled craft, trained animals; **General:** animal domestication, fire, horticulture, log rollers

Bronze Age

Materials: bronze tools and weapons, crude glass items, linen, papyrus, wool; **Armor:** breastplate, leather armor, padded armor; **Weapons:** composite shortbow, short sword; **Warfare:** organized armies, city walls (large city-states only); **Settlements:** capitals, cities, towns; **Social Organization:** city-states; **Transportation:** chariot, oars, sails, side rudder, wheel; **General:** agriculture, corbelled arch, hand loom, lever, oil lamp, plow, potter's wheel, pulley, sundial

Iron Age

Materials: cotton textiles, iron and steel tools and weapons, parchment; **Armor:** ring mail, scale mail, studded leather; **Weapons:** longbow, longsword; **Warfare:** cataphracts, catapults, hill forts; **Social Organization:** nations/empires; **General:** arch, dome, locks, loom, screw, water wheel

Dark Ages

Materials: cold iron, felt, porcelain, silk, silvered weapons; **Armor:** chain shirt, chainmail; **Warfare:** fortified towns (wooden stockades); **General:** horn window panes, hourglass, masterwork items

High Middle Ages

Materials: adamantine, mithral; **Armor:** half-plate armor; **Weapons:** composite longbow, greatsword, lance; **Warfare:** castles, cavalry; **Social Organization:** guilds; **Transportation:** stern rudder, stirrup; **General:** Gothic arch, lantern, spinning wheel, waterclock, windmill

Medieval

Materials: paper; **Armor:** full plate, tower shield; **Weapons:** bastard sword, crossbow, rapier, warbow; **Warfare:** gun powder, trebuchet; **Transportation:** astrolabe, compass; **General:** buttons, crude glass window panes, mechanical clock, mirror, power loom

Renaissance

Materials: finely ground glass; **Weapons:** firearms; **Warfare:** cannon; **Transportation:** caravels, coach lines, paddle-wheel boat; **General:** fine glass windows, glass lenses, printing press, rockets

Age of Sail

Warfare: ship-borne cannon; **Social Organization:** colonial empires; **Transportation:** oceanic voyages, sextant; **General:** calculus, telescope

Industrial Revolution

General: clockworks, manufacturies, steam power

jarls in Estenfird, and to even suggest such a thing is to invite harsh words if not a duel. Many who come to the region do so to escape crimes or feuds or to live as free men and women beholden to and reliant upon none. The local Things meet once a year, drawing in people from the scattered farmsteads and logging camps. The Things of Estenfird are unique in that they do not have a landholding requirement — there is so much unclaimed land in the region that all a person has to do to become a landholder is to point at a place and say "mine." Instead, to speak or vote in the Thing, a person must be free and have the sponsorship of anyone who has spoken before at that Thing. The Althing of Estenfird works in a similar way, only the requirement is that the sponsor has already spoken or voted in the regional Althing.

Estenfird suffers from several threats, in addition to the long cold winters and general ruggedness of the land. Giants are common in the Wyrm Fang Mountains, as are drakes and wyverns. The general lawlessness of the region promotes independence, but also encourages attacks by outlaws, bandits, and even Northlanders from other regions a-viking along the shore. The gravest threat to date has been the growth of the Beast Cult of Shibauroth, foul worshippers of a demon-god dedicated to bestial violence and mayhem. More information on Estenfird, as well as an entire adventure set in that wild frontier, can be found in ***NS4: Blood on the Snow***.

The Lay of the Land

Ice River

Flowing out of its source somewhere in the distant tundra of Nûkland, the Ice River is the main artery of Estenfird. Most of the year the river is a frozen sheet of thick ice, thawing for only a few months in the spring and summer before refreezing in early autumn. Even during the winter, the river serves as a means of transport as skiers, skaters, and sleds move up and down between villages. In the early spring, the river begins to thaw starting from the south and working its way north, with a simultaneous thaw occurring near Three Rivers as the Savage and Wrath rivers help break up the ice. During the thaw, the river is impassable as house-sized blocks of broken ice float toward the sea.

Nieuburg

Lawful village
Corruption +0; **Crime** +1; **Economy** +0; **Law** –4; **Lore** +0; **Society** –3
Qualities strategic location, superstitious
Danger +20
Government anarchy
Population 156 (150 humans [Northlanders]; 6 elves [Nûk])
Notable NPCs
Gizor Alison, fur and amber trader (Lawful male human expert 4)
Ottar Sibbison, Hrolf Clan representative (Neutral (evil) male human fighter 3)
Purchase Maximum 2,500 gp

Note All manufactured goods and imported items cost 150% of list price.

Sitting far up the Ice River, Nieuburg represents the farthest extent of Northlander territory. It lies on the very edge of the area claimed by Estenfird and the lands claimed by the Nûk and acts as a center of commerce and the major point of contact between these two peoples. Every spring fur traders and trappers gather here to bring in the previous year's take and pick up supplies for the next year. In the late summer, loggers gather their flotillas of cut timber to float downriver to Three Rivers. Nieuburg is a wild frontier town and shows it, with a transient population, ramshackle buildings, and a general ambivalence to authority of any kind. Some find it the freest settlement in the Northlands; others see it as barely contained anarchy.

Hiring Magical Services in the Northlands

Arcane magic is hard to come by in the Northlands, and even divine spellcasters are few and far between. Any attempt to simply hire the services of a godi or cunning woman is met with scorn. These powerful individuals serve their community first and foremost. Strangers are not welcome, though those in dire need may find that the services are free, though repayment is expected and should be done through barter or, better yet, through the offer of aid. Characters in the Northlands may find that the cunning woman who healed them expects them to help bring in the harvest for some farmers who are shorthanded, guard her as she procures rare herbs in the deep woods, or simply spend a month or entire season working for her.

Savage River

Tumbling down from the Wyrm Fang Mountains, the Savage River lives up to its name with white-capped ferocity. Despite its speed and many rocky stretches, the spring floods tend to smooth out the rapids and allow loggers to float large rafts of timber down to Three Rivers. The rest of the year, the river is unnavigable but does have the distinction of being the only free-flowing body of water during Estenfird's long winters.

Skagerrok Peninsula

Most of Estenfird lies on this peninsula bordered on the west by the North Sea and the east by the Great Ocean. High cliffs and rocky reefs protect nearly the entire coastline, allowing entrance into the interior only at three points. At the tip of the peninsula lies the mouth of the Ice River and the small village of Vöss. On the eastern shore is the seasonal whaling village of Bräcke. The eastern cliffs are broken by a long pass called the Gap that runs down from the valley of the Ice River to the sea at the village of Úlmer.

Three Rivers

Lawful small town
Corruption +0; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +2; **Law** –1; **Lore** –1; **Society** +4
Qualities Althing site, prosperous, strategic location
Danger +0
Government council (Thing of Three Rivers, Althing of Estenfird)
Population 1,640 (1,450 humans [Northlanders]; 50 elves [Nûk]; 40 dwarves; 100 other)
Notable NPCs
Hengrid Donarsdottir, Protector of Estenfird and the Daughter of Thunder (Neutral female human fighter 12)
Nafi Tofason, merchant (Lawful male human expert 3)
Inga Bersdottir, trapper (Neutral male human expert 2)
Purchase Maximum 7,500 gp

The confluence of the Ice, Wrath, and Savage rivers forms a triangular peninsula of land that is the site of Three Rivers, the largest settlement in Estenfird. Most of the year Three Rivers is an almost desolate town, but during the fur trade rendezvous in the spring and logging festival in the fall, the town swells to three times its normal population. Every five years the Althing of Estenfird meets here, bringing in more people as the freeholders of the region gather to conduct trade, hear legal cases, and debate critical matters.

As befits a frontier settlement, Three Rivers is one of the better-defended towns in the Northlands. A stout wooden palisade blocks off the landward side, and the militia of the town hirth is one of the most active and best trained in the Northlands. In its short history, giants, werewolves,

beast cultists, bandits, vikings, and even a wyrm have attacked Three Rivers. Although reduced to rubble many times, the Althing of Estenfird has consistently voted to rebuild the town and even managed to collect enough donations to make it larger and stronger.

Wrath River

If the Savage River is furious, the Wrath River sets a new definition for angry water. At no time, and at no place, is this river navigable, from its source high in the eastern Wyrm Fangs until it reaches the Ice River at Three Rivers. This rapid-filled flow plunges down countless waterfalls, tumbles over several cataracts, and only occasionally forms small pools where the water slows from thundering to merely fast. Were it not for its remote location, the Wrath River would be an excellent location for Southlander-style water mills.

Wyrm Fang Mountains

Estenfird is loomed over on all sides by the Wyrm Fang Mountains, towering snow-capped peaks that might as well have been carved out of gigantic blocks of granite and dropped onto the Skagerrok Peninsula. Below the perpetual snow is a wide band of windswept rock that drops steeply down to the mountains' shoulders. It is on these shoulders that a fortune in timber grows among the many hanging valleys and hidden dales formed by the interlocking lower slopes of the mountain range. The forests also abound in game with red deer, moose, wolverines, bears, and other animals being common, as well as the rare megafauna that Estenfird is so well known for. These mountains are also home to wicked creatures such as giants, trolls, wyrms, and all manner of deadly and vicious monsters. Those foresters who hunt and lumber here are hardy souls, their bodies hardened by the harsh winters and steep slopes, and their hearts calloused by the deaths of so many friends and loved ones. It should be no wonder that in this isolated and punishing land that the Beast Cult of Shibauroth has taken root.

Estenfird Adventure Hooks

- A Southlander scholar has journeyed to Halfstead (or some other large settlement) in order to hire men to go to Estenfird and hunt the region's famed giant animals. He wants them to bring back well-preserved specimens, at least the hide and head of the beasts. He pays well, even providing some of the money up front in the form of Southlander gold coins.
- A freeman who has grown wealthy off trade wants to be a jarl, and the open land of Estenfird is the best place to establish one's hall. He is looking for brave heroes to accompany him and form the core of his huscarls.
- Giants have long troubled Estenfird, and the Althing has decided to do something about it. Donations collected from the wealthier clans of the land are offering a bounty of 100 pieces of hacksilver on every giant head brought in. That's 200 pieces for an ettin!

Gatland

Alignment: Neutral
Capital: Nakøbin (1,800)
Notable Settlements: Javik (1,850)
Ruler: Jarl Ljot Gatson
Government: Northlands feudal with an Althing and local Things
Population: 17,800 (16,900 Northlander; 900 Seagestrelander thralls)
Humanoid: dwarves (few)
Monstrous: giants, jotund trolls, vlkodlak, dragons, linnorms, primal dragons, grendels, shantaks (Northern Olf Mountains);



ogres, giant snapping turtles, draugs, dragonships, fjord linnorms (coastline); whales, reefclaws, trow, sea drakes, brine dragons (Virlik Bay)
Languages: Nørsk, Common, Dwarven, Seagestrelander
Religion: Æsir, Vanir
Resources: furs, coal, iron, plunder
Technology Level: Dark Ages

Three centuries ago when the tribal moots of the Northlanders evolved into the system of government known today as the Thing, not everyone was in favor of the change. True, the Things do not have much power per se, but their social might is very high, especially in Hordaland, Storstrøm Vale, and Estenfird. One of the leading groups that opposed the growing power of the Things was the Gat clan, who took themselves and their followers and settled a harsh and distant region, naming it Gatland.

Gatland is ruled by its jarls, all of whom are connected to the Gat clan in some way. Each jarl is a king in his own domain, undisputed ruler of a piece of territory that contains only those who offer allegiance to him. Even Jarl Ljot Gatson, the eldest of the Gat clan, has no true authority over these petty tyrants, though his economic and military might means that his word is often heeded.

The land itself supports this sort of locally focused government. The interior of Gatland is dominated by the Olf Mountains, leaving only a coastal fringe capable of supporting farming. Even there, the soil is poor and rocky, forcing the people of Gatland to rely on the sea for much of their sustenance. To the sea they have turned, becoming the best fishers and whalers in the Northlands but also crossing the whale road to trade and raid. In fact, trading/raiding is such an integral part of Gatlander life that some have entirely given up farming.

The Lay of the Land

Bornhølm Peninsula

Most of Gatland lies on the Bornhølm Peninsula, a steep, cliff-faced peninsula cut by many small fjords. From the sea cliffs, the land rises sharply up to form the Olf Mountains, leaving little or no room for flat or arable land. Small villages and halls can be found in nearly every fjord, and the headlands frequently house lookout towers. In general, the Bornhølm Peninsula is a dreary, fog-shrouded place of dangerous waters, hidden rocks, and small bays teaming with those who either are a-viking, returning from a-viking, or are soon to be a-viking.

Javik

Lawful small town
Corruption +0; **Crime** –2; **Economy** +2; **Law** +3; **Lore** +1; **Society** –2
Qualities prosperous, strategic location
Danger +0
Government overlord
Population 1,850 (1,245 humans [Northlanders]; 605 humans [Seagestrelanders])
Notable NPCs
Granny Æstrid, Jarl of Javik (Lawful female human fighter 9)
Raghild Æstridsdotir, steward (Lawful female human aristocrat 5)
Purchase Maximum 7,500 gp

Note All manufactured goods and imported items cost 150% of list price.

Gatland's second city — though really just a large town — Javik is a fortified jarl's hall that has grown into a full-fledged settlement thanks to several generations of sound management by the sons and daughters (as well as grandsons, granddaughters, great-grandchildren, et. al) of the legendary Jarl Æstrid Gatsdottir. Granny Æstrid , as she is known, is still alive, though she does not take part in the day-to-day affairs of her jarldom. Decades ago — how many none really know — Granny Æstrid decided she was too old for going a-viking when she lost her last tooth in the sands of the distant Caliphate. Since then, she has turned her genius and energy to cultivating her domain, establishing trade and alliances throughout the Northlands, and watching her horde of progeny grow and, in many cases, grow old.

The town itself flows down toward a wide fjord from the High Hill upon which the sprawling Hall of Æstrid stands. Although the size of a town, and functioning much like one in many ways, Javik is governed as if it were a simple jarl's hall, and nearly everyone in Javik is related by blood or marriage (save the thralls of course). Merchants and other travelers are welcome, but find that the workshops are not storefronts and anything to be purchased must come from the jarl herself or one of her many, many representatives. The prices may be high and often in the form of barter, but travelers should take comfort in that Granny Æstrid holds the laws of hospitality in high regard and will not turn away the needy, the honorable, or the desperate. There may be no inns, but there is always space for strangers in the hall's common room.

Nakøbin

Lawful small town
Corruption –2; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +1; **Law** +2; **Lore** +2; **Society** +4
Qualities Althing site, tourist attraction
Danger +0
Government council (Thing of Nakøbin, Althing of Gatland)
Population 1,800 (1,780 human [Northlanders]; 20 dwarves)
Notable NPCs
Ljot Gatson, Jarl of Nakøbin (Neutral male human fighter 10)
Herkja Agnarsdottir, prominent Gat clan leader (Lawful female human fighter 5)
Purchase Maximum 5,000 gp

Note population may double of triple during the Althing. Raise base value and purchase limit by 200% in that season.

Though the dispersed and complex political situation among the Gats means there is no true ruler or capital, the town of Nakøbin — since it is the ancestral home of the leading family of the Gats — is the de facto capital of Gatland. Originally merely the hall of the eldest of the five siblings who founded Gatland, Nakøbin has grown over the generations to become a thriving and prosperous town, complete with a wooden stockade and a permanent wharf/waterfront. The town has grown organically, spreading out from the old town centered on the Five Halls and the Field of the Althing. Merchants and travelers are welcome, and the town even boasts a few inns (actually little more than public hostels) to serve the needs of strangers.

The Althing of Gatland meets in Nakøbin every year at Midsummer. Outsiders derisively call the Althing of Gatland the Allhen Thing, though never in the hearing of any Gats. This is because the Althing of Gatland is almost entirely composed of female representatives. Although the Gats have more than their share of spear maidens and other warrior women, it is the tradition for married women to give up their wandering ways and remain at home to tend their family's lands while the jarl and menfolk are off a-viking. As the best season for voyages is the summer, the laws of Gatland, as well as legal affairs, are nearly entirely in the hands of the women.

Northern Olf Mountains

Like the southern arm of the Olf Range, the northern arm is a rugged collection of steep mountains that slope precipitously down to the sea, forming narrow fjords and high valleys. Unlike the southern range, the north is less prone to volcanism. The land is still dangerous and home to all manner of fearsome beasts as well as trolls, giants, and some of the largest wyrms seen in the Northlands.

Gatland Adventure Hooks

• It's summer and the menfolk of Gatland (as well as the spear maidens) are off a-viking. This leaves the region in danger when a horde of giants



descends out of the Olf Mountains and begins rampaging through the outer jarldoms. Although the women of Gatland are proficient warriors, the horde outnumbers them. Heroes are needed to fight off these monstrous creatures.

• If one of the Characters has ties to the Hrolfs, they may be caught up in their feud with the Gats. A Hrolf jarl calls on his kinsmen to aid him in gaining revenge for a raid by the Gats last summer. His plan is to sail the coast of Gatland and counter-raid all halls and farmsteads encountered.

• Granny Æstrid of Javik has decided that it is time her great granddaughter married, but wants to arrange the union with a man outside the clan. The young woman's hand, as well as a dowry of a hundred head of cattle, will go to the man who can scale the Olf Mountains and bring back the largest monster head.

Hordaland

Alignment: Lawful
Capital: Halfstead (4,750)
Notable Settlements: Galvë (1,350)
Ruler: Køenig Leif Ragison, Regent Gudrid Ragiswif
Government: Northlands feudal with local Things
Population: 78,200 (73,100 Northlander; 5,100 Seagestrelander thralls)
Humanoid: dwarves (few), giant-blooded (few), troll-blooded (few)
Monstrous: reefclaws, kelp devils, sea spiders, mudmen, trow (coastline); oozes, will-o'-the-wisps, wights, bog hags, shadows, devil dogs, witchfires, catoblepas, bog horses, bog hounds (moors); blood hawks, fey, dire animals, spriggan, grimmswine, vlkodlak, lycanthropes, tatzylwyrms, ajatars, woldgeist (Forest of Woe)
Languages: Nørsk, Common, Dwarven, Seagestrelander
Religion: Æsir, Vanir
Resources: trade hub, shipbuilding supplies, foodstuffs, whale oil, ambergris
Technology Level: High Middle Ages

Hordaland is a loosely governed kingdom that is on the brink of collapsing into warring jarldoms. The former Køenig, Ragi Steinson, passed away last year after a lengthy illness, leaving behind a 10-year-old son as his heir. Young Køenig Leif Ragison rules through his regent mother, Gudrid Ragiswif. The jarls are divided as to their loyalty, with some supporting the køenig, some throwing their might behind Ragi Steinson's bastard son Amundi the Blond, and still others being courted by both the Gats and Hrolfs.

The Hordalanders are more cosmopolitan than most of the other Northlanders, while remaining true to their Northlander ways much more so than the Hrolflanders. This is in large part due to the city of Halfstead, the Northland's largest settlement and biggest trading center. Hordalanders are used to seeing strange travelers from distant lands, many of which come and stay for an entire season before sailing off for home. It is not unusual for a Hordalander jarl to host one or more strangers from the Southlands or even the distant Caliphate for the winter, and to do so is often considered a great boon and sign of status.

However, the people that settled Hordaland came from the Storstrøm Vale, the very heart of Northlander culture. Hordalanders cling tightly to their traditions, seeing every freeholder as his own ruler and giving the jarls only enough power to organize the hirth and see that the kingdom is well managed. The local Things are very popular, and most Hordalanders treat the rulings of the Things as being more law than suggestion.

The Lay of the Land

Barrow Lands

The Moors of the Hord Peninsula contains several barrow fields, some of which are close enough together to be visible to each other on a clear day. In addition to these barrow fields, standing stone circles, earthen mounds,

and abandoned hill forts of the Andøvan dot the area. All together, these are known as the Barrow Lands, and are generally considered a haunted and evil place. Few dare to venture into them, and even then most seek to do what needs to be done (such as loot a barrow or pursue outlaws) and get out as quickly as possible. The restless dead are known to come out of their tombs if disturbed, and are difficult to fight, for how can you slay something that is already dead?

Forest of Woe

Though much of central Hordaland is lightly forested, at the southern end of the Hord Peninsula is a deep, dark ancient forest that separates Hordaland from the Vale. It is a haunted and dangerous place filled with monsters of every description, ruined Anvødan hill forts, and wild fey. The Forest of Woe is avoided by all sane people, and its existence cuts overland travel between the two neighboring regions. Despite a reputation for danger and evil, there are a small handful of settlements along the forest's edge. Freesteaders have cut and burned pocket farms, each surrounded by stout palisades and home to rugged and ever-watchful folk. Outlaws often flee into the forest, though few have lived long enough to form permanent settlements. Rumor has it that a settlement of freeholding giant-blooded and troll-blooded outcasts exists somewhere in the depths of the forest but its existence has yet to be verified.

Galvë

Lawful small town
Corruption +2; **Crime** –2; **Economy** +2; **Law** +3; **Lore** +1; **Society** –2
Qualities prosperous, strategic location
Danger +0
Government overlord
Population 1,350 (1,250 human [Northlanders]; 100 human [Seagestrelanders])
Notable NPCs
Hrodi the Bald, Jarl of Galvë (Lawful (good) male human fighter 4)
Purchase Maximum 7,500 gp

Halfstead and Trotheim are the two largest trading centers in the Northlands, and Galvë serves as a safe stopover on the Halfstead to Trotheim voyage. This small settlement is well protected with a stout earthen embankment and wooden palisade, and the Jarl of Galvë often sends his warriors out to hunt the surrounding water for vikings, as opposed to raiding themselves. This serves to enhance the town's value as a stopping over port, which brings in more-profitable trade. Galvë is a hospitable place, and the jarl is happy to feast merchants who come to visit and even sell goods back to them that were taken from them by vikings — and at fair prices as well. Hrodi is the father of the regent, Gudrid Ragiswif, the mother of young Køenig Leif Ragison. As such, he has a vested interest in seeing the child-køenig maintain his rule and has placed himself and his men at the køenig's disposal.

Halfstead

Neutral large town
Corruption +2; **Crime** –2; **Economy** +3; **Law** +4; **Lore** +2; **Society** –2
Qualities prosperous, strategic location, tourist attraction
Danger +5
Government overlord
Population 4,750 (4,050 humans [Northlanders]; 400 humans [Seagestrelanders]; 300 dwarves)
Notable NPCs
Olaf Henrikson, Jarl of Halfstead (Lawful (good) male human fighter 9)
Hallbjorn Bolverkson, huscarl (Neutral (good) male human fighter 5)
Purchase Maximum 15,000 gp

Note Hallbjorn's Folly, one of the few inns and taverns in the Northlands, is located here.

The capital of Hordaland, Halfstead sits on the end of the Hord Peninsula practically in the middle of the Northlands. The town is a mixing pot of eastern and western Northlands, as well as one of the few places that dwarves can be seen in any number. The largest settlement in the Northlands, Halfstead is the primary destination for foreigners entering the area, and especially for merchants wishing to trade in furs and timber from Estenfird, amber from Seagestreland, linen and wool from the Storstørm Vale, gold from Hrolfland, iron and exotic goods (often loot taken in viking raids) from Gatland, slaves from Seagestreland, or rare reindeer products from Nûkland.

Halfstead is the closest settlement in the Northlands to being a city. It is a walled warren of streets, shops, and houses that has grown organically and without any attempt at urban planning. Unlike the cities of the south, Halfstead has no urban poor or massive underclass, everybody here either works, starves to death, or leaves. What it does have is a large population of transient sellswords, wanderers, riff-raff, and scum. These so-called "adventurers" flock to the town in the warm months to supply themselves before setting off across the Northlands in search of their fortunes. Those that make it back often spend their money at shops geared toward the adventurer trade before departing on another wild scheme to make it rich.

Hord Peninsula

Centrally located on the North Sea, the Hord Peninsula is sometimes considered the heart of the Northlands, despite the cultural prominence of neighboring Storstrøm Vale. The coastal areas slope gently down to the sea and are dotted with hundreds of tiny anchorages. These coastal lands are also very fertile and crossed by several small streams that flow from the interior. As a result they are densely settled and cut up into nearly a hundred jarldoms, some rather petty, some grand (such as the jarldoms of Halfstead and Galvë). The central portion of the peninsula is lightly wooded, though only in the southern regions where lies the Forest of Woe can it be truly considered a forested area. As a result of the presence of this ominous woodland to the south, most of the settlements are concentrated in the central and northern areas or along the coasts.

In the center of the peninsula, the trees become sparse in a marshy upland that is called the Moors. A portion of these moors is dry with firmer footing and holds the area known as the Barrow Lands. Beyond the settled lands, a thin fringe of forest, either not yet cleared or intentionally left wild, permits hunting and logging without venturing into the forest to the south.

Moors

The center of the Hord Peninsula is covered by an upland wetland that drains through several small streams into the North Sea. This area is unsuited to cultivation, and is often too boggy even for herding goats or sheep. It is the home to few animals of note, and is generally considered a wasteland best ignored. As such, it is the home to many reclusive wizards, witches, cunning folk, outlaws, and others who desire privacy over comfort. The Barrow Lands dot the drier parts of the Moors, and the haunted nature of those earthen mounds and standing stones further convinces most folk to just leave the entire area alone.

Hordaland Adventure Hooks

- A notorious outlaw, Sven the Kinslayer, has escaped justice and fled into the Moors. The families of his victims have obtained a sentence of outlawry from their local Thing and are offering a reward of 600 pieces of hacksilver for Sven's head.
- Would-be assassins have burned the hall of the young køenig of Hordaland, though the child was spirited away by his mother just in time. She needs his most loyal followers to help her to get the boy to safety at her father's hall outside of Galvë. Can the heroes help?
- The wild fey of the Forest of Woe have taken three farmsteads hostage in response to incursions into their forest home. They have challenged any human heroes to come and try to take back the farmsteads. If defeated fairly, the fey promise to cede territory to humans beyond what has already been taken.

Hrolfland

Alignment: LE
Capital: Osløn (3,350)
Notable Settlements: Burgenheim (1,545), Ceaster Pool (1,785), Tallsinki (560)
Ruler: Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood the Bold
Government: Northlands feudal
Population: 76,000 (60,900 Northlander; 10,800 Seagestrelander thralls; 4,300 Southlander); unknown number of savage humans in mountains
Humanoid: None
Monstrous: giant crabs, bunyips, merrow, brine zombies (coastline); dire animals, leucrotta, giant pike, grimmswine, giants, trolls, bog hags, vlkodlak, bog horses, bog hounds, erdhenne (Fangerøm River Valley); giants, glacier toads, thrydregs, trollhounds, gargoyles, trolls, nachtjäger, dracolisks, yeti, thunderbirds, blood eagles (Andøvan Mountains)
Languages: Nørsk, Common, Seagestrelander
Religion: Æsir, Vanir, Southlander gods
Resources: foodstuffs, slave trade hub, gold, wool, timber, tin, manufactured goods, silver, quarry stone, whale oil
Technology Level: High Middle Ages (Stone Age in mountains)

The Hrolfs, one of the two most widespread and powerful of the many families of the Northlands, exert tight control over this area. The family is vast, and no one member has been able to convince the others to name him køenig and thus establish a third kingdom in the Northlands. Covering the entire Jarvik Peninsula from the Andøvan Mountains to the south to the Straits of Half, lies Hrolfland. The Hrolf clan rules this land with an iron fist, having either clan members or allies in every region in a position of power. Furthermore, the more powerful family members have begun attempting to institute more feudal systems of government and land management, even going so far as to dissolve local Things and outlaw the formation of an Althing of Hrolfland.

In order to shepherd their resources and stave off the land-greedy Gats, the Hrolfs have imported ideas and strategies from the Southlands, including employing Southlander mercenaries to fight fellow Northlanders. In Hrolfland, one can find the beginnings of a true feudal system, the use of crossbows and siege engines, and nobility who have taken to fighting from expensive (and imported) warhorses.

The common people of Hrolfland are little more than thralls at best, kept in bondage to the Hrolfs by vows of obligation. Even the townsfolk owe much of what they produce to their local jarl, who is always a Hrolf. The entire network of related jarls is officially ungoverned; however, Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood is the predominant member of the clan and exerts a great deal of influence. Jarl Magnus fancies himself a king (not the less-powerful Northlander køenig), though he has yet to openly claim that title.

The Lay of the Land

Andøvan Mountains

Separating Hrolfland from Monrovia and the Vale, these tall mountains act as a natural barrier between the Northlands and the Southlands. At their eastern edge, they descend into rolling hills that permit some overland trade between the Hrolfs and the peoples of Monrovia. It is said that ages past the first Northlanders explored these mountains, fighting wars against the primitive tribes that held them. Ruins of the Andøvan peoples can be found in the mountains, as well as the remains of ancient battles and possibly the burial places of mighty heroes or powerful artifacts. The mountains are still home to some wild, savage humans, though no one has seen them in recent years. Giants and trolls abound, but have learned to give the slopes facing Hrolfland, Monrovia, and Storstrøm Vale a wide berth.

Burgenheim

Lawful (evil) small town
Corruption +2; **Crime** –1; **Economy** +2; **Law** +3; **Lore** +1; **Society** –3
Qualities prosperous
Danger +0
Government overlord
Population 1,545 (95 humans [Northlanders]; 1,450 humans [Southlanders])
Notable NPCs
Lord Bothvar, Jarl of Burgenheim (Lawful (evil) male human fighter 5)
Purchase Maximum 7,500 gp

Halfstead may be the most cosmopolitan town in the Northlands, but Burgenheim is by far the most developed, at least by Southlander standards. The wooden palisade that surrounds the town is slowly being replaced by one of soaring stone in the Southlander fashion, the local Thing has been replaced by a Council of Lords (the local term for a jarl) overseen by the Lord Bothvar, the Jarl of Burgenheim. Serfs work the farms in the area, and freemen are limited to the craftsmen of the cities.

Trade is the major business of Burgenheim, and the Council of Lords hopes to attract all trade coming to and from the Northlands through their port, which they hope will eclipse Halfstead and the smaller trade moots or towns. Toward this end, they have hired engineers from Monrovia to improve the port and docks, build warehouses, and even construct a stone house of worship to Wotan in the fashion of Southlander temples.

Ceaster Pool

Neutral (evil) small town
Corruption +3; **Crime** +2; **Economy** +0; **Law** +3; **Lore** +1; **Society** –3
Qualities rebellious population, strategic location
Danger +2
Government overlord
Population 1,785 (615 humans [Northlanders]; 1,080 humans [Southlanders]; 90 other)
Notable NPCs
Nafni Hrolfsblood, Jarl of Ceaster Pool (Neutral (evil) male human fighter 5) (a Northlander)
Jean the Surly, leading rebel (Neutral (evil) male human thief 3) (a Southlander)
Purchase Maximum 2,500 gp

Ceaster Pool, named for the natural lagoon formed behind the town's bay, was nearly raided and looted into oblivion before the Monrovians developed their watchtower and militia system. Faced with readied, massed crossbow-wielding peasants backed by armored knights, vikings set their sights elsewhere and the town was able to rebuild, becoming a popular stopover for longships heading for easier prey. Over the generations, the people of Ceaster Pool learned that trade with the fearsome Northlanders was beneficial and so came to welcome the sight of longships pulling into the bay.

Last year, the Duke Jean d'Auberville of Monrovia transferred the town into Jarl Magnus Hrolfson's hands as part of a payment for nearly 5,000 Northlander mercenaries who served in the duke's wars against his southern neighbors. Due to political infighting within the Hrolf clan, rulership of Ceaster Pool passed to Jarl Nafni, a rather traditionally minded Hrolf. Jarl Nafni has since set about turning the town and its surrounding lands into a Northlander jarldom, freeing some serfs, establishing a Thing, and in general upsetting the local culture — especially the local nobility. Rebellion is brewing amongst all the classes as Jarl Nafni has gone so far as to tear down the "womanly and weak" Southlander churches and build godi houses in their place.

Fangerøm River

Thundering out of the Andøvan Mountains and plunging down a series of stony hills and steep waterfalls, the Fangerøm River was long thought to be too wild for travel and too unpredictable for agriculture. A generation

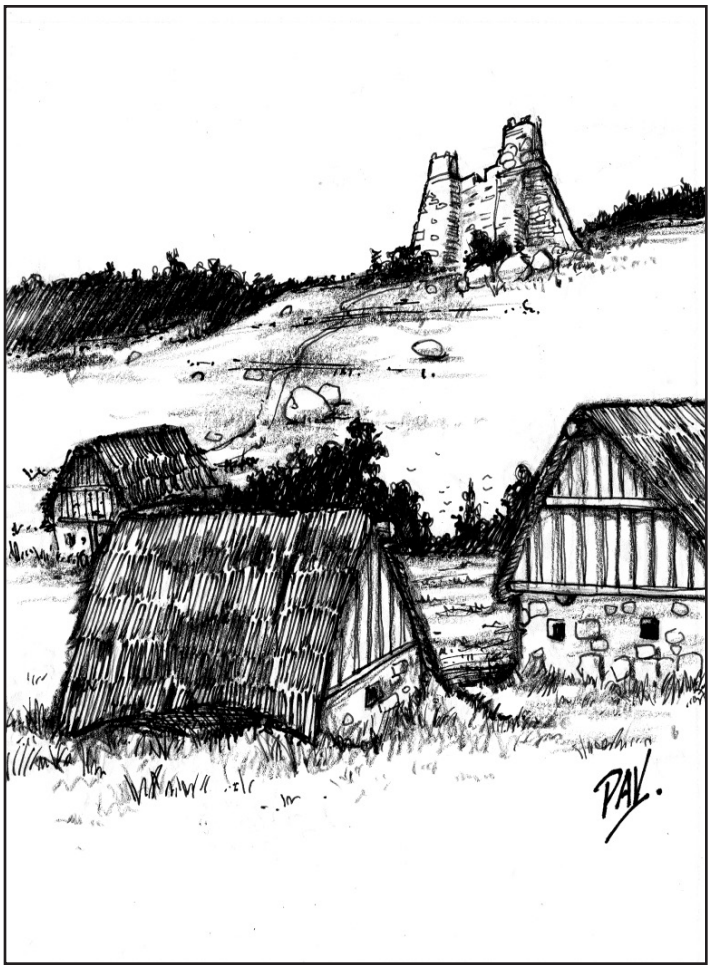
ago, the Hrolfs hired Southlander engineers to come in and build dams, canals, and irrigation networks to allow the rich fields alongside the river to be farmed. These engineers are still at work, turning the lower expanses of this thundering river into arable land. However, the area has so long been uninhabited that it has become home to giants, trolls, and other monstrous creatures. In order to keep the project going, the Hrolfs must continually contend with the threat of attack, a prospect that threatens to drain the coffers of the Northland's wealthiest clan. Recently, the Hrolfs began offering hacksilver bounties on the heads of giants and trolls, encouraging would-be monster slayers from the Northlands and beyond to flock to the area.

Osløn

Lawful (evil) large town
Corruption +1; **Crime** –2; **Economy** +2; **Law** +4; **Lore** +1; **Society** –2
Qualities prosperous, strategic location
Danger +5
Government overlord
Population 3,350 (2,500 human [Northlanders]; 850 human (assorted thralls)
Notable NPCs
Magnus Hrolfsblood, Jarl of Hrolfland (Lawful (evil) male human fighter 8)
Jolier Magnuswif, presumptive Queen of the Northlands (Lawful (evil) female human aristocrat 6)
Purchase Maximum 15,000 gp

Osløn is the capital of Hrolfland, and the home of the Hrolf clan. It is also a town rapidly growing into a city and in the process of changing its cultural makeup from that of the Northlands into a fusion of Northlander and Southlander cultures. A large fortification, called a "castle" by the Southlanders, is under construction just south of Osløn, though the process is slow and labor intensive. When completed, it will stand as tall as any Monrovian keep and be the strongest fortification in all the Northlands. The town itself is replacing its log palisade with stone walls, as well as paving its streets with cobblestones. A sewer is planned, but so far digging the necessary trenches has proven problematic in the sodden North Sea climate.

Nearly a dozen powerful members of the Hrolf clan live here, mostly in townhouses built to replace the more traditional halls and longhouses. Thralls abound and outnumber freemen two to one, an unusual proportion. In fact, the largest thrall market is here, and accepts slavers from Seagestreland, as well as those from distant lands far to the south or across the Great Ocean. The Thing of Osløn still sits, but for the most part has lost what little power it had to the jarls of the Hrolf clan.



Siljøn River

This river runs from the Andøvan Mountains, through the fertile plains that make up the heartland of Hrolfland, and on into the North Sea in several lazy loops and turns. Along its route, it is fed by the Tynseid and Fangerøm rivers, gaining strength if not speed as it twists toward its mouth at the Bay of Osløn. Due to the Siljøn River's slow crawl and gentle nature, it is a favorite waterway for the interior of Hrolfland and also serves to bring stone and timber down from the Andøvan Mountains in order to feed the many construction projects underway in and around Osløn.

Tallsinki

Neutral small town
Corruption +0; **Crime** –1; **Economy** +0; **Law** +3; **Lore** +2; **Society** –1
Qualities insular
Danger +0
Government overlord
Population 560 (500 humans [Northlanders]; 60 humans [Seagestrelander thralls])
Notable NPCs
Jorund, Jarl of Tallsinki (Neutral (good) male human fighter 4)
Base Value 1,000 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp

Facing Kulding Bay, Tallsinki is a small trade town largely ignored by the leaders of the Hrolf in favor of Osløn and Burgenheim. As such, it is the last bastion of traditional Hrolfs in the Northlands, people who prefer their own ways to that of the Southlanders and the freedom that being a Northlander provides. It is a town of dirt streets built around a central longhouse that is the home of the ruling Jarl Jorund and surrounded by an earthen rampart and palisade wall. The land around Tallsinki is not terribly fertile but provides enough to support a small community.

Tynseid River

This tributary of the Siljøn is much like its master, slow and curving, and more than fertile enough by any standards. The entire length from the foothills of the Andøvan Mountains to the mouth of the river as it flows into the Siljøn is farmed. In generations past, the jarls of the Tynseid raided overland into Monrovia, but today they are content to enjoy the profits of their thrall-worked farms and the peace their clan enjoys with their southern neighbors. Most of the farms are large affairs, as the jarls of the Tynseid have absorbed lesser landholders over the years, creating huge plantations worked by thralls bought at the market in Osløn.

Hrolfland Adventure Hooks

• The Gats are always looking to gain an advantage against their foes, and a prominent Gat jarl, Atli the Bold, is looking for good men to fill out his fleet of three longships. His plan: raid the Hrolf coast until they bleed — and as all know the Hrolfs bleed silver and gold, it will be a profitable journey.

• The savages of the Andøvan Mountains have become bolder of late, even going so far as to descend down into Hrolf lands and raid outlying farms. The feud with the Gats, as well as other concerns in the Southlands, are tying up much of the cream of the Hrolf warriors; thus, the richest

clan in the Northlands has decided to hire outsiders to journey into the mountains and put these savages in their place.

• Jarl Hadd the Fat has decided that the peace that exists between his clan and the soft Southlanders is weakening the Hrolfs. Toward this end, he is planning a secret expedition across the mountains and into Monrovia to raid, burn, and pillage. The Characters may be members of this raid, or be sent by the Hrolf leadership to quietly stop it.

North Sea, The

Part of no specific land, but central to all, the North Sea is the lifeblood of the Northlanders. The whale road of the Great Ocean Ûthaf and the infamous Northern Passage finds its terminus in the North Sea, and the waves that lap upon the rocky shores of the Seal Coast find their genesis in those same cold waters. For the Northlanders whose culture and sustenance relies upon the tradition of going a-viking, the North Sea is their highway and their escape route. The lives and livelihoods of a great portion of the population of the Northlands rides in longships upon the eddies and currents of the North Sea, and as its tides pull so too does their fate.

While the waters and cold are capable of quickly killing those that fall in for long, that is not the only danger that the dark waters hold. Storms are swift and sudden on the North Sea, and these gales have left the wrack of many a longship of doughty warriors upon some desolate shore or at the bottom of Rán's domain. As a result, ghost ships crewed by draug and worse haunt the campfire tales of many a stalwart sword brother, and it is not unknown for brine zombies to rise from the surf on a foggy coastal night. In the deeper waters, brine dragons, devilfish, grindylows, sea drakes, sea serpents, dire sharks, dragon turtles, gigantic specimens of octopi and squids, and even the legendary krakens pose hazards for the merchants, fishermen, and raiders alike that ply the sea's steel waves and freezing spray. The Sea is a fickle mistress, from the secrets she holds to her deadly children, and even the mightiest køenig dares not forget to pay her homage.

Nûkland

Alignment: Neutral
Capital: None
Notable Settlements: None known
Ruler: None known
Government: tribal
Population: Unknown
Humanoid: Nûk (many)
Monstrous: dire animals, megafauna, adlets, taiga giants, cold fey, moss trolls, winter wolves, sasquatches, grimmswine, bandersnatch, forest drakes, vlkodlak, treants, humbabas, linnorms, ajatars (taiga forest); megafauna, dire animals, winter wolves, hoar spirits, linnorms (tundra); ice trolls, glacier toads, frost giants, cave giants, vlkodlak, yeti, frost worms, sleipnirs, linnorms, dragons, drakes, ajatars (Harfin Mountains)
Languages: Nûklander
Religion: nature spirits (primarily Landvaettir)
Resources: reindeer, gems, timber (unharvested)
Technology Level: Stone Age

Beyond the Northlands, indeed at the edge of the world, lies the vast evergreen forests and open tundra of Nûkland. How far it stretches north of its beginnings along a line running from the conifer forest of the Frozen Taiga just north of the World's Edge Mountains to the far ice of the Endless Glacier, no one knows. Nûkland is at least several thousand square miles in extent, and likely more.

The taiga is home to a variety of large fauna such as saber-toothed tigers, giant beavers, cave bears, and huge palmate-racked deer. The trees of the taiga slowly give way from towering pines and spruces to stunted versions of these evergreens and eventually to clumps of dwarf trees sheltering in any nook or cranny the land provides. The terrain changes from soft pine needle-covered forests to boggy tundra, frozen throughout most of the year and providing fodder only in the short summer.

On the tundra itself, only the hardiest animals such as arctic wolves, musk oxen, reindeer, giant bears, and the legendary woolly mammoth thrive. Other megafauna have been reported, but many in the Northlands dismiss stories of tigers the size of horses, woolly rhinoceroses, and even giant sloths as just tall tales. What is known is that the strange beasts unlike those found in more southerly climes can be found here, and returning with the claws, fangs, or pelt of such a great beast would put a hero well on the way to having his own saga sung in the mead halls of the Northlands.

The Lay of the Land

Ice River

North of Nieuburg, the Ice River becomes a wandering feature on the trackless waste of the tundra. It provides the only true relief from the wind and sun for hundreds of miles, as well as a place for taller trees and life not suited for the tundra to survive, if not thrive. The river also serves as a highway of sorts, and although it cannot float a longship at any point north of Nieuburg, small hide boats can be paddled deep into Nûkland. The Ice River's source is said to be the Endless Glacier, but in truth not even the Nûklanders know from where their only river comes.

Harfin Peninsula

This unsettled peninsula juts out into the North Sea, shifting the winds and currents, and sending cold weather south into Hordaland and the Storstrøm Vale. The Harfin Peninsula is covered in steep mountains, dotted with hot springs, and home to several volcanoes, amongst them Mt. Helgastervän, also known as the Mountain of the Great Serpent. None live here, not even trolls and giants, and mad, wild beasts roam at will. Legends say that some of the beasts are so bizarre they have flesh and blood of living fire.

Mount Helgastervän

This towering volcano sends forth a constant cloud of smoke and ash that can be seen for miles out to sea. The land surrounding it is rent with fissures that pour forth colored smoke and steam, rife with hot springs bubbling with sulfurous water, and prone to earthquakes that level ridges and rend the earth. Legend says that the Great Serpent, a wyrm of enormous size and age, lairs somewhere in the mountain. These same legends tell of a great store of treasure taken from passing ships and the ancient Andøvan, but what hero is brave (or foolish) enough to venture into the Gates of Hell to retrieve it?

World's Edge Mountains

Legends hold that in the farthest extents of the north, far beyond even Nûkland or the fabled wonders of the Far North, lies the very edge of the world, a vast wall of mountains beyond which there is nothing. It is also said that if one were to travel to these distant peaks and cross them, one can take off and set sail amongst the stars, even to the very abodes of the gods. Of course, if one were to do this, one would rank among either the greatest fools or greatest heroes of the Northlands. Either way, none has made this journey and returned to tell of it.

Nûkland Adventure Hooks

• The Great Serpent of Mt. Helgastervän has been spotted as far west as Gatland and as far east as Estenfird. This must portend something, but at the very least poses a threat to homes and ships throughout the Northlands. Can a group of heroes be found who are willing to journey through the Gates of Hell to face the Wyrm of Wyrms in its lair and thus discover the meaning behind all of this?

• The Nûklanders have been traveling south into Estenfird in droves, entire tribes journeying with their reindeer herds along the banks of the Ice River. This is causing a great deal of disruption in the areas around Nieuburg and Three Rivers, as the Nûklanders are unused to Northlander concepts of land ownership. Already a handful of deaths have angered both sides, as have several trampled wheat fields and slaughtered reindeer. Why are the Nûklanders leaving Nûkland, and can an Estenfirder-Nûklander war be averted?

• This spring, the Ice River does not thaw at a point just south of Nieuburg. From there north, it is one solid block of ice that does not melt, and the level of the Ice River below the dam has dropped precipitously, making travel by boat all but impossible. Can the ice dam be broken, and what is causing the ice to refuse to melt?

Seagestreland

Alignment: Neutral
Capital: None
Notable Settlements: Dnipirstead (136), Stavie (45)
Ruler: None known
Government: tribal
Population: Unknown (many Seagestrelander; few Northlander)
Humanoid: None
Monstrous: ogres, dire animals, winter wolves, lycanthropes, giants (coastal forest); giant crabs, giant vermin, quipper, carnivorous plants, hags, lizardfolk, trow, shambling mounds, ajatars (Dnipir Delta)
Languages: Seagestrelander
Religion: Seagestrelander tibaz
Resources: slaves, foodstuffs, gems (amber), furs, gold, timber (unharvested)
Technology Level: Stone Age

The coast is a wild region known as Seagestreland, the home to the savage barbarians known as the Seagestrelanders. These barbarians are not Northlanders, and live by herding and farming in the rich forestlands along the coast. For generations, there has been a mixed relationship between the Northlanders and the Seagestrelanders. Longships come to trade, bringing iron tools and luxury goods to exchange for gold, furs, amber, and slaves. Sometimes the Northlanders arrive and just take what they want, causing the Seagestrelanders to be very wary of the approach of a longship.

Numerous temporary trading posts along the Seagestreland coast are inhabited for a few weeks or months during the year. Only one of these is a permanent settlement that sees traffic year-round and, even then, the winter population is small.

The Lay of the Land

Dnipir River

The Dnipir River, which flows down to the North Sea through the Sea of Grass and onward from some source far beyond the Northlands, is the Northlanders' main highway into Seagestreland and beyond. It is a wide, lazy and meandering stream, the mouth of which is a tangled delta of shifting islands and swamps. Strange creatures lurk here, animals of great size and ferocity, hordes of flesh-eating frogs, and deadly snakes as long as three spears. The river itself is not without peril, for despite its broad expanse, it is very deep in the center and home to fish of extraordinary size. Among these fish is the famed river sturgeon, a monster of the depths that can grow to more than 300 pounds and whose salted eggs are considered a delicacy in the Northlands and beyond.

Dnipirstead

Lawful village
Corruption –1; **Crime** –1; **Economy** 0; **Law** –1; **Lore** –1; **Society** –1
Qualities strategic location
Danger 0
Government autocracy
Population 136 (125 human [Northlanders], 11 human [Seagestrelander thralls])
Notable NPCs
Alvi Gyrdson, Jarl of Dnipirstead (Neutral male human fighter 4)
Purchase Maximum 2,500 gp

For those embarking on a journey up the Dnipir River, Dnipirstead serves as the jumping-off point, the last Northlander settlement before the wilds of Seagestreland and the Sea of Grass beyond. The land around the village is very fertile, and several families have settled here, building small walled farmsteads and beginning the core of a growing colony. It is not just Northlanders and their thralls that can be found here, for the peoples of the Sea of Grass have learned that trade is better than being raided, and come here around midsummer for a general trade moot. Some years, there are even travelers from the distant Caliphate, though as yet no true merchants have arrived from that far off land.

Stavie

Neutral hamlet
Corruption –2; **Crime** –2; **Economy** –2; **Law** –4; **Lore** –3; **Society** +1
Qualities rumormongering
Danger –5
Government council
Population 45 (40 human [Northlanders], 5 human [Seagestrelander thralls])
Notable NPCs
Knut the Lame, local merchant (Neutral male human expert 2)
Purchase Maximum 1,000 gp

Stavie is a poor, rustic affair of crude wooden buildings surrounded by a far-sturdier palisade and ditch. It is a jumping-off point and small trading post for merchants and vikings working the Seagestreland coast. During the summer, it is a bustling marketplace where fur, amber, and thralls are unloaded, bought, and loaded onto ships bound for larger markets, especially at Halfstead and Trotheim. Overseeing this activity is Knut the Lame, a Hordalander who had his left leg crushed by a giant bear in Estenfird many summers ago. Knut owns Stavie, and takes a cut from all trade conducted there, but he also manages the trading post and, alongside his thralls, is the only winter resident.

Seagestreland Adventure Hooks

• The obvious thing to do in Seagestreland is to go a-viking, but what happens when the natives decide to start banding together to ward off Northlander depredations? Possibly a charismatic and powerful hero has risen among the Seagestrelanders, someone capable of uniting the warring tribes. If so, all the neighboring Northlander nations may be in jeopardy from the warlike and vengeful Seagestrelanders.

• An envoy from Brounthia (a Southlander kingdom) arrived in Stavie, bought up all the amber there, and yet wants more. His køenig is planning to build a hall of amber and he is willing to offer Southlander gold, and doesn't care where the amber comes from.

• Outlanders from across the Sea of Grass have burned to the ground the colony at Dnipirstead. Brave heroes are needed to bring vengeance down upon these villains. However, the true culprits are mercenaries hired by Knut the Lame to drive away his trading post's greatest rivals. Will the Characters discover this treachery? Or will they punish innocent savages for the crime?

Storstrøm Vale

Alignment: Lawful
Capital: Trotheim (3,980)

Notable Settlements: Numerous villages, steadings, and jarldoms
Ruler: Althing of Storstrøm Vale with individual jarls and local Things
Government: Northlands feudal
Population: 119,000 (112,000 Northlander; 7,000 Seagestrelander thralls; an unknown number of Mongat raiders along the Hardöen River)
Humanoid: dwarves (some)
Monstrous: giant crabs, gulper eels, reefclaws (coastline); giant pike, leshies, monstrous crayfish, bog mummies, bog hags, bog horses, bog hounds, erdhenne (Storm River Valley); giant scorpions, amphisbaena, giants, ogres, bhuta, nachtjäger, yrthaks (Waldron Mountains); dire animals, giants, thrydregs, glacier toads, trollhounds, gargoyles, trolls, nachtjäger, dracolisks, yeti, thunderbirds (Andøvan Mountains)
Languages: Nørsk, Common, Dwarven, Seagestrelander
Religion: Æsir, Vanir
Resources: foodstuffs, wool, Trondheim ponies, silver, iron, linen, chalk, ironwork, gems (primarily alabaster)
Technology Level: Dark Ages

The long valley of the Storm River runs from the lower slopes of the Waldron Mountains to the North Sea. It is the longest-inhabited and most heavily populated area in the North, and as such is often considered the heart of the Northlands. There is currently no køenig of the Vale, but in times past, one or another jarl had amassed enough power to claim the crown. Today, the Vale is divided into a host of petty jarldoms, each vying with the others to become powerful enough to claim the title of køenig. The local Things exert a great deal of authority, often vying with the jarl for power. Many of the Things' jurisdictions cross the boundaries of more than one jarldom. The Althing of Storstrøm Vale meets once every ten years, and is the scene of some of the most heated political battles in the Northlands, for it is the vote of the Althing that decides who shall wear the crown. More than once over the years, these votes have resulted in spilled blood.

The Vale is the cultural heartland of the Northlands, the place where the Northlanders society as it exists today originated and where Northlander social mores find their greatest expression. While the coasts of the Hord Peninsula are nearly as densely settled, and the Gatlanders are the epitome of the viking ethos, the Vale-folk are the standard by which all others are judged. Here the largest godshouses, the burial cairns of some of the Northlands' greatest heroes, and many of the most popular ballads sung by the skalds are set.

A wealthy and industrious land, the Vale is rich in good farmland and pasturage for their famed sturdy ponies, has plentiful fishing both offshore and in the Storm River, and even has access to iron and silver in the Waldron Mountains. The land is deficient in only two things: true wilderness (though the foothills of the mountains are somewhat wild) and room. Every generation sees individuals or entire families leave the Vale seeking their own land in less-crowded regions.

The Lay of the Land

Fortön River

The Fortön River flows out of the Waldron Mountains to join the Hardöen and thus form the Storm River. Its upper reaches are a series of cascades fed by springs and melting snow, but the river quickly tames as it descends into the Vale proper. The mountain slopes it flows over are high in iron ore that tinges the river a reddish color. After the milky waters of the Öster join the Fortön, the combined water becomes a light pink. This odd coloration disappears shortly after the Fortön flows together with the Hardöen.

Hardöen River

One of the three rivers draining from the Andøvan Mountains, the Hardöen is a sluggish stream that provides fertile farmland along its widely space banks. However, it lies far from the heart of the Vale and is a definite frontier. Bandits, fell beasts, trolls, and giants are not unknown, and the people are more rugged than the Valers from farther downstream. Five years ago, a large horde of mounted Outlanders called the Mongat managed to find a pass through the mountains from the Sea of Grass to the southwest and terrorized the region until the hirth of the Vale managed to form up and march against them. A few survivors of these Mongat raiders still survive and harry the outlying farmsteads.

Løln River

One of three rivers of the Vale that drain from the Andøvan Mountains, the Løln River is also one of the fiercest. Dropping out of the mountains, it falls rapidly toward the Storm River over six high waterfalls, each forming a deep pool at its base. Between these waterfalls, the river is swift but still provides more than enough water for the surrounding villages. Twenty years ago, the jarls of the Løln River gathered together with the local Things to bring in waterwheels from the Southlands to harness the power of the falls and the river. This has led to a boom in the area as mills and other water-powered devices have begun to alter the local means of production. All the jarls and Things that invested in their construction own these mills jointly, and the cost of their maintenance is borne by a similar contract. Use is free to any of the signing Things or jarldoms.

Öster River

The shortest river in the Vale, the Öster River is considered by many to be the least desirable of the all the rivers in the region. Its flow is rendered milky and opaque by the gypsum it picks up as it tumbles down out of the Waldron Mountains — that is, when it is flowing at all. A very seasonal river, the Öster River often dwindles to a trickle during the summer months, is a thundering tangle of trees and animal carcasses in the spring melt, and has been known to disappear completely during droughts.

Saudb River

Flowing along the Vale's western border, the Saudb River is a quiet, peaceful stream whose banks are dotted with small jarldoms and freemen farmsteads. It can be said that the people living here have lost much of what other Northlanders consider the true nature of the Northlands, for the wilds of the Saudb have been tamed, the land is fruitful, and even the winters are mild. However, this region does tend to breed an unusual number of heroes and would-be heroes who find the contentment of the Vale too much and thus leave to find new fortunes in more dangerous lands.

Sauøk River

This short river serves little purpose other than to fall out of the Waldron Mountains and feed the Storm River. Few people live along its length, for the river is too narrow and too filled with rapids and cataracts to be navigable. The surrounding mountains are still mostly wild and unexplored, home to fur trappers, hardscrabble farmers, and the occasional troll or giant band. Rumors of ancient dwarven cities and mines near the headwaters of the Sauøk have long drawn those seeking glory and fortune, but as yet, none have found anything other than tree-filled valleys and rocky slopes.

Storm River

The mighty Storm River, so named for its annual spring floods, is the heart of the Storstrøm Vale, and thus in the minds of many the true wellspring of the Northlands. It is along these banks that Northlander culture first developed, and today this river's banks are covered with the farms and fields of jarldoms and clans that are many centuries old. There is not one scrap of true wilderness along the entire length of the river, though carefully managed woods allow for hunting and the gathering of forest resources. Travelers are advised of two facts: First, the people along this river hold the customs of hospitality to a high standard and thus welcome worthy travelers into their halls and homes. Second, there is not a piece of land that does not belong to someone, and trespassers are not welcome — indeed they are unworthy sorts who don't have enough honor



to understand the rights of property. Stick to the roads or the river and be on your best behavior when you journey along the Storm.

Trotheim

Lawful large town
Corruption +0; **Crime** –4; **Economy** +1; **Law** +1; **Lore** +0; **Society** +5
Qualities prosperous, rumormongering citizens, superstitious
Danger +5
Government council (Thing of Trotheim, Althing of Storstrøm Vale)
Population 3,980 (3,663 human [Northlanders], 212 human [Seagestrelander thralls]); 105 dwarves
Notable NPCs
Gyrthyr the Even-handed, Jarl of Trotheim (Neutral male human aristocrat 7)
Thongrak Trollhammer, smith (LG male dwarf fighter 5)
Purchase Maximum 15,000 gp

Sitting on an island at the mouth of the Storm River is the town of Trotheim. The second-largest settlement in the Northlands, Trotheim serves as the economic and political center of the Storstrøm Vale. Here, the Althing of Storstrøm Vale meets and, when there is a køenig, where he holds court. The Hall of the Køenig dominates the center of town, which although grand in scale, has fallen into disrepair over the decades. Every year the Thing of Trotheim brings forth a motion to have it refurbished, but each time the vote either fails to pass or no one acts on the decision. The remainder of the island is crowded with marketplaces, storehouses, and the "city" dwellings of the most powerful and influential people in the Vale.

Although not as populous or cosmopolitan as Halfstead, Trotheim sees merchants from across the Northlands and beyond. The harbor is not the greatest, and the location is out of the way for most west-to-east traffic, but the economy is in some ways more robust. The Vale is a rich agricultural land, shipping away a surplus of grains, fruits, processed foods, fish, and wool. Likewise, the many jarls of the Vale are constantly squabbling and jockeying for social position. Having grander halls, finer clothes, and better retainers can elevate a middling jarl to greater importance, or bankrupt a social climber and force him back into the pack. These two factors — economy and wealth — bring in the merchants, and many who stop at Halfstead proceed on to Trotheim with their most expensive and luxurious goods.

Úme River

This small river flows out of the Andøvan Mountains and into the Storm River. It plunges rapidly down to the Vale, and ambles its way pleasantly through lush fields and small wooded lots until gently easing itself into the greater stream. Some of the prime jarldoms and holdings in the Vale are here, especially along its northern banks, as one could easily lay claim to land that stretches from the Úme to the shores of the North Sea.

Waldron Mountains

These great snow-capped peaks and the rain-deprived lands in their shadow act as a barrier between the Northlands and the Sea of Grass. They are also the source of the many rivers that flow through Storstrøm Vale, including the might Storm River that forms on their lower slopes where the Fortön and Öster meet. The mountains themselves are forested on their northern slopes, but the south-facing parts of the range fall within the mountains' rain shadow. Indeed, one of the wonders of the Northlands is that despite all the rain that falls upon the Waldron Mountains, it all seems to run off to the north, leaving the area beyond the range a desolate wasteland of cold desert until reaching the fertile lands along the Dnipir River below.

Trolls and giants, as well as other monstrous creatures, inhabit the mountains. Long ago, before the coming of even the ancient Andøvan, the Waldron Mountains were home to a dwarven kingdom of some magnificence. According to Northlander legends, it is through this kingdom that some of the wandering tribes that were the ancestors of the Northlanders came, following a great tunnel beneath the mountains to the light of Storstrøm Vale at the other end. This tunnel, and all the lost dwarven holds and mines that are said to be in the Waldrons, have never been found.

Storstrøm Vale Adventure Hooks

• The surviving Mongat barbarians that had been terrorizing the Hardöen River valley have moved north and attacked several of the expensive mills along the Løln. The hirth was called out, but that body is not trained or equipped to deal with guerilla warfare. Heroes are needed to supplement the households of the jarls to hunt down and slay these savages.

• The Vale has not had a køenig in centuries, but claimants to the throne are all too common. One such has raised his banner on the upper reaches of the Saudb. His kinfolk claim he is either insane or possessed, and would gladly reward any who would venture into the would-be koenig's camp and stop this folly with a minimal loss of blood.

• A freeman hunter returns from the Waldron Mountains with a wild tale of having found a lost dwarven hold filled with silver and gems. He spends his money too freely in Trotheim, and is found face down in the bay one morning following a drinking binge. However, his body shows signs of having been stabbed before being drowned. Who killed this man and why?

Vastavikland

Alignment: Neutral
Capital: Smølsünd (780)
Notable Settlements: Volskøl (varies)
Ruler: Kol the Redhanded
Government: Northlands feudal

Population: 22,400 (Northlander)
Humanoid: None
Monstrous: barracuda, devil kelp, sea hags, dragonships (coastline); dire animals, fire giants, megafauna, mountain trolls, thrydregs, nachtjäger, thoqqua, devils, volcano giants, grendels, red dragons, blood eagles (Olf Mountains); whales, kelpies, trow, sea hags, dragon turtles (Bornhølm Sound)
Languages: Nørsk, Common, Dwarven
Religion: Æsir, Vanir
Resources: plunder, gold, gems
Technology Level: Dark Ages

Harsh, rugged lands breed hard, strong people, and no land is as harsh and rugged as Vastavikland. Estenfird may have its deep forests and tall mountains, and Nûkland its vast snow-covered tundra, but Vastavikland surpasses them all in natural wonders that can kill. The Olf Mountains do not so much roll toward the sea as march down to do battle, forming steep cliffs cut only by narrow fjords. Small holdings fill every habitable and arable inch of these valleys, but even so there are always more mouths than the land can support. Thus, the Vastaviklanders have developed a culture centered on raiding and trading the steady but tiny trickle of gold that flows down melt-water streams from the glacier-choked mountains.

To say that Vastaviklanders are violent is an understatement; even jarls and køenigs are chosen by ritual combat. Men and women are raised to become warriors, and even the few thralls are trained to fight. Every spring, hundreds of longships set sail; those that come back bring much-needed supplies, those that don't have reduced the number of mouths to feed during the winter.

The Lay of the Land

Mount Jurderheim

The tallest mountain in the Northlands, Mt. Jurderheim is said to be unscalable by a mere mortal. Many heroes and would-be heroes have tried, and all have died on its slopes, their frozen, wind-scoured corpses eventually found by the next group of fools. It is well known that some great wyrm lairs near the summit and does not take kindly to intruders into its domain. Still, the promise of fame and the chance at one of several lost treasures said to be either in the beast's lair or elsewhere on the mountain attract new victims every generation.

Olf Mountains

These rugged mountains stretch from the forests of Seagestreland in the south well into Gatland in the north, and possibly beyond. For the most part, they are tall and steep, with tops capped with snow year-round. Between the mountains are thousands of small valleys fed by melt water and springs. In these dells dwell the hardiest of the Vastaviklanders, hardworking souls who don't mind living far removed from the rest of Northlander society. Each vale has its own jarl that gives grudging obedience only to the køenig in Smølsünd (if they give even that). The people of the mountains are freemen one and all, and often deride their coastal cousins for keeping thralls.

All of Vastavikland is subject to earthquakes and other seismic activity, but no part more so than the depths of the Olf Mountains. Hot springs are not unheard of, nor for one of the mountains to suddenly show itself to be a sleeping volcano, in addition to the many already-known volcanoes. This, combined with long winters (long even for the Northlanders), giants, wyrms, and other deadly creatures, makes the Olf Mountains one of the most-dangerous regions in an already deadly part of the world.

Mount Reik

Not a true mountain but an active volcano, Reik Mountain is dwarfed by Mt. Junderheim, and is still notable for the constant plume of smoke that rises from its gaping maw of a peak. The surrounding land is famous for its hot springs and sulfurous waters, as well as frequent earthquakes. Although other volcanoes exist in the Olf Mountains, Reik is the largest and most active. The volcano has rarely erupted in recent memory, but this just seems to mean that such an eruption is likely long overdue. The raw blood of the earth flows beneath Mount Reik's slopes and draws wizards and other less-savory types from across the world that seek to capture some of this lava for use in their magic. It is said that a great beast of living fire dwells within the mountain, but none have ever claimed to have seen it.

Seydiford Peninsula

A near twin of the Bornhølm Peninsula to the north, the Seydiford is a wild and rugged place largely unsuited to human life, and inhabited by giants, trolls, and worse. Of course, it is also the homeland of the Vastaviklanders, and few people call it by its proper name, conflating the entire Peninsula with Vastavikland. This is not quite true, as Vastavikland is much larger than just the one peninsula.

Smølsünd

Neutral small town
Corruption +3; **Crime** +0; **Economy** +0; **Law** +2; **Lore** +1; **Society** –2
Qualities insular, notorious
Danger +10; **Disadvantages** impoverished
Government overlord
Population 780 (human [Northlanders])
Notable NPCs
Kol the Redhanded, Køenig of Vastavikland (Neutral male human fighter 8)
Purchase Maximum 5,000 gp



This town is the largest settlement in Vastavikland, and is the traditional seat of the køenig, as well as the Althing of Vastavikland. It is little more than a grand hall and supporting structures, all built on top of a great earthen mound originally constructed by the ancient Andøvan. A stout stockade surrounds the settlement, for in Vastavikland even the seat of the køenig is not immune to attack.

The current ruling monarch is Kol the Redhanded, a huge brute of a man who has spent the years before and since his ascension to the throne as one of the most-feared vikings to ever sail out of the North Sea. Kol does not so much rule here as he favors Smølsünd as his wintering port — when he does return for the winter that is. This suits the people of Vastavikland, as they are not ones to accept an overly active or intrusive køenig.

In the absence of their monarch, most of the regular governance — what little there is — falls to the Althing. Like other lands in the Northlands, the Althing of Vastavikland is made up of all freemen of the region and has very little authority to enforce its decrees. This suits the Vastaviklanders well, as most issues can be handled by duels or ongoing feuds. Even when a lawsuit or other issue is brought before the Althing, the coastal-dwelling freemen dominate attendance, and thus control the flow of debate.

Vindelsalven River

Like the Dnipir River, this sluggish stream flows through the forests of Seagestreland and off into the Sea of Grass. It is not as well-explored as the more popular and well-known Dnipir, but does see a fair amount of activity along its lower course. Vikings, primarily from Vastavikland, raid for a few hundred miles up its length, taking slaves and occasionally ransoms of gold, amber, and furs.

Voskøl

Neutral seasonal trade moot
Corruption +4; **Crime** +5; **Economy** –2; **Law** –6; **Lore** +1; **Society** –4
Qualities prosperous, tourist attraction
Danger +20
Government anarchy
Population 1,000–1,500 (varies)

Purchase Maximum 7,500 gp

For most of the year, nothing is here but an open field and the remains of last year's Grand Festival. In the late summer months, people filter in and set up tents, and by the harvest time, Voskøl becomes a thriving tent city of traders, farmers peddling their harvest, skirmishing bands of warriors, and vikings fresh back from the raiding season. All manner of folk come to Voskøl from across the Northlands and even far beyond. Like most of Vastavikland, the law here is based on force and might, though open theft and brigandage (at least within Voskøl) is generally met with violence from all and sundry. The Grand Festival ends with the first harvest moon and a huge bonfire party where the tents of this season, as well as a portion of every trade or deal made, is burned in offering to Wotan for his wisdom and might. This, of course, is followed by a three-day revel of drunkenness that sees many of the non-Northlander visitors quietly slipping away before the jovial mood changes, as well as the thorough destruction of the camp.

Vastavikland Adventure Hooks

- Not everyone who falls prey to the vikings from Vastavikland takes the slight lying down. One prominent Southlander merchant has had the temerity to journey to the Northlands in order to retrieve a valuable heirloom taken in a raid by Jarl Bergvis Finnson of Vastavikland. He has approached the Things of Halfstead and Trotheim, as well as the Hrolfs, but has so far received a polite refusal from all. In desperation, he is willing to pay strangers to counter-raid the jarl.
- Aban ibn Faud, a wizard from the Ammuyad Caliphate, has made known that he wishes to journey to the slopes of Mt. Reik to retrieve rare minerals needed in his experiments. He needs local guards and guides, and the haughty Outlander is willing to pay in gold.
- The heroes are invited guests of the Jarl Gulli the Bloody-Handed. After several days of feasting, the jarl's huscarls approach the party with a dire request. The jarl is infected with lycanthropy, and the full moon is coming soon. The huscarls have taken oaths to defend their jarl with their lives, but someone needs to slay the master of the hall before he loses his mind's worth. The huscarls naturally fight to the death, and attacking the jarl before he attacks a Character violates the laws of hospitality.

Places Strange and Mysterious and Things that Should Not Be

The Northlands are home to more than just wild frontiers, crazed vikings, and the best mead in the known world (the gifiltefisk is also pretty good). There are things there, some grand and others dark and evil, things that maybe shouldn't be but are anyway. Places, both mysterious and strange, locales that call to the heart of a hero to come see, or come destroy.

"Places"

Jomsburg Island

The lair of the feared Jomsvikings, Jomsburg is a fortress-city perched high above the North Sea. Tall, thick walls surround the city, even on the seaward side, and the Jomsvikings have spared no expense in the construction of their defenses, even going so far as to import priceless siege equipment from the Southlands. These siege engines throw stones large enough to sink a ship or shatter a shieldwall. The city proper is on the cliffs; however, a second city exists in a network of caves that lead from the main fortress through the cliffs to the sea caves below. It is in these sea caves that the Jomsvikings bring their longships and beach them in safety. The sea caves are strongly defended with underground fortifications and massive chains that can be stretched across their mouths in order to block attacking ships. A further defense is the nature of the caves themselves, for their entrances are difficult to spot and their passages are a maze of narrow winding watery tunnels. They are also allegedly home to the mysterious Jomsbeast.

The Jomsvikings themselves are notorious vikings and mercenaries who terrorize the Northlands and beyond with impunity. They are a tightknit brotherhood who have sworn blood oaths to each other and to their master, Jarl Ut the Fat. These pirates and cutthroats refuse to abide by any law but their own and live a life of debauchery and slaughter, taking what they want and crafting no goods, growing no food, and providing no useful services themselves — other than rapine and slaughter. Only the most desperate jarl would dare hire the Jomsvikings, and so most of the brotherhood spends at least part of the year in the service to the nobles of the Southlands or the distant Caliphate. More on the Jomsburg can be found in ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland***.

Mother Hengrid's Cottage

Deep in the marshes that form the delta of the Dnipir River is a simple cottage inhabited by a kindly, but somewhat mad, old woman. This woman, one of the three daughters of the Norn Skuld and a mortal hero, exists to offer aid and comfort to heroes on glorious quests. Those daring enough to brave the dangers of the swamp may find aid, information, or just a warm place to sleep — provided, of course, she doesn't kill them first.

The cottage sits in a small island in the delta, bordered on one side by a large arm of the Dnipir River, and on the other by a smaller tributary. Crooked trees, brambles, and sickly hammocks of grass cover the island, giving it a more sinister air than the rest of the swamp. Even in the depths of winter, snakes and insects swarm the island, and the air is warm and fetid. In the center stands a small cottage and garden plots, as incongruous in its surroundings as the island is in the swamp.

Mother Hengrid greets visitors warmly and provides food and lodging for them. However, she expects them to help with the chores around her cottage, such as fetching firewood (the woodpile is guarded by some sort of fearsome creature), washing the dishes in the river (in which lurk giant frogs and worse), or feeding table scraps to her dogs (actually otherworldly canines such as yeth or hell hounds). Those who offend her find themselves cast into her cellar where they must battle giant vermin in order to escape. A hero in her favor, however, receives magical potions in the form of produce from her gardens. More on Mother Hengrid can be found in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist***.

Old Meg's Cave

The Jomsburg is home to more than just the Jomsvikings and the Jomsbeast, for in a series of caverns on the southern cliffs of the island lives Old Meg, one of the three daughters of the Norn Skuld. Old Meg is a wizened, insane hag who offers deadly challenges to prove the mettle of those who come to her seeking aid. Those who pass receive information, items of magical potency, and respect from a half-divine entity. Those who fail are never heard from again, for not only do they lose their lives, but their very souls as well.

The Caverns of Old Meg sit in a cliff, the opening 150 feet above the crashing surf. There is no safe anchorage below the cliff, and the sea crashes constantly against a rocky reef at the cliff's base. Holding a ship there is nearly impossible, and most who try are swept onto the rocks while seabirds cackle and swoop at anyone below.

The caverns themselves twist and turn, appearing in a different form every time a person enters, and never the same twice. Sometimes the journey through the caverns to Old Meg's lair is a simple one, other times heroes face a maze filled with traps or dangerous guardians. Once one reaches the end, he must still contend with the crazed witch and her tests. These tests can take the form of a living game of hnefataftl, battling one's own fears made manifest, facing one's character flaws, or even defeating the very thing you came to learn how to defeat (and thus learning an important truth about your enemy). Whatever the test, those who fail are destroyed body and soul. More on Old Meg can be found in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist*** and in ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland***.

The Tomb of High Køenig Kraki Haraldson

On a manmade hill overlooking the Storm River, not far from the Hall of the Hearth Stone, sits the tomb mound of Kraki Haraldson, the first and only High Køenig of the Northlands. Well before the Northlanders expanded far beyond the borders of the Vale — for in that time Hordaland, Gatland, and Hrolfland were the far frontiers — one jarl managed to rise up and unite the entire Northlands under his banner. Kraki Haraldson was a fearsome warlord, a feared sea reaver, and a brilliant politician. His might managed to unite even the feuding Gats and Hrolfs, as well as hundreds of independent jarls.

Not all were happy with this state of affairs and, following a decade of rule, a cabal of oath-breakers who styled themselves as freedom fighters assassinated the High Køenig. The families of these assassins fled and settled the land that is now Vastavikland. The High Køenig was laid to rest in a magnificent tomb that was in turn buried under tons of earth in order to keep his wight safe or, as some say, safely inside. To date, none have dared to open the barrow, despite the legends that speak of untold riches and, more alluring, *Kroenarck*, the Sword of the High Køenig — a weapon that some say would make its owner the second High Køenig of all the Northlands.

Yrsa's Rock

Out on the Great Ocean, not far from where the North Sea flows out to join the world sea, lies the fabled abode of Yrsa the Fair, one of the three Daughters of Skuld the Norn. Yrsa waits on this pillar of stone jutting out of the sea, chained at the summit and guarded by a fearsome beast. She lives as a test of the courage, heroism, and good manners of would-be heroes and rewards those who rescue her with boons and wisdom. Those who fail are consumed by the wyrm that guards her. Much is to be gained from rescuing Yrsa, but be warned, she only rewards those who come to her for the best of intentions and who treat her with utmost grace and respect.

The location of Fair Yrsa's Rock is not common knowledge, but those steeped in wisdom and learning maybe able to piece together its general location somewhere in the Cymu Current far south of the Cymu Islands but nearly due east of Halfstead.

"Things"

Beast Totem of Shibauroth

Several generations ago, a band of heroes fought a sect of the Beast Cult in the heart of Storstrøm Vale, defeating the vile cultists and freeing the upper reaches of the Storm River from the grip of the God of Blood and Beasts. The center of the cult's worship was a great stone idol depicting Shibauroth sitting atop a massive runestone, images of his bestial followers and their victims coiled below him like the scales of some huge wyrm. The totem disappeared after the cult leader was slain, but has since appeared time and again where the Beast Cult finds a new home. After a local sect of the cult is defeated, the totem again vanishes, only to appear again in some out-of-the way location. Every appearance seems to draw in new cultists, calling to fell beasts and perverted souls alike.

The Black Dragonship

The appearance of any dragonship is cause for alarm, but even more so when the sails are black with mold and the hull is the silver of aged wood. The Black Dragonship is said to be result of hubris and a curse. In the time of the grandfathers' grandfathers, an infamous viking named Folkmar the Reaver cut a bloody swath across the seas, pillaging every coast from the Northlands south. Never did he build anything, nor did he establish a hall with the fortunes he won. His men would come and go, but always Folkmar was a threat to all and sundry during the 30 years he sailed the seas.

His downfall came as he was aging, his old wounds catching up to him and driving him to increasingly more desperate acts. His men began to drift away, for there was less and less reward for the increasing risk, and it is hard for an old man to recruit young warriors to his cause when all he has to offer is a lifetime of pillaging. Finally, Folkmar sailed his ship to Yrsa's Rock and attempted to force the daughter of Skuld to extend his life and give back his youth. Needless to say, he was less than heroic in his endeavor, and instead of being rewarded, Folkmar was cursed for having the temerity to make demands of a child of the gods. For all eternity, he would live, but he would continue to age, as would his ship and his men, cursed to rot yet remain alive.

Thus, he does to this day, an undead apparition of moldering bones leading a crew of rotted men. For part of the year, the Black Dragonship remains sunken at the bottom of the sea, but on nights of the full moon, "viking nights" as they are sometimes called, it lifts from the sludge of the ocean's floor and hunts once again for fresh prey. It is said that all the loot of Folkmar, from the days before his curse and the decades since, lie at the Black Dragonship's monthly resting place somewhere beneath the waves.

The Hearth Stone

The Storm River splits into two branches roughly halfway along its length, reforming again several miles farther downstream. At the split stands a great stone of pitted black rock that is as hard as iron yet seems to float and bob upon the waters like a giant cork. This rock is known as the Hearth Stone, for legend holds that it was the home of the first Northlanders following Swein Sigurdson, the mold and forge from which the gods made them, and the center of the Northlands. If this is true, it happened so far back in the distant past that none can truly call it naught but legend, save those who come there to call upon the gods, and the godi who have built a mighty godshouse that spans the river.

From one side of the mighty Storm River to another, a massive construction of wood, the only bridge that crosses that great river, straddles both forks of the waterway and brings pilgrims to stand directly above the Hearth Stone. A clan of godi whose ancestors spent 40 years constructing it manages this godshouse/bridge. Pilgrims are allowed entrance, provided they give an acceptable donation. Once inside, they see one of the wonders of the Northlands, for every inch of the structure is carved with depictions of the gods, as well as monsters, villains, and heroes. The entire history of the Northlands can be seen here, and as new events of import occur, they are added, even if a new room needs to be constructed. Young members of the Hearthsons clan spend the early years of their adulthood traveling the Northlands to learn of — and often participate in — important events. Oddly, although so much of the history of the Northlands can be learned from studying the carvings inside the godshouse, the room that once held the origins of the Gat-Hrolf feud collapsed into the river and was washed away many, many generations ago, leaving that a mystery to the current generations.

"Places Strange and Mysterious and Things that Should Not Be" Adventure Hooks

- After a long night of feasting in a mead hall, one of the heroes awakes to discover he has boasted that he will find the Palace of Living Ice and return with proof. Failure would mark him as a braggart and a coward, but success may drive him insane.
- A riddle or other vexing problem is plaguing the party, and they must journey to the lair of one of the Three Daughters of Skuld to seek wisdom. Finding one of the daughters is an adventure in itself, but passing their tests risks life and possibly the soul as well.
- Rumors abound that the Beast Totem of Shibauroth has appeared in the Barrow Lands. Just crossing the Moors and entering those haunted regions is a matter for heroes, but what if the rumors are true, and a new sect of the Beast Cult is forming in Hordaland?

The Lands Beyond

The Northlands are not alone in the world of Lloegyr — the ***Lost Lands*** — though they lie at the far edge of civilization (though some would argue that they are beyond the civilized nations). If placing the Northlands in your campaign, feel free to change or ignore some of the lands beyond.

Most of the areas hinted at in these descriptions are not given any great detail, making it easier to work into whatever campaign you are running.

Cymu Islands

The Cymu Current is a warm-water current that flows past the mouth of the North Sea and heads northeast toward distant and unknown lands. The Oestryn Isles are said to lie in that current, but many hold them to be just a legend, or a confusion of the real Cymu Islands with a dream of fiction. The Cymu Islands are a small chain of volcanic islands that lie in the middle of the Cymu Current. They are lush gardens, heated from the warm waters of the sea and from the boiling rock within their hearts. Strange animals are known to inhabit these islands, lizards and snakes of grotesque size, birds that have no feathers, and even lizards that walk like men. The Northlanders rarely visit the Cymu Islands, though their location is well known and often used as a place of refuge for those blown far out to sea or who have chased whales or merchant vessels too far from more regularly traveled sea lanes.

Monrovia and the Southlands

Seagestreland may be the most convenient place to trade and raid, but the most profitable is the Southlands. Monrovia is merely the northernmost of these kingdoms and petty baronies, and the one most often visited by Northlanders. Unlike the Seagestrelanders, the Southlanders of Monrovia are on the watch for Northlander ships and respond with force whenever and wherever they can. Watchtowers line the coast, and the local hirths (called militias in the Southlands), although one-for-one not as good of warriors as the average Northlander, are numerous and backed up by mounted warriors clad in metal plates from head to toe.

Monrovia's ability to fend off raids of all but the most-isolated settlements (and the fact that many settlements have a wall of some kind) has encouraged Northlanders to trade here and raid farther south. Further encouragement comes in the form of trade from Monrovia north, as well as a close relationship between Monrovia and the Hrolf clan. Ships and caravans from Monrovia regularly travel into Hrolfland and enjoy the protection of the Hrolfs (though it should be noted that not all Northlanders recognize this protection). The Monrovians, as well as other Southlanders, also hire Northlander mercenaries for their wars, though many Northlanders do not see this as being nearly as profitable as raiding, and some see it as outright dishonorable.

The Duchy of Monrovia is ruled by one jarl (called a duke by the Southlanders) who himself serves some other more powerful jarl or køenig (or in this case, a queen). Several lesser jarls serve him (though they have strange names such as "knight" or "bannerette"). Most of the people appear to be thralls to these jarls, save in the towns where freemen live. The minor jarls keep households of warriors who ride horses and clad themselves in heavy armor like lobsters. It is said that no shieldwall can withstand the charge of these mounted warriors, especially if they are backed by hordes of thralls wielding longbows. It is best to hit Monrovia and all the Southlands quickly and with the element of surprise, for once at sea, raiders are safe from these cowards. It should be noted that the Southlanders are at best poor sailors and their ships are slow, clumsy, and badly handled.

Beyond Monrovia lie dozens of small kingdoms, all of which are targets (or trading partners) of the Northlanders. Aside from the coastal settlements, not much is known about these lands, although all are similar to Monrovia in structure and technology. Of the dozen or so Southlander nations, the ones most frequently visited are Brounthia (ruled by a queen), Hesten, Lastrania, and distant Pelshtaria.

Sea of Grass

Stretching south and west from Seagestreland is the Sea of Grass, an aptly named plain that runs for thousands of miles. The long, slow Vindelsalven River runs through this plain, and provides an easy means of reaching the lands beyond, though the journey is one of many weeks and fraught with peril. Despite the risks, the Southlands beyond are known to employ Northlander mercenaries in their armies, as well as bodyguards for wealthy nobles and merchants. Also, gold is found along the river, and raiding villages during the journey south is a favorite and profitable past time.

There are dangers on the Sea of Grass, for horrible monsters hunt the plains and can be found in the deeper parts of the Vindelsalven River or in areas where the river has spread out into a marsh. The marshlands are said to harbor strange men with the heads of lizards, great black wyrms that can break a longship in half, and worse things. Beyond the marshlands, which may be the river's source, an arduous portage must be made onto the Shimmering River (which carries the traveler south to more Southlander kingdoms) that is made more perilous because it lies in the lands of the K'Haln, a notorious tribe of horse-riding bandits.

The Far North and the Oestryn Isles

Legends hold that somewhere northeast of Estenfird lies an arm of land that is rich in gold, silver, and ivory. A place where whales are plentiful, seals abundant, and the people weak and fearful. No one alive has sailed there, for the voyage across the Great Ocean is dangerous and the reward could merely be a myth. Also, the same tales tell of a land of verdant green and warm winters far across the Great Ocean, but again no living man or woman has been there and returned. In general, although great sailors, the Northlanders are not ones to travel far out on the lonely expanse of the Great Ocean, for there live monsters of great size, masses of seaweed that can swallow ships, and strange and fell currents. No one is afraid of making the journey, but none sees the profit in chasing down riches found only in tales. The Far North is explored in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** and ***NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains***. The Oestryn Isles are visited in ***NS7: The Return of Hallbjorn***.

Lands Beyond Adventure Hooks

- There is but one thing for a Northlander to do in Monrovia, go a-viking! The heroes set off to pillage and loot the Monrovia coast, needing to find a way past the watchtowers in order to get in an out before the mounted lobster warriors and the militia can catch them.
- Herlu the Clever is putting together an expedition to sail all the way down the Dnipir River and portage a longship across the Sea of Grass to whatever river will take them to the lands beyond. Why would one contemplate such a mad endeavor? The Southlanders beyond the Sea of Grass would never expect a dragon-prowed longship to show up on their gold-laden coasts. Easy looting, and maybe a long voyage back by sea. In other words, why not?
- The Child-Køenig of Hordaland has fallen ill, and the healers say that only the blood of a kraken can save him. Though rumors say that some exist in the depths of the North Sea, the only known krakens live far out on the Great Ocean, and brave fools, er, heroes, need to be found who are willing to sail out beyond any known waters. Once there, they still must find and slay a kraken, one of the most fearsome monsters of the deep.

Chapter 3: Ansuz, The Gods

The Gods of the North

Unlike other areas of the world, the Northlanders have only a vague understanding of their own gods, vague in that most do not give much thought to religious issues outside of feasts and festivals. True, those embarking on a voyage, heading off to war, or building a new hall make sure the proper sacrifices and prayers are conducted and pay a godi to see to these things — just as a carpenter would be paid to caulk a ship or raise a barn. For the most part, the Northlanders are happy to go on paying only the least amount of attention to their religion, and it seems their gods are happy that they do so.

One reason for this is that the Northlanders, and their gods, base relationships around family and oaths. All Northlanders are seen as in some ways "family" of the gods, since Wotan is the All-Father of his people, as well as the Father of the Gods. Each party has privileges and responsibilities, the elder parties (i.e. the gods) have some authority to judge and punish, as well as the power to bless and aid. Godi, especially those who have taken vows to serve one god, are different; their relationship is closer to that between a huscarl and a jarl. Again, this only adds a greater layer of privileges and responsibilities to both parties. This is different from the situation in the Caliphate or Monrovia and the Southlands where one serves one's gods as a thrall, bowing and scraping, and spending endless hours in worship and veneration. The Northlanders do not so much worship their deities as they carry out customs that have been occurring for centuries and that the mortal and divine find pleasing and beneficial.

A major part of Northlander religion is the belief in wyrd, or fate. The Norns, three ancient goddesses who control the destiny of all, already have woven, measured and cut one's life-thread. This fate cannot be avoided. To try do so is not just hubris but impossible, and when you are fated to die, you will die, and the gods themselves have no control over this. In the end of all things, when monsters swallow the sun and moons, the gods themselves are fated to die.

Tribes of the Gods

As blood, family, and clan are everything to the Northlanders, it is no surprise that their reality beyond the bounds of ordinary mortal human existence is divided in their minds as well. This includes divisions of the other types of beings that they interact with into families or clans called vaettir. These include the Alfar (elves and fey), the Dvergar (dwarves), Jötnar (trolls and giants), and others. The Landvaettir are the spirits of the land that Northlander seafarers placate — if not a-viking whenever they come ashore — by removing the carved dragonheads from the prows of their ships to show that they come in peace and do not seek to provoke these guardians. The Sjövaettir are the sea spirits that require propitiation during voyages. But the Northlanders do not stop there in their identification of clan and blood; even the gods are included in their systems of vaettir, giving them the Æsir, the Vanir, and the dreaded Ginnvaettir.

Norse Religion

What appears below is not a historical treatise on the real Norse pantheon, or the greater pre-Christian Germanic religions. Instead, it is a distillation of those grand mythic cycles to fit the given space and the needs of a role-playing game. There are far better references to the gods of the Norse and other Germanic peoples, and if you really want to learn something about them, begin with Snorri Sturluson's *Prose Edda*. True, he gets a few things wrong and tends to wander a bit, but he is the best place to start.

Each of the gods in the Æsir, Vanir, and Ginnvaettir are described below. The name given for each is the traditional Northlands name and how they are venerated in Storstrøm Vale, that holdfast of ancient Northlander custom. However, some are known by more recently acquired and popular names in other areas of the Northlands outside the direct oversight of the curmudgeonly godi of the Vale. These alternate names are listed along with the traditional. The names are used interchangeably throughout the Northlands (though they may draw a scowl from the whitebeards of the Vale), but this publication primarily refers to them by their older, more traditional name as clung to by old blood of Storstrøm.

The Æsir

The Æsir are considered the highest of the gods to the Northlanders, and they reside in Asgard, the Realm of the Gods. The Æsir form a pantheon of beings that preside over most of the aspects of mortal life that aren't specifically tied to the world of mortals (Midgard as it is known to Northlanders). As the principal pantheon of the Northlanders, all members of their culture venerate the Æsir to some extent. It is a truly mad Beast Cultist indeed who doesn't at least whisper a prayer to Thor before going into battle. Very often, the dead of both sides on a battlefield wear the same hammer amulet to venerate the Thunder God, though they were mortal enemies on the field. Except for those rare instances devoted exclusively to some demon of the Ginnvaettir, all godi houses in the North include runestones dedicated to the Æsir as a whole even if their primary devotion is to an individual deity or the Vanir.

Baldr, Balder
God of Bravery and Beauty

Alignment: Law(good tendency)
Domains: Charm, Glory, Good, Strength, War
Symbol: Dragon-prowed longship
Garb: White robes and sandals, even in the coldest weather
Favored Weapon: Longsword

Form of Worship and Holidays: Contests of strength and endurance at feasts to show the prowess and fortitude of its participants.
Typical Worshippers: Male heroes of good alignment

Son of Wotan and Frigg, Baldr is seen as the bravest, most gracious, and attractive of all men. Baldr is a patron of heroes and those who strive to do good in a world beset by wickedness. His devotees are all men and all heroes (a cleric of Baldr must be a male of Lawful alignment). Baldr is said to sail the seas of Asgard in his longship, *Hringhorni*, the greatest ship ever built, before returning to feast at his magnificent mead-hall of Breidablik. Like all the gods of the Æsir, he is fated to die in the world-ending battle of Ragnorak, though this seems odd as his mother has managed to secure an oath from all things in the world not to harm him.

Bragr, Bragi
God of Poetry and Song

Alignment: Law (good tendency)
Domains: Chaos, Charm, Glory, Good, Travel
Symbol: Bowed lyre
Garb: Ordinary warrior garb
Favored Weapon: Spear
Form of Worship and Holidays: Performances of the great sagas in poem and song to praise Bragr and heroes and jarls who honored him
Typical Worshippers: Skalds, chroniclers, travelers

It should come as no surprise that the patron of skalds, music, and the arts is well regarded in song and tale. Bragr is said to be the god who invented music and musical instruments, though it is only the wisdom of Wotan that brought the inspiration for poetry. Not a weakling milksop minstrel of the Southlands, Bragr and his devotees are warriors who stand in the shieldwall and urge their fellows on to victory, and after the battle lead the laments to the dead and songs of the glory of the day.

Donar, Thor
God of Thunder

Alignment: Law (good tendency)
Domains: Air, Chaos, Glory, Strength, War, Weather
Symbol: Hammer-shaped amulet
Garb: Warrior garb, sometimes with a linden wood shield painted black and yellow to denote lightning bolts in a stormy sky.
Favored Weapon: Warhammer
Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers before battle or great undertakings, songs of lament for the dead and praise for glory gained after battle.
Typical Worshippers: Heroes, warriors, ship masters, farmers

Donar is the son of Wotan and Frigg. By far the most popular of the Æsir, Donar is the upstanding — though somewhat wild and reckless — god of storms and heroes. His role as the master of storms means that farmers and others who rely on the weather make appropriate sacrifices and prayers to him. However, despite this important, but mundane, role, Donar is most-often regarded as the patron of heroes and the foe of evil, especially giants and trolls. A long-standing feud between Donar and the Jötnar has resulted in instant violence whenever the two are near, and this extends to his devoted followers as well. Tales of Donar's might and his magical hammer *Mjolnir* are many, and each seems to be a daring deed in the cause of humanity that trumps the one told before it.

Frigg, Frigga
Goddess of the Home and Hearth

Alignment: Law (good tendency)
Domains: Air, Community, Good, Healing, Protection
Symbol: Distaff and spindle whorl
Garb: Simple matron's garments or a maiden's dress. The garb of a spear maiden when preparing for battle.
Favored Weapon: Spear
Form of Worship and Holidays: Small prayers given at the hearth fire for protection and good fortune. Dances on feast days where the unmarried women circle the Maypole.
Typical Worshippers: Wives, mothers, stewards, spear maidens, spinners, hall builders

The wife of Wotan and mother of most of the Æsir, Frigg often sits in Wotan's high seat, Hlidskjalf, by the hearth fire in his hall and spins flax into gold for his clothing. She is the matron of wives, mothers, the hearth, and the home. As such, she is a goddess of healing and many cunning women are focused devotees of her. She is also the defender of the home, a role many Northlander wives must fulfill when their husbands are away trading or raiding. In this role, she can appear as a war-clad woman of mature years brandishing a spear and shield and ready to strike down all who would harm those in her care. She is also the matron of birds and creatures of the air, and is served in this capacity by a coterie of valkyries.

Loptr, Loki
God of Trickery, Fire, and Strife

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Chaos, Evil, Fire, Luck, Madness, Trickery
Symbol: Faceless wooden mask with a tongue of flame on its brow
Garb: Red and black robes or clothing, or nondescript garb when in the act of thievery or arson to better blend in with the crowd.
Favored Weapon: Dagger
Form of Worship and Holidays: First night of winter's hearth-lighting ritual during Winter Night Blót (see Wotan), small acts of arson and skullduggery dedicated in his name.
Typical Worshippers: Thieves, con men, gamblers, oath-breakers, arsonists, madmen

As the son of Wotan and a giantess, Loptr's blood is tainted as a Jötnar, and although taken into the Æsir by his divine father, Loptr has turned his back on his family and oaths, becoming more than just a trickster god. While not interested in the total destruction of human life as the demon cults are, Loptr is still a threat to civilization. His ultimate goal is to become the new All-Father, only one a great deal more involved in mortal life. In short, he wants to be worshipped as gods are in other lands, and looks on foreign gods and his own pantheon with jealousy.

It should be noted that, despite his taint and evil ways, Loptr is still given prayers and sacrifices, just not on a regular basis and with only a begrudging respect (he is a god after all). This is because in times past Loptr managed to acquire dominion over fire, an important thing in the frigid Northlands. Thus, Loptr demands an annual ritual where the fires of the hearths are re-lit in his honor, and prayers are often offered to light a fire in critical situations or to beg salvation from an out-of-control blaze.

Tiwaz, Tyr
God of Law and Justice

Alignment: Law
Domains: Community, Good, Law, Nobility, Protection
Symbol: Silver upward-pointing arrow (a bent-armed cross) on a white field
Garb: White or blue robes trimmed in gold or silver.
Favored Weapon: Light or heavy mace
Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers and sacrifices before a holmgang duel or presenting a case before the local Thing.



Typical Worshippers: Good-aligned jarls, members of the Thing, hirthmenn, orators, peacemakers

Tiwaz is unusual among the Æsir in that he was adopted into the pantheon from among the Southlander gods due to his role in ending the god's war between the Æsir and Vanir. In the Southlands he is known as Thyr, though the aspect they worship in those distant lands would be almost unrecognizable in the North. Whereas his fellow Æsir are at best fairly balanced in their views of law and order (though some are rather capricious), Tiwaz stands firmly for law, tradition, and custom. As the bringer of justice, it is Tiwaz who presides over the holmgang — trials by combat conducted between hazel posts — and oversees the workings of the Things and jarls. His veneration pushes the people to become a little more orderly, despite their natural predilections toward a rather anarchic worldview. Naturally, all those wishing to win a case before a Thing make prayers and sacrifices to him.

Wotan, Odin

All-Father, Father of the Gods

Alignment: Law
Domains: Animal, Glory, Good, Knowledge, Magic, Nobility, Protection, Rune, Travel, War
Symbol: Single watching eye
Garb: Red robes and headband and cords bound to wrist and ankles to signify the loss of his eye and his time spent bound upon the World Tree.
Favored Weapon: Spear
Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers and sacrifices of horses during feasts called blóts and during funerals. Autumn Blót is four weeks after the autumn equinox, Winter Night Blót is the first night of winter, Yule Blót is at midwinter, and Summer Blót is four weeks after the spring equinox at the beginning of the viking season.
Typical Worshippers: Jarls, warriors, arcane spellcasters, Bearsarkers, Ulfhanders, fathers, travelers

Father of the gods, bringer of the mysteries of magic and the runes to the Northlanders, patron of the mad-blessed Bearsarkers and Ulfhanders, Wotan is the supreme god of the Æsir and the entire Northlander pantheon. He is also the one that possesses the greatest contradictions. On the one hand, he represents wisdom, good rulership, and the serene joys of husbandhood and fatherhood. On the other, that wisdom is often gained through madness and sacrifice. Warfare, as well as the risks and tragedies involved, are part of his sphere of influence, as are travelers and others who undertake long journeys far from hearth and home. Wotan is the husband of Frigga, and father to all the other gods.

Most of the stories about Wotan focus on his role as the bringer of wisdom, magic, and runes. It is said that he sacrificed an eye and hung himself on the World Tree for eight days in order to learn of magic and the runes, not to mention gaining great wisdom. During this time he saw the past and future, and thus knows the threads the Norns spin, weave, and cut. He is also known to travel the world disguised as an old man, sometimes to learn more of the world, sometimes to test heroes and others. Wotan has two pet ravens, Hugin and Munin that scour the world for secrets to bring back to their master, two pet wolves, and an eight-legged horse that accompany him into battle.

Those who die in battle with honor are taken up to Asgard and feasted for the rest of eternity in Wotan's hall, Valhalla, where he sits upon Hlidskjalf, his high seat, and surveys the universe. There, great heroes of ages past eat, drink, cavort, and enjoy the rewards of a good life. All this will end, however, for in the last days of the world when Ragnarok comes, these same heroes will fight in the vanguard of the shieldwall of the gods against the forces of evil and darkness.

The Vanir

The second vaettir of the gods of the Northlands is the Vanir. More directly associated with the features and inhabitants of Midgard, the world of mortals, the Vanir were defeated in a long-past war with the Æsir, the result of which was that the Æsir lifted them up to share their divinity over the mortals. Though less numerous than the Æsir in the number of Vanir universally recognized among the Northlanders, this is misleading. There are actually innumerable minor Vanir that receive occasional prayers or tributes by scattered mortals at appropriate times — crossing a specific raging river, felling a particularly large tree, laying the keel of a new ship, etc.

Freyja, Freya
Goddess of Love and Fertility

Alignment: Law (good tendency)
Domains: Animal, Charm, Darkness, Good, Healing, Plant, War
Symbol: Falcon
Garb: Robes and cloaks of white trimmed with white fur.
Favored Weapon: Spear
Form of Worship and Holidays: Harvest moon feast and before large hunts. Feast of Freyja at spring equinox. Secret rites at the new moon.
Typical Worshippers: Human females, midwives, spear maidens, hunters, druids

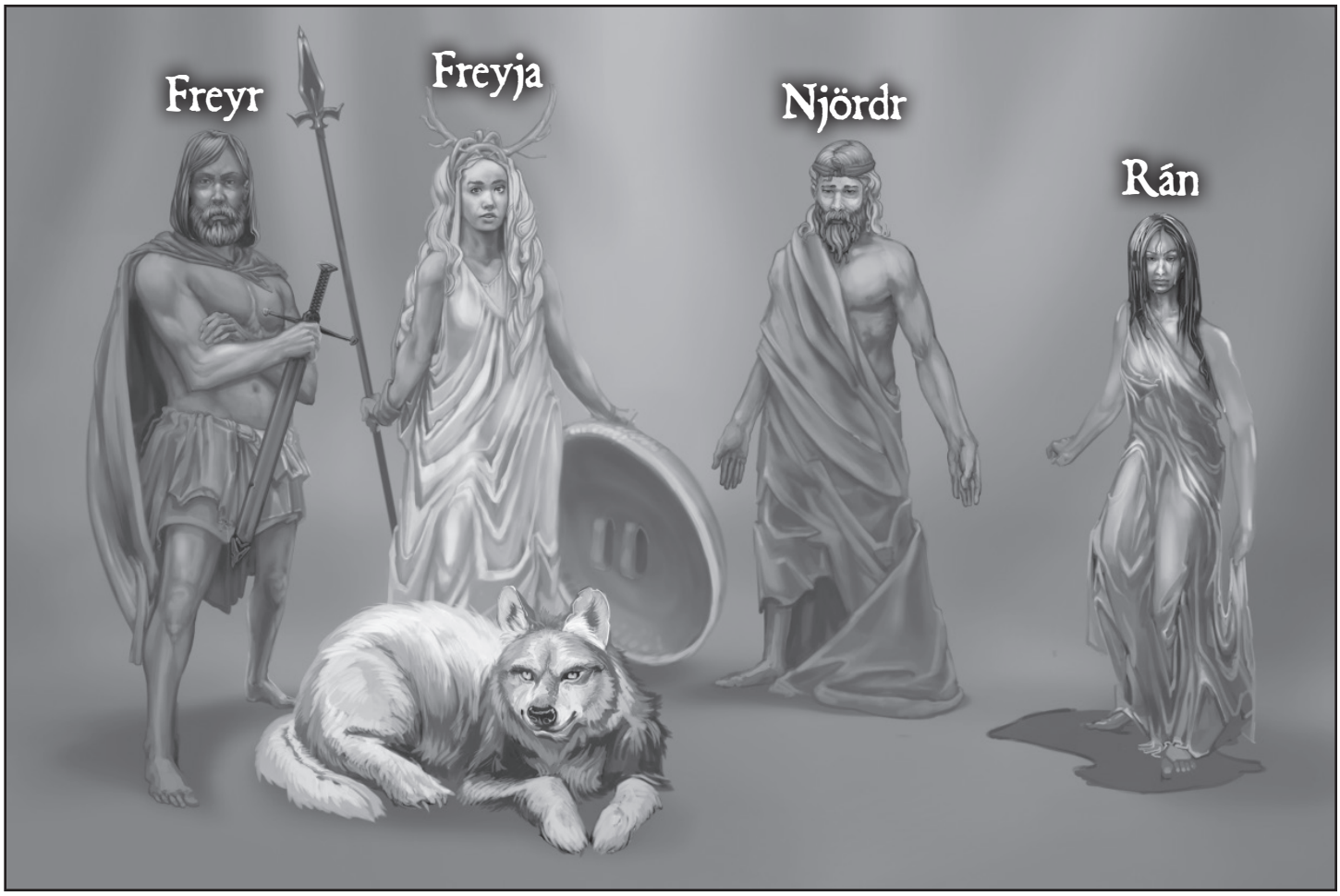
Twin sister of Freyr and daughter of Njördr, Freyja is well regarded throughout the Northlands as the patron of hunters, farmers, and the wild lands, but not as wild as the ones her brother prefers. Indeed, the wilds of Freyja tend to be closer to the settled lands of the Northlanders — the thin border between the deep forests or mountains and the farms, villages, and halls of the Northlanders. She is also the goddess of the coming harvest, sexuality, and procreation. She is unusual in the Northlands in that she is worshipped in the same aspect among the Southlanders, though they know her by the more common Freya and is rumored to be associated with even older cults of the Ancient Ones.

Freyja is the leader of the valkyries that seek among the battle-dead for the souls of valiant warriors to take to Valhalla. Those who die with honor, but not directly in battle, are brought to Freyja's hall, Sessrumnir, in Asgard to await the end of the world. There they train and feast, though not as well as those in Wotan's hall. In the end of time, they will fill out the shieldwall behind those who died heroic deaths, lending mass to the forces of the gods.

Freyr, Frey
God of the Sun and the Hunt

Alignment: Neutral
Domains: Animal, Charm, Good, Plant, Sun
Symbol: Golden boar
Garb: Huntsmen leathers, or cloaks or robes of forest green.
Favored Weapon: Shortbow
Form of Worship and Holidays: Wild hunts through untamed lands. The sounding of hunting horns at the summer solstice, and before and at the end of hunts.
Typical Worshippers: Hunters, frontiersmen, druids, some elves and fey

One of a pair of twins sired by Njördr, Freyr is a male fertility god, the god of the sun, and the patron of hunters as well as those who seek reconciliation. Tales say that he is also the patron of the Alfar (specifically Nûklanders and other fey, though the Nûk deny this vehemently) and the wild lands in which they reside. Freyr has few devoted followers, as most prefer his more approachable sister and fear any connection to the



wild fey. There has been a resurgence of Freyr devotees in Estenfird, and several godi houses venerate him as the leader of the gods.

Njördr, Njor
God of Seafarers and Winds

Alignment: Neutral
Domains: Air, Luck, Travel, Water, Weather
Symbol: A stylized fish beneath a wave
Garb: Robes of blue, green, and white to represent the waves and foam of the seas, and no footwear when aboard a ship or on the shore.
Favored Weapon: Harpoon
Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers and sacrifices at the beginning of voyages or whale hunts.
Typical Worshippers: Fishermen, seafarers, merchants, whalers

One of the Vanir, Njördr is the father of Freyr and Freyja by his unnamed sister, also of the Vanir. Njördr is the patron of the Northlands' merchants who ply the seas to carry their wares to markets near or distant. His veneration represents the accumulation of wealth, be it through successful trade expeditions or a bountiful catch for Northlands' fishermen. While great whales hunted upon the whale road are the domain of Rán, it is Njördr who oversees the harvesting of the beasts. In addition to propitiation of Rán for safe travels while upon the seas, fishermen and merchants spill a bit of wine overboard for Njördr to ensure good winds and a profitable voyage.

Norns
Weavers of Fate

Alignment: Neutral
Domains: Artifice, Death, Fate*, Glory, Knowledge, Luck
Symbol: Three swans
Garb: Hooded brown robes adorned with swan feathers with no footwear
Favored Weapon: Dagger
Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers and sacrifices at births, funerals, and other momentous events in the lives of Northlanders.
Typical Worshippers: Seers
*See *Northlands* by Open Design.

The Norns — sisters Uror, Verdandi, and Skuld — are not true Vanir and almost no one actually worships them. Rather, the Norns are seen to control the wyrd, or fate, of men and gods alike. As such, all Northlanders recognize the power and influence of the Norns over their lives and accept it with a grim determination. If good or ill befalls a person, it was fated by the Norns and cannot be avoided. Northlanders merely pray that the Norns favor them with good fortune and face dire circumstances with bitter resignation that their wyrd should fall such. The fact that the Norns govern even the wyrds of the gods mean that the Æsir are equally careful in their dealings with the strange sisters and take no umbrage when their worshippers attempt to propitiate them.

Rán
Goddess of the Pitiless Waves

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Animal, Water, Weather
Symbol: A net caught upon an anchor
Garb: Adherents of Rán usually wear no garb during ceremonies save perhaps drapings of seaweed.
Favored Weapon: Net
Form of Worship and Holidays: Prayers and sacrifices of gold by seafarers during voyages to bring safe passage. Wild night dances upon rocky shores during storm season by true worshippers.
Typical Worshippers: Druids, witches, sea creatures, some sailors, madmen

Rán is the capricious and sometimes cruel mistress of the sea. Few Northlanders truly worship her, being more concerned with propitiating her to ward off her displeasure when they are upon the ocean swells. Many seafarers travel with some small amount of gold for her so that if their vessel sinks or they fall overboard into her realm she will be pleased with their gift to her and either take them into her service or perhaps even spare their lives and set them free upon some shore. More often than not, however, those who find themselves at her mercy find only a watery grave. Rán is the wife of the Jötnar, Ægir, and with him has nine daughters. Who or what sort of creatures these are is open to question, but many an encounter with scaly horrors from the deep are attributed to Rán's Daughters.

The Ginnvaettir

The third family of divine beings recognized by the Northlanders is the Ginnvaettir. These are the demons of the ancient world, the inhabitants of the Ginnungagap, the primordial void between and below Midgard where howling chaos and eternal darkness reign. It was this void that existed before the creation of the world and the celestial realms of Asgard. And it is this void that continues to exist where the foul spirits and creatures of the universe lurk in their own depravity, banished from the light and condemned to forever strive to escape their mad existence and drag others into it with them. Only the foulest of mortal souls are consigned to the Ginnungagap, and those that are find the Ginnvaettir awaiting them there.

Hel
Goddess of Death

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Animal, Darkness, Death, Earth, Evil, Plant
Symbol: A face, half black and half white
Garb: Druidic garb of midnight black and snow white
Favored Weapon: Poisoned dagger
Form of Worship and Holidays: Rites to Hel are practiced by her worshippers during blights and plagues; likewise, sacrifices are made to her by fearful non-worshippers to stave off plagues and illness.
Typical Worshippers: Diseased and disease-causing creatures, evil humanoids, evil druids, evil women, evil skalds

Hel is the daughter of Loptr, and thus her blood is tainted with that of the Jötnar. Still, she is a goddess, though one not often venerated by the Northlanders. Strangely, like Freya, she has some popularity among Southlanders, especially certain death cults. They venerate her roles as Goddess of Death and Lady of Pestilence. In both traditions, she appears as a gaunt woman with half of her body of blackest jet and the other half of purest white.

Of particular note is the history of the Heldring people who made a pact with Hel in centuries past to serve her as a people in exchange for protection against and victory over the hated Hyperborean Legions of old. It is from this rootstock that the Northlanders eventually emerged, and the pact of Hel was long since abandoned with the fall of the Hyperborean Empire. But folk upon the Helcynngae Peninsula far to the south still venerate the Lady of Pestilence in far greater numbers than can be found in the Northlands.

What prayers and sacrifices are made in Hel's name among the Northlanders are done in order to appease her and keep her away, not encourage her action in people's lives. This is not surprising considering she is the goddess of death and disease. Those who die dishonorable deaths, live without honor, venerate demon-gods of the Ginnvaettir, or die under a ruling of outlawry are hers, and are taken to her hall that shares her name beneath the earth in Niflheim to toil away for all time. When the world ends, these unfortunates will be herded in front of the giants



and trolls, thrown in waves against the shieldwall of the gods, and slaughtered. Though she is a true deity, her domain is within the Ginnungagap, and for this reason she is counted among the Ginnvaettir.

Surtr, Surter
God of the Fire Giants

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Destruction, Evil, Fire, War
Symbol: Flaming sword
Garb: Black iron half-plate
Favored Weapon: Greatsword
Form of Worship and Holidays: Taking slaves, burnt offerings of prisoners, enemies, and treasure.
Typical Worshippers: Fire giants, volcano giants, some fire creatures and other giants

The great war-god of the fire giants, Surtr is a Jötnar and appears as a colossal fire giant wreathed in a cloak of pure flame. Surtr, known in the Southlands as Surter, is said to rule the kingdom of Muspelheim, composed entirely of fire and molten rock, in the Ginnungagap. Surtr has a militant and organized mind and often wages war on other deities and is destined to slay Freyr, though he secretly fears Donar, and dreads the day he must face him in the last battle.

Thrymr, Thrym
God of the Frost Giants

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Chaos, Cold, Entropy, Evil, Trickery, Water
Symbol: White double-bladed greataxe
Garb: Chain shirt and white animal pelts
Favored Weapon: Greataxe
Form of Worship and Holidays: Worshippers pay homage to Thrymr by capturing slaves and defeating foes, especially those who are stronger or more numerous. Sacrifices are left in the cold to die of exposure.
Typical Worshippers: Frost giants, Jötnar, jotund trolls, frost dwarves, ice trolls, some evil humans living in arctic areas

Thrymr appears as an armored frost giant with dark, cunning eyes and a devious character. He is recognized as Thrym in the Southlands, and is not only a Jötnar but is recognized as king of the Jötnar. He rules a kingdom in the icy cold of the Ginnungagap called Jötunheim, where his great hall is built upon the bones of slain deities and mortal heroes who have tried to play the wily god's games of chances.

Thrymr has been known to personally come to the aid of his most devoted followers, manifesting himself as a colossal frost giant bearing a double-bladed greataxe of pure ice. The Jötnar are considered to be the true sons of Thrymr, and the frost giants his lesser children. Like Surtr, Thrymr and all his Jötnar kin are destined to die under the hammer of Donar, and his hate for the followers of that deity is a burning cold.

The Demon Cults

Though part of the Ginnvaettir, the demon-gods are largely foreign to the North, lying outside the Northlander pantheon and worldview. They have been driven from other lands where more organized governments and religions have persecuted and harried them or, in some cases, have existed in the North far longer than the current Northlander peoples and only now have begun to emerge from long estivation. Regardless of their origin, in the North these cults have found a new home, some out in the wilderness where they can remain hidden while they grow in power, others brought back to the cities and halls from long journeys south by the vain, the foolish, or the greedy.

What ties these disparate demon-gods together is their common desire to see civilization destroyed. They do not wish to see the end of the world, nor the destruction of man, but instead want to return humanity to its rightful place as gibbering man-beasts that cavort and worship strange idols in the ruins of their own cities. It is order and structure that is anathema to these demonic deities, freedom and free will are their bane, and sanity is their greatest foe. Heroes are needed to confront the cults of these demon-gods and burn them out, for only fire can cleanse the taint of the worship of these entities from beyond the Northlands.

Althunak

Demon Lord of Ice and Cold, Master of Cannibals, Winter King

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Chaos, Cold, Earth, Evil, Water
Symbol: Bloody fanged maw
Garb: White animal pelts, usually stained with blood and filth
Favored Weapon: Greatclub
Form of Worship and Holidays: Cannibalistic feasts under the dark of a new moon. Sacrifices of infants and prisoners by exposure during blizzards.
Typical Worshippers: Crazed cultists, lycanthropes, cannibals, ice daemons, snow brides

Many centuries past, the demon-god Althunak came to the North. Legend has it that he had ruled a vast empire around the Southern Pole of the world, and fell to the combined force of heroes and gods. Into the North he crept, and established a new home for his cult in the Far North where he created an icy waste and eventually forged a new empire based on his unholy Liturgy of Icy Death and Way of Hunger. He hoped to use this new base of power to cover the world in ice and snow. Fortunately, this did not happen, again due to the actions of mighty heroes — this time of the Ulnat themselves. They marched in all their might upon his unholy capital and overthrew the demon lord, constraining his living corpse at the bottom of the Lake of Frozen Screams.

Still, the cult lingered on, and six generations ago a group of Northlanders led by a prophet of Donar traveled north to the City of the Lord of Winter and slew the last surviving members of the cult, as well as the avatar of Althunak. Even this did not end the threat to the Northlands, for as told in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***, ***NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains***, and ***NS9: Daughter of Thunder and Storm***, Althunak rose again to bring icy death to the world. More information about Althunak can be found in those adventures, as well as ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***.

Shibauroth

Demon Lord of Beasts and Blood

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Animal, Chaos, Destruction, Evil, Madness
Symbol: Beast Totem of Shibauroth
Garb: Feral beast masks and necklaces of teeth and claws
Favored Weapon: Shortspear
Form of Worship and Holidays: Hunts of sentient prey ending in blood-filled orgies of violence. Blood sacrifices made before the Beast Totem of Shibauroth
Typical Worshippers: Savage barbarians, trolls, lycanthropes, barghests, minotaurs, beasts, evil druids

The cults of the Bearsarkers and Ulfhanders push the boundaries of sanity and humanity, but neither fully crosses it, and their nature is tied more with the esoteric insights that such extreme behaviors can bring. The Beast Cult of Shibauroth, on the other hand, decries that there is a boundary between man and beast and that humanity is flawed to remove itself from its bestial impulses. Instead, the Beast Cult calls on humans and bestial creatures that have the capacity for human-like thought to hunt, murder, feast, and mate as much as they care to. The cult's message is one of liberation — or so they claim — though adherents find themselves "gifted" with the magical bindings of Beast Runes branded or tattooed directly onto their flesh. These tattoos unleash their bestial nature, giving them great strength and endurance but likewise reducing their capacity for rational thought and decision making, so they are a double-edged gift at best. The cult's goal is the utter and complete destruction of any binding force such as tradition, civilization, community, or feelings of love, pity, compassion, or fellowship.

With the peoples of the North living so closely with the wild areas of the world, and with the settlements being few and far between, it should come as no surprise that the Beast Cult is one of the more popular demon-cults in the area. It is strongest in Estenfird, though the tendrils of Shibauroth stretch as far as the peaceful Vale. The Beast Cult is fought in ***NS4: Blood on the Snow*** and more information about it can be found therein.

Yiv

Demon Lord of Treachery

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Chaos, Charm, Evil, Trickery
Symbol: A scribe's quill dripping blood
Garb: A faceless mask and dark robe for secret rituals
Favored Weapon: Dagger
Form of Worship and Holidays: Writing the names of cities, families, or nations that the cult wishes to corrupt and burning them in a bonfire while intoning prayers and sacrifices.
Typical Worshippers: Evil jarls and members of a Thing, lawyers, merchants

Honor is the cornerstone of Northlander society, the foundations upon which such a loosely governed populace can maintain the bonds of civilization. To be accused of being an oath-breaker is one of the worst insults in the Northlands and is openly considered an invitation to a violent meeting between the hazel posts. With a culture so intent on keeping to one's word and maintaining at least an honorable façade, if not an honorable heart, it would seem that Yiv the Treacherous would have a hard time infiltrating the Northlands. In truth he has, and far more insidiously than anyone would expect.

Though few will hear of his whispered urges to lie and deceive, there are always those for whom mind's-worth holds no value, the rights of ring-givers and receivers have no meaning, and even the laws of hospitality are naught but words on the wind. To these men and women Yiv speaks, though even then his words are subtle and evasive. Yiv thrives on the presence of laws that can be bent and twisted but not broken, using the strengths of civilization against itself to bring about the ruin of humanity. In the North, the very nature of the law and government is such that there are only a few written laws that can be obeyed in word only; it is this vague nature of tradition that protects itself from the machinations of Yiv the Treacherous and prevents his corruption from spreading farther than it has.

It is in Storstrøm Vale that Yiv is the most powerful, for that long-settled region has the most codified laws in all the Northlands. Likewise, his followers can be found in Hrolfland where the people seek to emulate the Southlanders by writing great books of law. Far off in snowy Estenfird, Yiv is the weakest, for there is not even a ruler of that wild and untamed land to corrupt, much less a catalog of laws to pervert. The other lands see little of Yiv, save where the local Thing or jarl is active in codifying laws.

The greatest treacheries of Yiv are those that break the bonds of the family, turning sons against fathers and brother against brother. Here the

demon-god has seen little success, as with most of his infiltrations into the Northlands. When he does have success, it is a great coup for him, and his cults celebrate the victory all over the world. Currently, the few cults of Yiv that are active are actually campaigning to codify the laws and give more power to the Things and jarls. In this manner, they hope to turn vague tradition into exacting words that can be reinterpreted to destroy and ravage, all in the name of the "law."

Zelton,
Demon Lord of Sloth

Alignment: Chaos
Domains: Chaos, Charm, Destruction, Evil, Liberation
Symbol: A broken millstone
Garb: Loose-fitting togas in red, orange, and yellow
Favored Weapon: Light crossbow
Form of Worship and Holidays: Feasts and debaucheries on all the major social and religious holidays, but held with great gluttony and excess and others doing the work.
Typical Worshippers: Rulers, the rich, con men

The North is a cruel and unforgiving place. Even in the relative peace and prosperity of the Storstrøm Vale, a person must work hard their entire lives in order to enjoy the basic necessities of food, shelter, and water. In lands of the South, perfumed potentates are free to laze about all day while their minions do the work for them; but a Northlander jarl cannot. Should he show himself to be lazy, his householders are free to leave, and his huscarls and hersirs can choose to swear allegiance to another jarl. Wealth is generally tied up in cattle and land, which require great effort to manage, and there are few luxuries to enjoy beyond good food and good company.

Merchants from other lands have a hard time finding something that will interest the Northlanders, save for some rare clothes and other worked goods. Still, amber, furs, and other local resources fetch a good price in the markets of the Southlands, and thus every year traders from these lands make the long journey north. In addition to the more mundane items they can offer, some have brought something else — the promise of an end to toil and hardship and a life of unending pleasure and luxuries. The Cult of Zelton has come to the Northlands, and though it has found thin soil to root in, the temptations of this demon-god have proven too much for some to resist.

The tenants of Zelton's cult are simple: You deserve to be a king attended to by a horde of slaves who see to your every whim. Not only should you be able to live like a Southlander lord, but you really should not have to work hard to get this reward; it is yours by right of birth. Faith in Zelton is all that is required and, of course, doing a few small and insignificant tasks for the demon-god. That these tasks add up in unforeseen ways and lead to the deaths of villages and the fall of jarldoms is all part of the demon-god's plan. Other than bringing down civilization, none know what that plan might be.

Zelton's followers are easily marked for those who know what to look for, but sadly this knowledge is rather rare in the Northlands. Those who have fallen to the Demon Lord of Sloth appear vapid and unmotivated, are given to a strange demeanor of inappropriate self-worth and entitlement, often become obese and unkempt, and just as often grow weak in body and mind as they eat only to please and not for sustenance. It is not unusual for those deeply under the thrall of this demon-god to develop a powdery white rash called Zelton's Favor. This rash is the most dangerous weapon of the cult, for it is a disease that offers those so stricken, as well as those who come in contact with its exudations, a feeling of euphoria that is matched only by the deep lassitude that it brings on.

The normal organization for this cult is to have one member as the high priest, and his followers acting as lesser priests. Every member of the cult is a priest from initiation on, and as all believe themselves to be inherently superior to all other men, inner conflict is rife. Usually, the high priest is afflicted with Zelton's Favor and maintains some degree of order among his followers by manipulating their addictions to his accursed secretions. Cult cells generally keep thralls in order that someone may do the dirty work, or serve as playthings for the more jaded cultists. Every full moon, the high priest receives his commands from his god, orders that if carried out will eventually lead to the ascendancy of the cult, or at least that is what the priests are led to believe.

Worship of the Gods

The Godi

In its simplest definition, a godi is one who acts as a servant of the gods and the community. A godi's main tasks are to maintain the godshouse (temple), conduct services, and tend to those in his community in spiritual and mortal peril. Many godi are part-time priests, spending most of their time in a more profitable activity and performing their godi responsibilities on holy days or when otherwise needed. Often, the title of godi, as well as the necessary training, is the province of a particular family or clan in the area. Thus, the rank of godi is passed from parent to child, and is considered a right of that lineage.

Godi do not normally dedicate themselves to one deity to the exclusion of the others. Most godi worship the entire Northlander pantheon, providing prayers and conducting rituals for all in their appropriate time and season. A rare handful, usually those who receive great gifts from the gods, dedicate themselves first and foremost to one particular deity, though no godi would go so far as to exclude any of the gods from his prayers or worship. There is no internal religious strife in the Northlands, for everyone from the godi to the thralls knows that the gods do not wage war amongst themselves. It should be noted that (with a few notable exceptions) Outlander gods are never adopted into the Northlander pantheon, and no godi would willingly offer worship to foreign divinities.

In the Northlands, some godi receive powerful gifts from the gods, while others only occasionally see any great boon. In game terms, godi do not ordinarily have the ability to cast spells. The few that do will usually have a random smattering of clerical and druidic spells that do not follow the pattern of any particular character class — the spells or other attributes are more in the nature of a divine gift of special abilities to the specific individual.

The Gods of Seagestreland

As there are many tribes, there are also many gods, and the Seagestrelanders do not seem to be terribly picky about what god is worshiped by whom, as long as the local chieftain approves. Their own gods are a mix of adopted Northlander deities (who rarely give any sort of spells or other benefits to these foreigners) and their own gods brought with them across the Sea of Grass. Each tribe has its own set of gods in the form of small idols called tibaz cast from copper, molded from fired clay, or carved from wood. The tribe holds these gods as most important, and these gods are seen as the guardians and soul of the tribe. To attack a tribe and destroy or steal its gods is a grave affront, and one that also presages the death of a tribe.

Although each tribe, and even individual villages, have their own tibaz, several are common to all the Seagestrelanders. Torriuz is the father of the gods and oversees the Seagestrelanders as a whole. His first wife, Eldraz, is the goddess of home and hearth, as well as married women. Torriuz's second wife, Kelipia, is a wild and untamed huntress with dominion over animals, plants, and madness. The eldest son of Torriuz is Mettol the god of war and death, whose adherents paint their faces coal black before going into battle in total silence. Finally, there is Zithal the Stranger, a mysterious deity of treachery and deceit, often placated but never worshiped directly.

Dozens, if not hundreds of other gods are also worshiped by the Seagestrelanders. The tribes along the Dnipir River worship it as the Great Mother. The horsemen of the plains often add Halatra the Horse and Fatalik the Eagle to their pantheon. Along the coast, Ghaztriuz, Father of the Seas, often replaces Torriuz as the head of the local pantheon.

Chapter 4: Fehu, A Wealth of Cattle (Optional Rules)

You can run the ***Northlands Saga*** without any of the following optional details and have a fine viking time. However, the following rules help to create the feel of the Northlands, as well as allow for your game to more closely mimic the great sagas of the historical Norse and related cultures. Use some, none, or all of the following at the Referee's's discretion.

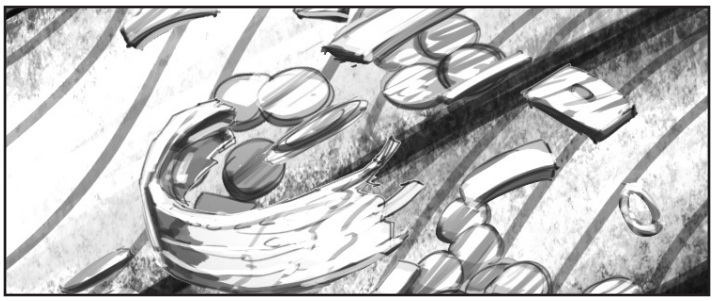
Rewards

Treasure is not often found in monsters' pockets in the ***Northlands Saga***. Indeed, most beasts, giants, trolls, and other creatures do not collect loot, and their interests and motivations often lie elsewhere. True, some treasure hoards are out there, and raiding brings in goods and hacksilver, but for the most part characterss in the ***Northlands Saga*** may receive less treasure than normal.

However, it is traditional for jarls and other important figures to reward heroes whether or not they were originally the patrons of a heroic enterprise. This is a matter of the jarl's honor and reputation, not a matter of being "hired," so even if the characters were not acting in service to a jarl, if their actions were filled with mind's-worth and are well known, they will still receive these sorts of gifts. Gifts rarely take the form of magical weapons, but often are of hacksilver, food, clothes, cattle, ships, thralls, jewelry (especially rings and armbands), and boons.

Hacksilver

Hacksilver is the currency of the Northlands, inasmuch as there is a currency of the Northlands. The only other universal commodity that could even come close would be cattle, and it is difficult to make change with them. Coins do exist in the North, but none are minted there, so any extant coins are extremely rare and unlikely to be in normal circulation.



The result, therefore, is the use of hacksilver.

Simply put, hacksilver is jewelry made of precious metals (usually silver, but not always) that has been hacked apart and is used as the standard "currency" in the Northlands. Hacksilver also includes coins and other objects of value that are made of a precious metal. A handful of hacksilver might contain fragments of arm-rings and neckbands, bits of coins, and other assorted pieces of silver and gold, or more rarely copper, electrum, or platinum. For an easy-to-use rule, assume that one piece of hacksilver (hs) is a standardized unit worth 1 gold piece — which obviously makes it a matter of the campaign's "feel" rather than a major change in how things actually operate.

The simple beauty of hacksilver is that when change needs to be made or an exchange needs to be made in a smaller denomination, the owner can simple draw a knife and hack off a smaller sliver. Obviously, this is a rough estimation of value, and most merchants and vendors keep scales on hand to better evaluate the hacksilver's worth, but in the rough-and-tumble economy of the Northlanders, the system works fine.

Most of the economy of the Northlands is based around barter and gifting, and hacksilver is usually used only when barter is not workable for a particular transaction.

Ring Giving

The heroes of the sagas were not greedy men who hoarded their hard-won fortunes. The act of giving, and especially giving to one's inferiors, is considered a central tenet of Northlander society. Characters who hire Northlanders into their service will gain local prestige by giving their hirelings gifts over and above whatever rate of pay might have been agreed upon. Failing to give any gifts at all will eventually cause problems for the characters, since they will be seen as greedy and certainly unheroic.

Death Speech

With so many ways to die in the Northlands, it would seem that death would be simple and uncomplicated. But not so. In the Northlands, the only bad death is the unlauded death, and the moment of dying has some unusual supernatural powers in this area.

Heroes in the sagas do not merely die; they die with courage, gusto, and eloquence. Before actually dying, a character (or an opponent with 4+ hit dice) may make a death speech, a long and usually poetic summation of their lives. The dying hero (or villain) may choose one of the following: he may lay a curse upon his foes (–1 to hit for 1d3 entire months or some



similar disadvantage), or lay a *geas* on an ally. In both cases, a saving throw applies, but at –2 to the roll.

There is a huge downside to making a death speech, however. By doing so, the dying individual is choosing to take a permanent place in the afterlife, and the character's soul can no longer be "retrieved" by the use of a *raise dead* or r*esurrection* spell. The curse of a death speech can be negated by the spell *remove curse*.

The Thing

Although on the surface the Northlands appears to be a setting that favors brawny heroes willing to brave the elements and fight savage beasts, it should be remembered that most Northlanders are simple farmers who maybe went on a raid when they were younger, but probably not. This is especially true in Hordaland and Storstrøm Vale. Most may not have even seen a giant or other threat greater than a bad harvest or the machinations of rival clans. For many Northlanders, the greatest battle in their lives is at the Thing, when they must go to court.

The Thing is a combination of democratic assembly, court of law, and market day that occurs with varying frequency depending on the local needs. More settled areas have more regular Things, while those that have fewer or more dispersed populations assemble for the Thing only a few times a year. Also, there is some variation in determining who may speak or vote at a Thing, but in general all adult free men and women may do so.

Characters may be required to appear at a Thing for a variety of reasons, such as to urge action by the people of a community, to bring lawsuits against their foes, defend themselves in lawsuits, or simply for the carnival atmosphere and the debating. Most often, characters being what they are, their fate may hang in the balance and be determined by the vote of a Thing.

Finally, the leaders of the others factions may be challenged to a duel called a holmgang. Holmgangs in the Northlands — often referred to as "stepping between the hazel posts" — are highly formal affairs and follow a set procedure. First, the challenge is issued in public, preferably in front of the entire Thing. If the challenge is accepted (and it almost always is since to refuse a challenge is to lose all honor), then the duel takes place at the next sunset or sunrise. The rules are strict, and no deviation is to be allowed (yet, like anything undertaken under the auspices of Northlander law, it is up to the aggrieved party to see that justice is served). The participants are not allowed to make use of magic or magical abilities, save those inherent in their weapons and armor. Each duelist must arrive armed with a melee weapon and three shields, and must use both in the duel; no ranged weapons are allowed, nor is fighting without a shield. The duel takes place inside a square area 15 feet on a side, bounded by rowan staves or hazel rods. The winner is the one who either kills his opponent, breaks all three of his opponent's shields, or drives his opponent out of the dueling area. Killing the leader of an opposing faction is a good way to influence the vote in one's favor at a Thing, for it will sway votes in favor of the winner..

New Equipment

There are several types of non-magical gear used in the Northlands that are largely unique to the region.

Sunstone

The current technology level of the Northlands does not allow for the common availability of compasses such as those used by Southlander ship's masters. Likewise, though Northlander helmsmen often use sundials to chart their course against the path of the sun, in the northern climes days are frequently overcast or shrouded in fog, completely hiding the sun and preventing the use of those instruments. Yet despite these limitations, Northlanders remain some of the greatest seafarers in the world. This is largely due to the use of sunstones, calcite crystals unique to the lands bordering the North Sea that allow the user to pinpoint the direction of the sun and chart his course accordingly even in the gloomiest of weather.

Sunstones are blocky, transparent crystals no bigger than the palm of the hand. These lozenge-shaped stones cut from Northlands spar has the unusual property of birefringence. Used primarily by Northlander sailors, even on a completely overcast or fog-shrouded day, when held aloft and shifted until the double shadows of refraction within its interior are equal the sunstone pinpoints the direction of the sun, allowing fairly precise navigation. They do not, of course, work at night.

Trondheim Pony

Trondheim ponies are a special breed of horse that has been raised for generations in the Vale, particularly in and around the city of Trotheim. It is believed they are named for an earlier pronunciation of that city's name from the earliest days of Northlander settlement. Though not large enough to serve as warhorses (the Northlands have little use for true cavalry) and not the most aesthetically pleasing, Trondheim ponies are nevertheless a staple of the Northlands and perfectly suited to their environment.

Trondheim ponies have short legs and long backs. They stand no more than 13 hands high with a wide barrel, broad forehead, and thicker,

shaggier coat. They typically have a bay coloration, though some may be piebald with white spots marking their darker coats. Mains and tails are universally black. Though they are Medium creatures, Trondheim ponies have extremely hardy and stable leg musculature and have the carrying capacity of a light horse. They are also able to carry Medium riders, though a particularly long-legged rider may find his knees awkwardly bent to avoid having his feet drag too low to the ground, especially on a shorter pony.

Trondheim ponies are favored by Northlanders not only because of their extreme ruggedness and strength but because they are also able to negotiate the perilous terrain of the North's mountainous regions much better than a typical horse. Trondheim ponies require only three-quarters as much food as a typical pony and are able to sustain themselves on the sparse grasses and lichens of the mountains for up to a week before beginning to show the effects of starvation that other breeds of horses would experience.

A Trondheim pony can usually be purchased in Trotheim or Storstrøm Vale for 50 hs. Elsewhere in the Northlands the going price is 100–150 hs.

New Magic Items

The Northlands are steeped in ancient magic and mystery. Many items of power — great and small — have found their way into the hands of Northlanders from Dvergar, Alfar, and even the Æsir themselves.

Armor

ICERIME

Part of the *Regalia of Gunnlaugr*, this suit of *+2 chainmail* constantly forms a layer of ice around the wearer, making the character nearly invulnerable to the most damaging attacks (reduces all physical damage by one half)). This ice layer does not have any other game effects.

POLAR BEAR HIDE ARMOR

This +2 leather armor is made from the hide and fur of a polar bear. In addition to granting a +2 enhancement to AC, it protects the wearer from ordinary cold and provides a +2 saving throw against any cold-based magic used against the wearer.

Weapons

FELLFROST

Fellfrost is a *+2 longsword* that inflicts an additional 1d6 points of damage from cold against most opponents, and sheds a blue light as a *light* spell. When *Fellfrost* is used against a creature that is vulnerable to fire, however, its coldness burns with a supernatural intensity treated as fire damage (e.g., the 1d6 additional points of damage might be doubled). . A blade of the ancient Hyperboreans, *Fellfrost* was lost when the hero Manisclus fell in battle with the red dragon Axclepion. When the hero's body was recovered, his sword was missing and the wounded dragon had fled to a distant lair in the north. It was there that Hvram Half-Born later recovered it and carried into battle in the Far North.

MAUL OF GUNNLAUGR

Part of the *Regalia of Gunnlaugr*, this *+3 hammer* is banded in copper. When wielded in battle, it constantly grows icicles that break off as stinging shards as it is swung, inflicting an additional 1d6 points of damage with every successful hit.

HÆGTESSE ("FURY")

A relic of the ancient Andøvan kings who once inhabited the Northlands, *Hægtesse* is a *+3 longsword* crafted of bronze, although it does not have the fragility of normal bronze weapons. It is a weapon of legend in the Northlands and would bring great honor to the warrior who wields it.

THUNDERSURGE

This massive warhammer is crafted with images of thunderbolts and storm winds wrapping around its haft and converging on its double heads where it is engraved with the likeness of Donar, the Thunderer. It is a +3 weapon, and if thrown, it returns to the one who threw it. Three times per day the wielder of the hammer can call forth one of the following abilities. It does not matter which of the abilities is used or in what combination, the hammer can only be used in this capacity three times per day.

- *call lightningcontrol winds*

In addition, once per day the wielder can strike the hammer on the ground or any other hard surface as a standard action to create a thunderclap. This thunderclap affects every creature within a 30-foot-radius other than the wielder, dealing 2d8 points of sonic damage and stunning each affected creature for 1 round. A successful saving throw permits half damage and prevents the victim from being stunned.

WARSPEAR OF KEIN

The *Warspear of Kein* is a *+3 flaming spear* that inflicts an additional 1d6 points of fire damage when it hits.. Once per day as a standard action,

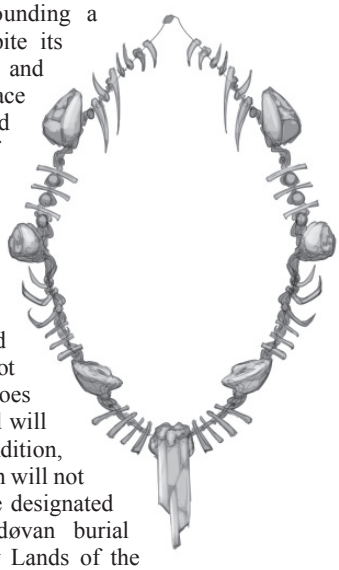


the wielder of the spear can use it to shoot forth a ray of searing light against a single opponent. The wielder must make a successful to-hit roll, and the recipient, if not undead, is allowed a saving throw to receive half damage. However, if the ray hits, it is utterly devastating, dealing 10d6 points of damage (half with save)Additionally, the wielder and any ally witnessing this ray strike and damage a foe receives the immediate effect of a *bless* spell, lasting for 10 minutes. The *Warspear of Kein* was carried into battle by Kein the Bearsarker during the Forgotten Wars when legions of the ancient dead arose from Andøvan graves all around the Northlands and threatened to wipe out humanity. It was in Kein's hands that the spear slew the Longnight King at the Battle of the Barrow Lands and defeated the forces of the sceadugenga once and for all, ending the war.

Wondrous Items

ANDØVAN BARROW CHARM

This is a necklace made of small animal bones and laced with dead roses surrounding a faintly glowing blue crystal. Despite its obvious age, the delicate bones and flowers that comprise the necklace are still in good repair—every dried rose petal remains in place as if locked in time. The wearer of this charm and anyone he designates within 30 feet can pass through the ancient Andøvan burial grounds of the Barrow Lands without being disturbed by any of the undead that may inhabit those lands. The undead are aware of the individuals but do not consider them interlopers. This does not mean, however, that the undead will follow the wearer's commands. In addition, any traps left by the ancient Andøvan will not be triggered by the wearer or those designated for protection. Most known Andøvan burial grounds are located in the Barrow Lands of the Hord Peninsula in the Northlands. It is possible that this charm could function at other Andøvan burial sites as well, but this has not been tested.



The charm protects its wearer from sleep and charm-type magic.

COLDBROW

Part of the *Regalia of Gunnlaugr*, this horned great helm has an adamantine face plate molded into the visage of a winterwight. It grants the wearer a +5 to all saving throws against cold damage, and protects from all normal cold.

JOMSKING'S CROWN

This crown of twisted iron is heavy and doubles as a battle helm. It is the symbol of authority to the Jomsvikings, and if worn by their recognized Jomsking will give all Jomsvikings within 60 feet a +2 bonus to attacks and saves against fear. It gives a +2 bonus to the wearer's AC and a +2 bonus to weapon attack and damage rolls. In addition, the wearer is immune to normal cold. Unfortunately, the *Jomsking's Crown* is recognized as belonging to the leader of that band of raiders, so anyone wearing it in the Northlands will be very badly received by the inhabitants of those lands.

Artifacts

KROENARCK (aka ICEMELTER), SWORD OF THE HIGH KØENIG (MAJOR ARTIFACT)

Symbol of the rightful High Køenig of the Northlands, Icemelter is a *+6 longsword* with numerous powers. Its blade has the sheen of polished silverthat never tarnishes, its quillons are thick with interlocking runes, its hilt is wrapped in red dragonhide, and its pommel is an image of the head of the wolf Garmr biting its own leash chain. When it strikes a locked door, no matter how massive the lock may be, the lock or any bar securing the door will shatter if it is not magical.. The sword inflicts an additional 1d4 points of damage when used against giants and trolls.

In the hands of a native Northlander the sword gives the wielder the ability to cast *suggestion* once per day on members of the Northlander culture.

Destruction

Kroenarck is destroyed if used, along with two other unknown keys, in the Gates of Hell to open a portal to the domain of Hel and then used to break the chain that binds the hound Garmr at the cave of Gnipahellir in order to trigger the events of Ragnarök. In addition, if successfully sundered by its sister-blade *Magnarck*, *Kroenarck* will lose its enchantment.

MEAD OF POETRY (MAJOR ARTIFACT)

This golden mead was first brewed by the dwarves of legend known as the Dvergar in Northlands mythology, from the spittle of the gods after the Æsir-Vanir War. It was obtained by the giant Suttungr when he threatened the dwarven brothers Fjalar and Galar with drowning. Suttungr placed the mead within Hnitbjörn Mountain guarded by his daughter, the giantess witch Gunnlöd. The mead was in turn stolen from her through trickery by the god Wotan. In his escape with the legendary draught, Wotan spilled much of it on the ground where it was later recovered and can occasionally be found in Northlands hoards.

Anyone who drinks a draught of Mead of Poetry instantly gains 6 points of Intelligence and Charisma (to a maximum of 19 unless the drinker is a being of greater-than-mortal powers already). Moreover, the character drinking mead of poetry gains the ability to speak enthralling poetry once per day, so well that the words have the combined effect of a bless spell (on the speaker's allies) and a charm person spell on any listener not already friends with the speaker. It takes 2 rounds to speak enough poetry to gain these effects, but during these two rounds no creature other than a god or similar immortal can gather the mental resolution to attack the speaker.. An imbiber can only receive the benefit of a draught of this mead once.

Mead of Poetry always separates itself from any other liquid or substance so that it can be recovered if spilled or dumped out.

SKÍÐBLAÐNIR (MAJOR ARTIFACT)

Built by the fabled Dvergar known only as the sons of Ivaldi, the ship *Skíðblaðnir* was commissioned by Loptr to avoid the wrath of Donar over a prank. The dwarves gifted the ship to Freyr who, after many years, bequeathed it upon the Northlander jarl Ongenþeow for the purpose of avenging attacks upon his lands by raiders from the sea and rescuing his wife from their clutches. The ship was then passed down through the family of the Skilfings until Jarl Östen left it to the Hearthsons.

To all appearances *Skíðblaðnir* is a typical — if exceedingly well-made — longship of the Northlands, complete with oars, mast, and sail. However, it is ingeniously crafted with hidden joints so that with a command word it will fold up like a piece of cloth in the space of a single round (but only when unoccupied) into a size that can easily be stowed in a pocket or pack. The same command causes it to unfold again into ship form. While in ship form, *Skíðblaðnir* can be loaded down with whatever amount of gear or cargo that can be fit within its hull (up to 75 tons if loaded carefully) without danger of capsizing or affecting its speed. However, a maximum of 100 human-sized creatures can functionally fit aboard (i.e. not stacked like cord wood). Though it appears to be made of oak planks, it is effectively indestructible and cannot be damaged by any normal means.

The ship has benches and oars for 40 rowers, but if someone stands at the steering oar he can order the boat to row itself at a maximum speed of 30 ft. (with an acceleration rate of 15 ft.). If the ship is sailing with the wind, then the maximum speed increases to 120 ft. (with an acceleration rate of 30 ft.). Likewise if the ship master commands the ship to stop it will hold its position without moving regardless of wind or current.

In addition the ship's master can use *control weather* at will, as many times per day as desired, while standing on the ship's deck..

Destruction

If the ship in its cloth form is tied in thread spun of gold and returned to the sons of Ivaldi, the dwarves will destroy the craft, their agreement with Loptr fulfilled.

Chapter 5: Þurisaz, New Monsters

Sceadugenga

The Northlands are home to a large number of dangerous creatures, beasts, monsters, and other nasty things that like to consume humans and destroy people's homes. Included here are several new monsters that are sadly all too common in the Northlands. These creatures — many drawn from the myths and legends of the Nordic and Germanic peoples — should serve the Referee in creating villains and foes for Northlander characters.

To the Northlanders, most creatures other than the most familiar foes they face, such as the Jötnar or dragons, fall into the category of sceadugenga, or "shadow walkers." This is a generic term to the Northlanders of the unknown creatures of the night. They are horrors without a face that haunt the cold and darkness of the North. Any number of creatures can be referred to as a sceadugengan, and they do not form a true type or subtype of their own. Rather, the Northlanders understand that in the regions they inhabit all creatures of the unknown share a relationship to the night and often to the Ginnungagap as well. This relationship is specific to the Northlands, an unusual characteristic, and has little to no game effect in terms of the monsters themselves. However, it can occasionally mean that these sceadugengan-type monsters may form unusual and unexpected alliances with each other. Moreover, from time to time the monsters of the Northlands may exhibit odd connections to the supernatural, connections that would not ordinarily be found in other regions of the world.

New Monsters

Monsters that are new to this book are detailed in full, but there are also a number of monsters referenced from other books by **Frog God Games**. For convenience, the chapter includes descriptions of most of these monsters as well, in an abbreviated format.

Akhlut

Hit Dice: 13
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: bite (3d10)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: Shapechange, shore charge, swallow whole, vulnerable to fire
Move: 12 (swim 24)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: one mated pair of adults.
Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

An akhlut is an odd combination of killer whale and wolf, able to walk on land with four muscular legs that appear when the whale leaves the water. The creature is particularly fond of charging from the waves, its legs replacing its fins in the blink of an eye. Likewise, its legs and fur vanish as soon as it enters water, allowing it to instantly slice through the waves.

When an akhlut charges from the water, it receives a +4 bonus to its attack for that round. If an akhlut rolls a natural 20 with its bite, it swallows the victim whole (automatic 3d10 damage each round). Akhluts take double damage from fire.

Akhlut: HD 13; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (3d10); **Move** 12 (Swim 24); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** shapechange (instant change), shore charge (+4 to attack when leaving water), swallow whole (natural 20, automatic 3d10 damage), vulnerable to fire.

Ajatar

Hit Dice: 12
Armor Class: 1 [18]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus poison)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: constrict, gaze, lethal poison, shapechange, vulnerable to fire
Move: 9
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 20/4400

Deep in the forests of the Northlands lurks a strange and deadly beast — a queen of snakes, of a sort, and mother of deadly serpents. Ajatars are fiendish monsters who takes the greatest joy in seeing humanity suffer, in attacking from the shadows, and in sending their offspring out to slay and kill. That her children, common vipers and venomous snakes, do so silently and with vile poison only enhances the dread that most feel when they discover one of the ajatar is lurking nearby. Worse, ajatars are intelligent beings, although not more so than the average human. They are capable of making plans, forming alliances with other dread beasts, and choosing lairs that offer good defensive possibilities.

The ajatar in its natural form is that of a giant, furred serpent nearly 30ft long and 5ft in diameter, with a narrow head that hints at its poisonous nature. The monster can change its form from this to that of a beautiful woman, though the ophidian stare of her eyes remains unchanged. In either form, the ajatar is dangerous and capable of biting with a pair of great fangs and injecting deadly poison.



When in its human form, the ajatar seeks to lure men to its hidden lair deep in the woods where it seduces them before poisoning and devouring the hapless mortal. Afterward, she gives birth to 2d6 venomous snakes, furred and well-suited for arctic temperatures, but otherwise normal. Her victims' possessions hang on the walls of her lair as trophies.

The gaze of an ajatar is hypnotic, causing anyone looking directly at the creature to become paralyzed unless a saving throw is made. Its bite contains a lethal venom (saving throw to negate), and the creature can independently of its bite attempt to grab and constrict an enemy in its coils (to-hit roll). A constricted foe cannot attack without making a saving throw to do so, and takes 1d6 points of damage per round of constriction. The coils of an ajatar only release a captured foe upon its death (or its decision to let go). Finally, an ajatar can change her shape to a human form up to twice per day (restoring one-quarter of her lost hit points with each transformation). Ajatars are vulnerable to fire, taking 2 additional hit points of damage per die of damage inflicted by any fire-based attack.

Male ajatars apparently do not exist.

Ajatar: HD 12; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6 plus poison); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 20/4400; **Special:** constrict (to-hit roll, 1d6 damage per round), gaze (paralysis, save avoids), lethal poison (save resists), shapechange (2/day, human form, restores one-quarter hp), vulnerable to fire.

Apparition

Apparitions are undead spirits of creatures that died as the result of an accident. The twist of fate that ended their life prematurely has driven them totally and completely to the side of evil. An apparition is often mistaken for a ghost or spectre. Apparitions hate all living creatures and attack them on sight. Apparitions are ethereal creatures and they exist mainly on the Ethereal Plane.

An apparition has no physical attacks and attacks by fear alone. By implanting a *suggestion* in a victim's mind, it attempts to actually scare the life out of its opponent. Once the apparition selects a target, it shifts into the Material Plane and uses its *spectral strangulation* ability. If the target fails a saving throw made to disbelieve in the attack, it dies of fright. If the target succeeds at the saving throw, they are merely affected by the *fear* spell. Any humanoid slain by an apparition becomes an apparition in 1d4 hours. Apparitions are utterly powerless in natural sunlight and flee from it. An apparition caught in sunlight cannot attack.

Apparition: **HD** 8; **HP** 57, 52, 46; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** spectral strangulation; **Move** 12 (fly 24); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** detect living, incorporeal, strangulation (save or die otherwise fear), sunlight powerlessness. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Assassin Bug

Assassin bugs are 5ft tall, predatory insects that feed on the blood and tissue of living creatures. An assassin bug has two pairs of wings that it keeps folded against its back when not using them to fly. The bite of an assassin bug injects a corrosive poison that liquefies its prey's insides (save to resist).

Assassin Bugs, Giant (7): **HD** 6; **HP** 44, 40, 39x2, 35, 31; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8 plus liquefy organ); **Move** 9 (climb 6) (fly 12); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: liquefy organs (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Axe Beak

Axe beaks are flightless, prehistoric-looking birds resembling a squat, powerful ostrich. They have a massive beak and also attack with their claws.

Axe Beaks (2): **HD** 3; **HP** 10, 10; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **Special**: none. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Aurochs, Northlands

Hit Dice: 10
Armor Class: 1 [18]
Attacks: gore (2d8)
Saving Throw: 5
Special: Charge, stampede
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutral
Number Encountered: 1d4
Challenge Level/XP: 11/1700

The massive northland aurochs (singular and plural) are prehistoric cattle that once roamed the plains and forests of the world in vast herds. They are now on the verge of extinction, found only in the primeval forests and remote places of the Northlands where their horns are prized trophies of the hunt — though many a hunter has fallen beneath their spearlike horns and crushing hooves in the attempt. Massive beasts, these prehistoric aurochs have been used as symbols of fertility and strength for many cults down through the ages, appearing in decoration from the crudest cave paintings to ornate temples. When captured, they command a high price for use in the arenas of cosmopolitan regions, though they often take a heavy toll among the matadors who face them.

Northlands aurochs stand 6 feet or more high at the withers with their heads rising 2ft above that. Their characteristic lyre-shaped horns extend upward another 2ft. They grow up to 18ft long and can weigh as much as 8000 lbs. Males have a black coat with a pale stripe down the spine, and females and calves have a reddish coat.

A light load for a Northlands aurochs is up to 3,200 pounds; a medium load, 3,201–6,400 pounds; and a heavy load, 6,401–9,600 pounds. An aurochs can drag 48,000 pounds.

Aurochs, Northlands: **HD** 10; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** gore (2d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: charge (x2 with gore), stampede of 3 or more (5d6, save half). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 13)



Baluchitherium

Massive, prehistoric beasts similar to a rhinoceros, but without a horn and with a longer neck. They are herbivores, standing 18ft in height.

Baluchitherium: **HD** 14; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 hooves (5d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: none.

Baykock

Hit Dice: 7
Armor Class: 5 [14]

Attacks: 2 claws (1d6+1) or longbow x2 (2d6+1)
Saving Throw: 9
Special: Bone arrows, howl
Move: 12 (fly 24)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary, gang (1d4+1), or flight (2d4+4).
Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

Baykoks are flying corpses of hunters whose pursuit of game in the Northlands has tainted their souls to continue their passion long after death. These undead monsters now hunt for the thrill of it, killing all prey that comes in range of their bone longbows. They have elongated faces and limbs.

A baykok doesn't carry arrows for its weapon. Instead, the arrows of bone appear as it draws back on its bow. Each arrow is +1 to hit and damage, deals normal damage plus 1d4 points of negative energy, and has a 20% chance of paralyzing the victim for 1d3 rounds (save avoids).

Once per day, a baykok can unleash a terrifying howl. Anyone within 30ft of the creature must make a saving throw or be paralyzed for 1 round.

Baykok: HD 7; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1) or longbow x2 (2d6+1 plus paralysis); **Move** 12 (fly 24); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: bone arrows (+1 to hit and damage, 20% chance of paralysis for 1d3 rounds, save avoids), howl (30ft radius, save or paralyzed 1 round).

Bear, Shadow

These are creatures of shadow planes, roughly resembling bears. They are similar to the human-shaped monster ordinarily called a "shadow."

Bear, Shadow: **HD** 12; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6 plus strength drain), bite (1d8 plus strength drain); **Move** 0 (fly 15); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, create spawn, strength drain (1d4 points/hit). (***The Tome of Horrors 4***)

Beaver, Giant

Hit Dice: 5
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attacks: bite (1d8+1), 2 claws (1d6), tail (1d6+1)
Saving Throw: 12
Special: Tail Slap
Move: 9 (swim 12)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: probably no more than one mated pair of adults, possibly with 1d4 younger ones (half hit dice).
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

These magnificent specimens of beaver are found in only the most pristine and isolated woodlands and rivers. They are the size of a lion, with wickedly curving front teeth and a massive, flattened tail. Giant beavers construct lodges of truly prodigious size, some of them spanning hundreds of yards in size and encompassing scores of tunnels among their tangled logs and packed mud interiors. Unlike their smaller kin, giant beavers are extremely defensive of their territories. They are not carnivorous, but are not above attacking and slaying any creature they feel encroaches upon their territory. When danger threatens, giant beavers slap their tails against the surface of the water, creating a thunderous clap of sound. This is the signal for other giant beavers to rush to the defense of a lodge, regardless of whether it is their own lodge or that of a neighbor. Anyone (other than a beaver) within 100ft of the tail slap must make a saving throw or be stunned by the sound for 1d2 rounds. The pelt of a giant beaver is a treasure and can be sold for 1000gp in a settlement. Many trappers are able to retire after harvesting the fur of a single giant beaver, yet many more trappers discover at the last moment that an encounter with a giant beaver is a career-ending incident.

Beaver, Giant: HD 5; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** bite (1d8+1), 2 claws (1d6), tail (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 12); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: tail slap (sound clap, 100ft radius, save or stunned for 1d2 rounds).

Bee, Giant

Giant bees with poison stings.

Bee, Giant (3d6+10): **HD** 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sting (1d3 plus poison); **Move** 3 (fly 24); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: lethal poison sting (save avoids). (***Monstrosities***)

Bee, Giant Queen: **HD** 10; **HP** 68; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 6 (fly 18); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: poison sting (2d6 damage, save for 1d4 damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)



Biclops

A two-headed cyclops that hurls boulders, roughly 12ft tall.

Biclops (5): **HD** 12+2; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 great clubs (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Bison, Forest

Smaller than ordinary bison, these herd animals live in forests.

Bison, Forest (3d10): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities***)

Blood Eagle

Hit Dice: 12
Armor Class: –2 [21]
Attacks: 2 raking scratches (1d8 plus salt-stealing), bite (1d4 plus disease)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: Disease, gaze of hatred, magic resistance (10%), salt-stealing
Move: 9 (fly 12)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800



A blood eagle is a warrior pale as death, its mail hauberk rent across the back and hanging in tatters. From this opening, its back has been flayed and its ribs broken and pulled outward to form horrific wings of jagged bone shards. Foul viscera that still oozes with blood and pulses with hideous unlife likewise protrudes from this gaping wound and floats behind the creature like an additional pair of wings. Its hollow eyes are filled with equal parts despair and hate as it bares bloodstained teeth in a rictus grin above the torn and scraggly remnants of a beard.

A form of torture and execution known as the blood-eagle was long ago outlawed in the Northlands, according to legend at the time when the ancestors of the modern Northlanders first arrived in the Vale. The act was considered too barbarous and devoid of honor and mind's-worth to be tolerated within Northlander culture, and when discovered its practice resulted in the execution by burning of the offender to completely remove such a twisted and darkened soul from further corrupting Northlander society. Nevertheless, there continue to exist a few individuals depraved or wicked enough to conduct this practice, and the combined animus of the Northlander conscience sometimes causes the victims to return to horrid unlife in outrage over the injustice done them.

The act of the blood-eagle involves forcing the victim facedown on the ground or a sacrificial altar. The victim's back is then opened with a blade to expose the ribcage beneath. The ribs are broken where they connect to the spinal column and the sides of the ribcage then opened in opposite directions out from the back to simulate bloodstained wings. The victim's lungs were then likewise pulled out through these gaping wounds in his back. Sometimes the wounds were salted to add a further level of cruelty, but it normally didn't matter as the victim had usually long-since expired from blood loss, shock, or suffocation.

Execution in this manner was considered a coward's death that consigned the victim to the shadowy realm of Hel rather than the warriors' halls of Valhalla. As a result, when it is performed upon a Northlander there is a 10% chance that the victim's troubled soul reanimates the corpse as a blood eagle 1d4 rounds later. A risen blood eagle usually seeks vengeance upon its executioner, but in these times after the practice was forbidden, the ceremony is usually not performed in the name of justice but by a necromancer or one with similar powers specifically in order to raise the blood eagle and gain command of it. Obviously, creation of these creatures is a risky business — often fatal to the creator — so that only the most powerful necromancers or evil clerics would ever be able to possess the services of more than one or two and live to tell of it.

Once a blood eagle slays its creator, it becomes free-willed and exists only to bring death and destruction upon the living out of its jealousy for their unstained honor and chance at an afterlife in the mead-halls of Wotan or other deities. However, it equally finds those who still possess this state of grace painful to be around, so it prefers to cling to the shadows of the wastelands, beyond the fringes of civilization where it can prey upon lone travelers and foolish adventurers. If a blood eagle is under the command of someone who created and managed to control it, it follows that individual's commands until defeated in battle. At that point, its body immediately collapses and molders into carrion in moments. Immediately thereafter, it reforms from thin air with its full powers wherever its original executioner might be, and attempts to destroy its creator. It can no longer be controlled when this occurs and either destroys or is destroyed by its creator, at which point it immediately falls dead once again, and its soul travels to the realm of Hel for an eternity of torment unless rescued by a *resurrection* or some other means.

Blood eagles are terrifying foes in close quarters, for they are imbued with certain qualities related to their horrid deaths. Any successful hit from their claw-like hands begins to pull salt from the victim's body rather than blood, the salt forming a growing mass of crystals along the edge of the wound. This weakens the victim badly, requiring an immediate saving throw and another in each of the 2 following rounds (total 3). Any failed saving throw temporarily causes the victim to have a –2 on all to-hit and damage rolls. The effects are cumulative and last for a full hour. Any victim whose total penalty reaches –12 becomes unconscious.

Its bite inflicts disease, although the onset of the disease will be days later. In 1d4 days, the victim will be reduced to half existing hit points and be incapacitated until cured or for 1d6 days while the disease runs its course.

Moreover, the insane hatred carried by the gaze of a blood eagle may, although only once, cause the viewer to become paralyzed with fear for 1d4 rounds. A successful saving throw overcomes this fear.

Finally, the creature is somewhat (10%) resistant to magic.

Blood Eagle: HD 12; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** 2 raking scratches (1d8 plus salt-stealing), bite (1d4 plus disease); **Move** 9 (fly 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: disease (1d4 days,

reduced to half hits points, incapacitated until cured or 1d6 pass), gaze of hatred (paralyzed for 1d4 rounds, save resists), magic resistance (10%), salt-stealing (claw hit, 3 consecutive saves, failed save results in cumulative –2 to hit and damage; unconscious at –12).

Bloodsuckle

A bloodsuckle is a plant with a bulbous root from which sprout several vine-like tendrils. The tendrils end in hollow, needle-like points and can reach lengths of 60 feet. Woody limbs as thick as a human's leg sprout from the trunk of the bloodsuckle. Bloodsuckles are semi-intelligent. A bloodsuckle injects its sap into a host using its tendrils so it can control the creature to attack others or approach the plant to drain its blood. If a bloodsuckle hits a victim with both tendrils, it automatically begins draining the creature's blood (1d4 hit points per round). Once per month, a bloodsuckle can generate a walnut-sized seed that it implant's in a host's body. The host is then sent away, and a new bloodsuckle sprouts in the victim in 1d4 days. If threatened, the bloodsuckle can produce a high-pitched whine that draws nearby hosts to defend it.

Bloodsuckle: **HD** 6; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 tendrils (1d4 plus poison), limb rake (1d6); **Move** 0; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: blood drain (if both tendrils hit, victim held for automatic 1d4/round) create host with poison sap (*charm monster* effect, save avoids), seed (1/month implant, new plant sprouts in 1d4 days), summon host. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Bog Hag

Hit Dice: 9
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attack: 2 claws (1d6+2 plus curse)
Saving Throw: 6
Special: Curse, magic resistance (10%), summon
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 12/2000



The Northlands, especially the Moors of Hordaland, are dotted with wetlands, many of them small kettle ponds that easily turn into stagnant pools. People avoid these pools, for within dwell all manner of unpleasant things. In ages past when the Andøvan ruled the region, those ancients would sacrifice to their gods by throwing bound captives into deep kettle ponds and letting them drown. Thus, the bog lands of the Northlands are often the home to bog mummies and, worse, the dreaded bog hag.

Bog hags are wretched creatures, their hair and skin, as well as their clothes, corrupted by their own hatred as well as centuries in a stagnant pond. Their bodies have withered, except where the waters have grotesquely swollen them, and their skin is stretched taut or hangs in loose folds. The odor of a bog hag precedes it by several yards, giving some clue as to its approach. Their hands bear long claws that can tear through shields, but the most dangerous thing about these undead horrors is their magic. A bog hag's curse can shift a man's wyrd, or drive him mad.

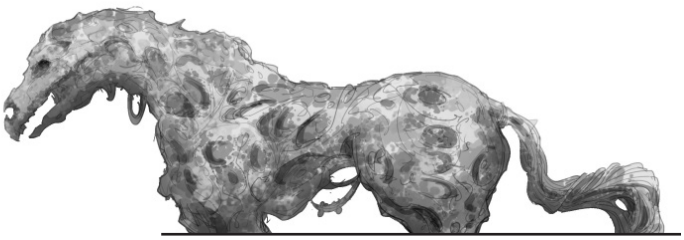
These former sacrificial victims have come to hate all life, for to become a bog hag one must have been sacrificed unwillingly. Their favorite tactic is to drag the living into the fetid depths of their lairs so that others may experience the horrific endings they once endured. To aid in this, bog hags use their magic to change their appearance to that of an attractive man or woman, and then in this form pretend to be trapped in the bog. When the would-be rescuers arrive, the bog hag shifts back to her natural form and attacks. Bog hags may not leave the place of their death save on the anniversary of their murder. At midnight on this date, the hag summons forth a bog horse or bog hound (sometimes both) and rides throughout the night seeking fresh prey, curdling milk in the udders of cows, causing smoked hams to rot in seconds, and in general causing mischief and sowing terror throughout the countryside.

These undead hags are 10% resistant to all magic. The curse of a bog hag, carried in her claws, requires the subject to make a saving throw or suffer one of the following two effects (equal chance of either). One curse causes the victim to lose a level of experience until the curse is removed. The second curse causes temporary insanity, with the effect of a *confusion* spell.

Once per day, a bog hag can summon a bog horse or a bog dog (at the hag's choice) to assist her.

Bog hags are turned as vampires, but the effect is somewhat lessened if the hag is within a swamp or fen. In such places, a successful attempt at turning will keep the bog hag physically at bay and also prevent her claws from transmitting a curse. However, the hag can still command a summoned creature and choose whether or not to flee from battle.

Bog Hag: **HD** 9; **AC** 3 [16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+2, + curse); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: curse (with any claw hit, save or either lose level or confusion), magic resistance (10%), summon (bog dog or bog horse),



Bog Horse

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attack: bite (1d8) and 2 hooves (1d4)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: None
Move: 15 (swim 18)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1 per bog hag
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

On particularly dark and dread-filled nights, bog hags summon forth their mounts, the gaunt and rotting bog horses. A bog horse is the animated corpse of an animal sacrificed by the Andøvan to their gods in ages past by being cast into a bog and allowed to slowly sink to its watery death. Most such beasts become rotting corpses in short time, eventually dissolving entirely in the fetid pools. Those that end up in bogs that create a bog hag find themselves brought back from death into a state of undeath, summoned from their stagnant graves to carry their bog hag mistresses across the dry world.

Bog horses are rotted, bloated, and mold-covered undead horses. Their eyes are usually empty sockets, though this does not prevent them from carrying out their mission of wanton destruction. The curse of undeath has given them sharp fangs, and the driving animus of a bog hag pushes the creature into a frenzy of violence. If there is no bog hag present to drive the creature into a frenzy, it will return to its watery grave and continue to rot away peacefully.

Bog Horse: **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8) and 2 hooves (1d4); **Move** 15 (swim 18); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: None.

Bog Hound

Hit Dice: 3
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attack: bite (1d8)
Saving Throw: 14
Special: Howl
Move: 15
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: solitary or pack 1d6+2
Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Much like the bog hag and bog horse, bog hounds were sacrificed by the ancient Andøvans by drowning them in fetid pools of water. The Andøvans seemed to either not know what undead horrors they were producing, or they simply didn't care, for some of their victims rose from the dead with hearts full of vengeance. Bog hounds usually appear when a bog hag rides forth on the anniversary of her death. Ever loyal in undeath, the bog hound follows along, defending his mistress and aiding her in her vengeance upon all living things.

Much like their companions in the fetid depths of stagnant bogs, these undead canines are rotting, bloated, and covered in mold and fungus. Their mouths are every bit as strong as a living dog's, however. Even small dogs sacrificed in this way swelled with evil and corruption, so that all bog hounds are the size of a war dog. For those who are pursued by these monsters, it is soon discovered that they possess senses beyond that of a living dog and can track prey even across the sea.

A bog hound can let loose a howl that chills the blood of even the doughtiest of warriors. Anyone within 30ft must make a saving throw or be affected as if by a *fear* spell. Anyone who makes the save is immune to that bog hound's forlorn howl for 24 hours.

Bog Hound: **HD** 3; **HP** 10; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** howl causes save vs. fear

Bog Mummy

Bog mummies resemble normal mummies, but are covered with a thin layer of swamp mud. Bog mummies rarely leave the swamp where they were formed. They hate life and attack any living creature that trespasses in their swamp. Bog mummies can only be harmed by magic weapons. Its touch infects victims who fail a saving throw with bog rot, a supernatural disease that does not allow wounds to heal naturally, and cuts magical healing in half until cured with the *cure disease* spell. Humanoids killed by a bog mummy rise as bog mummies themselves in 1d4 days unless their bodies are removed from the swamp or a *cure disease* spell is cast on the corpse. A bog mummy's movement is unaffected by mud, marshes and swamps.

Bog Mummy: **HD** 8; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (1d6 plus bog rot); **Move** 9; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, bog rot (no natural healing, magical healing 50% until cure disease), resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Caryatid Column

A caryatid column is akin to the stone golem in that it is a magical construct created by a spellcaster. They look like exquisitely sculpted and chiseled statues of beautiful female warriors carrying longswords. It does



not move more than 50 feet from the area it is guarding or protecting. They are immune to all spells except *transmute rock to mud*, which deals 1d6 points of damage per caster level to the caryatid column, *transmute mud to rock*, which heals the caryatid column of all damage and *stone to flesh*, which makes it subject to normal damage from weapons and suspends its immunity to magic for 1 round. Whenever a weapon strikes the caryatid column, the wielder must pass a saving throw or the weapon shatters into pieces. Magic weapons add their enchantment bonus to the saving throw.

Caryatid Column: **HD** 5; **HP** 22, 29; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: immune to magic except *transmute rock to mud* and *stone to flesh*, resistance to normal weapons (50%), shatter weapons (save avoids, add bonus for magic weapons to save). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Giant Crab

Giant crabs, no other unusual features other than size.

Crabs, Giant: **HD** 3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 pincers (1d6+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities***)

Crucifixion Spirit

A crucifixion spirit is a translucent, undead humanoid. The incorporeal touch of a crucifixion spirit causes paralysis (save avoids). Five times per day, the spirit can point at a single target and crucify its soul if it hits its target. If the target fails a save, his body collapses as his soul is ripped out of his body and crucified to an X-shaped structure with translucent spikes. The victim is not dead, but loses 2 levels per round unless he is saved. A crucified victim can return to its body by making a save, but this leaves the victim stunned for one round.

Crucifixion Spirit: **HD** 12; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** incorporeal touch (1d8 plus paralysis) or crucify soul; **Move** 9 (fly 18); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: crucify soul (5/day, save or collapse as soul is ripped away, lose 2 levels/round, successful save returns soul to body), paralysis (touch, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Demon, Skitterdark

Skitterdarks are small humanoid-shaped creature no more than 1 foot tall with crimson leathery bat wings and clawed hands. They are commonly found in groups and sometimes use poison on their weapons.

Demon, Skitterdark: **HD** 2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d2) or sickle (1d3 plus poison), bite (1d3); **Move** 8 (fly 12); **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (5%), poisoned sickle. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Demon Wolf of Braazz

The demon-wolves of Braazz are creatures from another plane of existence than can be summoned forth by use of forbidden tomes and sorcerous rituals. In their normal shape, they resemble grey-skinned demons with hideous wolf-like faces and the legs and tail of a wolf (the rest of the body being gaunt but human). They are also, however, shapechangers, and can take on the appearance of wolves with twisted human faces.

The Wolves of Braazz can only be hit by a magic weapon, although they do not have any magic resistance to spells. They have certain other supernatural abilities as well: they can blink once per day (teleporting to a random location within 30ft, usually just after attacking or after becoming invisible), they can turn invisible three times per day at will, and they can charm any creature meeting their gaze (although they can maintain this charm over only one creature at a time).

Demon-Wolf of Braazz: HD 5; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d10); **Move** 15; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** blink (1/day, teleport, 30ft range), charm (one creature, save avoids), invisibility (3/day), +1 or better magic weapons to hit. (***Monstrosities***)

Devil, Hellstoker

Human-sized devils with horned heads but no wings. A hellstoker carries a set of bellows that can fire a line of flame up to 30 feet. The oil coating a hellstoker is highly flammable, and any fire-based spell causes them to burst into flame, which adds an extra 1d6 points of damage to their claw attacks. These devils can *teleport* at will. Hellstokers are immune to fire and poison, and take half damage from cold and acid.

Devil, Hellstoker (Marnasoth): HD 5; **HP** 39, 36x2, 32, 29; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** spear (1d8+3) or bellows (1d8 fire) or 2 claws (1d4+3); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: bellows (30ft line of flame, 1d8 fire damage), fiery body (fire spells ignite flammable body, adding 1d6 damage to claw attacks), immunities (fire, poison), magical abilities, +1 or better magic weapon to hit, resist cold and acid (half damage).

Magical abilities: at will—*teleport*; 1/day—*produce fire*. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Devil Dogs

The wolf-like devil dog is larger than a wolf — about 5 feet long and 3 feet high at the shoulder. It has frost white fur that blends in almost perfectly with its snowbound environment, becoming effectively invisible when more than 30 feet away. When a devil dog bays, all creatures within 30 feet with fewer HD than the devil dog that hear it must succeed on a saving throw or become frightened for 2d6 rounds, suffering a -1 penalty to all hit rolls and saving throws. When the devil dog's to hit roll beats its target's AC by 4 or more, the victim suffers a throat attack. A throat attack deals double damage and stuns the victim for 2d4 rounds if they fail a saving throw. Stunned creatures die unless healing magic is applied before the end of the duration of the stun.

Devil Dogs: **HD** 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 21; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: frightening howl (30ft, creatures less than 6HD suffer –1 to hit and save, save avoids), immune to cold, throat attack (double damage and stun for 2d4 rounds if hit target AC by 4 or greater, die at end of stun duration unless healed). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Dorvae

Hit Dice: 11
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d8 plus writhing snakes)
Saving Throw: 4
Special: Immune to charm and poison, magical abilities, poison, writhing snakes
Move: 12 (fly 24)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1d3 or 1d6
Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

Dorvae are demons with no allegiance to any demon-lord. These reptilian fiends have a shroud of tentacles or antennae-like feelers in place of a face. A swarm of writhing snakes forms their lower bodies, and two pairs of stretched leather wings extend from their backs. They live to

cause mischief and to trick other creatures into doing their bidding. When a dorvae strikes a creature with its claws, the victim must make a saving throw or be grabbed by the tentacles making up the fiend's lower body. The held victim is bitten for 2d6 points of damage and must make another saving throw to resist the snakes' poison. Those who fail fall under a *geas* spell as directed by the dorvae. Dorvae automatically *detect invisibility*, and they can use *ESP* at will. Three times per day, they can use *dimension door* and *phantasmal force*. Once per day, they can use *feeblemind* and *geas*. Dorvae are immune to charm spells and poison.

Dorvae: **HD** 11; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8 plus writhing snakes); **Move** 12 (fly 30); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** immunities (charm, poison), magical abilities, poison (save or affected by *geas*), writhing snakes (grab victim after successful hit and failed save; 2d6 damage, poison).

Magical abilities: constant—*detect invisibility*; at will—*ESP*; 3/day—*dimension door, phantasmal force*; 1/day—*feeblemind*, *geas*.

Drake, Fire

Fire drakes look like small dragons, heat and steam rising from the body. A fire drake can spit a cone of fire to a range of 40 feet five times per day. Creatures in the cone suffer 2d8 points of damage (saving throw for half damage). A fire drake's blood is highly flammable and ignites in a burst of flame upon contact with the air. A creature that makes a successful attack with an edged or pointed weapon (including natural weapons like claws) against a fire drake must succeed on a saving throw or take 1d3 points of damage from the splashing blood.

The blood of a fire drake can be sealed in an airtight container and used as a firebomb, equivalent to a burning flask of oil. It can also be used to create temporary flaming weapons. A weapon coated with fire drake's blood inflicts an additional 1d6 points of damage with each hit for 1d4 rounds.

Drake, Fire: **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 28, 26x2, 23; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breath weapon (5/day, 40ft cone of fire, 2d8 damage, save for half), pyrophoric blood (ignites upon contact with air; attacker must make save or take 1d3 damage), resists fire (half damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Drakeling, Frost

Frost drakelings are about 18 inches long and weigh 50 pounds. A frost drakeling can spit a line of freezing ice up to 20 feet. A creature struck takes 3d6 points of cold damage (save for half). Further, a creature that fails its save is slowed (as per the *slow* spell) for 1d4 rounds. Once a frost drakeling uses its icy breath, it cannot use it again for 1d4 rounds. A frost drakeling can, at will, decrease its body temperature to extreme levels. Creatures attacking the frost drakeling with natural weapons or touching the creature take 1d4 points of cold damage each round of contact. Frost drakelings take double damage from fire.

Drakeling, Frost: **HD** 3; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 9 (burrow 9, fly 15); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** cold generation, icy breath (20ft, 3d6, save half), immune to cold, paralysis, and sleep, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors 4***)

Dreadweed

A plant creature that grows on unholy ground, rising to humanoid shape when awoken. A dreadweed attacks with its 20- ft. long, vine-like tentacles, tearing at its prey and injecting a powerful poisonous sap with its bite. Creatures struck by a vine must make a saving throw or be grabbed and suffer automatic vine damage each round and be pulled 1d6 feet toward the dreadweed. To escape, a creature must make an open doors check or strike a vine (AC –1 [20], 2d8 hit points). A dreadweed's poison does1d8 points of damage (save for half). Once per round and no more than three times per day, a dreadweed can fire a ray of negative energy at a single target up to 30 feet away. The ray drains 1d4 levels from a creature that fails a saving throw. Each time a dreadweed uses this ray, it suppresses its enervating aura for 1d4 rounds.

Dreadweed: **HD** 8; **HP** 56; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** 4 vines (1d6 plus grab) or bite (1d8 plus 1d8 poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** +1 or better weapon to hit, enervating aura (10ft, 1d6/round, save avoids), enervating ray (3/day, 30ft, drain 1d4 levels, save avoids), grab (automatic vine damage pulled 1d6ft, save avoids). (***Tome of Horrors 4***)

Eblis

The eblis are a semi-civilized society of birdmen that make their homes in desolate swamps and marshes. An eblis is a large bird that strongly resembles a stork — so much so that eblis are often called "stork men." An eblis stands about 8 feet tall, and the neck is extremely long and snake-like and is unnaturally flexible and capable of blindingly fast movements. A spellcasting eblis has 1d6 spells, each spell usable once per day.

Eblis: **HD** 4; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** beak (1d6); **Move** 12 (fly 12); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** fire resistance (50%), spellcasting flock leader. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Elemental, Ice

Hit Dice: 8, 12, or 16
Armor Class: 2 [17]
Attacks: slam (3d8 plus 1d6 cold)
Saving Throw: 8, 3 or 3
Special: Numbing cold, +1 or better magic weapons to hit,
Move: 9 (climb 9, burrow 12)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1 or 1d3
Challenge Level/XP: 8 HD (9/1100), 12 HD (13/2300), 16 (17/3500)

Ice elementals are icy creatures that appear to be humanoid from the waist up, but have a snake-like tail for their lower half. The elemental can climb icy surfaces, and burrow through snow and ice without difficulty. They can be hit only by magical weapons.

Ice Elemental (8HD): **HD** 8; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit.

Ice Elemental (12HD): **HD** 12; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit.

Ice Elemental (16HD): **HD** 16; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit.

Erdhenne (Sceadugengan)

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 7 [12]
Attacks: bite (1d4 plus wasting curse)
Saving Throw: 11



Special: Change shape, spell-like abilities, wasting curse
Move: 9 (fly 6)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary.
Challenge Level/XP: 9/1100

The hen is large with ragged gray feathers that seem to blend in with the shadows. It has a short neck, and its feet bear sharp talons that click when it walks on the hard stone floor. Its eyes are red-rimmed and hold a glimpse of malice in its dire gaze.

Relatively rare even in the Northlands, the erdhenne is a strange beast, a harbinger of death that haunts homesteads and kills without remorse. It has two forms: Ordinarily, it takes the form of an old grey hen of cadaverous appearance, but on nights of the new moon it transforms into a silver pool of moonshine with a dark form in its center. In either manifestation, to encounter it is to be cursed by its foul powers, and its stats are identical in either form. Those cursed quickly wither and die from a wasting disease, losing their mind in the process. Those slain by the erdhenne's curse have their souls devoured by the ghostly hen, who then lays eggs with yolks of pure gold and shells of shining silver — one per victim taken. If the eggs are taken before hatching, they become ordinary precious metals; the yolks are worth 50gp, and the delicate shells are worth 20gp.

Once a half-dozen eggs have been laid, the erdhenne is ready to move on. Its eggs hatch into fey chicks that then scatter to the winds, each one quickly maturing and capable of haunting a new home and starting the whole cycle over again. Should the nest be disturbed before the eggs are ready to be hatched, the erdhenne appears to try to defend the nest rather than lose its progeny; however, if in danger of being killed, it flees the home to start again elsewhere.

When an erdhenne begins to haunt a house, it normally remains invisible, though the sharp talons on its feet can be easily heard scraping along wooden boards or clacking on stone. An erdhenne's nest can generally be found inside a hollowed out hearthstone or behind some other large piece of furnishing in or near the home's kitchen. Finding this nest may be the best means of driving away or killing the creature, but most people seek out an erdhenne nest for the ill-gotten wealth that it holds, to their folly.

The first hint that an erdhenne is haunting a home is a bizarre clucking sound that can be heard at midnight. Usually this sound comes from the kitchen hearth or emanates from the home's cellar. In either case, the wise do not investigate, for this is how the erdhenne draws in its prey. The greedy seek out the sound hoping to find the nest, but often end up as another soul-trophy of the dark creature.

Erdhenne (Sceadugengan): **HD** 6; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4 plus wasting curse); **Move** 9 (fly 6); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** change shape (fowl or pool of moonlight), spell-like abilities, wasting curse (bite, 1d6 damage/day until cured).

Spell-like abilities: 3/day—*invisibility*.

Eye of the Deep

The eye of the deep is a 5-foot wide orb dominated by a central eye and large serrated mouth. Hundreds of small seaweed-like bristles hang from the bottom of its body. Two large crab-like pincers protrude from its body, and two long, thin eyestalks sprout from the top of its orb. Creatures struck by the eye of the deep's pincers must make a saving throw or be caught and crushed for 2d4 points of automatic damage each round until they can pry open those pincers with an open doors check.

Each of the creature's two eyestalks can produce a magical ray once per round in any direction, requiring a to-hit roll as if the target wears no armor. Each eye ray has a range of 150 feet. The left eye emits a *hold person* ray, while the right eye emits a *hold monster* ray. By combining both eye rays, the eye of the deep can replicate the *phantasmal force* spell.

An eye of the deep's central eye can, once per round, produce a cone extending straight ahead from its front to a range of 30 feet. Creatures in the area must succeed on a saving throw or be stunned for 2d4 rounds.

Eye of the Deep: **HD** 10; **HP** 71, 65, 55; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 pincers (2d4), bite (1d6); **Move** 3 (swim 9); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** constrict (automatic pincer damage, save avoids), eye rays (150ft, left—*hold person*; right—*hold monster*; both—*phantasmal force*; central—stun for 2d4 rounds, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Fen Witch

The fen witch is a creature of legend, found only in the most remote of places. It is a female humanoid with one nostril, webbed feet and hands, fiery red eyes and long, unkempt hair. It is a solitary creature and disdains all that invade its realm. The sight of a fen witch is so revolting that anyone who sets eyes upon one must succeed on a saving throw or instantly be weakened, taking 1d8 points of strength damage. This ability loss cannot reduce a victim's Strength score to 0.

The fen witch can communicate telepathically with any creature within 100 feet that has a language. A fen witch can peer into the mind of a living creature within 60 feet in an attempt to extract the creature's true name. The target can resist the mental trespassing by succeeding on a saving throw that requires all of their concentration. If the save fails, the fen witch has learned the creature's true name and can use her death speak ability. Creatures with an intelligence score of 2 or less and non-sentient creatures are immune to this ability.

If the fen witch speaks the true name of an individual and the individual hears it, that creature must make a successful saving throw or die. If the save succeeds, that creature cannot be affected again by the same fen witch's death speak for one day. Whether the fen witch's death speak ability is successful or not, the target's name remains fresh in her mind for one day. After that, she must use her mind probe ability again to retrieve a creature's true name.

Fen Witches: **HD** 6; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** death speak (1/day, save avoids), horrific appearance (save or weakened, 1d8 strength), magic resistance (25%), mind probe (60ft, save resists). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Fleshewn

A fleshewn is a macabre construct made from corpses, fashioned into virtually any shape the creator desires. Normally, these constructs are built to guard treasure or act as servants. Fleshewns retain a semblance of their former self.

Fleshewn Troll Statue: HD 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus rend), bite (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** rend (additional 1d8 damage if both claws hit single target), resists electricity (half damage). (***Tome of Horrors 4***)

Forgotten Ones

A forgotten one is a foot-tall fey creature with pointed ears, slanted eyes, and long, nimble limbs. Most forgotten ones weave twigs and leaves into their hair for decoration and to help conceal themselves in the treetops. Three times per day, a forgotten one can cause any creature within 20ft to forget meeting the fey (save resists).

Forgotten One: **HD** 3; **HP** 21, 18, 15; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** weapon (1d3); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: forgetful presence (20ft radius, save resists). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Froghemoth

This gigantic creature resembles a giant frog with 4 large tentacles in place of its front legs. A single eyestalk juts from the top of its head. Its tongue is 10 feet long and it uses it to capture its prey.

The victim of a froghemoth's tentacle attacks must make a saving throw or be held fast and pulled to the mouth for a bite attack. Victims of a bite attack must likewise pass a saving throw or be swallowed whole. Once inside the beast's belly, a creature suffers 3d8 points of damage per round. A swallowed creature can attempt climb to climb into the beast's mouth, where it must make a successful open doors roll to escape. A swallowed creature can also cut its way out using a dagger to deal 20 points of damage to the froghemoth's stomach (AC 6 [13]). A froghemoth's stomach can hold 1 human or elf or 2 dwarves or halflings.

The froghemoth takes no damage from electricity, but is instead *slowed* for one round (per the reverse of the *haste* spell).

Froghemoth: **HD** 16; **HP** 114; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 4 tentacles (1d6 plus grab), tongue (1d6), bite (4d6 plus swallow); **Move** 9 (swim 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: grab and held (save avoids), resistance to fire (50%), surprise on 1-3 on d6, swallow (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Frost Men

Frost men are hunters that make their home in the cold regions of the world. They appear to be brutish humans dressed in animal skins and furs and wearing a patch over one eye. Each carries his personal belongings in small sacks and takes them wherever he goes. Three times per day, a frost man can release a blast of freezing mist in a 30-foot cone from the eye underneath its eye patch. A creature in the area takes 3d6 points of cold damage (saving throw for half).

Frost Men: **HD** 4; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** hand axe (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: ice blast (3/day, 30ft cone, 3d6 cold damage, save for half), immune to cold, vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Equipment: hand axe.

Fungus, Violet

Violet fungi are large mushrooms with tentacle-like growths at the base. The tentacles are not long, averaging about 2-3ft. A hit from a tentacle causes flesh to rot (saving throw applies) unless a cure disease spell is cast upon the afflicted area.

Fungus, Violet: **HD** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 4 tendrils (rot); **Move** 1; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: rot (save avoids). (***Monstrosities***)

Gar, Giant

Giant predatory fish with a long body, a bit like a barracuda in appearance.

Gar, Giant: **HD** 8; **HP** 60, 53x2, 51; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (5d4); **Move** 30; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: swallow whole on natural 20.

Giant, Aberrant

Aberrants are hideous giants standing about 14 feet tall, with deformed bodies and limbs. Many have physical deformities, such as a misplaced or extra arm (an extra attack), eyes on the sides or back of their head (to see people sneaking up on them), flapping ears (to better hear) or a huge nose (to smell creatures).

Giant, Aberrant: HD 8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: physical deformity. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Giant, Coral

Coral giants are civilized, aquatic giants that grow to 12 feet tall. They make their homes in great undersea castles constructed of stone. A coral giant gains a +1 bonus to hit and damage if *both* the giant and its opponent are touching water. If the opponent *or* the coral giant is touching the ground, the coral giant takes a –4 penalty to hit and damage. Coral giants take half damage from cold.

Giant, Coral: **HD** 13; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** 2 slams (1d8) or trident (3d6) or throw rock (1d10); **Move** 15 (swim 15); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: resist cold, throw rocks. (***The Tome of Horrors 4***)

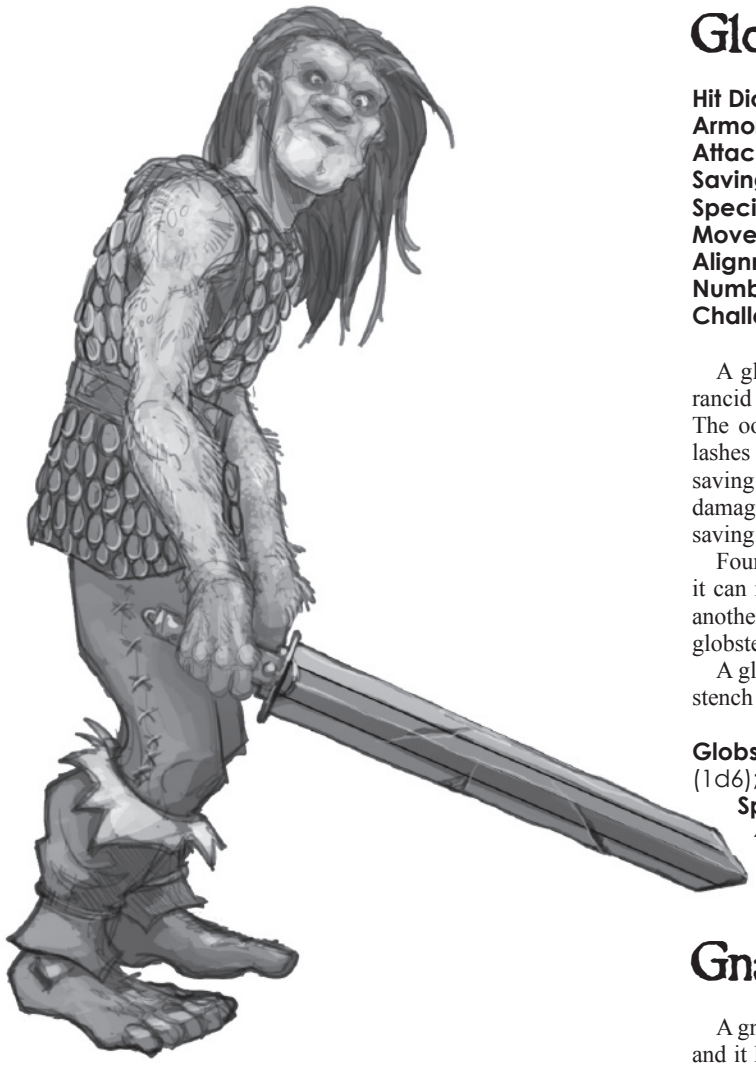
Giant, Common

Hit Dice: 5
Armor Class: 5[14]
Attacks: longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3)
Saving Throw: 12
Special: hurl rocks
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+1
Challenge Level: 7/600

This brutish creature is small for a giant, yet still towers over the height of a man. A shock of thick black hair covers the giant's head while patches grow with only slightly less thickness on its forearms. Its arms and armor are crudely made and in poor repair, though certainly crafted well enough to be effective in their purpose.

There are many types of giants in the Northlands, but by far the most frequently encountered of the Jötnar is the common giant. It is said that the common giant is either the type of giant least blessed by the foul magicks that spawned the race, or was the first type of giant and that all others evolved from it. However they came about, the common giant is a dangerous foe, but also one that lacks much in the way of wit or cunning, and thus can be defeated by a bold and thoughtful hero.

Common giants stand taller than humans, averaging around 8ft to 9ft in height with exceptional specimens ranging up to 10ft. They are heavily muscled, hairy, brutish in appearance and feature, and in general coarse



and savage creatures. Their hair and skin color ranges from dark browns to light tans, and their eyes are always deep black. The teeth of common giants are flat, and normally these monsters eat roots and other vegetation, grinding them down much like a herd animal.

Giant, Common: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft).

Glacial Haunt

Humans who freeze to death in the icy wastes may rise as undead glacial haunts, resembling zombies. Glacial haunts can burrow through ice and snow, and ambush creatures from below. A glacial haunt radiates intense cold in a 10-ft. radius, dealing 1d4 points of cold damage each round (save avoids). In addition, a glacial haunt's claw-like hand drains body heat from living creatures, reducing the victim's strength by 1d4 points each time it hits (save avoids). A creature freezes to death if its Strength score reaches zero. Glacial haunts take double damage from fire.

Glacial Haunt: HD 8; **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** claw (1d4 + sap strength) or +2 *spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12 (burrow 9); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** aura of bitter cold 1d4hp damage (10-ft. radius), create snowstorm (see below), sap strength (until re-warmed) by 1d4 with claws with 0 strength meaning frozen to death, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Tome of Horrors 4***)

Globster

Hit Dice: 5
Armor Class: 4[15]
Attacks: slam (2d6 plus grab), bite (1d6)
Saving Throw: 12
Special: Create spawn, nausea
Move: 9/18 (swim)
Alignment: Neutrality
Number Encountered: 1, 1d4+2
Challenge Level: 7/600

A globster is a mass of meat waste — usually composed of blubber, rancid flesh, and other bits of dead creatures — with a maw of sharp teeth. The ooze spreads itself over a 10ft radius as it waits for prey, when it lashes out to slam the victim. Any creature hit by a globster must make a saving throw or become stuck in the rancid meat and take automatic bite damage until freed. Any creature within 10ft of a globster must make a saving throw or suffer extreme bouts of nausea (–2 to attacks and saves).

Four times per day after a globster has digested at least four victims, it can regurgitate the remains along with a portion of its body to create another fully grown globster that can immediately attack. The parent globster takes 1d6 points of damage when creating a spawn.

A globster decomposes into a pool of muck when killed. The nauseous stench remains for 1d10 days.

Globster: **HD** 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** slam (2d6 plus grab) or bite (1d6); **Move** 9/18 (swim); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: create spawn (regurgitate remains of at least 4 victims into fully grown globster; 1d6 damage to original), nausea (10ft radius, save or –2 to hit and saves).

Gnarlwood

A gnarlwood resembles a treant but its face is twisted into a grim scowl and it has four twisted arms tipped with sharp, wooden claws. Its leaves are deep green, almost black, and have ghostly white markings on them. Behind it, the skeletal remains of unfortunate animals shamble through the undergrowth. A gnarlwood exudes a 20-foot radius *protection from good* around it, and can *animate dead* within 60 feet at will. If a gnarlwood hits a single opponent with two branches, it grabs the creature and does an additional 1d6 points of damage as it rends the victim's flesh.

Gnarlwood: **HD** 11; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 branches (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: magical abilities, rend (if 2 branches hit, grab does additional 1d6).

Magical Abilities: constant—*protection from good* (20ft radius); at will—*animate dead* (60ft). (***Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Golem, Ice

A golem constructed from ice. They are immune to magic other than lighting (slows it) and fire (double damage). They are healed by cold spells. Ice golems breathe cold (3/day, 20ft cone 20ft long and 10ft wide, 3d6 damage, save for half). A +1 weapon is required to hit them.

Golem, Ice: **HD** 7; **HP** 30; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 fists (2d6 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, breath weapon (3/day, 20ft long, 10ft wide cone, 3d6 cold, save half), immune to most magic, slowed by lightning, healed by cold, double damage from fire. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)



Grendel

Hit Dice: 14
Armor Class: 1 [18]
Attacks: bite (2d6+2), 2 claws (1d8+2)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: Immune to poison, magic resistance (20%), regenerate, rend (1d8), sound mimicry
Move: 15
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: Solitary.
Challenge Level/XP: 17/3500

A grendel is massive and troll-like. Its warty skin is stretched taut over bulging sinews in its arms and legs that promise great strength to go along with its vicious claws and jagged fangs. Its head, however, is disturbingly humanlike, as if it were once a man now twisted into this hideous abomination.

A grendel may perfectly copy the voice, language, and vocal mannerisms of any creature it slays, though it cannot duplicate vocal magical effects. The deception cannot be detected short of magical means. Grendels regenerate 3hp per round. If the creature hits a victim with both claws, it rends the flesh for an additional 1d8 points of damage.

Named for, and possibly related to, the infamous monster that once rampaged through the feast halls of Gatland, the grendel is a bizarre monster that is something between a ghost and a troll. Grendels were once particularly wicked humans afflicted to an overwhelming degree with the vices of envy, selfishness, and greed. Such vainglorious souls sometimes attract the attention of certain bodiless spirits escaped from the Ginnungagap and become a host for these possessing spirits. The result is a hideous physical transformation into the monster known as a grendel.

A grendel is a towering monstrosity of hair-covered sinews and boundless anger. Claws have emerged painfully from its hands, and its original teeth are displaced by a row of razor-sharp fangs that have erupted through its gums. Its skin is warty and tough with the texture of boiled leather. Armed with a body capable of carrying out great feats of terrible violence, as well as the knowledge of the settlement where it once lived in its former life, the grendel returns. Using stealth and its mimicry ability, it sneaks into the settlement and seeks out the largest gathering of people — usually a feast hall, though a godi house would serve just as well. The chosen place is then attacked by the grendel, who uses its corrupted might to break in and slaughter. After killing any defenders, the beast feeds on their corpses, usually in front of cowering relatives of the dead and other innocents.

If it survives this initial fight, the grendel hunts down and eats any warriors or others that would oppose it. Women, children, the elderly, and the infirm are ignored unless they pose a threat to the creature. After all resistance has been quashed, the grendel sets itself up as the new jarl, demanding a daily tribute of young women, livestock, gold, hacksilver, and the occasional human for feasting. The more it eats, the more powerful it grows, and if left unchecked a grendel can become the horrid overlord of a large area.

Grendel: HD 14; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6+2), 2 claws (1d8+2); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: immune to poison, magic resistance (20%), regenerate (3hp/round), rend (1d8 damage after both claws hit), sound mimicry (any creature it slays).

Grimmswine

Hit Dice: 6
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: gore (4d4)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: Bristles, fight after death, regenerate 1/round
Move: 18
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary or 1d6
Challenge Level/XP: 10/1400

In the halls of the gods there dwells a boar whose meat regenerates after each feast. It is said this beast, Sæhrimnir, has sired hundreds of children on lesser sows throughout the Northlands. The products of these unions between divine and mortal swine are always male and are the famed grimmswine of Northlander song and legend. To hunt one of these beasts is to face death with bravery and courage, for while they are not as mighty as their sire, they are far beyond the already-dangerous common boar in temperament and aggressiveness.

A grimmswine is huge, standing nearly 6ft at the shoulder and weighing more than 900 lbs., most of that being powerful muscle. Their backs are covered in sharp bristles that can easily pierce chain shirts, and the rest of their shaggy hair is coarse and runs from dark red to black. It is the grimmswine's head where the true danger lies, though not in the 3ft tusks as one might suspect, for grimmswine are highly intelligent, often more so than the average man, and malicious. They love nothing more than to



roam the woods terrorizing humans and any other creature that has the scent of pork on its breath. Grimmswine spend days, sometimes weeks, stalking and evaluating their prey before rushing in to kill in one terrible orgy of thrashing tusks and squealing violence.

A grimmswine's back is covered in sharp bristles that provide natural armor and ward off foes. Any opponent in melee combat with a grimmswine must make a saving throw or be stabbed by a razor-sharp bristle for 1d4 hit points of damage in addition to the grimmswine's other attacks.

Grimmswine: **HD** 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 gore (4d4); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** bristles (save or additional 1d4 damage), fight after death (continues attacking for 2 rounds after reaching 0 hit points), regenerate (1hp/round).

Hangman Tree

Hangman trees look like nothing more than giant oak trees. Hidden among the hangman tree's branches and leaves are its ropelike appendages that it uses to trap its prey. The hangman tree attacks by dropping its noose-like appendages around prey and yanking victims upwards. Trapped prey is held until it dies or is dropped into the hangman's trunk where it is digested. Hangman trees have no visual organs but can ascertain all foes within 60 feet using sound, scent, and vibration.

Opponents struck by a vine in combat must pass a saving throw or be strangled for 1d6+1 points of damage per round until the vine is cut (it has an AC of 4 [15] and can take 6 hp damage) or the strangled victim or a rescuer makes a successful open doors check. The hangman tree can attempt to swallow a strangling (or strangled) victim with a successful attack roll and a failed saving throw by the target. A swallowed victim suffers 2d6 points of crushing damage per round and can only escape

with a successful open doors check. The tree's trunk can hold up to two human-sized victims.

Besides the danger of its vines and trunk, a hangman tree can also release a cloud of spores in a 50-foot radius spread. Creatures in the area must succeed on a saving throw or believe the tree to be of some ordinary sort or to be a treant or other such friendly tree creature. An affected creature becomes passive for 2d6 rounds and refuses to attack the hangman tree during this time.

A hangman tree takes half again as much (+50%) damage as normal from electricity. Cold-based effects paralyze a hangman

tree as if by a *hold monster* spell. Spells that generate darkness slow the hangman tree (as the *slow* spell) for 1 round per caster level.

These trees are somewhat intelligent, and can speak a broken form of the common tongue.

Hangman Tree: **HD** 8; **HP** 61, 57; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 vines (1d8 plus strangle); **Move** 3; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** hallucinatory spores (50ft radius, passive for 2d6 rounds, save avoids), magic resistance (45%), resistant to electricity, strangle for 1d6+1 damage/round (save avoids), swallow strangling victim with attack roll and failed save, surprise on 1-4 on 1d6. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

The Jomsbeast

Hit Dice: 12
Armor Class: 1 [18]
Attacks: bite (2d6), 2 claws (1d8+3), tail slap (1d6+3)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: Breath weapon, fear aura, immunities (acid, cold), magic resistance (15%), regenerate (2hp/round), resist fire (half damage), spell-like abilities, spring-bound immortality.
Move: 12/24/9 (flying/swimming)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1
Challenge Level/XP: 19/4100



Mysterious Jomsburg Island is home to more than just the dread Jomsvikings. It is also rumored to be the home of a terrible beast that only the cruelty and depravity of the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings allows their followers to live in its presence. And even still it is an uneasy peace between the Jomsvikings and the beast at best. The Jomsbeast is a strange creature that is the child of the Dark Gods and a giantess. Possessing the attributes of a man, bear, and wyrm, the Jomsbeast is a terrible creature of fell disposition and black desires. It moves about on all fours like a beast, snuffling along the ground as it hunts, but in battle it rears up on its draconic hind legs to do battle with its more manlike forelimbs, vicious bite, and sweeping tail.

The Jomsbeast is hideous. It crawls on all fours like an animal, but its torso, though scaled in black, is clearly that of a humanoid, and its forelimbs end in vicious claws. Its rear limbs are draconic, and a long, muscular tail extends from its black-scaled hindquarters. Its head is a terrifying conglomeration of a massive bear with the snout of a dragon, and a thick beard of wiry black hair extends below its chin. A mane of similar hair extends from the back of its furred head and all the way down to the tip of its tail. A pair of tattered dragon wings completes the picture of this unimaginable horror.

Anyone within 30ft of the Jomsbeast must make a saving throw or be affected as if by a *fear* spell. Once every 1d4 rounds, the Jomsbeast can expel a 50ft line of acid that does 4d6 points of damage (save for half).

The Jomsbeast is immune to acid and cold. It takes half damage from electricity.

At will, the Jomsbeast can cast *detect good*, *detect magic* and *detect invisibility*. Three times per day, it can cast *darkness 15ft radius*, *dispel magic* and *dimension door*. Once per day, it can cast *hold monster* and *slow*.

The Jomsbeast's mortality is connected to the enchanted spring in its lair. As long as the spring remains polluted and desecrated, the beast cannot truly be killed and it continues to regenerate 3hp/round. However, the spring is also the Jomsbeast's greatest weakness. If its polluted waters are purified, then the Jomsbeast takes damage with no saving throw as noted below.

Each gallon of pure water introduced to the spring dilutes it some and deals 1 point damage.

A *purify water* (or *purify food and drink*) deals 2d8 points of damage.

A *cure disease* deals 3d8 points of damage.

A *create water* deals 4d4 points of damage/caster level.

A *part water* deals 30 points of damage/caster level.

A *lower water* actually concentrates the filthy spring and, though it deals 4d8 points of damage, makes diluting it with created water impossible.

If the Jomsbeast is killed and its body laid in the spring, the tainted waters refill over time, and resurrect The Jomsbeast in 1d4 years.

An adept swimmer, it mainly hunts the island's forest and lower shores, as well as the surrounding waters, though it has wandered into the outer areas of the fortress and the tunnels beneath in search of prey before. Though its body is massive, it can contort and compress its form to fit through even the narrowest tunnels beneath the island. And though the beast is more likely to attack strangers, it has been known to kill and eat Jomsvikings from time to time; none can predict its actions and no one but Jasella the Sea Wych has ever tamed it.

The Jomsbeast lairs in a hidden cave on the rocky shoreline near an enchanted spring that holds the key to the creature's power. This spring is polluted and corrupted with all manner of disease and vile filth. Anyone touching the waters of the spring is affected as if by a *contagion* spell with no saving throw. The spring is also the beast's greatest weakness. It is immediately aware of anyone is tampering with the spring and will *dimension door* back to it immediately to defend the source of its life.

The Jomsbeast: **HD** 12; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6), 2 claws (1d8+3), tail slap (1d6+3); **Move** 12/24/9 (flying/swimming); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special**: breath weapon (once/1d4 rounds, 50ft line of acid, 4d6 damage, save for half), fear aura, immunities (acid, cold), magical abilities, magic resistance (15%), regenerate (2hp/round), resist fire (half damage), spring-bound immortality.

> **Magical Abilities:** at will—*detect good*, *detect magic*, *detect invisibility*; 3/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *dispel magic*, *dimension door*; 1/day—*hold monster*, *slow*

Lightning Lampreys

Lightning lampreys are 3-foot-long grayish-blue creatures with tiny arcs of electricity that play over their bodies. They constantly twitch and writhe, as if receiving electrical stimulation throughout their bodies. Schools of lightning lampreys drift along in the wake of storm clouds, feeding upon powerful electrical currents and lightning.

Lightning Lamprey: HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d2 plus 1d6 electricity); **Move** 3 (fly 12); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** none. (***Tome of Horrors 4***)

Linnorm

Hit Dice: 8–11
Armor Class: 0 [19]
Attacks: 1 bite (1d8) + 1/HD) possibly 2 claws (1d6)
Saving Throw: By hit die (8, 6, 5, 4)
Special: varies (see below)
Move: 12 (some: 18 fly)
Alignment: Chaotic
Number Encountered: 1d2
Challenge Level/XP: 8HD: 11/1,700; 9HD: 12/2,000; 10HD:13/2,300; 11HD: 14/2,600

Linnorms are dragons from Norse mythology, usually wingless. They are not treated under the special rules for dragons: roll hit dice as normal. At full growth they range from 25ft to 100ft from head to tail, with a corresponding body size from 10ft to 70ft. Rather than falling into categories, linnorms are unique creatures rather than falling into precise categories.

Only hit by magic weapons (90%); otherwise, immune to normal arrows
Breath Weapon (75%) or charming speech (25%)
Aura of Fear (all)
Blood powers (100%)
Legs with no wings (90%) or Wings with no legs (10%)
Speaks several languages (100%)
Magic resistance: 1d6+1 percentage immunity to magic

Breath weapons may be frost (cone of intensely cold air and frost, with a length of 70 ft and a base of 30 ft., save for half damage), fire (fire in a cone-shape 90 feet long and roughly 30 ft wide at the base, save for half damage), or a cloud of poisonous gas (50 ft in diameter with edge at the linnorm's mouth, save for half damage). All breath weapons inflict 1d6 per hit die of the linnorm (half with successful saving throw). Breath weapons may be used 1d3+1 times per day, and only once per 3 rounds.

Charming speech: the speech of these linnorms has the same effect as a charm person spell, and this ability may be used at all times provided the linnorm is not biting. Using only its claws without biting still allows it to speak, but anyone being attacked is immune to the wyrm's cozening speech, for obvious reasons.

All linnorms are fearsome creatures: anyone within the linnorms hit dice x10ft must make a saving throw or suffer one of the following effects: 01–50: paralyzed with fear for 1d4+1 rounds; 56–00: run for 1d4+1 rounds.

Blood: Roll 1d100 to determine the effect of bathing in (or drinking) a linnorm's heart's-blood. 01–25: heals all wounds and cures disease. 026–50: heals all wounds and removes any curses. 51–75: heals 2d10 hit points and grants a permanent increase in strength of +1, to a maximum of 18. 76–00: heals 2d10 hit points and grants a permanent increase in constitution of +2, to a maximum of 18. Only 1 creature may take advantage of the blood.

One version of a linnorm is presented in ***Monstrosities*** by Frog God Games, but it is only one of a wide possible variety as described here.

Example (8HD):

Linnorm (8HD): HD 8; **HP** 32 (average); **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** bite (1d8+8), 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** Magic resistance 40% to all but fire magic (double damage inflicted), +1 weapon (or weapon under *bless* spell) required to hit, frost breath weapon (70 ft long, base 30 ft., 8d6, save for half damage, usable once/3 rounds), aura of fear (80ft radius suffer one of the following

effects: 01–50: paralyzed with fear for 1d4+1 rounds; 56–00: run for 1d4+1 rounds, save negates), bathing in blood heals 2d10 hit points and grants a permanent increase in strength of +1 to 1 creature.

Linnorms of Old Meg (4): HD 4; **HP** 23, 20x2, 17; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d6), 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** Magic resistance 40% to all but fire magic (double damage inflicted), +1 weapon (or weapon under *bless* spell) required to hit, frost breath weapon 2/day (40ft cone, linnorm's original hit points in damage, save for half, only usable on alternate rounds), aura of fear (save within 10ft or run/cower for 1d3 turns, 50% chance of each), bathing in its blood restores half of lost hit points and removes curses, teeth are treated as magic weapons if used as daggers, although they have no bonus to hit, just the ability to damage a creature that can only be hit by magic weapons of any strength.

Lizard, Gnasher

A gnasher lizard is typically 10 feet to 20 feet long with a huge mouth and sharp teeth and claws. A gnasher lizard that rolls 4 or higher than needed to hit a creature swallows the victim whole. If the lizard rolls a natural 20, it severs an opponent's limb.

Lizard, Gnasher: **HD** 8; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8); **Move** 10; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** swallow whole on 4 or greater needed to hit, severing bite on natural 20. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Mammoth

Shaggy and elephantine, with massive, curling tusks.

Mammoth: **HD** 12; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** trunk (1d10); 2 gore (1d10+4), 2 trample (2d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities***)

Mechanism, Iron Cobra

Iron cobras are a type of eldritch mechanism, created by the great wizards of yore using formulae from their legendary spellbooks and tomes of knowledge. They are jointed constructions of iron, the size of a normal cobra, that slither and attack as commanded (perhaps eons in the past) by their makers. The iron cobra contains a reservoir with three doses of lethal venom. Larger specimens might have been built, with an addition venom dose per additional hit die.

Mechanism, Iron Cobra: **HD** 3; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** lethal poison (3 doses). (***Monstrosities***)

Mephit, Ice

Mephits are minor elemental spirits, usually related to fire and heat, so ice mephitis are somewhat of a rare case outside the frozen wastes. Mephits can, from time to time, be loosed on the Material Planes by natural or supernatural means (such as being summoned by wizards or sent on errands by demons or devils). All of these creatures have the ability to turn into a mephitic, bad-smelling gaseous form for 1d6 rounds, once per day. Ice mephits spit cold (20ft cone, 2d6 damage, save for half damage). They are immune to cold, but take double damage from fire.

Mephit, Ice: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage).

Minotaur, Obsidian

An obsidian minotaur stands 12 feet tall and weighs roughly 2,000 pounds. It appears to be a minotaur carved from a single block of obsidian and then animated via some eldritch ritual.

Once every 1d4+1 rounds, an obsidian minotaur can expel a cloud of gas directly in front of it. The cloud fills a 10-foot cube and lasts for 1 round before dispersing. Any creature in the area must succeed on a saving throw or be slowed (as the *slow* spell).

The claws of an obsidian minotaur deal 1d6 points of burning damage each time they hit. A creature hit must succeed on a saving throw or take an additional 1d6 points of fire damage for 1d4+1 rounds as clothes ignite and armor becomes searing hot.

An obsidian minotaur is immune to most spells. Certain spells and effects function differently against the creature as noted below.

A *transmute rock to mud* spell slows it (as the *slow* spell) for 2d6 rounds, with no saving throw, while *transmute mud to rock* heals all of its hit points. A *stone to flesh* spell does not actually change the obsidian minotaur's structure but negates its immunity to magic for 1 full round.

Minotaur, Obsidian: **HD** 12; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** 2 claws (2d8 plus 1d6 fire plus ignite); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **A**L N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** breath weapon (every 1d4+1 rounds, 10ft cube of slow gas that lasts 1 round, save avoids), ignite (take 1d6 fire damage for 1d4+1 rounds, save avoids), immune to most magic. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Mire Brute

Mire brutes, when dormant, appear as large stretches of mud bristling with wooden stakes but can rise into a humanoid shape. Once per day a mire brute can vomit forth a spray of fetid water to a range of 30 feet. The spray contains small biting insects and worms. Treat these vermin as a *creeping doom* spell. A mire brute can try to impale smaller opponents. An impaled opponent immediately takes 4d6 points of damage and is stuck on the stakes jutting from the mire brute's body. The stakes protruding from a mire brute's body are filthy and diseased. A saving throw is allowed, and any effects of the disease are decided by the Game Referee.

Mire Brute: **HD** 15; **HP** 105; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 fists (3d6 plus impale); **Move** 9 (swim 20); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** +1 or better weapon to hit, disgorge vermin (30ft spray as *creeping doom*), disease, immune to fire, impale (4d6 damage plus disease, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Moon Beast

Moon-beasts live like huge maggots in the dark side of the Moon-in-Dreams, a celestial object in some alien plane of existence that can occasionally be perceived, and even entered, during a person's dreams. Their vaguely toad-like shape, 9ft long, is a pale and sickly color, rubbery flesh with no eyes or mouth. The snout erupts into pink, anemone-like tentacles that can be retracted in a flash.

These detestable creatures are slavers across all the planes of existence, traveling in black galleys crewed by enslaved denizens of Leng, night-ghouls, and even stranger, unknown creatures that labor unseen in the shadowed lower decks of the long ships. The moon-beasts and their teeming legions of broken-willed slaves inhabit vast, dark cities on the night side of the Moon-in-Dreams, sending out their galleys to roam the infinite planes and the dark voids. The moon-beasts are often found with denizens of Leng as allies, but denizens are also found as their slaves, sometimes in the same crew.

Moon-beasts attack with their claws and tentacles, finding their enemies by some unknown form of sight or mental perception, for they have no eyes. A hit by one of their tentacles causes *confusion* for 1d6 rounds

unless the victim makes a successful saving throw. Moon-beasts have the following magical abilities: at will—*ESP*, 3/day—*charm monster, dispel magic, phantasmal force*.

Due to their rubbery consistency, moon-beasts take only half damage from blunt weapons. They are immune to cold, any sort of magic that requires it to see (illusions, gaze attacks, etc.), and poison. They are partially resistant to electricity (50%), and magic (35%).

—Cyclopean Deeps 2, conversion by Matt Finch

Moon-Beast: **HD** 14; **AC** –3[22]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), 4 tentacles (1d6 plus *confusion*); **Move** 18 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 22/5000; **Special**: air walk, confusion tentacle (1d6 rounds, save avoids), gaze attacks, illusions and poison, immune to cold, magical abilities, magic resistance (35%), resistance to electricity and blunt weapons (50%).

Magical Abilities: at will—*ESP*, 3/day—*charm monster, dispel magic, phantasmal force*.

Mudbog

Mudbogs are slow-moving, pudding-like creatures that are brownish in color, resembling nothing more than brackish mud. The average mudbog is roughly 10 feet across and 3 feet deep. Mudbogs dig holes in the swamp and wait for creatures to blunder into their bodies. A mudbog secretes a digestive acid that dissolves organic material (leather armor, wooden clubs, etc.) and deals 1d6 points of damage. Any being that stumbles into a mudbog is considered engulfed and takes 1d6 points of damage from the creature's acidic nature automatically in the rounds thereafter.

Mudbogs: HD 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** engulf; **Move** 3; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** acid (organic material), engulf (1d6 acid damage), immune to blunt weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Nachtjäger

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attack: bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d4)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: Cause fire
Move: 9 (fly 18)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary, band (1d4+1), or tribe (6d6)
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Settlements on the edge of the Northlands have much to fear. Giants, trolls, wyrms, and other fell creatures, as well as outlaws, bandits, and vikings, all terrorize outlying communities. This is especially true in the wilder and less-settled areas of Estenfird, Gatland, and Vastavikland. However, the older and more densely settled areas have their own worries, and for most, the greatest fear is an attack by the dreaded nachtjäger, the "night hunters."

These creatures come out of the woods and other wild lands, swooping in on night-black wings to burn and kill, taking a handful of captives with them back to their lairs. A nachtjäger is roughly humanoid in appearance, with a pair of arms and legs roughly proportional to their bodies. However, they have a third set of limbs, long bat-like wings that can unfold to blot out the stars. Their hands and feet end in sharp claws, and the nachtjäger's horrid slash of a mouth, made even more terrible by their noseless face and red eyes, is filled with rows of shark-like teeth.

Nachtjägers attack out of the darkness, preferring nights of heavy cloud cover or the new moon. They sweep in without warning, easily bypassing palisades and defensive walls. They prefer to set fires to distract and dismay their victims, and once at least one building is lit, the general slaughter begins. Nachtjäger fight with their teeth and claws, letting loose a dreadful howling that has been known to bring the bravest of men to his knees. Every slash or bite tears off some of their victim's flesh, which the nachtjäger gleefully choke down in huge gulps. Every attack leads to a handful of people being taken captive by the fiends and flown away, back to the caverns and other dark places the nachtjäger prefer to dwell in.



A nachtjäger's ability to produce fire must be targeted on some kind of substance (usually houses or people). Against moving people, the nachtjäger must make a to-hit roll of 6+ on a d20 (only a dexterity bonus adjusts this roll: armor is not taken into account. The damage causes by the flare of fire and heat is 1d8 hit points; flammable objects will shortly begin burning from the magical fire unless steps are taken. Rolling on the ground for a full combat round eliminates any risk of damage to leather armor, wooden weapons, and even scrolls.

Nachtjäger: HD 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d4) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 9/18 fly; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: cause fire (3/day, range 30ft, 1 target with 6+ on d20 to hit, 1d8 damage).

Myphit (General)

On occasion when small populations of mephits are cut off from others of their kind and trapped in a material plane of existence, they begin to breed — and since they are not in an elemental plane, each generation devolves from the form of an ordinary elemental mephit. Over a number of generations, the isolated mephitis produce vast numbers of tiny offspring, stunted and vile versions of the original mephits. These degenerated mephitis, known as myphits, are barely intelligent and form into tribal swarms of thousands of such creatures, possessing a malevolent instinct to hunt and kill. Though they need no sustenance, these misbegotten elemental creatures become strongly territorial and seek to slaughter any creature that comes within the bounds they have claimed, even other myphits from other tribes.

Myphits attack in groups, as described below for each type (only ice myphits are described here, since they are the only type encountered in these adventures). Each type of little swarm has a different type of name, just like a group of crows is referred to as a "murder of crows." A swarm of ice myphits is referred to as a "glittering"; a group of fire myphits is a "blaze"; water myphits form a "squall"; earth myphits form a "conglomeration"; air myphits form a "fury," and so forth.

Myphit swarms are occasionally tamed and used as guardians or hunters by more powerful elemental creatures, but the process is not much more reliable than training swarms of hornets, and usually ends badly.

Myphit Swarm, Ice (a "glittering" of myphits)

Hit Dice: 3 hit points
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attack: set of little bites (1d6)
Saving Throw: 18
Special: Cold presence, vulnerable to fire
Move: 18 (flying)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: Varies with terrain
Challenge Level/XP: A/5

Ice myphits, as with the other types, are so small that one "monster" is really a buzzing cloud of ten ice myphits in close proximity to each other. The group has a total of 3 hit points, and an attack roll against them is really a matter of several weapon swings rather than the one "key" blow measured in ordinary combat (it's still one die roll to represent the total effect of the smaller swings). A fighter with multiple attacks against creatures with one hit die may make multiple attacks against one swarm, or attack more than one swarm if the second one is within reach. When a myphit swarm takes 3+ hit points of damage, it means that 3 of the 10 myphits are dead, and the others disperse and flee. If a hit inflicts more than 3 hit points, each additional hit point of damage represents another dead myphit. Since the myphits disperse at 3 hit points of damage, this is only important if multiple swarms will later re-form from the survivors of an earlier combat. Damage inflicted by spells will also likely cause this additional damage to the swarms.

A glittering of ice myphits takes double damage from any sort of fire, and a torch is treated as a *+2 longsword* against them. A flaming sword kills an entire glittering with a single successful hit.

When a glittering of ice myphits is in contact or melee with anyone, their combined presence is supernaturally cold, and automatically inflicts 1 point of damage per round, regardless of whether their tiny bites are causing damage.



Myphit Swarm, Ice (Glittering): HD 3hp; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 set of little bites (1d6); **Move** 18 (flying); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special**: cold presence (1 point damage), vulnerable to fire.

Narwhal

Grey or white whales with a unicorn-like horn, slightly resistant to magic. Some are intelligent and benign.

Narwhal: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** gore (2d6) or slam (1d8); **Move** 0 (swim 18); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** magic resistance (15%)

Raggoth

A raggoth is a sleek black-furred creature with a gaping mouth full of sharpened fangs. Its head is wolf-like, and the creature has six muscular legs. Its body is about 8 feet long long and ends in a thick furred tail. A raggoth attacks with its claws and bite. If it hits one opponent with two claw attacks, it can rake the victim for an additional 2d6+4 points of damage with its middle claws. Once every 1d4 rounds, a raggoth can let loose a piercing howl that demoralizes any creature within 60 feet. Creatures hearing the howl must make a saving throw or suffer a -2 penalty on attacks and saves for 1d3 hours.

Raggoth: **HD** 10; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Redcap

Redcaps are goblin-like fey creatures about 20 inches tall. Their hats are always red, having been soaked in the blood of those they have slain. They coat their weapons with a toxic poison. Redcaps can turn *invisible* at will, cast *dancing lights*, *detect good* and *mirror image* once per day.

Redcap: **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 4; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4 plus poison) or claws (1d2); **Move** 4; **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: lethal poison, magical abilities.
Magical Abilities: at will—*invisibility*; 1/day—*dancing lights*, *detect good*, *mirror image*.
(***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Remorhaz

Remorhaz live in arctic regions, burrowing tunnels into the snow and ice. They resemble massive centipedes (30ft long), with fan-like rudimentary wings. They generate intense internal heat. A remorhaz with 10 or more hit dice can swallow man-sized prey whole (natural 20 required), and the monster's internal temperature instantly kills anyone swallowed. The top of a remorhaz glows red with heat, and will melt non-magical weapons (also dealing tremendous damage to anyone touching it).

Remorhaz (9HD): HD 9; **AC** 0[19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** melt non-magical weapons that hit (top side only).

Scarecrow

These are animated scarecrows, with only a reddish light in the eyes to identify them. Each scarecrow is unique in construction and design, but most are about 6 feet tall, constructed of wood and ropes, and stuffed with straw or grass. Scarecrows are most often used as guardians to keep out

would-be treasure hunters or trespassers. Any living creature within 30 feet meeting the gaze of a scarecrow (or being touched by it) must succeed on a saving throw or be fascinated for as long as the scarecrow is "alive" or remains within 300 feet of the fascinated person. A fascinated creature can take no actions but can defend themselves. A fascinated creature can attempt a new saving throw any time it is attacked.

Scarecrow: **HD** 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** strike (1d6 plus fascination); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: fascination gaze/touch (do nothing unless attacked, save avoids, new save if attacked), immunity to cold, vulnerability to fire (double damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Slime Crawler

Slime crawlers resemble 6ft-long centipedes with stumpy legs and four tentacles protruding from below the mouth. They can climb walls and exude a slimy trail where they move. If a tentacle hits an opponent, it grabs hold and inflicts 1d3 hit points automatically each round by squeezing. Anyone trying to move across the slime trail must make a saving throw or fall.

Slime Crawlers: **HD** 1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** tentacles (1d3) and bite (1d4); **Move** 9/6 (climbing); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** constrict (automatic 1d3 after successful tentacle hit), slippery (–4 penalty to grab). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Spriggan

Spriggans are among the ugliest and certainly the most foul tempered of all gnomes. At one moment a normal-sized gnome, a spriggan can grow to giant-sized in an instant, gaining immense strength and taking unsuspecting opponents by surprise. Despite being gnomes themselves, spriggans despise all of their gnomish kinfolk.

A typical spriggan stands 3-1/2 feet tall and weighs 50 to 55 pounds. An enlarged spriggan stands about 8-1/2 feet tall and weighs 500 to 550 pounds. Spriggans can cast fear, pyrotechnics and strength at will. They cannot use these abilities when they are enlarged.

At will, a spriggan can enlarge to triple its normal size and ten times its normal weight. Weapons, armor, and other inanimate objects on its person grow proportionately with it when it changes size. The spriggan can change size at will. An enlarged spriggan doubles its effective Hit Dice and doubles its damage.

Spriggan: **HD** 4; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or pole arm (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: enlarge (double HD and damage), magical abilities (not usable while enlarged).

Magical Abilities: at will—*fear*, *pyrotechnics*, *strength*. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Squealer

A squealer is about the size of a large gorilla with a pig-like head. Razor-sharp teeth line its mouth. Its four forelimbs sprout from its body—two from the hunched back and the other two from high on the hindquarters. A fifth limb grows from the middle of its back.

A typical squealer stands 9 feet tall. A creature hit by a squealer's bite attack must pass a saving throw or be grabbed and held tight. A held creature is torn by the squealer's claws, suffering an automatic 2d6 points of damage. A squealer can mimic any animal or magical beast sound it has previously heard (listeners who succeed on a saving throw detect the ruse).

Squealer: **HD** 12; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 15 (climb 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rend with claws (with bite, save or be held tight, automatic 2d6 claw damage), sound imitation of creature previously heard, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6 in woodland environment. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Strangle Vine

Tangle Weeds and Strangle Vines are essentially the same creature, the only difference being that the Tangle Weed attacks its victims from below, while the Strangle Vine attacks from above. In appearance, they resemble a mass of weeds or vines, their animate nature only becoming apparent during an attack. On a successful attack, the animate plant has a 2 in 6 chance of entangling its foe, immobilizing its prey and slowly strangling the life out of him. Each round, the victim will suffer 1d6 points of damage due to the strangulation. A successful save is required to break free of the immobilizing, strangling grasp.

— Monstrosities, Author: Skathros

Strangle Vine: **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Stymphalian Birds

Stymphalian birds are crane-like predatory birds found in dense forests and lowland hills. They are voracious predators that sustain themselves on a diet of livestock, cattle, and the like. They are particularly fond of the flesh of humans and elves, so always attack them on sight. A stymphalian bird stands 7 feet tall and has an ibis-like body. Unlike an ibis, however, the stymphalian bird's beak is long and straight rather than curved. Its feathers, talons, and beak are made of bronze. A stymphalian bird attacks from the air by losing a volley of bronze feathers at its opponents. This ranged attack has a range of 60 feet and all targets must be within 30 feet of each other. The creature can launch only twelve feathers (3 volleys) in a single day. A stymphalian bird that rolls a natural '20' on an attack with its feathers, bite, wing-slash, or claws deals double damage.

Stymphalian Birds (Bronze Beak): HD 4; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), beak (1d8) and wing slashes (1d6), or 4 feathers (1d4); **Move** 15 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** double damage (any attack roll of natural 20), throw feathers (60ft range, targets must be within 30ft of each other, 4 feathers/volley, 12 maximum/day). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Swarms

Swarms of creatures that are so small they are treated, collectively, as a monster rather than trying to keep track of thousands of tiny creatures that would have less than even one hit point each. Most swarms have the ability to attack all creatures within a certain area, depending on the size of the swarm.

Swarm, Crab: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** swarm (1d8+4); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** swarming attack (attack all in 10ft area).

Swarm, Spider: HD 3; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** swarm (1d6); **Move** 6/6 (climbing); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** distraction, swarm, surprise (1–3 on 1d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Swarm, Ticks: **HD** 8; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** swarm (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 12 (climb 12); **Save** 8; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: disease (bubonic plague, 1d6 damage/day until healed, save avoids), immune to slashing and piercing weapons, swarming attack.

Swarm, Roach: HD 3; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** swarm (1d4+2 plus disease); **Move** 12 (climb 12, swim 12); **Save** 14; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** immune to slashing and piercing weapons, swarming attack.
(***Razor Coast***)

Taer

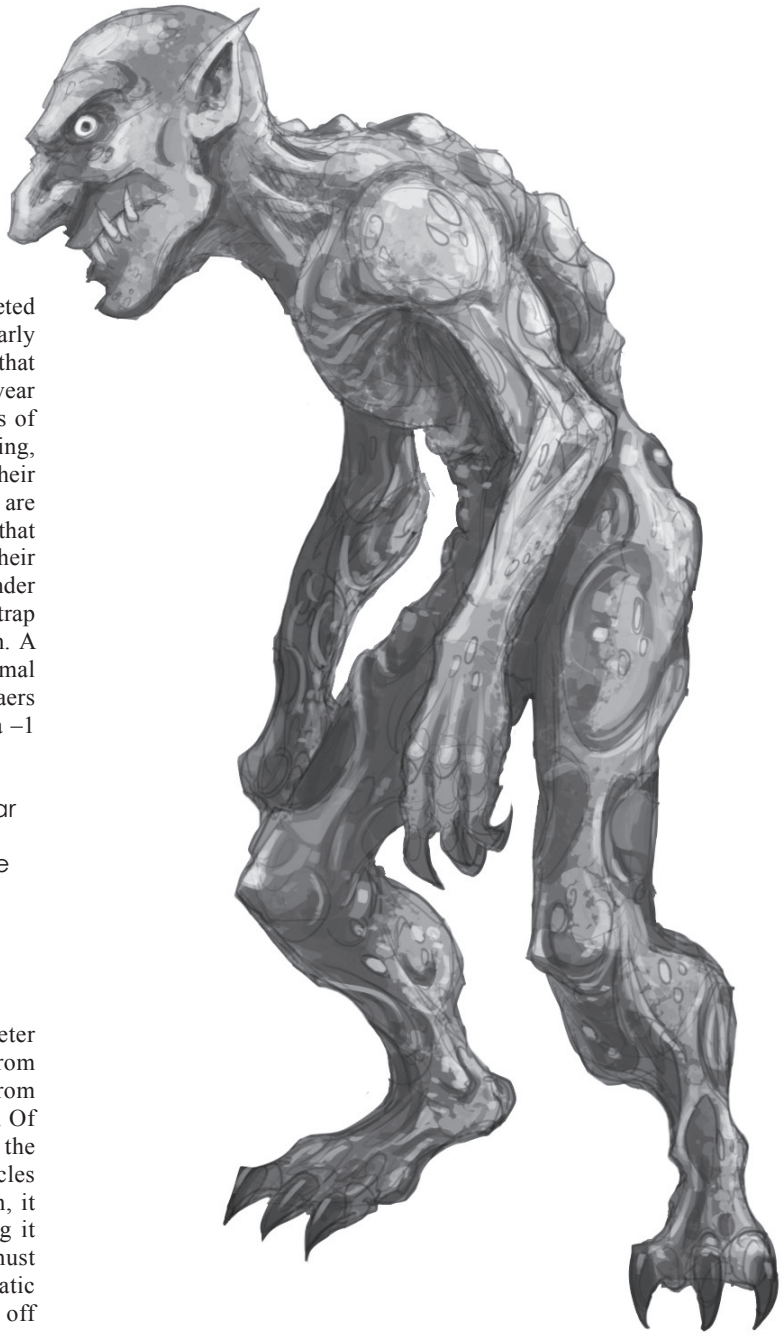
Taers are shaggy, primitive, naked humanoids that may be related to the yeti. They resemble prehistoric humans but are more bestial and apelike. Their fur is coated with an oily, fatty substance excreted through the pores, which protects them from cold. Taer can see clearly even in heavy snowstorms due to a second transparent eyelid that protects the eye from blowing winds and heavy snow. Taers never wear clothing, although they do sometimes wear necklaces and bracelets of tooth and horn. They communicate through grunts, hooting, and yelling, as well as a body language similar to that of apes. Taers attack with their claws and bite, but occasionally use stone spears in combat. They are fierce creatures and very territorial, attacking any living creature that wanders into the area. Taers use their knowledge of the land to their advantage during combat by creating avalanches, burrowing under snow and attacking from surprise, and using snow-covered pits to trap their prey. They prefer to drive intruders off rather than kill them. A taer's body secretes a foul-smelling oil that nearly every form of animal life finds offensive (even troglodytes). All living creatures except taers within 10 feet of a taer must succeed on a saving throw or suffer a –1 penalty to hit and damage.

Taers (2): HD 3; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 slams (1d4+1) or stone spear (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** immunity to cold, stench (10ft, –1 to hit and damage, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Tentamort

The tentamort resembles a squid. Its body is a small, 3-foot diameter sphere of gray, hard flesh. Two 10-foot long tentacles protrude from the upper half of its body while eight 2-foot long tentacles hang from the bottom of its spherical body (it uses these for movement only). Of the two large tentacles, the left ends in a squid-like appendage and the right in a long, needle-sharp barb. A tentamort uses its small tentacles to hold itself to ceilings and walls. When prey passes underneath, it drops on its opponent, grabbing it with its tentacles and injecting it with its deadly acid. Creatures struck by the tentamort's tentacles must pass a saving throw or be held fast and squeezed for an automatic 1d4 points of damage each round. They can escape by chopping off a tentacle (12 hit points each) or making a successful roll to open doors. A tentamort always attempts to grab a foe with its rightmost tentacle so it can stab the opponent with the needle-like barb on its left tentacle. After grabbing a foe with its rightmost tentacle, a tentamort can insert the needle-like projection from its leftmost tentacle into the foe's body (requires a successful melee attack). Once inserted, the tentamort injects its acidic saliva through the hollow barb and liquefies the victim's internal organs, which the creature then draws through the tube and into its own body. This attack deals 1d4 points of constitution damage each round the tube remains inserted in a foe and 1 point of constitution damage for 1d2 rounds after the needle is removed. A *cure disease, restoration* or *wish* spell halts the constitution damage after the needle has been removed. A creature slain by this attack can only be raised by the casting of a *wish*.

Tentamort: HD 4; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 tentacles (1d4); **Move** 3 (climb 3); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/600; **Special:** grab, liquefy organs. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 548)



Thrydreg (half-troll)

Hit Dice: 4
Armor Class: 6 [13]
Attack: weapon (1d8)
Saving Throw: 13
Special: Regenerate 2/round from non-fire/acid damage
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: band of 1d4+1 or tribe of 1d20+15
Challenge Level/XP: 6/400

Spawned from trolls and captive humanoids, the thrydreg is not nearly as tall nor as powerful as the more common types of trolls found in the Northlands. The thrydreg is still dangerous, however, especially so because they tend to travel in groups. Standing about as tall as a man, even with their hunched and stooped posture, thrydregs still possess claws that can tear through armor and an abundance of muscular might. Like their larger forebears, thrydregs have warty skin ranging from ashy gray

to green-black, long greasy black hair, and red eyes. Their demeanor is just as fearsome, and in fact more so, for they seem to make up for their smaller stature with greater aggression. There appears to be little outward difference between male and female thrydregs, and both genders can be found in any horde.

Thrydregs are also slightly smarter than other types of trolls, being able to construct crude weapons and simple ambushes. At one time they controlled an empire of sorts that ranged around the North Sea until being defeated in a generations-long war against the newly arrived Northlanders. This sophistication and more organized social nature (at least among their own kind), often makes them as much or more dangerous than normal trolls. Thrydregs are rarely found in groups smaller than three, and more than one steading has found itself beset by hordes of up to three dozen in a single attack.

Skraelings

The thrydregs of the Oestryn Isles differ from those found throughout the Northlands in that rather than being descended from the slaves of trolls, they are descended from a crossing of humans and sea-trolls. The blood of their human forebears runs thicker in the skraelings than in other thrydregs so that they are less stooped and hideous to behold, and thinner of frame, but still clearly of trollish descent. Many skraelings are neutrally aligned, rather than chaotic. They tend toward more of a Stone Age level of technology due to their isolation from the Dark Age cultures of the Northlands. Other than the ability to breathe water for 2 hours at a time, skraelings are identical to other thrydregs, and still usually live most of the time on land.

Thrydreg: **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** weapon (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Regenerate 2/ round from non-fire/acid damage.

Thundershrike

Thundershrikes are majestic birds, 20 feet tall with a wingspan that reaches about 40 feet. Coloration varies from black to brown to gray with beak color ranging from gold to white (though white-beaked thundershrikes are extremely rare). The bird can cast *control winds* at will. Twice per day, the eagle-like raptor can create a *lightning bolt*. Once per day, it can cast *control weather*.

Thundershrike: **HD** 13; **HP** 90; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (3d6), bite (3d12); **Move** 3/30 (flying); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: magical abilities.

Magical Abilities: at will—*control winds*; 2/day—*lightning bolt*; 3/day—*control weather*.
(***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Tikbalang

Hit Dice: 10+3
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attack: bite (1d8) and back hooves (to rear only) or mane-spikes (1d6)
Saving Throw: 5
Special: Mimicry, Throw spikes, *phantasmal force*, *shape change*
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary or band of 1d4+1
Challenge Level/XP: 14/2600

Tikbalangs are massive humanoid creatures, standing 9ft tall, roughly the size of a hill giant. Their heads and legs are reminiscent of a horse, although the equine mouth is filled with sharp fangs. A mane of sharp spines, similar to the mane of a horse, runs from the top of the head down to the creature's middle back.

Dangerous protectors of deep forests and lush jungles, tikbalangs are malicious creatures that enjoy leading travelers astray. Tikbalangs mimic sounds to lure explorers off their determined path, even separating a single traveler from his group and kidnapping him. They use their magical abilities to make the forest confusing to those passing through, often weaving illusions around a path to hide important turns or cloaking the entire jungle in an unfamiliar appearance.

Sometimes a tikbalang stalks intruders, spying on them from afar or from within the canopies of trees to learn more about its visitors. It then uses its change shape ability to appear as someone familiar to its first victim (such as another member of the group) and leads that person deeper into the woods to become lost. Once the victim is out of hearing range, the tikbalang drags it into a high tree, wraps it in vines, and packs its mouth with leaves and moss to stifle its screams. The tikbalang may eat its prisoner, offer to release it if the other intruders leave, or leave its corpse as a grisly warning to other travelers.

Though sinister and always looking to bring ruin to explorers, tikbalangs can be bribed or mollified into allowing safe passage with offerings or the performance of strange rituals, such as singing a song, wearing a shirt inside out, or giving the monster bread and honey. The exact bribe is different each day, and the tikbalang never explains what it wants.

A tikbalang can cast *phantasmal force* 3 times per day, and hurl 1d3 spikes from its mane as a missile weapon, much as a manticore can do with tail spikes. The spines inflict 1d6 points of damage each. The shapechanging ability may only be used once per day, although the tikbalang can also return to its natural form at will.

Tikbalang: **HD** 10+3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8) and back hooves (to rear only) or mane-spikes (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: Mimicry, throw spikes, *phantasmal force* (3/day), *shape change* (1/day).

Troll, Giant

Hit Dice: 8
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: 1 bite (1d10), 2 claws (1d6)
Saving Throw: 8
Special: regenerate 2/round, rend
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaotic
Number Encountered: 1d2
Challenge Level/XP: 11/1,700

Giant trolls are simply larger versions of the ordinary troll. They do not regenerate quite as quickly due to their large size, but they are tremendously deadly in hand-to-hand combat. If a giant troll hits with both claws, it inflicts double damage on both of the hits.

Giant Troll: HD 8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), 1 bite (1d10); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: Regenerate 2hp/round, rend (double damage on double claw-hits).

Troll, Rock

A troll that burrows, and risks turning to stone in sunlight.

Troll, Rock: **HD** 8; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d6); **Move** 12 (burrow 9); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, turns to stone in sunlight (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Troll, Swamp

A sneaky, semi-aquatic troll that risks suffocating if it remains out of water for 10+ hours.

Troll, Swamp: **HD** 3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round, suffocate out of swamp for 10 hours, surprise on 1-3 on 1d6. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Trow

Hit Dice: 6+3
Armor Class: 4 [15]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8)
Saving Throw: 11
Special: Breathing skin, regenerate
Move: 9 (swim 12)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: 1, or mated pair.
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800



This troll drips with seaweed as it emerges from the cold surf. Its features are, if anything, more bestial and primitive than its land-bound counterparts, as if it were a throwback to an earlier, less-civilized age.

More than simply aquatic trolls, the trow are a darker race of the Jötnar that emerged from the primordial seas at the beginnings of time. Ruling for a short time on the coastal lands, they were eventually driven back by the humans and other land races with spear and fire. The trow are little more than a remnant of what they once were an eon ago, but stubbornly cling to the shallow waters of the cold Northlands coasts and the deeper lakes. There they dwell in submerged silted mounds known as "knowes" and emerge secretly to wreak havoc on unsuspecting coastal settlements and travelers. Legends hold that they kidnap skalds to make them perform for them in their undersea mound lairs, but the truth of the matter is that they abduct any vulnerable traveler that they can get their hands on and carry them under the waters to an agonizing death by drowning. Sometimes they eat these drowned captives, but more often than not, they are just killed for sport. On the few occasions when adventurers have discovered a trow knowe, they have found waterlogged corpses embedded in the mud of their lairs like prize trophies or ghoulish ornaments.

Trow are shorter than their land-based brethren, but much stockier. Their faces are more flattened and their mouths more piscine in appearance, but their build and brows are heavier, implying a more primitive heritage. Their hide tends toward darker greens and blacks, and feels slick to the touch, unlike the warty hides of their land-bound cousins. Though often mistaken for scrags, they are actually a completely separate and much older lineage than those aquatic trolls, though they can dwell in the same environments. Because of the many legends and superstitions regarding the trow and their own nocturnal habits, unlike other trolls the trow are considered to be sceadugengan by Northlanders, and sightings or rumors of sightings are considered an ill omen to the hardy folk who ply the whale road.

Trow regenerate, healing any damage within minutes (3hp per round). Because the trow's skin aids in its breathing, it takes a –2 penalty on saves against gases and poisons.

Trow: **HD** 6+3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (3hp/round).

Vlkodlak

	Bear Vlkodlak	Wolf Vlkodlak
Hit Dice:	6+1	3+1
Armor Class:	4 [15]	4 [15]
Attacks:	2 claws (1d3), bite (1d8)	bite (1d6)
Saving Throw:	11	14
Special:	regenerate 2/round, hit only by magic weapons	regenerate 2/round, hit only by magic weapons
Move:	9	12
Alignment:	Chaos	Chaos
Number Encountered:	Varies	Varies
Challenge Level/XP:	11/1,700	7/600

Vlkodlak look like a cross between a man and a beast, always either a bear or a wolf. They walk hunched over, often dragging their knuckles



on the ground, and can move on four legs if they so desire. The body of a vlkodlak is bestial, though bipedal like a man's, covered in tough hide and coarse hair, and often features a short tail. Their heads are that of wolves or bears, yet the eyes retain a glint of hate that only humans can feel. Although they have hands, their digits end in long claws, making the manipulation of tools difficult. Most vlkodlak content themselves with their natural weaponry or at most a crude club. However, some have been known to use weapons either found or dropped by their foes.

Their condition is related to lycanthropy, but it is not true lycanthropy; they do not carry the disease, and they exist permanently between the human and animal shape, unable to shift into either one.

Lycanthropy is all too common in the Northlands, so much so that some Southlanders believe it is a well-respected condition. This cannot be further from the truth, for while the Ulfhanders are capable of changing their forms into that of animals, they do this through religious devotion and dedication to a lifetime of battle, not through a curse or disease. True lycanthropes are feared in the Northlands, for their fury and animal savagery is not channeled into a useful form but affects all whom the skinchanger encounters. Then there are the vlkodlak, men and women who have attempted to attain the heights of the cults of the Bear and Wolf, but have fallen from grace and honor. These degenerates have allowed themselves to become thralls to their animal lusts and thus dangers to themselves and their communities. Their bodies are trapped permanently between man and beast, their minds forever locked into an endless rage.

Great hunters that can mix the senses of an animal with the cunning of a man, vlkodlak make terrible foes. Adding to this is their natural ferocity and magical nature. Vlkodlak can suffer wounds that would kill a normal man and live to fight on, though mortal injuries eventually bring them down. Their existence is a result of corrupted divine magic, often with the aid of the Beast Cult of Shibauroth, and as such, their flesh often turns blades forged by mortal hands.

Vlkodlak (bear): HD 6+1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: hit only by magic weapons, regenerate (2hp/round).

Vlkodlak (wolf): HD 3+1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hit only by magic weapons, regenerate (2hp/round).

Wendigo

Hit Dice: 14
Armor Class: –1 [20]
Attacks: bite (3d8 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis), 2 claws (2d6 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: *control weather*, dream haunting, howl, immune to cold, magic resistance (15%), vulnerable to fire, wendigo psychosis, wind walk
Move: 24 (fly)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary.
Challenge Level/XP: 17/3500

Wendigo are flying humanoid creatures with feral elk heads. Their mouths are filled with jagged teeth, and sharp antlers rise from their head. Its legs end in blackened stumps. Wendigos attack with their bites and claws. Anyone struck by either has a chance of contracting wendigo psychosis (see sidebar).

Three times per day a wendigo can howl, with the sound being heard up to a mile away. Anyone who hears the mournful sound must make a saving throw or be shaken for 1 hour (–1 to attacks and saves). Once per day, a wendigo can cast *control weather*. They are immune to cold, but take double damage from fire. They are resistant to magic (15%).

If a wendigo hits a single target with both claw attacks, it grabs the victim and wind walks into the sky. The victim can make a saving throw to resist being taken aloft without taking any damage. The victim can attempt another save every round thereafter, but success means he turns solid and begins to fall. Eventually, the wendigo leaves the victim in some rural area, likely miles from the where the creature camped. Any creature the wendigo grabs and takes aloft risks contracting wendigo psychosis.

Once per night, a wendigo can attempt to invade the nightmares of a sleeping victim. If the wendigo can see its target, the victim suffers a –2 to the save to resist the nightmare. If the sleeping creature is hidden from the wendigo's sight, it gains a +5 bonus to the save. Regardless of whether the save is successful, the victim still suffers from wendigo psychosis and must make a save each day afterward (the above modifiers no longer apply to

Wendigo Psychosis

A victim exposed to the curse of the wendigo must make a saving throw each day after meeting the wendigo. If the victim fails a save, he loses 1d4 points of wisdom. If the save is successful, the victim successfully staves off any changes that day. It takes three consecutive successful saves to fully overcome the effects of the curse. If a victim is reduced to 1 point of wisdom, he immediately seeks out a member of his own race to kill and devour. The victim then begins to run, sprinting into the sky in 1d4 rounds as the psychosis takes hold. The victim's legs catch fire and burn away as the being races into the sky. Only blackened stumps remain. The complete transformation into a wendigo takes 2d6 rounds. The character is essentially dead, replaced by a wendigo that flies away to find new victims. If a wendigo is captured, the effects can be reversed with a *limited wish* or a *resurrection* spell.

A victim struck or bitten by a wendigo, pulled aloft, or that has its dreams invaded is at risk of contracting wendigo psychosis.

this save). See the sidebar on wendigo psychosis for more on this affliction.

Wendigo: **HD** 14; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** bite (3d8 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis), 2 claws (2d6 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis); **Move** 24 (flying); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: *control weather* (1/day as spell), dream haunting (1/day, save avoids [–2 if wendigo can see victim; +5 if not]), howl (–1 to attacks and saves, save avoids), immune to cold, magic resistance (15%), vulnerable to fire, wendigo psychosis (see sidebar), wind walk.

Winterwight

Hit Dice: 13
Armor Class: 1 [18]
Attacks: bite (2d6 plus blightfire), 2 claws (1d8 plus blightfire)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: blightfire, cold aura, freezing bolt, rend, spell-like abilities, vulnerable to fire
Move: 12
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary.
Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

A winterwight is a 7ft-tall skeleton of an ice-blue hue with long talons. The skeleton is encased in sheets of jagged ice. An 10ft aura of cold surrounds the undead, and it can project a freezing bolt of cold each round as an attack that does. Any creature in the area takes 2d8 points of damage (save for half). Winterwights take double damage from fire.

If a winterwight hits a creature with a bite or claw, the wound erupts with black tendrils of fire for 5 rounds. The victim must make a saving throw each round or take 1d6 points of damage. Each time a victim fails a save, the winterwight gains 10 hit points.

If a winterwight hits a single target with both claws, it grabs the victim and rends the victim for an additional 1d8 points of damage.

Winterwights have a number of spell-like abilities. At will it can cast *dimension door*, *dispel magic*, and *wall of ice*. Three times per day it can cast *ice storm*. Once per day, it can cast *control weather*.

Winterwight: **HD** 13; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6 plus blightfire), 2 claws (1d8 plus blightfire); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: blightfire (5 rounds, save or 1d6 damage, winterwight gains 10 hit points with failed save), cold aura (10ft radius, 2d8 damage, save for half), freezing bolt (at will, 3d6 damage, save for half), rend (2 claws, additional 1d8 damage), spell-like abilities, vulnerable to fire (double damage).

> **Spell-like abilities:** at will—*dimension door*, *dispel magic*, *wall of ice*; 3/day—*ice storm*; 1/day—*control weather*.

Woldgeist (Sceadugengan)

Hit Dice: 14
Armor Class: 2 [17]
Attacks: 2 slams (2d6), throw rock (2d6)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: blend with terrain, nature's curse, rock throwing (150ft), spell-like abilities
Move: 9 (climb 9, swim 9)
Alignment: Law
Number Encountered: solitary.
Challenge Level/XP: 18/3800

This rare type of fey — indeed there may be only one in existence — inhabits the Forest of Woe in Hordaland, though some tales say that it wanders as far south as the Waldron Mountains. It is a friendly creature, at least for the most part, and lives only to aid the innocent, worthy, and



honorable who enter its domain. Those measured by the woldgeist and found wanting are warned off, and should they foolishly ignore this warning, the powerful fey will destroy them.

A woldgeist generally uses *invisibility* to stay out of sight of even those it is aiding. When visible, it has the appearance of a walking mound of forest. The body of the fey is an oblong conglomeration of earth, stone, and plants resembling a chunk of forest floor. Two spindly legs that look like the bent trunks of mature oaks hold aloft this mound. A woldgeist has two tree branch-like arms, and no head. Its face forms out of the plants and rocks of its body, usually toward the top and front, but sometimes in an odd location.

It chooses to aid any Lawful character of heroic reputation who is in need of help navigating the dangers of the forest and mountains. Usually, this aid comes in the form of protection spells or healing delivered surreptitiously when an individual brushes past a "tree" or overgrown "boulder." Trails will be marked in the forest to lead the worthy to food, water, and shelter. Should a ward the woldgeist has chosen be in mortal danger due to evil forces, the fey joins in the fight, casting spells as needed.

A woldgeist can cast the following spells:

At will—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *invisibility*, *locate plants*, *obscuring mist*, *passplant*, *protection against fire*, *speak with animals*, *speak with plants*.

3/day—*animal summoning III*, *cure serious wounds*, *plant growth*.

1/day—*commune*, *creeping doom*, *lightning storm*, *transmute metal to wood*.

Should an intruder into the woldgeist's territory be an evil creature or one who wantonly destroys the natural world, the fey brings all of its powers to bear. At first, a simple warning written in the earth of a trail orders the foe to leave, but should this fail, the woldgeist begins harrying attacks using *animal summoning III*, *call lightning,* and other spells or nature's curse. If this fails, other fey are brought in, as well as any nearby humans whom this friendly spirit of the woods has helped. Once an overwhelming force has been gathered, the woldgeist leads a full-scale assault on the blackguards who have penetrated its domain.

Because a woldgeist's appearance so resembles that of its forest surroundings, it can crouch in the midst of forest terrain and appear as nothing more than a large, overgrown boulder or small hillock (1-in-6 chance to spot).

Three times per day, a woldgeist can touch a target to deliver nature's curse. On a successful hit, the target must make a saving throw or

immediately take 6d6 points of damage. In the following rounds, the target must make a new saving throw or take another 6d6 points of damage as small flowers, vine shoots, and bush saplings begin to sprout from his skin as they grow from the target's internal organs. A new saving throw is allowed each round as the growth of these patches of foliage grow thicker, causing internal hemorrhaging and destruction of the target's anatomical structure. The curse continues for 1d4 rounds or until a successful saving throw is made. A *remove curse* likewise ends the effect. Anyone slain by the nature's curse immediately transforms into a small mound of extremely fertile soil with an abundance of lush foliage growing from it. The victim's body cannot be recovered, though his equipment can be located among the undergrowth.

Woldgeist (Sceadugengan): HD 14; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 slams (2d6), throw rock (2d6); **Move** 9 (climb 9, swim 9); **Save** 3; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special:** blend with terrain (1-in-6 chance to spot), nature's curse (3/day, hit does 6d6 damage for 1d4 rounds until save is made), rock throwing (150ft), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: At will—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *invisibility*, *locate plants*, *obscuring mist*, *passplant*, *protection against fire*, *speak with animals*, *speak with plants*; 3/day—*animal summoning III*, *cure serious wounds*, *plant growth*; 1/day—*commune*, *creeping doom*, *lightning storm*, *transmute metal to wood*.

Woodwose

Woodwose are green gnarled old men with skin-like tree bark and moss beards. A woodwose can cause sharpened wooden spines to protrude from its body that deal 1d6 points of damage to any creature in contact with or holding the woodwose. Woodwose cast spells as 5th-level clerics. They are immune to wooden weapons (such as clubs) and plant-based spells.

Woodwose: HD 6; **HP** 43; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** immune to wooden weapons and plant-based spells, spells (2/2), spines (1d6 damage).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect magic*; 2nd—*hold person*, *silence 15ft radius*.
Equipment: club
(***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Zombie, Brine

Zombies of those who have drowned, with a certain resistance to fire. They are more durable than ordinary zombies.

Zombie, Brine: HD 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** cutlass (1d6) or fists (1d4); **Move** 12/12 (swimming); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** resist fire (half damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Appendix: Encounter Tables

Using the Encounter Tables

The following tables provide the types of random encounters based on region and season in the Northlands. Most are divided between summer and winter. Since the summers in the Northlands are short, spring and autumn usually use the winter tables except in late spring and very early autumn. Some regions use the same encounter tables regardless of the season.

Checking for Encounters

Regardless of the area, make one encounter check in the morning, one in the afternoon, and one at night.

Nature of an Encounter

If there is an encounter, you roll to find out what it is on the Encounter Table. Encounter Tables represent the creatures (and sometimes events) common to the area. When you roll on the Encounter Table, the table will direct you to an Encounter Number. You may then turn to that specific Encounter Number at the end of the tables to get details on the number of creatures encountered, along with handy summaries of the monster's capabilities in stat-block form.

Risk Level

At the beginning of each area's Encounter Table, there is also a brief note about the area's "Risk Level." This doesn't affect what is rolled on the Encounter Table — it is used when you turn to the back of the chapter to look at the description of the Encounter Number. Each of the encounter descriptions at the back of the chapter indicates different numbers of creatures, or composition of the group, for different Risk Levels. Essentially, the Encounter Table is where you find out *what* you encounter, and referencing the Encounter Number tells you *details* based on the riskiness of the area.

Encounter Tables

Estenfird

Bloody Pass — Summer

Encounter check (morning, noon, night): 01–60 No Encounter, 61–00 Encounter.

Encounters in the Bloody Pass during summer are at the Medium-Risk Level, but any divergence from the lowest path (accidental or not) immediately boosts the area to the High-Risk level.

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
08	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
09–10	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
11	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
12–15	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–22	Deer (Encounter #17)
23–27	Dragon, Red (A) (Encounter #20)
28	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
29–35	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
36	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
37–38	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
39–42	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
43–51	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
52	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
53–55	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
56	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
57–59	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
60–65	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
66	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
67–70	Moose (Encounter #58)
71–75	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
76–80	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
81	Rocs (Encounter #72)
82–88	Trolls (Encounter #95)
89	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
90	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
91–94	Wolves (Encounter #105)
95–96	Worgs (Encounter #108)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Bloody Pass — Winter

Encounter check (morning, noon, night): 01–60 No Encounter, 61–00 Encounter.

Encounters in the Bloody Pass during winter are at the High-Risk Level, and any divergence from the lowest path (accidental or not) immediately boosts the area to the Extreme-Risk level.

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07–09	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
12–13	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
14–15	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
16	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)

d%	Encounter
17–22	Deer (Encounter #17)
23–26	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
27–28	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
29–34	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
35–36	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
37	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
38–44	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
45–54	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
55–56	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
57–60	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
61	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
62–66	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
67	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
68–70	Moose (Encounter #58)
71–73	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
74–75	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
76–78	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
79	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
80	Rocs (Encounter #72)
81–86	Trolls (Encounter #95)
87	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
88–93	Wolves (Encounter #105)
94	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
95–96	Worgs (Encounter #108)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Estenfird Woodlands — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
08	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
09–10	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
11–16	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–19	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
20–25	Deer (Encounter #17)
26–30	Freeholders (Encounter #32)
31–33	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
34–41	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
42–43	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
44–46	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
47–49	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
50	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
51–52	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
53–60	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
61–64	Moose (Encounter #58)
65–66	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
68	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
69–70	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
71–74	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
75–76	Spiders, Giant (Encounter #87)
77–80	Travelers (Encounter #92)
81–85	Trolls (Encounter #95)
86	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
87–93	Wolves (Encounter #105)
94–95	Worgs (Encounter #108)
96–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Estenfird Woodlands — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
08	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
09–10	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
11–16	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–19	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
20–25	Deer (Encounter #17)
26	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
27–31	Freeholders (Encounter #32)
32–34	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
35–37	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
38–42	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
43–44	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
45–47	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
48–50	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
51	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
52–53	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
54–59	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
60–64	Moose (Encounter #58)
65–66	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
67–68	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
69–70	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
71–74	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
75–78	Travelers (Encounter #92)
79–84	Trolls (Encounter #95)
85–86	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
87–92	Wolves (Encounter #105)
93–94	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
95–96	Worgs (Encounter #108)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Troll Axe Pass — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)

d%	Encounter
08	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
09–10	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
11–15	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
16	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
17–22	Deer (Encounter #17)
23	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
24–28	Red Dragon (A) (Encounter #20)
29–30	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
31	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
32	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
33–36	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
37–45	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
46–47	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
48–51	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
52–53	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
54–59	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
60	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
61–65	Mammoth (Encounter #54)
66–69	Mastodon (Encounter #55)
70–74	Moose (Encounter #58)
75	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
76	Rocs (Encounter #72)
77–86	Trolls (Encounter #95)
87–89	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
90	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
91–94	Wolves (Encounter #105)
95–96	Worgs (Encounter #108)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Troll Axe Pass — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07–09	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
12–13	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
14	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
15–20	Deer (Encounter #17)
21–24	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
25–26	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
27–32	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
33	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
34–40	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
41–45	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
46	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
47–50	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
51	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
52–56	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
57	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
58	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
59–64	Mammoth (Encounter #54)
65–69	Mastodon (Encounter #55)
70–72	Moose (Encounter #58)
73–75	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
76	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
77	Rocs (Encounter #72)
78–87	Trolls (Encounter #95)
88–89	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
90–95	Wolves (Encounter #105)
96	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
97–98	Worgs (Encounter #108)
99–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Wyrm Fang Mountains

Encounters in the *foothills* of the Wyrm Fang Mountains are at the "High" Risk Level, and encounters in the mountains *themselves* are at the "Extreme" Risk Level (see encounter descriptions for details of Risk Level).

d%	Encounter
01	Basilisks (Encounter #3)
02–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07–09	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11–12	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
13–14	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
15	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
16–18	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
19–21	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
22–24	Red Dragon (A) (Encounter #20)
25–27	Red Dragon (B) (Encounter #21)
28–34	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
35–36	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
37	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
38–40	Giants, Fire (Encounter #36)
41–46	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
47–55	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
56–58	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
59–61	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
62	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
63–68	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
69–71	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
72–74	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
75–76	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
77–80	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
81–83	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
84	Rocs (Encounter #72)

d%	Encounter
85–90	Trolls (Encounter #95)
91–93	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
94–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Gatland

Gatland Coastline — Summer

d%	Encounter
01	Dragonship (Encounter #25)
02–12	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
13–20	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
21–25	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water-breathing)
26	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water-breathing)
27–37	Merfolk (Encounter #56)
38–48	Otters (Encounter #66)
49–59	Seals (Encounter #75)
60–70	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
71–80	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
81–85	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
86–95	Travelers (Encounter #92)
96–00	Turtle, Giant Snapping (Encounter #97)

Gatland Coastline — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–05	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
06	Dragonship (Encounter #25)
07–16	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39) (hunting)
17–22	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water–breathing)
23	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water–breathing)
24–34	Otters (Encounter #66)
35–45	Seals (Encounter #75)
46–50	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
51–52	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
53–60	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
61–70	Travelers (Encounter #92)
71–85	Turtle, Giant Snapping (Encounter #97)
86–00	Walruses (Encounter #100)

Northern Olf Mountains

d%	Encounter
01	Basilisk (Encounter #3)
02–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07–09	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11–12	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14–18	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
19–20	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
21–27	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
28	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
29–39	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
40–47	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
48–50	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
51–55	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
56–57	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
58–62	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
63–64	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
65	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
66	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
67–68	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
69–71	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
72–74	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
75–76	Rocs (Encounter #72)
77–86	Trolls (Encounter #95)
87–90	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
91–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Hordaland

Forest of Woe — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
08	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
09–10	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
11–15	Blood Hawks (Encounter #10)
16–18	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
19–24	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
25–30	Deer (Encounter #17)
31–33	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
34–39	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
40–44	Grimmswine (Encounter #43)
45–47	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
48	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
49–51	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
52–59	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
60–64	Moose (Encounter #58)
65–69	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
70–71	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
72–73	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
74–75	Spiders, Giant (Encounter #87)
76–80	Trolls (Encounter #95)
81	Vlkodlaks (Encounter #99)
82	Wolverines (Encounter #104)

d%	Encounter
83–88	Wolves (Encounter #105)
89–92	Woodsmen (Encounter #107)
93–95	Worgs (Encounter #108)
96–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Forest of Woe — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
08	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
09–10	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
11–16	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–19	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
20–25	Deer (Encounter #17)
26–28	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
29	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
30–33	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
34–36	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
37–41	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
42	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
43–48	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
49–50	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
51–55	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
56–63	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
64–68	Moose (Encounter #58)
69–70	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
71–72	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
73–74	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
75	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
76–80	Trolls (Encounter #95)
81–83	Vlkodlaks (Encounter #99)
84–85	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
86–91	Wolves (Encounter #105)
92–93	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
94–95	Worgs (Encounter #108)
96–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Hordaland Coastline — Summer

d%	Encounter
01	Dragonship (Encounter #25)
02–10	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
11–15	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
16–20	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
21–25	Landholders (Encounter #49)
26–28	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water-breathing)
29–30	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water-breathing)
31–33	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
34–40	Merfolk (Encounter #56)
41–60	Otters (Encounter #66)
61–65	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
66–70	Seals (Encounter #75)
71–82	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
83–84	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
85–90	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
91–00	Travelers (Encounter #92)

Hordaland Coastline — Winter

d%	Encounter
01	Dragonship (Encounter #25)
02–05	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
06–08	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
09–10	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
11–12	Landholders (Encounter #49)
13–23	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water-breathing)
24–26	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water-breathing)
27–28	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
29–37	Otters (Encounter #66)
38–42	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
43–63	Seals (Encounter #75)
64–75	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
76–77	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
78–87	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
88–90	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
91–93	Travelers (Encounter #92)
94–00	Walruses (Encounter #100)

Moors — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–05	Banshee (Encounter #2)
06–10	Bog Hag (Encounter #13)
11–15	Bog Horse (Encounter #14)
16–20	Bog Hound (Encounter #15)
21–35	Ghouls (Encounter #35)
36–45	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
46–52	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
53–55	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
56–65	Ochre Jelly (Encounter #64)
66–75	Shadows (Encounter #76)
76–85	Travelers (Encounter #92)
86–90	Wights (Encounter #102)
91	Will o' the Wisp (Encounter #103)
92–00	Zombies (Encounter #111)

Moors — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–05	Banshee (Encounter #2)
06–10	Bog Hag (Encounter #13)
11–15	Bog Horse (Encounter #14)
16–20	Bog Hound (Encounter #15)
21–35	Ghouls (Encounter #35)
36–40	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
41–52	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
53–55	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
56–57	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
58–65	Ochre Jelly (Encounter #64)
66–78	Shadows (Encounter #76)
79–85	Travelers (Encounter #92)
86–90	Wights (Encounter #102)
91	Will o' the Wisp (Encounter #103)
92–00	Zombies (Encounter #111)

Hrolfland

Hrolfland Andøvan Mountains

The lower foothills and forests that abut upon the Andøvans are considered a Medium Risk Level for purposes of encounters. The upper foothills and lower mountains, where they rise into the peaks (roughly 5 miles across), are High Risk Level, and the high mountains themselves are to be considered an Extreme Risk Level.

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07–08	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
9–10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
12–13	Blood Hawks (Encounter #10)
14	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
15–16	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–19	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
20–21	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
22–24	Red Dragon (A) (Encounter #20)
25–27	Red Dragon (B) (Encounter #21)
28–32	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
33–36	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
37	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
38–40	Giants, Fire (Encounter #36)
41–46	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
47–55	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
56–57	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
58–61	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
62–63	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
64–68	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
69–70	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
71–74	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
75	Nachtjägers (Encounter #60)
76–78	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
79–81	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
82–83	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
84	Rocs (Encounter #72)
85–86	Thrydregs (Encounter #91)
87–92	Trolls (Encounter #95)
93–95	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
96	Yeti (Encounter #110)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Hrolfland Coastline — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–20	Crabs, Giant (Encounter #16)
21–30	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
31–40	Landholders (Encounter #49)
41–44	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water-breathing)
45	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water-breathing)
46–55	Merfolk (Encounter #56)
56–60	Otters (Encounter #66)
61–65	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
66–70	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
71–73	Ship (Southlander trading cog) (Encounter #81)
74	Ship (Jomsvikings) (Encounter #80)
75	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
76–80	Travelers (Encounter #92)
81–90	Trolls (Encounter #95) (Sea-trolls)
91–00	Wolves (Encounter #105)

Hrolfland Coastline — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–20	Crabs, Giant (Encounter #16)
21–30	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
31–40	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
41–45	Landholders (Encounter #49)
46–50	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water breathing)
51	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water breathing)
52–58	Otters (Encounter #66)
59–63	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
64–67	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
68	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
69–70	Ship (Southlander trading cog) (Encounter #81)
71–75	Travelers (Encounter #92)
76–88	Trolls (Encounter #95) (Sea-trolls)
88–98	Wolves (Encounter #105)
99–00	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)

Hrolfland River Valleys — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–05	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
06–11	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
12–13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14–24	Deer (Encounter #17)
25–35	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
36–40	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
41–45	Grimmswine (Encounter #43)
46–56	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
57–65	Landholders (Encounter #49)
66–70	Moose (Encounter #58)
71–76	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
77–93	Travelers (Encounter #92)
94–00	Wolves (Encounter #105)

Hrolfland River Valleys — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–05	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
06–11	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
12–13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14–24	Deer (Encounter #17)
25–30	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
36–40	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
41–45	Grimmswine (Encounter #43)
46–50	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
51–55	Landholders (Encounter #49)
56–60	Moose (Encounter #58)
61–65	Otters (Encounter #66)
66–70	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
71–80	Travelers (Encounter #92)
81–87	Trolls (Encounter #95)
88–91	Vlkodlaks (Encounter #99)
92–00	Wolves (Encounter #105)

North Sea, The

Bornhølm Sound — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–18	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
19	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water-breathing)
20–24	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
25–34	Otters (Encounter #66)
35–36	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
37–46	Seals (Encounter #75)
47–50	Sharks (Encounter #77)
51–53	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
54–55	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
56	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
57	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
58	Ship (Southlander cog) (Encounter #81)
59	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
60–65	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
66–70	Storm (Encounter #90)
71–75	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
76–86	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
87–91	Walruses (Encounter #100)
92–00	Whales (Encounter #101)

Bornhølm Sound — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–16	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
17–19	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water–breathing)
20	Otters (Encounter #66)
21–30	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
31–32	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
33–38	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
39–42	Seals (Encounter #75)
43–47	Sharks (Encounter #77)
48–54	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
55	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
56–62	Storm (Encounter #90)
63–67	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
68–74	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
75–85	Walruses (Encounter #100)
86–00	Whales (Encounter #101)

Jomsburg Island

d%	Encounter
01–19	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
20–25	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
26–36	Crabs, Giant (Encounter #16)
37–47	Giants, Common (Encounter #38)
48–58	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
59–75	Jomsviking Patrol (Encounter #48)
76–80	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed or normal)
81–85	Spiders, Giant (Encounter #87)
86–00	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)

Kulding Bay — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–18	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
18–19	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water-breathing)
20–29	Otters (Encounter #66)
30–31	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
32–36	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
37–46	Seals (Encounter #75)
41–45	Sharks (Encounter #77)
46–48	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
49	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
50	Ship (Southlander cog) (Encounter #81)
51–52	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
53–55	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
56	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
57–59	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
60–64	Storm (Encounter #90)
65–69	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
70–74	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
75–76	Walruses (Encounter #100)
77–00	Fishermen (Encounter #30)

Kulding Bay — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–18	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
18–19	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water-breathing)
20–29	Otters (Encounter #66)
30–31	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
32–36	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
37–39	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
40–49	Seals (Encounter #75)
44–48	Sharks (Encounter #77)
49–51	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
52–53	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
54–55	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
56–59	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
60–64	Storm (Encounter #90)
65–69	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
70–74	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
75–79	Walruses (Encounter #100)
80–00	Fishermen (Encounter #30)

North Sea — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–14	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
15	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
16–19	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
20–25	Octopus, Giant (Encounter #65)
26	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
27–29	Sea Serpent (Encounter #74)
30–39	Seals (Encounter #75)
40–45	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
46–55	Sharks (Encounter #77)
56–57	Giant Squid (Encounter #89)
58–70	Whales (Encounter #101)
71–74	Becalmed (Encounter #8)
75–80	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
81	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
82–83	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
84–85	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
86	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
87	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
88	Ship (Southlander cog) (Encounter #81)
89	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
90–91	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
92–96	Storm (Encounter #90)
97–00	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)

North Sea — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–09	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
10–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–14	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
15	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
16–19	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
20–25	Octopus, Giant (Encounter #65)
26	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
27–29	Sea Serpent (Encounter #74)
30	Sea Monster (Encounter #73)
31–39	Seals (Encounter #75)
40–45	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
46–55	Sharks (Encounter #77)
56–57	Giant Squid (Encounter #89)
58–68	Whales (Encounter #101)
68–72	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
73–78	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
79–80	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
81–82	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)

d%	Encounter
83	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
84	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
85	Ship (Southlander cog) (Encounter #81)
86	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
87–90	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
91–96	Storm (Encounter #90)
97–00	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)

Seagestre Gulf — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
12–15	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
16–27	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
28–29	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water–breathing)
30–39	Otters (Encounter #66)
40	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
41–46	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
47–57	Seals (Encounter #75)
58–64	Sharks (Encounter #77)
65–70	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
71–78	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
79	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
80	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
81–84	Storm (Encounter #90)
85–89	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
90–94	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
95–96	Walruses (Encounter #100)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Seagestre Gulf — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–09	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
10–11	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
12–15	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
16–17	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
18–19	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water–breathing)
20–25	Otters (Encounter #66)
26	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
27–35	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
36–50	Seals (Encounter #75)
51–64	Sharks (Encounter #77)
65	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
66–69	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
70	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
71–82	Storm (Encounter #90)
83–84	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
85–89	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
90–94	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
95–96	Walruses (Encounter #100)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Virlik Bay—Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
12–15	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
16–17	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water–breathing)
18–20	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
21–30	Otters (Encounter #66)
31	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
32–42	Seals (Encounter #75)
43–44	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
45–50	Sharks (Encounter #77)
55–60	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
61–65	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
66–70	Storm (Encounter #90)
71–73	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
74–84	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
85–88	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
89–94	Walruses (Encounter #100)
95–00	Whales (Encounter #101)

Virlik Bay — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
12–15	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
16–17	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (Water–breathing)
18–20	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
21–25	Otters (Encounter #66)
26	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
27–42	Seals (Encounter #75)
43–44	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
45–50	Sharks (Encounter #77)
55–58	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
59–66	Storm (Encounter #90)
67–72	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
73–84	Trolls (Encounter #95) (sea–trolls)
85–88	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)
89–94	Walruses (Encounter #100)
95–00	Whales (Encounter #101)

Nûkland

Harfin Mountains

d%	Encounter
01–05	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
06–08	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
9–10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11–13	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
14	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
15–18	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
19–24	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
25–35	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
36	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
37–46	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
47–55	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
56–58	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
59–61	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
62	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
63–68	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
69–71	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
72–74	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
75–79	Nûklanders (Encounter #63)
80–81	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
82	Rocs (Encounter #72)
83–88	Trolls (Encounter #95)
89–92	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
93–96	Wyverns (Encounter #109)
97–00	Yeti (Encounter #110)

Taiga Forest

d%	Encounter
01–06	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
07–11	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
11–15	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
16–21	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
22–24	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
25–30	Deer (Encounter #17) (reindeer)
31–36	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
37–41	Grimmswine (Encounter #43)
42–44	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
45	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
46–51	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
52–56	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
57–59	Mastodons (Encounter #55)
60–64	Moose (Encounter #58)
65–69	Nûklander Clan (Encounter #62)
70–71	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
72–73	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
74–75	Treants (Encounter #93)
76–78	Trolls (Encounter #95)
79–81	Vlkodlaks (Encounter #99)
82	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
83–88	Wolves (Encounter #105)
89–92	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
93–95	Worgs (Encounter #108)
96–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Tundra — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–06	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
07–27	Deer (Encounter #17) (reindeer)
28–32	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
33–38	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
39–43	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
44–51	Mastodons (Encounter #55)
52–75	Moose (Encounter #58)
76–86	Nûklander Clan (Encounter #62)
87–90	Vlkodlaks (Encounter #99)
91–95	Wolves (Encounter #105)
96–98	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
99–00	Worgs (Encounter #108)

Tundra — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–06	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
07–27	Deer (Encounter #17) (reindeer)
28–32	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
33–37	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
38–42	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
43–51	Mastodon (Encounter #55)
52–75	Moose (Encounter #58)
76–86	Nûklander Clan (Encounter #62)
87–90	Vlkodlaks (Encounter #99)
91–95	Wolves (Encounter #105)
96–99	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
00	Worgs (Encounter #108)

Seagestreland

Coastal Forest — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–04	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
05–09	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
10–16	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–19	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)

d%	Encounter
20–25	Deer (Encounter #17)
26–28	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
29–35	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
36–39	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
40–42	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
43	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
44–48	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
49–55	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
56–61	Moose (Encounter #58)
62	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
63–64	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
65–68	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
69–75	Slavers (Encounter #86)
76–79	Slave Traders (Encounter #85)
80	Spiders, Giant (Encounter #87)
81–85	Tribal Group (Encounter #94)
86–90	Trolls (Encounter #95) (5%)
91	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
92–99	Wolves (Encounter #105)
00	Worgs (Encounter #108)

Coastal Forest — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–04	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
05–09	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
10–16	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
17–19	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
20–25	Deer (Encounter #17)
26–28	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
29–35	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
36–39	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
40–42	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
43	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
44–48	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
49–53	Lynx, Giant (Encounter #53)
54–61	Moose (Encounter #58)
62	Owl, Giant (Encounter #68)
63–64	Owlbears (Encounter #69)
65–68	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
69–75	Slavers (Encounter #86)
76–79	Slave Traders (Encounter #85)
80	Spiders, Giant (Encounter #87)
81–85	Tribal Group (Encounter #94)
86–90	Trolls (Encounter #95)
91	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
92–97	Wolves (Encounter #105)
98–00	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)

Dnipir Delta

d%	Encounter
01–05	Banshee (Encounter #2)
06–14	Crabs, Giant (Encounter #16)
15–16	Dragon, Black (Encounter #19)
17–31	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
32–37	Ghouls (Encounter #35)
38–42	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
43–45	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
46–56	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
57–65	Ochre Jelly (Encounter #64)
66	Rocs (Encounter #72)
67–68	Sea Serpent (Encounter #74)
69–77	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88)
78–79	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
80–81	Ship (Southlander cog — actually a keelboat) (Encounter #81)
82–90	Trolls (Encounter #95)
91	Will o' the Wisp (Encounter #103)
92–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Vastmir Plains — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–04	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
05–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
06–10	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
11	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
12–25	Deer (Encounter #17) (Antelope)
26–30	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
31	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
32	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
33–36	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
37–46	Mongat Raiders (Encounter #57)
47–57	Moose (Encounter #58)
58–75	Tribal Group (Encounter #94)
76–80	Trolls (Encounter #95)
81–85	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
86–94	Wolves (Encounter #105)
95–96	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
97–00	Worgs (Encounter #108)

Vastmir Plains — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–04	Aurochs, Northlands (Encounter #1)
05–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
06–10	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
11	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
12–25	Deer (Encounter #17)

d%	Encounter
26–30	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
31–35	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
36	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
37	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
38–42	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
43–55	Moose (Encounter #58)
56	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
57–75	Tribal Group (Encounter #94)
76–80	Trolls (Encounter #95)
81–85	Wolverines (Encounter #104)
86–94	Wolves (Encounter #105)
95–96	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
97–00	Worgs (Encounter #108)

Storstrøm Vale

Storm River Valley — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–05	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
06–11	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
12–13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14–24	Deer (Encounter #17)
25–35	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
36–40	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
41–45	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
46–55	Grimmswine (Encounter #43)
56–60	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
61–65	Landholders (Encounter #49)
66–70	Mongat Raiders (Encounter #57)
71–75	Moose (Encounter #58)
76–80	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
81–90	Travelers (Encounter #92)
91–95	Wolves (Encounter #105)
96–00	Woodsmen (Encounter #107)

Storm River Valley—Winter

d%	Encounter
01–05	Beavers, Giant (Encounter #7)
06–11	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
12–13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14–24	Deer (Encounter #17)
25–35	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
36–40	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
41–45	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
46–55	Grimmswine (Encounter #43)
56–58	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
59–63	Landholders (Encounter #49)
64–74	Moose (Encounter #58)
75–79	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
80–86	Travelers (Encounter #92)
87–90	Wolves (Encounter #105)
91–95	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)
96–00	Woodsmen (Encounter #107)

Storstrøm Vale Coastline — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–20	Crabs, Giant (Encounter #16)
21–30	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
31–35	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
36–40	Landholders (Encounter #49)
41–44	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water breathing)
45	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water–breathing)
46–50	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
51–55	Merfolk (Encounter #56)
56–60	Otters (Encounter #66)
61–65	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
66–70	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
71–76	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
77	Ship (Southlander trading cog) (Encounter #81)
78	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
79	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
80–85	Travelers (Encounter #92)
86–92	Trolls (Encounter #95) (Sea–trolls)
93–97	Wolves (Encounter #105)
98–00	Worgs (Encounter #108)

Storstrøm Vale Coastline—Winter

d%	Encounter
01–10	Bears, Black
11–20	Crabs, Giant (Encounter #16)
21–30	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
31–35	Hirthmenn (Encounter #46)
36–40	Landholders (Encounter #49)
41–44	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water breathing)
45	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water–breathing)
46–50	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
51–55	Merfolk (Encounter #56)
56–60	Otters (Encounter #66)
61–65	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
66–71	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
72–77	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
78	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
79	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
80–85	Travelers (Encounter #92)

d%	Encounter
86–92	Trolls (Encounter #95) (Sea–trolls)
93–97	Wolves (Encounter #105)
98–00	Wolves, Winter (Encounter #106)

Waldron Mountains

d%	Encounter
01–06	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
07–09	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11–12	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14–18	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
19–20	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
21–24	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
25–27	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
28	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
29–34	Fur Trappers (Encounter #33)
35–42	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
43–47	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
48–50	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
51–55	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
56–57	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
58–62	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
63–64	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
65	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)
66	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
67–68	Nachtjägers (Encounter #60)
69–72	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
73–74	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
75–76	Rocs (Encounter #72)
77–86	Trolls (Encounter #95)
87–90	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
91–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Western Andøvan Mountains

d%	Encounter
01–04	Bears, Black (Encounter #4)
05–07	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
08–10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11	Berserkers (Encounter #9)
12–13	Blood Hawks (Encounter #10)
14–15	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
16	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
17–19	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
20–21	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
22–24	Red Dragon (A) (Encounter #20)
25–27	Red Dragon (B) (Encounter #21)
28–32	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
33–36	Dwarves (Encounter #27)
37	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
38–40	Giants, Fire (Encounter #36)
41–46	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
47–55	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
56–57	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
58–61	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
62–63	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
64–68	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
69–70	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
71–74	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
75	Nachtjägers (Encounter #60)
76–78	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
79–81	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
82–83	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
84	Rocs (Encounter #72)
85–86	Thrydregs (Encounter #91)
87–92	Trolls (Encounter #95)
93–95	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
96	Yeti (Encounter #110)
97–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Vastavikland

Olf Mountains

d%	Encounter
01–05	Bears, Black (Encounter #4
06–08	Bears, Cave (Encounter #5)
09–10	Bears, Grizzly (Encounter #6)
11–12	Boars, Wild (Encounter #12)
13	Boars, Giant (Encounter #11)
14	Red Dragon (A) (Encounter #20)
15	Red Dragon (B) (Encounter #21)
16–19	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
20–21	Dragon, White (B) (Encounter #23)
22–27	Drake, Frost (Encounter #26)
28	Eagles, Giant (Encounter #28)
29–38	Giants, Fire (Encounter #36)
39–49	Giants, Frost (Encounter #37)
50–57	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39)
58	Giants, Stone (Encounter #40)
59–63	Goats, Mountain (Encounter #41)
64–65	Goats, Giant Mountain (Encounter #42)
66–67	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
68	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
69	Lycanthropes (Encounter #52)

d%	Encounter
70	Mountain Lions (Encounter #59)
71–72	Outlaws (Encounter #67)
73–74	Prospectors (Encounter #70)
75	Remorhaz (Encounter #71)
76	Rocs (Encounter #72)
77–86	Trolls (Encounter #95)
87–90	Trolls, Giant (Encounter #96)
91–00	Wyverns (Encounter #109)

Vastavikland Coastline — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Seals (Encounter #75)
11–20	Otters (Encounter #66)
21–35	Merfolk (Encounter #56)
36–40	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water–breathing)
41–56	Turtle, Giant Snapping (Encounter #97)
57–68	Fishermen (Encounter #30)
69–76	Hunting Party (Encounter #47)
77–82	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
83–88	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
89–90	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
91–98	Travelers (Encounter #92)
99	Dragonship (Encounter #25)
00	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water–breathing)

Vastavikland Coastline — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–10	Seals (Encounter #75)
11–20	Otters (Encounter #66)
21–35	Walruses (Encounter #100)
36–40	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50) (water–breathing)
41–56	Turtle, Giant Snapping (Encounter #97)
57–68	Giants, Hill (Encounter #39) (hunting)
69–75	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
76–82	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
83–84	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
85–90	Dragon, White (A) (Encounter #22)
91–98	Travelers (Encounter #92)
99	Dragonship (Encounter #25)
00	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51) (water–breathing)

The Lands Beyond

Great Ocean Ûthaf — Summer

d%	Encounter
01–10	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
11–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–14	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
15	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
16–19	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
20–25	Octopus, Giant (Encounter #65)
26	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
27–29	Sea Serpent (Encounter #74)
30–39	Seals (Encounter #75)
40–45	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
46–55	Sharks (Encounter #77)
56–57	Giant Squid (Encounter #89)
58–70	Whales (Encounter #101)
71–74	Becalmed (Encounter #8)
75–80	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
81	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
82–83	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
84–85	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
86	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
87	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)
88	Ship (Southlander cog) (Encounter #81)
89	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
90–91	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
92–96	Storm (Encounter #90)
97–00	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)

Great Ocean Ûthaf — Winter

d%	Encounter
01–09	Dolphins (Encounter #18)
10–12	Dragon Turtle (Encounter #24)
13–14	Linnorm (A) (Encounter #50)
15	Linnorm (B) (Encounter #51)
16–19	Narwhals (Encounter #61)
20–25	Octopus, Giant (Encounter #65)
26	Sea Hag (Encounter #44)
27–29	Sea Serpent (Encounter #74)
30	Sea Monster (Encounter #73)
31–39	Seals (Encounter #75)
40–45	Shambling Mounds (Encounter #88) (seaweed)
46–55	Sharks (Encounter #77)
56–57	Giant Squid (Encounter #89)
58–68	Whales (Encounter #101)
68–72	Favorable Winds (Encounter #29)
73–78	Freak Ice Storm (Encounter #31)
79–80	Ship (ghost) (Encounter #79)
81–82	Ship (coasting karve) (Encounter #78)
83	Ship (trading knarr) (Encounter #82)
84	Ship (Jomsviking) (Encounter #80)

d%	Encounter
85	Ship (Southlander cog) (Encounter #81)
86	Ship (viking) (Encounter #83)
87–90	Ship (whaler) (Encounter #84)
91–96	Storm (Encounter #90)
97–00	Unfavorable Winds (Encounter #98)

Encounter List

1. Aurochs, Northlands

Low Risk Level: 1 aurochs
Medium Risk Level: 1d4+1 aurochs
High Risk Level: 1d6+4 aurochs
Extreme Risk Level: 1d6+6 aurochs

Aurochs, Northlands: **HD** 8; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 gore (1d10); **Move** 9; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** /800; **Special**: none.

2. Banshee

Low Risk Level: No encounter
Medium Risk Level: 1 banshee
High Risk Level: 1 banshee (01–75) or 2 banshees (76–00)
Extreme Risk Level: 1 banshee (01–86) or 1d3 banshees (87–00)

Banshee: HD 7; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 1 claw (1d8); **Move** (fly 12); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** Magic or silver to hit; magic resistance 49%; shriek of death (save or die within 2d6 rounds unless *remove curse*); immune to enchantments.

3. Basilisk

Low Risk Level: No basilisk; 1d3 black bears
Medium Risk Level: 1 basilisk
High Risk Level: 1d2 basilisks
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2+1 basilisks

Basilisk: HD 6; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 bite (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: Petrifaction gaze.

4. Bears, Black

Low Risk Level: 1d3 black bears
Medium Risk Level: 1d4 black bears
High Risk Level: 1d4 black bears
Extreme Risk Level: 1d6 black bears

Bear, Black: **HD** 4+1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 1d8 additional damage).

5. Bears, Cave

Low Risk Level: 1d2 cave bears
Medium Risk Level: 1d3 cave bears
High Risk Level: 1d3 cave bears
Extreme Risk Level: 1d4 cave bears

Bear, Cave: **HD** 7; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d10+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 3d6 additional damage). (***Monstrosities*** 38)

6. Bears, Grizzly

Low Risk Level: 1d2 grizzly bears
Medium Risk Level: 1d3 grizzly bears
High Risk Level: 1d3 grizzly bears
Extreme Risk Level: 1d4 grizzly bears

Bear, Grizzly: **HD** 6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d10); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 2d6 additional damage). (***Monstrosities*** 37)

7. Beavers, Giant

Low Risk Level: 1 giant beaver with 1d6 ordinary beavers
Medium Risk Level: 1d2 giant beavers with 1d6 ordinary beavers
High Risk Level: 1d3 giant beavers with 1d6 ordinary beavers
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2+2 giant beavers

Beavers, Giant: **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8+1), 2 claws (1d6), 1 tail (1d6+1); **Move** 9/12 (swim); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: tail slap (100ft radius save or be stunned 1d3 rounds).

8. Becalmed (event)

The wind drops to nothing for 1d4 days. During that time, a ship can progress only at its rowing speed. If it lacks the ability to row, then it makes no progress.

9. Berserkers

Low Risk Level: 1d8 berserkers
Medium Risk Level: 2d8 berserkers with 50% chance of leader
High Risk Level: 3d8 berserkers with leader
Extreme Risk Level: 4d8 berserkers with 2 leaders

Berserker: HD 1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 weapon (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N or C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** +2 to hit in berserk state.
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6hs

Berserker leader (Ftr9): HD 9; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 6; **AL** N or C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus, +4 to hit in berserk state..
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs

10. Blood Hawks

Low-Risk Area: 1d4 blood hawks
Medium-Risk Area: 1d10 blood hawks
High-Risk Area: 1d10+2 blood hawks
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d10+4 blood hawks

Blood Hawk: HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6); **Move** 6 (Flying 36); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None

11. Boars, Giant

Low Risk Level: 1d2 giant boars
Medium Risk Level: 1d3 giant boars
High Risk Level: 1d3 giant boars
Extreme Risk Level: 1d4 giant boars

Boar, Giant: **HD** 5; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (4d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: continues to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0 hit points.

12. Boars, Wild

Low Risk Level: 1d2 wild boars
Medium Risk Level: 1d3 wild boars
High Risk Level: 1d3 wild boars
Extreme Risk Level: 1d4 wild boars

Boar, Wild: **HD** 3+3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (3d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: continue to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0hp. (***Monstrosities*** 48)

13. Bog Hag

Low Risk Level: No encounter, just a spooky feel
Medium Risk Level: 1 bog hag
High Risk Level: 1 bog hag
Extreme Risk Level: 1d3 bog hags

Bog Hag: **HD** 9; **AC** 3 [16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+2, + curse); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: Magic resistance (10%), summon (bog hound or bog horse), curse (with any claw hit, save or either lose level or confusion).

Bog Horse: **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8) and 2 hooves (1d4); **Move** 15 (18 swim); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: None.

Bog Hound: **HD** 3; **HP** 10; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: howl causes save vs. fear

14. Bog Horse

Encounters are always, or 96% of the time, anyway, with a single bog horse. In the Extreme Risk Level there is a 4% chance that the characters have run into a tryly unusual supernatural phenomenon and they encounter 1d6+10 of the creatures acting as a herd.

Bog Horse: **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8) and 2 hooves (1d4); **Move** 15 (18 swim); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: None.

15. Bog Hound

Encounters with bog hounds are with 1d2 of the creatures regardless of the area's Risk Level.

Bog Hound: **HD** 3; **HP** 10; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: howl causes save vs. fear

16. Crabs, Giant

Low Risk Level: 1d3 giant crabs
Medium Risk Level: 1d6 giant crabs
High Risk Level: 3d6 giant crabs
Extreme Risk Level: 4d6 giant crabs

Crab, Giant: **HD** 3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 pincers (1d6+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 74)

17. Deer

Deer are encountered in groups of 1d8+3 regardless of Risk Level. The herd will include either 1d2 ordinary stags (01–75) or 1 giant stag (76–00). Some of these encounters are noted as being with reindeer, but the numbers are the same.

Doe: HD 1; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** none; **Move** 20; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** n/a; **Special:** None.

Stag: HD 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 hooves (1d4) or gore (1d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** None.

Giant Stag: HD 4; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 antlers (2d6); **Move** 20; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** None.

18. Dolphins

Dolphins are encounted in groups of 3d8, regardless of the area's Risk Level.

Dolphin: HD 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 0 (Swim 24); **Save** 16; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** None.

19. Dragon, Black

Low Risk Level: Dragon flies overhead but takes no notice of the ground below
Medium Risk Level: 1 adult black dragon (50% chance to take no notice of ground)
High Risk Level: 1 adult black dragon
Extreme Risk Level: 1 adult black dragon

Adult Black Dragon (7 HD): HD 7 (28hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (3d6); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: Spits acid.

20. Dragon, Red (A)

Low Risk Level: Not dragon; 1 Fire Drake
Medium Risk Level: 1 young red dragon
High Risk Level: 1d2 young red dragons
Extreme Risk Level: 1 adult red dragon and 1d2 young red dragons

Drake, Fire: HD 4; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** Bite (1d6); **Move** 9/30 (flying); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Breath weapon, pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%).

Young Red Dragon (9 HD): HD 9 (18hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), 1 bite (3d10); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Breathes fire (18 hit points or 9 with save).

Adult Red Dragon (10 HD): HD 10 (40hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), 1 bite (3d10); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 5; **AL C; CL/**

XP 12/2000; **Special**: Breathes fire (40 hit points or 20 with save).

21. Dragon, Red (B)

Low Risk Level: Not dragon; 1d2 Fire Drakes
Medium Risk Level: 1 young red dragon
High Risk Level: 1d2 adult red dragons
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2 +1 adult red dragons

Drake, Fire: HD 4; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** Bite (1d6); **Move** 9/30 (flying); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Breath weapon, pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%)

Young Red Dragon (9 HD): HD 9 (18hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), 1 bite (3d10); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Breathes fire (18 hit points or 9 with save).

Adult Red Dragon (10 HD): HD 10 (40hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), 1 bite (3d10); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 5; **AL C; CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: Breathes fire (40 hit points or 20 with save).

22. Dragon, White (A)

Low Risk Level: Not dragon; 1 Frost Drake
Medium Risk Level: 1 adult white dragon
High Risk Level: 1d2 adult white dragons
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2 +1 adult white dragons

Adult White Dragon (6 HD): HD 6 (24hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (2d8); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 11; **AL C; CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: breathes cone of frost (70ft long 30ft wide cone, 35hp damage, save half).

23. Dragon, White (B)

Low Risk Level: Not dragon; 1 Frost Drake
Medium Risk Level: 1 medium, adult white dragon
High Risk Level: 1d2 large, old adult white dragons
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2 large, old white dragons and 1 adult white dragon

Drake, Frost: HD 5; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (1d8), 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 12 (18 fly); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** frost breath weapon, range 50ft, radius 20ft, damage 5d6 (save for half); saving throw to stand or move in area.

Adult White Dragon (6 HD): HD 6 (24hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (2d8); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 11; **AL C; CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: breathes cone of frost (70ft long 30ft wide cone, 35hp damage, save half).

Old White Dragon: **HD** 7 (35hp); **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: breathes frost (70ft long 30ft wide cone, 30hp damage, save half).

24. Dragon Turtle

Low Risk Level: No encounter (01–95) or 1 dragon turtle (91–00)
Medium Risk Level: 1 dragon turtle
High Risk Level: 1 dragon turtle
Extreme Risk Level: 1 dragon turtle (01–60) or 2 dragon turtles (61–00)

Dragon Turtle: **HD** 12; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (3d10); **Move** 3 (swim 9); **Save** 4; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: break ships, breathes steam (90ft long 30ft wide cone, full hp damage, save half).

25. Dragonship

A dragonship is an animated sailing vessel—essentially a massive wood golem in the form of a longship. It is identical to a longship in every way except that it is only 20 feet long. It has a standard square-rigged sail, and 10 oars (5 on each side). The front of the ship sports a great wooden dragon-like figurehead. It has a near perfect knowledge of local sea charts and navigation routes. It can be told a destination and it will sail there by the quickest route possible. As a sailing vessel a dragonship has a crew of 30 and can carry up to 35 tons of cargo. At will, a dragonship can cause winds to fill its sails to carry it along. Three times a day, a dragonship can breathe a line of fire up to 30 feet that does 8d6 points of damage (save for half). A dragonship is vulnerable to fire, and takes one-and-a-half times damage from fire-based spells. No other magic harms a dragonship.

Only one dragonship is encountered, regardless of an area's Risk Level.

The dragonship's crew is either supernatural in some way, or is commanded by an unusually powerful owner. Roll 1d20: on a roll of 1–15, the ship is crewed by undead beings; on a roll of 16–20 it is a crew of humans commanded by a magic-user (who is most likely not a Northlander).

Human Crew: 1d8+10 vikings and 2 officers, led by a magic-user of eigth level

Undead Crew: 1d8+10 brine zombies, led by 2 wights and a wraith

Dragonship: HD 20; **HP** 100; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 4 slams (2d6+2) and 1 bite (1d8+2); **Move** 18 (on water); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 25/5300; **Special**: Breath weapon, vulnerable to fire, winds, immune to non-fire magic.

Human Crew:

Officer (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Varies; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer..

Equipment: Chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100hs

Viking Crew (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.

Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), longsword, longbow, belt pouch with 1d10hs

Warlock (MU8): HD 8; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** +2 save vs. spells, spells (4/3/3/2).

Spells: 1st—*charm person* (x2), *shield, sleep*; 2nd—*mirror image, phantasmal force, web*; 3rd—*fireball, protection from normal missiles, slow*; 4th—*confusion, ice storm*.

Equipment: robes, staff, magic item (roll 1d6, 1: *wand of lightning*, 2: *ring of protection* +1 or +2, 3: *wand of fear* or of *cold*, 4: *bracers of defense* 3[16], 5: *boots of flying*, 6: *scroll* with duplicates of the 3rd level spells), belt pouch containing approximately 5000gp in gems and coins.

Undead Crew:

Wight: **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** claw (1 plus level drain); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: drain 1 level per hit, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

Wraith: **HD** 4; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** touch (1d6 plus level drain); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: drain 1 level

per hit, silver (half-damage) or +1 or better weapons to hit, resistant to silver and magic arrows (1hp/hit).

Brine zombies are the remnants of a ship's crew that has perished at sea. They are mindless creatures, not very pleasant to look at, and relentless in their attacks on the living.

Zombie, Brine: HD 4; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or 1 hand (1d4); **Move** 12 (12 swim); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: Resist fire (half damage)
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longsword, belt pouch with 1d10hs

26. Drake, Frost

Low Risk Level: No frost drake; ravens fly from cover
Medium Risk Level: 1 frost drake
High Risk Level: 2 frost drakes
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2+1 frost drakes

Drake, Frost: HD 5; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (1d8), 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 12 (18 fly); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** frost breath weapon, range 50ft, radius 20ft, damage 5d6 (save for half); saving throw to stand or move in area.

27. Dwarves

Low Risk Level: 1d8+3 dwarves
Medium Risk Level: 1d8+3 dwarves with a senior dwarf
High Risk Level: 1d8+4 dwarves with 2 senior dwarves and a dwarven leader
Extreme Risk Level: 1d10+4 dwarves with 1d6+2 senior dwarves and a dwarven leader

Dwarf: HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 weapon (1d8) or sling (1d4); **Move** 6; **Save** 17; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: Detect attributes of stonework, +4 save vs. magic.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, war hammer or axe, sling, belt pouch containing 2d6gp

Senior Dwarf (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12 (12 mounted); **Save** 12; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** +4 save vs. all magic, 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, mule, belt pouch containing 450gp

Dwarven Leader (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 weapon (1d8) or sling (1d4); **Move** 6; **Save** 10; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Detect attributes of stonework, +4 save vs. magic, 5 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: plate mail, shield, war hammer or axe, sling, 20% chance of *potion of healing*, 20% chance of +1 weapon, belt pouch containing 2d6 x100gp

28. Eagles, Giant

Low-Risk Area: 1 giant eagle
Medium-Risk Area: 1d4 giant eagles
High-Risk Area: 1d6+1 giant eagles
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d8+1 giant eagles

Giant Eagle: HD 4; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 talons (1d4), 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 3 (Fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** None.

29. Favorable Winds

There is a 60% chance that this event is preceded by sighting 3d6 dolphins in the distance. The winds turn well and strong; the gods must be smiling on the journey. The voyage is shortened by 1 day.

30. Fishermen

Encounters with fishermen are the same regardless of Risk Level of the area

A fishing knarr plies the waters off the coast. Men with nets drag them behind the boat while others work hooked lines from the bow of the vessel. The small ship has a crew of 1d6+10, one of whom serves as captain. They attempt to avoid conflict, raising anchor and raising the sail to drift away from shore to try to avoid any hostilities. There is a 30% chance that they have a cargo of fresh fish on board worth 1d10 x 5 hs in any large settlement.

Fishermen: HD 1 (d6); **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: None. **Equipment:** leather armor, axe, short bow, belt pouch with 1d6hs

31. Freak Ice Storm

A storm of ice, sleet, and hail hammers down from the sky. Note: this can happen during summer or winter in the Northlands. Under the ***Swords & Wizardry*** ship combat rules, a longship has 10 structural points unless it has previously been damaged. The storm lasts for 1d6 hours, and each hour causes a series of results (check for each result, not just one).

Check each category each hour:

1	*Structural damage:* 1d2 points of structural damage (01–75) or 1d3 points (76–00)
2	*Injuries to crew:* 2d6 randomly determined crew members (not just characters, include the NPC crew when determining who takes damage) take damage of 1d4 hit points. It is possible for a crew member to be "hit" multiple times.
3	*Knocked unconscious*: 1d3 randomly determined crew members (including characters) may be knocked unconscious by chunks of ice or falling due to icy surfaces. A saving throw is allowed at a penalty of –4.

32. Freeholders

Freeholders are a rugged, independent folk beholden to none. They work their land as freemen and travel as they please, answering only to the local Thing assembled from their own ranks. They are generally encountered traveling to or from their homes, working their fields, cutting timber for their fires, checking traps for game, or otherwise attending to their own business in their own way. They greet visitors in a cautious, but friendly, manner, remaining courteous unless the characters become hostile. If they offer hospitality, they will be insulted if the characters try to offer some sort of payment in return.

Low-Risk Area: 1d10 Freeholders and 1d4 dogs
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6 Freeholders and 1d4+1 dogs
High-Risk Area: 3d6 Freeholders and 1d4+2 dogs
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 Freeholders, lost and terrified

Dogs: HD 2; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None.

Freeholders: HD 1 (d8); **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 1 spear or battle-axe (1d8), or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, battle-axe, belt pouch with 1d6gp

33. Fur Trappers

Most encounters will be with human trappers.

Low-Risk Area: 1 fur trapper
Medium-Risk Area: 1 fur trapper
High-Risk Area: 1d4+2 fur trappers
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d4+4 fur trappers
Fur trappers usually work by themselves in the safer regions of the world, but in dangerous areas the encounter is with a group of trappers seeking the pelts of large, often giant, often deadly beasts.

Fur Trapper (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 battle-axe (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Ring mail, battle-axe, longbow, dagger, mule, cold-weather gear, furs worth 4d4 x100hs.

34. Gargoyles

Low-Risk Area: 1 gargoyle
Medium-Risk Area: 1d4 gargoyles
High-Risk Area: 1d6+1 gargoyles
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d8+1 gargoyles

Gargoyle: HD 4; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d4), 1 horn (1d6); **Move** 9 (Fly 15); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: Fly, magic weapon required to hit.

35. Ghouls

Low-Risk Area: 1 ghoul
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6+1 ghouls
High-Risk Area: 1d6+6 ghouls
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+6 ghouls with 1d6 ghasts

Ghast: HD 4; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Stench, paralyzing touch.

Ghoul: **HD** 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm, touch causes paralysis for 3d6 turns (save avoids).

36. Giants, Fire

Low-Risk Area: 1 Fire giant
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 Fire giants
High-Risk Area: 1d3 Fire giants
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+1 Fire giants

Fire Giant: HD 11+ 1d4hp; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 weapon (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** Hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

37. Giants, Frost

Low-Risk Area: 1 Frost giant
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 Frost giants
High-Risk Area: 1d3 Frost giants
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3+1 Frost giants with 1d2 cave bears

Frost Giant: HD 10 + 1d4hp; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 weapon (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** Hurl Boulders (4d6), immune to cold.

Cave Bear: HD 7; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), 1 bite (1d10+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Hug (3d6).

38. Giants, Common

Low-Risk Area: 1 common giant
Medium-Risk Area: 1d3 common giants
High-Risk Area: 1d6+2 common giants
Extreme-Risk Area: 2d6 common giants

Giant, Common: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or fists (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft).
Equipment: ring shirt, iron helm, wooden shield, heavy longsword, pouch with 1d4 x500gp worth of coins and small gems.

39. Giants, Hill

If the encounter description does not state a random number of giants, then there are 1d4 of them. Hill giants have a 25% chance to be encountered with 1d2+1 pet cave bears

Low-Risk Area: 1 hill giant
Medium-Risk Area (1d3):

1	1d2 hill giants
2	1d2 hill giants with 1d2 cave bears
3	1d2 hill giants with 1d3 ogres

High-Risk Area (1d3):

1	1d3 hill giants
2	1d3 hill giants with 1d2 cave bears
3	1d3 hill giants with 1d3 ogres

Extreme-Risk Area (1d3):

1	1d6 hill giants
2	1d4 hill giants with 1d2 cave bears
3	1d4 hill giants with 1d3 ogres

Hill Giant: HD 8+2; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 club (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: Throw boulders (2d6).
Equipment: club, bag containing 1d6x500gp worth of varied treasure.

Cave Bear: HD 7; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), 1 bite (1d10+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Hug (3d6).

Ogre: HD 4+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** None.
Equipment: club, pouch with 1d6 x100gp worth of treasure

40. Giants, Stone

Low-Risk Area: 1 stone giant
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 stone giants
High-Risk Area: 1d3 stone giants
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d4 stone giants

Stone Giant: HD 9+3; **AC** 0 [19]; **Atk** 1 club (3d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: Throw boulders.
Equipment: club, bag containing 1d8 x500gp worth of varied treasure.

41. Goats, Mountain

Low Risk Level: 1d4+3 Mountain Goats
Medium Risk Level: 1d4+3 Mountain Goats
High Risk Level: 1d3 Mountain Goats
Extreme Risk Level: 1d4 Mountain Goats with 1 Giant Mountain Goat

Giant Mountain Goat: HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 gore (2d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** +4 damage on charge.

Mountain Goat: HD 1; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 gore (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: +4 damage on charge.

42. Goats, Mountain (Giant)

Low Risk Level: 1d2 Giant Mountain Goats and 1d4 Mountain Goats
Medium Risk Level: 1d3 Giant Mountain Goats and 1d4 Mountain Goats
High Risk Level: 1d4 Giant Mountain Goats and 1d6 Mountain Goats
Extreme Risk Level: 1d6 Giant Mountain Goats and 2d6 Mountain Goats

Giant Mountain Goat: HD 3; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 gore (2d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: +4 damage on charge.

Mountain Goat: HD 1; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 gore (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: +4 damage on charge.

43. Grimmswine

See Chapter 5 for description of new monsters.

Low-Risk Area: 1d4 wild boar, no grimmswine
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 grimmswine
High-Risk Area: 1d4+1 grimmswine
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+1 grimmswine

Boar, Wild: **HD** 3+3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (3d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: continue to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0hp. (***Monstrosities*** 48)

Grimmswine: **HD** 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 gore (4d4); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: regenerate 1/round, bristles continues to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0 hit points.

44. Hag, Sea

Low-Risk Area: No encounter
Medium-Risk Area: 1 sea hag (01–85) or 2 sea hags (86–00)
High-Risk Area: 1d2 sea hags
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d2+1 sea hags

Sea Hag: HD 3; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d4); **Move** 6 (Swim 18); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Death gaze (3/day, 30ft range, subject must meet gaze, save or die), weakness gaze (Strength reduced by half for 1d6 turns, save negates).

45. Harpies

Low-Risk Area: 1 harpy
Medium-Risk Area: 1d4 harpies with 20% chance to be accompanied by 1d3 blood hawks
High-Risk Area: 1d6+1 harpies with 30% chance to be accompanied by 1d4 blood hawks
Extreme-Risk Area: 2d10 harpies with 1d6 blood hawks

Blood Hawk: HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6); **Move** 6 (Flying 36); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None

Harpy: HD 3; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 2 talons (1d3) and weapon (1d6); **Move** 6 (Fly 18); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: Flight, siren-song.

46. Hirthmenn

Hirthmenn are relatively wealthy farmers, with enough income to afford to arm and armor themselves with a suit of chainmail, a heavy wooden shield, several spears, an axe, a sword, and possibly a riding horse as well. They usually train in small units during peacetime, and form the main body of a Northlander fighting force during wartime. Hirthmenn will usually be encountered while training, or while hunting down some sort of manageable threat such as a minor monster.

The units shown here, composed entirely of level-one fighters, are the relative elites one will encounter in more dangerous areas, comprised solely of veteran warriors. Hirthmenn encountered in settlements, as opposed to wilderness encounter tables, would include a number of less-trained warriors not yet having the capabilities of a level-one fighter.

Low-Risk Area: 1d6+3 hirthmenn
Medium-Risk Area: 2d6+2 hirthmenn with 75% chance of a captain
High-Risk Area: 3d6 hirthmenn with 1 captain
Extreme-Risk Area: 4d6 hirthmenn with 2 captains

Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 10; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, saddlebags with 3d6 x100hs (some in gems), warhorse, saddle, etc.

Warhorse: HD 3; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d2), 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 18; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** None.

Hirthmenn (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), longsword, camping gear, riding horse, belt pouch with 1d10hs

47. Hunting Party

Hunting parties are usually composed of Northlander freeholders, hunting to put food on their tables. They observe the characters to make sure they are not brigands or raiders, and are quietly polite if noticed.

Low-Risk Area: 1d6 hunters
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6 hunters with 1 leader
High-Risk Area: 1d4 hunters with 1d3 +1 leader
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d4 hunters with 1d6+2 leaders

Hunter: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 longbow (1d6) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: leather armor, longbow, dagger, camping gear, belt pouch containing 1d6hs).

Hunting Party Leader (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: leather armor, longbow, dagger, camping gear, belt pouch containing 1d6 x10hs).

48. Jomsviking Patrol

Jomsviking patrols are similar regardless of an area's Risk Level. The patrol includes 1d6+3 Jomsvikings, 1 leader, and 1d3 common giants patrolling the island in search of intruders. They attack anyone they see, on sight.

Giant, Common: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or fists (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft).
Equipment: ring shirt, iron helm, wooden shield, longsword, black cloak, club, 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 4d20hs.

Jomsvikings (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), axe, longbow, belt pouch with 1d10hs

Jomsviking Leader (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 battle-axe (1d8+1) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, battle-axe, longbow, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

49. Landholders

Landholders are encountered traveling to or from their homes, working their fields, cutting timber for their fires, checking traps for game, or otherwise attending to their own business. Landholders of the Northlands enjoy a freedom unrivalled virtually anywhere else in the world. Only the settlers of Estenfird enjoy more liberty to set their own course in life. The landholders work their land as freemen and, though they generally swear allegiance to a jarl or other local strongman for protection and to bring justice in the small matters, their burden of fealty is light and in truth, they answer primarily only to the local Thing assembled from their own ranks. They greet visitors who show no hostile intent in a friendly manner and are happy to discuss their crops, the weather, and the latest news. It is likely that they will invite travelers to dinner.

Low Risk Level: 1d10+3 landholders
Medium Risk Level: 1d10+5 landholders
High Risk Level: No encounter
Extreme Risk Level: No encounter

Landholder: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6), 1 longbow (1d6) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: leather armor, longbow, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d6hs).

50. Linnorm A

Linnorms may be encountered in the water or on land. Linnorms encountered in the water are water-breathing creatures, usually with vestigial back legs or flippers for back legs. They still usually have front claws.

Low Risk Level: no linnorm at this risk level. Squirrels are in a nearby tree, or fish swim by.
Medium Risk Level: 1 linnorm (8HD)
High Risk Level: 1 linnorm (8HD)
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2 linnorms (8HD)

Linnorm (8HD): HD 8; **HP** 32 (average); **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** bite (1d8+8), 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 911/1700; **Special:** Magic resistance 40% to all but fire magic (double damage inflicted), +1 weapon (or weapon under *bless* spell) required to hit, frost breath weapon (70 ft long, base 30 ft., 8d6, save for half damage, usable once/3 rounds), aura of fear (80ft radius suffer one of the following effects: 01–50: paralyzed with fear for 1d4+1 rounds; 56–00: run for 1d4+1 rounds, save negates), bathing in blood heals 2d10 hit points and grants a permanent increase in strength of +1 to 1 creature.

51. Linnorm B

Linnorms may be encountered in the water or on land. Linnorms encountered in the water are water-breathing creatures, usually with vestigial back legs or flippers for back legs. They still usually have front claws.

Low Risk Level: no linnorm at this risk level. Replace with "Deer" or "sharks," as applicable.
Medium Risk Level: 1 linnorm (11HD)
High Risk Level: 1 linnorm (11HD)
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2 linnorms (11HD)

Linnorm (11HD): HD 11; **HP** 44 (average); **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** bite (1d8+8), 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** Magic resistance 40% to all but fire magic (double damage inflicted), +1 weapon (or weapon under *bless* spell) required to hit, frost breath weapon (70 ft long, base 30 ft., 8d6, save for half damage, usable once/3 rounds), aura of fear (80ft radius suffer one of the following effects: 01–50: paralyzed with fear for 1d4+1 rounds; 56–00: run for 1d4+1 rounds, save negates), bathing in blood heals 2d10 hit points and grants a permanent increase in strength of +1 to 1 creature.

52. Lycanthropes

The encounter is with lycanthropes, all of the same type and probably in human form.

Low-Risk Area: treat as no encounter
Medium-Risk Area: 1d3 lycanthropes (see table)
High-Risk Area: 1d6 lycanthropes

Extreme-Risk Area: 2d6 lycanthropes

Lycanthropes

1d6	Encounter
1–2	Wereboar
3–4	Werebear
5–6	Werewolf

Werebear: HD 7+3; **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (2d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** N or C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: Lycanthropy.

Wereboar: HD 5+2; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 bite (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N or C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: Lycanthropy, hit only by magic or silver weapons

Werewolf: HD 4+4; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Lycanthropy, hit only by magic or silver weapons.

53. Lynx, Giant

Low-Risk Area: 1 Giant Lynx
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 Giant Lynx
High-Risk Area: 1d4 Giant Lynx
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d4+1 Giant Lynx

Giant Lynx: HD 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d2), 1 bite (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** Rear claws if both front claw attacks hit, surprise on 1–5 on d6.

54. Mammoth

Low-Risk Area: 1 mammoth
Medium-Risk Area: 1 mammoth
High-Risk Area: 1d3 mammoths
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6 mammoths

Mammoth: HD 12; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 trunk (1d10), 2 gore (1d10+4), 2 trample (2d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** None.

55. Mastodon

Low-Risk Area: 1 mastodon
Medium-Risk Area: 1 mastodon
High-Risk Area: 1d2 mastodons
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 mastodons

Mastodon: HD 15; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 trunk (2d6), 2 gore (1d12+2), 2 trample (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** None.

56. Merfolk

Low-Risk Area: 1d4 merfolk
Medium-Risk Area: 1d4+2 merfolk
High-Risk Area: 1d6+2 merfolk
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d10+5 merfolk

Merfolk: HD 1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 weapon (1d6); **Move** 1 (Swim 18); **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** Breathe water.
Equipment: trident or spear, pouch containing 1d6 small pearls (10gp each)

57. Mongat Raiders

These raiders attack anyone they find, but do not fight to the death. All can use their shortbows while mounted, and their riding horses are trained not to panic during combat.

Low-Risk Area: 1d3+5 Mongat Raiders
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6+10 Mongat Raiders with 2 ride-leaders
High-Risk Area: 5d6 Mongat Raiders with 1d4+1 ride-leaders and 1 raid-chief
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+10 Mongat Raiders with 2 ride-leaders and 1 raid-chief

Mongat Raid-Chief (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 lance (2d4+1+1), scimitar (1d8+1) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, lance, scimitar (longsword), dagger, shortbow, saddlebags with 3d6 x100hs (some in gems), riding horse, saddle, etc.

Mongat Raider: HD 6 hit points; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 lance (2d4+1), scimitar (1d8) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: Ring mail, lance, scimitar (longsword), belt pouch containing 1d10hs, riding horse, saddle, etc.

Mongat Ride-Leader (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 lance (2d4+1), scimitar (1d8) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** multiple attacks (3) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.
Equipment: Ring mail, lance, scimitar (longsword), belt pouch containing 1d3 x100hs, riding horse, saddle, etc.

58. Moose

In some cases a bounty may be paid for killing a particular moose, if a landowner bears a grudge against it for destroying crops or having bitten his sister.

Low-Risk Area: 1d3 moose with 1d3 squirrels
Medium-Risk Area: 1d4+2 moose
High-Risk Area: 1d4+1 moose with 1 giant moose
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6 moose with 1d3 giant moose

Giant Moose: HD 9; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** Butt (2d6) and 2 hooves (1d8); **Move** 16; **Save** 7; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** Surprise on roll of 1–2 on 1d6

Moose (normal): HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** Butt (1d8) or 2 hooves (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** None

59. Mountain Lions

Low Risk Level: 1 Mountain Lions
Medium Risk Level: 1d3 Mountain Lions
High Risk Level: 1d3 Mountain Lions
Extreme Risk Level: 1d4 Mountain Lions

Mountain Lion (panther): HD 3; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 16; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: Additional rear claw attacks when hitting with both front claws.

60. Nachtjägers

Low-Risk Area: 1 nachtjäger
Medium-Risk Area: 1d3 nachtjägers
High-Risk Area: 1d4+1 nachtjägers
Extreme-Risk Area: 2d6+1 nachtjägers

Nachtjäger: HD 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d4) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 9/18 fly; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: cause fire (3/day, range 30ft, 1 target with 6+ on d20 to hit, 1d8 damage).

61. Narwhals

Some narwhals are highly intelligent and benign, Lawful in alignment, while others are normal whales. Regardless of an area's Risk Level, encounters are with 1d4+4 narwhals. If there are 7 or 8 narwhals in the group, one of them will be intelligent and of Lawful alignment. Otherwise, all the whales are normal (although they still have magic resistance).

Narwhal: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** gore (2d6) or slam (1d8); **Move** 0 (swim 18); **Save** 12; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** magic resistance (15%)

62. Nûklander Clan

An entire family of nomadic Nûk elves. Regardless of Risk Level, the group consists of the following:

3d4 Nûk fighters
3d6+6 noncombatant elderly and children
1d8 sled dogs,
2d4+3 domesticated reindeer being used as pack beasts
1d3 sleds each with an additional 10 dogs

The Nûk make signs of peace and friendship when they see the characters. They approach openly and attempt to trade with them for steel tools and weapons, armor, and woven textiles in exchange for hunks of frozen seal blubber, scrimshaw, and seal pelts. The total value of their belongings is 1d4 x 100 hs value of these kinds of items.

Dogs: HD 2; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None.

Nûkland Elves (Ftr 3): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Leather armor, longsword, longbow, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100hs worth of gems and coin.

Reindeer: HD 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 hooves (1d4) or gore (1d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** None.

63. Nûklanders

This is a group of Nûk elves bundled in their traditional sealskin and fur parkas, with heavy boots and hoods. If approached in friendly fashion, they make small talk and smoke small clay pipes while they chat, sharing reindeer jerky that they carry in their packs.

Regardless of Risk Level, the encounter is with 2d6 of the Nûk elves. One is equipped with a *+1 longsword*, and one carries a *+1 longbow*.

Nûkland Elves (Ftr 3): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Leather armor, longsword, longbow, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100hs worth of gems and coin.

64. Ochre Jelly

Low-Risk Area: No encounter
Medium-Risk Area: 1 ochre jelly
High-Risk Area: 1 ochre jelly
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 ochre jellies

Ochre Jelly: HD 6; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** 1 acid-laden strike (3d4); **Move** 3; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Lightning divides creature.

65. Octopus, Giant

Low-Risk Area: 1 giant octopus
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 giant octopi
High-Risk Area: 1d2+1 giant octopi
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+1 giant octopi

Giant Octopus: HD 4; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 8 tentacles (1d3); **Move** 3/9 (swimming); **Save** 13; **AL** N or C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Jet, ink, contriction.

66. Otters

This is an encounter with 2d8 normal otters (or sea-otters in deeper waters).

67. Outlaws

Low-Risk Area: 1d6 outlaws with 1 ex-huscarl
Medium-Risk Area: 2d6 outlaws with 1 captain
High-Risk Area: 3d6 outlaws with 2 ex-huscarls and 1 captain
Extreme-Risk Area: 5d6 outlaws with 3 ex-huscarls, 2 captains, and 1 chief

These 3d4 outlaws are desperate men. They have received the judgment of the Thing and have chosen a life of banditry and living on the run rather than face their punishment. In most cases, they have been convicted as oath breakers, thieves, or murderers. Since all of these crimes carry a death sentence and the forfeiture of property, they have nothing to lose in their new vocation. Most secretly hope to amass enough of a fortune from waylaying travelers and raiding homesteads to be able to obtain a ship and crew, or perhaps to travel to a distant land and establish their own jarldom where they and their crimes are unknown. Since they are consigned to Hel's dominion and have nothing but a pike on which to mount their heads waiting for them should they be captured, they have no compunctions about murdering anyone they encounter who might report their presence to the local freeholders. They are unlikely to surrender.

Outlaws: HD 1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 battle-axe (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, short bow, belt pouch with 1d10gp

Ex-Huscarl (Ftr 3): HD 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Varies; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Ring mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100gp

Outlaw Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **HP** ; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 10; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 5/240;

Special: multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, saddlebags with 2d6 x100gp (some in gems)

Outlaw Chief (Ftr9): HD 9; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 6; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: plate mail, shield, longsword, dagger, saddlebags with 3d6 x100gp (some in gems)

68. Owl, Giant

Encounters are with a solitary giant owl regardless of the area's Risk Level. Giant owls are intelligent, and will avoid contact with potentially strong opponents unless there is a reason (in the owl's mind) to communicate.

Giant Owl: HD 4; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), 1 bite (1d6+1); **Move** 3 (Fly 20); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Flies silently, –2 to all die rolls in bright light.

69. Owlbears

Low-Risk Area: 1 owlbear
Medium-Risk Area: 2 owlbears
High-Risk Area: 4 owlbears
Extreme-Risk Area: 6 owlbears

Owlbear: HD 5+1; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), 1 bite (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: hug for additional 2d8 if to-hit roll is 18+.

70. Prospectors

Low-Risk Area: 2d6 prospectors
Medium-Risk Area: 2d6 prospectors
High-Risk Area: 3d6 prospectors
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d2 prospectors in deep trouble

This is an encounter with a group of prospectors (probably Northlanders). They are an insular lot, jealous of the creeks they have staked out in their quest for the motherlode, and they see anyone outside of their group as a threat to beating them to their prize. They may agree to some small amount of trade with interested characters, and may also give warning about a nearby creature to be encountered (go ahead and make your random encounter roll in advance), having seen signs of that type of creature in the area. Each prospector has 2d6 x 10 hs in gold dust and small nuggets that they have panned from the rivers.

Prospector (Ftr 3): HD 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Varies; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Ring mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch containing 2d6 x10hs

71. Remorhaz

Low Risk Level: No Remorhaz at this risk level. White rabbits run from cover.
Medium Risk Level: 1 Remorhaz (8HD)
High Risk Level: 1 Remorhaz (1d3+7HD)
Extreme Risk Level: 1d2 Remorhaz (1d6+7HD)

Remorhaz (8 HD): HD 8; **AC** 0 [19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: melt weapons.

Remorhaz (9 HD): HD 9; **AC** 0 [19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL N; CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: melt weapons.

Remorhaz (10 HD): HD 10; **AC** 0 [19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL N; CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: swallow whole on natural 20, melt weapons.

Remorhaz (11 HD): HD 11; **AC** 0 [19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL N; CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: swallow whole on natural 20, melt weapons.

Remorhaz (12 HD): HD 12; **AC** 0 [19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL N; CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: swallow whole on natural 20, melt weapons.

Remorhaz (13 HD): HD 13; **AC** 0 [19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL N; CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: swallow whole on natural 20, melt weapons.

72. Rocs

Low-Risk Area: 1 roc
Medium-Risk Area: 1 roc
High-Risk Area: 1d2 rocs
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 rocs

Roc: HD 12; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 bite (3d6), 2 claws (2d6); **Move** 3 (Fly 30); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: None.

73. Sea Monster

Low-Risk Area: no encounter
Medium-Risk Area: no encounter
High-Risk Area: 1 sea monster
Extreme-Risk Area: 1 sea monster

Sea Monster: HD 30; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 1 bite (4d10); **Move** 0 (Swim 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 31/7700; **Special:** Swallow whole.

74. Sea Serpent

Any encounter is with a single sea serpent, regardless of the area's Risk Level.

Sea Serpent: HD 15; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (2d12); **Move** 0 (Swim 20); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** Swallow whole (when rolls 4+ over required to-hit number, always on natural 20).

75. Seals

Seals are a purely non-combat encounter with 1d8 seals (regardless of an area's Risk Level). For hunting purposes they are HD 2, AC 8[11].

76. Shadows

Low-Risk Area: 1 shadow
Medium-Risk Area: 1d3 shadows (75%); otherwise, 1d6 shadows
High-Risk Area: 1d6 shadows

Extreme-Risk Area: 1d10 shadows

Shadow: HD 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 touch (1d4 + strength drain); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: Drain 1 point str with hit, hit only by magic weapons.

77. Sharks

Blood in the water causes a feeding frenzy and attracts 2d6 more sharks.

Low-Risk Area: 1d6 small sharks
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6 small sharks, 1d3 medium sharks
High-Risk Area: 1d6 medium sharks, 1d3 large sharks, 50% chance of giant shark
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6 large sharks, 1d3 giant sharks

Small Shark (4HD): HD 4; AC 6[13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4+1); Move 0 (Swim 24); Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Feeding frenzy (1 in 6 chance to attack another shark rather than a human).

Medium Shark (6HD): HD 6; AC 6[13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+2); Move 0 (Swim 24); Save 11; AL N; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Feeding frenzy (1 in 6 chance to attack another shark rather than a human).

Large Shark (7HD): HD 7; AC 6[13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+4); Move 0 (Swim 24); Save 9; AL N; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Feeding frenzy (1 in 6 chance to attack another shark rather than a human).

Giant Shark: HD 13; AC 5[14]; Atk 1 bite (1d10+8); Move 0 (Swim 18); Save 3; AL N; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Feeding frenzy (1 in 6 chance to attack another shark rather than a human).

78. Ship (coasting karve)

These are broad-beamed longships used for carrying bulk cargo such as cattle or foodstuffs. The number encountered is 1 regardless of an area's Risk Level. Coasting karves are usually only encountered in coastal waters. The traders will flee from any hostile encounter, dumping cargo if necessary. These ships have a crew of 1d10+10 led by a ship's master, and carry cargo worth 1d10 x 100 hs in cattle or bulky goods.

Karve Crewmembers: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: Leather armor, axe and dagger (sometimes spear), short bow, belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp

Karve Ship's Master (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** multiple attacks (3) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.
Equipment: Leather armor, longsword, and dagger (sometimes spear), belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp

79. Ship (Ghost Ship)

These are all longships, sailing with drowned undead crews. They attack savagely, without remorse. There are three different types of ghost ships that may be encountered, depending on the area's Risk Level.

Low-Risk Area: 1 ghost ship (zombie)
Medium-Risk Area: 1 ghost ship (zombie) with brine zombie captain
High-Risk Area: 1 ghost ship (brine zombie)
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d2 ghost ships (ghoul) with wight captains

Ship Types:

Zombie ghost ship: 4d10 zombies; in medium risk areas, these ships have a brine zombie aboard, mindlessly going through the motions of a living captain. Treasure: 3d6 x400gp

Brine zombie ghost ship: 4d10 brine zombies. Treasure: 3d6 x600gp

Ghoul ghost ship: 4d10 ghouls, with a wight captain. Treasure: 3d6 x1000gp (add +1 to die roll if there is a wight captain).

Ghoul: **HD** 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm, touch causes paralysis for 3d6 turns (save avoids).

Wight: **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** claw (1 plus level drain); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: drain 1 level per hit, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

Zombie: HD 2; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Zombie, Brine: HD 4; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or 1 hand (1d4); **Move** 12 (12 swim); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: Resist fire (half damage)
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longsword, belt pouch with 1d10hs

80. Ship (Jomsvikings)

A Jomsviking dragon ship (longship) is out seeking plunder and always attacks. The ship has a crew of 2d3 x10 accompanied by a common giant and led by a Jomsviking captain and 2 officers. They carry plunder worth 10d10 x 100 hs.

Jomsviking Captain (Ftr9): HD 9; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage (strength bonus).
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs (some in gems).

Giant, Common: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or fists (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft).
Equipment: ring shirt, iron helm, wooden shield, longsword, black cloak, club, 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 4d20hs.

Jomsviking Crew (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), axe, longbow, belt pouch with 1d10hs

Jomsviking Officer (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 battle-axe (1d8+1) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, battle-axe, longbow, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

81. Ship (Southlander trading cog)

These are small trading ships, usually from the Ammuyad Caliphate (85%) or the Gulf of Akados (15%). These small merchantmen run from any ship they spot, and in general seek to avoid combat at any cost save that of losing their cargo. They carry a crew of 2d10+20 sailors led by a captain and 1d3 officers, with a 20% chance of having a ship's mage aboard. They carry cargo worth 1d10 x 1000 hs in trade goods.

Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

Officer (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Chain mail, shield, longsword, longbow, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100gp

Sailors: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 short sword (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: Leather armor, short sword and dagger, short bow, belt pouch containing 1d6gp

Ship's Mage (MU6): HD 6(d4); **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Move** 12 (18 mounted); **Save** 10; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** +2 save vs. spells, spells (4/2/2).
Spells: 1st—*charm person* (x2), *sleep* (x2); 2nd—*mirror image, web*; 3rd—*fireball, slow*
Equipment: robes, staff, *potion of healing, bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, belt pouch containing approximately 5000gp in gems and coins.

82. Ship (trading knarr)

Encounters with a trading knarr are always with one ship, regardless of the area's Risk Level. These are longships with a narrower beam than a karve, capable of sailing further from the coast if need be. They will run from any other ship they spot, and in general seek to avoid combat at any cost other that of losing their cargo. They have a crew of 2d3 x 10 led by a captain, and carry cargo worth 5d10 x 100 hs in trade goods.

Trading Knarr Crewmembers: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: Leather armor, axe and dagger (sometimes spear), short bow, belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp

Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

83. Ship (viking)

One or more dragon ships are out seeking plunder and will approach another ship to determine if they would make likely prey. Depending how the characters (or other crew) behave, this may turn into combat or simply a shouted conversation between captains as the ships pass. A normal dragon ship has a crew of 1d4+1 x10, led by a captain and 1d2 officers. They carry plunder worth 5d10 x 100 hs. If more than one ship is encountered, one will be a jarl's ship, in which case a jarl will be aboard along with 1d4 huscarls (in addition to the captain).

Low-Risk Area: 1 ship
Medium-Risk Area: 1 ship (01–60), 1d2 ships (61–80) or 1d3 ships (81–00)
High-Risk Area: 1 ship (01–40), 1d2 ships (41–80) 1d4+1 ships (81–00)
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d4+1 ships

Captain or Huscarl (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

Jarl (Ftr9): HD 9; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 6; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage (strength bonus).
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs (some in gems).

Officer (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Varies; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer..
Equipment: Chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100hs

Viking Crew (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), longsword, longbow, belt pouch with 1d10hs

84. Ship (whaler)

This is an encounter with a single, narrow-beamed, knarr longship, regardless of the area's Risk Level. The longship is either hunting whales or simply fishing, depending on the area where it is encountered. The crew of a whaler/fisher will fight if they are in the middle of hauling in a catch (10% chance), and will shoot arrows if another ship draws too close. However, they are not interested in combat, and will generally flee from attackers. They have a crew of 1d10+10 led by a captain. If hauling in a catch, they carry a cargo of fish or whale worth 1d10 x 10 hs with a 50% chance of ambergris worth 1d6 x 100 hs.

Whaler Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

Whaler/fisher Crewmembers: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: Leather armor, axe and dagger (sometimes spear), short bow, belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp

85. Slave Traders

Slave traders have slaves for sale, usually at a price of 10d10 hs per slave, and are willing to buy at half that price. These groups are effectively middlemen in the despicable trade; they purchase from those who actually

capture the slaves. Even though these are groups of tough people, given their profession, they are unlikely to try and capture anyone as slaves unless the group appears extremely weak and helpless. Determine the ethnicity of the traders on the following table:

1d6	Traders
1–2	Northlander slave traders
3–5	Seagestrelander slave traders
6	Southlander slave traders

Low-Risk Area: small group
Medium-Risk Area: small group (01–50), large group (51–00)
High-Risk Area: large group
Extreme-Risk Area: large group

Composition of Groups

Small group: 1d6 traders, 1d2 slaves per trader, 1 mule per trader, 1d2 guards, 1d3 dogs, slavers and guards are all mounted on riding horses.

Large group: 2d6 traders, 1d3 slaves per trader, 1 mule per trader, 2d6 guards, 1 guard captain, 1d6 dogs, slavers and guards are all mounted on riding horses.

Guard (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), axe, longbow, riding horse, belt pouch with 1d10hs

Dogs: HD 2; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None.

Guard Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 battle-axe (1d8+1) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, battle-axe, longbow, dagger, riding horse, belt pouch with 3d6 x100hs worth of gems and coin).

Slave: noncombatant (AC 9[10], hp 1d6)

Slave Traders (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, axe, longbow, riding horse, belt pouch with 1d10hs

86. Slavers

For every 5 regular slavers there will be a leader (3rd-level fighter), and for every 20 regular slavers, there will also be a 5th-level captain. All slavers are mounted on riding horses with the exception of the captains, who are mounted on warhorses. Somewhere the slavers have their longship beached, ready to take on the slavers' human cargo.

Low-Risk Area: 1d12 slavers
Medium-Risk Area: 4d6 slavers (80%); otherwise, 6d6 slavers
High-Risk Area: 6d6 slavers
Extreme-Risk Area: 6d6 slavers with additional 5th level fighter

Slavers: HD 1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, short bow, belt pouch with 1d10hs

Slaver Leader (Ftr 3): HD 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Ring mail, shield, longsword, dagger, belt pouch containing 1d100hs

Slaver Captain (Ftr5): HD 5; **HP** ; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chain mail, shield, longsword, dagger, saddlebags with 2d6 x100hs (some in gems), warhorse, saddle, etc.

Warhorse: HD 3; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d2), 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 18; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** None.

87. Spiders, Giant

Low-Risk Area: 1 medium giant spider (01–50) or 1d4 small giant spiders (51–00)
Medium-Risk Area: 1d3 medium giant spiders with 1d4 small giant spiders
High-Risk Area: 1d4 large giant spiders with 1d4 medium giant spiders
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d10 large giant spiders with 1d4 small giant spiders

Giant Spider (small) (1ft diameter): HD 1+1; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** 1 bite (1hp + poison); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** lethal poison (+2 saving throw).

Giant Spider (Medium) (4ft diameter): HD 2+2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6 + poison); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** lethal poison, 5 in 6 chance to surprise prey.

Giant Spider (large) (6ft diameter): HD 4+2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6+2 + poison); **Move** 4; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** lethal poison, webs.

88. Shambling Mound

Sea-encounters (and some coastal encounters) are with shambling mounds comprised of seaweed rather than the more-common variety comprised of swamp vegetation. The only significant difference is that the aquatic variety floats as a large mass of seaweed in the water until it chooses to pull itself together into a humanoid form. These are difficult to detect as they move closer to ships, preparing to retract into humanoid form when they are ready to attack.

Low-Risk Area: Treat as "No Encounter"
Medium-Risk Area: 1 shambling mound (7HD)
High-Risk Area: 1 shambling mound (10HD)
Extreme-Risk Area: 2 shambling mounds (12HD)

Shambling Mound (7HD): HD 7; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** 2 fists (2d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** Damage immunities, enfold and suffocate victims.

Shambling Mound (10HD): HD 10; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** 2 fists (2d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** Damage immunities, enfold and suffocate victims.

Shambling Mound (12HD): HD 12; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** 2 fists (2d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** Damage immunities, enfold and suffocate victims.

89. Squid, Giant

Giant squid have low hit points (relative to other sea monsters), but they remain underwater while attacking with tentacles, making them extremely difficult to kill.

Low-Risk Area: 1 giant squid
Medium-Risk Area: 1 giant squid
High-Risk Area: 1d2 giant squid
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 giant squid

Giant Squid: HD 6; **AC** 7[12] head and tentacles; 3[16] body; **Atk** 10 tentacles (1d3); **Move** 0 (Swim 9); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1,100; **Special:** Jet (27 move), ink (effectively invisible in cloud), constrict/pinion.

90. Storm

A terrible, unusually bad storm blows up, requiring the characters to brace themselves and their ship for the worst. Under the ***Swords & Wizardry*** ship combat rules, a longship has 10 structural points unless it has previously been damaged. The storm lasts for 2d6 hours, and each hour causes a series of results (check for each result, not just one).

In Sounds, Bays, and Coastlines, the storm is considered "normal." In the North Sea and the Great Ocean, the storm has a 50% chance of being "epic."

Normal Storm

Check each category each hour:

1	*Structural damage:* 1 point of structural damage (01–75) or 2 points (76–00)
2	*Injuries to crew:* 1d6 randomly determined crew members (not just characters, include the NPC crew when determining who takes damage) take damage of 1d4 hit points. It is possible for a crew member to be "hit" multiple times.
3	*Knocked unconscious*: 50% chance that a single randomly determined crew member (including characters) is knocked unconscious by a swinging boom or other hazard. If a character is indicated, the character receives a saving throw at a penalty of –4.
4	*Man overboard:* 50% chance that a randomly-determined crew member is washed overboard. This person will drown in 1d6+1 rounds unless something is done to save him. Saving a man overboard is determined in-game, probably requiring magic; simply throwing a rope has only a 5% chance of success each round the person is in the water.

Epic Storm

Check each category each hour:

1	*Structural damage:* 1 point of structural damage (01–60) or 2 points (61–00)
2	*Injuries to crew:* 1d8 randomly determined crew members (not just characters, include the NPC crew when determining who takes damage) take damage of 1d4 hit points. It is possible for a crew member to be "hit" multiple times.
3	*Knocked unconscious*: 50% chance that a single randomly determined crew member (including characters) is knocked unconscious by a swinging boom or other hazard. If a character is indicated, the character receives a saving throw at a penalty of –6.
4	*Man overboard:* 50% chance that a randomly-determined crew member is washed overboard. This person will drown in 1d6+1 rounds unless something is done to save him. Saving a man overboard is determined in-game, probably requiring magic; simply throwing a rope has only a 5% chance of success each round the person is in the water.

91. Thrydregs

Low-Risk Area: No encounter
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2+2 thrydregs
High-Risk Area: 1d4+1 thrydregs
Extreme-Risk Area: 2d6 thrydregs

Thrydreg: **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 weapon (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Regenerate 2/ round from non-fire/acid damage.

92. Travelers

These are ordinary folk braving the roads or the wilds for business, for the gathering of a Thing, or just to visit family or friends. The larger groups may contain small traders or a skald.

Low-Risk Area: Small group (01–75), medium group (76–90) or large group (91–00)
Medium-Risk Area: Small group (01–40), medium group (41–70) or large group (71–00)
High-Risk Area: Small group (01–10), medium group (11–25) or large group (26–00)
Extreme-Risk Area: Large group

Generating a Group of Travelers

Dogs: 1 dog per 2 travelers.

Hirthmenn (guards): 50% chance of 1d2 for small group. For a medium group, 1d4; for a large group 1d4+3.

Skald: 10% for small group, 50% for medium group, 75% for large group

Mounts: small and medium groups have a 50% chance to all be mounted. In large groups, 50% of the travelers will be on foot, and all of the hirthmenn will be mounted.

Traders: In a small group, there is a 10% chance of a trader. In medium groups there is a 75% chance of a trader. Large groups either have 1d3+1 traders, or none at all. Traders are part of the group of travelers, but have different possessions (see details below).

Travelers: 1d4+2 (x3 for medium group, or x5 for large group)

Dogs: HD 2; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None.

Hirthmenn (Ftr1): HD 1; **AC** 4 [15]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 12 (18 mounted); **Save** 14; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: None.

Equipment: chain mail, shield, spears (3), longsword, camping gear, warhorse, belt pouch with 1d10hs

Skald (Ftr3): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8); **Move** 9 (18 mounted); **Save** 12; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** multiple attacks (3) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: leather armor, longsword, dagger, musical instruments, saddlebags with 1d3 x100gp (some in gems), warhorse, saddle, etc.

Traveler: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.

Normal Equipment: Axe and dagger (sometimes spear), belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp

Trader's Possessions: additional mule, goods for sale (1d6 x50hs).

Warhorse: HD 3; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d2), 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 18; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** None.

93. Treants

Low-Risk Area: 1 treant (7HD)
Medium-Risk Area: 1 treant (8HD)
High-Risk Area: 1 treant (9HD)
Extreme-Risk Area: 1 treant (10HD)

Treant (7HD): HD 7; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 strikes (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 9; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** Control trees.

Treant (8HD): HD 8; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 strikes (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 8; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** Control trees.

Treant (9HD): HD 9; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 strikes (3d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 6; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** Control trees.

Treant (10HD): HD 10; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 strikes (3d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 5; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** Control trees.

94. Tribal Group

These are Seagestrelanders, encountered as a hunting party, a war party, or a village. The group's composition does not vary by Risk Level.

1d6	Group
1–3	Hunting Party
4–5	War Party
6	Village

Hunting Party
1d6+3 Seagestrelander Tribesmen
1d6+1 dogs

War Party
1d0+10 Seagestrelander Tribesmen
1d6+1 Seagestrelander Warriors
1 War-chief

Village
1d10+20 Seagestrelander Tribesmen
1d6+3 Seagestrelander Warriors
2 War-chiefs (one is the tribal chief, the other is specifically a war-chief)
2d6 dogs

Seagestrelander Tribesmen: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: Leather armor, spear, dagger, short bow, belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp

Seagestrelander Warriors (Ftr 3): HD 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d6) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 3 attacks vs. creatures of 1HD or fewer.
Equipment: Leather armor, shield, spear, dagger, shortbow, belt pouch containing 1d100hs

Seagestrelander War-chief (Ftr5): HD 5; **HP** ; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** axe (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L or N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD,+1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: leather armor, shield, axe, spear, dagger, leather sack with 2d6 x100hs (some in gems).

Dogs: HD 2; **AC** 7 [12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None.

95. Trolls

Note: some potential encounters are with sea-trolls, which are identical to normal trolls except for the fact that they can breathe underwater, tend to have pale-blue skin, and have webbing between their claws. The number of sea-trolls encountered is the same as with ordinary ones.

Low-Risk Area: 1 troll
Medium-Risk Area: 1 troll (01–60), 2 trolls (61–90), 3 trolls (91–00)
High-Risk Area: 1d3+1 trolls
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+3 trolls

Troll: HD 6+3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: Regenerate 3hp/round.

96. Trolls, Giant

Low-Risk Area: 1 normal troll
Medium-Risk Area: 1 giant troll
High-Risk Area: 1 giant troll with 1d2 normal trolls
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 giant trolls with 1d3 normal trolls

Troll: HD 6+3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: Regenerate 3hp/round.

Giant Troll: HD 8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), 1 bite (1d10); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: Regenerate 2hp/round, rend (double damage on double claw-hits).

97. Turtle, Giant Snapping

Low-Risk Area: 1 giant snapping turtle (8HD)
Medium-Risk Area: 1 giant snapping turtle (9HD) (01–85) or 2 with 8HD (86–00)
High-Risk Area: 1d2 giant snapping turtles (9HD)
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 giant snapping turtles (10HD)

Giant Snapping Turtle (8HD): HD 8; **AC** 2[17] shell, 5[14] head/limbs; **Atk** 1 bite (4d6); **Move** 4 (Swim 9); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** None.

Giant Snapping Turtle (9HD): HD 9; **AC** 2[17] shell, 5[14] head/limbs; **Atk** 1 bite (4d6); **Move** 4 (Swim 9); **Save** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** None.

Giant Snapping Turtle (10HD): HD 10; **AC** 2[17] shell, 5[14] head/limbs; **Atk** 1 bite (4d6); **Move** 4 (Swim 9); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** None.

98. Unfavorable Winds

The winds are fickle and do not blow in the direction needed, forcing the ship to tack back and forth and rely more on rowing than sailing. The voyage is lengthened by 1 day.

99. Vlkodlaks

Low-Risk Area: No vlkodlak – treat as an encounter with a single werewolf
Medium-Risk Area: 1 vlkodlak (wolf 01–60, bear 61–00)
High-Risk Area: 1d4 vlkodlak (wolf 01–60, bear 61–00)
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+1 vlkodlak (wolf 01–60, bear 61–00)

Vlkodlak (bear): HD 6+1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: Regenerate 2hp/round, hit only by magic weapons.

Vlkodlak (wolf): HD 3+1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Regenerate 2hp/round, hit only by magic weapons.

Werewolf: HD 4+4; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: Lycanthropy, hit only by magic or silver weapons.

100. Walruses

Walrus encounters are always with 1d4 females and 1 bull, regardless of Risk Level

Walrus, female: HD 4; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** tusks (1d6); **Move** 6 (swim 18); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Walrus, male (bull): HD 6; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** tusks (1d8); **Move** 6 (swim 18); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: none.

101. Whales

Killer whales usually leave ships alone, although they will attack swimmers. Sperm whales might attack a ship (01–50), or might choose to ignore it (51–00).

Low-Risk Area: 1 killer whale
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6+1 killer whales
High-Risk Area: 1d6+3 killer whales (01–70) or 1 sperm whale (71–00)
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+6 killer whales (01–50) or 1 sperm whale (51–00)

Killer Whale: HD 12; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (3d10); **Move** (Swim 24); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** None.

Sperm Whale: HD 36; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (4d10), 1 tail (4d10); **Move** (Swim 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 37/7400; **Special:** Swallow whole: small boats on natural 20, automatic for humans in water).

102. Wights

Low-Risk Area: 1 wight
Medium-Risk Area: 1 wight (01–60), 2 wights (61–90), 3 wights (91–00)
High-Risk Area: 1d3+1 wights
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d6+3 wights

Wight: **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** claw (1 plus level drain); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: drain 1 level per hit, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

103. Will-o'-the-Wisp

Encounters are always with only one will o' the wisp, regardless of the area's Risk Level.

Will-o'-the-Wisp: **HD** 9; **AC** –8[27]; **Atk** shock (2d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: dancing lights.

104. Wolverines

Low-Risk Area: 1 wolverine
Medium-Risk Area: 1d4 wolverines
High-Risk Area: 1d4 wolverines with 1 giant wolverine
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d3 giant wolverines

Wolverine: HD 3; AC 6[13]; Atk 1 bite/claw (1d6+3); Move 12; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Musk, +4 to hit bonus.

Giant Wolverine: HD 6; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Musk, +4 to hit.

105. Wolves

Low-Risk Area: 1d6 normal wolves
Medium-Risk Area: Roll 1d100: 1d12 +1 normal wolves (01–50); 1d6+1 normal wolves and 1 worg (51–85); 1d10+1 normal wolves and 1d2 worgs (86–00)
High-Risk Area: 1d10+1 normal wolves and 1d4+1 worgs
Extreme-Risk Area: 3d6 normal wolves and 1d6+1 worgs

Wolf: HD 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: None.

Worg: HD 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: None.

106. Wolves, Winter

Low-Risk Area: 1 winter wolf
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2+1 winter wolves
High-Risk Area: 1d4+2 winter wolves
Extreme-Risk Area: 2d4+3 winter wolves

Winter Wolf: HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Breathe frost (1/turn, 10ft range, 4d6 damage, save for half).

Note: Winter wolf pelts are very valuable (1d4+2 x1000gp).

107. Woodsmen

A group of woodsmen in the forest, cutting timber. They have a sledge drawn by a team of four mules to transport the timber they have cut.

Low-Risk Area: 1d4+2 woodsmen
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6+6 woodmen
High-Risk Area: 1d4 dead bodies of woodsmen: 10% chance one is still alive, but barely.
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d4+2 dead bodies of woodsmen, killed horribly.

Woodsmen: HD 1d6 hit points; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** 1 axe (1d6) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** Any; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Normal Equipment: Axe and dagger (sometimes spear), belt pouch containing 1d6 x10sp.

108. Worgs

This is an encounter with a pack made up entirely of worgs. Such packs are malign and evil, deliberately wreaking havoc when they encounter human settlements.

Low-Risk Area: 1d2 worgs
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6+2 worgs
High-Risk Area: 1d10+4 worgs
Extreme-Risk Area: 2d6+5 worgs

Worg: HD 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: None.

109. Wyverns

Low-Risk Area: 1 wyvern
Medium-Risk Area: 1d2 wyverns (50%); otherwise, 1d6
High-Risk Area: 1d6 wyverns
Extreme-Risk Area: 1d8 wyverns

Wyvern: HD 8; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 1 bite (2d8) or 1 sting (1d6+poison); **Move** 6 (Fly 24); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: Poison sting.

110. Yeti

Low-Risk Area: 1 yeti
Medium-Risk Area: 1d6 yetis
High-Risk Area: 2d6 yetis
Extreme-Risk Area: 3d6 yetis

Yeti: HD 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** N or C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: Immune to cold, hug (2d6 if both fists hit), fear (save or paralyzed 1d3 rounds if caught in hug).

111. Zombies

Low-Risk Area: 1d6 zombies
Medium-Risk Area: 2d6+2 zombies
High-Risk Area: 2d6 zombies with 1d2 juju zombies
Extreme-Risk Area: 3d6 zombies with 1d8 juju zombies

Zombie: HD 2; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Zombie, Juju: **HD** 3; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** weapon or fists (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Specia**l: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, electricity, and *magic missile*, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 616)

The Northlands Saga Adventures

The Northlands Saga Adventures

~ Introduction ~

A Note from the Author

Game development is not always the glamorous life it may appear to be, and we are rarely as omniscient as we pretend. The **Northlands Saga** began with one adventure that was ultimately split in two for publication due to its length. Those became ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** and ***NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains***. Later, **Frog God Games** decided they wanted to do an entire series and, later still, a campaign guide. This meant there was no easy entrance into the saga, for the first adventures were designed for characters of levels 5–6. Some readers wanted to start their journey through the **Northlands Saga** at 1st level, and with the creation of the ***The Lost Lands: The Northlands Saga Complete***, the decision was made to add two introductory adventures — prequels if you will — that would lead into ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** and allow the saga to begin at a lower level.saga. As always, it is your game; make of it what you will.

Haglaz! And welcome to ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path***.

Getting Started

The Northlands Saga Adventure Path assumes that the characters begin in service of some kind to Olaf Henrikson, the Jarl of Halfstead. If any of the adventurers is not a member of the household, then the character should be associated to it in some way, possibly as a seasonal hanger-on (which is especially appropriate to wanderers from outside the Northlands). The Northlands are not like other fantasy settings. Rulers and others in positions of authority simply do not hire adventurers to solve their problems; they either take care of things themselves or send members of their household to see to the situation.

Having the characters all in the service to the same jarl allows for the party to have a solid foundation. Not only do they have similar goals and directives, but they also will likely know each other, if not since childhood, then at least from the mead hall of their jarl. Even outsiders would have had time to fraternize with the locals before the adventure begins. Being in the service of a jarl is not a lifelong commitment: the Northlands culture does not operate in that way. Moreover, events in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** are likely to change the situation greatly and allow the characters to stretch out on their own in the dangerous world of the Northlands.

In the Jarl's House

Jarl Olaf Henrikson is one of the most powerful men in the North. He is not a member of one of the great families such as the Gats or the Hrolfs, nor is he a resident of Storstrøm Vale where dwells the true old blood of the Northlander peoples. But he is nevertheless jarl of the most populace and cosmopolitan settlement in the Northlands and, as such, commands a great deal of respect and power. He is not even the ruler of Hordaland wherein his city of Halfstead lies, but even the køenig of Hordaland (the closest Northlands equivalent to a king) respects and listens to the words that Jarl Olaf speaks in the mead hall or at the Thing.

It is well know that Olaf Henrikson began his career as a sellsword in the Southlands, where he gained his reputation as a leader of men and as a generous ring-giver. He also amassed his fortune with plunder from his days of fighting for foreign lords before attaining command of his own ships and reaving against the settlements of those same lords. Upon returning to the North at the head of his own fleet of sixteen ships, he landed at Halfstead, at that time a stockaded port town known more for its surly jarl and acerbic residents than anything else, and put the place to the torch. Those residents who did not yield or flee were put to the sword, and a new banner raised over Halfstead — the boar and rings of Olaf Henrikson. That Køenig Ragi Steinson raised no hand against the newcomer brought forth more than a few suspicions as to whether or not the crafty ruler had not paid Olaf to raze Halfstead in the first place. Regardless of any real or imagined collusion, the result was a port rebuilt by Henrikson into a large and prosperous settlement open to trade from abroad and a powerful jarl loyal to the køenig and with a fleet of ships at his command that only grew as his reputation spread.

Today, twenty years later, Jarl Olaf is a settled man raising a family, and Halfstead is a booming Northlands port largely left to its own devices. The local Thing makes most of the decision for the town, though Jarl Olaf does keep a hall within the city from where he holds court and feast twice a month in which to hear complaints and settle legal cases and give rings to the worthy. This also allows him to claim his sizable share of the duties collected from the many visiting merchant ships. The fleet of longships Jarl Olaf maintains is down to four, and these are more prone to patrolling the waters off the peninsula for raiders than going a-viking on their own. But many rightfully expect that should the need arise, the jarl could raise the call and gather a fleet of loyal ships twice as large as what he had before.

A self-made man, Jarl Olaf is enjoying his quiet semi-retirement despite even the recent turmoil for the crown of Hordaland. He remains loyal to

Leif Ragison, the young køenig, but holds Halfstead carefully neutral in the current political machinations to keep the port open and prosperous. In his mind, a healthy Halfstead is good for all of Hordaland and the North, regardless of who rules the country. As such, he and his family spend most of their time at his personal hall of Silvermeade, which is situated on the coast halfway between Halfstead and Galvë. It is here that they winter and here that the PCs begin their careers in his service.

Silvermeade Hall

As with the rest of the Northlands as explained in ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, hiring NPCs in town is not a matter of money, especially for outsiders. Arcane magic is hard to come by in these lands; even divine casters are few and far between. Any attempt to simply hire the services of a godi or cunning woman is met with scorn. These powerful individuals serve their community first and foremost; strangers are not welcome. On the other hand, those in dire need may find that the services are suddenly offered for free, though repayment is expected and should be done through barter or, better yet, through the offer of aid. Characters in the Northlands may find that the cunning woman who healed them expects them to help bring in the harvest for some farmers who are shorthanded, guard her as she procures rare herbs in the deep woods, or simply spend a month or entire season working for her.

Silvermeade Hall

Neutral small town
Corruption +2; **Crime** –3; **Economy** +1; **Law** +3; **Lore** +1; **Society** –1
Qualities insular, prosperous
Danger +0

Government overlord
Population 420 (367 humans [Northlanders]; 38 human thralls [Seagestrelanders]; 12 dwarves; 2 giant-blooded; 1 Nûklander)
Notable NPCs

Olaf Henrikson, Jarl of Halfstead (Neutral (good) male human fighter 9)
Hallbjorn Bolverkson, huscarl (Neutral male human fighter 5)
One-Eyed Sven, semi-retired huscarl (Lawful male old human fighter 8)
Aase, huscarl (Lawful female human paladin 5)
Kraki Hallason, huscarl (Neutral (good) male human ranger 4)
Sigfastr Wyrmhammer, trader (Lawful male dwarf fighter 3)
Hauk Arinbjornson, Vastaviklander mercenary (Neutral male human fighter 7)
Graf, godi/blacksmith (Lawful male human cleric 3)
Grimr Wisetooth, skald (N male middle-aged human fighter 4)
Odi, cunning woman (Neutral female old human MU 8)

Maximum Clerical Spell Level Law 2, Neutral –, Chaos –
Purchase Maximum/Month 7,500 gp



Life in the Hall

It is presumed that the characters are either members of the jarl's household (servants, friends, distant relatives, etc.), or have at least wintered there and made acquaintances with the rest of the characters and the other members of the household.

During the winter, there is a great deal of boredom. Snows are deep and travel is largely cut off. Few merchants or other travelers make it through, and cabin fever is not uncommon. Other than feasting and drinking, there is often little to do over the harsh winter months of the North. As a result, when there are days good enough to go outdoors, all manner of brash contests and dares are set forth and participated in with alacrity — even if the occasional knocked skull or broken bone is the inevitable result. In addition to these physical contests or wrestling, hunting, and general feats of strength (or idiocy), there are also riddling contests, singing or chanting the sagas by skalds and would-be skalds, and games of hnefatafl.

When the characters have been created and the players are introduced to Silvermeade Hall as a base of operations, proceed with the adventure ***NS0: Part 1 - Spring Rites***.

NS0: Spears in the Ice

By Kenneth Spencer



NS0: Spears in the Ice is the introductory adventure to *The Northlands Saga*. It consists of two parts. *Part One: Spring Rites* is intended for beginning characters of 1st level. As such, it can be used to start your journey through the Northlands and the beginning of your characters' sagas. *Part Two: Wyrd of the Winter King* continues the adventures begun in *Spring Rites* and is designed for characters of levels 2–3. The use of The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide is highly recommended, but not necessary for this adventure. By the end of the two-part adventure, new 1st-level characters should have reached level 3-4 (depending on character class) and be ready to tackle NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent. If the characters are not high enough level to tackle the challenges of that adventure, a few minor encounters in the hills and forests around Silvermeade Hall may be a good idea to get them up to the necessary skill level to take on that adventure.

A shortened version of Spring Rites was run during the 2012 convention season at Who's Yer Con and Gen Con. If you happened to participate in any of those events, thank you for playing and for buying *The Northlands Saga Complete* and other Frog God Games' products. We hope you enjoy the expanded version of this adventure.

Part One: Spring Rites

Adventure Background

The Northlanders have many words for a woman who practices the dark arts: fiend-woman, aglæcwif, sorceress, galdricge, seiðkona, or often simply witch. Unlike the mysterious, but respected, cunning women who are accepted into Northlander society for the wisdom they bring and their connection to the world's unseen things, a witch-wife exists on the very fringes of society. She lurks in the shadows, universally reviled, subsisting on what little she can find, ever wary of an angry mob or vengeful jarl who holds her responsible for a bad crop, a blighted crop, or simply bad luck on a voyage. Despite all of these disadvantages, there are always those willing to make whatever sacrifice is necessary to embrace the unnatural power had by trafficking in such things. And sometimes, if a Northlander is desperate enough, he might be willing to have dealings with such matters himself. But there is always a price, for no one can dabble in the dark arts and hope to escape without at least some small taint of the shadow clinging to him.

Jarl Olaf Henrikson is a man of power and honor, respected among his peers, carrying a reputation as a fierce warrior and wise leader, and ruler of the largest and wealthiest settlement in all the Northlands. Even a man of such stature, however, can find himself at the mercy of his wyrd and be truly desperate enough to try to cheat even fate if it be in his power. The father of two beautiful daughters, Jarl Olaf thought his life truly blessed by the gods for his bravery and honor, but when it came time for the birthing of his third daughter, his wyrd took a dark turn indeed. The jarl's beloved wife labored for more than a day, struggling, losing blood, unable to deliver the child. The godi and cunning women of his hall were unable to help and, when after a night and a day, his wife took fever, the Jarl truly despaired. It was then in his fear and desperation that he turned to powers he never would have been willing to. He recalled an ancient crone who lived upon the Moors not far from his hall at Silvermeade. Sending his huscarls upon his fastest horses, Jarl Olaf summoned the aglæcwif Sibbe the Unkempt to attend his wife's birthing chamber.

Sibbe the witch was dragged unceremoniously to the jarl's hall and told in no uncertain turns that if the jarl's wife and child died, her own life would be forfeit shortly thereafter. With that threat over her head, she attended to the delivery, and by the next evening the child was born alive, and the mother's fever had broken. Mother and child were fine, and if the newborn babe bore a dark birthmark across her face, her grateful parents saw only a healthy baby where before they saw only tragedy (though more than one householder whispered of the mark as a sign of ill omen for trying to challenge wyrd).

Sibbe said not a word as the Jarl expressed his gratitude for the miracle she had performed and gave her a fat pouch of silver for her troubles as well. This she took and headed out alone back to the Moors, soon forgotten by the jarl. But her stone-faced visage hid much from the jarl's household as she left. They thought her forced intervention had been a benevolent act, but she knew better. She knew her magic had left its taint on the child and that the two were now connected. She did not know what she would do with this connection, but she knew something would come of it for her own purposes someday.

Adventure Summary

The initial section begins with the characters being sent to escort and guard their jarl's three daughters as they gather flowers for the Feast of Freyja. The daughters themselves present a bit of a challenge, being headstrong, having their own agendas, and in general causing trouble. During the morning ride through calm, settled areas of Hordaland near the jarl's hall, the girls are unruly enough that the characters will be warned about their likely behavior in the case of trouble.

Foul magic and a kidnapping are about to interrupt the tranquil scene in the meadows. The witch Sibbe the Unkempt plans to capture the girls and sacrifice them in order to reap their life essence and use it to bring back her lost youth, and to increase her arcane power. She uses powerful ancient magic to put everyone in the meadow into a magical sleep while her minions grab the girls. Once they are captured, which is virtually unavoidable given the power of the magic being used, she takes the three girls to an ancient site of power in the nearby Barrow Lands to be sacrificed.

Upon awakening, the party finds that the girls are gone, their horses are scattered, and their day has taken a dark turn in the direction of future unemployment. Clues point to Sibbe the Unkempt taking the girls, as well as her nefarious plot and likely destination. The characters must choose how they plan to reach the stone circle in order to rescue the girls along one of three possible routes: through the Barrow Lands, across the Trollfist Hills, or along the forest trails. The route through the Barrow Lands is the fastest route, but the undead residents of that haunted region do not take kindly to trespassers. The Trollfist Hills present a slow-but-safer route, as the jarl and his huscarls have cleared out the resident trolls. Finally, there is the middle-length route along the paths that lead through the forest, which is not as swift as the hills and has the risk of becoming lost, but is not as dangerous as the Barrow Lands.

Following one of these three routes, the characters make their way to the stone ring deep in the Barrow Lands where Sibbe intends to conduct her sacrifice. They must arrive before dawn of the vernal equinox to stop the ceremony and rescue the daughters of their jarl, and bring them home safely.

At the end of the adventure, the characters will receive a large experience-point bonus if they manage to remain in the jarl's service. Unless your gaming group doesn't like to use game-terms like "experience points," this bonus is disclosed to the players so they can take it into account when making their decisions. It generally simulates the environment of honor and prestige in the Northlands, and the fact that this adventure does not provide much in the way of treasure: success (i.e., experience) is measured by a different yardstick in this kind of situation.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins as the characters have gathered together for the first time in the jarl's hall at Silvermeade. He is about to give them their first assignment to work specifically together and plant the seeds for a life of adventure.

You have been ordered to appear before your jarl, Olaf Henrikson, Jarl of Halfstead, greatest city of the Northlands. For young members in service to his household or visitors who have wintered there but have no immediate plans for pursuing their wyrd, this is a moment of both hope and fear. Hope that he assigns you a glorious task that allows you to prove your mettle, but tinged with fear of his wrath should you fail. Your jarl is a good man, strong and battle-tested, with many famed heroic deeds to his name. Most importantly, he is a ring-giver, one who is generous to those in his service who prove themselves deserving.

After making yourself presentable, you and a few of his other retainers and guests walk through the gates of the great hall's stockade and present yourselves to the guards at the carved wooden doors that mark the main entrance. After exchanging a few jests with these household warriors that

you have known for as long as you've been a part of the jarl's household, Ari Hrokson, your jarl's herald, comes for you.

"I needn't remind you to keep polite and let the jarl speak first. And do not keep too much of his time, this is a busy day," the old skald states. He then announces you to the jarl.

The characters are announced in order of precedence by their status. The order is as follows: anyone of noble birth, warriors, skalds, godi, arcane casters, and finally foreigners. Once the introductions are complete, continue with the following.

The hall is dimly lit, for this is a normal day and not a cause for feasting. Only a few huscarls stand about the room, but several thralls busy themselves putting up garlands of flowers and green boughs, preparations for tomorrow's Feast of Freyja. The jarl is seated at the end of the feasting table in his chair, an ornate piece of work carved from the trunk of an oak. He is leaning in and talking with a stranger, a well-dressed man with the bearing of an envoy. As you approach, you hear the jarl say, "... and thirty-five cattle, that's all her dowry will be."

The jarl turns to you. "Good, you have come quickly and well comported. This speaks kindly of you and your kin. Sit and partake of an early meal; you will need it, for I have a task for you. My three daughters, Inga, Fastvi, and Runa, wish to go out this afternoon and gather flowers for the feast. As this is a rightful thing for young girls to do, I am allowing it. They need to be guarded, and this is the task I set before you.

"I know you have longed for a chance to prove yourselves and rise in my favor as well as allow your mind's-worth to shine, but there is no spear-din today and no chance to shed battle-dew **[meaning blood]**. All I have is this task: Spend a spring afternoon watching young girls as they pick flowers in the meadows. When you have your own halls and have seen the swans of blood sip on many a foeman's wound-sea, such a day as this will be a boon beyond naming. So remember it well and pray that you have many more like it. Now, let us eat. But before that, allow me to introduce our bread-brother this morning, Ottar Gundrikson, skald and herald to the Jarl Ref Solumundson of the Vale.

The characters may ask any questions they wish to, but it is difficult to get a polite word in between the two older men's telling of tales of battles and adventures past. It appears that they have been discussing a marriage between one of Jarl Henrikson's three daughters and one of Jarl Ref Solumundson's sons. Jarl Henrikson supports the child-king of Hordaland, and may need allies such as Jarl Solumundson if there is a civil war. Marriages are a good way to accumulate allies, so the presence of Jarl Solumundson's herald is politically a good sign for your own Jarl.

After an early lunch of black bread, butter, the last of the winter's pickled flounder, fresh spring greens (cooked with white beans and a ham hock), and several pints of beer, the characters are sent away to meet up with the daughters. Before joining them at the gates of the stockade, they presumably stop by the stables and pick up any mounts they have (any character without a mount is loaned a light horse for the day). The three girls are waiting impatiently at the front gate.

You arrive at the stockade wall to find the gate open and three young women astride fine horses waiting there impatiently. The oldest wears a dress of blue linen with a



squared border of small yellow flowers embroidered around the neck. She is tall and fair of face, her golden hair coiled about her head in braids and covered in a silver net. Her face favors her father, and she is introduced by your escort as Inga, the Jarl's oldest daughter.

Next to her upon a skittish mare sits a girl of perhaps thirteen. Her dress is a plain green smock, and her hair and eyes are dark like her mother's. She is named to you as Fastvi.

The third girl is the smallest, perhaps nine or ten years old, with a distant and dreaming look on her face. You have heard the rumors of Little Runa's troubled birth near ten winters ago whispered around the hearth fires out of the jarl's hearing. The truth of these tales seems to be told in the angry red birthmark that covers her face from left ear to chin, the girl seemingly unaware of the rough, wrinkled texture or the ill portent it marks. Worse from the standpoint of omens are her eyes, one blue and one pale green, the eyes of the aglæcwif — the witch-wife.

After the introductions are made, the characters have time to get to know the girls in their charge as they turn their mounts and head west down the road toward the Meadows, a location well known to the inhabitants of Silvermeade. You can summarize impressions from the information below, role-play a bit of conversation if the characters try to get any information from the girls, or — if the characters are silent during the ride — simply keep this information in mind for later.

Inga

Inga is a young woman of sixteen winters. She is of marriageable age and has been known to practice using her wiles on the men of the household. As a result, she petulantly expects to be able to charm anyone. Inga is prone to behavior that could be best termed haughty, but plays out more like insolence. The character with the highest status is treated with coy respect, while the others are ordered about. The young woman is unmindful of the fact that her father's householders are not hers and that she has no status save that of birth (and birth is regarded, but not overly regarded, in the Northlands).

Fastvi

Fastvi, the middle daughter, is just starting to bloom into womanhood, but has not yet laid aside her wild, childish ways. The young girl, barely thirteen, is friendly where her older sister is imperious, reckless where the elder is cautious (at least with regard to physical risk), and open where her sister is coy. For today's outing, she has donned a tunic and trousers unseen beneath her plain dress and smock. As soon as she is out of sight of the holdfast, she pulls the dress off and glares a challenge at anyone who so much as raises an eyebrow in disapproval. This leads her and her older sister to bicker for several minutes before Fastvi enters a long sulk.

Runa

Little Runa is a different story altogether. She is nine years old, spoiled and precocious, and (unknown to the characters) also tainted. The characters have heard rumors that her birthing was a difficult one, but unless they talk to the huscarls in **Event 1** (below) or to one of the other girls out of Runa's hearing, they will not know the specifics of the tale, since it is not openly discussed in the Jarl's household.

Such conversations may yield the following information in roughly this form:

At Runa's birth the midwives of the holdfast were afraid that both child and mother would be lost. Fearing the worst, the jarl sent his best huscarls across the Moors and into the Barrow Lands to seek out a seiðkona — a witch for all purposes — named Sibbe the Unkempt. They found the filthy, rag-covered witch and brought her back to aid in the birthing. True, the witch's magic saved Runa and her mother, but the child has never been quite "right," marked by fate for the sorcerous interference at her birth. Furthermore, she seems to see and hear things that are not there, and has on more than one occasion spoken of things she could not know of or of things that occurred well before they happened. Still, the jarl and his wife love the girl and dote on her a great deal of time — at least until recently. With the birth of the jarl's first son last year, that mewling babe has garnered the most attention, and Runa has been acting up and causing trouble.

Chapter One: A Fine Spring Day

It is only an hour ride through farmland and well-coppiced woods to the Meadows where the girls want to pick flowers. The Meadows are beyond the settlements, just inside the boundaries of the forest and more wild, but still near enough to largely be safe. The jarl would never send his children into a lawless area, and a group of huscarls and retainers should be more than adequate to safeguard his daughters. Plus, most of the huscarls are unavailable due to bandit-hunting and preparations for the Feast of Freyja (at the Spring Equinox) tomorrow. It is a pleasant spring day, and the girls are atwitter with delight at their first outing after the long winter. Freemen out in fields still spotted here and there with snow in the shadows, or traveling along the muddy road wave to the party as they ride past, and some of the higher-status hirdmen stop and chat for a short while.

Inga

During the journey, Inga is at her worst. She only deigns to give freemen and their families a slight wave or nod of the head and is too curt and short with the hirdmen she encounters. However, the young woman begins to act flirtatiously toward any characters of higher social status than the rest. The others, especially if female, foreign, or low status, are completely ignored.

Fastvi

Fastvi is enamored with all things martial and heroic, and pesters any warriors in the party with endless questions, requests to hold their sword, pleads for them to teach her how to fight, and such annoyances. She responds well to anyone who can tell her tales of battle — the more gruesome the better — and becomes fast friends with any character who shows her some kindness. However, she is headstrong and rides off if not stopped (a sure way to gain her displeasure unless someone has managed to gain her respect with their warlike prowess — that individual she stubbornly obeys for a time). Unless prevented from doing so, she rides well ahead of the party, jumps her horse over fences, and gallops through pastures and fields. In general, she causes minor havoc.

Runa

Runa, on the other hand, is rather quiet the entire ride, muttering to herself and occasionally laughing at some private joke. If listened to closely, she is obviously holding half of a conversation with some unseen person named Jalvik. When pressed, Runa just stares daggers at the interruption. Afterward, her half of the conversation gets louder, and begins to focus on mocking those too inquisitive for their own good. As much fun as she is having with this, it's all just a game. The girl knows her reputation, and is wicked enough to play on it at the expense of others for her own amusement.

Events During the Fine Spring Day

The following events occur as the characters accompany the girls from Silvermeade Hall through **Areas 1 and 2** to the Meadows (**Area 3** on the Trollfist Region map). Be sure to review the events thoroughly before running the adventure so you can insert them into play at the appropriate times. Keep the pace moving based on your group's temperament: some groups enjoy role-playing, others should be kept pressing toward the action. There is a 1000xp bonus for each character if they succeed with the adventure (and are not dismissed from the jarl's service). For players who get bored very quickly, you can mention the XP bonus up front as an incentive, but it works better if you give out this information at the time indicated below.

Event 1. Fine Work for Warriors

This event occurs no more than 20 minutes after the characters leave the holdfast. The party meets a tired and ragged group of householders and huscarls on their way back to the hall. This is the first chance they have to threaten their employment and their 1000xp bonus.

> Your horses travel at a trot as you make your way toward the Meadows. On the muddy track ahead of you, you see an armed group of warriors riding your way. Their horses move more slowly, as if exhausted from long riding, and they and their mounts are spattered with the mud of hard travel.

Once within hailing distance, the characters recognize this group as huscarls and householders of the jarl. They are Hallbjorn Bolverkson (one of Jarl Olaf's most trusted huscarls), Kraki Hallason (an up-and-coming householder), Young Ljot (no relation to Old Ljot), Hauk Arinbjornson (a hotheaded Vastaviklander), and Berg Geirson (a sour-spirited warrior). They have been out on the Moors for a week, hunting down an outlaw called Styr the Ugly who was spotted trying to sneak into the barn of an outlying farmstead. They were unsuccessful, but did manage to spend several chilly nights sleeping in the mud, getting rained on, and in general not having an adventure.

They pause to speak to the characters as they ride up and intend to find out what they are up to with the jarl's daughters. As respected members of the jarl's household, they are more prone to asking questions than answering. They are already grumpy and tired, and will look poorly upon what they might see as disrespect coming from a group of untested members of the jarl's house. Since the huscarls are a potential source of information, bits and pieces of their likely conversation are listed below. Regardless of the characters' actions, they do not respect the characters enough to start a fight with them. If tensions get high, Hallbjorn exerts his authority to prevent any violence, but bad feelings might linger. In particular this is a good chance for the characters to learn Runa's background if they are friendly with the huscarls.

Hallbjorn Bolverkson, huscarl (Lawful male human fighter 5):

- Initial greeting: "Ho there, where are you bound?"
- If the characters answer civilly and tell their purpose, he says: "The Meadows then, keep an eye out for an outlaw by the name of Styr the Ugly. He's tall, dark haired, and has a scar across his chin like a serpent's tail. Rumor is he may have fallen in with the witch Sibbe the Unkempt, but for what reasons none know." At this, the characters may notice that his eyes flicker toward Runa for a moment.
- If provoked to unfriendly or if any sort of heated moment arises between the characters and the other householders, he snaps at all involved: "That is enough! Olaf will hear about this, and not take it kindly, I promise you that."

Kraki Hallason, huscarl (Lawful male human ranger 4):

- Initial greeting: "Some people get all the luck."
- Kraki has little to say and will not be provoked. If any arguments begin between the characters and the householders, he says: "No need to quarrel. We all have a duty to do."

Young Ljot, householder (Lawful (good) male human fighter 2):

- Initial greeting: "Hello Inga, you look pretty today."
- Ljot is friendly but has eyes only for Inga whom he not-so-secretly has a crush on. She plays coy with him, and the two of them ignore the other conversations around them.

Hauk Arinbjornson, Vastaviklander mercenary (Neutral male human fighter 7):

- Initial greeting: "What have we here? Ladies off for a morning ride?"
- If responded to in anything other than a solicitous way, his next response is insulting: "Must be proud warriors who escort little girls to pick flowers; fine warrior's work that is." (Hallbjorn will intervene before any actual fighting occurs.)

Berg Geirson, householder (Neutral male human fighter 3):

- Initial greeting (said morosely): "I think I may be catching a chill."
- He does not respond to threats, but if anyone converses with him he will mention:

"I probably have guard duty tomorrow; I'll miss the Equinox feast." Otherwise, he remains silent for the rest of the encounter.

Results: Regardless of how the encounter plays out, the girls generally stay out of it. Other than information about Sibbe the Unkempt, Runa, and the coming feast, the point of this short encounter is to give the characters a chance to mess up and become nervous about their employment with the jarl. Note that Hauk holds a grudge if they offered any insult to him, which could play out unpleasantly in the future.

Event 2. Fastvi's Great Ride

A mere 15 minutes into the ride after leaving the returning hunters, Fastvi spots something interesting across a recently plowed field, or perhaps she just wants to take a fast and daring ride. Regardless of which, she suddenly turns her horse and jumps a ditch along the side of the road, taking off across Old Ljot's fields.

She has a head start and has gone 100 feet across the fields before any of the characters even have a chance to start. She then has her horse at a full run and will shortly have it into an adjoining woodlot another 150 feet away. The ditch is easy to jump for an experienced rider, but there is a 5% chance for each character trying to jump the ditch on horseback to fall from the horse and take 1d3 points of damage. Taking it a bit slower by riding normally across the ditch loses time, but avoids the risk.

To complicate matters, Old Ljot spots this abuse of his crops and is a little disgruntled. He appears from behind an outbuilding and rails at the party for losing control of their young charge, as both the jump and riding off places her in danger, as well as tearing up his field.

> As the young girl's steed tears across the field toward the nearby treeline, a stooped old farmer rounds the corner from behind his low-thatched barn waving an old hoe over his head. "You lazy, pig-brained wastes of breath! Look what that damned-fool girl did to my field! Don't just stand there with your teeth in your mouth! Do your duty to your jarl and go get her. Letting a slip of a girl get the drop on you and run off, and this is what the jarl plans to bring into his hall?"

If the characters pursue Fastvi they will eventually catch up and can bring her back. The other girls remain on the road with Old Ljot while the characters attempt to catch their sister. The girls state that Fastvi will surely ride on to the Meadows if the characters return empty handed. If she is not pursued, Fastvi reaches the Meadows (area **3**) ahead of them, with a winded horse but none the worse for wear.

Disclosing the Experience Bonus!

Right about now, the characters are probably getting worried about their continued future employment with the Jarl, or wondering if the work is worth it. This is the time to mention that if the characters remain in the jarl's employment at the end of this little journey, each character will get a 1000XP experience bonus. If the players are suspicious about the size of the award, just do enigmatic things like shrugging and smiling. "It should be an easy 1000 experience points, then, right?"

Event 3. The Dog

This event occurs shortly after the party arrives at area **3**. There is a rustling in the bushes toward the western edge of the meadow, and if it isn't immediately riddled by arrows while in the bushes, a stray dog wanders into the meadow, a mangy flea-bitten but friendly cur. Runa immediately runs to it with a squeal of delight and, if not stopped, throws her arms around the mutt as it begins to lick her face happily. She promptly names the dog Bogi and asks that it return to the hall with her. Bogi is a farmer's dog that ran away during the winter months, and is desperately seeking a new master — Runa seems to fit the bill nicely. She likes dogs, and if the characters feathered Bogi with arrows before he got out of the bushes, they had better not pull out a dead dog for her to see. If they do, hysterics and threats will ensue, and the characters will be one step closer to being fired.

Runa politely asks the characters to let her keep the dog, and based on what they have seen of her, the companionship of a pet would likely do her good. Also, refusing her such a base request is unlikely to go over well with the jarl. Besides, if they refuse, the dog still hangs around anyway, just out of reach, unless killed or badly injured, in which case the jarl undoubtedly will be angered by their cruelty. He chose them for this task because he thought them honorable and worthy enough to escort his children, not because he thought them a pack of violent louts.

If the characters allow Runa to keep the dog (the jarl can always tell her "no" later), she looks at them very solemnly and asks them to swear to protect her friend Bogi just as they would protect her. It is true she is just a child and only the youngest daughter of the jarl, but this is the characters' first opportunity to make oath to a lord or lady (in this case a future lady), and the oath seems light enough and quite complimentary to what they have already been tasked to do. Anyone taking the oath immediately receives a 50 XP award for the boost to their mind's-worth. Should a combat occur later, the dog generally avoids a fight unless Runa is directly endangered, but barks menacingly from the edge of combat.

Bogi (Big Dog): HD 2; **HP** 9; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 16; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** None.

Event 4. A Shadow is Cast

This event occurs a short while after the group reaches the Meadows (**Area 3**), while the girls are picking flowers.

> While picking flowers nearby, Runa stops and stands up abruptly. She utters a pronouncement in a powerful voice unlike that of a little girl, "A storm is coming to sweep all away. Father will die from bloodied ice. The raven calls for us all." Then her demeanor shifts back to that of a little girl in a bright spring meadow as she skips off after a butterfly.

Runa says no more than that, and if asked about it has no recollection of saying anything. She only vaguely remembers a "shadow that passed over the sun" but then says it went away. She does not know that she received any kind of foretelling. It is nonetheless chilling to hear the small girl speak of the death of the jarl.

Event 5. The Attack

The attack takes place almost exactly at noon, when the sun is highest in the sky. If the characters are specifically keeping a watch on the wood line, the watcher will perceive the following:

> The faint snap of a breaking branch in the tree line catches your attention. Looking in that direction, you can just make out the dark forms of two burly men, well armed and armored, crouching in the shadows of the brush. They hold between them something large and heavy, a shield-sized stone plate with carvings on it. A rather tattered and dirty woman is standing behind them, muttering to herself and waving her arms above the stone tablet.

As mentioned at the beginning of the adventure, it was Sibbe the Unkempt who assisted in the birthing of Runa Olafsdottir, and in the process she managed to corrupt the girl. Sibbe was called in when it looked like the child would die and, although mother and child were saved, Sibbe planted the seeds of her own discord in the girl. In the decades since then, Sibbe has been continuing her research among the ancient stones and lost Andøvan magic in the Barrow Lands to find some way to increase her own power, and she intends to make use of the subtle hexes that she managed to implant in young Runa. Now her research has borne fruit. Using a powerful ritual of the Ancient Ones at the spring equinox allows her to replenish her youth and grow greatly in her magical abilities. All it requires is the sacrifice of virgins of noble blood, and she knew just where to find some.

Using the strange empathic influence that Sibbe has over Runa, she implanted in the girl's mind the idea to come to the Meadows and pick flowers for the equinox festival. Runa, long affected by strange moods and an unsettling wyrd, does not consciously know of the witch's influence upon her. She subtly put the idea of the girls going to the Meadows into her parents' heads, which resulted in the girls and a few unsuspecting retainers coming straight into the trap prepared by Sibbe.

The stone tablet is an Andøvan relic that Sibbe recovered from the Barrow Lands, and she has used it to prepare an ambush that was, frankly, designed to handle a much tougher escort than the first-level characters the jarl actually sent. The tablet contains a powerful sleep charm, and Sibbe pivots it to sweep across the entire clearing and then in a circle around herself and her minions. It is not necessary for anyone to see the tablet in order for its magic to take effect, and it will extend its power into the treeline far beyond. Anyone not standing directly behind Sibbe will be caught in the magic.

Given the strength of the magic being used, the chance of the characters managing to avoid defeat is vanishingly small. The strength of this ambush was designed to take down the huscarls the characters met earlier in the day, but with the huscarls out hunting bandits, Sibbe's trap is far more powerful than she actually needed.

Anyone that spots the figures can begin a combat with a free surprise round against Sibbe and her minions—likely the only round of combat that will be fought here. The group is 80 feet away and has cover and concealment due to the trees. Only characters who were keeping watch may act in the surprise round. Sibbe has just completed activating the Andøvan relic, and even if she is damaged, the spell still activates in the next round. It is possible that a lucky shot might kill one of the ambushers, though, which would remove that future threat, and if a lucky shot kills Sibbe, then the characters will (after they wake up and return) be greatly rewarded by the jarl for staving off the attack, will receive the 1000XP bonus immediately, and will be sent off into the Troll-Fist Hills to find bandits, using the same adventure locations but without Sibbe or her plans being involved. Again, this would be a highly unlikely occurrence given a powerful witch, a pre-prepared ambush, and an Andøvan relic, but it is possible.

If the characters did not detect the start of the attack (or once the spell takes effect one round into the combat) the following things happen as a result of the tablet's spell. First, Inga stumbles over to one of the characters and collapses. A few moments later, Fastvi falls out of a tree, unconscious.



Witches

"Witch" is used as a general term for spellcasters that have little to no formal magical training, but enough natural talent and knowledge to cast spells. The term is equally applied to men and women with these skills, although the males are sometimes called "warlocks." In most cases, witches have made a pact with some sort of otherworldly being, allowing the witch access to knowledge and spellcasting power. This is not always the case, but it is by far the easiest way for a witch or warlock to gain powers quickly, and most take advantage of such a pact if it is offered by a creature of sufficient power. These beings can include demon princes, angels, and various "middle powers" that are not quite gods but emphatically not of the mortal world, either. In many cases the pact is arranged by a lesser demon or other such servant of the one actually making the pact, for these creatures are too powerful to bother with humans. Pacts are often enforced and maintained by the presence of a familiar, usually an almost normal-looking creature that is imbued with an intelligent spirit-creature in service to the greater being. A familiar spirit is quite beneficial to a witch, often granting various magical abilities to the witch's arsenal of charms, but it is ultimately the servant of the greater being of the pact, not of the witch.

A witch's magical powers depend quite a bit on the greater being that grants them, so each witch encountered will have a different set of spells from various different spell lists. Moreover, their familiars or any special boons granted as part of the pact can also vary greatly. When the characters encounter a witch, use the witch's stat block to determine what skills, spells, and abilities the witch can bring to bear.

Bogi the dog turns to bark at the trees, but falls over sideways to the ground. Runa starts walking toward the edge of the meadow, her eyes wide and vacant, beckoned by her link to Sibbe and thus unaffected by the witch's spell.

These are the last things the characters see before darkness shrouds their eyes, and they fall into a deep, enchanted slumber. Once the characters fall asleep from its effects, they remain asleep for 2d4 hours and cannot be woken by any means but a *dispel magic*.

Elves are only partially immune to this particular form of magic; it is strong enough to force them into a state of lassitude so strong that they cannot move. However, an elf remains conscious rather than falling asleep, and will shake off the effects of the magic in only 1d2 hours. Thus, any elves will see what happens in the clearing after the attack, and anyone with a boon from the one-eyed man will dream it.

Sibbe the Unkempt (female human witch 3): HD 3 (d6); **HP** 15; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** +1 dagger (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** Spells (3/1), +2 saving throw vs. spells.

Spells: 1st—*charm person* x2*, *sleep*; 2nd— *hold person*, *invisibility*. *Sibbe's *charm person* is weaker than that of a magic-user, and the saving throw is made at +1.
Familiar spirit: spider named "Mor"
Equipment: *+1 dagger*, *Andøvan barrow charm*, ragged peasant's outfit, spell component pouch, pouch with 26 hs and a chunk of amber with a large moth suspended in it (100 hs)

Njarni the Traitor (human 2HD berserker): HD 2 (d8); **HP** 12; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** battle-axe (1d10) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** +2 attack when berserk
Equipment: leather armor, battle-axe, 6 javelins, sap, pouch with 4 hs

Gufti the Clever (human Thf3): HP 12; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or sling (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** backstab (x2), +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.
Thieving Skills: Climb 87%, Tasks/Traps 25%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 20%, Silent 30%, Locks 20%
Equipment: leather armor, short sword, sap, sling, 15 lead shot, pouch with 18 hs

Development: Once all of the opponents are dealt with, the henchmen gather up the sleeping girls and carry them to horses they left deeper in the woods, leaving the characters asleep. With the two unconscious girls and Little Runa obediently following in a daze, the group mounts up and rides away. The witch's party heads for the Moors, where they skirt the Trollfist Hills and head south for the Tor (**Area 15**).

Encounter Areas

The following areas are encountered on the way to and upon reaching the Meadows. The events described previously occur in and among these areas, so be sure to coordinate the events that occur with the appropriate areas.

1. One-Eyed Sven's Spring

The main Coast Road crosses your trail here at One-Eyed Sven's Spring. Named for the old huscarl who has taken this natural spring and enlarged it, ringing it with stone as a service to travelers and others taking the main road, the spring is the best watering hole in the area. An older fellow sits under a lean-to by this spring pool whittling, a small pile of wood shavings at his feet. It is the huscarl, One-Eyed Sven who tends this spring when not called by his duties in Jarl Olaf's hall. He hails you as you ride up.

One-Eyed Sven (Lawful male human fighter 8) is semi-retired from service to Jarl Olaf. When not on duty at the hall, he can often be found resting here under a lean-to, whittling, and chatting with passers-by. He is a friendly sort, fatherly toward the girls and younger householders in a rather sympathetic way. If the characters act in friendly manner, he engages them in conversation:

"Morning young folk, care for some dried apples? Well, it's a nice day to travel, and I envy you a peaceful task for it. Me, I have to head back to the hall this afternoon and see what ol' Olaf is planning for the season. Probably going whaling. The godi and cunning women are talking about a dry summer, and that means a poor harvest."

If the characters respond kindly and ask for advice or the traveling conditions (a commonplace thing among travelers upon the muddy roads of the North) or even seem like they'll bend half an ear, he relates the following as well.

"You young folks should keep an eye out, I heard that a couple of outlaws have been spotted out on the Moors, not to mention the trouble that Jasil the Nûklander ran into in the forest — damned fairies. And keep a look out for troll sign. We may not have got them all when we burned 'em out of the hills last winter. Oh, and keep an eye on the weather, I've got an awful crick in my back, sure sign of a storm coming."

He has no other specific information to give, just giving the news as he has heard it from other travelers.

2. The Muddy Track

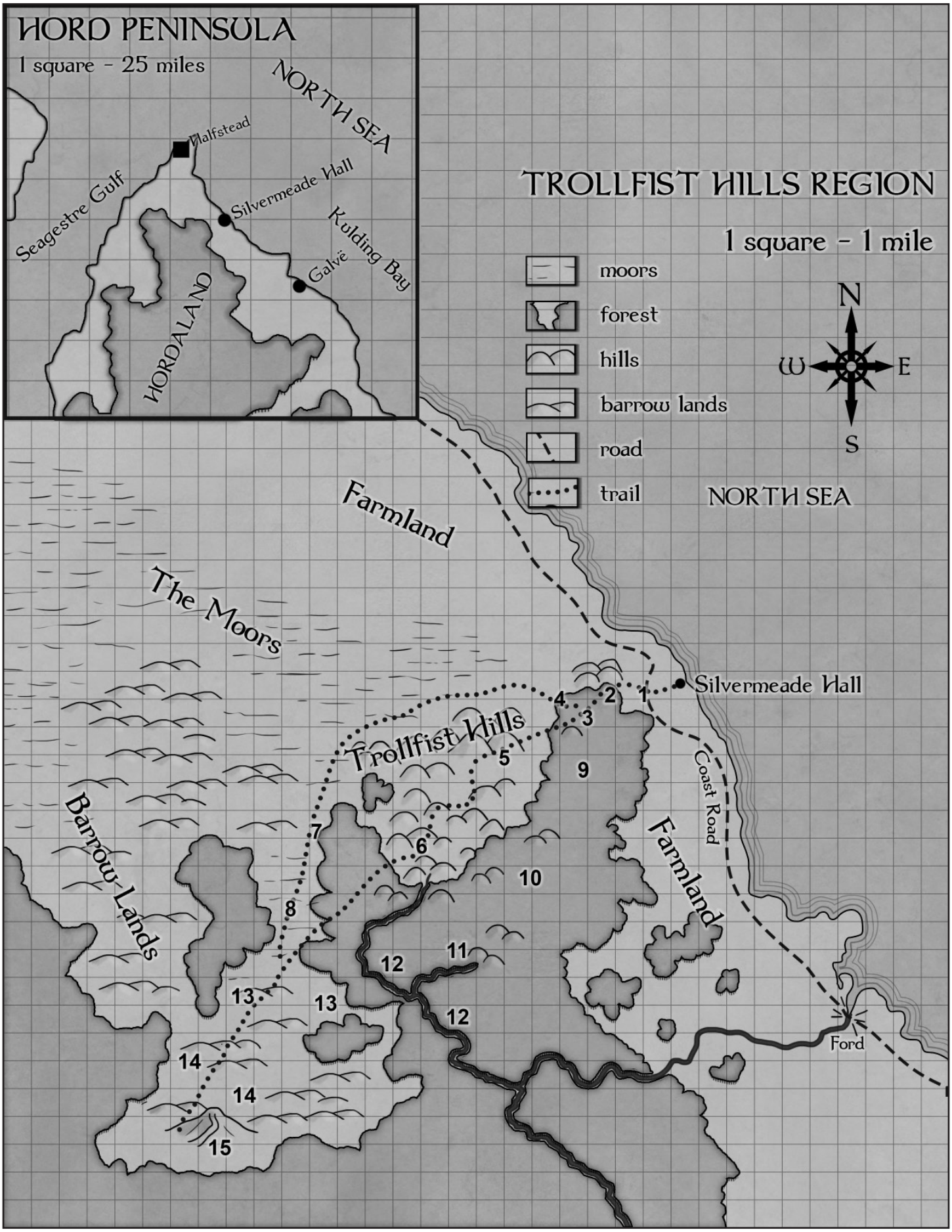
Near the end of the ride, the road turns southwest and heads into the woods. This part of the forest is fairly tame, and you soon find yourselves on a side path, little more than a dirt double track through the trees, muddy in the low places due to recent rains. After a few minutes, you hear the lowing of oxen and the raised voice of a man cursing his beasts. Coming around the corner, you see a small, heavily laden cart stuck in the mud. A one-eyed elderly man is trying to goad a pair of oxen into pulling the cart from the mud, with little success. Standing off to the side, out of the mud, is a strikingly handsome blonde woman of middle years and a young red-haired boy.

The man's cart is completely blocking the narrow woodland track. The party would need to take a game trail through the woods to go around. If the characters start to help the stranger, the delay brings out bitter looks from Igna, and gives Fastvi a chance to run off again if she isn't watched.

Depending on whether the character help the old man or not, they get thanks or a curse, described below.

Thanks

The old man looks at you gratefully with his one good eye. "Thank you for your aid. You are the sort of folk who make the Northlands proud. Have a pleasant journey, wherever you are going. Keep tight to your mind's-worth, and may your fates soar through the ages."


HORD PENINSULA
1 square - 25 miles
NORTH SEA
Halfstead
Seagestre Gulf
Silvermeade Hall
Kulding Bay
Galvë
HORDALAND
TROLLFIST HILLS REGION
1 square - 1 mile
moors
forest
hills
barrow lands
road
trail
N
W
E
S
NORTH SEA
Farmland
The Moors
Silvermeade Hall
Trollfist Hills
Coast Road
Barrow-Lands
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A Curse

> The old man's one good eye gleams at you with malice. "Curse you for selfish fools who would not stop to help an old man and his family in their time of need. May the gods look poorly on such as you, heartless and honorless curs."

The ways of the gods are mysterious, and this little encounter is actually extremely supernatural in nature. The old man and his family are not *exactly* Wotan, his wife Frigga, and his son Donar taken on mortal forms. They are simultaneously normal mortals and yet also a physically-embodied echo of Wotan's consideration about the characters and their role in future events. There are consequences to the characters' actions in how they deal with this family. If they helped, they are granted a boon, and if they chose to ignore the family, they receive a curse. The boon and curse affect each character individually based on their attitude toward helping the family.

The boon: If the character falls asleep during the ambush at the Meadows, a very strong (and accurate) dream will come during that sleep. The character will see the events from two, often-switching perspectives, both perspectives apparently high in the trees. This is a raven's-eye view, switching between two different ravens. They will see the girls being taken as described in the encounter, and be able to see Sibbe and the henchmen well enough to recognize them later.

Moreover, if the characters receive the boon they may re-roll one exhaustion check during the journey to the Tor (described later).

The curse: The character must re-roll the next successful d20 roll of the dice, and keep the lower of the two rolls.

3. The Meadows

> It is a warm spring day, and the meadow chosen is nestled in a narrow arm of the forest not far from the settled lands to the east. Insects buzz about, and the idyllic expanse of flowers is fragrant with fresh growth and new blossoms. The girls quickly dismount and spread out across the meadow.

The Meadows are on the edge of the settled lands surrounding Jarl Olaf's hall, partly in the forest and partly adjacent to fields and woodlots. The area is largely deserted this morning, and the party is alone, save for small animals and insects. To the south, the woodlands extend into the greater forest, and to the west, beyond the forest's edge, lie the Trollfist Hills and the Barrow Lands. The sun is warm, the air is fragrant, and trouble is brewing.

If the characters are unusually careful, trying to check out the tree-line for possible ambushes, the first thing they will encounter is the dog Bogi (see **Event 3**). Sibbe and her henchmen are all under a carefully-maintained spell of invisibility, and sitting quietly in the expectation that the trees will be searched. The stone tablet is covered with a sprinkling of earth to make it look like an ordinary rock, and Bogi has already had a chance to grow accustomed to them. Fortunately for Bogi, he lost interest before Sibbe decided to risk leaving a dead dog near her ambush site. A group of low-level characters is not likely to detect the lurking threat, and Sibbe will wait patiently while they check the area.

Once the group settles into the meadow, the three daughters of the jarl each pursue different activities. Inga busies herself with picking the best flowers, gathering them in a basket. She does so in the most ladylike of manners, avoiding anything that could possibly dirty her dress. Fastvi only picks flowers if reminded, and then only after being told several times to get to her work. Instead, she cavorts about the meadow, throwing a small knife into logs, climbing trees, investigating hollows, and trying to read tracks. Runa gets to the flower picking, but is easily distracted by squirrels, mice, insects, odd-shaped petals, and her own hidden conversations. See **Events 3–5** for encounters that occur while within the Meadows.

Chapter Two: The Trail of the Witch

The characters awake hours later, the sun sloping down from midday toward evening. Depending on the amount of time they slept (2d4 hours), the time will be from 2 hours non (2PM) to 8 hours non (8PM). Read the following.

> You wake up, your head splitting in pain that no amount of mead or ale could have produced, and blood trickles from ears, noses, and even eyes. Your mouth is a dry roadbed paved with molded sail cloth. The sun is slanting down in a mid-afternoon glare — you have been unconscious for several hours. Bees buzz among the flowers in the meadow. Of the girls — and your horses for that matter — there is no sign. The only other living creature you see is the mangy stray dog claimed by Little Runa. It licks at your faces as if happy for you to wake up.

The characters can quickly confirm that the girls are not in the meadow. Adding to their woes, the horses have been scattered. It takes thirty minutes to coax all the horses back together. The mounts may be needed to speed up travel, but also horses are very valuable in the Northlands. Jarl Olaf raises horses, and this is one of the sources of his wealth. Losing a small herd of horses on top of his daughters would only make things worse for the characters.

It is easy to find the spots in the tall meadow grass where bodies the size of Inga and Fastvi had lain, as well as signs of larger tracks around them where they were retrieved. There are no signs of blood or violence, however. Searching the edge of the tree line finds tracks in the forest's verge leading off away from the meadow and heading west. These tracks are of two large barefoot men, one smaller barefoot humanoid — likely a woman — and smaller shoeprints like those of a little girl. These prints lead off to the northwest, deeper into the forest and toward the Moors beyond. Following the tracks leads to a small clearing a quarter mile away where three horses had been hobbled for some time, and are now gone. Clearly the kidnappers mounted here to ride with their prisoners in tow. The horses' tracks likewise head northwest into the Moors. Bogi the dog is helpful with finding these trails, although he does not obey any sort of commands; he is simply curious and wants to find Fastvi. Bogi loyally remains with the characters for the duration of the adventure unless they shoo him away.

In the forest, just a few yards from the edge of the meadow where the tracks head off to the northwest, lie the remains of a large stone slab the size of a shield. It has cracked in several places, and the writing on it is faded and almost entirely illegible, as if recently scoured away. It still bears a lingering aura of enchantment magic, and a magic-user (or anyone that can read Andøvan) can barely make out that it once contained the words of power needed to cast some sort of ancient Andøvan word magic.

At this point, the characters must decide what to do. They have been charged by their jarl to protect his daughters on this outing, and the girls were kidnapped on their watch. In addition to the jeopardy the girls are in, the characters' own honor is at stake. There are, in a sense, multiple options available to the party. First, they can send someone back to get help and mount a full-scale rescue expedition, but this will take the better part of an hour over the muddy road and probably two hours before a force can be assembled and return, wasting valuable time and letting any tracks become fainter. Moreover, they know that the huscarls have been hunting bandits, not all have returned, and the ones that are back (including the four met on the road) are already exhausted.

Nothing shows that the girls were harmed, and the footprints look like Runa was even cooperating (the characters likely remember her walking to the meadow's edge just when the spell struck), so there is every reason to believe that they are still alive and only a few hours ahead. To return to their jarl with tales of a sudden magical attack, strange footprints, and missing daughters will see them cast out, branded as liars, brought before the next Thing (should they live that long), tried for murder and kidnapping, and then declared outlaws. After that, it will be a race to see who kills them first, the jarl or someone wishing to curry favor with him. Worst of all, they would forfeit the 1000XP bonus for staying in the jarl's employment, a possibility that is still available if they can get the girls back.

If need be, point out these drawbacks to the idea of going back for help, because under the circumstances they have only one option that offers any benefit to themselves: They must recover the girls. The jarl's household knew where they were going with the girls, and when they are missed, help will be sent. So the characters could leave a message here for the jarl's men while they go in pursuit of the girls themselves. This presents a new set of problems, though, namely where to go from here.

The tracks left by Sibbe, her guardians, and Runa lead directly through the narrow band of woods and into a section of the Moors that skirts the Trollfist Hills. The kidnappers are unlikely to head north toward the civilized lands under Jarl Olaf's sway with his kidnapped daughters in tow, so that leaves only the Moors or possibly the Barrow Lands. If any of the characters mentions Runa's history or the fact that the magic-using kidnapper was female, someone in the group will make the connection with the witch Sibbe. Sibbe lives somewhere in the vicinity of a legendary hill known as the Tor, in the Barrow Lands beyond the Moors about 20 miles away from the Meadows. She is known for delving into the ancient magic of the Andøvan, and has a connection to the jarl's family. If the characters failed to learn anything about Runa's background, failed to keep watch and thus get a glimpse of the kidnappers, and didn't help the one-eyed cartsman and thus get a dream-vision of the events after they fell asleep, then do not provide them with this link between what they have seen and what their background knowledge would provide. However, if they *have* assembled even a part of the necessary information by now, Sibbe is well-enough known to be the obvious suspect, and that suspicion should be provided to the characters.

Skirting the Trollfist Hills would provide a fast route for someone mounted to ride to the Tor. Since the characters have all spent at least one winter with Jarl Olaf, and the Tor is legendary to the area, all of them have some basic knowledge about the Tor, Sibbe, and the surrounding countryside.

There are three possible ways to reach the Tor from the Meadows. The characters can follow the same trail taken by the kidnappers. This is the fastest route, through the relatively flat lands of the Moors and the Barrow Lands, but also likely the most dangerous for the many undead denizens said to haunt those lands — even for Sibbe, presumably. Taking the paths through the Trollfist Hills is slower, but likely safer, though there is no guarantee that new dangers don't lurk there now. Thirdly, the middle-length route would follow the game trails through the forest to skirt the Barrow Lands and the Trollfist Hills. They are not as slow as the hills but not as dangerous as the Barrow Lands.

From the moment the characters wake up, the clock is ticking. Sibbe intends to sacrifice the girls atop the Tor in a ritual held at the Vernal Equinox (which is also the timing of the Feast of Freyja, but taking place

Rumors

The characters might have up to six pieces of information, although one of the die rolls is only made if there is a cleric or a magic-user in the group. Roll a d20 once on each table below. Give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled. Only roll on the last table if there is either a cleric or a magic-user in the party, and if there are both, add +1 to the die roll.

The Tor

Min. Roll (d20)	Information
3	The tors scattered throughout the Northlands are large hills or outcroppings of stone.
8	These were used long ago as ancient Andøvan fortifications or ritual sites. The Tor near Silvermeade Hall bears upon its summit a stone circle jutting up like broken teeth above the surrounding plain.
10	Legend says the stones of the Tor were used in powerful ritual magic performed by the Andøvan at the four corners of the year.
16	Andøvan stone circles are known to often contain spells written on stone tablets.

The Barrow Lands

Min. Roll (d20)	Information
3	It is said that the Barrow Lands are haunted by the ghosts of the ancient warriors laid to rest here.
5	Tales of those who have journeyed into the Barrow Lands usually mention that the living never come back, remaining among the dead for all eternity.
10	The burial mounds of the ancient Andøvan dot much of the central portions of the Hord Peninsula where the tableland is drier than the surrounding moors.

The Trollfist Hills

Min. Roll (d20)	Information
2	These hills are rugged, barren, and have long been the haunts of trolls, outlaws, and giants.
8	A path leads through them that loops to the south toward the Barrow Lands near the Tor.
10	Though the hills have recently been cleaned out of outlaws, trolls, and other threats, there is always the possibility that new dangers might have moved in to the old vacated lairs and caves.

The Forest

Min. Roll (d20)	Information
3	These woods are fairly open and are composed of old growth forest that has only been logged around the edges.
5	The trails through the forest are tricky and twisting, but are known to lead to the southwest around the Barrow Lands.
17	Though far removed from it now, the forest here is a distant extension of the Forest of Woe at the south end of the Hord Peninsula. Though not nearly as primordial and untamed as that legendary woodland, the forests around Silvermeade are said to be the home to several bands of wild fey, though none that are known to be overtly malicious.

Sibbe the Unkempt

Min. Roll (d20)	Information
12	Sibbe the Unkempt is a seiðkona, a witch-woman, and has long been a feature in stories and tales of the area, often acting strangely, coming and going as she pleases, and is used as a local "bogeyman" to frighten children. She would have to be more than 80 years old for all the tales attributed to her.
16	Rumors more than once have placed Sibbe upon the Tor performing some unnamable ritual or other. It would appear that she has had an interest in the magic of the site for decades.

Magic and Religion

Roll only if there is a cleric or magic-user in the party

Min. Roll (d20)	Information
10	The Andøvan possessed powerful magic, but unlike the kind known in the Northlands today. Instead, it used complex rituals, celestial alignments, and words of power magic to create truly momentous effects.
13	The four corners of the year, often used in Andøvan rituals,referred to the solstices and equinoxes. The Vernal Equinox is tomorrow.*
19	This time of year would be perfect for an Andøvan magic ritual that would bring about a rebirth, such as making a person young again or recharging lost magic powers. Such a ritual would need to be performed at dawn on the equinox.

*If any of the players specifically asks about unusual "magical" dates or festivals, all the characters obviously know that the Vernal Equinox is tomorrow. There is even a feast scheduled at the Hall to celebrate it. Rolling this information on the table means that they make the connection without requiring one of the players to think outside the box.

Movement

Each of the three paths to the Tor is measured in terms of how many hours it takes to complete, with some possible delays that add to this time (such as becoming lost in the forest). Sibbe's trail is described in **Area 4**, and proceeds through the Moors as described in "The Moors." This path takes 3-3/4 to 7-1/2 hours, depending on whether the characters choose to move "fast" or "recklessly." The path through the hills takes 4 to 8 hours (again depending on the chosen speed), and the path through the forest takes roughly 6-1/2 to 7-1/2 hours, although there are some variable factors (see "The Forest" for more detail). The specific description of each area describes the relative risks of "fast" and "reckless" movement rates, which are different for each area.

earlier in the day than the feast). The completed ritual would lead to Sibbe's rebirth in a younger and more powerful form, but needs to be completed at dawn the next day (the 8th hour past midnight). This gives the party between 12 and 18 hours to reach the Tor and rescue the girls, depending on how fast they woke up and got moving. After the sun sets, a full moon will give plenty of light to travel and fight by. However, the forest will be dark throughout, due to the canopy.

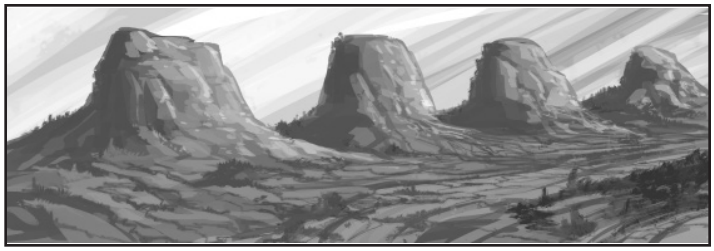
Looking at the three routes, the party must balance speed, risk, and exhaustion. If they take the route through the Trollfist Hills, they will spend the night riding and be forced to attack the stones only slightly before dawn. This will mean the entire party may be exhausted when they arrive. Without rest, they will be at a disadvantage in any battle. The forest route allows for some rest along the way, enough to avoid that problem unless they run into an unexpected delay, but becoming temporarily lost is a definite risk. If they choose to pursue straight across the Barrow Lands, the danger is not lack of rest but the inhabitants; however, the Barrow Lands route is the fastest and would put the party at the Tor (if they make it at all) shortly after sunset.

4. Sibbe's Trail

The trail left by the witch and her cohort heads northwest out of the woods and skirts just north of the Trollfist Hills before plunging south rapidly for a fast run to the Tor. Following the trail is not difficult, with a 50% chance to follow it each hour, even by moonlight. Even if the trail is lost the characters can continue on their way toward the Tor without slowing down, simply by following the edge of the hills and then the woods. They do not, therefore, have to worry about becoming lost as long as they stick to this route and have a 50% chance each mile to pick the trail back up again since it follows that course as well. Following the trail reveals that the horses are all being ridden hard; the riders clearly do not care if the horses survive the trip so long as they reach their destination quickly. This gives the witch's party a sizable lead on the characters, who must also attempt to spare their horses somewhat if they wish to be able to quickly leave with the girls and get back to the jarl's hall. Refer to "The Moors" below for information about a journey along this route whether the characters are successfully following the trail or not.

The Trollfist Hills

Four rugged, round hills looking like the bent knuckles of a troll's fist push up out of the moors, larger than the lower hills around them. The hills are sparsely vegetated and rather steep, though a path goes through them. That trail is one of hard-packed earth over flinty rock, and is as gray and lifeless as the rest of the territory.



These low hills lie to the west of the settled portions around Jarl Olaf's hall, and represent the western border of the land he and his followers claim. Named for the resemblance of the four central peaks to a great stony fist thrust up out of the ground, the hills are rocky and largely devoid of vegetation save for scraggly grasses and scrubby trees. A single path winds through the hills and passes through the verge of the forest before ending at the edge of the Barrow Lands. This path is not straight and it is only 5 to 6 feet wide, requiring the party to move at a walk to safely traverse the ground (fast movement). The path is also rather stony; trying to ride through (reckless movement) may cause horses to come up lame, forcing the party to abandon it. The trail from the hills passes through a short stretch of the Moors, leaving only the faintest outline of a path through the bogs and heath.

Travel

The journey through the hills is effectively divided into 4 abstract parts: 3 in the hills and 1 for the remainder, each taking 2 hours at fast speed or 1 hour at reckless speed. Thus, if the party moves at reckless speed all the way, the total trip would take 4 hours. Traveling at reckless speed through the hills requires two d20 rolls *per character, per part*, at the completion of each part. The first roll is to see if the character's horse is lamed (1 in 20 chance for elves, 2 in 20 chance for all others but dwarves, and 3 in 10 chance for dwarves). The second die roll is to avoid becoming exhausted (1-2 on d20 indicates exhaustion). Dwarves are exempt from the exhaustion check in the hills. See the "Exhaustion" Side Box.

Remember: these exhaustion checks are only made if the characters are moving at reckless speed.

Exhaustion

Each time a character becomes "exhausted" by failing a die roll, one of three things happens.

The first failure means that the character becomes –1 on all saving throws until resting.

The second failure means that in addition to the saving throw penalty, the character "loses" a hit point. If losing the hit point would mean that the character is unconscious, the character is still conscious but cannot fight unless cured.

A third failure means that the character will be at –1 on all to-hit rolls until resting.

These three results are bad enough: characters do not become any more exhausted than this, even if they fail more die rolls along the way.

5. Troll Sign

Shortly after entering the hills and enters a muddy, overgrown area, an observant character will notice tufts of coarse, damp hair stuck to rocks, large footprints, and fresh claw marks on the stones — certain troll sign. A ranger or druid will be able to tell that the hair and other spoor is from a swamp troll, a rare species of troll known to dwell in the wetlands of the Moors that has apparently recently wandered into the area. A dwarf, with non-specific knowledge, can still tell that the spoor is "probably from some kind of troll."

The **swamp troll** in question is drawn to the cattle in **Area 6**. He is not looking for a fight, and would prefer to grab an easy meal. However, horse



is almost as tasty as cattle (at least to a troll) and humans are even more so. If the party is not making any attempt to conceal themselves, the troll lurks out of sight, doing its best to hide among the rocks and brambles. It attacks the weakest-looking member of the party if an opportunity presents itself or if the prey appears to be leaving the hills, at which point a desperate action on the part of the troll is called for. The swamp troll does not fight to the death, and flees if reduced to 10 hp, unless a member of the party calls on Donar's name during the battle (either as a war cry or in casting a divine spell). If that occurs, the enraged troll sacrifices its life in order to slay the offender.

Troll, Swamp: **HD** 3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round, suffocate out of swamp for 10 hours, surprise on 1-3 on 1d6. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 572)

Treasure: The swamp troll carries a large nodule of green swamp-amber in a small pouch on a leather strip around its neck, worth 500gp.

6. Cattle Thieves

The flickering light of a fading campfire can be spotted ahead among the hills right in your path. Cattle low in the darkness just beyond, and five figures snore away on the ground, empty wineskins scattered about in disarray.

Of all the nights to choose to make an illicit camp, a group of **5 cattle raiders** (Dirty Olaf and his four accomplices: Arni Buison, Cnut Erpson, Najal the Skinny, and Sigrid Saxisdottir) have chosen this one. Five nights ago, they crept into the barns of one Javik Gilson, a freesteader who lives on the other coast of the Hord Peninsula. Stealing eight cattle, the thieves complicated their escape by making too much noise and having to fight Javik and his sons. In the fight, Javik was killed and two of his sons injured.

Dirty Olaf still considers it a successful raid. He has had a feud with Javik going back nearly 30 years and seeing not just his rival killed but a fortune in cattle taken has made him more than a little celebratory. As a result, he has camped in the Trollfist Hills, closer to Jarl Olaf's lands than he realizes, in order to uncork some mead and live it up with his companions. By nightfall, all five are drunk and oblivious to the goings-on around them; after all, they have escaped unscathed, the cattle are corralled, and the night is a pleasant one. Too bad for them that the Norns have decreed that their fate is to be stalked by a troll and to eventually have a band of the local jarl's householders ride into their camp.

The camp is set right across the trail where the draws between three hills intersect. No watch has been set. All five raiders are asleep but wake up to any loud noise. They are not in their armor, but their weapons are stacked close at hand. Due to their drunkenness, they attack at –1

Drunken Cattle Raiders (5): HD 1 (d6); **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** Attack at –1 due to drunkenness.
Equipment: leather armor (not worn), spear, short bow, belt pouch

Treasure: The raiders have 120 hs between them, several skins of fine mead, and eight head of cattle worth 10 hs each.

Potential XP Bonus: If the characters manage to contrive some way to get the cattle and the majority of the thieves back to Jarl Olaf's hall alive to face justice, award them an additional 20XP per bandit and 20XP per head of cattle.

The Moors

Muddy, heath-covered, and dotted with small bogs, the Moors run from the coast to the Forest of Woe far to the south, interrupted only by the Stonefist Hills, forested areas, and occasional barrow fields of the ancient Andøvan peoples. Only the barest hints of green have begun to spring up among the broken rocks and muddy hollows. The winds of a recent winter still blow across this flatland and chill through all but the heaviest cloaks, and the occasional bog pool still has a rime of fragile ice around its edges. There is no cover on the moors, leaving you feeling exposed and vulnerable to any watching eyes.

A poorly drained, soggy moor dominates the middle of the Hord Peninsula. This area, known simply as the Moors, is considered wasteland by most of the Northlanders and is inhabited by strange beasts, crazed hermits, and outcasts from holdings all over the region. Adding to the dread that most feel when traveling through the area, the higher and drier parts of the Moors often contain rings of broken stones or ancient barrows whose occupants are assumed to be restless and hunger for the blood of the living. No one knows for sure what is out there, as few people are foolish enough to risk their lives and sanity by traveling the Moors to any great extent.

Unfortunately, this is where the tracks lead as described in **Area 4**. The horizon is a fair distance and it's a clear day, so the characters can easily see for several miles. Storm clouds are rolling in and beginning to gather in a spiraling tempest to the southwest (recognizable as above the Tor), hovering low and sending down bolts of lightning to strike the stones below due to the ritual that Sibbe is preparing.

Travel

The ride through the Moors and Barrow Lands is divided into two parts: the ride to **Area 7** and the continued ride to the Tor through the Barrow Lands, each taking about 3-3/4 hours at fast speed or 1-3/4 hours at reckless speed.

At reckless speed, at the end of each part of the journey, (just *before* **Area 7**), the characters must each make one d20 die roll to check for exhaustion. The character suffers from exhaustion on a 1-2, unless the character is a dwarf, in which case there is only a 1 in 20 chance. See the "Exhaustion" Side Box. No exhaustion checks are required if the party is not moving at reckless speed.

7. The Restless Dead

The land is drier here, and the ground higher than that of the surrounding bog lands. Occasional mounds of earth, elongated and low, dot the terrain. You suspect this the edge of the Barrow Lands and dread what foul specters must lurk beneath the thin veneer of earth that covers them. You only hope that your passing has not disturbed any of them. Your hope is short-lived, however, as in the dim moonlight ahead, directly upon the path you follow, stand the remains of what must have once been one of the mounds. Someone has recently dug down into the very center of it, leaving a large crater surrounded by piles of freshly turned earth. More than one glint of bone can be seen in this churned furrow.

A small spur of the Barrow Lands follows a ridge of dry ground from the west here. The barrow mounds are old and less frequent than encountered in the Barrow Lands proper but are present nonetheless. In anticipation that someone might attempt to follow her trail, Sibbe previously unearthed one of the barrow mounds here to leave a trap for those who might come along behind. As the characters reach this area, **6 skeletons** claw their way up through the loose soil. Clad in tattered rags and carrying bronze-bladed spears and swords, the dead of ancient Andøvan have come to deal with trespassers.

Skeleton: **HD** 1; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells.

Treasure: The skeletons are adorned with bronze items and stone trinkets of the ancient Andøvan people worth 50 hs each.

8. Bog

At some point, the trail you have been following was part of an actual path or road cutting through the swampy moor. Ahead, a large bog blocks your path, but someone long ago built a wooden walkway over it to the far shore, lost in the night mist. You can only hope that it reaches all the way to the other side. The wooden walkway is rickety and is missing a few planks but is wide enough to ride a horse across and otherwise appears sturdy.

Built long ago by marsh folk that fished for eels and hunted fowl upon the moors, the 5-foot-wide walkway is indeed sturdy enough for the entire party to traverse single file. Wooden pilings are sunk into the bog at intervals so that the entire walkway stands less than a foot above the surrounding waters. The waters themselves range in depth from 7 to 12 feet (1d6+6), but they are so murky that it is impossible to tell at any given place without probing their depths. The bog extends roughly 2 miles east and west, and a mile to the south.





The walkway does extend all the way across it, though visibility is reduced to 50 feet by the mists so that the characters can never be sure until they approach the far shore. Attempting to skirt around the bog adds almost 2 hours to the journey (1 hour and an exhaustion check on 1 randomly-determined character if they move recklessly), so despite its sinister appearance, the wooden walkway is the most advantageous route for the characters.

Even with the shortcut across the wooden walkway, the bog is a dangerous and creepy place. Midway across the bog is a small, muddy island, 20 feet on a side. The walkway ends at this island, and another walkway extends out from the other side and continues on to the far side of the bog. Complicating matters is the fact that the bog is home to a **bog hound**, an undead creature left behind by ancient cults of the Andøvan. The bog hound pulls itself out of its watery grave and attacks any who trespass upon its island. Sibbe and her minions encountered the bog hound when they passed through hours earlier and battled it for a short time before escaping to the south. Now the bog hound blocks the south bridge to prevent anyone fleeing in that direction. Upon facing the bog hound, it is obvious to the characters that it was recently involved in a battle as several slashing wounds from axe blades mar its corrupt hide. It fights until destroyed. Anyone affected by its howl will fall into the water and must spend 1d3 rounds to climb out.

Bog Hound: **HD** 3; **HP** 10 (wounded from 13); **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: howl causes save vs. fear

Treasure: none

The Forest

The forest is relatively open. Few people venture here because of its horrid reputation, and thus few trees are felled these days. It is an old forest, with soaring towers of tree trunks spreading out above to form a tightly closed canopy, leaving the forest floor in deep shade. A low mist hangs about in dells and crannies, and seems to flow away as you approach.

The forest here is a remnant of the mighty forest that once covered most of the Hord Peninsula. In decades past, it was logged and thinned in all but its southerly most reaches where it is still thick and primordial and is known as the Forest of Woe. However, since the fey that have long inhabited the depths of the Forest of Woe have become more aggressive in past years, the logging has ceased everywhere but on the outermost edges of the tree line. Even here on the peninsula's northern reaches, the forest is often looked at askance, as if it were the Forest of Woe itself.

The part of the forest that runs to the south of the Meadows is a relatively peaceful stretch of woodland, one regularly used by people from the area for hunting, wood gathering, and other such activities. However, to pass through this arm of the forest and loop around the southern edge of the Stonefist Hills in order to find safe passage to the Tor, the party needs to skirt the deeper and darker heart of the forest here.

There is no straight path through the forest. The characters either have to go cross-country or try to navigate a maze of game trails and small paths. Striking out cross-country is difficult, and the forest floor is dense enough in places that horses have a hard time getting through. Also, it will be nightfall before the party manages to get far through the forest, making navigation difficult.

Travel

The trip through the forest to the Tor has two parts, the forest portion and the hilly portion from the forest to the Tor.

The trek through the forest to the edge of the Barrow Lands takes 5 hours if the characters follow trails, and 4 hours if they cut straight through the forest without trails or stars to guide them. Taking the direct route is faster, but has a higher chance of getting lost (see "Lost!"). For each hour spent traveling in the forest (5 on trails, 4 cross-country), the characters must make one check on a d20 to see if they become lost. Cross-country, the chance of becoming lost is 4 in 20. On the trails, the chance is only 2 in 20. In both cases, if there is a ranger in the party, the roll is made at +1. Due to the darkness and trees, the characters cannot increase their speed through the forest.

From the edge of the forest to the Tor, the trip takes 2-1/2 more hours at fast speed, or 1-1/2 hours at reckless speed. Since this is not a long leg of the trip, if the characters are traveling at reckless speed only one of the characters must make a check to see if that one character becomes exhausted (1-2 on d20). Determine randomly which of the characters makes the check.

Lost!

Becoming lost at night is not a pleasant experience, as the forest itself seems to take a perverse joy in harassing anyone foolish enough to wander its depths. Lost characters lose 1d4–1 hours of travel time (minimum 1 hour) before getting back on track. Also, each time the party becomes lost, the GM should roll 1d6 on the random encounters table below.

Lost! Random Encounters

1d6	Encounter
1–2	No Encounter
3	Bandits
4	Shifting Trails
5	Boar
6	Bear

Bandits: A small band of outlaws has taken to the forest, managing to set up a hideout among the trees despite the presence of dangerous faeries and other creatures. The party encounters a group of **4 bandits** and their **leader** heading back to their homes in the middle of the night. For the bandits, it has been an unprofitable couple of days, as they have spent their time fruitlessly staking out the coast road from Halfstead south to the Vale. Little traffic is on the road this time of year, and the last few nights have been rainy. Thus, the bandits are in a foul mood, and intruders in their domain are the last irritants they are willing to put up with. These bandits are a part of the gang from **Area 11**, but have been out on patrol and will not return before the characters reach there, so do not remove their numbers from that location.

If any bandits are captured and threatened, they immediately offer the location and details of their hideout at **Area 11**. The bandits have between them a total of 34 hs.

Ambrus (bandit leader, Ftr2): HD 2 (d10); **HP** 10; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 2 attacks against creatures with 1HD or less (the characters, probably!).

Equipment: leather armor, shield, spear, short bow, belt pouch containing 15 hs and a carved piece of amber (100gp)

Bandits (4): HD 1 (d6); **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None

Equipment: leather armor, spear, short bow, belt pouch

Shifting Trails: The trail shifts before the characters' very eyes, changing direction in front and behind them. Roll 1d6: on a 2-6 the party loses only 1/2 hour while lost, but if they roll a 1 then they continue to be **Lost!** for an additional 1d4–1 hours (minimum 1 hour).

Boar: An angry **boar** charges out of concealment from the underbrush, likely upsetting the characters' mounts. The boar is very territorial and charges on the first round of combat, aiming for a character on foot or the nearest horse if no one is afoot. The boar's eyes are glazed over unnaturally and completely black throughout the entire fight. A faint aura of enchantment lingers over it.

Boar, Wild: **HD** 3+3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (3d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: continue to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0hp. (***Monstrosities*** 48)

Bear: A **black bear** lumbers out of the woods at the party, attacking in a blind rage. Its eyes are unnaturally glazed over and completely black. A faint aura of enchantment lingers over it. The bear makes no attempt to hide, and simply closes with the nearest character to attack until killed.

Bear, Black: **HD** 4+1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 1d8 additional damage).

9. Tree of Woe

Beneath the bows of the forest, in the waning moments of twilight, you have come upon a shocking scene. A rugged and heavily muscled Northman is tied to the trunk of a gnarled oak tree, arms suspended above, a foot above the ground. From the way the ropes are tied, it is evident that he tied them himself. He is entirely unclothed, and his body is crisscrossed with scars both old and new. His face is a mask of dried blood on one side where it his flowed down his cheek and onto his chest, and it is evident that that eye has been plucked out. His other eye is closed, and his face is a contorted mask of pain.



Any cleric will realize that this man is a Bearsarker (see ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 4**) and has hung himself from this tree in imitation of Wotan's sacrifice in order to gain wisdom. He is deep in reverie and should not be disturbed as he seeks divinely inspired revelations. He has nothing to steal and is completely helpless if the party is callous enough to harm or kill him. Whatever they do, he does not acknowledge their presence in any way, even if dying. However, if the characters elect not to disturb the Bearsarker and one or more of them helped the old man at **Area 2**, the Bearsarker's good eye springs open and he suddenly speaks, "The storm will come and Donar's usurper must be laid low. Ice and cold threaten the world. The glowing stone must be returned for mind's-worth." After that utterance, he returns to his reverie and says no more.

If the bearsarker speaks to the characters, any cleric in the group gains 50XP.

10. Faerie Gathering

Shortly after the white moon, Narrah, reaches her zenith in the night sky, the party sees lights ahead in the forest, low to the ground and glowing with an eerie green color. Should they turn off their route in order to avoid these lights, they find the lights ahead of them again moments later. This keep up until the party advances on the lights or they try to avoid the lights three times, whichever happens first (avoiding them adds an hour to their travel time). If the party approaches the lights, read the following.

The lights are coming from a ring of large mushrooms, each a little lantern illuminating a circular clearing in the middle of the forest. Satyrs, dryads, pixies, and other faeries are busy putting up garlands of flowers, bringing in and setting up a long table and benches, and in general getting ready for a feast.

The characters have stumbled upon a rare sight, a picnic feast by part of the faerie court from the Forest of Woe. They patiently ignore the characters, moving around and past while going on about their business, casting rude glances at any who annoy them. If the characters attack, the lanterns immediately extinguish, plunging the clearing into absolute darkness as the faeries scatter. By the time the characters get their bearings, they find that their sword strokes have hit only the boles of gnarled trees, and no sign of the fey folk remain. If this occurs, they will not see the faeries again. However, if the characters maintain their good manners and stick around to watch for a few moments, their patience is soon rewarded.

In moments, the faeries have assembled along the benches in obvious anticipation of something. A horn sounds in the woods, and a tall, regal stag with antlers like birch branches walks to the head of the table. The stag, its rack shimmering as if crowned by glowing gems or living fire, addresses you in a voice like the flow of a fresh, pebbled brook.

"Strangers, be welcome as guests or cursed as interlopers, the choice is yours. Come and sit; partake of our feast, but repay our generosity in kind, or be gone and on your way as craven and honorless men, mere trespassers in our domain."

At this point, the party must make its choice, and do so with bravery and élan. As Northlanders, they are well aware that any hesitation on their part will be taken as a refusal of hospitably — a grave crime in the Northlands. It takes just one character to speak up and accept, and likewise just one to refuse. Acceptance leads to **Payment in Kind**, below. Refusal leaves the party **Lost!** (see "Lost!"), as the faeries and all their feast preparations disappear in the blink of an eye.

Payment in Kind

The feast is one of otherworldly fare and beauty. Dainty cups made of flowers are filled with mead brewed from faerie bees and water from secret magical streams. Steaming hunks of roast pork, as well as other savory dishes, are brought out on platters of bark. The bread is light and airy, yet filling, and both sweet and hearty as needed. The conversation, to say nothing of the company, is beyond words, and the party soon finds themselves swept away on a tide of wonder. All it takes is one character to be rude, to refuse to eat and drink, or otherwise be poor guests for the whole party to find themselves **Lost!** as above. The feast continues for hours, and after it is done, the Stag speaks again, this time in a voice like sultry summer winds blowing through fully leafed trees. It says, "As you have enjoyed our fare, let us enjoy yours. What do you offer us in return for our hospitality: songs, stories, dances? What entertainment can you show your hosts that befits the food and drink you have consumed?"

Each of the characters needs to provide some form of gift in exchange. Storytelling, singing, dancing, or playing of instruments are called for, and as long as an honest attempt is made it is sufficient payment. Special care needs to be made with regard to content of the performance; any character making or conducting a performance needs to be specific about what the theme and plot of his song, story, and playing is about, lest they offend their host. Glorifying the forest, tales of heroes who fell into tragic love affairs (especially with faeries), and such are appropriate, as would be poems or orations praising the Forest King and his Court. Anything that paints the natural world or fey in general in a poor light results in the party waking up in the forest **Lost!** as above. One option is for one or more of the characters to offer to dance with the dryads or satyrs, something that brings rude catcalls from the court, but little more. Another is to offer to wrestle a satyr or provide some other form of violent, but non-lethal combat as sport. It should be noted that inflicting lethal damage goes poorly for the whole party.

When the entertainment is done, the party begins to get drowsy, lulled into sleepiness by the mead, company, and late hour. Soon, they find themselves drifting off, whether immune to magical sleep or not. They wake up 4 hours before dawn (even if this means they go backward in their own timeline), completely refreshed, as if they spent a night sleeping, and healed of any and all wounds. The faerie court is gone, but the path out of the forest toward the Tor is clear. The characters no longer have to make any sorts of die rolls while they are in the forest to avoid getting lost.

XP Award: If the characters remain peaceful and successfully repay the Faerie Court for their feast, award each character 100 XP.

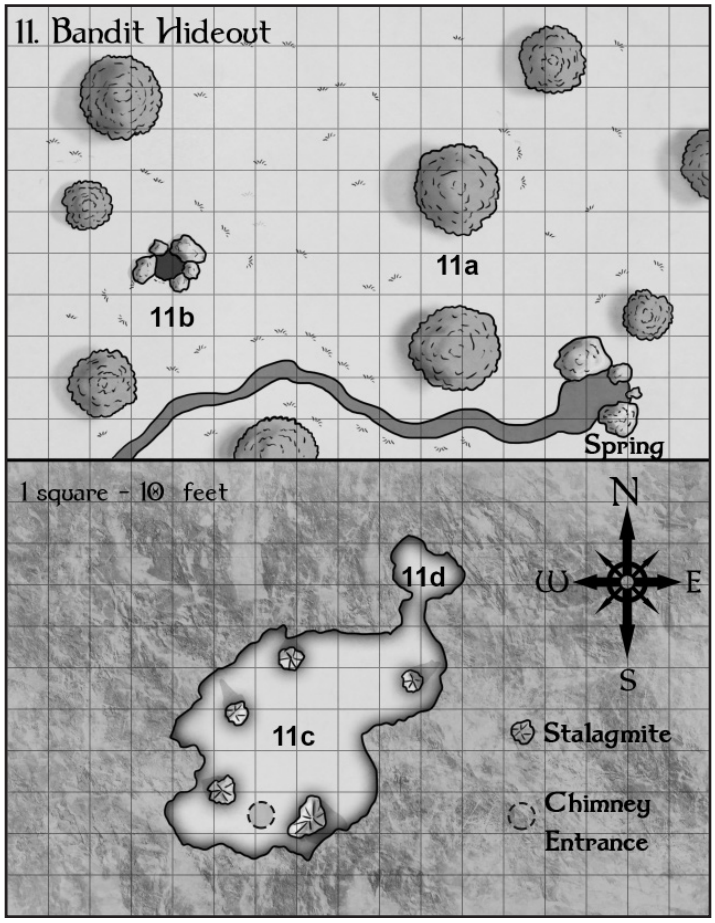
11. Bandit Hideout

A band of outlaws resides in the forest, and their hideout lies on the game trail that the characters follow. The presence of the bandits may be learned from a random encounter above,

or the party may pick up signs that they are not the only mortals in the forest. If they learn of the bandits, or even suspect them to be present, the party has to decide if they are going to move slowly and with stealth as they pass through the forest, or risk discovery during their midnight ride. Even if the characters do not directly encounter the bandits in the forest, they may wish to return after rescuing the jarl's daughters in order to deal with the outlaws.

Astrid the Mad is an outlaw from the Vale, sentenced for what she considers trumped-up charges for murdering her cousin. According to Astrid, her cousin just happened to die near her, stumble into her, and thus get his blood on her clothes and hands (plus, she drew the dagger out of his chest in order to try and save him). In her mind, the true reason behind her prosecution and conviction was that she had begun showing signs of having arcane powers. Fleeing justice, she headed off into the wilds, eventually meeting up with other outlaws and rampaging along the edges of the Vale.

Last fall, Astrid led her bandits north into Hordaland, hoping that their relative obscurity would allow them a chance to either restart their lives or, better, evade the families of their victims. Instead, they found the Forest of Woe and struck a deal with the King of the Forest and the faeries that reside there. In exchange for safe passage and freedom to build a hideout in the forest, the bandits give the faeries a young adult female at each of the four corners of the year (solstices and equinoxes). What happens to these prisoners is none of Astrid's concern, and the longer she stays in the forest, the greater her powers grow — as does her inhumanity.



Clues to the Bandits

The characters know from Hallbjorn and others that some outlaws have been spotted near the settled lands around the Silvermeade. In addition, human footprints, dropped items, and other signs may be found on the trails in the forest. Roll a 1 in 6 chance (4 in 6 if a ranger is present) for every square within 2 miles of **Area 11** to determine if the characters notice some sign of the bandits passing through the area. If they do, these lead toward the creek that flows into the stream that borders the forest.

The hideout is impressive, a large cavern formed by the constant action of water on the limestone foundations of the Hord Peninsula. Its natural defenses have been enhanced by the construction of barricades and a lookout post in a nearby oak tree. A natural spring bubbles up near the cave mouth and forms a small run of water that eventually joins the unnamed stream below. A large stream borders the forest and the Moors, and the characters realize that following the water will allow them to find their way through the forest with no further risk of becoming lost.

The bandits are on edge about the faeries and other dangers of the forest, despite their agreement with the King of the Forest. They are on alert for intruders, and keep lookouts in the watch post in the tree (**Area 11a**) and the cave mouth (**Area 11b**). In addition, they practice fairly decent light and noise discipline, keeping fires to a minimum during the night, and stick to the cave as much as possible. If the party is not trying to be stealthy, their approach is noticed and prepared for.

11a. The Lookout

Forty feet from the entrance to the cave there is a small platform high up in a tall beech tree. The bandits have stationed **2 lookouts** here to keep an eye out for approaching beasts or faeries. The platform is small, only 5 feet by 10 feet, and is 50 feet up the tree. A rope ladder provides access, and is usually rolled up to avoid any surprises. If intruders are detected, the lookouts blow a horn to alert the bandits sleeping in **Area 11c**. Even if the characters are checking, they only have a 50% chance to spot the lookouts while they are hidden in their post at night, but if Bogi (the dog from the Meadows) accompanies the characters, it smells the bandits and barks, alerting the whole camp. If the bandits are not noticed by the characters, then they attack with surprise from the darkness when the characters are 50 feet away, and blow their horn to alert the others.

Bandits (2): HD 1 (d6); **HP** 3, 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None

Equipment: leather armor, spear, short bow, belt pouches each with 15hs.

11b. The Cave Mouth

A ring of stones surrounds a cleft in the ground barely large enough to admit an armored man. The smell of smoke and unwashed bodies clings to the wet leaves around the hole. From here, a steep descent drops into darkness.

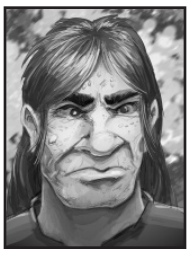
The cave is inside a small hill in the forest, the entrance nothing more than a narrow opening near the base of the hill, the small brook running down the hill nearby. The bandits have cleared the area around it in order to make it more accessible, and marked the perimeter with stones so that they do not fall in at night. The opening is only 3 feet by 4 feet wide and leads to a short chimney that drops down 10 feet before opening into a larger room (**Area 11c**). The climb down the chimney is easy enough as long as both hands are free, otherwise there is a 1 in 10 chance of falling (except for a thief, who will not fall). A screen made of woven brush is secured at the bottom of the chimney, and blocks access to the cavern unless removed by someone below, or broken through (it has 6 hit points and is hit automatically).

11c. The Inner Cave

A wide cave filled with stalactites and stalagmites opens up at the bottom of the chimney. The smell and piled refuse show that a number of people have been living here in tight quarters for some time. The floor is slightly raised with years of detritus fallen in from above, and the low ceiling shows soot stains from the fire pit dug in its center.

This large natural cavern is dotted with stalactites and stalagmites as described. The ceiling is only 7 feet high. The floor is covered in packed dirt and refuse that has washed down from above, and is slightly convex. The floor of the cavern slopes toward the walls, most noticeably on the east and north sides. To the north is a small tunnel that leads off to **Area 11d**. To the east, the cavern floor ends at a rock wall, though a 3-foot-long-by-18-inch-high opening permits water to drain from the cavern.

Four bandits led by **Styr the Ugly** live here. They normally sleep, eat, and hang out around the central fire that is extinguished after dark to keep their location hidden. If alerted by the lookouts above, they wait in the darkness around the edges of the cavern for the first character to come down with a light source before attacking from ambush with their slings. Even if aware of intruders, Astrid will not stir from her cave to join the fight unless at least 3 bandits are killed. Like their fellows, the group is poorly armed, consisting of little more than escaped thralls, failed petty farmers, and wandering beggars, though Styr is a more formidable foe.



Styr is a man burdened by neither good looks nor morality. His face is coarse and marred by a scar on his chin that looks like a snake's tail. His hair and clothing are generally disheveled, and often splattered with dried blood. Styr is a murderer, thief, and worse, and he has secretly been working his own deals with the faeries in the depths of the forest. These evil fey have been willing to trade blood sacrifices for magical elixirs, including one that they promise will cause Astrid to fall madly in love with him and allow him to take control of the bandits and gain the young woman's affections once he brings them enough victims. Each bandit has 2d6 hs.

Bandits (4): HD 1 (d6); **HP** 3, 2, 1, 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d6) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None

Equipment: leather armor, spear, sling, belt pouches each with 2d6hs.

Styr the Ugly (bandit leader, Ftr2): HD 2 (d10); **HP** 11; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 longsword (1d8) or short bow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** 2 attacks against creatures with 1HD or less.

Equipment: leather armor, shield, short sword, short bow, belt pouch containing 67hs, a *potion of water breathing* and a *potion of healing*.

11d. Astrid's Cave

The opening to this side cave is a 3-foot-high crawl tunnel 8 feet long.

This narrow cave is not much more than a wide tunnel in the rock and appears to be the home to the bandit leader based on the bedroll cushioned with evergreen boughs that lies against one wall. The walls are covered with scratched and painted sigils, a meaningless scrawl of mad designs, geometric shapes, and oddly placed runes. One wall holds a natural shelf stacked with assorted odds and ends.

Astrid the Mad lives here, keeping herself separate from her bandits whom she sees as beneath her. Various occult and arcane items — many of them completely useless but nonetheless intriguing in shape — line natural shelves on the east wall. Astrid is slowly being driven mad by the power in her blood, and the walls of her cave are covered with scrawled shapes, geometric designs, and meaningless arcane writing. Astrid is a handsome but wild woman of fewer than 25 winters with fair hair, blue eyes, and a generous smile. One of her ancestors mixed his blood with the fey, and this taint has passed down to Astrid, giving her arcane powers, but also slowly driving her mad.

Like Sibbe, Astrid is a witch, but her powers are driven by fey blood rather than learning. She has the powers and attributes of a second level magic-user, but needs no spellbook to recall her spells.

Astrid the Mad (MU2): HD 2; **HP** 5; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** dagger (1d4); **Save** 14; **Move** 12; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** MU spells (2/0), +1 save vs. spells.

Spells: 1st level — *charm person, sleep*

Equipment: *bracers of defense* AC 4[15], ornate dagger (25gp), gold torc (50gp), belt pouch containing dried mouse dung, spiderwebs, and 20 hs.

12. Stream

A stream engorged with spring rains blocks your path. Just beyond is the tree line and Barrow Lands beyond, the path that leads to the jarl's daughters.

To pass out of the forest, the party must cross a stream that is normally fordable but currently swollen due to recent spring rains. The stream is cold and has overrun its banks, creating a raging torrent of brown water 60 feet wide and 8 feet deep at its center, with shallower water extending 10 feet in from the edges. Swimming across the raging stream requires a saving throw (made at +8) to cross; failure indicates the character is swept downstream (1d4 x 100 feet), taking 1 point of damage and having to make a second attempt to reach the bank — no longer a choice at this point. Presumably the first character across will use a rope to tow the the rest of the characters across, in which case no saving throw is required for the ones being towed. Otherwise, everyone crossing must make the saving throw. The horses will balk if anyone tries to ride them across, but as long as they are unmounted they can swim across without risk.

XP Award: Award 25XP to the character crossing the river, unless the players don't think of using a rope or other trick, in which case they don't deserve an XP bonus.

The Barrow Lands

Your horses balk and will not enter this field of earthen mounds. Built by the long-dead Andøvan tribes, the ancient barrows cover the highest points in the Moors. Some of the mounds are only waist high, others are as tall as a man, but all have a sinister air about them. Corroded weapons protrude awkwardly from the sides and tops of some of them, and a few have stone doorways marking their ancient entrances. Of these, a handful have no stone slabs blocking them, leaving them gaping open and revealing only darkness beyond.

In the far distance, thunderclouds gather and roil as a huge storm builds in intensity before unleashing its raging power upon the lands below. Unfortunately, this storm stays in one spot rather than moving with the southern winds, concentrating all of its fury in one location. In the continual flashes of lightning that lance down to the ground below, you can see beneath this gathering gloom a single tall hill some miles distant. Multiple lighting strikes impale its peak, and from the crown of this hill can be seen a pale, muted glow. Some kind of dark magic is obviously at work upon the Tor.

This portion of the Barrow Lands stretches north and east of the Tor, forming a miles-long expanse of low earthen mounds. The reputation of the Barrow Lands is that of a haunted place of certain doom; it is a reputation richly deserved. Hundreds of barrows are in this field, most averaging 7 feet long by 4 feet across and standing 3 to 6 feet high. A few are much larger, running as much as 15 feet in length and 7 feet in width. These tend to be 6 feet high or more. A few of the larger mounds have stone posts and lintels framing an entrance, and most entrances are closed off with a large stone slab. Some of these stand open, however, granting access inside to the foolish or allowing things to come out into the world of the living. Many of the mounds have corroded bronze weapons of ancient design — short swords and spears for the most part — sticking out of their upper surfaces like a macabre garden. No plants grow here, nor do even insects buzz about.

The inhabitants of these burial mounds do not like others to trespass on their land, and often take violent revenge on interlopers. Sibbe possesses an *Andøvan barrow charm* (see sidebox at **Area 15**) that she found in a barrow, that allows her and her henchmen to pass through the Barrow Lands unmolested. Of course the characters have no such amulet, leaving them at the mercy of those whose rest has not only been disturbed but whose bloodlust has already been left unslaked.

13. A Challenge from Beyond the Grave

This encounter occurs regardless of the direction from which the characters enter the Barrow Lands.

The hollow notes of a horn sound from one of the open barrows, and a long-dead Andøvan warrior emerges from the darkness. The faint moonlight reflects from his bronze armor and the finely crafted, though somewhat corroded, sword he bears. Behind him comes his entourage, four dead warriors armed with swords of green-tinged bronze.

The **skeleton leader** advances on the party and gestures with its sword toward them, demanding that a challenger come forth. Behind it stand **4 human skeletons**, its retainers in life. The skeleton only fights to the first hit ("first blood," if it still had any). If a character accepts its challenge and adheres to the strictures of honor, fighting only one-on-one, the other skeletons will not join the fight, and the skeleton leader will, assuming it was not killed with one blow, stand back once either of the combatants makes a successful hit. If the warrior was defeated, it will reach out its skeletal hand to offer a bronze ornament from around its neck (2hs), more a symbol of honor than anything of actual value. The warrior and its retainers return to their barrow and let the characters pass unmolested. If more than one character takes part in the fight, the skeletal retainers quickly join in a fight against these honorless curs.

These are all standard skeletons; the leader simply has 8 hit points.

Skeletons (5): HD 1; **HP** 8, 3, 5, 4; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** 1 corroded sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells.

Treasure: The champion has adornments of bronze and precious stones worth 200 hs. The warriors are less-well adorned with a value of 25 hs each.

14. The Barrow King Scorned

This encounter occurs when the characters come within 1 mile of the Tor.

With a loud crash, a stone rolls away from one of the barrow openings, revealing a gaping hole into darkness.

Out of the shadows strides a long-dead hero from before the Northlanders first came to this land. His raiment is grand, clad in rotting silks and fine cloths, armored with a cuirass of bronze, and carrying a two-handed sword of gold-and-silver-gilt bronze. The undead king mounts a nearby barrow and raises his hands in a silent command, a command answered by the hordes of undead crawling forth from the surrounding Barrow Lands. The way ahead is open but hundreds of decayed skeletons lurch forth from the cold embrace of the earth.

Though Sibbe's amulet has allowed her to pass through the Barrow Lands unmolested, the ritual she has begun atop the Tor has perverted the natural order and sent a shockwave of unrest through the surrounding burials. Now this ancient Andøvan king has awakened and called forth his equally ancient subjects to put a stop to this desecration. Because of Sibbe's *Andøvan barrow charm*, this undead king cannot affect her directly, but it knows that the characters can. As a result, even though there is an overwhelming tide of undead approaching the characters, the path to the Tor remains open, the undead parting to allow them through. The undead do not wish to fight the characters, merely drive them onward to their confrontation with Sibbe. If the characters are foolish enough to fight, a couple of rounds against an endless supply of skeletons should convince them of the folly of their ways. If they run, they find all ways of egress blocked save the path toward the Tor. The undead follow but do not close with the characters and do not follow them up on the Tor.

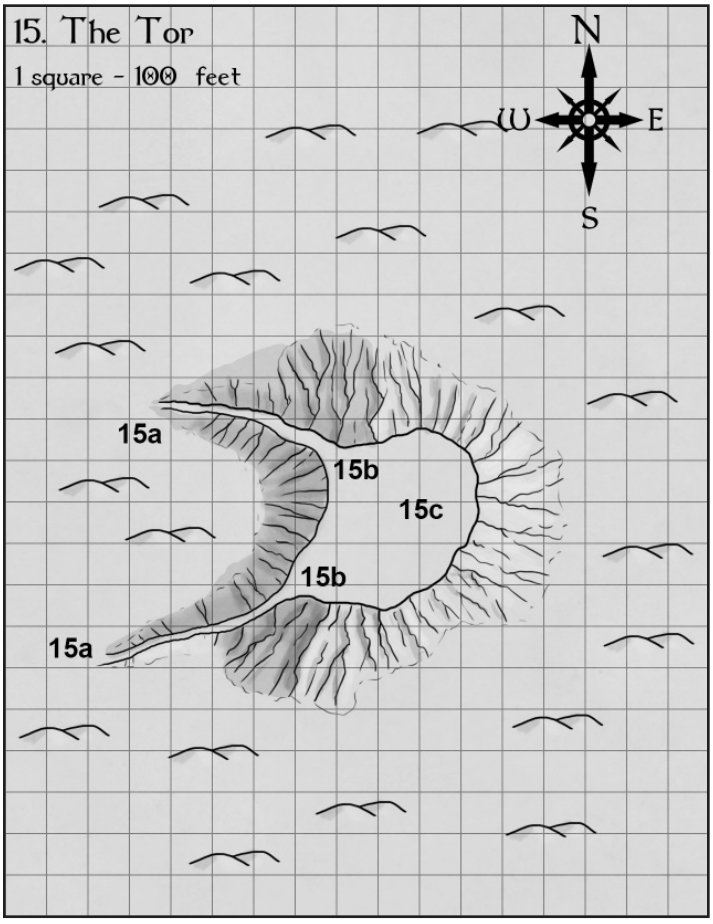
Chapter Three: Fight at the Stones

Exhaustion

When the characters arrive at the Tor, they must each make a final exhaustion check even if they were not traveling at reckless speed. It is late, and they have been traveling fast. The chance for a character to become exhausted in this final check is 1-2 on a d20 for all characters but dwarves, who are exhausted only on a roll of 1. Exhaustion is described in the "Exhaustion" side box earlier in the book.

15. The Tor

At the far corner of the field of barrows is the tall mound of packed earth known as the Tor. Crowning this hilltop is a ring of standing stones, tumbled down and long forgotten, built ages ago by the long-dead Andøvan peoples that once inhabited what is now the Northlands. The Tor is steeply sloped, and the slopes are covered with grasses, herbs, and bracken. Two causeways march up from the surrounding plains, one to the southwest and one to the northwest. The stones themselves are cracked and worn with age; green lichen and moss cling to the lower surfaces and run up these fissures, contrasting sharply with the dark grey rock. Thunderclouds roil overhead and lighting flashes down to strike the few stones still standing.



The Tor is 105 feet high, and covers 15 acres of ground. The slopes are steep, although they can be climbed by non-thieves. A non-thief does have a 5% chance to slip and fall, so if there is an assault up the side of the tor, roll 1d20 for each character, each 30ft, with a natural 1 representing a slip and fall. Falling or being pushed off is a different matter: rolling down the slope is not easily controlled. Anyone falling/rolling down the slope incurs 1d2 points of damage for each 30ft rolled downward, but also has a chance to control the fall each 30ft. If the character can roll under his/her Dexterity ability on 3d6, the fall can be stopped (or at least turned into a controlled and non-damaging descent if desired).

15a. Causeways

Approaching the Tor from the southwest and northwest are two causeways that allow for easy access to its summit. Both causeways are firm, wide, and slightly graded but long, each running for 400 feet. Anyone walking up a causeway in daylight can easily be seen from the top of the Tor, alerting anyone there to the approach. Thieves may make an attempt at hiding in shadows, but 2 successful rolls are required: one at a quarter of the way, and another at halfway. If both rolls are successful, the thief may reach the top undetected. Climbing the slope in the dark gives non-thief characters a 50% chance of being unseen by watchers (and +50% for thieves on their hide in shadows attempts)

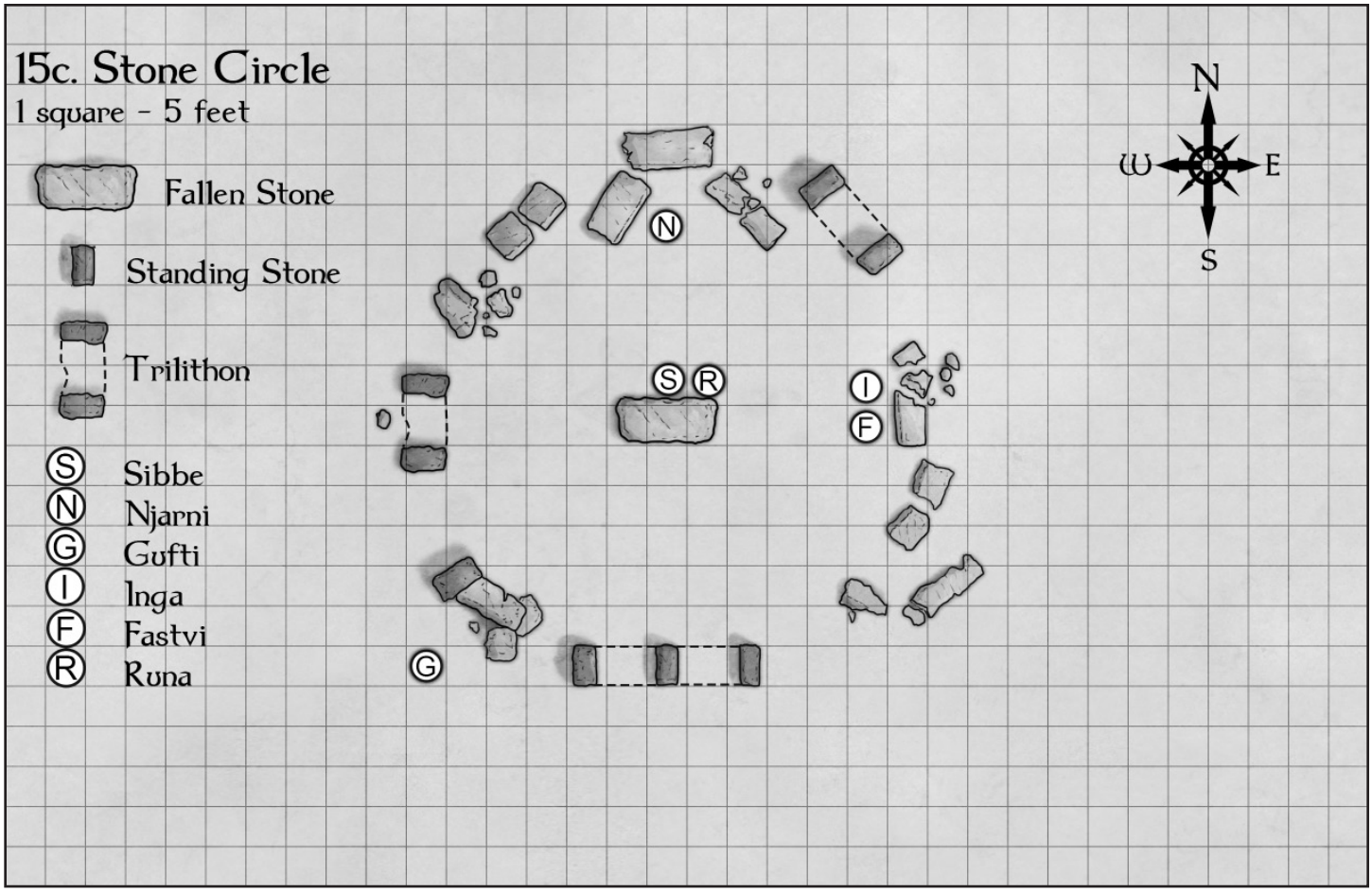
15b. Heelstone Gate

At the top end of each causeway is a shallow ditch only 2 feet deep and 20 feet long that symbolically demarcates the entrance to the top of the Tor. Each end of the ditch is anchored by an 8-foot-tall standing heelstone. They lean slightly inward toward each other and have tapered tops. Ancient Andøvan runes once marked their surfaces, but these have been worn to illegibility.

Sibbe has placed a trap at each of these ditches to slow down anyone trying to interrupt her ceremony. A thin trip cord has been strung on the far side of each ditch to try to snag anyone attempting to step over the shallow depression. Anyone tripping this cord is targeted by a spear strung to a bent tree branch of green wood behind one of the heelstones, out of sight of anyone on the causeway. The spear rolls to hit as a 1HD monster, and inflicts 1d6 points of damage. Thieves and rangers have a 75% chance to spot the trap immediately, with the character's level added to the base percentage chance. Members of other character classes will not spot the trap ahead of time unless they specifically say they stop and look for trip wires before proceeding across the ditch.

15c. Stone Circle

A ring of ancient standing stones is at the center of the Tor's summit. A few of the stones still stand as trilithons



with posts and lintels 10 feet high, but most of the stones lie on the ground or are leaning at precarious angles. The dark clouds above swirl in a great spiral seemingly only a hundred feet above the hilltop and are constantly illuminated from within by flashes of lightning. Other streaks of lightning flash downward in jagged arcs to strike the still-standing trilithons, and after each flash, the stones radiate a pale glow for a few moments as if absorbing the power of the storm.

All the stones of the circle are carved of the same blueish dolerite, a type of stone not native to the area. They bear no legible carvings, but some faded, weathered creases in the rock hint that at one time they were richly adorned. At the center of the ring is a 3-foot-high-by-12-foot-long altar stone stained in ancient blood. The area between the altar and the ring is open and covered with low grass. Roughly half of the stones are still standing, especially the main entrance stones at the south of the ring. The flashing lightning of the storm and glowing stones give the entire hilltop normal lightning. The stones themselves, though seething with magical power from the ritual, are not harmful to the touch, though anyone standing atop one has a 25% chance of being struck by lightning each round for 4d6 points of electricity damage (saving throw for half damage).

If the characters arrive at night, they find **Sibbe** and **Runa** at the altar, conversing in harsh whispers. The other two daughters of the jarl are tied up nearby. **Njarni** and **Gufti** are on watch. Shortly before dawn, Sibbe and Runa are at the altar, each raising a knife to the heavens and screaming out an incantation to the swelling storm clouds. Inga and Fastvi are tied up next to the altar stone, guarded by Gufti. Njarni is on watch. The group's 3 horses are hobbled outside the circle to the east and are skittish and fatigued from their long ride.

Njarni and Gufti are two large Northlanders that have been long ensorcelled by the witch and serve her in a numb but fanatical manner. Both are outlaws that she came across on the Moors: Njarni the Traitor murdered his jarl in western Storstrøm Vale, and Gufti the Clever is a known criminal from Trotheim. Killing them will not result in a blood feud and likely earns the slayer a reward from the families of their victims, should someone be willing to travel to the Thing of the Vale to claim responsibility (500 hs for Njarni, and 250 hs for Gufti).

Sibbe the Unkempt (female human witch 3): HD 3 (d6); **HP** 15; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** +1 dagger (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** Spells (3/1), +2 saving throw vs. spells.

Spells: 1st—*charm person* x2*, *sleep*; 2nd— *hold person*, *invisibility*. *Sibbe's *charm person* is weaker than that of a magic-user, and the saving throw is made at +1.
Familiar spirit: spider named "Mor"
Equipment: *+1 dagger*, *Andøvan barrow charm*, ragged peasant's outfit, spell component pouch, pouch with 26 hs and a chunk of amber with a large moth suspended in it (100 hs)

Njarni the Traitor (human 2HD berserker): HD 2 (d8); **HP** 12; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** battle-axe (1d10) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** +2 attack when berserk
Equipment: leather armor, battle-axe, 6 javelins, sap, pouch with 4 hs

Gufti the Clever (human Thf3): HP 12; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or sling (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** backstab (x2), +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.
Thieving Skills: Climb 87%, Tasks/Traps 25%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 20%, Silent 30%, Locks 20%
Equipment: leather armor, short sword, sap, sling, 15 lead shot, pouch with 18 hs

Runa (witch 1): HD 1 (d6); **HP** 4; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** none; **Move**

12; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** Spells (1/0), +2 saving throw vs. spells.

Spells: 1st—*light*.

Equipment: belt pouch containing 10 hs, necklace (250gp)

Notes: If Sibbe is slain, both henchmen break and flee in a panic, only to be shortly dragged down by the undead in the surrounding Barrow Lands. Sibbe's Andøvan Barrow Charm protects her from *sleep* spells and magical *charm*, but her minions are not protected from these types of magic. A well-thrown *sleep* spell can remove the majority of opposition in this encounter, if a magic-user has kept the spell waiting for just such a moment, since it can take down both Njarni and Gufti instantly.

Runa can use her *light* spell in an attempt to temporarily blind an opponent (saving throw to avoid), but the spell is her only way of influencing the battle.

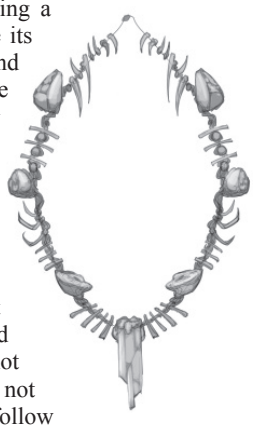
Development: At sunrise (the 8th hour past midnight), Sibbe begins the sacrificial portion of her ritual, and unless either she is slain or the girls rescued, the girls are sacrificed in 10-minute intervals in this order: Inga, Fastvi, and finally Little Runa. If Sibbe is slain, her influence over Runa ends, and the little girl falls to the ground sobbing — no longer able to take any aggressive actions.

No XP should be awarded for killing Runa. Though she is complicit with Sibbe's plot, she is not acting fully under her own volition but rather the taint placed upon her long ago.

The Jarl's Arrival

Whether or not the characters left a message in the Meadows, the Jarl's household eventually realized that the group had disappeared from the Meadow and concluded that Sibbe was the most likely culprit. They have been riding hard several hours behind the characters, and will arrive shortly after any combat on the Tor.

The Andøvan Burial Charm



This is a necklace made of small animal bones and laced with dead roses surrounding a faintly glowing blue crystal. Despite its obvious age, the delicate bones and flowers that comprise the necklace are still in good repair — every dried rose petal remains in place as if locked in time. The wearer of this charm and anyone he designates within 30 feet can pass through the ancient Andøvan burial grounds of the Barrow Lands without being disturbed by any of the undead that may inhabit those lands. The undead are aware of the individuals but do not consider them interlopers. This does not mean, however, that the undead will follow the wearer's commands. In addition, any traps left by the ancient Andøvan will not be triggered by the wearer or those designated for protection. Most known Andøvan burial grounds are located in the Barrow Lands of the Hord Peninsula in the Northlands. It is possible that this charm could function at other Andøvan burial sites as well, but this has not been tested.

The charm protects its wearer from sleep and charm-type magic.

Concluding the Adventure

If the characters were successful, then Jarl Olaf is overjoyed to find his girls safe with the characters and the witch defeated. If some or all of the girls were killed, he grows grimmer with each one, but as long as Sibbe is defeated and the characters did what they could to save the girls, he does not hold it against them. If the characters failed and somehow survived, though, Jarl Olaf names them cowards and outlaws, and allows them only to immediately flee the Tor for a day before he sets his warriors to find and kill them. The characters have a hard career ahead of them indeed, and the players may even need to start new characters to continue their campaign.

If Sibbe is victorious, she has a sudden increase in power and her youth is renewed. She physically becomes 22 years old again and becomes an 8th-level witch. This makes her a serious threat in the Northlands for some time and, should any characters survive, she can become a continuing nemesis to plague them throughout their careers as she continues to rise in power and wickedness. In this case, the undead disperse on their own, and the characters have no problem leaving the Barrow Lands, though the dead begin hunting their lands anew as soon as night falls again.

The following description assumes that the characters were successful in rescuing all three girls. If not, modify the text accordingly.

From the mud that grimes his armor and the blood that dries on his face, you can tell that Jarl Olaf has had a long night as well as he and his huscarls gather around you and the girls. Kraki Hallason is there, and Young Ljot, sour-spirited Berg Geirson, surly Hauk of Vastavikland, One-Eyed Sven, and even Old Ljot. Hallbjorn also looks on approvingly, his helm clutched under one arm, his eyes tired but bright.

"It seems you young-spears have had a night of it, too," your jarl begins. At first I had thought that you were young and foolish, unable to oversee my girls, then I thought you defeated or your mind's-worth broken by what strange signs we found at the Meadows when you did not return. But when we began to follow the trail to find the girls, we realized it was your trail that we followed, and we saw the signs of your own battle-dew shed upon the path as you fought to fulfill your sword-oath to me. You have fought and bled for my household, and in my mind that makes you a part of it.

"Glad I am that you have saved my daughters from that evil witch, and happy I am to reward such warriors as you. When we return to Silvermeade, you eat, drink, and fill yourselves with good mead, for you have done well this day. And here in the sight of my own householders take from my hand these armbands that have graced my own arms since I slew the giant Hastral in furious spear-din. Truly you are warriors of Olaf Henrikson."

If the characters acquitted themselves well and saved all three girls, each is given an arm-ring of gold taken from the jarl's own arm (a great honor) worth 300 hs. If only two girls were saved, it is an arm-ring of gold and silver worth 200 hs. If only one girl was saved, a ring of silver worth 100 hs. Moveover, the characters receive the 1000XP bonus if the jarl keeps them in his service.

Together with any other treasure and experience for killing monsters along the way, all first-level characters (with the exception of a magic-user) should probably be right at the verge of advancing to second level, and thieves may have actually gained second level. This assumes that 1gp (and/or 1hs) each equates to 1XP.

The girls must still be gotten home, though with the jarl and more than a dozen of his huscarls and finest warriors in tow, even the horde of undead seems not insurmountable, though the warriors eye the surrounding Barrow Lands nervously as they wait for dawn before attempting to head out. The girls are mounted on fresh horses, and the jarl orders the characters to stay with them and finish their oath to see them safely home. However, despite the grim cast of the warrior's eyes and the barely contained fear of the supernatural on more than one face, a battle against the spawn of Hel is not to be. Continue with the following text.

The coming dawn glows pink over the endless field of barrows that surrounds the Tor. Jarl Henrikson has decided to make a break for the forest to the south to try to get out of the accursed Barrow Lands as quickly as possible and risk the forest eves rather than the unquiet dead. The troop gathers at the foot of the causeway preparing to make a fighting retreat as the forms of scores of skeletal remnants of the ancient Andøvan still shuffle about dimly visible in the half-light.

The hordes of shuffling undead part at the base of the causeway, however, and one dead warrior steps forth in front of the others. The rotting silks and fine cloth still covers his cuirass of bronze below his hollow-eyed skull, though now in the early light you can see that traces of ancient dye still show where his raiment was once of the finest fabric. And he still carries that massive bronze sword of magnificent make, now point down in the earth. It is the barrow king who first allowed you to pass to reach the Tor, and he beckons specifically to the characters.

Assuming the characters do not attack — a very foolish and suicidal option since there are literally hundreds of undead warriors ready to back the barrow king up in battle — the undead creature makes no harmful moves. Instead, it lifts its hand to mimic the shape of a necklace and then holds its arm out waiting. The characters have no trouble realizing that it is wanting the strange necklace that was found with Sibbe, the *Andøvan barrow charm*. It will not relent in this, and the characters cannot hope to win the battle over it. However, as soon as a character hands the charm over, the barrow king raises its sword to the characters, point downward, and allows them to take it in fair trade. Then it and the rest of its horde disappear back among the barrow mounds and are lost from sight in the morning mist. The group has no trouble leaving the Barrow Lands, though future visits to the haunted uplands promise no such respite. The sword that the barrow king has gifted upon the characters is *Hægtesse* ("Fury"), a *+1 bronze two-handed sword*, a relic of the ancient Andøvan. Though it is made of bronze, its magic gives it the hardness of steel, and it is a weapon of some power despite its great age — truly a weapon of heroes. All of the householders look on in awe at the exchange, newfound respect in their eyes for the one who carries such a weapon of legend.

Epilogue

If all goes well, the characters and jarl return to Silvermeade, three tired-but-safe young girls in tow. All three girls are taken by their female kinfolk and tended to, healers are brought in to see to any injured characters, and a small impromptu feast is thrown in their honor. After an appropriate amount of time eating and drinking, the jarl calls on the characters to tell their tale, a cry that is quickly picked up and reverberates through the hall for the story of this latest deed of valor.

In the following days, a high-quality gift-item appropriate to each character's class and profession is sent to them. The characters are on their way up in the world with a budding reputation as heroes and should feel a certain amount of pride. If the characters returned with less than a full complement of daughters, then the feast is much more subdued with little to no tale-telling. In addition, instead of a gift-item, each character's reward is a fresh chunk of pork sent to them, as well as fine mead, and the jarl's thanks. The characters' place has risen slightly, but being the followers who let one or more of his daughters die is not going to bode well for them in the jarl's eyes or for their future hopes and dreams.

Finally, there is the matter of Runa to settle, if she survives. It is obvious that she was under some foul influence of Sibbe, an enchantment no doubt laid upon her at her birth. With Sibbe's death, the connection is no more. She is comatose by the time the characters get her back to the hall and wakes up two days later refreshed and back to her normal — if somewhat abnormal — self. The fact that the characters saw her demonstrate sorcerous powers is a matter of some import, though. If the matter is spoken of to the jarl (or anyone else for that matter, as it undoubtedly makes its way back to him eventually), he denies it vehemently and threatens to settle such slander between the hazel posts if the characters persist. A wiser course of action would be to keep the matter to themselves and just keep an eye on young Runa to see what develops. Regardless, the trauma of the experience at the Tor causes Runa to subconsciously place a mental block on her arcane abilities, and it will be many years before they begin to bud within her again. It is possible that they could emerge again and force her into an existence as an outcast from her own people, embittered and accursed, or perhaps she could manage to turn to the path of a cunning woman and become a powerful woman in Hordland. Either way, that is a matter for a different story.

Part Two: Wyrd of the Winter King

Character Level 2-3

Part Two: Wyrd of the Winter King calls for characters that are in service to Jarl Olaf Henrikson, the Jarl of Halfstead. If any character is not a member of the household, then they should be attached to it in some way, possibly as a seasonal hanger-on (especially appropriate to bards and wanderers from outside the Northlands). Characters that participated in ***Part One: Spring Rites*** will be in that position. The Northlands are not like other fantasy settings; rulers and others in positions of authority simply do not hire adventurers to solve their problems. They either take care of things themselves or send members of their household to see to the situation. The adventure begins with the characters as part of the crew of the *Long Serpent*, a longship in service to Jarl Olaf, as it departs on its first fateful voyage to the Far North.

Having the characters all in the service to the same jarl allows for the party to have a solid foundation. Not only do they have similar goals and directives, but they also likely know each other, if not since childhood then from the mead hall of their jarl. Even outsiders would have had time to fraternize with the locals before the adventure begins. This allows for friendships and rivalries to be set up from the start, and it would be a good idea when beginning your journey through ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*** to establish these early on during character generation, or during this adventure. Finally, do not feel like the party is locked into a life of service to one jarl; events change in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***.

Transition from Part One: Spring Rites

There are six months between the events of ***Spring Rites*** and the beginning of Wyrd of the Winter King. Since the characters ended ***Spring Rites*** on the verge of second level, this interim period allows for some adventuring in between, to bring the characters up to second level for this adventure.

If the characters still need a couple of hundred experience points to reach second level, run them through a patrol in the Trollfist Hills, an area they already saw in ***Spring Rites***. The patrol begins in the company of the huscarls they met in Spring Rites (and will again in ***Wyrd of the Winter King***, but the two groups are only making camp together; they separate during the day to cover a wider area, each group carrying a hunting horn to signal when they have made contact with some sort of problem. During the course of the patrol, the characters come across two different encounters (in whatever order you choose). They can sound the horn to get the huscarls moving toward them, but most encounters will certainly be finished — for good or ill — before the huscarls arrive on the scene from wherever they were conducting their own patrol.

Encounter 1: Ogre

As the characters move through a narrow gorge in the hills, an ogre realizes they are drawing near to its cave. Since the cave mouth is covered in brush, the ogre will wait until they are very close before leaping out, trying to get a surprise attack. The brush-covered entrance can be spotted by rangers and elves, all with a 2 in 6 chance to realize the brush conceals something behind it. Otherwise, the ogre will gain a surprise attack against them.

Ogre: **HD** 4+1; **HP** 21; **AC** 6[14]; **Atk** huge club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.
Equipment: Club.

Treasure: The ogre's treasure is in his cave, a filthy burlap sack containing 400 hs (hacksilver worth 1 gp each) and an old, severed human head.

Development: This ogre is Hrolve the Headhunter, known and hunted for his depredations against isolated householders. The head belongs to Eorvik Salvir, a peasant from the household of a nearby jarl. When any of the huscarls see the head, they will bring it to Jarl Olaf, who will send it to the other jarl, and eventually the characters will receive 13 hs as a reward, plus a fine comb from the other jarl. More importantly, getting the head back to its rightful place is worth 25XP to *each* of the characters in addition to the value of the ogre's treasure and the experience gained from the combat itself.

Encounter 2: Bandits

The characters see the remains of a campfire, and are able to follow some tracks to the location of a group of 7 bandits. There is a reward of 50hs each for the capture of these fellows if they are alive (none if they are dead). The characters won't know for sure if there is a reward, but they will know that if there is one, the bandits must be brought in alive to get one. Attacking only to knock out an opponent means rolling to hit at –1, and inflicting "subdual damage" at –1. When a bandit falls below 0 hit points from the total amount of subdual damage, the villain is unconscious. Unfortunately, half of that subdual damage is still "real" damage, so if half the damage inflicted is more than the bandit's hit points, then the bandit isn't just unconscious, he's dead. Given that they don't have many hit points, this is a definite possibility. Given the way the bandits are spaced, a sleep spell can hit up to 4 of them, and if the characters can figure out a way to get the bandits closer to each other, they might be able to end the encounter with a single spell.

Bandits: HD 1; **HP** 3, 5, 2, 6, 4, 5; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 1 spear (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** None.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, belt pouch with 4d6 hs

Treasure and Experience: The bandits don't have much treasure (just what's in the belt pouches), but the 50hs reward could lead to as much as 300hs (and thus an additional 300XP total for the characters).

Adventure Background

This adventure concerns the exploration of a fragment of the Demon Lord of Ice and Cold's once-vast empire in the Far North. Centuries ago, this empire was destroyed, and the Demon-Lord Althunak, the Master of Cannibals, was cast from this world. His followers were scattered and



most were either slain or died without their demon-god's support. A few hid themselves away, hoping for the return of Althunak and his dream of a world of eternal winter. Part of Althunak's dread realm was a frozen fortress known as the Ice Palace. With the demon cult's fall, the Ice Palace was abandoned as little more than a deadly crypt dedicated to the Ice Lord's servants and forgotten in a high mountain glacier.

With time even the glaciers flow, and earlier this year the Ice Palace calved off from the glacier as a gigantic and unnatural iceberg upon the Great Ocean Ûthaf. Perhaps it was the will of the gods that this remainder of Althunak's empire should float south and disappear beneath the warmth of the sun and the action of the waves; maybe it was just a simple process of nature, for every summer the glaciers of the north periodically send bergs south. Whatever the reason, this iceberg is carrying its palace, the palace's guardians and treasure, as well as a few of the not-quite-mortal servants of the demon lord of winter.

That the party has encountered it, and are subsequently trapped upon the island of ice's frozen expanse, may be their fate, the actions of the gods to put heroes where they are needed, or possibly just happenstance.

Adventure Summary

Jarl Olaf gathers a crew for the *Long Serpent* and embarks on his most audacious voyage yet, to plumb the farthest reaches of the Far North. En route, his ship encounters the floating Ice Palace, and warriors are sent ashore to investigate, the characters among them. Separated from the ship and the rest of the shore party by a sudden blizzard, the characters make their way inland toward the palace. Along the way, they discover the remains of the other shore party and learn that the Ice Palace is actually the demesne of an ancient priest of the Cult of Althunak.

Beginning the Adventure

This adventure takes place 6 months after the events described in ***Part One: Spring Rites***. Jarl Olaf has decided to take the *Long Serpent*, his best longship, farther north than any Northlander has ever sailed, far up the coast of Nûkland and into the mythical land of the Far North. This is not a casual decision; the whale and seal hunting has been poor this year. Adding to this, the harvest is expected to be well below average for it has been a cool and wet summer. If provisions are not laid in for the winter, or at least something that could be traded for grain such as walrus tusk or sealskins, things are looking to be grim for Halfstead. True, the jarl is wise and keeps a well-stocked granary, but he is also loath to tap it unless absolutely necessary.

Thus, he has assembled a crew of huscarls, favored sailors, and other householders, a total of 60 plus the characters. The *Long Serpent* is a fine ship, much used in whaling and raiding, and has many times carried the jarl into battle with both men and beasts. Common lore says that she is a lucky ship and those who sail on her return rich and draped in glory. The characters, as householders of the jarl who recently gained some notoriety over the rescue of his daughters from the witch Sibbe the Unkempt, are invited along on this voyage, their first under the direct command of their jarl. Allow the characters to make whatever preparations they wish. Supplies for the voyage are provided by the jarl and loaded onto the ship, so the characters need not worry about acquiring foodstuffs for the voyage. Cold weather gear is a necessity. When all is ready, read the following.

When five days out of the North Sea and into the embrace of the Great Ocean on your journey, Young Ljot yells out that he has spotted land. A small glint of reflected light can be seen on the horizon. Jarl Olaf orders that a course be set

toward it. As the longship approaches, a huge iceberg comes into view, less a floating block of ice than an island — a full glacier perhaps — of ice drifting through the sea. Such a large iceberg has not been seen in generations.

The glacier is easily three miles in diameter and has a gentle slope from the water line that abruptly becomes a jagged wall of ice cliffs hundreds of feet high. As the *Long Serpent* sails around the iceberg, the party spots a break in the ice cliffs that leads to a long valley. At the head of the valley can be seen a structure of ice with towering spires and a broken curtain wall.

Jarl Olaf has the *Long Serpent* brought to within a short distance of the shore, nearest where the valley lies. Ordering the oarsmen to backwater to hold the ship steady, he addresses the crew.

"Hold her steady Old Ljot! This sight is strange to my eyes, and I desire to learn more about it. Is this unnatural thing a threat or a boon? In my father's father's time, a great fortune in gold and silver was found on a city of ice afloat in the sea, blown across the whale road by forces unknown. Does any here have the mind's-worth to explore this palace of ice with me?"

Four of the Jarl's huscarls, One-Eyed Sven, Berg Geirson, Young Ljot, and Hauk Arinbjornson immediately volunteer. The characters will (probably) volunteer right afterward, but even if they don't, the jarl calls them out by name to accompany the older veterans, to gain some much-needed experience in going a-viking. The plan is for the four huscarls to go ashore first, followed by the characters, to check the area before the jarl and his personal guards follow.

The four NPCs who accompany the party onto the glacier are well-known men in the household, and made a brief appearance in ***Spring Rites***. All are armed with various weapons, shields, chain shirts, and hand axes.

Some Will Not Survive

Berg Geirson, Young Ljot, and Hauk Arinbjornson are doomed to die here, and possibly One-Eyed Sven as well. For the three, this is their wyrd as determined by the Norns. A massive ice-trap will make the four huscarls think the characters are dead, blown off the glacier, and they forge onward, ahead of the characters on the exploration of a dangerous area which kills them one by one. The characters will find some or all of the remains as they move forward on their own advance into the area.

One-Eyed Sven, huscarl (Lawful male human fighter 8): One-eyed Sven is a thin, older man and a noted warrior who, in addition to the weapons above, carries a hunting horn and battle axe. He lost an eye in battle before the characters were born. In manner, he is open and friendly, and a little mischievous in a kindly way. If the characters are long-time members of the jarl's household, One-Eyed Sven treats them like favored nieces and nephews out on a lark, for he doesn't really see them as full adults.

Berg Geirson, huscarl (Neutral male human fighter 3): Berg Geirson is laconic and sour; when he does speak, it is usually a pronouncement of impending doom or to point out how bad the situation is. Still, he soldiers on with no fear or trepidation; he just wants everyone to know how bad things are. Berg carries a longsword instead of an axe.

Young Ljot, householder (Lawful (good) male human fighter 2): Young Ljot is not related in any way to Old Ljot, and the two don't really like each other. About the characters' age, Young Ljot is shy and unassuming but courageous. He carries a longbow (which he uses very poorly). He also carries two *potions of healing* on his belt.

Hauk Arinbjornson, Vastaviklander mercenary (Neutral male human fighter 7): Hauk Arinbjornson is a newcomer to the hall of Jarl Olaf. Hauk is a wild Vastaviklander much given to impulsive actions and rash decisions, and wields a battle axe. This is his first voyage with the jarl, and Hauk hopes to quickly prove himself and earn a permanent position in the household.

Chapter Four: Adrift Upon the Seas of Fate

Piloted by the skilled hands of Old Ljot and driven by strong men at the oars, the *Long Serpent* is brought in as close to the ice shelf as she can. Still, the gap between the ship and the ice is at least 7 feet wide, and the frozen shore looks slippery. Jarl Olaf orders the oars on the landward side of the ship extended and held steady by the oarsman. This then allows the shore party to "run the oars" from the ship to the ice shelf.

The Iceberg

As mentioned, the iceberg is approximately 3 miles in diameter (see map). It is surrounded on all sides by an ice shelf that towers over the surrounding waves and calves off smaller ice floes of its own from time to time. At the southern end of the berg, this ice shelf is lower to the water and forms a beach of sorts that leads up to the Frozen Valley. Inland from the ice shelf rise the steep ice cliffs of the central plateau. These are cracked and broken but are otherwise sheer cliffs 400 feet high, essentially impossible to climb without casualties. The characters will be able to tell that the climb is impossible. The spires of the Ice Palace are visible atop the height of the iceberg, and it seems the valley provides the only feasible way to reach it.

Winds of the Winter King

The iceberg containing the Ice Palace bears an ancient trap of sorts. As soon as the characters and huscarls reach the shore, but before Jarl Olaf and his personal guard can join them, read the following.

> The four huscarls ride ahead of you, fanning out toward the valley that leads to the height of the iceberg where you can see strange towers of glittering white. It is your job to keep an eye on them and move forward together to any one of them that might be attacked or encounter a hazard of some kind. The jarl and his guards are also waiting in the ship, watching the huscarls advance.
>
> Suddenly, a sound like the Horns of Hel blasts through the still air. All eyes turn toward the great ice massif in the center of the berg as the braying blast sounds again, echoing off the surrounding waves. A great mist of ice crystals has arisen from the ice cliffs from the force of the horn blasts and drift in shimmering clouds around the cliff. Suddenly, the ice crystals begin to swirl and are picked up and swept along as if by a heavy wind that is suddenly issuing over the tops of the cliff and down toward the edges of the berg. The clouds of glittering ice descend toward you like a rapidly lowering veil, obscuring everything in their path.

The characters have only moments before the gale-force blast of wind strikes them, carrying the fog of ice crystals. Visibility is reduced to only a few inches in moments and even the loudest yells are drowned out by the howling blast. Everyone is coated with a layer of snow and fine ice. All of the characters are knocked prone and quickly buried in ice crystals and snow. The howling gale lasts for a full 15 minutes, but it takes the characters over half an hour before they can dig out from the deep snow and ice that covers them.

> After forty-five minutes or so, you all manage to dig out from the ice crystals and snow that thundered across and over you. Although the wind does not stop, tearing at you like chill claws, the maelstrom of ice and snow no longer fills the air other than as a fast-moving mist at knee-height. The sight, now that there is some visibility, is not encouraging. The gaunt ice cliff and its descending vale stands as it did before, and the strange ice spires still rise high atop it. Of the huscarls who came ashore with you, however, there is no sign. Looking seaward provides even more anguish. Waves are still being whipped up by the wind near the iceberg, but the waters beyond are a flat blue mirror, and the *Long Serpent*, if it survived the wind, is no longer anywhere in sight. You are alone on the sea and trapped on this island of ice.

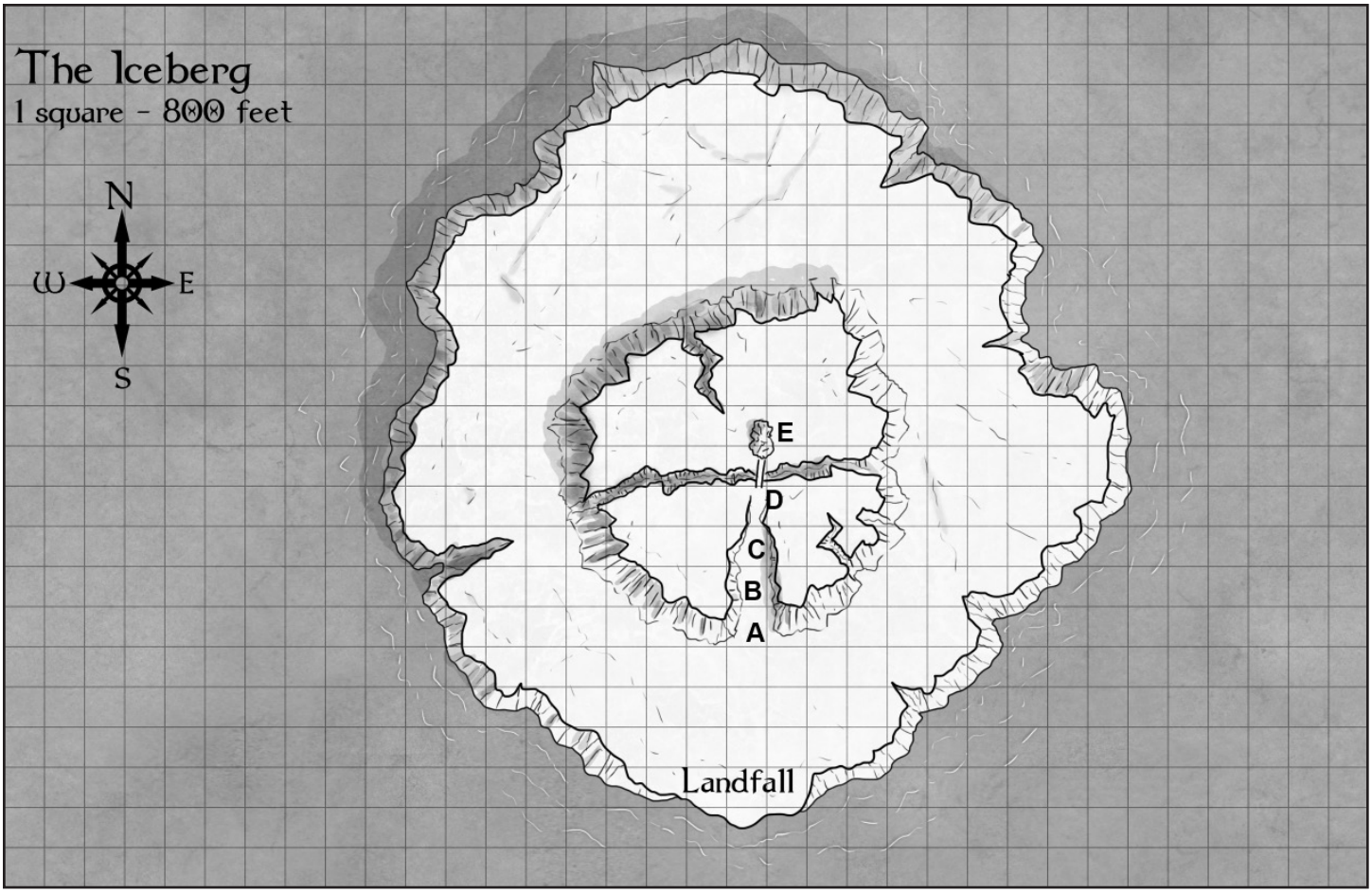
The area the characters find themselves stranded on is a short but wide beach of ice and snow that runs inland on a gentle slope for 75 feet. It sits on the southern edge of the iceberg, and to the east and west are higher ice shelves that occasionally calve off chunks as large as a feasting hall. To the north lies the great ice summit surrounded by foreboding cliffs. Straight ahead, however, is an opening to a moderately steep valley that cuts through the glacier to the plateau high above.

After a few moments of taking in their surroundings, the characters hear the sound of a war horn echoing down from the cliffs above. They recognize it as the call of One-Eyed Sven's hunting horn. What happened is this: When the strange blizzard came and the *Long Serpent* was blown far across the waves, the four huscarls immediately charged toward the cliffs, hoping to make the base of the valley to get in underneath the descending ice storm before it reached them. The maneuver succeeded, and as a result, they are already far ahead of the characters, their tracks erased by the blizzard. Since the characters, closer to the edge of the berg, were buried in snow, the huscarls assumed them to have been blown off and proceeded on. Even now, from their higher vantage point, *they are unable to see the characters* due to the glare coming from the ice of the beach, but they can see that the longship is nowhere in sight. One-Eyed Sven has sounded his horn to signal anyone who may be within hearing distance, and he and the others are proceeding up the vale into whatever unknown dangers await.

The characters can determine that the horn is coming from the entrance to the valley ahead, but because Sven is upwind of the characters, any attempt to signal back to him is lost in the still-screaming wind. All they can do is attempt to follow.

The Valley of Frozen Fears

The Valley of Frozen Fears, as it was once known long ago in the days of Althunak's cult, is a half-mile cleft in the ice that rapidly changes from a moderate slope to a steeply graded climb. At its mouth, the valley is 800 feet wide, but it narrows as it climbs until it reaches **Area V4**. Along the walls of the valley are several ice caves, some barely large enough for a grown man to climb into, while others are quite deep and wide.



The valley is divided into four broad zones: the lower valley where one finds the caves of the ice fiends; the middle valley that crosses a hump of glacial ice; the step and snow-filled upper valley; and finally the sky bridge that connects the head of the valley to the high plateau of the Ice Palace itself.

A. Caves of the Ice Fiends

Along the lower part of the valley, the valley floor is fairly clean of debris, and slopes gently up to a large hump of glacial ice in the middle valley zone. The walls of the lower valley are pierced with an abundance of caves, most of them fairly large — cave mouths more than a dozen feet in diameter. None of the caves is less than 50 feet up sheer cliffs of ice.

The ice cliffs are slick and can only be climbed by a thief (even then, at –25%). Sunlight shifts throughout the day, bathing first the western and then the eastern canyon walls with light and warmth. The ice around some of these caves is a different color than the rest, running from deep blues to dark purples, and these inexplicably show no signs of melt in the sunlight.

Many of the caves are inhabited by ice myphits, descended from true mephits that were left behind when the Cult of Althunak abandoned the Ice Palace centuries ago. These small elementals are feeding off the elemental coldness of the ice island, and breeding a massive swarm. They fly out to attack any who venture up the valley, hoping to consume their flesh and end their warmth. Two tribes of myphits are here, the Eastern and Western, and each attacks only when its side of the valley is safely in shadow. The two tribes hate each other, and while one is in the air, the other lobs small ice balls (harmless) and foul epithets (in Auran) at them from the safety of their own caves. If the party passes through the area at night, then both tribes attack.

Each band of myphits is made up of 15 swarms, but they are not organized enough to mount a coordinated assault. No more than 6 swarms



from a single tribe will attack intruders at any given time, and if both tribes are attacking, 4 swarms (one from each tribe) will engage with each other, leaving a total of 8 to fight the characters. If the characters number more than 4, more swarms will be attracted to the large group — add 1 additional swarm per 2 characters more than 4 in the group (to a maximum of the entire tribe).

Should the characters retreat, the mephits pursue until they pass **Area B**.

Glittering of Ice Myphits: HD 3 hit points; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 set of little bites (1d6 treated as 1 attack); **Move** 3/18 (fly); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** Contact inflicts 1 point of cold damage/round, vulnerable to fire.

Treasure and Experience: The myphits carry no treasure, but defeating them is worth somewhat more than 15XP per swarm in terms of experience, so award 40XP per swarm killed/dispersed rather than 15.

B. Icy Gulf

Beyond the gentler slopes of the lower valley rises a hump of glacial ice that separates them from the middle reaches of the valley. Halfway across the glacial rise is a 30-foot-wide crevasse filled with icy mist.

The glacier is not terribly difficult to climb, and anyone can make it that goes slowly and moves with care.

The mist in the chasm prevents anyone from seeing down beyond 10 feet, although if everyone is quiet they can hear the sound of lapping surf somewhere below. The crevasse extends from one end of the glacial hump to the other, cutting into the valley walls for some distance, so some way must be discovered to cross it short of clambering out of the valley itself (with the ice giving a –25% to a thief's climb check each ten feet, this is a tremendously risky proposition at best).

Anyone thinking to do so discovers that climbing down into the fog-shrouded crevasse is actually relatively easy due to the jagged nature of its surfaces and plentiful handholds. Twenty feet below the edge of the crevasse on both sides is a 5-foot-wide ledge that cannot be seen from above due to the mist. The width of the crevasse that must be bridged at this level is only 20 feet.

Anyone climbing still farther down discovers that 50 feet down from the surface, a narrow ice bridge crosses the chasm. The bridge is only 2 feet wide but is stable. Anyone trying to cross it must roll under the character's dexterity score on 3d6 to avoid falling (other than a thief, who can cross without risk of falling). Presumably the characters will use some sort of rope or other means to ensure that anyone who falls can be caught short without falling all the way down. This shouldn't be a death trap, but if no precautions are taken and someone falls, the fall is indeed lethal. If the explorers continue to plumb the crevasse's depths, they find a tunnel bored through the ice of the crevasse's north wall 80 feet below the chasm's lip. This tunnel has stairs cut into its floor and rises quickly to **Area 53** of the Ice Palace. Thirty feet below the level of this tunnel (110 feet from the top of the crevasse), the chasm ends at sea level. The water here is choppy due to being funneled within the craggy confines of the iceberg, and is deathly cold. Anyone in it for more than 5 minutes must begin making a saving throw each subsequent round at –1 cumulative per round, or become paralyzed and die in the following 1d3 rounds.

The Fate of One-Eyed Sven

If the characters do not trigger an avalanche of their own and search through the avalanche zone, they discover that the earlier avalanche here buried One-Eyed Sven. If the characters dig him out, he is in a comatose state, his helmet missing, and his head covered in blood. Sven still lives, but he is unconscious and at 0 hit points. If he is revived he can talk but cannot walk on his own; one of his legs is broken and he most certainly cannot fight. With another person helping him, his movement rate is 3. If he is left to his fate, he quietly dies from exposure. If he is rescued and survives to the end of the adventure, however, the characters will receive an XP bonus of 1000XP each (see "Concluding the Adventure").

C. Avalanche!

The middle portion of the Valley of Frozen Fears passes under an area where the canyon walls close together to only 60 feet apart at the top, and barely 30 feet apart on the valley floor. The walls are covered in layers of snow over the ice here. The snow packs the cave mouths in the canyon walls and piles in drifts on every ledge and along the clifftops. Icicles droop down from the canyon's ledges, forming long, twisted spines that drip water on the sunny side of the valley. Humps of snow from which shards of broken ice protrude cover the floor of the valley.

There is a great avalanche danger here, and several collapses have occurred in the past — including one recently. Dwarves and rangers will automatically notice the perilous structure of the ice here and also the recent avalanche; other characters have only a 1 in 20 chance to spot that the masses of ice don't seem to be standing in a stable formation. If a player specifically says anything about avalanche possibilities, that character automatically looks around and notices the instability.

Unless the characters immediately march straight forward, they hear a slight sound that tseems to come from beneath the snow on the floor of the avalanche zone. This is Old Sven (see side box) who even though he is unconscious, is still alive enough to groan slightly in his sleep. The sound is not repeated.

So, all or some of the characters may be alerted to the possibility of an avalanche, and they may also be curious about the sound under the snow. What happens when they enter the avalanche zone? It takes three "fails," described below, to trigger an avalanche. Any character who is not alerted to the possibility must make a check against the dexterity attribute using 5d6 when entering the avalanche zone: any result higher than the dexterity score means that there is a "fail." If they moved forward in a group, an avalanche becomes very likely since all the checks are made at once, with no prior warning. If they were crossing single file (or if only one character entered the area to investigate the sound), with the GM rolling dice, they will probably figure out the danger after the first crossing, so go ahead and mention that bits of icicle and snow appear to be shifting around on the ice walls. If they still aren't alerted by this, with no one mentioning an avalanche, go ahead and roll 5d6 for the next character as well, probably leading to a second "fail."

If they are alerted, each character needs only roll 2d6 against the dexterity score when crossing or moving around in the area. If the result is higher than the character's dexterity (not even possible for characters with Dexterity of 13+), then there is no "fail."

If three "fails" total up, there is an avalanche. Everyone in the danger zone is buried and takes 1d10 hit points of damage. It is not difficult to dig out, a process that takes only a few minutes. Additional checks are not required for moving around in the avalanche zone looking for Sven

D. Sky Bridge

After climbing up through the Valley of Frozen Fears, the canyon opens up on the high plateau of snow and ice on which the Ice Palace sits. The plateau is empty of any features and windswept for nearly an entire square mile, with the strange citadel of ice sitting in the center of this expanse. Cutting

across the plateau is deep, 300-foot-wide gash in the surface of the ice, a crevasse that makes the previous one look like a mere crack.

Traversing this chasm is a high, narrow bridge of ice, barely 3 feet wide with no handrails or guards. The ice bridge arches high above the chasm in a graceful curve before reaching down and meeting the ground on the other side. Just beyond this bridge of living ice is the palace itself. There are no visible means of going around the chasm; the massive crevasse runs the breadth of the plateau. Strong winds occasionally whip across the plateau, blowing plumes of snow into the air, including across the chasm and the sky bridge.

The characters must find a way across the chasm, and the ice bridge is the most likely avenue. However, it is a perilous and fear-inducing crossing, especially if the characters found Old Sven, who cannot walk across by himself. Falling from the bridge is certain death in the deep abyss below. Other than the problem of getting Sven across, the only risk here is looking down, which can cause vertigo. Ask each character crossing the bridge if they look down.

Anyone looking down has a risk of falling, a check of 3d6 against the character's dexterity score. If the result on the dice is greater than or equal to the character's dexterity, the character falls. If the character is roped to even one other character, the rope will hold and the character can be hauled up without much difficulty, but the actual hauling cannot be done from the bridge by any number of people unless they also make the same check against dexterity. A character hanging from a rope can be brought to the far edge and hauled up from there without risk.

The only benefit to looking down is that the character will see the remains of Young Ljot, below, at the bottom of the chasm.

There is one other possible risk when crossing the bridge. High winds occasionally blow through the area, and there is a 1 in 6 chance for this to happen while a character (or a group of them) are on the bridge. If the wind blows, each character must make a check against dexterity, as described above, or fall.

The bridge should represent no significant risk as long as the characters are using ropes in some way. Another possibility, rather than roping themselves together, is to run a rope under the bottom of the bridge and slide it along, so that the character is actually tied to the bridge. This is very slow and cumbersome, but it will entirely prevent a character from falling (and is a good way to get Sven across). No doubt a creative party will think of other innovative ways to handle the risk presented by the bridge.

The Fate of Young Ljot

Young Ljot froze up in the middle of the sky bridge and refused to carry on until his comrades coaxed him into continuing. Unfortunately, as he arose to continue, a strong gust of wind blew across the chasm and carried him over the edge with it. Anyone looking down into the depths of the chasm below the bridge will see Young Ljot's broken body embedded halfway into a drift of snow and ice. He is obviously quite dead. His two *potions of healing* are not broken, and could be recovered.

E. Ice Palace

The Ice Palace is detailed in **Chapter 5**.

Chapter 5: The Ice Palace

At the height of Althunak's empire among the Uln, the demon-god ruled with a fist of cold iron, holding sway from the Wailing Mountains far across the frozen plains of the north. However, the cities and villages of the Uln were vast and required a great amount of oversight and administration to keep them in line while building up the infrastructure and power base at the City of the Lord of Winter. Even one of the Ginnvaettir required the help of mortals to run his domain, to say nothing of prosecuting the war against the rebellious Ulnat tribes of the Seal Coast. As many of his most devout followers were cannibalistic madmen, Althunak had to be very selective in who would serve as his mouthpieces. Many powerful priests rallied the faithful and espoused the Liturgy of Icy Death, but he needed a tried-and-true warrior to face the Ulnat.

From among his elite Eaters of Men, one champion stood out from the rest, a powerful warrior of savage fury as well as thoughtful planning. The champion was Uth'ilopiq, and Althunak set him as prince of the city of Oosqwai at the eastern end of the Wailing Mountains where they met the gray sea. Prince Uth'ilopiq was charged with raising and training an army to sweep down on the Ulnat tribes of the Seal Coast from around the arm of the mountain, and take them as slaves or drive them into the sea.

However, though Prince Uth'ilopiq was indeed a brave warrior and skilled general, Althunak had not counted on the man's own inherent greed. Finally given the power he had always craved within the Cult of Althunak, even as Uth'ilopiq began raising his army he exacted heavy taxation upon the city of Oosqwai in order to build his fabulous Ice Palace. Construction continued on the palace for several years as Uth'ilopiq ostensibly prepared his army, but he made no move against the growing power of the coastal Ulnat. In fact, it was the slow gathering of strength at Oosqwai that ultimately alerted the Ulnat to their immediate jeopardy, and caused them to rally behind Hvran Half-Born and his champions.

With their own army raised, the Ulnat crossed the Trail of Ravens and caught the army of Oosqwai unprepared, annihilating it during their march on the City of the Lord of Winter. The recently completed Ice Palace they ignored as being too far out of their way and too undermanned to be much of a threat. Even as the City of the Lord of Winter fell before Hvran and his companions and Althunak sensed his imminent defeat, the Lord of Ice and Cold spared enough attention to deal with his treacherous general who had failed him in his sloth and incompetence. Althunak cursed the Ice Palace, freezing its occupants just as its own walls were frozen, and encased it in a mountain glacier to remain imprisoned for eternity as a sign of their demon-god's wrath.

For nearly 1,000 years, the Ice Palace remained frozen in its icy embrace as its glacier prison made its way slowly down from the Wailing Mountains toward the sea. Recently, the portion of the glacier holding the Ice Palace calved off into the sea and the upper portions of it thawed to reveal the Ice Palace beneath. Now the Ice Palace floats upon the Great Ocean Ûthaf, a restless tomb from an ancient demon's empire, just waiting for intruders to set foot upon its shores.

Approaching the Palace

Facing the Sky Bridge and the yawning chasm that cuts across the high plateau is a palace of three soaring spires made of solid, opaque ice — like a great, jagged, tri-pronged icicle inverted and set on its base. Fronting the palace is a long, statue-lined processional and a broad plaza — all paved with slabs of ice, blown clean by the constant wind. The palace itself is composed of three spires like giant inverted icicles: a tall central spire that tapers up to a point nearly 300 feet above the ground flanked by two matching towers that are more than 200 feet high. The western spire is partially collapsed, with only the first 100 feet still standing. The entire area is windswept and clear of snow. It is also unnaturally quiet, not even the crash of the endless breakers reaches these heights of the iceberg.

The palace is made from solid pieces of ice seemingly spawned directly from the iceberg. The spires twist as they rise, with thick bands and runnels of ice forming their surface. Climbing the spires is relatively easy due to the irregular surface and can be accomplished automatically by thieves. Non-thieves are treated as if they were thieves with an 80% climb skill. All parts of the palace are dimly lit by any daylight that filters in through the ice walls except as noted in the individual areas below. At night, all rooms are dark. Doors and furnishings are made of wood unless otherwise noted in the description. Secret doors are made of solid ice, but are treated as normal secret doors.

1. Main Processional

A 10-foot-wide, 80-foot-long processional leads from the bridge to a broad plaza. The processional and the plaza are paved in windswept blocks of ice 10 feet square and fitted together with amazing precision. The edges of the processional are lined with disturbing statues carved from solid blocks of ice that blend man and demon and often feature brutal depictions of slavery, violence, or cannibalism. Where the processional meets the plaza, it splits into two branches, one heading to the base of the eastern spire, and one to the base of the western spire. These side branches are similar to the main processional, complete with horrific statues carved from ice.

Halfway along the processional (at the point marked with an "X"), a *magic mouth* activates and the statues flanking the path simultaneously say, "Speak the word or feed the winter wind." If the password "Hunger" is not said within 2 rounds (in any language), a magical *darkness* descends over the path centered at this point (as the spell, caster level 10th). In the next round, the ice statues that spoke animate as shaggy, bestial manlike creatures. The bestial figures are **2 taers** who were turned to ice and placed here as guardians as part of their initiation into the cult. They fight until killed, at which point they turn back into broken ice statues.

Taers (2): **HD** 3; **HP** 18, 17; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 slams (1d4+1) or stone spear (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: immunity to cold, stench (10ft, –1 to hit and damage, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)





Treasure and Experience: The taers have no treasure, and the situation doesn't merit any additional bonus to experience.

2. Plaza

The plaza is 70 feet wide and runs 50 feet from the end of the processional to the main entrance of the palace. The plaza is open, partially framed by two wings of the palace projecting from the base of the spires. Toward the western edge, several blocks of ice have fallen from the crumbled tower, and lie strewn across the pavers. They are old, and both wind and snow have smoothed their surfaces and filled the cracks that their fall made in the pavers. Old, frozen blood stains portions of the ice paving, especially near the front steps and portico of the palace.

There is nothing else of interest here.

3. Eastern Processional

This short processional leads to the entrance at the base of the eastern spire. A short set of steps leads up to a thin door of solid ice banded with frozen blood. A snarling, demonic face with an open mouth framing the doorway decorates the base of the spire. Long icicles of frozen blood drip from its fangs.

The ice door is frozen shut. Any who pass under these icicles without speaking a prayer to Althunak trigger a mystical trap that causes the icicles to fall. It is not possible to detect the trap manually, since it is a magical effect of the ancient palace, but a cleric has a 1 in 6 chance (+1 per level) to suddenly have a "bad feeling" about the door-and-icicle combination. The blood icicles regrow each day with the dawn. If the icicles fall, anyone beneath them must make a saving throw or suffer 1d4 points of damage. Very bad for Sven, if he's caught in it.

4. Western Processional

Fallen ice blocks from the collapse of the western spire block the north end of this processional. The blocks are huge and moving them would require a herculean effort.

Any character of Medium size or smaller can wiggle through the ice blocks. Beyond is a cramped 5-foot-by-3-foot-by-6-foot hollow in front of the door leading to **Area 14**. The ice door itself is shattered and stands open to anyone who squeezes through the rubble pile. The characters can tell that someone else recently squeezed through and entered the palace from this direction. This person or persons did not leave any tracks on the smooth floors beyond, however. As the party will likely suspect, Berg Geirson and Hauk Arinbjornson entered the palace here.

5. Portico

Enclosing the gate is a deep portico that stretches 30 feet across the front of the palace. A set of thirteen steps leads up from the plaza to the portico, each step carved with a series of snarling faces across the risers. Carved into the corner posts of the portico are two statues of demonic women, their faces locked in ecstasy as they consume human limbs. Bas-reliefs depicting a great feast or orgy decorate the interior of the portico. The ice is worn and the exact nature of the acts being committed are somewhat obscured. However, the images seem to writhe slightly when glimpsed out of the corner of the eye — a most disconcerting effect.

The statues are **2 ice caryatid columns** of enchanted ice rather than stone (though with stone's hardness) assigned to block intruders. The one on the west animates to challenge any who approach the portico from the outside and asks, "Speak the wellspring of life." The answer is "Blood." The one on the east side animates to challenge any who pass out through the gate from the inside of the central spire and demands, "Speak Althunak's due." This password is "Sacrifice." The caryatid columns only attack individually unless they are both attacked, or unless someone actually enters and then leaves the palace, causing both to activate.

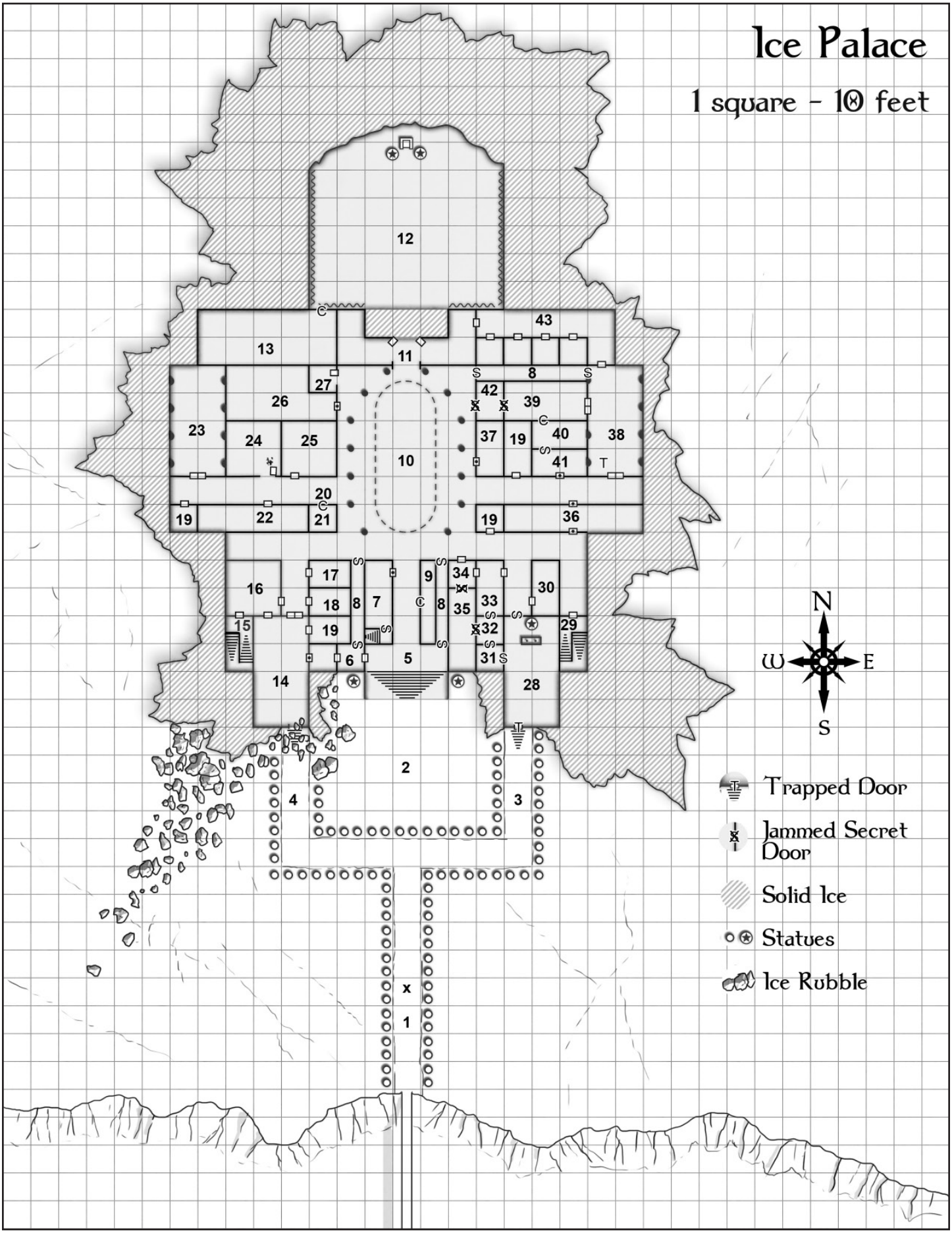
Caryatid Column: **HD** 5; **HP** 22, 29; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: immune to magic except *transmute rock to mud* and *stone to flesh*, resistance to normal weapons (50%), shatter weapons (save avoids, add bonus for magic weapons to save). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Treasure and Experience: The caryatid columns have no treasure. If they attack separately, experience is awarded as normal. If the battle is with both columns simultaneously, increase the total experience from the combat to 1500 rather than 1200, reflecting an exponential increase in difficulty for a low-level party. It's rare to award an experience point bonus for doing something foolish like activating two enemies at once, but in this case the difficulty of the combat itself justifies the bonus.

6. Guardroom

This small room contains an overturned table frozen to the floor, several broken chairs, and the frigid corpses of six humans.

Still perfectly preserved in ice, the corpses have swarthy skin, and their eyes have epicanthic folds like the Mongat horsemen who roam


Ice Palace
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
Trapped Door
Jammed Secret Door
Solid Ice
Statues
Ice Rubble

the Sea of Grass beyond Seagestreland. However, these are clearly no part of that barbaric race as they bear the black uniforms of some long-forgotten army, recognizable to no Northlander's eyes, and have thick, black beards with no moustache. Former royal guards of the Ice Palace of the ancient Uln, these men are locked in a state of undeath but are completely frozen. If thawed enough to become mobile, which will happen if they are in the presence of living bodies for over 20 minutes, they rise as **6 zombies**.

Zombie: HD 2; **HP** 4, 2, 8, 7, 14, 10; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

7. Counting House

Wooden shelves holding a set of ivory scroll cases line the western wall. The center of the room is crowded with desks made from human bones held together with ancient dried tar, each with a chair and built-in inkwells and lockboxes.

In ages past, the local peasants and slaves, as well as merchants and noblemen, came to the palace to bring their master his tribute. This tribute was taken to this counting house to be tallied by the palace eunuchs and sorted to the various storerooms in the palace. A locked door opens onto the central hallway of the palace. The lockboxes may be accessed by picking the rusted locks or simply breaking through the desks themselves, but they are empty.

The scroll cases contain icy, faded scrolls made from human skin written in Old Uln. These scrolls are mostly simple tallies and tax rosters, as well as requests from various parts of the palace and the prince's domain. The south wall has a faded map painted directly on the frozen wall that depicts the former domain of the Ice Palace. Apparently the palace once sat in the middle of a large land mass along a ridge of mountains running roughly east-west. The location does not match any known areas of the Northlands, and in fact depicts a portion of the distant Wailing Mountains, though the characters will not know this.

If the secret door is located in the wall that holds the map, no means to open it can be found short of breaking through more than a foot of rock-hard ice. However, anyone specifically examining the map closely notices a small icon near the Ice Palace that resembles a stack of gold bricks. If this icon is touched, the secret door unlocks, revealing a stairway leading to **Area 49** below.

Treasure: The 22 ivory scroll cases in the room are worth 15 hs each. In addition, two of the scrolls are actually magical. Scroll #1 is enscribed with the spells *web, mirror image*, and *protection from evil*) and scroll #2 is enscribed with *dispel magic, polymorph self,* and *pyrotechnics*).

8. Spy Passage

Prince Uth'ilopiq was paranoid as well as megalomaniacal, and distrusted his retainers and soldiers as much as the Uln he subjected in the name of Althunak. As a result, he had spy passages installed within the walls of his palace that were accessible through secret doors, and only he knew of their existence after the builders were strangled and served to his guardsmen in a grand feast. The walls are composed of a thicker ice that blocks more light from passing through, preventing even the hint of movement from being seen within unless someone were to carelessly carry a light source. Cleverly crafted eyeholes along the length of the wall allow any inside to view those in adjoining rooms without being noticed by those in the adjoining rooms (a 90% chance to remain undetected, with thieves having a 100% chance). In the days of Uth'ilopiq, superstitious servants spoke of spirits haunting the walls of the palace due to the occasional glimpse of the prince moving within these hallways.

Old Uln

The language of the Empire of Althunak at its height was Old Uln, after the tribe of Shattered Folk called the Uln that first migrated from far to the southwest to the northern latitudes beyond the Wailing Mountains. Now a dead language, Old Uln is linguistically most similar to Hunish, so that anyone who can read that language can read Old Uln given some time to work it out. Old Uln is even more similar to the modern language of Ulnat still spoken by the tribes that occupy the Seal Coast, but that language has no written form so knowledge of it will not help in translating documents written in Old Uln. Otherwise, a *read languages* spell or a thief's ability to decipher documents will be required to understand anything written in Old Uln.

9. Cloakroom

Concealed behind a screen of whale hide painted white to resemble the ice of the wall in the main hallway is a hidden door. Beyond it is a room used to store cloaks, weapons, armor, and other items visitors did not want or were not allowed to carry throughout the palace). Little of interest is in this room save for antiquated clothing frozen and stiff with dry rot, discarded items, and a few old weapons. All of these are found either hanging on hooks on the wall or in heaps on the floor.

Treasure: Searching through the ancient junk yields the following: a jeweled short sword (250gp), a *potion of protection against cold* (as per a *ring of fire resistance,* but against cold, with a duration of 1d6+6 turns), a scroll of *fireball* (which is rather aged and only creates a 3d6 *fireball)*, and 150 hs in cloak pins and other trinkets crafted in a style more akin to ancient Hundaei then anything in the Northlands.

10. Central Courtyard

The main hallway of the palace splits to go around a central courtyard. This open area in the middle of the palace at the base of the three great spires is open to the cloud-streaked sky above. Tall columns support the portico roof, and ice pavers like those on the plaza outside cover the floor. The columns reach up 20 feet to form arches set into the upper walls and ceiling of the surrounding building. A final arch leads into an anteroom to the north. The northern arch has a niche containing a small gold statuette of a death's head. The walls of the courtyard bear bas-relief carvings of human skeletons in acts of vile torture.

Looking up through the courtyard's open roof allows a good view of the central ice spire. Eighty feet above, the spire is banded by a frieze of images depicting a demon-god descending from the heavens, the capture of humanoid figures by armored warriors, and the sacrifice of these captives into the hungry maw of the demon-god. The frieze is very ornate and well carved with lifelike detail. Colored water, possibly blood in some cases, has been applied to the ice and left to freeze, thus painting the images. Just below it, a narrow ice bridge soars between the central spire and another ice bridge that connects the east and west spires.

The ice bridges mentioned in the description are detailed in **Area 45**. In the courtyard, climbing the columns of ice is possible for a thief (–10% penalty to roll, 2 rolls required to avoid falling from 10ft and 20ft respectively)..

However, the statuette is mounted on a vertical ice rod that can be broken if the skull is not lifted directly upward (and even then, a delicate

tasks roll must be made successfully). If the ice rod breaks, it sets off a magical alarm that can be heard ringing throughout this level of the palace. This also immediately animates **6 skeletons** that spring from the bas-reliefs to attack.

Skeletons (6): **HD** 1; **HP** 8, 2, 4, 6, 6, 3; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells.

Treasure and Experience: The statuette is worth 500 hs, and a thief who retrieves it in any way, whether or not the alarm is activated, gets a 25XP bonus due to the unusual risk of the climb. The climb itself is not required, just retrieving the statuette: finding a way to avoid a dangerous climb is worth just as much experience as taking the risk, possibly more. However, only a thief gets the experience points: if another party member invents and implements a way to get the statuette, no XP award is given to anyone. That's routine problem-solving rewarded with the 500 hs statuette and the corresponding 500XP.

11. Antechamber

The main gate leads into a small antechamber lined with shelves that form small alcoves. Inside these alcoves are hooks and the remains of once-sumptuous finery now ruined by time despite the preserving power of the cold. The ceiling of the antechamber is filled with a richly painted depiction of a cloudy winter sky dropping snow, hail, sleet, and lightning down on the viewer. A pair of ornate doors made of frozen wood stands open across from the arched entrance. Just beyond this doorway can be seen a thick wall of semi-translucent ice blocking the entrance. Barely visible within the ice can be seen a still humanoid shape caught in mid stride as if in the act of walking in through the doors. One of the figure's boots protrudes from this ice wall.

Close examination of the figure reveals it to be wearing a chain shirt and clutching a longsword. The protruding boot is easily recognizable as that of a typical Northlander warrior, well-oiled and crusted with sea salt. The figure's back is to the entrance, so his face is not visible, but the longsword and other clothes will tell the characters that this is (was) Berg Geirson. This magical ice trap felled him as he attempted to enter **Area 12**. He can be chipped free from the ice wall, but he is quite dead. The ice wall itself is 10 feet thick, and the characters are unable to chip through to the room beyond. Hauk Arinbjornson is nowhere to be found.

12. Throne Room

The characters are unable to enter this chamber until they remove the ice wall blocking its entrance by removing the mask in **Area 52.**

Beyond the ice wall, the large chamber is rectangular except for the rear wall that has the rough appearance of a natural glacier. Barely visible within its thick ice are the frozen shapes of men and animals — some large enough to be mammoths or other fabled creatures of the frozen North. The other walls are covered in frozen tapestries depicting various rites of a demon-god, as well as scenes depicting battle, the enslavement of captives, feasting, and debauchery. The floor is tiled in a great mosaic of multicolored ice. The ceiling vaults 60 feet overhead and bears another mosaic, this one featuring the snarling face of the demon-god circled by hordes of winged demons.

Sitting before the glacier wall is a throne made of carved red-black ice that appears to be frozen blood. Upon the throne sits a freeze-dried corpse adorned in royal finery. Jewels and gold thread richly adorn the corpse's dress and raiment, and upon his head sits a crown made of sapphires and silver fangs. His hands rest on two ice statues carved to look like fanciful crouching birds with long necks and thick-beaked heads. Around the elongated necks of these statues are golden collars set with sapphires and diamonds. The corpse's head sits firmly upon its neck, and though time has eroded some of his features, the former lord of this palace still stares with menacing — though empty — eye sockets.

A door concealed behind the tapestries in the southwest corner of the room leads **to Area 13**.

The frozen corpse is that of the former lord of the palace, Prince Uth'ilopiq. The corpse is not entirely dead, for in his death Prince Uth'ilopiq cursed his demon-god and was in turn cursed to sit on the throne he once held, until called for by his divine liege. The lord of the palace has remained here for countless years, waiting and plotting. He became aware of the characters through his throne when they set foot on the island, and he used the unknowable connection to his mystical throne to activate the blizzard that trapped them here. Though the throne has many unique powers as described here, no one but Uth'ilopiq can use them.

Prince Uth'Ilopiq, (unique cursed spirit): **HD** 4; **HP** 21; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d4 cold plus paralysis); **Move** 6; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: immune to cold,

Prince Uth'ilopiq

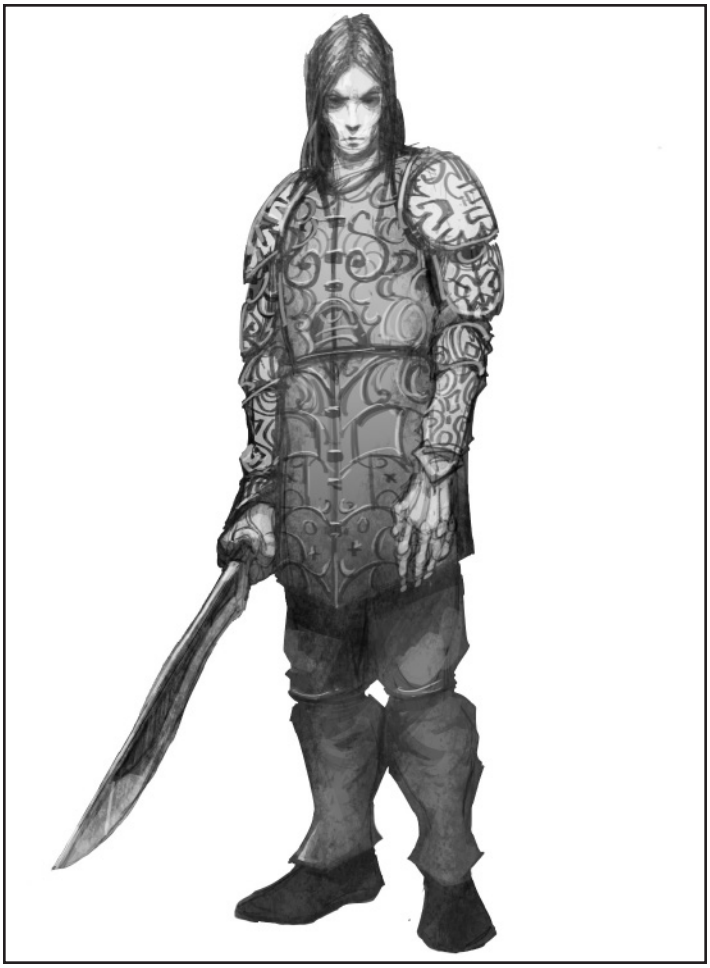
A full description of the cursed prince is provided here for convenience.

Hit Dice: 4 (21 hit points)
Armor Class: 5 [14]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d4 cold plus paralysis);
Saving Throw: 13
Special: immune to cold, paralysis, *blast of cold*
Move: 6
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: Unique creature, 1 only
Challenge Level/XP: 8/800

Prince Uth'ilopiq is the remnant of the Ice Palace's prince, cursed by the demon-prince Althunak for treachery. He is intelligent, and aware of everything that happens on the great ice floe. The Prince is not undead, although his body has aged enough to appear so. This type of demon-cursed creature might certainly exist elsewhere, but each of them would have significantly different characteristics. Cursed by a demon-prince of ice and winter, Prince Uth'ilopiq's individual nature is related to the powers of the being that cursed him.

His tremendous age has vastly weakened what was once an extremely powerful monster. At one time, Uth'ilopiq could have destroyed the characters virtually by a wave of his hand. Even now, the physical remnant of the prince is as strong as an ogre, and the faint echo of its once-legendary magical powers are still deadly enough.

Perhaps obviously, Prince Uth'ilopiq is immune to cold. Hi touch causes paralysis (1d4 rounds, save avoids), and once per day he can wave his hand to produces a *blast of cold* (1/day, 60ft long, 30ft base, 2d6 damage from cold, and possibility of paralysis) Anyone in the area of the blast must make a saving throw; success indicates that the character takes only half damage, and negates the paralysis. Paralysis from the blast of cold is the same as from the creature's touch: 1d4 rounds.



paralysis (1d4 rounds, save avoids), *blast of cold* (1/day, 60ft long, 30ft base, 2d6 cold and paralysis, successful save for half vs damage, negates paralysis).

Tactics: When the characters enter here, Uth'ilopiq is able to use his throne to summon skeletons or zombies from the frozen tapestries. Each round he sits upon the throne and uses a standard action, roll 1d6; on a 1–4, **1d4+1 skeletons** step from the tapestries and attack; and on a 5–6, **1d4+1 zombies** emerge. They do not leave this room, but defend the throne at all costs. The summoning continues until the tapestries are burned or Uth'ilopiq leaves the throne (or uses it to escape; see below). In addition, if the gold collars are removed from the ice sculptures, they become living **axe beaks** that obey whoever holds the collar. If the collars are replaced, thethe axe beaks return to their ice-sculpture form. The collars do not work in this way on anything else. Removing a collar is a standard action, and Uth'ilopiq does so once the characters are engaged in battle with the undead. If Uth'ilopiq feels endangered, he uses a power originally created in the throne for escaping assassination attempts in the throne room. He can cause the throne itself to levitate up to the peak of the ceiling overhead. Once there, it merges into the ceiling and deposits him in **Area 48**.. If he escapes, the characters would have to pursue him above to defeat him. If they give chase, see "Concluding the Adventure." Otherwise, Uth'ilopiq begins stalking them through the palace, summoning more undead reinforcements as long as the tapestries remain intact.

Axe Beaks (2): **HD** 3; **HP** 10, 10; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **Special**: none. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Skeleton: **HD** 1; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells.

Zombie: HD 2; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Treasure: Should the characters loot Uth'ilopiq's corpse, the garments yield approximately 4,000 hs in gold and jewels, and the crown is worth 2,000 hs. The collars on the statues are worth 250 hs each.

13. Private Audience Chamber

This room is decorated with soft cushions, tapestries of humans and elves that have been partially dissected and/or eaten, low tables carved with demonic figures picked out in gold leaf, and several scroll shelves. All are covered in a thick layer of frost and mostly ruined.

The scroll shelves are filled with priceless scrolls from the time of the cult's empire, but centuries of time, ice, and snow have ruined them.

14. Armory

This chamber lies beneath the western spire, but the top third has collapsed, filling the room with debris and scattering huge blocks of ice around the western part of the palace. The roof is open to the sky above. What little remains visible through the rubble choking the chamber is lined with broken racks for holding weapons and armor.

Nothing of value remains here, though the eastern door is still locked and sturdy. A recently-cleared trail is clearly visible here, leading from the south door to the double door to the north.

15. West Stairs

These stairs once led up to the higher levels of the western spire. They are now collapsed and blocked.

16. Barracks

A mixture of crushed furniture and debris from the partially collapsed ceiling fills this room.

Palace guards once slept here. Several hours of digging uncovers the remains of the guardsmen's personal footlockers and 4d20 hs worth of ancient coinage.

17. Guard Commander's Quarters

This spartan room is mostly collapsed from the fall of the western spire.

This chamber was once the home of the commander of the palace guard, who although he did not work to garner wealth, still managed to acquire a fair number of priceless objects as rewards for his long and loyal service. The commander was in his quarters when the collapse occurred, and if the characters spend 20 man-hours digging through the debris, they find a crushed skeleton in richly decorated armor (*+1 chain mail*) that is still serviceable.

18. Storeroom

This debris-filled room contains the shattered pottery and torn sacks that once housed the palace guards' rations and other stores. Nothing is salvageable here other than a few pieces of antique pottery that only a dedicated collector would want.

19. Latrine

One wall of this small room has a door flanked by two ice basins on wooden stands. The other three walls are lined with benches, each having three 12-inch-diameter openings in them. The openings lead to deep midden pits that have long since frozen over.

20. Battleground

Lying in the corridor here are a half-dozen corpses, all partially frozen and bearing the attire of soldiers from a time and culture long gone. They were violently cut down by sword and axe strokes.

This hallway opens onto the slave quarters of the palace, the home and work areas for the highest slaves in the prince's domain — those who were allowed to work in the palace itself. Being part of Althunak's ancient empire, many of these slaves found themselves on either the sacrificial altar or the dinner table, but both were considered a great honor. The walls have fewer decorations than the rest of the palace, but are still very ornate compared with what most Northlanders are accustomed. The corpses were clearly zombies that violently met their ends here recently. This is the handiwork of Berg Geirson and Hauk Arinbjornson, as the characters likely correctly assume.

21. Guardroom

This small room off the palace's main hallway lies behind a door hidden by intricate scrollwork (ordinary secret door). A table and four chairs are inside, all covered by a thick layer of frost. The zombie guards that once manned this post attacked the Northlander intruders ahead of the characters and were destroyed in Are **20** by Berg and Hauk on their way through.

22. Kitchen

Inside this long, narrow room are three cold fire pits lining the south wall, thickly lined with stones and thick layers of ash to insulate the surrounding ice — the only stone construction in the palace. Each fire pit has an iron grill and an intricate contraption that can raise or lower the grill, as well as swing a 10-gallon iron cauldron over the pit. The east and west walls are taken up by cupboards.

The cupboards are filled with frozen foodstuffs, spices, and other culinary material, long since spoiled with freezer burn. Lurking here are **4 zombies** that consumed the meat (former slaves and prisoners of the prince) that once hung from hooks in the ceiling from old habit and are now looking for a fresher repast.

Zombies (4): HD 2; **HP** 8, 12, 10, 6; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Treasure: None.

23. West Courtyard (CR 1)

Double doors open up onto an open-air courtyard. A colonnade of grimly decorated engaged columns line the edges of the courtyard, and small ice benches are situated in the spaces between to allow for semi-private mediation. The steeply sloping walls of the palatial glacier rise 30 feet all around the courtyard and higher to the northeast and southeast where they join the sides of the central and western spires. A deep drift of snow has piled up in the northwest corner.

Beneath the snowdrift lie **2 zombies** of palace slaves. If anyone disturbs the snow, they attack.

Zombies (2): HD 2; **HP** 8, 7; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Treasure: None.

24. Slave Barracks

The door to this room is smashed and stands open, revealing a room tightly packed with three-tiered bunk beds with frayed rope mattresses filling every available inch of floor space, only allowing for a narrow path between them. The bunks are equipped with chains at the head and foot to restrain their occupants.

This chamber once housed the slaves of the palace. Anyone examining the chains on the beds sees that they are all rusty and were snapped long ago.

25. Workshop

Tool-cluttered benches line the walls and fill the room, leaving only narrow 3-foot-wide paths between. The walls are covered in cupboards that hold tools and raw materials of various types.

Luxury goods for the palace were manufactured in nearby Oosqwai or imported from the City of the Lord of Winter. This workshop was used to make minor repairs on items, as well as to manufacture slave tools and other inexpensive goods. Lying on benches in this room are **4 zombies** that wait for something to motivate them to go out and kill; something like characters would do nicely.

Zombies (4): HD 2; **HP** 4, 9, 7, 10; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Treasure: Under one of the benches there is a golden bracelet with a broken clasp (200gp).

26. Storeroom

A locked door bars entry to this room.

The chamber is roughly L-shaped room. Broken crates and pottery jars fill the room, making the entire floor difficult to walk on.

The quantity of rubble on the floor here has the effect of cutting movement rates in half.. Six slaves who died here during the punishment of Uth'ilopiq have risen as **6 zombies** and still shuffle around in the debris. They are unaffected by the difficult terrain and attack any who enter, pursuing relentlessly.

Zombies (6): HD 2; **HP** 6, 11, 9, 5, 8, 13; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

27. Slave Master's Quarters

The door to this small room stands open, the lock shattered and the ice itself chipped away by axes. From the weathering of these chips, it is evident that someone came here many years ago, though no sign remains of who they were and what became of them. A single bed sits in one corner, a standing bureau is tipped over on the floor, and an open chest rests at the foot of the bed. The walls are carved in simple geometric designs that refract the light coming in from the roof, giving the room a multi-hued color.

This room is not as spartan as the guard commander's quarters, but still not nearly as opulent as those once occupied by the eunuchs. During the fall of the prince, the slaves ran amok and broke in here to slay their cruel master. He was hacked apart in his bed, and his remains still lay there, frozen beneath the snow-dusted blankets. His spirit haunts this room.. If the bed is disturbed, it rises as a transparent phantom of the fat Uln slave master it was in life, unclothed save for leather breeches, and shaved save for a long black topknot if the bed is disturbed. It attempts to possess anyone it perceives (see below). If it manages to take control of someone, it does not attack. Rather, it immediately begins attempting to round up any of the slaves that escaped. It can be laid to rest by either destroying all of the zombies in **Areas 22–26** or by locking them all in their quarters in **Area 24**. If it is allowed to proceed in its business undisturbed, it will shoo the obedient zombies into **Area 24** by itself, and then the spirit will disappear forever. If the zombies are already destroyed, it will only maintain its possession of a character long enough to ascertain this, and will then disappear from existence. If the non-possessed characters attack their own possessed companion, any damage is divided between the possessed character's body and the slave master's spirit. The possessed character will not fight back, it will continue on its taks of rounding up zombies.

The Spirit of the Slave Master:

The spirit is not a standard monster, and fortunately it does not (necessarily) have to be defeated to destroy it. While it is "outside" of a human body it can be attacked, but can also make an attempt to possess someone's body each round (saving throw negates). If it succeeds, its translucent form disappears into the body of the possessed person, and the body begins to do its will (which is not to attack anyone). Indeed, the only way for a character to die in this encounter is from the actions of other party members. Casting a *protection from evil* or a *bless* spell on a possessed character will banish the slave master's spirit forever. While it is still outside a human body, the spirit has the following attributes:

Slave Master's Spirit (1): HD 4; **HP** 19; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** none; **Move** 6; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** attempt to possess, 1/round, saving throw negates.

Treasure and Experience: The slave master has no treasure. If the characters kill the slave master while it is in possession of someone's body, award a normal 240XP for the battle. If the characters are smart enough to wait out the situation until the spirit finishes its task and disappears, or if they destroy it with a clerical spell, award 500XP.

28. Temple

This was obviously a place of worship. Most of the shrine floor is empty space for the worshippers to stand during worship services, but a large block of frozen blood sits at the far northern end and serves as an altar stone. Behind the stone is a towering statue of a four-armed and legged demon creature variously disemboweling, eating, torturing, and stepping on human figures. The walls and floor of the shrine are devoid of ornamentation and covered in layers of long-spilled and frozen blood. The walls of this chamber rise high above, all the way to the top of the spire where it looks up on open sky.

The entire interior space of the east spire is dedicated to a shrine to the demon-god Althunak. This forgotten member of the Ginnvaettir can be identified from this shrine by any cleric, but it takes at least 5 straight minutes of thinking back to obscure deities memorized as an acolyte. Fortunately, the blood-thirstier the demon, the more easily remembered, and Althunak is unpleasant even by demon-prince standards. If the cleric does not want to spend 5 minutes thinking, keep tossing out suggestions every five of ten minutes like, "You think it might be 'Elthranduck.' No, that's not it, no, you still can't remember." Keep going until the cleric sits down to try and remember for certain, just because it's fun. This is likely to happen, because the party won't stay in this room while taking damage from cold just so the cleric can muse at the statue.. Though the chamber seems fairly plain, there are actually mosaics and carvings on the walls and floors, but the blood is so thick that they can barely be seen. The whole room radiates a strong aura of evil, as well as extreme cold. Every minute spent in the shrine deals 1 point of cold damage (saving throw allowed each round).

29. East Stairs

This staircase leads up to **Area 44** at the top of the east spire.

30. Acolyte's Quarters

This chamber seems colder than those around it. Blocks of ice that apparently served as beds line the room, and large open skylights carved through the ice of the ceiling have allowed two feet of snow to pile up in this room.

Acolytes of the Lord of Ice and Cold lived here, sleeping on cots made of ice and studying the mysteries of Althunak when not on duty elsewhere in the palace. Buried in the snow are the frozen bodies of three acolytes now reanimated as **3 frozen acolytes of Althunak** intent on destroying all who disturb them.

Frozen Acolytes of Althunak (3): HD 2; **HP** 9, 7, 8; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells, cold radius inflicts 1 hit point of damage per round to anyone in melee with one of the acolytes.

31. Vestry

This small room, not much more than a closet, served as the dressing room and vestment storage area for the priests and acolytes who served in the palace temple. Time has reduced most of these to scraps of cloth and bloodstained leather; however, a diligent search (1 in 6 chance per character searching) reveals a few bits of loot. Three ornate headdresses

lie discarded under a pile of ice-stiffened vestments, each worth 100 hs. Also, one of the dry-rotted robes has a small bone ring set with a sapphire in its pocket worth 250 hs.

32. High Priest's Quarters

Three feet of snow fills this small but sumptuously adorned room. A pallet-like bed of ice is in one corner, a scroll case rack is along the east wall, and an open wooden chest sits at the foot of the bed. Tapestries depicting carnivores violently feeding on the winter steppes adorn the other three walls. A skylight cut through the thick ice of the spire above allows the elements to enter here unhindered.

This was the home to the palace's high priest. The ceiling is open to the roof, allowing the cold breath of the high priest's demonic god to flow in day or night. The chest is empty, and the scroll rack only has minor sacred texts of the cult on its shelves. These are written in Old Uln (see **sidebar**) and identify the cult as being that of Althunak, Demon Lord of Ice and Cold. The tapestries conceal secret doors to **Areas 31**, **33**, and **35**.

33. Temple Guards' Quarters

This rather spartan barracks apparently once housed palace guards. Twelve bunks line the walls of the room, with locked chests pushed neatly underneath each.

The elite temple guard of the palace, warriors sworn to lifelong service to the cult of Althunak, resided here. Twelve guards once slept and took their meals here when not on duty. Remaining are **4 frozen temple guards** waiting to form ranks and attack all who enter.

Frozen Temple Guards (4): HD 2; **HP** 3, 9, 6, 11; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 halberd (1d10); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells, cold radius inflicts 1 hit point of damage per round to anyone in melee with one of the frozen guards.

Frozen Acolytes and Guards

These monsters are effectively zombies that inflict cold damage when they are close to mortals, although the guards are better armed and armored than zombies, thus having a better armor class and inflicting more damage. They are formidable opponents in melee due to the automatic damage they inflict, so if they cannot be turned a quick-thinking party should find a way to use missile weapons against them for as long as possible, retreating before their slow speed.

Treasure: The chests are all locked, and each contains 1d10+5 hs worth of ancient coins, as well as various (frost- and age-damaged) personal effects of the guardsmen.

34. Guard Captain's Quarters

A simple pallet of ice is on the floor, contoured to the shape of a man's body from long years of use. In addition, only and a wooden rack to hold weapons and armor, and a small cabinet stand in this room. The walls are likewise bare save for a collection of weapons and pieces of armor of foreign and ancient design.

The rack holds an elven curved blade covered in rust, a well-forged warhammer, a broken trident, a partial suit of chain mail damaged beyond repair, and a rust-pitted shield. The wooden cabinet is unlocked and holds six frozen human hearts, trophies of former victories.

35. Temple Treasury

The secret doors to this room are jammed shut from the inside and require that 20 hit points of damage be inflicted on them before they will open.

Shelves run along the walls of this room that once held coffers and chests. These have since fallen to the floor in the upheaval of the palace floating upon the winter northern seas and have spilled their contents of gold and silver upon the floor.

This room housed the temple's treasures. During the fall of the prince, several acolytes and temple guards locked themselves in this room, intent that the rebellious slaves, treacherous prince, and especially the hated palace eunuchs would not get their god's sacred treasures. In time, all of them died but were reanimated by their unholy faith as **3 frozen acolytes of Althunak** and **2 frozen temple guards.**

Frozen Acolytes of Althunak (3): HD 2; **HP** 7, 6, 10; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells, cold radius inflicts 1 hit point of damage per round to anyone in melee with one of the acolytes.

Frozen Temple Guards (2): HD 2; **HP** 8, 9; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 halberd (1d10); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells, cold radius inflicts 1 hit point of damage per round to anyone in melee with one of the frozen guards.

Treasure: The treasure hoard here amounts to silver and gold vessels, a censor carved from a whalebone, and various other cultic and religious paraphernalia. The hoard is worth a total of approximately 2,000 hs and 1000gp. Additionally, one of the acolytes has a (very frozen and brittle) *folding boat* shoved into a pocket in his robes. It must be thawed out carefully in front of a fire before it will function; if commanded to open while it is still frozen solid, it will shatter and be useless.

36. Temple Storehouse

This sturdy door has been locked from the outside.Anyone drawing close to the door detects a faint foul stench emanating from the far side. A cleric can identify it as the stench of a ghast.

Shelves and bins once lining the walls of this chamber have been broken apart as if in a rage. Likewise, the floor is scattered with hundreds of shards of clay amphorae that were once stored here.

This room served as a storage space for the temple, containing foodstuffs, extra clothes, sacred oils, and other mundane goods. Those goods are destroyed, torn apart by the undead that found themselves locked in here for the past few centuries. During the chaos of the fall of the prince, these

two loyalists were lured in here and quickly entombed by the locking of the sturdy storehouse doors. They died after consuming the last of the supplies but have been blessed by their demon lord with undeath. They now patiently wait here as the **ghastly high priest of Althunak** and the **ghastly temple guard captain** to attack anyone who dares to free them. As with the frozen acolytes and guards, the close presence (in melee) of these creatures inflicts 1 hit point of damage per round. Devoid of any remaining intelligence other than a native cunning, they are mentally no different from ordinary ghasts.

Ghastly Servants of Althunak: HD 4; **HP** 18, 14; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** Stench, paralyzing touch, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells, cold radius inflicts 1 hit point of damage per round to anyone in melee with one of the acolytes.

37. Storeroom

This door is locked.

Behind this sturdy door is a room filled with amphorae. The seals on them are still intact, but the clay vessels have all cracked from long years of exposure to the cold.

The amphorae hold wine, olives, pickled fruits, and other foodstuffs needed by the palace eunuchs and the table of the prince. The cold has ruined these, and nothing of value remains.

38. East Courtyard

Double doors open onto a long, open-air courtyard. The floor consists of snow-covered ice pavers. A colonnade of grimly decorated engaged columns lines the edges of the courtyard, and small ice benches are situated in the spaces between the columns to allow for semi-private mediation.

The priesthood and the eunuchs used this as an area to rest and reflect on the snow-laden sky above. During the punishment of the prince, in his last moments he ordered his eunuchs to slay the cultists present in the palace to try to escape Althunak's influence. The eunuchs sought to ambush the acolytes here, but failed to draw them in. However, one of their traps, a deadfall triggered by anyone who enters though the westernmost of the south double doors, is still set and deadly. It is a mechanical trap and can be disabled normally by a thief. If the characters are looking for this sort of trap or the thief checks the door (delicate tasks). If the thief triggers the trap instead of disabling it, the character gets a saving throw to jump out of the way entirely. If the trap catches someone, the falling block of ice inflicts 2d6 hit points of damage on anyone beneath the arch of the double doors (if the party is advancing with a front of three characters, all three may be hit).

39. Eunuchs' Private Study

This room has three low couches with adjacent tables, two writing desks, and a scroll rack along the north wall. A folding screen painted with a scene of snow-capped mountains stands before the south wall.

A concealed door behind the standing screen leads to **Area 40** to the south. The scroll rack has been thoroughly looted, and any scrolls of value (or of an incriminating nature) have been removed. One of the writing desks, however, has a fairly large secret compartment that can be located automatically if the characters search specifically for hidden compartments..

Treasure: Hidden in the writing desk's secret compartment is a *+1 flaming short sword* and a silver holy symbol of an unknown god (25 hs). A cleric can identify it as dedicated to the forgotten god of the Nûklander elves. How it got here is a mystery.

40. Library

The eunuchs maintained a small private library in this room, though the total collapse of the ceiling has left little of value. However, the sides of the central and east spires may be accessed by a climbing thief (or some other sensible means).

41. Private Storeroom

A concealed door from **Area 40** accesses this secret room. Inside are high quality wine, foodstuffs, cloth, and other luxuries that the eunuchs secretly appropriated from other storerooms throughout the palace. Little is still intact, but a careful search reveals a wine amphora with a hidden compartment containing three rubies worth 100 hs each. Thirty minutes of sorting yields another 300 hs worth of pottery, gold thread, and other salvage. This is a very bulky treasure if carried around or into combat.

42. Chief Eunuch's Chambers

Large chunks of ice and snowy debris within block the secret doors that open into this chamber. It requires a half-hour's work to force a door open.

Unlike many of the other rooms found in the palace, this one obviously was once lavish in its adornment, and most of that is not in the form of bloody paeans to a demon god. It once held ornately carved furnishings, but these have been destroyed by a roof collapse that buried most of the chamber along with blowing winds and driving mixed rains of sleet and snow. A thick blanket of snow with a hard coating of ice covers the entire room.

This chamber was the home of the chief eunuch of the palace. The chief eunuch enjoyed his simple pleasures, soft clothes, fine sheets, and fine food and drink. Sadly, all of this has been destroyed over the years, for the roof of this room collapsed, killing the chief eunuch while he plotted. However, this pile of wintery mix does allow for a slick climb out to the roof of the palace between the spires (a regular climb for a thief with no penalty).

Treasure: A *ring of protection +1* and a sack filled with looted valuables from throughout the palace worth 456 hs are buried with the eunuch's body under the debris.

43. Eunuchs' Quarters

These small cells each housed two of the palace eunuchs. Each room contains two small writing desks with built-in scroll racks, two single beds, and two locked chests. The chests contain 17 gp (in assorted coins and small pieces of jewelry), and the scroll cases hold scrolls written in Old Uln that are of no value to any but historians of the cult of Althunak.

The Ice Spires

The spires of the Ice Palace climb high above the structures below like great stalagmites of ice. The eastern spire rises to a height of 200 feet. The western spire was once its twin, but the top half of that spire has broken away and tumbled, leaving only a jagged 100-foot stump. Most of its remnants lie scattered as huge blocks of shattered ice to the southwest of the palace, though some has tumbled within the bounds of the palace itself. The central tower stands behind and between the other two, reaching a height of 300 feet. Strung between these three spires at a height of 75 feet is a bridge of ice. It arches slightly as it soars above the palace without rails or supports and spawns rows of icicles all along its length. Despite its fragile appearance, it is harder than stone and is beyond the power of the characters to damage it.

44. East Spire

The stairs open onto a small landing that looks out over the temple 70 feet below. Above, the spire rises another 130 feet before opening up to the frozen sky above.

The top of this spire is open to the sky, allowing the demon-god worshipped here to look down upon his slaves and reward them for their devotion. Thus, the interior of the spire is one large hollow cone.

45. Soaring Bridges

Bridges of ice, 2 feet thick, extend between the eastern and western spires and from these to the central spire. The bridges are unsupported and have no rails. Though made of ice, they are not slick as they have a rough surface that allows for good traction. At the point where the two bridges meet is a small rostrum and balcony that looks out over the plaza below.

The lord of the palace once used this narrow balcony to address his teeming throngs of supplicants and slaves gathered on the plaza below. Now it is half-covered with blown snow and stands empty to the world. However, it does stand as an alternate entry point into the palace.

It is a 70-foot drop to the plaza below, though only an average of 40 feet to the roof of the palace. Anyone falling to the palace roof finds that the steeply sloping ice acts as a slide to deposit him in one of the ground-level rooms as indicated on the map.

46. West Spire

The top half of this spire has collapsed, leaving a jagged stump 30 feet above the level of the Soaring Bridges. The floor is choked with icy rubble, and due to the collapse, the stairs to the ground level below are no longer accessible. Lairing in this cavelike area is a **frost drakeling** that recently stopped on the iceberg while migrating across the Far North. It was awakened from its exhausted slumber by the "Winds of the Winter King" when the characters set foot on the island. It has silently watched from its perch ever since. It attacks anyone entering this area and flees the iceberg if reduced below 10 hp.

Drakeling, Frost: **HD** 3; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 9 (burrow 9, fly 15); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** cold generation, icy breath (20ft, 3d6, save half), immune to cold, paralysis, and sleep, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors 4***)



Treasure and Experience: The drakeling has no treasure, but driving it off the island should be considered enough of a victory to award the 400XP for defeating it.

47. Central Span

After the characters manage to enter **Area 12**, and if Uth'ilopiq escapes them there, he confronts them here if they reach this point as described under "Concluding the Adventure."

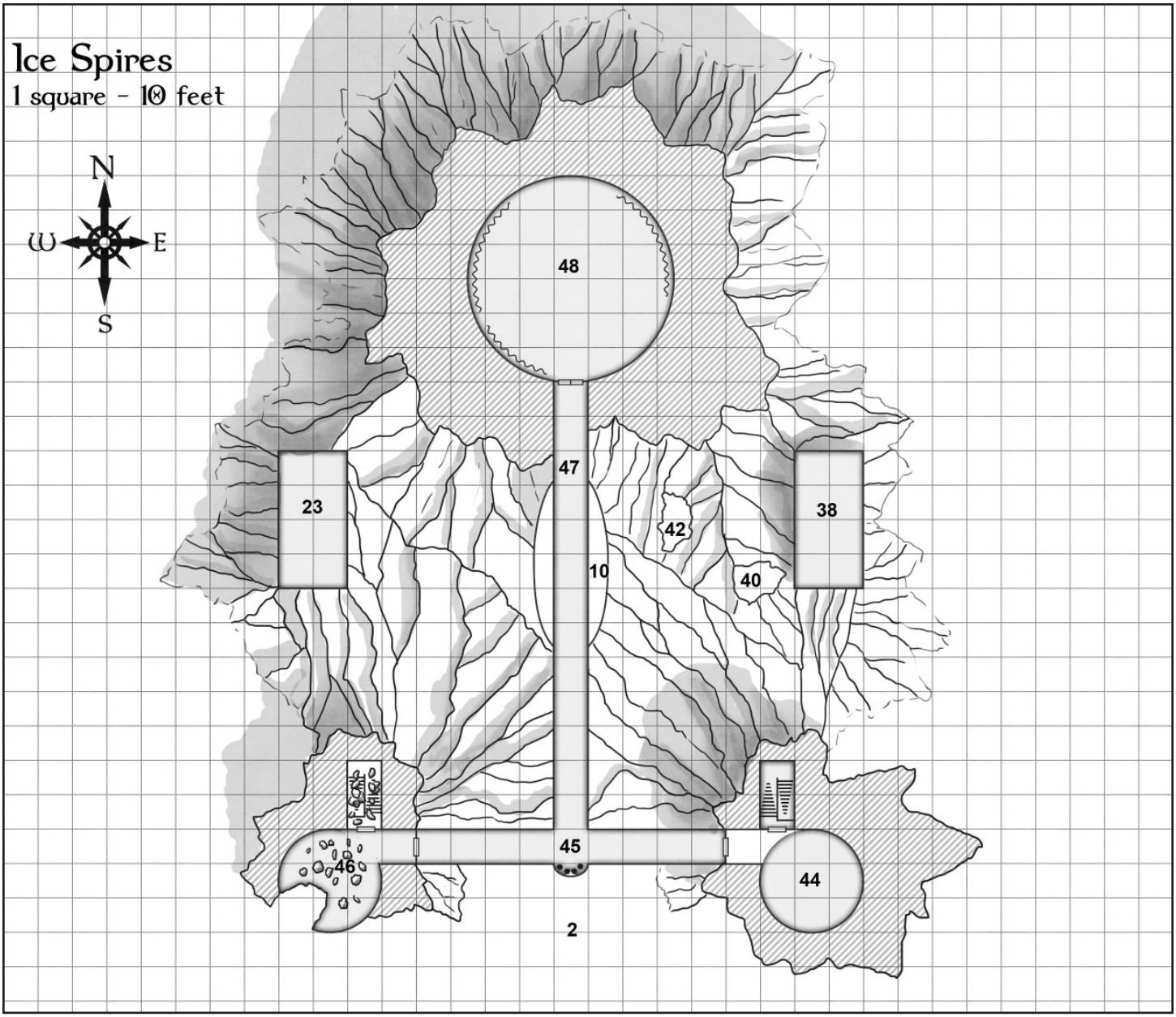
48. Central Spire

This was a sumptuous living space, with a huge bed featuring hand-carved bed-posts in the shape of succubus demons and a canopy of silk, numerous couches and divans, ornate tapestries showing feasts and orgies, and a long bloodstained table complete with chains to hold not one but two victims. However, something has savagely vented its wrath upon the chamber, leaving only ice- and frost-covered wreckage.

Once upon a time, these were the personal quarters of his majesty, Prince Uth'ilopiq. In his rage at his imprisonment and curse, Uth'ilopiq savagely attacked his own quarters, leaving them in shambles. Still, if someone takes the time to carefully remove the ostentatious amount of gold leaf present here, they could recover 1,250 hs worth of the stuff. If Uth'ilopiq has retreated here from **Area 12**, he confronts the characters in **Area 47** if they climb up into the spires.

Lower Vaults

Beneath the palace are three vaults that Uth'ilopiq used as a laboratory to house important or particularly tasty-looking captives, and as a treasure room. A long hallway connects the three vaults, though both a lock and a trap guard the route from the prison to the other two. Little light filters down through the ice walls and floors of the rooms above, and these areas are in complete darkness.



49. Hallway

The hall at the base of the stairs splits in three directions, each ending at a massive double door carved of thick, opaque ice. The pair to the east is open and half off their hinges.

This short hall runs the length of the vaults from the foot of the secret stairs coming from **Area 7**. The doors leading to **Areas 50** and **52** are locked and trapped. They bear the same kind of **trap**, a falling scythe blade that comes out of the ceiling and skims along the outer surface of the door before embedding in the floor. After 1 round, the blades retract into the ceiling and reset. In addition, if the yeti that lurks in **Area 53** hears sounds of movement in the hallway (talking, a trap activating, etc.), it emerges in a rage to attack. The scythes deal 1d6 damage to anyone caught by them; they are ordinary mechanical traps and can be disabled by a thief using the "delicate tasks" thieving skill assuming they are detected in a search (also requiring a delicate traps roll).

50. Guardroom

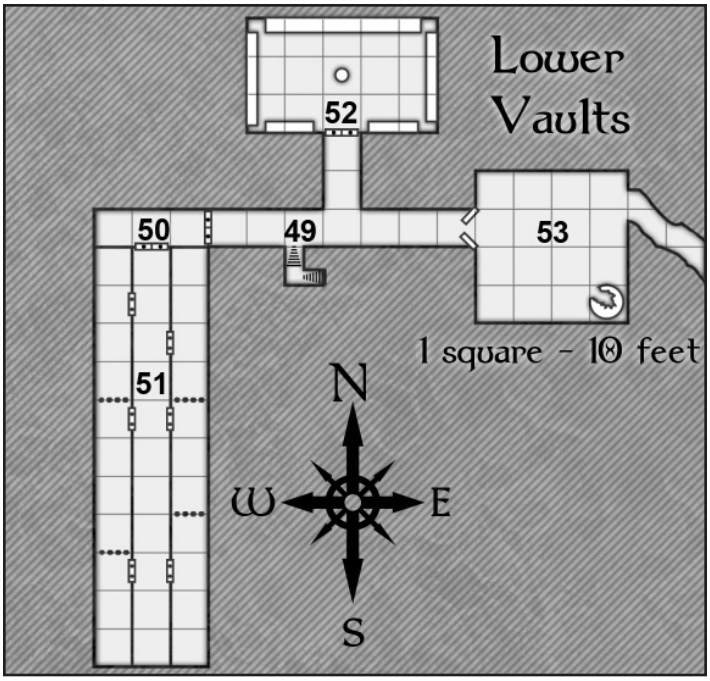
This room is empty. The doors to the south are locked and **trapped** identically to those in **Area 49**.

51. Prison

A narrow corridor runs the length of this area, flanked on both sides by cells. Doors of rusted iron bars block access to these cells. The unmoving shapes of human forms slumped on the floor of the cells are covered by a thin layer of frost. From somewhere down the hallway comes a faint cry for help.

This area of the vaults was used to house sacrifices and other prisoners until needed. Unlike the slaves who might be eaten at any time, the captives here were destined for a higher level of sacrifice on a holy day, or they were valuable prisoners whose deaths would make for a grand feast.

When the palace was abandoned, the prisoners were left here. In a few days, they were themselves forced into cannibalism to eke out one more



day. This pleased Althunak, and he "blessed" them with undeath and eternal hunger. Now each cage holds **6 zombies**, their corpses freeze dried by the unnatural cold of their jail cells. Mindless and starving, they try to escape as soon as warm bodies are spotted.

The cry for help heard by the characters was nothing more than one of the zombies in the southeastern cage shifting position as it sensed warm bodies enter the chamber. When it did so, a thin crust of ice over its arms gave off a rasping sound, vaguely like a croak for help in the echoing corridor. A thief or ranger, however, can tell that the sound was not a faint cry but rather just a sound of some kind of movement.

When the characters enter the hall, the zombies begin silently attempting to break through the bars of their cell doors. Each round each group of zombies has a 1-in-6 chance of breaking through the rusted bars that hold them. Freed zombies immediately attack. If the characters retreat, any freed zombies wander the halls of the palace looking for victims.

Zombies (36 total, 6 in each cage): HD 2; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** always striking last, immune to *charm*, *hold*, and *sleep* spells.

Successfully turning any caged zombies causes them to stop trying to break out for a total of 1d6+3 rounds.

52. Royal Treasury

The walls of this chamber are covered in shelving to hold vases, urns, chests, and works of art. This is a room to hold a treasure trove. Unfortunately, most of those shelves are empty, though several do hold exquisite pieces of undoubtedly great value. A thin layer of transparent ice covers all of the shelving and the treasures they hold, protecting the objects within. The exception to this is the center of the room where a short ice column stands only 5 feet high. Affixed to the front of the column is a golden mask depicting a fanciful demonic fanged beast, its mouth opened wide as if to devour all it sees.

The body of Hauk Arinbjornson lies near the ice column, slashed and dead.

Herein lies the great treasury of Uth'ilopiq. While he collected great tribute from the city of Oosqwai and the surrounding villages, his ambitious construction project and extravagant lifestyle were extremely expensive and drained his coffers excessively. In addition, though he was intended to be Althunak's great conquering general, he never got around to unleashing his armies to sweep through the Ulnat settlements as Althunak had intended and thus never collected the plunder he had expected. As a result, while still containing great wealth, this vault does not hold near the treasures that legend would have had one believe. Rather, they tell the tale of a petty tyrant who squandered his riches in pursuit of vanity and power and paid the ultimate price as a result.

The ice sheath covering the walls is as hard as steel and immune to heat, virtually impenetrable. However, simply removing the mask from the pedestal causes the ice walls to sink into the floor, exposing the treasures beyond. It also causes the ice wall in **Area 11** to shatter, giving access to **Area 12** beyond. Unfortunately, tampering with the golden mask causes it to transform into a blood-red winged creature called a **skitterdark demon**, tasked with guarding the treasury. It fights to the death to protect the room's contents. If the characters flee, it resumes its place on the column and becomes gold again. It is impervious to all damage while on the column. If killed, it reverts to a hideous, scarred golden mask worth 250 hs but no longer magical in any way. The poison on the Skitterdark's sickle does not slay immediately, but does, after 1d3 rounds, put the victim into a coma that lasts for 1 week before death finally ensues.



Demon, Skitterdark: **HD** 2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d2) or sickle (1d3 plus poison), bite (1d3); **Move** 8 (fly 12); **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (5%), poisoned sickle. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete***)

Treasure: The many treasures on the shelves are worth a total of 3,000 hs. In addition, one small cedar box contains a *potion of healing*, a *potion of heroism*, and a *potion of neutralize poison*. Wrapped in a tattered piece of carpet is a *+1 longsword* with no scabbard. Its hilt bears the rune for Wotan. It is a mystery how this piece found its way here.

53. Abattoir

The door to this room stands open and off its hinges, and the interior is a wreck. The remains of cages, implements of torture, and even what look like dining utensils are scattered across a floor stained black with old blood. All of this debris is scraped together and arranged like the lair of some beast. In the southeast corner, a cylinder of ice stretches up to the 20-foot-high ceiling. The front of it has been shattered, revealing a large hollow space within — now empty. A hole burrowed through the eastern wall leads into an ice tunnel beyond.

This room served as Uth'ilopiq's personal torture chamber, playroom, and butchery where he could personally attend to prisoners and slaves that were of interest to him. The ice column once held a **yeti** in stasis, but over the long years its enchantment faded and the creature broke free. It burrowed out of this room and now roams the island hunting for the occasional sea bird or seal that finds its ways upon the shore. As a result, the creature is always hungry and enraged. The burrow is a twisting tunnel that leads to **Area B** in the Valley of Frozen Fears. Three rounds after the characters enter this chamber, the yeti returns through this tunnel and immediately attacks in a frenzy.

Yeti: **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Treasure: The yeti has no treasure.

Concluding the Adventure

Once Uth'ilopiq retreats to **Area 48**, he waits for the characters to confront him there. If they approach by means of the soaring bridges, he confronts them at **Area 47**, attempting to trap them out on the bridge where they cannot all reach him.

The characters do not have long to act after Uth'ilopiq is slain, for the curse holding the iceberg together begins to unravel, causing the entire floating island of ice to begin breaking up. The palace itself starts to fall, with large blocks of ice crashing down from above and the floor opening up into deep crevasses in the underlying ice. The party only has moments to flee the ice palace before the whole thing comes crashing down. Cracks form in the ice of the high plateau, and then throughout the berg, then move through the Valley of Frozen Fears. The whole island also experiences ice quakes and avalanches. The Sky Bridge breaks under this stress and falls in three large chunks into the chasm below, which itself begins to expand, forming one of the main fissure points of the breakup of the iceberg.

The characters are able stay ahead of the collapse but ultimately must make a stand somewhere. If they do not immediately leave the iceberg (such as in the *folding boat* possibly recovered from **Area 35**), they are best served to either pick a solid-looking piece of ice and stay put, or flee madly toward the coast. Despite the yawning chasms that open beneath their feet and the mountains of snow and ice that plummet from the sky, the characters are able to make their way safely to the shore; if they have slain the cursed prince then the Norns have decided that their fate is not to die from any natural force on this floating island of ice. Actions set in motion by the wyrd of the cursed prince's death have also altered the course of a longship (see below), whose captain will never know why he moved his helm just slightly to starboard in the middle of a cold evening. Once the characters reach the shore, or if they chose to stay put, the section of ice they are on crashes into the sea, plunging them briefly into the frigid waters before bobbing back up to the surface.

Soon the entire island either breaks up or sinks, leaving the party either on the *folding boat* or trapped on a shrinking piece of ice no more than 50 feet across, bobbing in the cold of the Great Ocean Ûthaf. If they have the *folding boat*, they can begin to make their way south again toward the Northlands and Halfstead in hopes of running across the *Long Serpent*, although this will cause them to miss a rendezvous with the *Sea Blade*. If they do not have the boat, then with no supplies or means of navigation, things look grim. However, as night falls, a sail is spotted on the horizon rapidly moving in their direction. It is the *Sea Blade* out of Halfstead, another of Jarl Olaf's ships returning there after a winter of trading to the east. Odrik Ragnarson, its ship's master, recognizes the characters from Olaf's household and gives them passage back to Halfstead for a 10% cut of the treasure recovered. Since the treasure technically belongs to Jarl Olaf anyway since they are members of his crew, giving a portion to Odrik still puts them ahead — if Jarl Olaf claims his share, Odrik has to give up his, too — and the price is fair for giving up space and supplies that would have otherwise gone to his crew and cargo. Odrik has not otherwise seen or heard anything of the *Long Serpent*, and its fate remains a mystery even after the characters finally make landfall at Halfstead. Regardless of the amount of treasure Odrik gets, the characters still receive full experience points for the treasure recovered: experience is awarded first, then the share of the treasure goes to Odrik.

Even though the characters were unable to continue with their jarl aboard the *Long Serpent*, other adventures call, and the journey of the *Long Serpent* to its eventual fate in the Far North is not over, not by even a bit. Too bad the Norns have already drawn his thread taut, and Jarl Olaf's wyrd is not to see his home in Halfstead again.

Bonus XP Rewards

If the characters rescued One-Eyed Sven and kept him alive throughout the adventure, the old huscarl survives the return journey to Halfstead. He spreads the tale of the mysterious iceberg and its palace to anyone who can hear and commends the characters as heroes of great renown. Their reputations increase substantially in the household of Jarl Olaf, and One-Eyed Sven, who runs the household in the jarl's absence, affords them places of high honor at his table. For this treatment, each character receives a bonus of 1,000 XP.

NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent

By Kenneth Spencer



Vengeance of the Long Serpent is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for the **Northlands Saga**. It originally appeared in 2010 as the first stand-alone module of the **Northlands Saga** by **Frog God Games** and has been updated to serve as the next chapter in *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 3–4. The adventure is intended to be played as a follow-up to *NS0: Spears in the Ice* and leads into *NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains*, but it can be played as a stand-alone adventure if you prefer.

Vengeance of the Long Serpent

The adventure offers a chance at rich rewards for little risk, but appearances are deceiving. The land is rugged, cold, and largely unexplored. Fierce monsters lair in the inland expanses, but the greatest danger is the natives of the Far North. These people, who call themselves the Children of Althunak, are followers of an evil demon-god who plots to bring a reign of cold and darkness to the world. Finally, the season is well advanced, and winter comes early in the North. Will the characters' voyage of fortune and discovery turn into a journey into horror and darkness?

Transition from Wyrd of the Winter King

If the characters played through the preceding adventure in the series, *Wyrd of the Winter King*, they should be high enough level (3rd) to handle *Vengeance of the Long Serpent*, but only just. Magic-users might still be 2nd level, and it is possible that the party might contain no 4th level characters if their only adventures have been the preceding two in the series. If there is still a 2nd level character in the group, the campaign has one of two options, both based on the fact that a month or so passes between the end of *Wyrd of the Winter King* and the beginning of *Vengeance of the Long Serpent*. If you are playing through this book as a series of "main events" and the action in between is of little consequence, simply assume that the characters do enough adventuring during that month to generate total experience that would bring the lowest-level character to the bottom of 3rd level (this will also, of course, advance the other characters in their experience point totals). If the series is being played as the backdrop for a traditional campaign, where the adventures unfold along the course of a normal adventuring career, you may wish to provide a short adventure in between the prior chapter and this one. In most cases it will be sufficient to have the characters pursue a single monster (or group of them) to a lair, where the combined experience for slaying monsters and looting treasure will be enough to get them to the threshold level for *Vengeance of the Long Serpent*. Various possibilities involve following a band of cattle thieves to their camp and retrieving the cattle (for a sufficient monetary reward along with the thieves' treasure), or hunting down a canny snow leopard that has taken over an old and abandoned troll lair that still contains a bit of treasure (appropriate to a snow leopard, not a troll, of course).

Regardless of the approach you take, remember that by the time this adventure rolls around, the characters will have spent a month's worth of their accumulated treasure on their food, lodging, and — perhaps above all — mead.

Adventure Background

In eons past, many dread gods rose and fell, thrown down by deities of good and their heroic champions. Most of these elder gods, the Ginnvaettir, were born when the world. They were young, savage and feral, drawing their power from the primordial forces of nature perverted to evil and destruction. Most of these elder gods have long since been destroyed, but a few remain, sleeping away the ages and waiting for the opportunity to rise again.

One such elder god is Althunak, the Lord of Ice and Cold. His is not the natural changing of the season, of the cycle of autumn, winter, and spring, but instead the continual death of a perpetual winter. His cult once flourished when the races of the world were young, but some of the earliest heroes to walk the world challenged and destroyed him, or so it was thought. Wounded and harried, he fled into the Far North where the eternal ice and darkness would protect him. His cult followed, but even they could not long survive in the frozen north, and eventually they died away. Althunak, bereft of worshippers and fearful that the gods of good or their servants might soon find him, hid himself beneath a great frozen lake, drifting into a deathless sleep. Althunak's hidden abode was beyond the realms of men, and even the hardiest dwarven explorers rarely traveled so far north. It looked as if the dread elder god would lie sleeping and waiting for all eternity.

Fortune, or perhaps misfortune, came with the arrival of the Tribe of Uln many centuries ago. This occurred hundreds of years after the death of the last of Althunak's cult in the frozen north. The Uln, one of the remnant peoples known as the Shattered Folk, arrived in the Far North seeking a new home. They settled among the ruins of the ancient Borean peoples who had lived there long before and revived the Cult of Althunak in a desperate bid to survive the harsh, cold environment. Ultimately the cult began to thrive again and enslaved the Uln until overthrown by an uprising of their sister Ulnat tribes from the Seal Coast.

His defeat imminent, Althunak tricked the great heroes of the Ulnat into casting him once more into his frozen lake. Once again, he became trapped in an icy tomb from which he could not emerge without help, but again he survived the attempts to utterly destroy him. And Althunak knew that eventually somebody would be willing to help him escape in exchange for the promise of power. He has only to sleep his dreamless sleep until the ages turn again and he is freed once more to continue the pursuit of his frozen empire.

It is a son of the Ulnat who awoke the Lord of Ice and Cold ten years ago, and has placed his people, and possibly all the Northlands, in peril. Elvanti was a cruel and haughty man who quarreled constantly with his elders and his fellow villagers. His family was wealthy by his people's standards, and well connected. Elvanti lusted after the most desirable maiden in his village, but was rebuffed by her and the village elders. In his anger and shame, he journeyed out across the tundra, seeking to prove himself in their eyes, all the while cursing them for not recognizing his great worth. Elvanti traveled farther than any of his people before him had in living memory, crossing the Wailing Mountains and the great fields of ice that lay beyond. The wind tore at him, and the cold seeped through his furs and sealskins, until he was at the point of death from exposure. It was then that he stumbled upon the ruins of the City of the Lord of Winter.

Within, he found the Temple of Ice and Stone. Desperate, Elvanti opened the great doors — the first person to do so in centuries — and was greeted by the avatar of Althunak. Offered not just life, but the power to make those who had spurned him tremble, Elvanti quickly submitted to the Lord of Ice and Cold, becoming the first high priest of Althunak in nearly a millennium. Ablaze with power, Elvanti returned the following spring to his village, and struck down those who opposed him, taking the maiden as the first of his Snow Brides. Ruling one small village was not enough for Elvanti or his new demon-god, however, and so he began a series of conquests and forced conversions until he ruled all but one of the villages of the Ulnat. Leaving his most loyal follower, the High Priest of the Coming Winter, in charge of finishing the conquest and constructing a second temple to Althunak, Elvanti the Chosen of Althunak returned across the Wailing Mountains to attend his fell master.

Into this sailed the *Long Serpent* and her crew, chasing the dream of good sealing and a profitable voyage. The ship had sailed north for three

weeks in search of new sealing grounds. Far beyond any land they knew, they found a long, treeless coastline. The area was rich in fat seals, and so the men set up a camp and began the labor of hunting and rendering. After five days, a party of strange men armed with spears and knives attacked them. The leader of the voyage, one Jarl Olaf Henrikson, was slain in the battle, and his men decided to seek revenge. The next evening, they sailed farther north and came upon their attackers' village at dawn. Taking the villagers by surprise, the sailors quickly overwhelmed the settlement, driving the inhabitants away and thoroughly looting the place. In addition to a wealth of hides and ivory, they found several heavy gold and amber necklaces. Information gleaned from the few prisoners they took revealed that the necklaces came from a ruined "village of great stones" inland. Their numbers reduced in the previous day's ambush, the crew of the *Long Serpent* decided to sail for home.

Adventure Summary

The characters are in the port of Halfstead in the Northlands kingdom of Hordaland. They see the longship *Long Serpent* return from a voyage to the Far North, having suffered terrible losses but also laden with a vast amount of treasure. Meeting with one of the crew, Hallbjorn Bolverkson, they are encouraged to join with him and purchase the ship for a second expedition before the season advances.

During their journey north, they hunt whales, battle sea serpents, and face an unusual winter storm in the middle of summer. Along the way, they lose Hallbjorn over the side, but pick up a stray young man in a hide kayak. The young man leads the party to his village, where the characters are informed of the evil Cult of Althunak plaguing the Far North. The villagers beseech the heroes to come to their aid and put down this threat.

The party might choose at this point to mount some sort of campaign against the Children of Althunak. They will learn of the Second Temple of Ice and Stone being built out on the tundra, and travel across the barely thawed land. Along the way, they must battle wandering monsters and unseasonable cold, as well as avoid patrols of cultists. At the temple, they find that work is proceeding slowly at the hands of a multitude of slaves. After assaulting the temple, the party can then cast down its stones and destroy the cult while it is still in its infancy.

The adventure should take place over the course of roughly two game-months — just enough time to run through what is left of the arctic summer. Keep track of the amount of time the characters use, and give them clues as to the coming winter months. Five weeks into the adventure, the seals and walruses leave in great masses, as do the herd animals of the tundra. Sea birds fly away, heading south, and even whales become a rare sight. Seven weeks in, the temperature begins to drop and twilight grows longer, deepening into full night. By the eight-week mark, the snows begin and the Far North enters the grip of a natural (for now) winter.

Adventure Hooks

If the characters have already played through the second part of ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***, then they are already familiar with the *Long Serpent* and its crew. If not, the following adventure hooks can be used as side adventures in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***, or as further adventures that feature the Far North:

1. Strange creatures, at least strange to the Northlanders, abound in the Far North. The most impressive of these are the mighty mammoths that migrated from a more southern locale in the summer. Mammoth hunting could prove to be a very profitable and dangerous activity, and finding a new source of high-quality ivory would motivate any merchant house or independent operator.

2. A trading post could be established in the Ulnataland, leading to an influx of amber, walrus ivory, and furs. This would put existing sources at a disadvantage, and may prompt retaliation, a particularly grim prospect in a land beyond the authority of any køenig or jarl.

3. There are lands beyond Ulnataland where the various migratory animals go during the winter months. These lands are unknown to the Northlanders, and indeed to other peoples in the campaign world. If Ulnataland has the potential for great profit, why not these lands beyond? A voyage of exploration and adventure awaits.

4. Along similar lines, other groups may be facing a problem not unlike that faced by the ancestors of the Ulnat, namely the loss of their homeland. Perhaps the lands of the Far North that lie beyond the Wailing Mountains or to the southwest contain uninhabited but rich land suitable to the refugees.

Halfstead

Neutral large town
Corruption +2; **Crime** –2; **Economy** +3; **Law** +4; **Lore** +2; **Society** –2
Qualities prosperous, strategic location, tourist attraction
Danger +5
Government overlord
Population 4,750 (4,050 humans [Northlanders]; 400 humans [Seagestrelanders]; 300 dwarves)
Notable NPCs
Olaf Henrikson, Jarl of Halfstead (Lawful male human Ftr9, 61hp)
Hallbjorn Bolverkson, huscarl (Lawful male human Ftr5 , 33hp)
Purchase Maximum 15,000 gp

Beginning the Adventure

The characters should find themselves in the northern port city of Halfstead. While there, a longship sails into port, its crew carrying grave news of the death of their captain and members of their crew in battle with strange foreigners, and exciting new treasures taken from these same savage tribe to the far north. If the characters have already played through the previous adventure in the series, they will know this crew and this ship.

You are sitting in your favorite ale hall, whiling away the day and looking for any clues to a profitable venture. Outside, a commotion is starting in the streets, and people are moving briskly, some running, toward the beach. The tavern door opens, and a young man sticks his head in.

"The *Long Serpent* has returned!"

If the characters participated in ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***, then they are already familiar with the ship and its owner, Jarl Olaf. If not, they can learn during the excitement that it is owned by Olaf Henrikson, the local jarl. The jarl sailed on a sealing expedition at the end of spring, hoping to find good hunting in the lands in the Far North. Further investigation (if the characters are just beginning the series) reveals that the jarl is a popular man in the area, and has a young wife and three daughters.

Heading to the beach, you see the sleek lines of a longship being drawn up onto the sand. The ship is a fine specimen, the snarling dragonhead carving removed from its prow so as not to offend the landvaettir-spirits of a friendly port, its wood polished to a golden brown, and its single mast straight and tall. The men hopping down off the ship are scraggly and tired, but still exude an aura of strength and power. They do not, however, look as excited as the crowd that has gathered on the strand.

The cause of their gloomy demeanor becomes evident as the sailors greet their families, but not every family has a sailor to meet them on the shore. Seeing that not everyone who sailed on the *Long Serpent* has returned, the crowd grows somber and starts to disperse.

The party can attempt to speak with the sailors as they leave the waterfront. If the characters were members of the crew in ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***, then they are greeted as long-lost brothers and hastily ushered to see Hallbjorn while assailed with questions about their adventures and how they survived. Otherwise, these men have had a harrowing journey, and the crew of the *Long Serpent* is in no mood to talk with strangers at the moment. One sailor does stand out. He is a large, blond man with a barrel chest and a beard that hangs down to his collar in thick rings. He alone of the bunch walks by himself, and heads from the shore to the nearest tavern, a place called Hallbjorn's Folly. He is Hallbjorn Bolverkson and has assumed command of the ship.

Once there, he slumps his sea bag in a corner and sits down for a pint of ale and some bread. The other patrons leave him alone and, if the barkeep is asked, he replies that Hallbjorn owns the place, and always drinks alone. Any who approach Hallbjorn who were not members of the crew in ***NS0: Spears in the Ice*** are sent off by a sour look and guttural growl. If they were crewmates, then a much-gladdened Hallbjorn claps then on the back as some of his grimness leaves him. He asks after their adventures upon the iceberg and the fate of the huscarls who went with them.

As the night wears on (or just before the characters give up and leave), Hallbjorn's mood lightens somewhat until he stands up, orders a round of drinks for all present, and lifts his cup to Jarl Olaf Henrikson. Once all have drunk, Hallbjorn begins his story.

"We set north on the whale road to chase the seal in lands not hunted before. It was a bold move, but we had faith in our jarl, for Olaf Henrikson was a man filled with mind's-worth, always a ring-giver, and stout in the spear-din. The *Long Serpent* clove through the waves and our dragon's head steered by the North Star. After three weeks of flirting with the billow maidens, Old Kalf of the bright eyes spotted a rocky peninsula rising from the sea. This we steered towards, hope deep in our breasts.

"There we found an inlet, and put the sea-steed up on a sandy bed. Our camp was made, and we began searching the shores for seal sign. This we found, and in abundance. We set to and soon had a mountain of hides and plenty of fat aboil in our pots. It was after five turnings of the sky-candle that tragedy and fortune stuck us in unequal measure.

"As we slept — even the night-men dozing, for we had seen no sign of men or monster — we were awakened by horrid shouts. Many strange men, clad in furs and brandishing spears and harpoons, flooded into our camp. The spear-din was mighty, and though we fed many of our foes to the eagles and scattered the rest, our losses were more than we could bear. Our breaker of rings, our greatest easer of raven's hunger, that steadfast man always in the front when slaughter-dew lay broad across the grass, was dead. Not less than three spears, their iron teeth through his lungs and throat, had felled him. Others died that night, sent to feast at the table of the gods, plucked from the ground by horse-bound maidens and carried to the great hall of the Hanged God.

"The next morning we saw the trail of the villains who would take a man's battle-seat in the night, those hall-burners, and our newest of foes. We put the *Long Serpent* back to sea, loaded with our bitter rewards of seal slaying, and headed ever farther north. We found a village of rough hide-draped huts and small, arrow-shaped boats. These were the foes for which our blood-embers thirsted. In the morning light, as men of justice and heart would, we descended upon them, watering the ground with their hearts, raising the spear-din, and covering their village with the raven harvest.

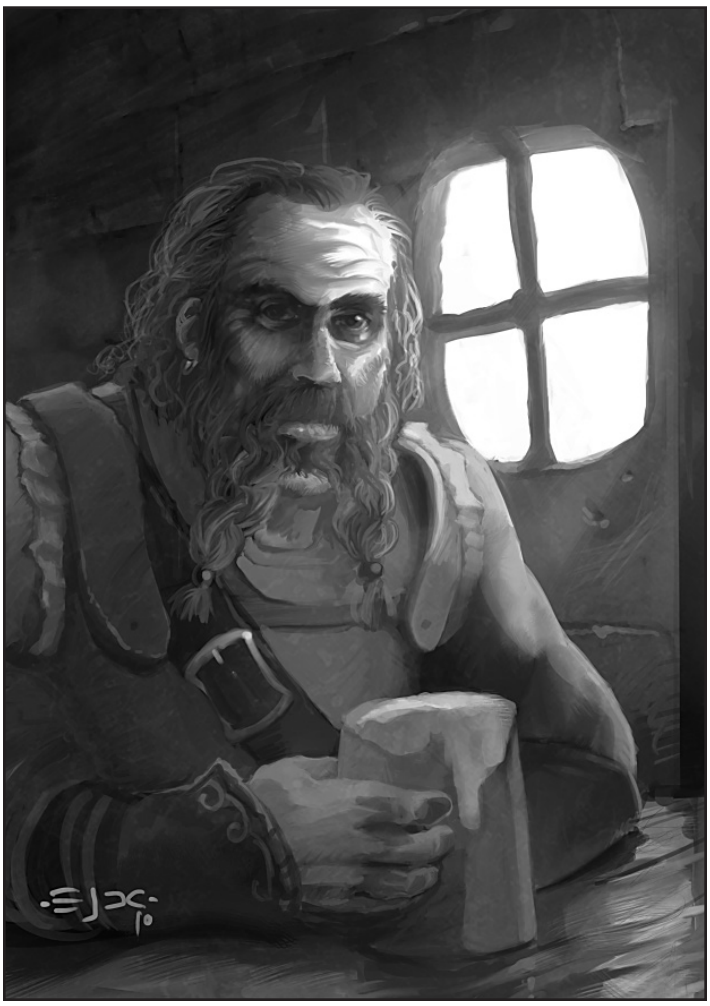
"Inside those tiny halls, we found a vast fortune. Walrus teeth, seal and otter hides, Freyja's tears, strange trinkets made of Sif's hair, and other treasures. Seeing this wonder, and knowing the price we paid, I took one of the strange men, and threatened him with my blood-worm, for if there was this in a small village, what may lay elsewhere? He told me of a great village made of stone that lay inland for many days, a place that is the home of his perverse god. Then he cursed me in the name of this 'Althunak.' I snapped his wolf bones and threw him into the sea.

"The *Long Serpent* turned her stern to the north, and crossed the whale's way for home. That was four weeks ago, and now I am here, rich beyond by dreams, but sad, for I mourn the loss of the greatest man I have ever followed, and many shield-brothers besides.

"But also my heart has the first flutterings of courage return, for am I not a man of the sea and spear? You there (he gestures at the party) I warn you, though you be stout men, not unused to the weather of weapons, the toll to travel the sail's road north is heavy. I have need of folk such as you, for I will take the *Long Serpent* back north. I would finish the task that slew the brothers of my heart and made others choose to quiver in their beds this coming winter."

As proof of his deeds, Hallbjorn dumps a large bag of gold and silver jewelry he took as part of his share from the village. Although tarnished and hacked into pieces (the better to distribute the loot) the items are still recognizable as once having been strange — almost alien — jewelry, plates, and cup carved with scenes of glaciers and monstrous beasts, as well as foreign coins of an unknown manufacture.

The plates and cups obviously — from the inlaid pictures — belong to a cult that practices some sort of sacrifice, but the monsters and other beings on them, including the prominent display of a terrible bestial visage with long fangs and a crown of spearheads, pertain to no deity or pantheon unless the characters previously completed ***Spears in the Ice***. If the characters already encountered the cult in ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***, the plates and cups are familiar, and the characters will know (you might



have to remind the players) that this treasure belonged to a long-dead cult that worshipped a primal god of winter and ice, called Althunak, a being that was destroyed millennia ago by the other gods. The players may not have gleaned all this information in the previous adventure, but assume any cleric has, by now, figured out more details about the significance of the palace on the ice floe.

The coins come from a distant nation called Boros far across the northern seas, one thought to have been destroyed long ago.

Finally, the style of jewelry is one that was common nearly a thousand years ago across the northern lands.

Acquiring a Ship

After Hallbjorn has told his tale and singled out the party among the crowd in the tavern, he invites them to sit with him and drink awhile, and tell of their journeys and lives. After drinking with the party, Hallbjorn becomes very jovial, even going so far as to proclaim them his new friends and brothers (if he does not already know them). As the night wears on, and the hardy sailor gets deeper into his cups, if the party continues to hear him out, Hallbjorn makes them an offer.

"Aye, you are the best of mates a man like me can have. Strong, honest, and you know how to have a good time once the sailing is done. I am not a cringing maiden like those others, and though our losses were great, I plan to give freely of my fortune and go out to win another. Let's toast to the next voyage of the *Long Serpent* and her new crew! In the morning, we will march to the Widow Olaf's hall and offer her a split share of the boat, and she'll take it, I tell you! That woman has no need of such a fine sea-steed, she has no sons, and by the time she could remarry and have one old enough to cross the whale road and face the spear-din, we'll hand over to them a dragon-headed vessel whose mind's-worth had grown to be heard across the Northlands, aye, and beyond!"

The next morning, Hallbjorn is still excited over the idea of taking the party out as crewmates and sailing back north. He finds them, wherever they may be, at an hour unfit for men and women who have been celebrating newfound friendship until late in the evening, with the following announcement.

"The tide leaves tomorrow two spans past dawn, and we will be on it! Good fortune, my brothers, for the Widow has agreed to split shares with us for a second voyage north. The season is late, but we can be away and back, our fortunes made or lost. Come, let us toast the new venture and seek our wyrd in foreign lands!

Assuming that the characters agree to this arrangement and the voyage, Hallbjorn splits the proceeds of the voyage with the party, each person receiving an equal share with the Widow Olaf taking five shares total. The party is to get their gear together and help outfit the boat as best they can, and Hallbjorn is willing to give them 500hs each to get what they need, provided they agree to serve as his crew with him as captain. The ccharacters need to provide supplies to feed themselves and any retainers or animals they bring for a span of at least 2 months. Hallbjorn sees to the general outfitting of the ship, though the characters are encouraged to buy any mundane supplies they may need to complement the ship's stores. Mainly this should take the form of adventuring gear, as the ship will not have a ready supply of that onboard.

Chapter One: The Voyage North

True to his word, the *Long Serpent* is refitted and ready for another voyage in two days time. Hallbjorn has been running the dockworkers and ship chandlers ragged, but in the end, he has managed to put together enough food and other provisions to last a crew of 60 for two months. He excitedly calls the crew together and introduces his newfound friends to the 50 sailors he has hired on. These men work for quarter shares, and are all experienced seamen (Neutral male human expert 2 [sailor], 11hp).

The journey north is mostly under clear skies and with a good breeze blowing from the southeast. There is no need to take to the oars, and thus most of the trip can be spent in idle endeavors. Sailors are inveterate gamblers, and Hallbjorn is possibly the worst of the lot. Storytelling and music are also ways to pass the time, and any bards in the group find an attentive and appreciative audience.

All is not pleasant, however, and there are hardships to face. The wind and waves are calm, but the sea is cold, and nothing stays dry for long unless well protected. The longship is open with no enclosed belowdecks to speak of. Feel free to play up the discomfort of the journey, as saltwater breaks across the bow and douses the party. Fresh food runs out in a week, leaving salted pork, twice-baked bread, and dried fish as the primary ration. Most of the time, there is no opportunity to light a fire. Characters who have not been to sea before make a saving throw may become seasick. Possibly the worst part is that the Northlanders find the whole experience invigorating and fiendishly mock any who express discomfort.characters a saving throw save character's These could also include false sightings or other occurrences at sea.

Periodically, every three days or soReferee, roll on the following random encounter table. Unless otherwise noted, during any encounter the captain and crew are occupied with manning the ship, leaving the characters to deal with any threats. The sailors are stout, hardy folk, but the characters are the warriors on board, and this is their job.

Random Encounters at Sea

1d20	Encounter
1–5	No encounter
6–7	Sail Ho!
8–9	Minor Storm
10	Giant Shark
11	Strange Lights
12	Dragon Turtle
13–15	Pod of Whales
16–17	Wreckage
18	Giant Crabs
19	Sea-Ghouls
20	Giant Squid

No encounter: Nothing unusual happens in the next few days.

Sail Ho!: A sail is spotted on the horizon, another longship out on its own voyage. They could be traders, explorers, or pirates. They do not make contact with the *Long Serpent* unless the characters want to catch up to them. What occurs if they catch up to them is beyond the scope of this adventure and is up to you.

Minor Storm: A small storm blows up and tosses the *Long Serpent* around for a day and half. The crew has its hands full keeping the ship aright.party roll 1d20. If they roll 1–4, that is the number of days ofcharacters

Giant Shark: A huge **shark** begins following the ship, its mouth a cavern of teeth that leads to an empty gullet. It attempts to ram the ship a couple of times, which causes no damage to the vessel but has a 10% chance of causing a crewman to fall overboard. It is otherwise no threat to anyone who does not enter the water, and wanders away after 1d4 minutes if no morsels of food are forthcoming.

Shark, Giant: **HD** 13; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d10+8); **Move** 0 (swim 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: feeding frenzy. (***Monstrosities*** 420)

Strange Lights: The northern lights shine brightly for three days and nights. This is nothing new to Northlanders, but bizarre to those from points south.

Dragon Turtle: This fearsome beast is spotted on the horizon, and although it goes on if left unmolested, its presence still causes some consternation.

Dragon Turtle: **HD** 12; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (3d10); **Move** 3 (swim 9); **Save** 4; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: break ships, breathes steam (90ft long 30ft wide cone, full hp damage, save half).

Pod of Whales: Use "Whale Hunting" below, if the *Long Serpent* decides to go after them..

Wreckage: Broken planks, lost oars, and snapped spars float by. Among the wreckage are a few bodies of men, dead from some massive attack.

Giant Crabs: A cast of **2d6+6 giant crabs** is spotted to the west, a possible source of food and wealth. The ship catches up to them to allow the characters to hunt the beasts. The crabs defend themselves and can climb over the low gunwales of the ship. Every crab slain and brought aboard ship provides either 1 day's rations for the crew or 50hs to the expedition's profit to be divided into shares at venture's end.

Crabs, Giant (2d6+6): **HD** 3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 pincers (1d6+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 74)

Sea Ghouls: Land is spotted on the northern horizon but soon proves to be little more than a wave-washed rock protruding from some sunken island. This is the home of 6 sea-ghouls. When the ship draws near to

investigate, 3 of the sea-ghouls will attack the ship, creating a danger the characters have to fight off. In their lair on the island, the ghouls — and remember, there are at least 3 more still on the island — have a treasure hidden away in a pool, 20 feet below the surface. The treasure includes a suit of plate mail (ruined), a *+1 mace*, 2 *potions of healing*, 200 hs, and a gold chain of blue-amber beads (500gp).

Sea-Ghoul: **HD** 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm, touch causes paralysis for 3d6 turns (save avoids).

Hag, Sea: **HD** 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d4); **Move** 6 (swim 18); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: evil eye (3/day, 30ft range, save or die), horrific appearance (reduces strength by one-half for 1d6 turns, save avoids). (***Monstrosities*** 239)

Giant Squid: A **giant squid** attacks the ship one morning, fights for long enough to grab a few tasty morsels, and then retreats. Half of the members of the crew assist in this battle while the others try to save the ship from capsizing.

Squid, Giant: **HD** 6; **AC** 7[12] head and tentacles, 3[16] body; **Atk** 10 tentacles (1d3 plus constrict); **Move** 0 (swim 9); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: constrict (automatic 1d6, 25% pins victim's limbs), ink, jet (move 27). (***Monstrosities*** 457)

Events at Sea

Three planned events occur during the voyage: a chance to do a little whale hunting, a terrible storm as they near the Far North, and an encounter with a lone kayak far from any known shore.

Event 1. Whale Hunting

At least two weeks into the voyage, Hallbjorn or a character spots several plumes of spray shooting up out of the sea a few hundred yards away. When Hallbjorn learns of it, he approaches the characters with a plan.

> "Lads (and lassies) see what breaks the salty plain yonder? In one fell swoop, we can have all the provisions we will need, even if we are forced to overwinter in the Far North. Plus, the fat would be well put to render, and light many a lamp back in Halfstead, at least a few silvers a pint. What say you, do we put over and take us a whale?"

If the characters are interested in this idea, then they can tack and row toward the pod of whales and attempt to harpoon one. Some of the whales have a long tusk or a horn protruding from their mouths. These are narwhals, a smallish species of northern whale famed for their ivory. They tend to flee aggressors, but the males (who are tusked) have been known to turn on their attackers, ramming them with their 6ft ivory tusk. These narwhals are not magical other than having some resistance to magic, and are not intelligent enough to have an alignment.

Narwhal: HD 5; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** gore (2d6) or slam (1d8); **Move** 0 (swim 18); **Save** 12; **AL** NL; **CL/XP** 88/800; **Special:** ghost form (ethereal, 1/day), magic resistance (15%), magical abilities. (at will—*detect evil*, *cure light wounds*; 3/day—*bless*, *prayer*). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 155)

Magical abilities: at will—*detect evil*, *cure light wounds*; 3/day—*bless*, *prayer*.

The ship is equipped with some harpoons, and a successful hit with a harpoon is enough to hold one of the whales close to the ship for 1d4+2 rounds, so it can be attacked with other weapons. Multiple hits with harpoons can extend the period of time the whale is held. A held whale can still attack anyone on the low-sided ship with a penalty of –2, so this is a perilous battle. (although you could do that, too)you could also characters try to one of the creatures (AC 7[12]). A successful hHarpoon strikeing essentially kills the whale (after a long struggle as it dives and strugglefights against the line), andbefore allowings it to is be edAssume the whale has already used its ethereal form if it is harpooned. attacks No more than one whale can be taken in this way, as the ship is not large enough to take and butcher more. A successful whale hunt yields an extra month of supplies for the ship and 2000hs for the ship's profits. characters in this way

Event 2. The Storm

One morning near the end of the third week, the sky is red at sunrise — a sure warning that a storm is coming. The crew quickly begins to prepare the ship, battening down loose items, putting out any lit fires, taking down the sail and mast, and tying themselves to the oars. Hallbjorn is beside himself with glee, as he loves nothing better than fighting the wind and waves, and ties himself to the rudder. Many of the sailors pray to the gods of storm and sea and make small offerings, hoping for courage and protection from the coming tempest. In a few short hours the sea turns choppy and white capped, the sky darkens with fierce clouds, and a strong wind begins to blow from the east.

> "We're in the teeth of it now," Hallbjorn yells from the stern, "and there's naught for us to do but face Donar's wrath and ride her out!"

The storm breaks over the ship in a howling scream of wind, tearing at the cloaks and beards of those poor unfortunates on the *Long Serpent*. Waves crest over the bow as Hallbjorn turns the ship into the teeth of the storm. The crew, including the characters, must strain at the oars to maintain enough forward momentum to allow Hallbjorn to control the ship. A heavy, pounding rain begins to fall, and soon any character not physically up to the task of pulling the heavy oars is instead ordered to bail freezing seawater from the ship. The temperature is dropping, and ice begins to form on any exposed surface, prompting the bailers to split their attention between scooping up water and breaking ice off the deck and hurling it overboard in chunks. If characters try to move around the ship during the tempest, they must make a saving throw to stay on their feet. If an individual falls, he takes 1d4 points of damage and has a 5% chance of being washed overboard.

The storm's fury continues to increase, as does the fear of the crew. Let the party react as they will to the storm, and note that for later. Hallbjorn is hard pressed to keep the *Long Serpent* on course, and calls for the strongest character to join him at the rudder (which requires a save to make it without falling). The sea is mounting to touch the sky, and the ship rides up one mountainous wave only to crash down into a cold and wet valley of the sea. Sleet and then hail begin to mix with the rain, driving into the faces of the crew. Lightning flashes above, and soon the dragon's head prow is a glow with St. Elmo's fire.

After 10 minutes, a rogue wave strikes the ship, washing across the decks and tugging everybody against their lifelines. All the characters should make saving throws to keep from washing overboard, with a +10 bonus if they stated they used a lifeline. A character who fell from an earlier failed save has a –2 penalty to this check. Those who are not swept overboard are left soaked and cold, somewhat stunned by the furious power of the sea. Those who are swept overboard have a 1-in-6 chance to catch themselves at the last moment and remain prone on the ship's deck as the wave recedes. Any character failing the check goes overboard. Such a character must make a saving throw each round to stay afloat and near the boat until someone can throw him a line and bring him aboard.

A shout rings out, possibly from the character who is helping Hallbjorn with the rudder. The wave snapped the brave Northlander's lifeline, and he has disappeared over the side. In the distance, his blond head can be seen bobbing away before the darkness, rain, and waves hide him from view. Later, one of the crewmen claims to have seen a face in the wave, a terrible bestial countenance with long fangs and a crown of spearheads.



This image is familiar to any who examined Hallbjorn's loot from the first voyage as one of the strange bestial images it bore.

The storm abates after 15 minutes, but 1d4+4 crewmen were washed away in the storm as well. After the storm, the weather clears quickly, and the *Long Serpent* can continue its journey north. A new captain needs to be chosen, and since the characters are the most powerful individuals aboard, the crew will choose one of them to command the ship. The crew will select whichever character has the most of the following traits:

- Acted with courage
- Is from the Northlands
- Is a follower of a good deity of war, storms, sea, or travel
- Is human or dwarf
- Has shown himself or herself to be friendly and generous
- Is not advocating a "cowardly" return to shore

characters plead their case to the crew (as a Referee, you could have them role-play this, of course), and assign a +1 or +2 bonus to the best performance Have the competing players roll 1d20, with the higher total winning over the crew and being . The new captain's first decision is to decide whether to push on or go back. The crew is still very much in favor of pushing onward with their quest; in this culture and in these seas, the occasional loss of a captain is taken in stride. The crewmembers are Northlanders, and as long as they are confident in their new captain, returning would be an admission of their own defeat. They consider themselves to be part of the voyage, not mere hirelings that run home when their original commander is lost. Any new captain that advocates returning home will be met with deep suspicion and many protestations. If the characters persist in returning home, they will have to return the ship to its owner once the voyage is done, and would not have it as a resource for sailing the seas at their will. Remind them of this, since it may be an important factor in their decision. Sadly, if they still decide to return home without plans to refit and immediately re-trace their progress, this book becomes more of a resource than a series of linked adventures. The characters will have demonstrated that they are not truly the sort of heroes that make for Northlander sagas.

Event 3. The Lone Kayak

Two days after the storm, the characters spot a small craft adrift on the sea. It is a narrow hide boat, pointed at each end, with a single deck that covers its entire top, save for a small hole. A lone figure sits slumped in the hole. Alert characters might recognize this as the same sort of boat that Hallbjorn described the strange men of the north using. The party can easily change their course slightly and retrieve the boat. If they do, continue with the following. If not, go to Exploring the Far North below.

Once brought on board, the young man proves to be near death from exhaustion and exposure. Any magical healing allows him to recover in short order. Otherwise, he dies in a few hours of extreme fatigue and hypothermia. Once he is able to speak, it becomes quickly obvious that the only word in Nørsk that he understands is "Help," which he states repeatedly while pointing across the sea to the northeast. His native language of Ulnat is a debased dialect of a long-dead language called Old Uln. He does point to himself and identify himself as "Yilithi." Other than pleading for help and pointing the way toward his village, the young man is polite and respectful. If the party decides to follow Yilithi's directions rather than Hallbjorn's navigation charts and notes, he leads them to the village of Laquirv (see **Chapter 2: Exploring the Far North**).

Yilithi, Ulnat Warrior (Rgr2): HP 21; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.

Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Chapter Two: Exploring the Far North

One morning in the fourth week of their voyage, the characters spot the Seal Coast rising out of the cold northern sea as a grey mass of cliffs and shallow coves. If they choose to follow Hallbjorn's notes and crudely drawn maps rather than Yilithi's directions, they make landfall at the *Long Serpent's* camp **(Area 8)**. From there, they may explore the coast to the north or south, sailing to any of the points shown on the map of Ulnataland. If they instead follow Yilithi's directions, proceed with "The Village of Laquirv" below.

The Seal Coast is indeed rich in seals and walruses, and enterprising folk can quickly make a fortune in ivory and rendered blubber. Depending on the needs of the party and players, the Referee can allow them to spend some time hunting and rendering before introducing the main part of the story, namely the Children of Althunak. For each day spent camped on the coastline, the party can roll a single 1d20. If the roll is 10 or better, the characters have added 25hs to the venture's profits from the ivory and rendered blubber recovered, as well as 1 day's worth of rations for the characters and crew. If the roll is 15 or better, the day's profit increases to 50hs and 2 days' rations, and if a 20, it increases to 100hs and 4 days' rations. After 5 days at any one location, the roll suffers a cumulative –1 penalty for each additional day spent there as the area is hunted out.

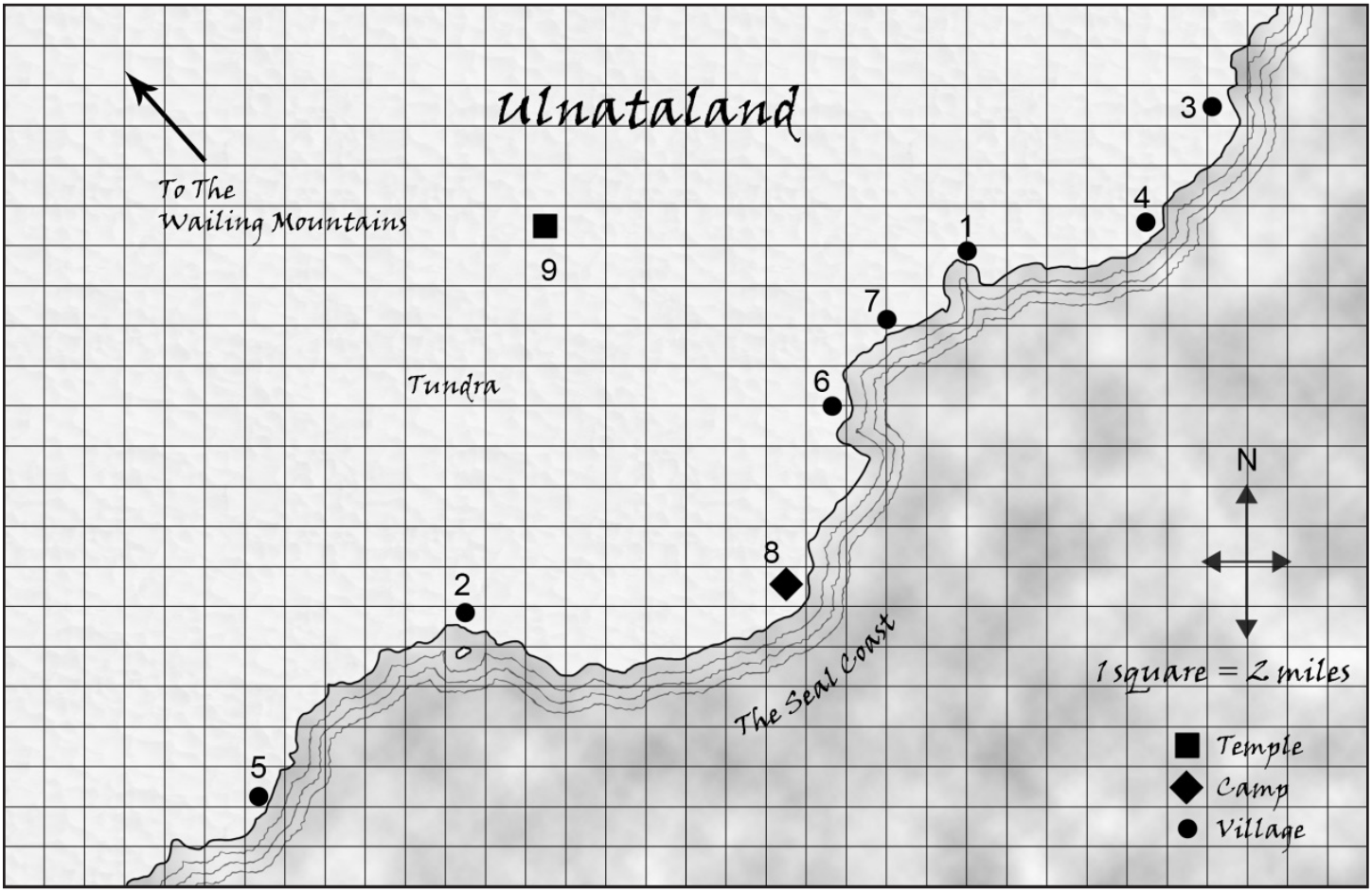
Throughout this time, Yilithi persistently tries to get the characters to set sail with him for the southwest, but he knows that the characters are his best chance for help and, therefore, does not push them so much that they may be tempted to put him out of their camp. In fact, if they give him a definite timeline of when they will follow him, he assists them in their hunts in an attempt to secure their friendship. At any point that seems the most dramatic, the Referee can have the characters' camp raided by cultists, they could spot cultists in the distance out on the tundra, or kayaks out to sea, or even throw in a few wandering monsters from "Across the Tundra" below.

The Far North

***NS1: Vengeance of the* Long Serpent** takes place in a region called the Far North, a land of ice and tundra that lies well within the Arctic Circle. It lies to the northeast of the Northlands, and is a land beyond the boundaries of the known world. The map labeled Ulnataland covers a portion of this territory, and details the locations used in this adventure. The following features are on the Ulnataland map.

1. Alcanavt

This village has the dubious distinction of being the site of the rebirth of the Cult of Althunak, and both the Chosen of Althunak (Elvanti) and



the High Priest of the Coming Winter's home village. Whereas other villages have a ruling elite of Children of Althunak, Alcanavt is almost entirely converted, from the village elders down to the lowliest slaves. The High Priest himself resides in the Second Temple, but his most loyal followers rule this and the other villages. Outside of the village stand the frozen remains of Elvanti's parents, the former elders of the village, and the parents of the woman who spurned him. They stand facing west, their bodies encased in an unmelting prison of magical ice. Approaching them, one can see that their eyes still move, though their faces and forms are frozen in abject terror.

Enterprising or heroic characters may attempt to free these people from the infernal ice that coats them. The ice cannot be permanently removed through physical effort. For each piece chipped or melted, a new piece grows in its place. If all the ice is removed, it simply grows back within the hour. It is a magical effect, and cannot be "killed" but must be dispelled (cast by a 20th-level cleric).

The village itself is unwalled and is composed of several skin huts set in a semicircle facing the coast. Eight dogsleds sit covered with hide tarps to the north of the village. To the south is a 5ft-high and 10ft-long trash midden of animal bones, broken tools, and other refuse. Along the coast is a narrow sandy beach with 12 skin kayaks pulled up above the high-water line. Living in the village are **16 cultists**, **2 shamans**, and their families (noncombatant), though a third are gone at any time hunting on the tundra, sealing along the coast, or fishing offshore. Twenty slaves, all devoted converts of Althunak (of which **10** are **Ulnat warriors**), serve the needs of the cultists and their families. Additionally, each family of cultists maintains **1d4 dogs** (treat as wolves) to guard the village, help in the hunt, or pull sleds during winter.

Children of Althunak Cultist (16) (Ftr2): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman (2): HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon ice mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Ulnat Warrior (10) (Rgr2): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Guard Dog (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Slaves (10): (commoner 1, 1d6 hit points each) noncombatants.

2. Gualivik

This village is said to be the first place the Ulnat stopped when they fled Uln many generations ago. As such, it has always been the center of Ulnataland, even as the people themselves spread north along the Seal Coast. Now it rivals Alcanavt as the largest of the villages of the Children of Althunak. The village is like the other Ulnat villages in that it is unwalled, composed of several hide huts (20 in all), has a large midden of refuse to the north (5ft high and 20ft long), keeps 10 sleds under hide tarps to the south, and has 15 skin kayaks pulled up onshore. There are **11 cultists**, **2 shamans**, and their noncombatant families, in addition to **10 dogs** (treat as wolves) and 35 slaves (**12 Ulnat warriors**) living in the village. A third are gone at any time hunting on the tundra, sealing along the coast, or fishing offshore. The Ulnat warriors of Gualivik will hold back from any battle between the characters and the cultists unless the characters appear to be threatening the enslaved villagers.

A mile off the coast is a small tree-covered island called Heroes' Rock. It is here that the first Ulnat buried their most-honored dead, a tradition that disappeared a generation after they arrived in the Far North. For more information, see "Heroes' Rock" below.

Children of Althunak Cultist (11) (Ftr2): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman (2): HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon ice mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Ulnat Warrior (12) (Rgr2): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Guard Dog (10) (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Family and slaves: (commoner 1, 1d6 hit points each) noncombatants.

If summoned:
Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

3. Hranavik

This village is the farthest north of the Ulnat villages, and the most recent to fall to the Children of Althunak. The village has gotten over its initial shock, and is starting to resist its conquerors in small ways. Most of the villagers are slaves and have begun to intentionally fall short on their duties. Stews are over- or undercooked, clothes are washed then rubbed with nettles, and mending is done in a haphazard fashion so that items quickly come unraveled. The cultists placed in charge of Hranavik are starting to fear an uprising. So far, they have taken draconian precautions such as increasing physical punishment and decreasing rations, but this seems to just encourage the people of Hranavik to further heights or resistance.

The village has a partially completed wall of undressed stone, a precaution taken in the days before the conquest by the Cult of Althunak. The wall begins to the north of the village at the trash midden (a 3ft-high and 8ft-long pile of refuse). Unless there is word of trouble to the south, this wall remains in its current state, encompassing half the village in a 3ft-high mound of carefully fitted stone. The local genius behind this idea was taken to the Second Temple in order to further its construction (see the Second Temple of Ice and Stone below). The rest of the village consists of 30 hide huts, nine dog sleds to the south of the village under a hide tarp, and 20 skin kayaks pulled up onshore. Several harpoons, spears, and war clubs are carefully hidden under the sleds, secreted there by the slaves. The village is home to **2 cultists**, a **shaman**, and their noncombatant families and 40 slaves (**17 Ulnat warriors**). There are **8 dogs** used to guard the village or help in the hunt. If the characters engage in hostilities with the Children of Althunak in this village, the Ulnat warriors will actively join the fight as allies.

Children of Althunak Cultist (2) (Ftr2): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP**

2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman (1): HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon ice mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Rebellious Ulnat Warrior (17) (Rgr2): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Guard Dog (8) (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Family and slaves: (commoner 1, 1d6 hit points each) noncombatants.

If summoned:
Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

4. Intulvik

The Children of Althunak conquered this village nearly three years ago, and it has suffered greatly under the cruel tyranny of that dark cult. This summer, the entire village relocated inland to the Second Temple in order for the slaves to work on the construction and the village's cultists to supervise the work as best they can. Nothing remains of the village but a few scattered bits of debris, a large trash midden, and the obvious signs of there having once been fire pits and huts.

5. Laquirv

See "The Village of Laquirv" below.

6. Nanavak

This is the village that the crew of the *Long Serpent* attacked and burned in retribution for being ambushed. The few survivors fled to the Second Temple and have not yet returned to their ruined homes. Nothing remains but charred ground and unburied bodies.

7. Norvagak

One of the loyal villages of the Children of Althunak, Norvagak willingly gave itself over shortly after Elvanti returned from beyond the Wailing Mountains and demonstrated his might at Alcanavt. The village is home to **8 cultists**, **2 shamans**, and their families, as well as 15 sorely treated and nearly dead slaves (no warriors). The cultists have been working their slaves non-stop in order to preserve enough food for the coming winter, which they hope will be long and brutal. In their depravity, the elders of the village, all Children of Althunak, have even gone so far as to have the bodies of dead slaves smoked and salted.

The village is like many of the Ulnat villages, it is unwalled, consists of a dozen hide huts, possesses a long trash midden to the north, and is guarded by **9 dogs** (treat as wolves). To the south is a pile of sleds covered by hide tarps, and skin kayaks are lined up onshore. Of special note, one of the huts is used for smoking and preserving meat, and any venturing inside finds three human corpses hanging up alongside the more prosaic elk, seal, and fish meat.

Children of Althunak Cultist (8) (Ftr2): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman (2): HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon ice mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Guard Dog (9) (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

If summoned:
Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

8. The Long Serpent's Camp

All that remains of the former sealing camp are the bones of several seals and fifteen cairns of stone carefully mounded facing the sea. It would be a great sacrilege to disturb these stones, especially if the intention is to loot them. If some foolish character should attempt this, any Northlander NPCs become not only hostile but violently so. Furthermore, any disturbed dead have a 50% chance to rise as **wights** within 1d2 days, seeking out those who committed the sacrilege. There is little of value in the cairns, though the largest (Jarl Olaf Henrikson's) contains a platinum ring worth 100hs and a *+1 battleaxe*.

Wight: **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** claw (1 plus level drain); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: drain 1 level per hit, silver or +1 or better weapons to hit.

9. The Second Temple of Ice and Stone

See The Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Stone in **Chapter 3**.

The Seal Coast

This cold and rocky coast supports hundreds of thousands of seals, walruses, and seabirds during the summer months. Cliffs rise up along the coast, broken here and there by beaches that tend to be more rock than sand. The cliffs are home to hosts of seabirds, including gulls, ospreys, cormorants, frigate birds, puffins, and terns. Fur-bearing seals, as well as elephant seals, walruses, and sea lions, cover the shores. Fish, crabs, squid, krill, whales, and porpoises fill the seas.

Tundra

See Across the Tundra below.

Wailing Mountains

These high and imposing mountains are composed of gray stone and rise suddenly out of the surrounding tundra. There are no foothills or

Ulnat Warriors

Note that the Ulnat warriors have different allegiances and alignments depending on their varying degrees of loyalty to the Cult of Althunak. All of them have the characteristics of rangers, but they are not subject to the restrictions of actual rangers, and do not advance in level.

general upslope in the approach to the Wailing Mountains, just a sudden springing of towering masses of stone. The mountains themselves are sheathed year-round with a thick layer of ice from their peaks to halfway down their steep flanks. The mountains support no life, as the wind whips from the west, scouring even the shale and scree from the stony slopes.

Children of Althunak Cultist (Ftr2): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 94 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman: HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon ice mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12/ (fly 20)(flying); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

Ulnat Warrior (Rgr2): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Guard Dog (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

The Village of Laquirv

If the characters follow Yilithi's directions, he leads them northwest for three days (or southwest along the coast if from **Area 8**). On the morning of the fourth day, they spot a fog-shrouded coastline that resolves as they draw closer into a small inlet and a village (**Area 5**). The village is a small affair, not more than 15 hide-covered huts and maybe 20 kayaks pulled up on a rocky beach.

The villagers panic as the longship approaches and can be seen fleeing into the tundra, their most prized goods in hand. Astute observers note that there are very few males among the villagers, and the few that can be seen are either very old or very young.

As the *Long Serpent* grinds ashore on the rocky beach, Yilithi vaults over the side and wades ashore. With his arms raised, he addresses his village, prompting one old man to come down from the tundra. What happens next depends on the party. If they are peaceful, the villagers return and the old man, Jarvi, speaks with them. If they are aggressive or violent, the villagers scatter to the four winds and wait for the foreigners to leave. The party may loot the village, but it has little of value (only 30hs added to the venture's profits).

A party that shows to have good intentions is greeted with the sight of the old man embracing Yilithi, and then approaching them. In heavily



accented Nørsk, he introduces himself as Jarvi, Yilithi's father and one of the village's elders. The characters are welcome to stay, and soon the hesitant villagers prepare a meager feast of salted seal blubber, lichen soup, and seabird eggs (eaten by chipping a hole in the shell and sucking the yolk out). During the feast, Jarvi tells the party the tale of himself and his village.

"I know of your kind fair-haired ones. Many years ago when I was as young as my son, a storm blew me far out to sea. I paddled and sailed for many days, and made my way to a green and fair land, warm and full of game. I was foolish as to the ways of the southern folk, and was caught hunting the short-haired bison that are too stupid to run away. My captor pitied me for I was far from home, and took me into his household, where I learned of your ways and language. In time, I longed for my own people, built a new kayak, and returned home. Your people were generous and brave, and saved a young seal hunter wandering the Great Water. Now your people have come to my home, and I pray that this old man's memories are true. I pray that you can be my salvation once again.

"Ten summers ago, a young man named Elvanti was in disfavor with the elders of the village of Alcanavt. He sought the hand of the happiest maiden that his people had to offer, but none approved the marriage, not even Klinqa, the maiden herself. Elvanti was angry, for his parents were rich in furs and seal fat, and his uncle was the village shaman. He turned to them, but they replied that he must abide by the wishes of his elders and the girl.

"In anger and shame, he fled across the tundra, vowing to return with the heart of a great-tusked one to prove his

worth. He was gone that summer, and into the winter, and all feared he was lost. Before the ice broke the following spring, he wandered back into his village, his body sprouting shards of ice and cold fire. With great gusts of wind and snow, he laid low the elders, his parents, the shaman, and even Klinqa's parents and brothers. Elvanti then proclaimed he was the Chosen of Althunak, the great God of the North, Bringer of Cold, and Lord of Winter. Those who would follow him found themselves gifted in strange ways, and those that did not froze to death, though their huts were warm and fires lit.

"For ten summers we have fought off the Children of Althunak, but the other villages were not as lucky, one by one they have fallen, and soon we will as well. Our sons and daughters die beneath our cousins' spears, the hunting has gone poor for us, and the winters are ever colder. When I heard that the Dragon Riders had come with their skins of shiny metal, I sent my two sons, Yilithi and Kelvani to find them. One has returned and brought you here to save us; I only hope it is not too late."

If asked about where his people come from, Jarvi waves his hand around, encompassing the village, the shore, the sea, and the tundra. He is willing to help them help him and his people, and once he has taken a measure of the party, tells them the legend of Heroes' Rock.

"They say that long ago we Ulnat came from a faraway place across the sea to the southwest, a land of warm springs and mild winters. There we had a great land of many stone-walled villages, much wealth in the form of yellow discs and shining stars plucked from the heavens. I know not if that is true, for it does not sound like us but the metal-skinned men who ride the dragon ships.

"They say that we came across the sea in great kayaks that were larger than even those of you Dragon Riders. Again, this sounds like so much old men's tales, but it was an old man who told me, and one who told him, so that is what it is. When we first came here, so the old men say, we built many villages, the first at Gualivik. The other villages were built later, including a lost one high up in the Wailing Mountains to guard a pass called the Trail of Ravens. This I don't know, for I have not seen it. What I have seen is the tombs on Heroes' Rock, off the Seal Coast opposite of Gualivik. There a great stone cairn is piled, and a rock with strange carvings sits. Go there, and you may find the graves of those who led our people here. If they were men like you, then mayhap they had mighty spears to vanquish evil.

Though Jarvi's history of his people is twisted by the passage of long years in the retelling, it does contain some elements critical to successfully battling the Children of Althunak. The legend of Heroes' Rock is the best means Jarvi knows to help the characters, and if the characters agree to help his people, he provides them directions to the island, which is just off the coast from Gualivik. It is only a day's travel from Laquirv. Jarvi further assists the characters by providing them and their crew with an additional 3 days' rations, though that is really more than the village can spare. Yilithi accompanies them to Heroes' Rock, but will not step foot on the island. There are a total of 16 families in the village, but only **4 Ulnat warriors** among them, including Yithili, so the village cannot provide much in the way of combat support.

Ulnat Warrior (4) (Rgr2): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.

Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Whether the characters travel to Heroes' Rock or not, Jarvi provides them with the general locations of the six coastal villages and suggests that the characters might wish to begin their campaign against the cult by striking at each of these in their Dragon Kayak to rid them of their captors. The crew of the ship sails for the characters but will not participate in the actual raids. The characters may opt instead for an inland campaign, in which case their crew will not accompany them beyond the coast. However the characters elect to proceed in their quest, see **Against the Children of Althunak** in **Chapter 3**.

Heroes' Rock

This steeply sloped island sits a mile off the Seal Coast opposite the village of Gualivik **(Area 2)**. Dwarf firs shaped and stunted by storm and wave cover it. The island presents no serviceable landing, but a small cove on the leeward side allows enterprising folk to clamber out of a boat and up a 20ft cliff. Atop the island, there are neither trails nor signs of man, merely a tangle of interlaced branches and large boulders. At the center of the island is a rough burial mound made of stacked stone, mortared with clay and moss. Seeds from trees and sea grass have found purchase on the tomb, and it is nearly overgrown in its entirety.

The Tomb

The tomb is 100ft long, 10ft high, and 60ft wide. It is angled along a northeast to southwest course. On the southwestern end, one stone bears faint markings in an ancient language (identifiable as Old Uln). The inscription is barely legible, but if charcoal rubbings or other means of bringing out the writing are found, the inscription reads as follows.

"Here lies Hvran Kalsong the Third, last of his line, who led his people from the Fall and into the far lands to the north through trial and death to a new home. Beside him is his wife, she of the Fair Eyes, a sorcerer of her people, the Elkani, who live far toward the setting sun.

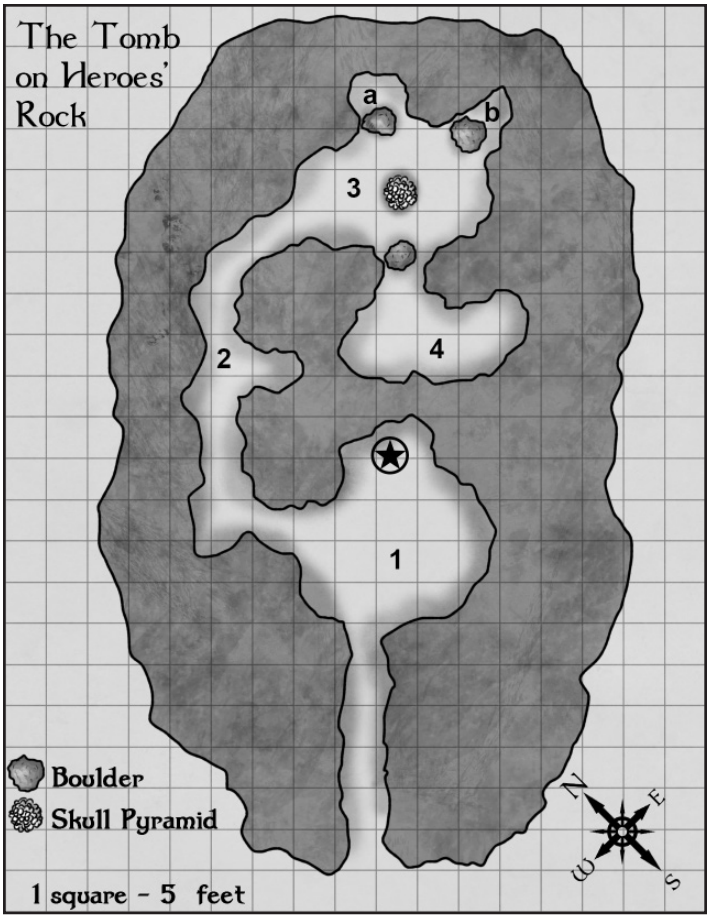
"Also placed here by his request is Hvran the Half-Born, who slew the serpent of the sea and saved the colonies of the Ulnat."

If the characters decide to investigate the barrow, they have to dismantle the rock cairn, which requires a combined strength score of 25 to move. Doing so reveals a stone lintel with a heavy stone door set inside it. A strong character can lever this door open. Read the following:

The heavy stone door is pushed aside with a sudden gust of stale air to reveal a darkened passage. It is low, the ceiling no more than 5 feet high, and lined with cedar planks to hold up the earth piled atop this tunnel. Ancient timbers shore up these planks but bow beneath the age-old weight they support.

This passage leads into the depths of the barrow mound, dug out and roofed when it was constructed and then buried under a mound of earth and stone. The mound has settled into place and is stable, but if anyone forcefully strikes a support post or one of the ceiling panels it causes a 10ft-wide collapse. Anyone caught in the collapse must make a saving throw or be buried and take 3d6 points of damage. Trapped characters begin to suffocate after 3 rounds unless others dig them free. They die if not rescued after 5 rounds. If the collapsed area is re-excavated, there will be no further collapse of that area unless additional force is applied to the ceiling or supports.

Anyone shining a light source down this darkened tunnel notices a faint bluish glow coming from the far end.



1. Forechamber

The passage widens into a dugout chamber, likewise roofed in planks of cedar. A passage opens in one wall. The floor is strewn with a number of dried flowering plants that stir in the faint breeze coming down the newly opened entrance. A faint glow glimmers from the shadows of an alcove at the back of the room. An alcove that, as the incoming light banishes its shadows, reveals the hideous, misshapen face of a snarling troll towering in the darkness.

This entry chamber was where the builders of the tomb left offerings of flowers for those interred before it was sealed. The glow comes from light reflecting off a polished breastplate hanging in the back of the alcove. Standing before this breastplate is a massive troll, apparently about to strike out at the intruding characters. A character who studies the troll has a 3-in-6 chance to notice that its hide is crisscrossed with stitched seams, and from some of these seams, sawdust has leaked out onto the floor. The beast is actually a stuffed troll, a creature slain long ago by Hvram and skinned, the interior of its hide seared with hot coals to prevent any regeneration. Once the characters notice its craftsmanship, they are likely to put their guard down, though this would be a mistake because the pieced together creature is actually a **fleshewn** left to guard this chamber and attacks as soon as anyone disturbs it or attempts to exit through the side passage. In addition to the fleshewn, a **spider swarm** has taken up residence in its body. These issue forth to attack as soon as the fleshewn moves.

Fleshewn Troll Statue: HD 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus rend), bite (1d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** rend (additional 1d8 damage if both claws hit single target), resists electricity (half damage). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 89)

Fleshewn and Spider Swarm

Fleshewn are magical constructs created by stitching together bits of corpses with an unhealthy dose of necromantic magic thrown into the process. They are far less powerful than true golems, despite a certain similarity to the physical construction of a flesh golem. In many cases they share some attributes with the living creatures from which they were made. See ***The Tome of Horrors 4*** published by **Frog God Games** for more details, if desired.

A spider swarm is, as one surmises, a swarm of spiders treated for convenience as a single monster. Once the swarm's "hit points" are reduced to 0, the swarm no longer has any cohesion, and ceases to represent any danger. If desired, more details are available in ***The Tome of Horrors Complete.***

It is not necessary to have copies of the books to run this encounter; all relevant combat information is contained in the stat blocks provided.

Swarm, Spider: HD 3; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** swarm (1d6); **Move** 6/6 (climbing); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** distraction, swarm, surprise (1–3 on 1d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 534)

Treasure: The polished breastplate hanging on the wall has a large hole is punched through the center of it, and the inside is covered with bloodstains. This was the breastplate worn by Hvram Half-Born. The hole is where Althunak mortally wounded the hero.

2. Collapse

A side passage branches off here, but the ceiling planks have given way, resulting in a collapse that completely seals it behind dirt and stone. This may make the characters think the passages are more unstable than they truly are, but actually, this was done intentionally when Hvram Half-Born was interred here years after it was built.

3. Burial Vault

The passage opens into a wide chamber. Three low tunnels exit from the chamber, but a large boulder blocks each. Stacked in the center of the chamber is a pyramid composed of the skulls and racks of elk, moose, and reindeer. Of even greater note, however, are the walls of fitted stone. Crudely painted murals arranged in sections almost completely cover them, and appear to show a story of sequence of events.

This is the central burial vault of the tomb mound. The individual burials are interred behind the boulders. Each of these can be moved with a combined 22 strength score, and up to two people can attempt in their removal. The stacked skulls are hunting trophies of Hvram the Third and are part of the burial traditions of the ancient Uln. They were left undisturbed when Hvram Half-Born's burial was added years later.

The paintings on the walls are a pictographic history of the Uln and later the Ulnat. They are rendered in a crude, cave-painting style with poorly rendered human figures but fantastically detailed, if somewhat stylized, animal figures. They begin just to the left of the entrance and run clockwise around the chamber. The details of the twelve murals are as follows:

Mural 1: Located just to the left of the entrance, this mural depicts a large group of travelers. They ride short, stocky ponies and drag domed tents on wagons and runners. Many more are afoot than ride, and the riders are clearly warriors armed with lances and curved swords.

Mural 2: The riders battle a group of large, gnarled giants that come down from mountains to attack. They giants are trolls or troll-kin. A rider wearing a crown stands over another warrior clearly killed by the

creatures. The king appears to be holding off the creatures while the other riders escape. On one edge of the mural, a group of the giant creatures carries a female human figure up into the mountains.

Mural 3: This mural is painted onto the boulder that covers **3a**. The travelers stand at the edge of a forest. A group of humanoid figures with pointed ears (Nûklander elves) turns them back from entering, but provides them food and warm hides for their travels.

Mural 4: This mural depicts the travelers heading through a blizzard. Many seem to be sick or dying. To one side, the horses being slaughtered to feed those travelers that are still able to walk.

Mural 5: This mural is painted onto the boulder covering **3b**. The travelers walk into a sharp-edged mountain range. They are much reduced in number. Their king walks in front, beckoning them onward while a woman next to him causes fire to float in the air before them, lighting the way.

Mural 6: Painted directly across from the entrance, this mural shows the travelers finding safety among the ruins of mighty cities on a plain of ice beyond the sharp-peaked mountains. The king and queen sit upon a throne in one of the cities, but the folk in the other cities turn their backs on him and his queen. Above them can be seen depictions of their memories where they recall the many losses they suffered to battle and deprivation.

Mural 7: Painted in a completely different style with more realism but less aesthetic beauty and fluidity to the lines, this depicts the cities in Mural 6 now whole and filled with people. They are a great nation. But painted above them is the image of a great bloody fanged maw (recognizable as the symbol of Althunak to those who have encountered it before.).

Mural 8: Among the cities in the previous mural, a new city is being constructed on the shores of a frozen lake. The fanged maw symbol hangs above this city. Many people in chains march from the other cities toward this new city. Many other people leave the cities and head back over the sharp-peaked mountains to a coastline thick with seals and birds.

Mural 9: This one is painted directly on the boulder **over Area 4**. A misshapen man with a glowing sword stands in the water along the coast. A village stands behind him where dozens of people crouch fearfully. The man battles a large serpentine creature that rears up from the waves.

Mural 10: The misshapen man leads an army of spear-wielding folk up and over the sharp-peaked mountains. Beyond lie the many cities, now in ruins once again, and the one mighty city by the lake now complete. The fanged maw symbol still hangs in the air above it. A massive army gathers on the ice plain before the city awaiting the approach of the army of the misshapen man.

Mural 11: The misshapen man stands among a ring of fallen comrades on the edge of the icy lake. Black ichor covers his sword, and the clawed hand of some gigantic fiendish creature sinks below the surface of the icy lake. The misshapen man has a rent in his breastplate from which a river of blood flows.

Mural 12: This is painted just to the right of the entrance. A column of spear-wielding warriors carries the misshapen man upon a bier back across the sharp mountains toward the coastline below. Their destination appears to be a small rocky island just off the shore.

Development: Anyone disturbing the skulls or boulders, or basically doing anything other than looking at the murals, awakens the sleeping souls of the deceased and causes them to rise as **3 wraiths**. Though they have the appearance of mummified corpses, they are actually incorporeal like a standard wraith. Read the following.

The temperature in the vault seems to drop precipitously and an eerie sense of being watched pervades the chamber. The corner of your eye catches movements and you see figures stepping into the room, seemingly solid but passing through the boulders as if they were not even there. Through the eastern boulders come a man and a woman. Both wear burial shrouds made of furs and have leather cords holding medallions and assorted bangles. They resemble the Ulnat peoples you have encountered in their physical features and dress. Both appear long dead and mummified from the cold. From the west steps the mummified form of a hulking misshapen man who clearly has troll blood running through his veins.

"Who comes here to steal from the honored dead, to desecrate their tombs and rob them of their eternal rest?" speaks the first mummified man.

"If you come to steal, be gone lest you incur our wrath," intones the troll-blooded corpse.

"Hearken. These men may be heroes, though not of our people. Let them lay forth supplications if they are so and beg for mercy if they be but common thieves," says the woman.

Though none of the undead spoke Nørsk in life, the nature of their current undead existence allows them to speak whatever language is most common among any intruders to the tomb. The characters must decide if they are going to fight these three or lay a claim before them. If the characters talk, they may be able to explain their quest to help the spirits' descendants against Althunak. Lying and threatsintimidation will fail, for they can see into the hearts of men and are unmoved by braggadocio. If the party can convince them of their good intentions, the three surrender their magic items, provided they promise to return them when their quest is done. If this promise is not kept, the characters find themselves hunted by the 3 wraiths.

Wraith: **HD** 4; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** touch (1d6 plus level drain); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: drain 1 level per hit, silver (half-damage) or +1 or better weapons to hit, resistant to silver and magic arrows (1hp/hit).

3a. Vault of Hvram Kalsong the Third

The back of boulder blocking this chamber is painted with an empty throne, signifying that Hvram left no heir behind to rule the Uln after his death. A bier of stone beyond holds his mummified corpse that looks just as his wraith did. Lying with the corpse is a *+1 scimitar*, a relic of the Uln's ancient ancestral link with the Hundaei.

3b. Vault of She of the Fair Eyes

The back of this chamber's boulder is painted with an empty cradle signifying that Fair Eyes left behind no living children after her death. She lies upon a bier of stone as well, and resembles more the features of the Mongat raiders of the Sea of Grass than the other Ulnat since she was of a different tribe of the Shattered Folk more closely linked to that remnant of the Hundaei. Wrapped within her furs is a wooden wand tipped with a ruby that is a *wand of fireball* (8 charges) and a wooden scroll tube containing a *scroll* (*clairaudience*, *fly, protection from normal missiles*).

4. Vault of Hvram the Half-Born

The low chamber beyond this boulder is nearly filled with the skeletal remains of some serpentine creature of prodigious size that coils around the chamber. At the center of its coils stands a stone bier upon which lies the mummified corpse of a large misshapen man, his trollish features somehow peaceful in death. Clutched to his breast is a sword that glows with a cold blue fire.

Here lies Hvram Half-Born, bastard grandson of Hvram Kalsong by his long-lost daughter taken by the thrydreg during the wanderings of the Uln. The Half-Born was slain even as he laid Althunak low, and his breast still shows the marks of the piercing claws that slew him. Lying upon this breast is the sword *Fellfrost* that he found in a dragon's hoard in the Northlands that allowed him to escape his trollish overlords and find his people once again upon the Seal Coast. The skeleton is that of a sea serpent he killed off the coast of Gualivik that initially allowed him to obtain the trust of the Ulnat people.

Weapon

Fellfrost

Fellfrost is a *+2 freezing longsword* that sheds a blue light as a *light* spell. When *Fellfrost* is used against a cold or ice creature, its cold damage burns with a supernatural intensity that deals fire damage to such creatures rather than cold damage. A blade of the ancient Hyperboreans, it was lost when the hero Manisclus fell in battle with the red dragon Axclepion. When the hero's body was recovered, his sword was missing and the wounded dragon had fled to a distant lair in the north. It was there that Hvram Half-Born later recovered it and carried it into battle in the Far North.

Across the Tundra

The interior of the Far North is a vast tundra dotted with small microclimates that support stunted and twisted trees and shrubs. The wind is strong and a constant force that man, beast, and plant must contend with. During the day, the temperature slowly rises to slightly more than 50° F, and at night it dips into the upper 30s (and approaches freezing by morning). Mosses, lichens, and heath cover the ground. These low-lying plants often grow in clumps separated by small rivulets of melt water. Boggy areas are common around the lakes and are often the breeding ground of all manner of nasty little flying things such as mosquitoes, black flies, and no-see-um (a very tiny biting fly).

During the summer, the sun rarely dips below the southwestern horizon, instead dropping low in the sky for a long, five-hour twilight before rising to begin another day. Characters must adapt to this near constant daylight, something that no doubt throws them off in regaining spells, etc. This means that, when you take into account the openness of the terrain, there are few places to hide on the tundra.

Gathering food is difficult, as is hunting. Tracking is somewhat easier, as the ground is moist all summer and the low-lying plants do not bounce back quickly once trod upon (+20% bonus to Rangers' tracking checks, including those of the Ulnat warriors). Herds of musk oxen, caribou, woolly rhinos, and mammoths wander the tundra, as do the wolves and great cats that prey upon them. Most of these animals tend to be in the southwestern portion of Ulnataland, preparing for their annual migration to slightly warmer winter grounds.

The characters may very well want to explore the tundra, either before or after dealing with the Children of Althunak. There is little for them to gain in treasure, though bringing back a mammoth tusk or two would be profitable and impressive. If they decide to spend time on the tundra, check for random encounters once a week on the table below.

Tundra Random Encounter Table

1d20	Encounter
1–5	No encounter
6–7	Band of Cultists
8–9	Mammoth!
10	Wolves
11	Strange Lights
12–15	Musk Oxen
16–17	Caribou
18	Woolly Rhinoceros
19	Saber-Toothed Tiger
20	Polar Bear

No encounter: Nothing unusual happens this week.

Band of Cultists: A band of **1d8+1 Children of Althunak cultists** are out on patrol, hunting, or traveling. If they spot the party, they attack.

Children of Althunak Cultist (Ftr2) (1d8+1): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 94 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Mammoth!: A herd of 1d10+5 of these massive beasts ambles by, ignoring the pesky fleas that dare to intrude on the summer feeding and breeding grounds. If the characters actually attack and survive a pitched battle with the herd (they do not retreat unless three or more are killed), the characters can add 7 days' rations and 2000hs to the venture's profits.

Mammoth (1d10+5): HD 12; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** trunk (1d10); 2 gore (1d10+4), 2 trample (2d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 315)

Wolves: A pack of **3d4 hungry wolves** stalks the party for days, attacking at the first opportunity — i.e. when someone is wounded, weakened, or alone.

Wolves (3d4): HD 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Strange Lights: The northern lights are aglow, familiar to Northlanders but strange to those from other places.

Musk Oxen: A herd of 1d12+6 of these shaggy beasts forms a circle at the approach of the party, their horns pointed out and the 3d6 noncombatant young in the middle. Each musk ox slain adds 2 days' rations to the party's stores.

Musk Oxen (1d12+6): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities*** 59)

Aurochs, Northlands: **HD** 10; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** gore (2d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: charge (x2 with gore), stampede of 3 or more (5d6, save half). (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 13)

Caribou: Deer-like animals move by in a great herd thousands strong, heading toward the southwest and their winter forage. The characters can secure 1d6 days' rations by hunting them.

Woolly Rhinoceros: This fearsome and irritable beast takes a dislike to the party and attempts to drive them off, only closing to attack if injured. It is worth 3 days' rations if killed.

Rhinoceros, Woolly: **HD** 10; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** horn (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: double damage on charge. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 643)

Saber-Toothed Tiger: This massive **smilodon** stalks the party for several days before attacking late one night, grabbing a victim and running off. Attacks continue for 3 nights, stop, and then resume for another 3 nights.

Smilodon, Giant: **HD** 15; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (3d6+1); **Move** 12 (swim 6); **Save** 3; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: rear claws (if both claws hit, extra 2d6+1). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 648)

Polar Bear: This grumpy and hungry beast hangs around the party's camp hoping to score a quick meal. If slain, he provides the party with 2 days' rations.

Bear, Polar: **HD** 7; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d10+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 3d6 additional damage). (***Monstrosities*** 38)

Chapter Three: Against the Children of Althunak

At some point, the party is going to have to deal with the Children of Althunak. They may be attacked while sealing or hunting on the tundra, sail into a cultist-dominated village, or hear the sad tale of Jarvi and decide to help out. Taking on a growing cult to an elder and primordial god is no easy task, but it is one that heroes are made for — or possibly from. Following the incident with the *Long Serpent*, the Children of Althunak are alert for incursions by outsiders into their domain. The High Priest of the Coming Winter sent messengers to all his followers warning them to expect an attack from the sea. Since that attack has yet to come, the elders of the various villages have slackened their attentiveness and gone back to the mundane tasks of hunting, building, and slave management.

Once the characters are spotted and the alarm raised, patrols fan out along the coast, kayaking from one beach to another and setting up watch camps on the bluffs. The villages will be struck and moved inland, leaving only the kayaks and sleds (carefully hidden; 1 -in -6 chance to notice from sea) and the midden piles. If any intruders are spotted on the tundra, patrols also roam that area hoping to catch sight of the party. A lot of how the Children of Althunak react is based on the characters' actions, and is thus up to your discretion and judgment.

A few salient points to keep in mind, however: First, the cultists are by nature aggressive hunters and seek to evade notice until they can set up an ambush. The thought of fortifying a location and waiting for an attack does not enter their heads, considering that they are semi-nomadic in lifestyle. Second, the cultists do not know if this is a concerted attack or another wandering group, and are divided as to how to deal with the threat. Third, Althunak himself is not ready to make his presence known outside of the Far North, and is encourages his high priest to deal with the matter quickly and finally. This means that any battle with the cultists is one to the death. Finally, the season is drawing late and thus provisions need to be brought in to last the long winter. If a patrol spots a juicy herd or school of fish, they likely swoop in and take it, returning to their duties when so able.

The party is not alone in this struggle, at least unless they are very foolish or unlucky. The residents of the village of Laquirv come to their assistance in any way they can, mainly in supplying provisions and guides. Furthermore, the slaves held by the Children of Althunak are largely unconverted to the new faith, and are more than happy to assist in throwing off their shackles, provided the odds are decently stacked in their favor. The characters could very easily find themselves at the head of an avenging army, though one whose main goal is to survive the battle and somehow provision themselves for the winter.

The Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Stone

Deep in the tundra is the site of the Second Temple (see area **9**), a new temple that Elvanti has ordered his lesser priests to build in order to further spread the power of their fell god Althunak. The Second Temple is still under construction, but the main cella (central house for the god and his cultic statue) and altar have been finished. It is here that sacrifices to feed the hunger of Althunak are made, new converts are brought into the fold, and priests are ordained. Once complete, it acts as a new home for the Lord of Ice and Cold, allowing him to move out beyond his frozen home beneath the Lake of Eternal Ice, a first step in his conquest of the lands to the south.

The temple itself sits on an exposed slab of bedrock that rises out of the surrounding tundra. The slab is 150 yards long and 60 yards wide, roughly lozenge shaped, and orientated in a northeast to southwest direction. A small encampment of tents clusters around the slab in a haphazard style. Upon the slab is a 15ft-by-20ft stone structure made of crudely cut stones layered with ice and snow. The walls rise up 15ft into the cold air, but do not support a roof. The cella itself is open to the sky, the better to feel the breath and blessings of Althunak. One double doorway is in the northwestern face of the sacristy, aligned toward the Temple of Ice and Stone itself many miles away beyond the Wailing Mountains. Inside, the statue of Althunak rests, a 7ft-high, finely carved stone masterpiece showing a fierce and gaunt bearlike man clutching a scepter in one hand and a sickle in the other. His face is a snarl of hate and rage that displays sharp teeth. A crown of spear-like icicles covered in dried blood surmounts the figure's head. The holy symbol of Althunak, a gaping maw filled with icicles, is painted in blood on the walls.

Around the temple, unfinished stones sit amid tools and wooden sleds. In the winter, stone is quarried from the Wailing Mountains, and dogsleds transport it to the worksite. Construction occurs in the summer, interrupted periodically for hunting. Captives and slaves who are often overworked building the temple and seeing to the needs of the priesthood and the Children of Althunak provide most of the labor. During the summer, there are between 1d10+20 male slaves (**1d6+10 Ulnat warriors**) working on the temple, with an additional 1d10+10 women tending to the camp and performing housekeeping chores.

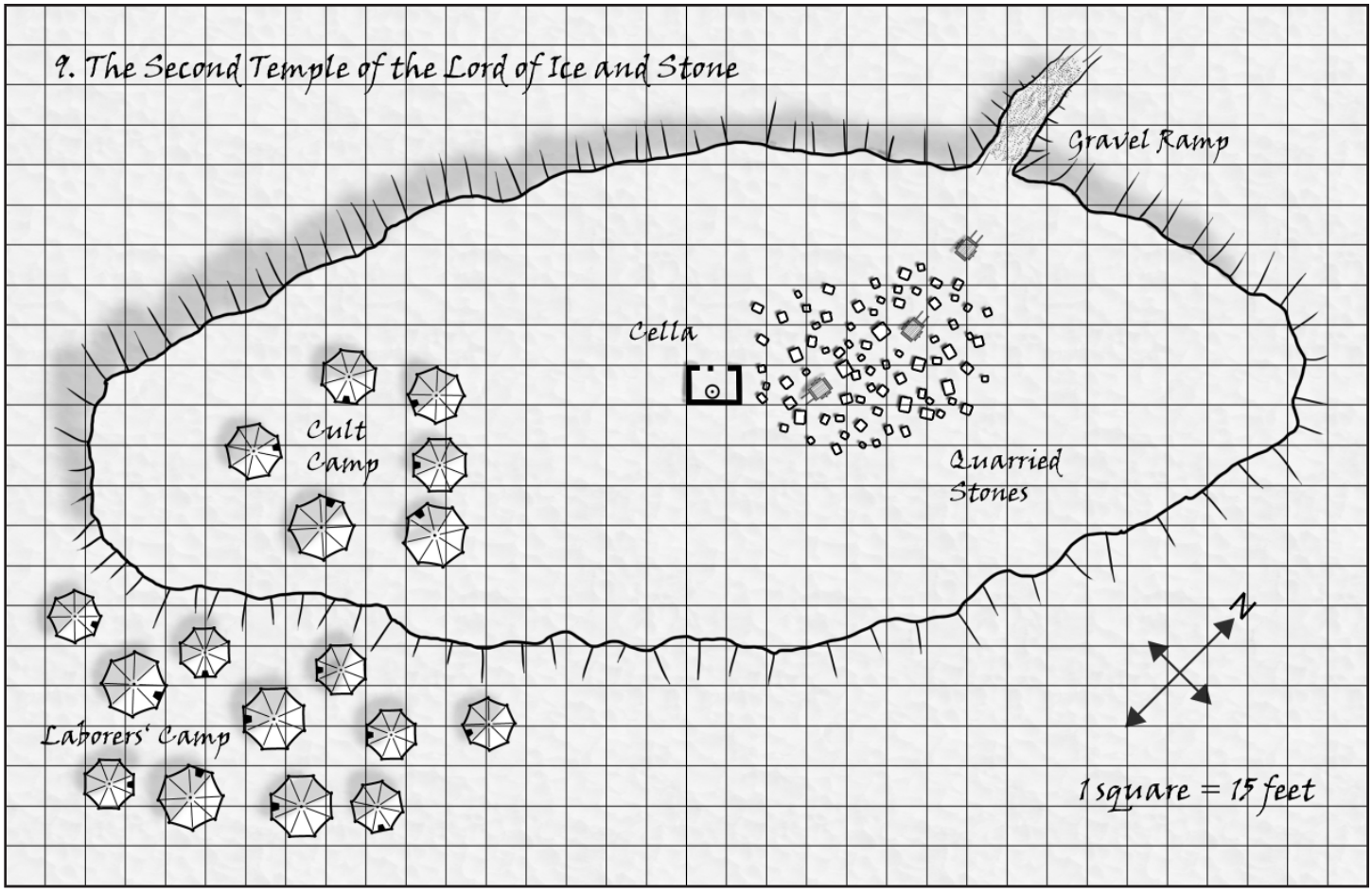
The Children of Althunak spend their time hunting, praying, and directing the work, but as the project is beyond the experience of any of the Ulnat, it is advancing slowly. At any given time, at least **5 cultists** and their families are at the Second temple. During important holidays (the solstices and equinoxes, ordinations, conversions, and the sacrifice of any important foes), an additional **1d10+10 Children of Althunak cultists** and their families are found at the Second Temple. Accompanying each cultist are **1d3 hunting dogs** (treat as wolves). The **High Priest of the Coming Winter** lives in the temple, sleeping next to the altar in bear form. He is attended in his rituals by any Children of Althunak that are present, and is served by 3 female personal slaves.

Children of Althunak Cultist (Ftr2) (5 or 1d10+15): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 94 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman: HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Guard Dog (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

High Priest of the Coming Winter, Werebear Shaman: HD 7+3; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 *sickle* (1d6+2), or 2 claws (1d3), bite (2d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** lycanthropy,



spells (2/2/2/2). (***Monstrosities*** 305)

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect good*; 2nd—*hold person*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*, *protection from good 10ft radius*.

Equipment: *+1 sickle*, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

If summoned:

Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

Unless the characters wait until the Autumnal Equinox to assault the temple, most of the Children of Althunak are off hunting or engaged in some other activity far from the temple. If the characters are particularly powerful, increase the number of Children of Althunak to make any attack on the temple more challenging. Bands of hunters wander into the area frequently, often stopping at the temple for a few days of worship and fellowship. The hunters are in their home territories and make no attempt to stay hidden or cover their tracks near the temple, especially as game in that area has been depleted or driven off.

If the characters are approaching the temple, they can be spotted from a distance of 20 miles on a clear day due to the lack of cover on the tundra. Closer in, the dogs may be able to scent any approaching strangers, and set up a raucous barking if alerted. This is especially true of the party, all of whom no doubt carry items and clothing whose smell is quite different from that of the locals.

Tactics: In the event of an attack, the Children of Althunak throw themselves at the intruders, attacking to kill and fighting to the death. Any foe that falls is dragged off to the sacristy for sacrifice, unless the body is obviously dead or cannot be safely retrieved. The high priest holds back, fighting only to defend the cella unless the battle is going poorly, at which point he utters a guttural bellow and charges out in werebear form and hopes to turn the tide in the favor of the cult. The slaves will not enter the fight until the high priest is defeated, at which point they swarm over any wounded or solitary cultists, and then turn on the cultists' families and dogs in an orgy of vengeance and bloodshed unless stopped by the characters.

Once the defenders are defeated, the party must deal with the temple itself. To truly end its influence, the altar should be thrown down and broken into fragments — something the surviving slaves are more than happy to do. Inside the cella is a small fortune in items used by the cult for their dark worship. The altar cloth is made of white linen and gold thread, and is itself centuries old and worth 500hs as an antiquity. Upon the altar are four silver and gold candlesticks of strange design, valued at 55hs each. The sacred vestments worn by the cultists during rituals consist of Ulnat-made masks and musk ox-hide robes (50hs total). Additionally, a willow bark chest contains 15 pieces of gold and amber jewelry (necklaces, tiaras, and bracelets) of strange design similar to the ones Hallbjorn showed the party back in Halfstead, and worth a total of 15,000hs.

Concluding the Adventure

Destroying the Second Temple and slaying the High Priest of the Coming Winter breaks the Children of Althunak, allowing the surviving Ulnat to finish them off (if the Referee so desires, the hunting down of the remaining cultists can be played out). Each liberated village lends more freed slaves as well as those willing to switch sides as the wind blows (a warm wind from the south, perhaps). The season is likely getting far toward the short arctic autumn, and this should spur the party toward setting sail and heading back to Halfstead. When they do so, they leave with the good will and blessings of the Ulnat, as well as an ample reward. Jarvi, representing a grateful people, gifts them with ivory and amber worth 1000hs, a stack of hides which should fetch 300hs in Halfstead, and any of the jewelry taken from the Second Temple (provided that they promise to melt it down and thus ruin its perfidious design). Furthermore, he has a secret hoard of trade goods he has accumulated in the hopes that

some Northlanders would one day come to his village. The hoard consists of a few coins of mixed denominations (15hs in value) and a staff made of petrified wood carved with images of reindeer and mammoths (a *staff of striking*). Additionally, the characters are welcome in the Far North anytime, and the Ulnat hope they return in the spring to trade. The journey home is as swift and safe as the fates, and the Referee, allows.

The adventure may not be over, however, but just beginning. The Children of Althunak have been defeated but not the demon-god himself, and he continues to plot and scheme from his icy temple beyond the Wailing Mountains. The characters may be visited with foul weather, sudden and mysterious freezings, or even be stalked by creatures of ice and cold. Althunak is somewhat stymied in his quest for revenge, for he does not wish to tip off the other gods as to his continued existence. The Far North itself can be used for ongoing adventures, as no doubt there are many dangers and treasures beneath the vast tundra and frozen seas of ice. There is also a fortune to be made from the seals and walruses that throng the shores of Ulnataland every summer.

When the characters return to Halfstead, the Widow Olafson is expecting some sort of payment for the use of her boat from the venture's profits. Although the original arrangement was with Hallbjorn, the party should continue, if they have any honor at all, to recognize the deal, including the portions owed to the widows of Hallbjorn and any crewmembers lost. After receiving her shares from the spoils, the widow makes them the following offer.

> Hallbjorn spoke highly of you before he left on his ill-fated journey, and I am inclined to trust the word of a man so rich in mind's-worth. My daughters will not have need of the *Long Serpent* for some time, and I have enough wealth from my husband and from this voyage to have a new ship built for them when the time comes. It would be a shame for such a noble sea steed to sit on the beach and rot away, its dragonhead silent and name forgotten. If you are men (and women) who can bring glory and honor to it, and thus to my daughters, my husband's brave memory, and myself, I will gift it to you. All I ask is that in five years when my eldest nephew is ready to begin to learn the trades of the sea, that you take him with you and teach him well. May Donar and Wotan see over you, and find for you many brave adventures and great deeds to be done.

If the characters made an agreement at Heroes' Rest to return the magical items that they recovered, then they should feel honor-bound to return them. If they do not, then they find their voyage home haunted by the 3 wraiths of the former owners. If the wraiths are defeated, then the characters can keep the items as they see fit.

Finally, there is the issue of Althunak and his Temple of Ice and Stone. Alas, that is a story for another day, to be continued in the next chapter, ***Beyond the Wailing Mountains***.

NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains

By Kenneth Spencer



Beyond the Wailing Mountains is an adventure for *Swords & Wizardry* designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 3–4. The adventure involves a great deal of wilderness travel, deadly combats, and an ending that places the very fate of the world in the hands of the heroes.

Like all **Northlands Saga** adventures, *Beyond the Wailing Mountains* can be used on its own or as part of the adventure path. If used as part of the *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path, Beyond the Wailing Mountains* follows the events of *NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*, though playing the latter is not necessary to run this adventure.

Beyond the Wailing Mountains

Adventure Background

The Cult of Althunak rises again in the Far North. The madman Elvanti, an outcast among the Ulnat, dared travel the Trail of Ravens across the Wailing Mountains and into the White Fields of Death Beyond. There on the edge of a frozen lake within a ruined city of stacked stones, he discovered the sleeping demon-god Althunak. And with his discovery, the Cult of Althunak woke once again. With Elvanti as the new Chosen of Althunak, the cult swept across the mountains into the tundra of Ulnataland beyond and began the subjugation of the Ulnat villages.

Into this situation sailed Jarl Olaf Henrikson aboard his longship the *Long Serpent* seeking his fortune among the abundant hunting of the Seal Coast. But the jarl and his men ran afoul of the cultists in a surprise attack upon their camp. Many Northlanders fell in the battle before the cultists were beaten back, and among the dead was their beloved jarl. One of the jarl's huscarls, Hallbjorn Bolverkson, took charge of the expedition and launched a retaliatory attack upon a nearby cultist village, leaving vengeance and slaughter in his wake. Then with heavy heart, Hallbjorn ordered the much-diminished crew back to the ship and undertook the long voyage south again.

Back in Halfstead, Hallbjorn borrowed the *Long Serpent* from the jarl's widow and, with a handpicked group of heroes, sailed back north to pillage, loot, and bring the fire and destruction of vengeance upon the treacherous natives. It was time to go a-viking. Along the way, a strange and mighty storm blew up, and Hallbjorn was swept overboard. Landing on the shores of the Far North, the surviving heroes discovered that the savages, known as the Children of Althunak, were members of a cult that worshipped a fell and dark primordial deity of winter, rage, and cannibalism. This cult had conquered all but one of the villages of the peaceful Ulnat people. The heroes joined forces with the remaining Ulnat and destroyed the vile Children of Althunak. In the process, the unfinished Second Temple was destroyed.

However, the threat is not ended, as the ancient Temple of Ice and Stone still sits on the Lake of Frozen Screams. To rid the world of Althunak, this temple and the remains of his cult must be destroyed, an act of sheer madness and folly fit only for the most courageous or desperate of heroes.

Adventure Summary

If not already there, the characters are drawn to the Far North by the strange wintery emanations of the restless Lord of Ice and Cold, who hungers for vengeance over the recent defeat of his cult. This culminates in a surprise raid upon the Ulnat that led the resistance against his reign in Ulnataland. The characters realize that Althunak still has some power, and that they must seek the Temple of Ice and Stone and confront Elvanti if the Far North is to know peace. To reach the heart of the fell god's power, they must journey from the Seal Coast to the foot of the Wailing Mountains, a journey that requires weeks of travel across the tundra. From there they must find their way along the Trail of Ravens through the Wailing Mountains, all the while facing the wrath of the Lord of Ice and Cold, as well as the various denizens that lair in those foreboding scarps. After crossing the mountains and a journey across the blasted landscape of the White Fields of Death, a region wholly unnatural in its malevolence, the heroes reach the City of the Lord of Winter where stands Althunak's earthly abode, the Temple of Ice and Stone. They must battle their way past its guardians and confront the Chosen of Althunak in a fight to save the Far North, and maybe even beyond.

Adventure Hooks

Continuing the story begun in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***, the party either returns to the Northlands, waits out the winter among the newly liberated Ulnat, or decides to brave the coming winter and the Wailing Mountains immediately after defeating the Children of Althunak. Overwintering with the Ulnat may be a good idea, but the winter is particularly cruel and harsh. Ulnataland lies close to Althunak's home on the mortal plane, and his power is not only greater there, but easier to hide from other deities. The season passes without any attack, though the bitter cold and 5ft of snowfall constitute a difficulty. The party may instead choose to brave the Wailing Mountains immediately after shattering the power of the Children of Althunak. Winter — an especially foul winter — is fast approaching, and the characters must battle against unnatural elements in order to cross the mountains and reach the Temple of Ice and Stone beyond.

Another option is for the party to return to the Northlands, leaving the Ulnat to contend with the horrors of Althunak's frigid wrath. If this is their choice, then circumstances draw them back to the Far North. Omens of a coming evil begin to gather, such as sudden frosts in summer, milk or ale frozen in their containers, and a very short summer followed by an extremely harsh and long winter. These omens point to something bad going on in the Far North, and the characters should have a big clue what it is: Althunak is not thoroughly defeated, and some of his power remains. If the heroes don't get the hint, or are unwilling to journey north and face Althunak on his home ground, then a friend or ally from Ulnataland can make the long kayak journey south to find them. If the mournful pleas and tales of unnatural weather do not move them, well, they can sit in the tavern for all the gods may care.

For Referees running this adventure on its own, the above hints of something foul to the north can be used. The party may also have heard of the *Long Serpent's* adventures in the Far North, tales of the horrible evil fought and the treasures recovered. This may lead them to journey to Ulnataland themselves and seek the fortune in hides, tusks, blubber, and amber found there. Another option is that they are exploring the seas beyond the Northlands and have stumbled upon the Seal Coast. Finally, this adventure can be run as part of a shipwreck story, where the party washes up on Ulnataland and must contend with the problems faced by the Ulnat — problems that threaten the Far North and maybe even the world.

If the characters successfully returned to Halfstead after completing ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***, the widow Henrikson allows them to borrow her ship once again to use to return to Ulnataland under the same agreement as before. The crew that comes with the ship will not accompany the characters on any journeys inland.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins in earnest as the characters arrive in the Ulnat village of Laquirv on the Seal Coast. It was here that the campaign against the Children of Althunak was launched and to here that the Ulnat people look for guidance. Laquirv is a village of some 200 Ulnat in 26 hide huts. A midden heap lies just to the west, and 40 kayaks are beached upon the shore. Tarps at the edge of town cover more than two dozen dog sleds as their teams wander among the dwellings, playing and fighting for scraps. The village headman, and de facto elder of all the Ulnat by virtue of his wisdom and reputation, is Jarvi. It was he who sent his sons to seek help against the Children of Althunak. One, Yilithi, returned bringing riders of the dragon ships of the south who brought sword and flame to the cult of Althunak and destroyed its Second Temple of Ice and Stone. (This was the characters if they played through the adventure ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***.)

The characters arrive in the village to find it locked in the throes of sorrow. At last, Jarvi's other son, Kelvani, has returned. He washed ashore late in the night, encased in a block of ice. Though obviously dead, he was brought into the main lodge and placed by the fire to free him from his icy prison so he could be given the proper Ulnat burial rites. But despite the fire blazing for more than 12 hours now with the driest driftwood and hottest-burning peat, and the interior of the hut thick with smoke and as hot as a sweat lodge, not a bit of the ice encasing the dead Ulnat warrior has begun to melt. Not a drop of melt water has struck the floor beside the fire where the ice block has been propped.

The characters are quickly ushered into the tent where Jarvi, looking 10 years older than when last they saw him, and his son, Yilithi, face tight with anguish and rage, sit beside the fire ignoring the heat and smoke to be with their kin. That the young warrior is dead is clear beyond a shadow of a doubt, as his eyes stare sightlessly into eternity and his skin is black with frostbite. His lower jaw is broken and hangs open, gruesomely distended, and someone obviously arrayed him in his death pose, legs straight, arms crossed over his chest — one hand holding the broken haft of a spear and the other clutching a bloody severed hand. Jarvi can see it as nothing other than the work of Althunak and his vengeful cult for the defeat they suffered at the hands of the Ulnataland's saviors and a dire warning that the Lord of Ice and Cold is far from through with the inhabitants of the Seal Coast.

If the characters examine the ice-encased body, they find that it is virtually impervious to harm (even being immune to fire). There are no wounds on Kelvani, but he has very obviously frozen to death. The effect is supernatural so there is no aura of magic present, but if detected for, the ice block does give off an evil aura of moderate power.

Winter's Fury

After the characters examine the body, Jarvi invites them to sup with him upon the village's recent bounty of roasted seal meat and a stew of highly prized mushrooms, washed down with strong mead recently imported from the Northlands. They are joined in the meal by Yilithi and the other village elders, and their families. There is little talk, as the long night leaves plenty of time for that, making the meal a somber affair as darkness falls outside.

Not long after the meal begins, the distant sound of dogs barking is heard. Characters who make a saving throw have time to grab their arms and armor and prepare for when a few moments later, a cacophony of barking snarling dogs breaks out in the camp, followed closely by shrieks of pain and fear and the shouts of battle. If the characters made the initial saving throw, they can exit the hut immediately to join the fight. If not, then they must spend 2 rounds gathering weapons and shields stacked against the hut's walls as is tradition among the Ulnat.

Elvanti, the Chosen of Althunak, follows his god's warning of the frozen warrior with a retributive strike of his own for the destruction of the Second Temple. A pack of yeti has descended from the Wailing Mountains and made the long march to the town in secret. An ice troll, one of Elvanti's snow brides, leads them. Though dozens of creatures are attacking the village, the characters only have to deal with those in the immediate vicinity of the main lodge. Yilithi and the village warriors deal with the rest. If the characters made their initial save, they face only the **snow bride** and **2 yeti**; but if they were delayed due to gathering their weapons, an additional yeti joins that group. To make matters worse, Althunak chooses approximately this moment to unleash the rest of his curse. The ice encasing Kelvani cracks open, and he rises as a **fetch**. Jarvi's shrieks in the hut alert the characters, but (unless they left a character in the hut when the battle began) they arrive in time only to find Kelvani's cold claws around his father's throat, having strangled the life out of him.

Snow Bride, Troll, Ice: **HD** 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, regenerate 2hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, vulnerability to fire and slashing weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

Yeti (2 or 3): **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Kelvani, Fetch: **HD** 3+2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 6; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: freezing touch, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 241)

Treasure and Experience: This is likely to be a brutal combat with a good chance that a character might fall in battle, and there is no real way to avoid the combat. Since the monsters are not carrying treasure, offset that lack of available experience points by tripling the ordinary number of XP that would be awarded just for the combat itself.

Development: After the battle, if the ice troll is slain, one of the villagers originally from the village of Alcanavt exclaims in shock and distress. He says that he recognizes the creature. Even through its hideous troll features, it is obviously female, and he states that he can tell that it bears the face of Klinqa, the fair maiden who first rebuffed Elvanti's hand in marriage. After returning, he conquered Alcanavt first and took Klinqa back with him beyond the mountains, proclaiming her his first "snow bride." After that, many other villagers were taken prisoner as his conquest spread — many of them likewise fair maidens to be made brides of the new master.

Grim Counsel

Following the attack, Yilithi and the surviving elders gather and confer quietly. They then summon the characters into their midst. Yilithi, hero of the Ulnat for bringing the Dragon Riders to save the land the first time, speaks to them.

"My father and I spoke of this long before you arrived this day. We thought that with the destruction of the Temple of Ice and Stone and the scattering of the cultists of Althunak our troubles with the Lord of Ice and Cold would cease. However, these portents that we have seen and smelled on the North Wind, and now the tragedies of this day, show us as fools.

"I know little of this fell cult, but I have spoken to many who served as slave laborers on the construction of the temple out on the tundra that now stands as little more than piles of scorched stones. Though the Temple of Ice and Stone was of importance to Elvanti's plans for Ulnataland, it was not the source of his power. For he disappeared beyond the Wailing Mountains for a season ere he came back as the cursed thing he is now, and the workers say that when he spoke of the temple they were building that he referred to it often as the 'Second Temple.' My fear is that another, greater Temple still

remains beyond that wall of mountains and that until it, too, has fallen, Ulnataland shall know no peace from the Eternal Winter. We turn to you outlanders in this, our time of need.

"I know little of what lies beyond the Wailing Mountains, just that legends say it is a place of evil. The Children of Althunak claim that their god lives there in a giant hut of stone in a sea of ice. To reach it, one must travel the Trail of Ravens, a treacherous and dangerous path through the Wailing Mountains. Other legends, older and from the first of our people to come from this land, speak of the trail as a fool's quest but one that mighty heroes of old once walked to face evil. Of the few lines of the saga I can recall, the one that sticks in my mind the most is this, 'The Trail of Ravens is littered with the bones of heroes.' If you will go, go carefully lest you add to that horrid passage."

If the characters agree to this undertaking, they may wish to recruit some of the Ulnat warriors to accompany them on their quest. Although brave and willing to help, the warriors are also concerned with making sure they and their families have enough food to last the winter. If the characters try to recruit some, roll 1d3 to see how many warriors are willing to go. Offering financial incentives will not increase the number of hirelings they can recruit, but a well-made argument about the importance of the quest can increase this number by 1d2 more warriors.

The Ulnat do not understand the concept of receiving orders, and can make unruly allies. They are brave and stalwart, and quite proficient at hunting and surviving in the frozen wilds. If at any point the Ulnat are mistreated or disrespected, they likely simply walk off, not wishing to be slave to any man. Finally, the Ulnat would be willing to lend the party dogsleds (one per character and NPC) to carry them at least to the Wailing Mountains, though it is doubtful the dogs would be able to make it across the Trail of Ravens. The dogsleds each have teams of 10 dogs. The dogs are virtually useless in combat; they are durable, but not trained to attack anyone unless they are attacked.

Ulnat Warrior (Rgr2): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.

Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Guard Dogs (Wolf): HD 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

The Ulnat provide the characters with provisions to last them a month, as well as heavy furs and enough tents to shelter them at night. For each tent, they provide a heating lamp and a month's supply of whale oil. They attempt to fulfill any other reasonable requests for equipment or supplies, but keep in mind their relatively primitive level of technology and limited trade when deciding if such an item is available.

Referee's Note

If the characters played through ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***, then it is likely that they journeyed to Heroes' Rock near the village of Gualivik and recovered the legendary weapons entombed there. If so, then they likely swore an oath to return the weapons after defeating the cultists. If they did not, then wraiths of the deceased heroes of Ulnataland should have hunted the characters down for their return. If they did return them, then they may want to retrieve them again to assist in their current quest.

If the characters have not visited Heroes' Rock, then Yilithi suggests that they do so before heading north. Use the section of ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** in **Chapter 2** titled "Heroes' Rock" to detail their encounters there. If the characters are returning to the rock after a previous trip, then they find all as they left it when they were last there. The buried heroes confront the characters just as before and demand the same oaths in order to use the weapons again. Assuming the characters swear them once more, then they can recover the legendary weapons of the Ulnat to assist them in their quest against Elvanti.

Chapter One: Ulnataland

This portion of the adventure takes place in Ulnataland, the tundra that starts at the southern escarpment of the Wailing Mountains and extends all the way to the Seal Coast and the fragile Ulnat villages that cling there, braving these harsh latitudes.

The Far North

Beyond the Wailing Mountains takes place in a region called the Far North, a land of ice and tundra that lies well within the Arctic Circle. It sits to the northeast of the Northlands at the extreme edge of the continent of Boros, and is a land beyond the boundaries of the known world.

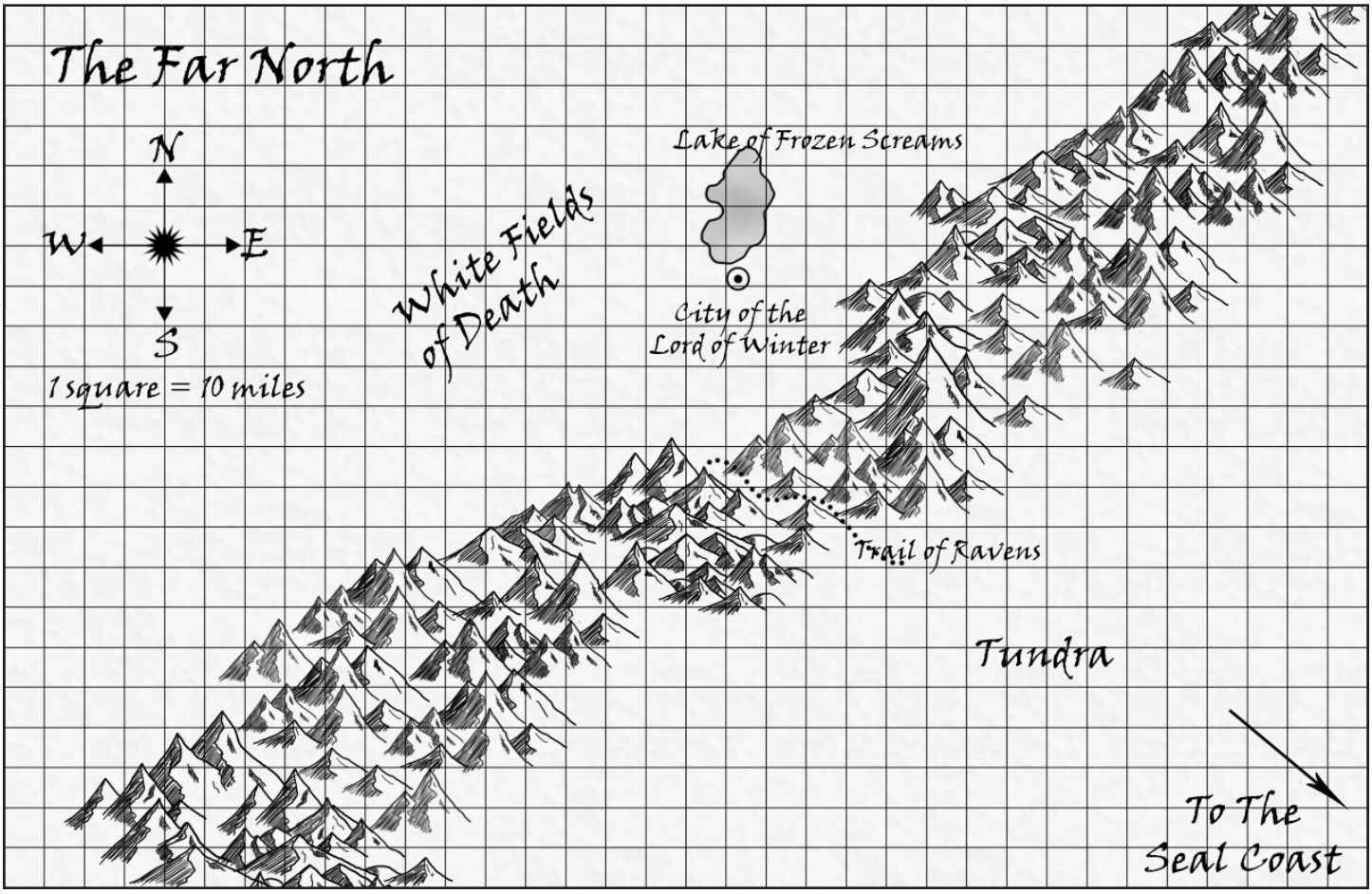
The Seal Coast

This cold and rocky coast supports hundreds of thousands of seals, walruses, and seabirds during the summer months. Cliffs rise up along the coast, broken here and there by beaches that tend to be more rock than sand. The cliffs are home to hosts of seabirds, including gulls, ospreys, cormorants, frigate birds, puffins, and terns. Fur-bearing seals, as well as elephant seals, walruses, and sea lions cover the shores. Fish, crabs, squid, krill, whales, and porpoises fill the seas.

Clinging precariously to this coast are the small villages of the Ulnat peoples, battered and scarred by their recent conquest by the Children of Althunak. Details of these villages are provided in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***. At this time, the villages of Gualivik, Hranavik and Laquirv are the only ones still occupied by the Ulnat; the rest are little more than burned-out remains where pitched battles were fought against the Children of Althunak and the sites abandoned by the survivors. Though Gualivik is the largest Ulnat settlement, numbering thirty-five hide huts and some 280 villagers, it is Laquirv that serves as the lead village as the only one that stood firm against the cult and from whence the seeds of rebellion rose. See "Beginning the Adventure" above for details of the events in Laquirv. In all, only 600 Ulnat are permanent inhabitants of the villages of the Seal Coast, with perhaps another 2000 scattered in nomadic bands along the coast and across the tundra. Though small in number and recovering from the recent conquest of their lands, they are a hardy and hopeful people that are already on the road to recovery if the depredations of the Lord of Ice and Cold can be staved off for a time.

Tundra

The interior of the Far North is a vast tundra dotted with small microclimates that support stunted and twisted trees and shrubs. The wind is strong and a constant force that man, beast, and plant must contend with. During the day, the temperature slowly rises to slightly more than 50° F, and at night, it dips into the upper 30s (and approaches freezing by morning). Mosses, lichens, and heath cover the ground. These low-lying plants often grow in clumps separated by small rivulets of melt water. Boggy areas are common around the lakes and are often the breeding



ground of all manner of nasty little flying things such as mosquitoes, black flies, and no-see-um (a very tiny biting fly).

During the summer, the sun rarely dips below the southwestern horizon, instead dropping low in the sky for a long, 5-hour twilight before rising to begin another day. Characters must adapt to this near-constant daylight, something that no doubt throws them off in regaining spells, etc. This means that, when you take into account the openness of the terrain, there are few places to hide on the tundra.

Gathering food is difficult, as is hunting. Tracking is somewhat easier, as the ground is moist all summer and the low-lying plants do not bounce back quickly once trod upon (+20% bonus to ranger tracking checks). Herds of musk oxen, caribou, woolly rhinos, and mammoths wander the tundra, as do the wolves and great cats that prey upon them. Most of these animals tend to be in the southwestern portion of Ulnataland, preparing for their annual migration to slightly warmer winter grounds.

The characters may very well want to explore the tundra, either before or after crossing beyond the Wailing Mountains. There is little for them to gain in treasure, though bringing back a mammoth tusk or two would be profitable and impressive. If they decide to spend time on the tundra, or as they cross the tundra to reach the Wailing Mountains, check for random encounters once a week on the table below.

Crossing the tundra to reach the Trail of Ravens takes 2 weeks if traveling by dogsled over the intermittent patches of snow (or 3 weeks if on foot). Roll once per week for an encounter.

Tundra Random Encounter Table

1d20	Encounter
1–5	No encounter
6–7	Cultist Drifters
8	Mammoth!
9	Wolves
10	Strange Lights
11	Musk Oxen
12–13	Caribou
14	Woolly Rhinoceros
15	Saber-Toothed Tiger
16	Giant Wolverine
17	Wild Boar
18–19	Ulnat Hunters
20	Cave Bear

No encounter: Nothing unusual happens this week.

Cultist Drifters: A band of **1d8+1 Children of Althunak cultists** led by a shaman are wandering the tundra, their power broken and their allies scattered. They are a sorry lot who wish only to make it across the mountains to rejoin their fellows. They fight, but their hearts are not in it. They surrender if overmatched. If the party needs some clue as to how to cross the Wailing Mountains, a prisoner might know the route (though he may not be trustworthy).

Children of Althunak Cultist (Ftr2) (1d8+1): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).
Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shaman: HD 6d6; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon mephit (1/day).
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.
Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

Mammoth!: A herd of 1d10+5 of these massive beasts ambles by, ignoring the pesky fleas that dare to intrude on the summer feeding and breeding grounds. If the characters actually attack and survive a pitched battle with the herd (they do not retreat unless three or more are killed), the characters can add 7 days' rations, and recover ivory and furs worth 2000hs.

Mammoth (1d10+5): **HD** 12; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** trunk (1d10); 2 gore (1d10+4), 2 trample (2d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 315)

Wolves: A pack of 3d4 hungry wolves stalks the party for days, attacking at the first opportunity — i.e. when someone is wounded, weakened, or alone.

Wolves (3d4): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Strange Lights: The northern lights are aglow, familiar to Northlanders but strange to those from other places.

Musk Oxen: A herd of 1d12+6 of these shaggy beasts forms a circle at the approach of the party, their horns pointed out and the 3d6 noncombatant young in the middle. Each musk ox slain adds 2 days' rations to the party's stores.

Musk Oxen (1d12+6): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities*** 59)

Caribou: Deer-like animals move by in a great herd thousands strong, heading toward the southwest and their winter forage. The characters can secure 1d6 days' rations by hunting them.

Woolly Rhinoceros: This fearsome and irritable beast takes a dislike to the party and attempts to drive them off, only closing to attack if injured. It is worth 3 days' rations if killed.

Rhinoceros, Woolly: **HD** 10; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** horn (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: double damage on charge. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 643)

Saber-Toothed Tiger: This massive **giant smilodon** stalks the party for several days before attacking late one night, grabbing a victim and running off. Attacks continue for 3 nights, stop, and then resume for another 3 nights.

Smilodon, Giant: **HD** 15; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (3d6+1); **Move** 12 (swim 6); **Save** 3; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: rear claws (if both claws hit, extra 2d6+1). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 648)

Giant Wolverine: A **giant wolverine** decides that the party's campsite is a perfect place to raid. He comes charging in the early morning light, grabs whatever food or livestock he can, and heads off across the tundra. If tracked, he is in his lair, a small burrow dug into the side of a hillock.

Wolverine, Giant: **HD** 6; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N (or C); **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: ferocity (+4 to hit bonus), musk. (***Monstrosities*** 516)

Wild Boar: The characters wander into the territory of a mated pair of **wild boars**. These large swine spend most of their time rooting around in sedges and mating, and attack in a maddened rage if encountered. They each provide 2 days' rations if killed.

Boars, Wild (2): **HD** 3+3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (3d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: continue to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0hp. (***Monstrosities*** 48)

Ulnat Hunters: A group of **1d6+1 Ulnat warriors** and their **dogs** (one per two warriors, rounded down) are out hunting on the tundra. If the characters have friendly relations with the Ulnat, these hunters stop and chat, sharing their camp and rations for the night. If the party is in sad shape, the Ulnat provide what help they can, such as directions, up to 1 day's rations, and information on what creatures have been seen in the area (roll again on the encounter table and determine a direction and 1d4 days in which the encounter lies). Should the characters be on poor terms with the Ulnat, the hunters keep their distance but do not attack unless provoked.

Ulnat Warrior (Rgr2) (1d6+1): HD 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6), handaxe (1d6), or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** alertness (1-in-6 chance of being surprised), +2 damage to giants and goblins, tracking.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, handaxe, 2 javelins.

Guard Dogs (Wolf): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Cave Bear: This grumpy and hungry beast hangs around the party's camp hoping to score a quick meal. If slain, he provides the party with 2 days' rations.

Bear, Cave: **HD** 7; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d10+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 3d6 additional damage). (***Monstrosities*** 38)

Wailing Mountains

These high and imposing mountains are composed of gray stone and rise oddly out of the surrounding tundra. There are no foothills or general upslope in the approach to the Wailing Mountains, just a sudden springing of towering masses of stone. The mountains themselves are sheathed year-round with a thick layer of ice from their peaks to halfway down their steep flanks. The mountains support no life, as the wind whips from the west, scouring even the shale and scree from the stony slopes.

Chapter Two: The Trail of Ravens and Beyond

Into the Mountains

The Trail of Ravens begins in a hidden dale at the foot of the Wailing Mountains and winds up through valleys, eventually crossing into the mountains proper. If the characters have been told where to look, then finding it requires 1d2 days after the characters arrive at the mountains. Otherwise, searching the dales at the base of the mountains requires 1d4 weeks before they stumble upon the correct one. The trail itself is only 3ft wide at many places and involves 60 miles of hiking and climbing, much of it at a sharp incline, even though it covers only 20 miles as the crow flies. The going is rough, and hazards abound. In the mountains proper, the wind whips across the bare slopes and thunders down from the snow-covered peaks with an incessant moaning wail that rises and lowers in pitch with the speed of the frigid winds. It is from this unsettling feature that the mountains gain their name. The trail follows along the edges of chasms and ravines, skirts high cirques, and crosses the mountains on saddles of bare rock. There are plenty of places for an ambush, and a feeling of being watched constantly plagues any traveler.

The wind and the low ambient temperatures pose a constant threat, and travelers are not able to make good time. No matter the season, the days here are shorter, and the nights much colder than would be expected. This is doubly true on the western face, as the Trail of Ravens descends ice-coated switchbacks to the White Fields of Death beyond. Characters unprepared for the harsh environment might freeze to death in the extreme cold unless precautions are taken such as cold-weather gear, multiple layers of clothing, and protection for the face and hands, which should alleviate these threats for the most part. Otherwise, roll one of the following per day for an unprotected character (1d3): 1: cumulative –1 penalty to hit (–10 maximum); 2: loss of a quarter of current hit points per day of exposure, 3: movement halved until re-warmed. If the Trail of Ravens is attempted in summer, then the daily temperature is 20°, dropping to –30° at night.

Wailing Mountains Random Encounter Table

1d20	Encounter
1–6	No encounter
7	Avalanche
8	Blizzard
9–10	Blocked Path
11–13	Crevasse
14	Hankul the Frost Giant
15–16	Ogres
17	Remorhaz
18	Trolls
19–20	Yetis

Following the trail is not easy, as it splits in many places and forms side trails that take divergent paths around obstacles only to rejoin the main trail a few hundred yards or even a few miles later. It is easy to get lost, end up on a side trail, and possibly lose sight of the main trail or how to get back to it. Each day of travel requires the party to roll above a 15 on 1d20 to avoid getting lost. For every ranger in the party, add +2 to the roll; for each elf or druid, add +1. Getting lost adds a day onto the journey as the party must backtrack to find where they turned wrong. In total, it requires 60 miles of travel by foot to traverse the Trail of Ravens, plus additional time for blocked routes and backtracking, and travelers can make approximately 5 miles per day. Even if the party is capable of flight, such travel is not advisable by anything smaller than a dragon because of the buffeting and exhausting gale-force winds that keep flyers confined to the lower altitudes.

In addition to the environmental hazards of the Wailing Mountains and one set encounter described below, numerous sudden threats and wandering creatures exist that would like nothing more than to munch on some tasty adventurers. Roll once each day on the table below to determine if a random encounter occurs, but you may need to apply some commonsense based on the experience and general health of the party. None of the monster encounters occurs more than once, and repeated rolls for the same should be treated as no encounter.

Avalanche: With a thundering crack, a mass of snow tumbles down the mountainside and rushes toward the party. The path ahead is blocked, and the party has to find another way through the Wailing Mountains, backtracking at least 5 miles to find a different trail, and losing a day of travel.

Blizzard: The weather is getting worse, and that's saying something considering the weather in the Wailing Mountains is already pretty bad as a fierce blizzard starts to form. In the next 1d6–1 hours, the wind picks up, clouds move in, and the snow starts to fall. In the next 24 hours, 30 inches of snow falls, filling passes and blocking any movement. The cold is extreme during this time. Anyone caught outside has a 30% base chance (minus their level) each day of freezing and falling unconscious from the frigid air sapping their strength. Anyone not protected from the elements has a 75% base chance. Anyone that loses consciousness risks suffocation from being buried under the accumulating snow. Conscious characters must continually dig themselves out. Movement is impossible in these conditions with no visibility, and the characters are delayed 3 days as they wait for the weather to pass, dig themselves out, and find a clear way to proceed. No encounters occur during that time since nothing else can move either.

Blocked Path: A recent avalanche blocks the way ahead, forcing the party to find another route. This causes the characters to lose a day of travel.

Crevasse: The party stumbles upon a crevasse across their path. There is a 2-in-6 chance that it is buried under a crust of snow. A ranger automatically notices this, and everyone else has a 1-in-6 chance before someone steps in it and falls through. The crevasse is 1d20x10ft deep and 1d6x5ft across. It has ice-slick sides only a thief can scale. Low-level flight is safe in these areas, but if the characters cannot find a way to cross the rift, treat it as a blocked path above.

Hankul the Frost Giant: This foul giant willingly threw his allegiance behind Althunak, and was set to guard a specific part of the Trail of Ravens.

Mostly, Hankul just sits on a rock staring across the White Fields of Death at the distant City of the Lord of Winter, hoping to one day earn a place there among the riches. If he encounters the characters, however, he attacks mercilessly with thrown rocks until he is able to close and hew at least one of them down with his axe before giving up pursuit and resuming his vigil. If spotted before he sees the party, he can be avoided by backtracking and taking a different fork in the trail, which costs a day of travel.

Hankul the Frost Giant: **HD** 10+1d4hp; **HP** 77; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed axe (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: hurl boulders (4d6), immune to cold.

Ogres: These brutes have been wandering north in search of easy plunder for more than 5 years now. They are less than intelligent and have yet to realize that their ever-northward trek is doomed to failure. When they encounter the party, their initial reaction is unfriendly, but the lead ogre (Smashface) is a bit smarter than the other two (Tusk and Take). They can be persuaded to serve as a mercenary force for the characters if characters ply Smashface with an appropriate payment of gold, food, alcohol, or weaponry or armor, plus promises of more. If the party looks weak, however, the ogres seize the opportunity for plunder and food.

Ogres (3): **HD** 4+1; **HP** 26, 23, 20; **AC** 6[14]; **Atk** huge club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Remorhaz: Another native beast converted over to Althunak's service, centuries ago the Lord of Ice and Cold's cult managed to capture and breed a pair of remorhazes, spawning a line of dreadful guardians. The inbred and corrupted descendants of this pair are dispatched to guard several branches of the Trail of Ravens. The remorhazes are mad with the taint of their service to Althunak, but are still cunning enough to watch and wait in ambush. They hunt alone, so only one is encountered at a time.

Remorhaz (1) (9HD): HD 9; **AC** 0[19], head/underside 2 [17]; **Atk** 1 bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** melt non-magical weapons that hit (top side only).

Trolls: Two trolls haunt this branch of the Trail of Ravens, hoping to make a good kill and not just feast but bring themselves to the attention of Althunak in order to enter his service (and get to eat a lot more humanoids). They are not terribly bright, and could be talked into letting the party pass if the characters can convince the trolls they are worshippers of the fell god.

Trolls (2): **HD** 6+3; **HP** 47, 44; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round.

Yetis: In ages past, Althunak counted many tribes of yetis among his followers. Today, only one tribe remains loyal, and is moving from its home farther north toward the City of the Lord of Winter to reaffirm their ancient pacts. Three of the yetis are moving ahead of the tribe, elements of which were involved in the recent attack on Laquirv, and are scouting the mountains and looking for prey. They are hungry, and the party represents meat on the hoof.

Yetis (3): **HD** 5; **HP** 36, 32, 29; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Across the White Fields of Death

Upon reaching the halfway point in the trek through the mountains, travelers begin to catch longer glimpses of the landscape that lies beyond. The White Fields of Death are a vast plain of snow and ice that extends from the Wailing Mountains to the far horizon. No living soul has ever been known to cross them, and it is unknown how far they extend to the west. From eastern peaks of the Wailing Mountains, the City of the Lord of Winter is visible on the opposite horizon, 50 miles away. To the north beyond the city, the plains reach to the pole and flow across it down the opposite side of the world to the Ebon Shroud. To the south lies other, warmer lands, and the White Fields of Death eventually disappear into tundra and then taiga. If Althunak and his cult have their way, the plains will extend clear to the other pole, engulfing all that lives in the grip of an eternal winter.

Traveling the White Fields of Death is a harrowing experience. The cold is deep, and penetrates through even the heaviest furs. The wind howls constantly, slicing at any exposed skin and driving the chill deeper into the explorers' bodies — there is always extreme cold, day or night (–30° to –60°). Above, a pale sun seems unable or unwilling to provide any heat, yet its constant glare off the ice can cause blindness (save each day at +8 or blinded for 1d2 days). There is little shelter and no trees — indeed no life at all. All food and fuel must be brought along from the other side of the Wailing Mountains, and it is likely that an unprepared party suffers greatly. Even movement is a chore, as there are only two kinds of terrain on the plains: snow-covered ice and bare ice. Covering 10 miles a day is making good time. The only breaks in the endless white are up-thrust ridges of ice, crevasses, and large snowdrifts. Any of these can be dangerous to traverse, and should be approached with care as explained under random encounters below.

On the White Fields of Death, encounters happen infrequently and at a longer encounter distance. However, the area is inhabited solely by the spawn of Althunak, dangerous creatures warped by the dread Lord of Ice and Cold into hideous abominations. Needless to say, these things attack intruders, sometimes stalking them for a while before swooping in for the kill. Roll on the encounter table for every day of travel spent in the White Fields of Death. An encounter with a particular creature should not occur more than once; otherwise, considered it as no encounter. Environmental hazards can occur multiple times.

Ice Ridge: The ice ridges are large chunks of ice thrust up out of the plains at steep angles that may soar more than 100ft in height in stretches upward of a quarter mile. Inside these ridges, the wan heat from the sun creates ice caverns that provide some shelter from the wind. However, these caves are likely to contain fell creatures bound in service to Althunak (see "Ice Cave" below), and they are not welcoming hosts. Any non-thief has a 10% chance of slipping and falling 1d6x10ft while crossing an ice ridge.

White Fields of Death Random Encounter Table

1d20	Encounter
1–8	No encounter
9	Ice Ridge
10	Crevasse
11	Snowdrifts
12	Bones of Althunak
13	Fell Ice Field
14	Tears of the Winter Lord's Victims
15	Ice Cave
16	Blue Fang the Snow Bear
17	Ice Golem
18	Devil Dog Pack
19	Ice Daemon Marauders
20	Young White Dragon

Crevasse: Crevasses can be found beneath any of the terrain: the fields of snow, the plains of ice, or even bisecting ice ridges. A crevasse is a deep fissure in the underlying ice field, and is difficult to cross, but is most dangerous when a layer of crusty snow lies above it. See "Crevasses" in the Wailing Mountains random encounter table above.

Snowdrifts: Large snowdrifts, which the wind has sculpted into dune-like formations, move slowly across the White Fields of Death. These pile up on the windward side of ice ridges, or are found in miles-wide snow ergs. The danger here is that the fine, loose snow does not provide good support for any creature larger than halflings. Roll 1d20 for larger creatures to safely cross one of these snowdrifts. On a natural 1, the creature falls in and is buried under 2d6ft of snow and must be dug out by others before suffocating in 15 rounds minus the number of feet of snow under which the character is buried.

Bones of Althunak: The Bones of Althunak are jagged pillars of ice that thrust themselves up out of the ice for 1d3 miles in all directions. When in a field of the Bones, 1d6 bones make sudden attacks on random characters for each mile traveled (rolls to hit as a 4HD monster, 1d8 points of damage plus 1d8 points of cold damage, AC 8[11], 10hp each).

Fell Ice Field: Fell Ice Fields radiate a deep and unnatural cold that saps the will and devours the body's heat. They spread in all directions for 1d6–1 miles (minimum 1 mile) and are not discernable from regular ice (rangers, elves and magic-users have a 20% chance to spot them). When crossing these fields, each character must make a saving throw for each mile traveled (or each hour if not moving). A failed save causes the character to suffer a cumulative –1 penalty to attacks and saves (–5 maximum), and halves his movement. Anyone reduced below a quarter of his original movement cannot go on, although comrades can carry or drag an incapacitated character.

Tears of the Winter Lord's Victims: This is an abyssal sleet that suddenly breaks over the party. Althunak is not a wasteful deity, and he makes use of what few resources are left to him. One of these is the anguished tears of the souls sacrificed to him — souls forever tortured in whatever far-off and frigid plane he dwells upon. These he gathers, and sends back to the mortal world as a demonic freezing rain. The sudden squall of salty, freezing rain howls in torment as it falls. The rain causes *fear* as the spell. If anyone panics as a result, roll immediately for another encounter to see if any of the plain's denizens converge on the site of the sudden storm in order to look for easy prey in headlong flight.

Ice Cave: The characters find an ice cave that may be used to get out of the wind and rest for a bit. However, ice caves are often the home of something large and dangerous, so roll for an additional encounter to see if one of the creatures from the encounter list comes to visit.

Blue Fang the Snow Bear: Blue Fang was once the companion to a wicked druid of the Nûk people. The druid turned to Althunak to gather more power, but this blasphemy against the natural order led to his downfall at the hands of a stout group of heroes. His companion, Blue Fang, escaped his master's doom and made his way north, where Althunak gifted the bear with power and intelligence. Most of the time Blue Fang sleeps in an ice cave, dreaming of the day when he may once more ravage the southern lands in his new master's name. The presence of trespassers on the White Fields of Death rouses the slumbering demon



ursine, and now he prowls the snow and ice. Originally a particularly large polar bear, Blue Fang has been changed by his time in service to Althunak. His fur is whiter, and his claws and fangs have turned a pale blue. Ice coats his body, and shards of ice protrude from his frozen hide.

Blue Fang the Snow Bear (Bear, Polar): **HD** 9; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+3), bite (1d10+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 3d6 additional damage), immune to poison, magical abilities, resists electricity (half damage). (***Monstrosities*** 38)

Magical abilities: 3/day—darkness; 1/day—cause disease.

Ice Golem: Long ago, there was a mighty, but vain, warrior named Heroth. Although he had vanquished his foes and driven them before him, he longed for more and sought to unite his nomadic people into a kingdom. The tribes rose against him, and he fled north, eventually wandering into the City of the Lord of Winter. In those bygone days, the city was a thriving cultic center, and Heroth was initiated into the mysteries. When the Cult of Althunak began to fail and the fell god retreated from the world, one of his earthly followers volunteered to live out the centuries until Althunak's return as a living statue of ice. Heroth became Ever-Faithful, an ice golem, and though the magic meant to keep his mind whole has failed, he still remembers one thing: kill any who are not of the cult.

Ever-Faithful, Golem, Ice: **HD** 7; **HP** 30; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 fists (2d6 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, breath weapon (3/day, 20ft long, 10ft wide cone, 3d6 cold, save half), immune to most magic, slowed by lightning, healed by cold, double damage from fire. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 241)

Devil Dog Pack: A pack of **1d6+3 voracious devil dogs** pick up the party's scent and are now stalking them. The hounds are difficult to see against the white of the snow and ice, and attempt to avoid detection before their attack. The hounds follow the party and attack them when their guard is lowered, such as when the characters have made camp and bedded down for the night. Devil dogs are hairy, wolflike beasts whose coats run from light blue to a dirty white. Their eyes glow with a blue light.

Devil Dogs (1d6+3): **HD** 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 21; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: frightening howl (30ft, creatures less than 6HD suffer –1 to hit and save, save avoids), immune to cold, throat attack (double damage and stun for 2d4 rounds if hit target AC by 4 or greater, die at end of stun duration unless healed). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 192)

Frost Men Marauders: In bygone ages, Althunak was able to press a legion of frost men into his service. Most of these were destroyed or scattered when the Lord of Winter's power was broken, yet some few remained bound in service. Now a band of **1d4 frost men** is sent to stop the interlopers from crossing the White Fields of Death, and they have found the party. The frost men simply charge in, screaming the name of their master in their foul tongue.

Frost Men Marauders (1d4): **HD** 4; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** hand axe (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: ice blast (3/day, 30ft cone, 3d6 cold damage, save for half), immune to cold, vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 257)

Equipment: hand axe.

White Dragon (Immature): When Elvanti reformed the Cult of Althunak, the dread god was able to call out to evil creatures throughout the Far North. One of those who answered that call is **Nastria**, an **immature female white dragon**. Driven from her nest by her siblings and struggling to make her way in the frigid wastes, Nastria offered her services to Althunak in return for power. The Lord of Ice and Cold has yet to extend any power to the vain dragon, and Nastria is yet to prove herself worthy of said power. As a result, she attacks the party with intent to cause as much damage as possible while keeping herself from suffering any major harm in order to prove herself without over-much risk.

Nastria, Dragon, White (Immature): **HD** 5; **HP** 15; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathes frost for 15hp damage (70ft long 30ft wide cone, save for half damage).

Legacy of Hvran

Regardless of the route the characters take to reach the City of the Lord of Winter, they inadvertently find themselves retracing the route taken by the army of Hvram on the march a thousand years ago.

> The fierce wind has stripped the snow from the underlying ground here creating a field of smooth ice many acres in size. The going is slick and the ice is unusually clear with a slight blue tint, almost giving the illusion that you are walking through a cloudless sky. After traveling forward several hundred yards, you start to see imperfections in the ice below. At first taking them for rocks or natural faults, it is only after you have been traveling over them for some time and they have increased in number greatly that you realize the horrid truth. As the clouds cover the wan sun for a moment, the glare on this strange blue ice lessens, and you get a good luck at the objects. Each is a perfectly preserved human warrior in ancient garb. They all stand erect below the ice as if they had sunk into it — some many tens of feet and others bare inches below the surface. The reach upward vainly toward the surface, mouths agape and dead eyes staring in shock or fear. You walk above a graveyard of floating ice corpses, surrounded on all sides by hundreds of the unfortunate souls.

Hvran's march against the City of the Lord of Winter was ultimately victorious but not without great cost. Here in this place his forces fell into a cunning trap laid by Althunak where the ice beneath their feet suddenly turned to thin slush, causing those atop it to suddenly sink in, only for it to refreeze moments later. Fully a third of Hvran's army was destroyed in this way, and the Ulnat hero was forced to march on unable to do anything to save those lost into the ice below. Among them was Hvran's wife, Kaliope. The last glimpse he had of her was her form suspended in the ice mere inches below his fingertips, her frozen eyes staring unseeing into eternity.

Unfortunately of the many heroes of old who died here, not all sleep well, troubled by the wickedness of Althunak that stirs once again across these frozen plains. The woman Kaliope now exists as a special, and very powerful, **glacial haunt**.

Glacial Haunt: HD 8; **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** claw (1d4 + sap strength) or +2 *spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12 (burrow 9); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** aura of bitter cold 1d4hp damage (10-ft. radius), create snowstorm (see below), sap strength (until re-warmed) by 1d4 with claws with 0 strength meaning frozen to death, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Tome of Horrors 4***)

Equipment: +2 *spear*

Tactics: Shortly after the characters discover that they stand in the midst of a frozen graveyard, the sun is hidden again behind a cloud as a snowstorm begins to build. This is actually the glacial haunt manipulating the weather. No matter what direction the characters attempt to travel on the slick surface, the snowstorm seems to stay with them, ever swirling in a clockwise rotation. Only if the characters split up can they discover that the snowstorm extends only in a 200ft radius that seems to follow one character in particular (determine which character randomly). Anyone within the epicenter of the snowstorm (including the character being followed) has a base 25% plus their level chance each round to notice the

cause. Among the frozen corpses suspended in the blue ice below, one in particular, that of a beautiful Ulnat woman wearing thick furs and holding a spear with an elaborately engraved head, appears to be following them as they move. This is Kaliope. As soon as she is spotted, she reaches up, her hands breaking through the ice to grasp a character's ankle. Each round that the glacial haunt grasps the character's ankle, he automatically takes 1d4 points of damage from her chilling touch, and he begins to be drawn down into the solid ice as if it was quicksand. If the character loses half his current hit points to this cold touch, he finds himself encased below a foot of ice. A character drawn under the ice in this way takes 1d6 points of cold damage each round he is encased, and begins to suffocate immediately, dying if not freed.

If the character or other characters damage the creature even as it hides in the ice (breaking through a foot of ice to reach it, or targeting the small portion of her body above the ice to grab the character's ankle), she switches to another target and tries again. If she takes damage on an attempt against each one, she abandons this tactic and simply emerges from the ice to attack in melee. If Kaliope is slain, she immediately dissolves into a small pile of slush that is carried away by the snowstorm as it too dies down, allowing the characters to leave this corpse field. She leaves behind a *+2 spear* that the characters can take if they wish.

Chapter Three: The Temple of Ice and Stone

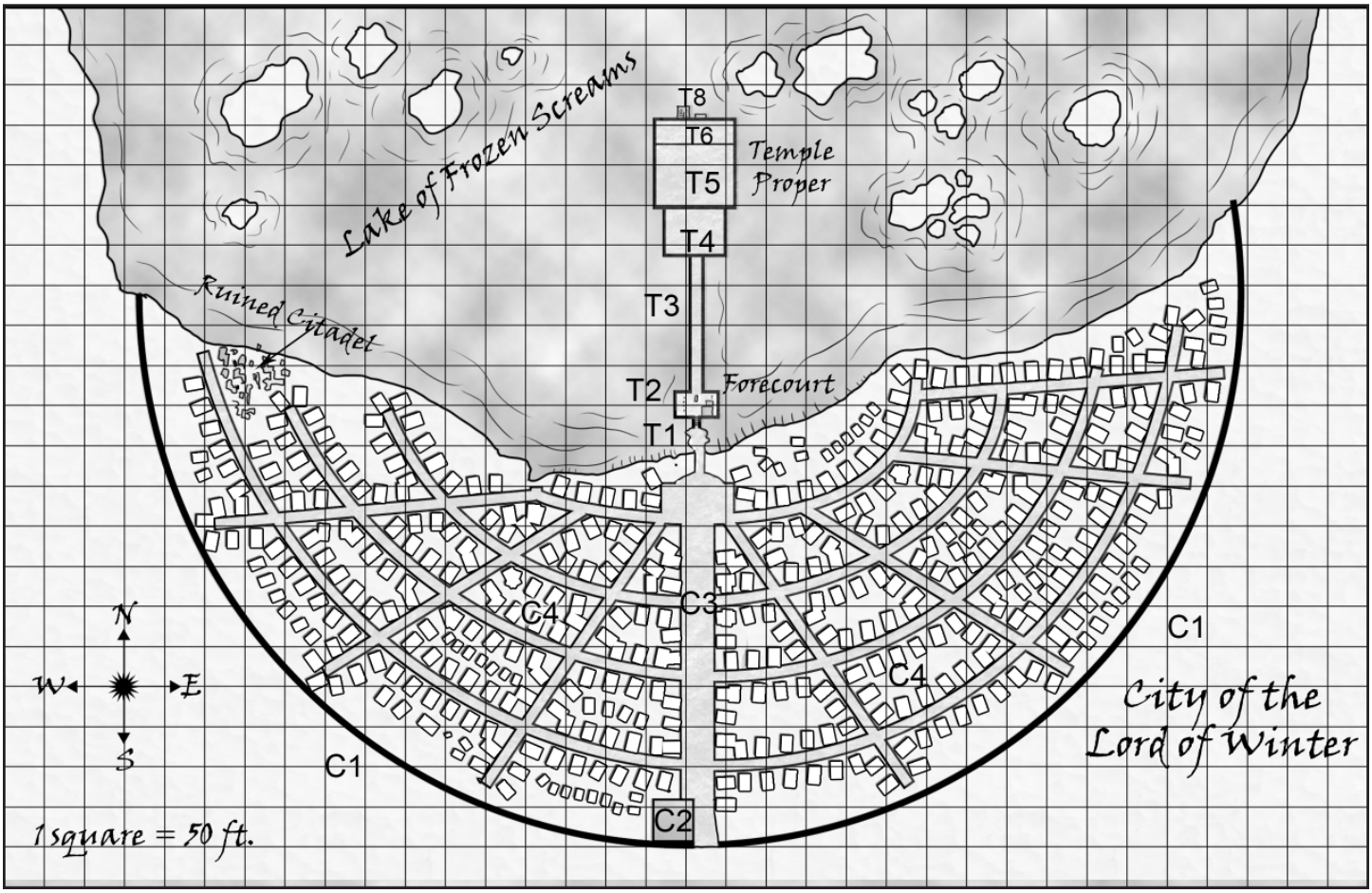
On the far horizon, its pale blue light casting a glow upon the clouds above, sits the City of the Lord of Winter and the Temple of Ice and Stone. Centuries ago, the Cult of Althunak built this temple and city to serve as the capital of their fell god's frozen empire. After his first defeat, Althunak fled here, building a new cult among the cities of the Uln. With the coming of Hvran Half-Born, the new cult too fell before the might of his gathered army, leaving the hiding deity bereft of worshipers.

All that changed a few years ago when Elvanti stumbled across the Wailing Mountains and into the ice-choked streets of the City of the Lord of Winter. Heeding a call to serve, and thus live to gain power and vengeance, the young man wandered out across the causeway and into the temple. There he first prostrated himself before the Idol of the Winter King, begging for an end to the burning cold and a curse upon those who shunned him. In response, the voice in his head bade him to strip bare and place himself as a sacrifice on the High Altar. This Elvanti did, and over a period of three weeks, the bitter wind tore the flesh from his body and all tender emotions from his heart. As his own muscles and organs were sliced away by the breath of his dark god, the voice ordered Elvanti to consume his own flesh, and thus the now-mad young man ate himself in a grim feast shared with Althunak.

Through death and self-cannibalism, Elvanti was reborn, though not as the young Ulnat hunter had once been. Now he was the Chosen of the Cannibal God of Ice and Cold, and Oracle of the Perpetual Winter. He resides there still, directing his followers and sending agents and priests out on missions for the Lord of Ice and Cold.

City of the Lord of Winter

The City of the Lord of Winter sits on the edge of a large lake of broken ice floes, the Lake of Frozen Screams. The city is semicircular and bounded with a high stone wall pierced by a single gate. The city and the temple are constructed of granite quarried from the Wailing Mountains and mortared with ice. The influence of Althunak keeps the temperature well below freezing, and the ice never melts. Throughout the city are statues and reliefs depicting scenes from the Liturgy of Icy Death or the Way of Hunger, the two unholy texts of the Cult of Althunak. These scenes are ones of unnaturally harsh winter and blatant acts of cannibalism. Feasts of severed humanoid body parts adorn the walls as friezes, and statues depicting Althunak in his various guises stand at intersections or leer



down from cornices amid smaller statues dedicated to past priests and champions of the cult.

The city is laid out in semicircular streets running parallel to the outer wall and pierced with radiating streets that join at the head of the causeway that leads out to the Temple of Ice and Stone. The broadest street is the Cold Lord's Way that runs from the causeway head to the gate at the Bastion of the Faithful. This street is used for major religious processions, and is the most highly decorated and ornamented street in the city. To the west of the causeway head is a small crumbled keep, the Citadel of Eternal Winter. Here the defenders of the city, the Eaters of Men, had their headquarters. This order of warriors is a foul perversion of a more civilized knighthood and, though their numbers are small, they pose a grave threat to any who would assault the city. At the end of the Cold Lord's Way is a large gate that serves as an entrance to the causeway. The causeway head is shaped to resemble the gaping maw of Althunak, ready to consume his followers and the sacrifices they bring. Passing through this mouth, one enters the causeway and begins the long, chill walk to the temple itself.

C1. The Outer Wall

A 20ft-high wall of ice-mortared stone encloses the City of the Lord of Winter on three sides. The wall would be easy to climb as the stones are not fitted together as tightly as one constructed with more common techniques were it not for the sheets of ice coating it. Any non-thief trying to climb it has a 30% chance to slip and fall per 10ft climbed. Along the top of the wall is a 10ft-wide walkway that is accessed only through the Bastion of the Faithful. The wall is meant more for show than defense and does not feature the usual defensive structures commonly found on city walls such as towers, crenellations, murder holes, or firing slits. The wall itself is filled with packed snow and ice, which provides a solid-enough core if no one decides to heat it up.

C2. The Bastion of the Faithful

The only entrance into the City of the Lord of Winter is guarded by a 40ft tower of ice-mortared stone. No gate bars the way, and the construction of the tower is simple in the extreme. The Bastion of the Faithful lacks crenellations, murder holes, or even arrow slits; it sits as an ornately decorated preface to the "splendors" of the city.

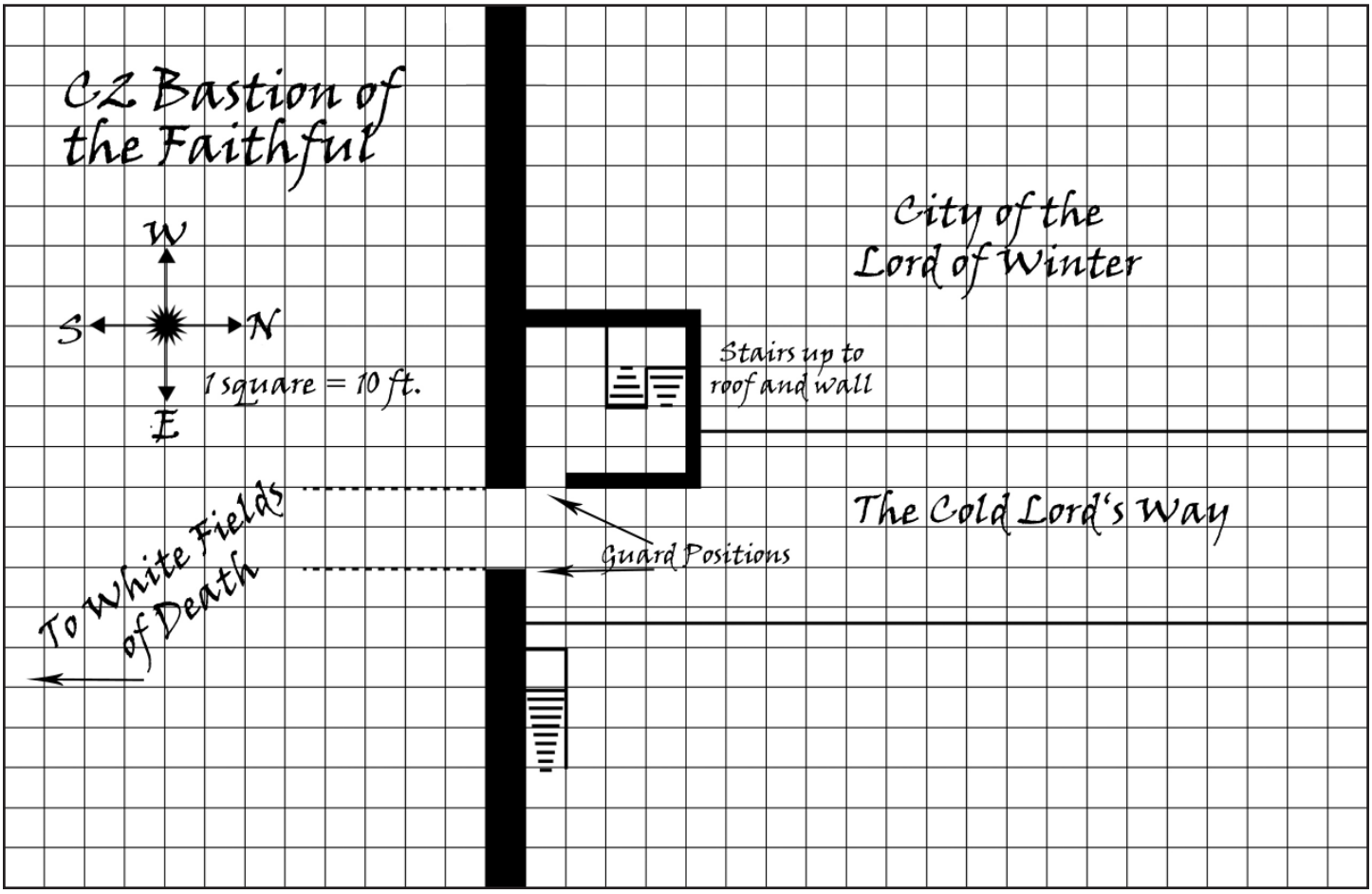
Inside the bastion is a small watch station guarded by a squad of the cult's elite Eaters of Men. A **Champion of Althunak** and **5 Eaters of Men** wait for any intruders to come along. A set of stairs leads up to an open doorway that leads onto the wall, and farther up through the tower to a hatch that opens onto the tower roof. Due to the lack of cover on the White Fields of Death, they likely see any approaching figures well in advance and are prepared for a fight. The champion and three temple guards lurk just inside the watch station, and two more temple guards have taken up positions on the wall across from the tower.

Eaters of Men (Ftr3) (5): HP 21, 19, 16; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4+1) or javelin (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +1 to hit and damage bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 6 rounds/day).

Equipment: heavy winter furs, wooden shield, club, 5 javelins.

Champion of Althunak (Ftr5): HP 33; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bastard sword (1d8+2) or javelin (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 15 rounds/day).

Equipment: heavy winter furs, *+2 shield*, bastard sword, 5 javelins, *amulet of protection +1* (as *ring of protection +1*).



Treasure: While the guards carry little in the way of treasure, their heavy furs provide protection from extreme cold, and the watch station holds simple provisions sufficient to feed 6 men for a week, which may be of particular value to a party of starving wanderers coming in off the White Fields of Death.

C3. The Cold Lord's Way

This processional stretches from the gates of the Bastion of the Faithful to the causeway head. It is a 50ft-wide street paved with rock hard ice. Along its length are reliefs and statues dedicated to the worship of Althunak, as well as a few murals made of colored ice.

If the party is not making any attempt to be stealthy, they risk the attention of several groups watching the street. These consist of three groups consisting of **8 Children of Althunak** led by a **Children of Althunak shaman**, two groups of **3 frost men**, and one patrol of **6 Eaters of Men** led by a **Champion of Althunak**. Space the first five groups as you see fit along the Cold Lord's Way, keeping watch over it and the nearby streets. The Eaters of Men patrol is stationed just before the causeway head, acting as a last-ditch defense of the causeway beyond.

Children of Althunak Cultist (Ftr2) (3 groups of 8): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).

Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

Children of Althunak Shamans (3): HP 30, 29, 25; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sickle (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** spells (2/2/1/1), summon mephit (1/day).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *predict weather*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*; 3rd—*prayer*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, sickle, *potion of healing*, stone holy symbol of Althunak.

Ice Mephit: HD 3; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 cold touches (1d3+1); **Move** 12 (fly 20); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** spit cold (20ft cone, save for half), gaseous form, immune (cold), vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***Monstrosities*** 327)

Frost Men (2 groups of 3): **HD** 4; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** hand axe (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: ice blast (3/day, 30ft cone, 3d6 cold damage, save for half), immune to cold, vulnerable to fire (double damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 257)

Equipment: hand axe.

Eaters of Men (Ftr3) (6): HP 23, 20, 19x2, 17, 16; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4+1) or javelin (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +1 to hit and damage bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 11 rounds/day).

Equipment: heavy winter furs, wooden shield, club, 5 javelins.

Champion of Althunak (Ftr5): HP 35; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bastard sword (1d8+2) or javelin (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: heavy winter furs, *+2 shield*, bastard sword, 5 javelins, *amulet of protection +1* (as *ring of protection +1*).

Tactics: These guardians' plan is to attack from ambush, pouring out of doorways or side streets. The three groups forming the remnants of the Children of Althunak are not entirely keen on the idea of dying for their fell god, especially since word has reached them of the slaughter of their fellows in Ulnataland. They wait until the characters are close, than descend on them in a howling, maddened wave. If the party is already engaged with another group of attackers, the cultists wait, letting someone else take the risk. The frost men are less timid. Once the heroes are spotted, they charge in, though if another force has already engaged the party, the frost men hold back, biding their time and waiting for a clear opportunity. Finally, the squad of Eaters of Men wait and clean up the remains of any battles left from fighting the others, as they are more than happy to eat anybody who falls in the fight — intruder, cultist, or frost man alike.

C4. Slaves' Homes of the Master of Eternal Cold

Even the servants of a dark god must have someplace to live, and the original designers of the City of the Lord of Winter realized this. To either side of the Cold Lord's Way spread low stone buildings that are the homes and storehouses of Althunak's most-loyal servants. These structures are simple in construction, each being 10ft to 20ft square and 1 or 2 stories high. They have no doors or window coverings, thus allowing the breath of their cold god to flow into every room. Furnishings are sparse, mostly plain carved beds and chests, though the ones occupied by the current cult members have pelts and other goods similar to those found among the Ulnat.

Most of the houses stand abandoned. For each house searched, roll 1d10. On a roll of 1–2, the house is inhabited by **1d6–2 Children of Althunak** and 1d2 noncombatant Ulnat slave women (Neutral female human commoner 1, 2hp). These houses also contain enough provisions in dried fish and bear fat to sustain 6 people for a week.

Children of Althunak Cultists (Ftr2) (1d6–2): HD 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** club (1d4) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 9 rounds/day).

Equipment: leather armor, club, 5 javelins.

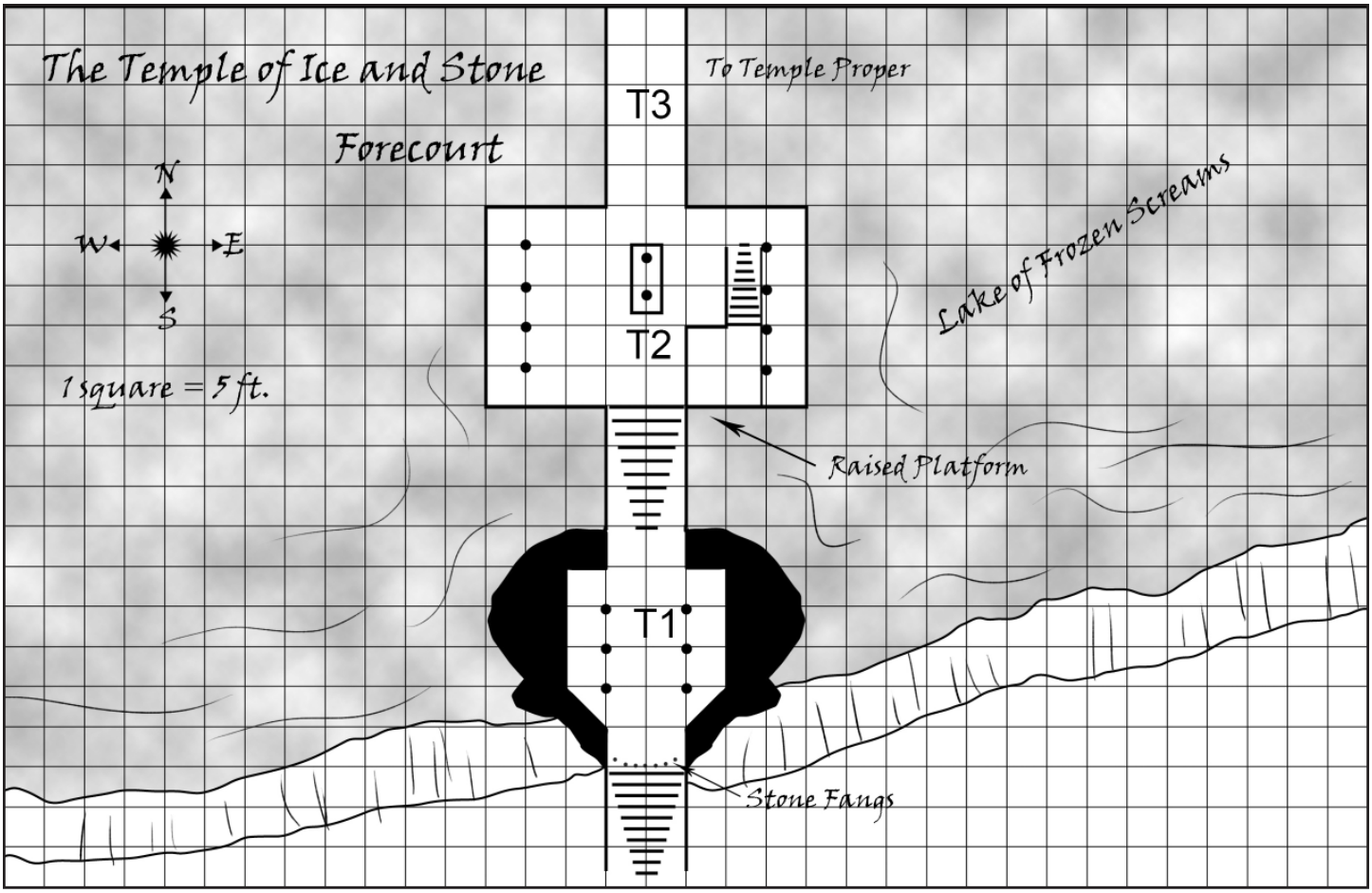
Treasure and Experience: The ancient cult had a great deal of wealth, and the occupied houses contain an ornately carved chest for holding ceremonial items. Each holds headdresses, necklaces, holy symbols, and other cultic paraphernalia made of gold and precious gems worth a total of 500hs.

Additionally, award 100 XP for each Ulnat slave freed from the cultists and escorted safely back across the Wailing Mountains.

The Temple of Ice and Stone

The Temple of Ice and Stone is constructed from blocks of granite mortared together with ice. It sits 50ft above the Lake of Frozen Screams on sixteen pillars of stone sunk deep into the lake's frozen bed. Ice coats any exposed surface, and drips down the walls in frozen rivulets, forming icicles that can measure up to 20ft in length. The walls are carved with reliefs depicting the history of the cult, as well as Althunak in his various guises as the Bringer of Winter, the Eater of Souls, the Howling Wind, and the Master of Eternal Cold.

From its start at the end of the causeway, the temple rises in three tiers, each suspended above the icy lake below. The first tier consists of the pronaos, a covered portico that serves as a gathering point for processions as they exit the causeway. Steps lead from the pronaos to the main cultic worship area, the cella. Sitting behind and partially above the cella is the opisthodomos, an area given over to the workrooms and living quarters of the highest members of the cult.



T1. Causeway Head

Forming the entrance to the causeway, the causeway head is shaped into a giant effigy of Althunak as the Eater of Souls, the more cannibalistic side of the fell god. Unlike the rest of the temple and city, the causeway head is not constructed of ice-mortared stone, but carved from a single block of granite. The mouth is open and studded with icicle-like fangs that extend down from the roof and reach up from the open jaws to frame the processional. Above this gaping maw are two large eyes made from sapphires cut into thousands of tiny facets to resemble fractured orbs of ice.

Treasure: The sapphires are worth 10,000hs each if anyone is bold enough to cut out a god's eyes.

T2. Foretemple

Directly behind the causeway head is an area dedicated to lesser services in the name of Althunak. From this foretemple, high priests atop a raised speaking platform addressed assembled throngs of worshippers and performed the daily sacrifices and prayers that form the mundane rites of the cult. The processional that runs from the Cold Lord's Way, across the causeway, and to the Temple of Ice and Stone splits to go around a raised dais here on which sits an altar of obsidian, complete with blood grooves and chains to hold sacrificial victims.

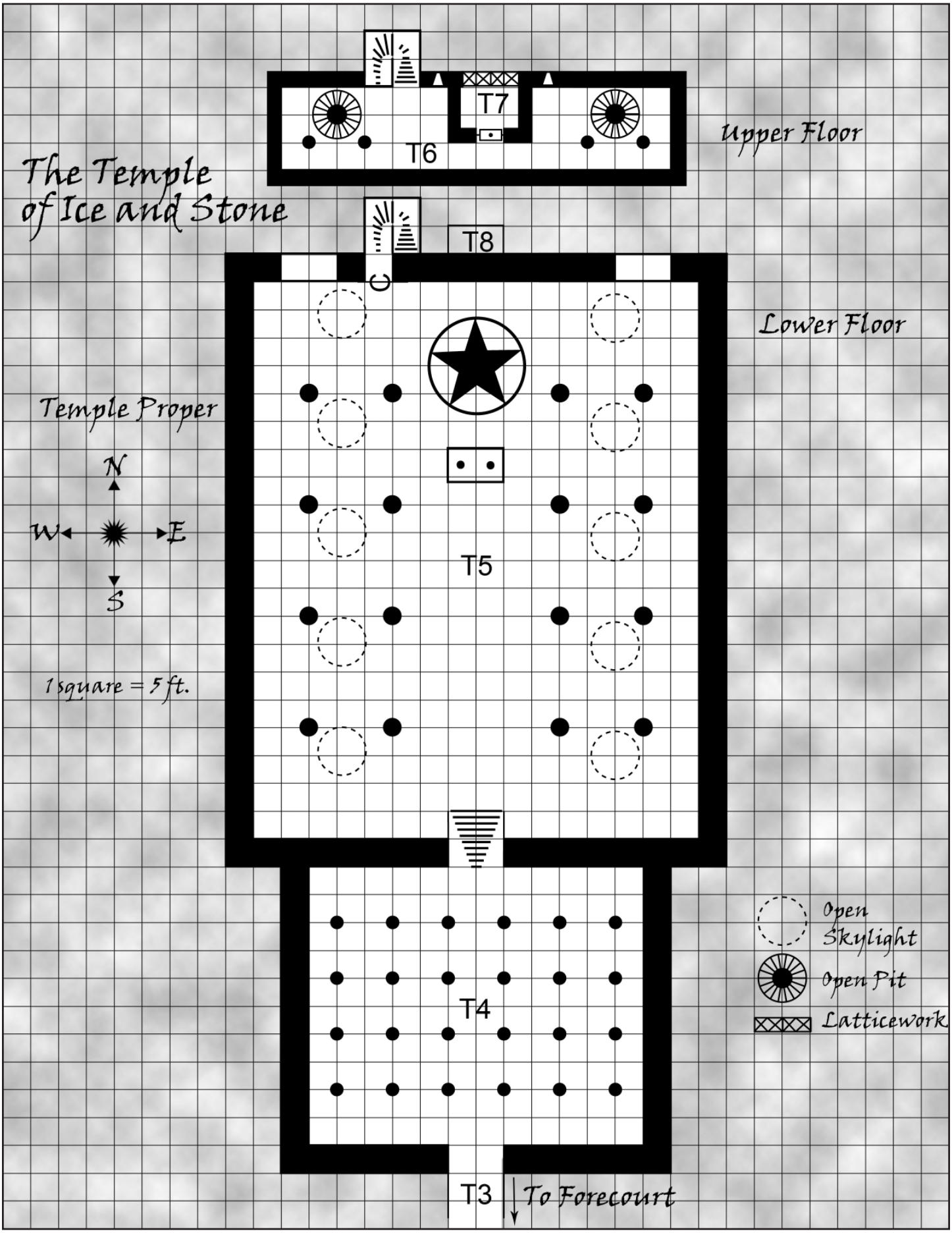
T3. Causeway

Connecting the foretemple and the City of the Lord of Winter to the temple proper is a long, narrow causeway only 10ft wide, but 160ft long. The causeway is built on stone pilings that rise up out of the icy Lake of Frozen Screams, sloping gently from the shore, 30ft above the lake, up to the Temple of Ice and Stone, at which point the causeway is 50ft above the lake's icy surface. There is no roof so that the breath of Althunak may play across the faithful as they proceed toward the Temple of Ice and Stone. As a result of the constant wind and freezing temperature, the causeway is covered with a thick layer of frost that forms patches of black ice in some places. The walking surface itself has a slight pitch so that runoff can flow off either side. As a result, crossing the causeway at anything faster than half speed is perilous, made even more so as there are no rails or other features to keep one from slipping off and crashing to the lake below. Anyone attempting to move faster than half his movement has a 50% chance minus his level of slipping. Roll 1d20 for anyone who slips; on a roll of 1–3, he slides off the causeway's edge to fall 40+ feet to the icy surface below for 4d6 points of damage plus hypothermia (–1 to hit and damage) and possible drowning.

Spaced along the length of the causeway are four pairs of statues depicting Althunak or one of his demonic minions. These statues leer over the causeway, threatening to topple down upon any who pass between them. The carvings are very lifelike, yet of an ancient artistic style. At four points along the causeway, circles of blue sapphire have been inlaid into the stone. Each circle takes the form of a sacred symbol of Althunak, a spiked snowflake, but formed into six concentric circles of repeating snowflake patterns (each slightly different).

Development: At each of these points, the faithful are expected to perform a short ritual of obeisance, and then proceed on their way to the temple. If the ritual is not performed, is performed improperly, or if the sapphires are disturbed, then the nearest two statues awaken as gargoyles who punish the transgressor before returning to their stony sleep. If the offender flees, then each pair of statues he passes awakens and attacks. The gargoyles do not pursue their prey beyond the causeway head or into the temple. Anyone fighting the gargoyles has a chance of slipping of the causeway (as described above).

Gargoyles (6): HD 4; **HP** 30, 28, 27, 25, 24x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4), horn (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 15); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +1 or better weapon to hit, fly.


The Temple of Ice and Stone
Upper Floor
T7
T6
T8
Lower Floor
Temple Proper
N
W
E
S
T5
1 square = 5 ft.
Open Skylight
Open Pit
Latticework
T4
T3
To Forecourt



T4. Pronaos

The pronaos sits 50ft above the lake, and is constructed in a simple post-and-lintel style. The ceiling is covered with a mural depicting Althunak leering down upon his faithful, hunger glinting in his multifaceted eyes and blood dripping from his fangs.

A band of **6 Children of Althunak Acolytes** wait here, prepared to die to stop the intruders from proceeding any farther and defaming the temple of their god.

Children of Althunak Acolytes (Clr2) (6): HP 5, 4x3, 3x2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** heavy mace (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** control undead, +2 save vs. paralyzation or poison, spells (1).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, heavy mace, heavy furs.

T5. Cella

A short set of stairs leads from the pronaos up to the cella, the main worship area for the cult. This room is also covered, but the ceiling and the farthest wall from the causeway are pierced with 10ft-diameter openings. At the far end stands the cultic statue of Althunak, the Idol of the Winter King, depicting him in all his glory as a seated king of ancient fashion, his throne made of gold, with a feast of victims at his feet. The right hand is raised, palm outward to greet his supplicants, the other rests on the left arm of the throne holding a severed human leg. Upon the statue's head is a crown made of diamonds and pale sapphires, crafted to look like icicles, set in a band of white gold. Amber and silver snowflakes adorn the chest and flanks of the god. The statue stands 40ft high and is made of narwhal ivory, covered in beaten gold, silver, and platinum. Before the statue is a blood-soaked ivory altar 3ft high, 8ft long, and 6ft wide. Behind the statue is a concealed door that opens onto an uncovered, ice-coated stairway that leads 50ft up to the opisthodomos (area **T6**).

Elvanti, **Chosen of Althunak** and Oracle of the Perpetual Winter, awaits the party here, ready to battle them in full view of his divine patron, and eat their hearts on the altar. He resembles a large, emaciated gorilla-like creature with a vaguely humanoid face dominated by a vast maw of black, needle-sharp teeth and tiny white eyes without pupils. Patchy fur the color of yellowed ivory covers his scalp and body, and his skin has the appearance of having been removed in ragged strips to reveal muscle and bone below, with what remains of it blackened by frostbite and stretched taut over an emaciated frame with a distended belly. His hungering deity devoured whatever vestiges of him that were once human long ago. He makes no pretense, and does not try to hide or use cunning tactics; he simply waits and kills. With him are **2 snow brides** taken from among the cult's slaves.

Elvanti, Chosen of Althunak: HD 10; **HP** 71; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8 plus 1d6 cold plus grab), bite (2d4 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 12 (fly 12); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** create snow bride*, curse of frozen death* (2/day), kiss of hunger and frost*, regenerate 2hp/round, resist electricity (half damage), magical abilities, vulnerable to fire (double damage).

Magical abilities: at will—*protection from good*; 2/day—*call lightning*, *ice storm*.

*See sidebox.

Snow Bride (Troll, Ice) (2): **HD** 2; **HP** 15, 14; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, regenerate 2hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, vulnerability to fire and slashing weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

Treasure: In total, the idol is worth 150,000gp, though it is difficult to determine how one is to get it out without breaking it into smaller pieces. If this is done, ivory and gold, silver, and platinum leaf could be recovered

Create Snow Bride

If a victim of the Chosen of Althunak's kiss of hunger and frost is reduced to 0 Wisdom before being killed by the cold damage, she undergoes a transformation into a snow bride. This transformation takes 1d4 rounds and can be reversed during this time with a *remove curse*. After that time, the victim rises as a cannibalistic snow bride, taking on the form and characteristics of an ice troll. The new snow bride is held in thrall of the Chosen of Althunak and is under his command. Once the transformation is complete, the snow bride can be returned to her natural form only if the Chosen of Althunak is slain.

Curse of Frozen Death

The Chosen of Althunak can call down the curse of frozen death upon a target within 30ft. The target must make a saving throw or become encased in living ice, frozen in place and completely helpless. The target is unable to move or even speak but remains aware. The target does not need to eat, drink, or breathe, and does not age while so entrapped. The ice cannot be permanently removed through physical effort, for a new piece of ice grows for each piece chipped or melted away. If all the ice is physically removed, it simply grows back. It is a magical effect, and cannot be destroyed, but dispel magic can get rid of it (against a 20th-level caster).

Kiss of Hunger and Frost

When the Chosen of Althunak hits a single target with both claw attacks, he grabs the victim and can give his kiss of hunger and frost to the victim each round that the hold is maintained. The kiss deals 1d6 points of Wisdom damage and 1d2 points of cold damage per round.

worth a total 45,000gp, though moving it would require a complete wagon train (which would be virtually impossible to get across the Trail of Ravens). The crown itself is portable and is worth 20,000gp on its own, and each of the 29 snowflakes is likewise worth 200gp if removed.

T6. Opisthodomos

A small, concealed door behind the cult statue opens onto a narrow room above the temple. Here the cultic treasures are kept, as well as goods and material needed for the performance of the sacred rituals of the Cult of Althunak. The room spans nearly the width of the cella and the roof is pierced with openings similar to those in the cella that align with the openings in the cella's ceiling. In the back wall is a locked door. Its key is hidden in the bale of polar bear furs mentioned below.

Treasure: The remains of the treasury of Althunak is here, but has largely been looted of its magical and other items to serve the needs of the cult. A few items remain: 3 large pieces of amber — each the size of a round shield — sit on pedestals of ice (2000hs each); on the walls are six tapestries looted from Northlander mead halls (500hs each); and eight suits of vestments made of fine silk and woven with gold and silver thread (200hs each) lie atop a bale of four polar bear furs (50hs each). Finally, untouched and awaiting whoever was to be chosen the greatest warrior of the newly revived cult is a *+3 freezing battleaxe* (similar to the sword Fellfrost described in *Vengeance of the Longserpent*) etched with scenes of Althunak feasting on mortals and demons alike.

T7. Sacrificial Storage

This small room holds victims before they are either taken to the main altar or the High Altar for sacrifice to Althunak. Like the rest of the Temple of Ice and Stone, the sacrificial storage room is built from granite blocks mortared with ice. Other than the door, a 10ft-by-10ft section of wall cut into a lattice is the only other opening into the room. This lattice allows the wind and snow to come in and tantalize prisoners with the fate that awaits them in the scant time they have left in this world and hints at the eternity that awaits them in Althunak's frigid planar home. The latticework is 2ft thick, though the constant abrasion of wind and ice has weakened it.

T8. High Altar of the Lord of Ice and Cold

Perched on a small ledge overlooking the Lake of Frozen Screams 60ft below is the High Altar. Here, special ceremonies and sacrifices are made in full view of Althunak, and open to his unholy breath. Window-like openings through the inner walls of the temple allow those in areas **T5** or **T6** to observe the occupants of the High Altar. Special sacrifices are tossed here from the open stairway that leads to the opisthodomos and left on the ledge naked to await their fate. Victims either succumb to Althunak's cold embrace or throw themselves into the lake below. Either way, they are dead, and their souls belong to the fell Lord of Ice and Cold.

Concluding the Adventure

The adventure ends when the characters either defeat the Chosen of Althunak and scatter his cult to the wind or fail in their attempt. If the Chosen is slain, the Lake of Frozen Screams immediately freezes solid, encasing Althunak once again in his frozen sarcophagus. However, victory is not as simple as that, and a primordial deity is a mighty thing to face. Althunak has invested a great deal of his power into his Chosen and the reformation of his cult, and the loss of both is sorely felt. Still, this does not destroy him; it merely weakens him and sets his plans back many years. But a deity is a long-lived and patient being, and there will come another time.

The greatest threat to Althunak is if any of the characters who fought him are followers of a stronger rival deity. If the party contains any clerics, druids, paladins, or oracles, then Althunak loses the element of surprise and the current powers-that-be now know of his existence. He slinks away from their scrutiny, hoping to avoid a battle he cannot win, and hides in the depths of his frozen lake, trapped until he can manage to free himself once again.

However, Althunak still lives and, although his cult is destroyed, some of his cultists may yet survive. Should any of the Children of Althunak live, they eventually return to the temple and rebuild. The greatest blow would be if the Temple of Ice and Stone was destroyed, for this is his most solid link to the mortal world. Without the temple, there is no continuity between his ancient and powerful cult and that which survives today, thus weakening him and his followers. In this case, Althunak is left with no choice but to wait for the right celestial alignment before he can once more threaten the world with a perpetual winter.

In the meantime, he has his vengeance to fulfill, for he is a god not merely of winter but of a cold rage. It is rare that Althunak feels that he can act without provoking intervention by other gods, but when he does, he uses whatever might he still has to harm the party. Winters for them become slightly colder, fires burn less hot in their hearths, and thicker films of ice form on their water barrels. In the cold, dark months, Althunak's influence creeps southward and seeks to infect the minds of mortals, insinuating a burning cold into their hearts. Some will be turned toward the formation of a new cult, but others will be sent to harry his erstwhile foes. The Referee should not be overly punitive with this, but the occasional assassin or random encounter with frost men or devil dogs might be appropriate. These occurrences should be rare, but noticeable, and should work to make the winter months ones of growing paranoia for the party.

The party may have further adventures in the Far North, and now that the perfidious cult of Althunak has been functionally destroyed, Ulnataland would act as a fine base from which to further explore the

region. The Ulnat are doubly joyful that the heroes have laid the cult to rest, and though many of them have died, a new spring in the history of the Ulnat people has begun. The characters are showered with offers to stay, to help the Ulnat rebuild, and even to marry — especially if any of the fair maidens stolen to be snow brides have been recovered from their terrible curse. Any character who falls in the quest is buried with full honors in a new cairn built upon Heroes' Rock. His or her name resounds through the ages in Ulnat tale and song. Regardless, each character finds himself in possession of 1000hs worth of treasures and valuable trade goods. Furthermore, if the characters seek to return the borrowed weapons to Heroes' Rock, the shades of the line of Hvran greet them, ominously stating, "Know that though beaten, the Icy Maw is not destroyed. He will return, and he will seek you out to slake his thirst for vengeance. Your very lives are now a quest against the Cold Dark, and your hands are worthy to hold the weapons that bear our legend. Go and keep these items with our blessing; may they protect you from the coming darkness."

Or, their task completed, the party may very well decide to return home to southern lands. Laden with gifts and treasure, the characters sail off as the Ulnat gather to sing songs of farewell and adulation. The heroes sail south under clear skies touched by warm breezes, a small gift from the powers-that-be in recognition of an onerous task completed.

NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist

By Kenneth Spencer



The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist is an adventure for *Swords & Wizardry* designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 4-5. Like all *The Northlands Saga Complete* adventures, *The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist* can be used on its own, as part of the saga, or as part of an ongoing campaign. If used as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, *The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist* takes place at the end of the winter following the events of *NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains* after the characters return from the Far North and are wintering after their adventures there, though playing the latter is not necessary to run this adventure.

The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist

Adventure Background

Sixty years ago, a viking named Sven Oakenfist was famed as a great warrior and a man touched by otherworldly powers. His grandfather was none other than Wotan himself, and his grandmother was an uncommonly comely milkmaid of Gatland who unwittingly tempted the All Father with her beauty. While by no means an immortal scion or demigod in his own right, this lineage did give Sven a spark of divinity and an inhuman courage and ferocity in battle, even allowing him to turn himself into a man-wolf when in the throes of a consuming passion for bloodletting. He led a band of Ulfhandars, savage berserkers who laid their hearts at the feet of Wotan's darker nature in return for martial prowess and spiritual fulfillment. Sven and his men pillaged and plundered their way across the Northlands in their longship, the *Terror of the North*, taking great pride in their divine patronage and "heroic" deeds.

While raiding a fishing village along the coast of Estenfird, a peasant boy named Anud fatally stabbed Sven in the back. In his last moments, Sven cursed the boy with prosperity, with wealth, and with fame, for all of sixty-six years, so that in the end, Sven's wight could come and take it away before Anud's very eyes. The peasant boy who slew a mighty warrior grew into a powerful man, rich and famed, and one of the greatest jarls of the Storstrøm Vale. In his rise to power, he was lucky and devious, having survived dangers that would have killed lesser men, but also having broken his honor and bond on more than one occasion. As a jarl, he manipulates the political landscape through threats, marriages, bribery, and underhanded dealings, all to his benefit. However, he has also been brave, loyal to his followers, and generous.

Today Jarl Anud is an old man, his body ravaged by age. As he faces the grim specter of death, he also fears that a different grim specter may beset him, though who is to say if the words of a dying madman carry much weight?

Adventure Summary

During a mid-winter feast, the wight of Sven Oakenfist appears and threatens Jarl Anud in his very hall, proclaiming that the end of the curse is upon him. The wight gives Anud a deadline, the next feast of Freyja in the spring, at which point Sven will return and lay waste to all the Jarl's domains, his family, and his retainers. Jarl Anud asks if any heroes are willing to save not just him, but his sons and those who serve him. As it happens, there are: the characters.

The death curse of Sven Oakenfist is powerful magic, laid down by a man who is the grandson of a god, and not something that can be undone simply or without sacrifice. After searching their knowledge and consulting with oracles and wise women, the party learns that there may be only one way to lift the curse — strike down the wight in his own barrow. But to do that, they must seek out the help of the Three Daughters of Skuld, the Norn. The heroes must then set out across the chilly North Sea, brace the challenges posed by the Daughters of Skuld, and return in time to destroy the wight and lift the curse, or many innocent people will die.

Adventure Hooks

The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist takes place in the fall or winter as the party spends time as the guest of Jarl Anud Cursespear, a powerful jarl in the Storstrøm Vale (though you can move the hall of Jarl Anud to another region if your campaign dictates). You can set this up in many ways. First, it is the custom of the Northlands to seek refuge for the winter, avoiding the dangers and hazards of the long, cold season. Travel is nearly impossible as snow covers the ground, thaws turn roads to muck, and storms ravage the seas. The tradition of hospitality is a strong one amongst the Northlanders, and only an outlaw or craven fool would violate the rights of guest and host. Because of this, it is common practice for travelers and wandering heroes to seek an invitation to spend the winter in the hall of a jarl, the more powerful the jarl the better.

Other options abound, such as placing the party in a situation that Jarl Anud must do them a favor. A shipwreck on the coast of the jarl's domain is a viable option. A character could owe a debt of honor to the jarl, or vice versa, prompting the character to spend the winter in the jarl's hall either to discharge the obligation or to receive their reward. Finally, it is possible that the jarl is a relative of one of the party members, and thus extends an invitation to come and stay for the winter.

Jarl Anud is more than happy to host travelers for the winter as it brings prestige and honor to his hall and household to have brave men and women as guests. Furthermore, having a few additional warriors on hand is never a bad thing. Jarl Anud has a secondary goal, however, for he fears for all gained in life and what fate awaits him in the afterlife. Taking advantage of the bonds of hospitality is not an honorable thing, but Anud did not become a jarl through strict adherence to the rules of honor.

Finally, one or more of the characters could be the jarl's own huscarls, liegemen dedicated to fight for the jarl and his holdings. As such, their duty and honor might draw them into this adventure if you prefer a less delicate goad to draw your players forth.

Beginning the Adventure

As mentioned, the characters are wintering as guests (or residents) in the hall of Jarl Anud. After several weeks of feasting in the jarl's hall, the party should be able to have gathered some information about him. The Referee can share information provided under the Adventure Background above depending on who and what the characters ask.

Whatever the characters' reactions are to this information, there are always the laws of hospitality to consider. Calling the jarl a coward or a conniver violates those laws and, at the least, gets the characters thrown out into the cold but more likely result in a character being challenged to a duel between the hazel posts by either the jarl, his sons, or one of his huscarls. In either case, under such circumstances, their names are blackened and the party will not find themselves invited to stay the winter at the hall of any self-respecting jarl. Furthermore, as word of their misdeeds spreads, the party, even if only one of the characters violated the laws of hospitality, finds themselves disliked and distrusted in the Northlands for the next year. They find themselves out in the cold — literally — with no aid or friends. It is up to the Referee how long it takes the characters — and what they must do — to get back into the good graces of their jarl.

The Hall of Jarl Anud Cursespear

Lawful small town
Qualities prosperous, superstitious
Government overlord
Population 1550 (1435 human [Northlanders]; 10 dwarves; 5 other)
Notable NPCs
Jarl Anud Cursespear (Neutral male human Ftr10) **Manni Nafison, senior huscarl** (Lawful male human Ftr6)
Runolf Anudson, eldest heir (Lawful male human Rgr2)
Purchase Maximum 7500gp

Note All goods and services cost 50% more due to the jarl's taxes, unless the purchaser is a guest, in which case they cost 50% less.

The hall is a grand one and one well placed. It sits in the Storstrøm Vale on the Ume River, a lesser tributary of the great Storm River. The hall also lies near the sea, and Jarl Anud's land reaches inland from the coast for a fair distance. It is a rich land, with many well-tended farms, expanses of wooded land, and prosperous fishing villages. The people are generally happy and content as Jarl Anud is strict but fair and rules his people well.

The hall itself is a large and ornate affair, with the main hall and several outbuildings encompassed by a wooden stockade and surrounded by a shallow trench. The stockade — made from well-dressed timber brought from Estenfird at great expense — stands 30ft high, and has a covered walkway around the outside. The stockade sits on a low earthen mound 8ft in height fronted by a shallow trench 6ft deep with a bottom of mud and water. The water level is only filled by periodic rains or snow melts, and thus the trench is dry in the summer, contains approximately 15 inches of water most of the year, and is topped off by snow in the winter.

The main hall towers over the stockade, its central support a single ancient tree cut in Estenfird 40 years ago. The beam is nearly 8ft thick and runs from the front of the hall to the back, nearly 100ft in length. The hall rises 50ft above the ground, a remarkable height for a building in the Northlands. The roof is of thatch — the best thatch available, of course — and is replaced twice annually. Every exposed surface is adorned with carvings of the gods, animals, the jarl's more honorable exploits, fantastical beasts (many of which the jarl has slain), and famous scenes from the sagas. The best of these carvings are accented in gold and silver — obvious displays of the jarl's wealth and power.

The hall is divided into four main sections. A main hall reaches up through two stories surmounted by a balcony running the length of the hall's entire interior. Several rooms off the main hall host important guests, while servants prepare food and drink in other rooms. Finally, the jarl, his family, and his closest retainers have their rooms on the second floor. Such luxuries as private rooms are almost unheard of in the Northlands, and are a sign of the jarl's great wealth.

Beyond the Great Hall, the settlement consists of several outbuildings, barracks, workshops, and other assorted structures. Although only a jarl's hall, the population and industry rivals that of small towns, and forms not just the political center of the Jarl's domain, but the economic as well.

Wintering With Jarl Anud

Assuming the characters have not made enemies of the jarl, their time is spent in a veritable heaven on earth. The food is plentiful, with roast hog and oxen, gefüllter fisch (stuffed herring pickled in lye), salted meats, cheeses, dried fruits, pickled vegetables, bread, porridges, cakes, ale, and mead in abundance. On days that the jarl can conjure up a good reason, namely any gods' feast day, commemorations of important events, or after a particularly good storytelling, fine wines from the Southlands are brought out and served. The nights are spent eating, drinking, and swapping tales of brave deeds, often until the candles gutter and the servants are asleep on their feet. Several skalds are in the employ of the jarl, and many others have made his court their home for the winter. Songs, poems, juggling, tumbling, and other diversions are common. As the nights run down, the characters can find a warm place to sleep in the hall itself, or if they so desire, in the stables or in the bed of one of the many willing servants.

Their days are spent recovering from the previous night's feast and being high placed and indolent. On warmer days, the huscarls and other warriors spend time training or competing in tests of strength and courage. These activities are generally nonlethal, but present danger in the form of embarrassment. Mock duels and fights are common, as are sophomoric challenges and jokes.

Worgs: This pack is prowling the winter forests in search of easy prey. Let's hope the hunting party doesn't look tasty.

Wolf, Worgs (1d4): **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Wild Boars: These beasts are out searching for tubers and other over-winter forage, and don't want any trouble. They respond violently to

Winter Pastimes

If you so desire, some of the athletic and manly activities of the huscarls and the jarl's sons can be played out. These largely revolve around lifting and carrying things, throwing axes and spears for accuracy and distance, mock fights (with rebated or wooden weapons), footraces (as well as skiing and ice-skating races), and the occasional hunt. The characters can participate or not, and it has little impact on the story (unless they do something particularly noteworthy), and can be inserted merely for added amusement and flavor.

If hunting, roll on the following table for prey. Encounters occur if either party manages to catch the other. Most animals avoid contact, except as noted below.

Random Hunting Encounters

1d10	Encounter
1–2	No encounter
3	1d4 worgs
4	1d3 wild boars
5	Cave bear
6	1d3 Northlands aurochs
7	Cave lion
8	Bandits!
9	2 owlbears
10	Normal game

intrusion into their immediate vicinity in order to teach the intruders a lesson, however.

Boars, Wild (1d3): **HD** 3+3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (3d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: continue to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0hp. (***Monstrosities*** 48)

Cave Bear: Something awakened this mighty beast, and it is prowling around outside its den looking for a target to vent its wrath upon. Enter the hunting party, and let the carnage commence.

Bear, Cave: **HD** 7; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d10+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 3d6 additional damage). (***Monstrosities*** 38)

Northlands Aurochs: These wandering dire kine have formed a small herd for the winter. They are seeking out the sparse forage that the forests yield, and are not looking for trouble. They make a great prize for Northlands hunters who covet their massive horns, but are terrible foes when cornered in battle.

Aurochs, Northlands (1d3): **HD** 10; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** gore (2d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: charge (x2 with gore), stampede of 3 or more (5d6, save half). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 13)

Cave Lion: This powerful predator is on the prowl for a mid-winter snack and, although cautious of humans, it is more than willing to try to grab easy prey.

Cave Lion: **HD** 7+2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12/12 (climb); **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: none. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 634)

Bandits!: These five ruffians have fallen on hard times. The winter has set in and they have not yet made a large enough score to keep them through until spring. They are desperate and attempt to hide from larger or more dangerous-looking parties. If captured and brought back to Anud's hall, the grateful jarl awards the characters jewelry and beaten gold worth 100hs for each living bandit brought in and 50hs for each dead one. Captured bandits are tried before the jarl the next day and beheaded for their crimes against his people.

Human, Bandits (5): **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: none.

Equipment: leather armor, short sword, shortbow, 20 arrows, 1d6sp, 3d6cp.

Owlbears: Always aggressive creatures, a recent cold snap has ruffled these beasts' feathers to the point that they willingly seek warmth any way they can, such as by plunging their beaks into some nice, warm entrails.

Owlbear: **HD** 5+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: hug on to-hit roll of 18+ for additional 2d8.

Normal Game: These normal game animals consist of deer, boars, or other animals as would be expected in the forests of the Ume River. If spotted, the characters have a 75% chance of bringing the beast down after 1d3 hours (90% if a ranger is in the party). After the hunt, roll 1d20; on a natural 1, something unexpected happened during the hunt and a random character suffered 1d4 points of damage (from a boar strike, a limb snapping back into them, tripping over a fallen tree, etc.). Award the party 100 XP for the successful hunt.

The Coming of Sven Oakenfist

One evening, as the merrymaking and feasting reach their nadir, read the following:

A loud booming echoes in from the front gate of the stockade. Quickly after the first boom, there are thunder cracks of sound as the sturdy timbers of the gate splinter. Heavy footfalls are heard approaching through the snow, as well as the death screams of the men on guard. The noise rapidly reaches the front door of the Great Hall, which explodes inward in a hail of splinters and the shattered bodies of the two huscarls on duty.

Standing in the doorway is a figure torn from dark tales told around winter fires. Partially translucent, partially all-too solid, it is eight feet of pallid, death-haunted reaver glowering at those in the hall. With its massive arms raised above its head and ham-like fists clenched in fury, it speaks in words like thunder.

"Anud! Anud, who dares call himself a jarl but is naught but a swineherd. Anud, who goes by the name Cursespear, though I say Back-biter and Coward. Anud, know your doom is coming, and your days are numbered. On the Feast of Freyja I will return to this hall and burn it, slay all within it, and laugh as you beg for your pitiful life. No mercy will you know, save that I will let you live long enough to see all you have stolen from greater men lie fallow, your wives' wombs made as if they were barren, and your lands awash in battle-dew. I am Sven Oakenfist, and I have cursed you with my dying breath, and with words from a body that knows no breath, and with words from beyond the shroud of death, words that fear neither Hel nor Valhalla, the abode of the gods."

The hall is stunned into silence with the arrival and speech of the wight of Sven Oakenfist. The jarl's huscarls, chilled to the bone by the wight's words, yet insulted by the way Oakenfist has spoken to their jarl, unsteadily rise up to protest and threaten. Anud's sons also rise, even more unsteady than his battle-scarred warriors. The characters may do so as well, but before anyone makes an attack on the wight, a gust of wind carries with it the snow of the night, and the thing is gone.

All faces are pale in the flickering firelight at the departure of the apparition from Hel. None dare speak or so much as raise a flagon in the unnatural silence that falls over the entire hall. Finally, the scooting of a wooden bench across the cold stone flags breaks the silence.

Jarl Anud arises stiffly and speaks, "I stand here an old man, guilty of some of the things this fiend has laid upon me. I did slay him, as many of you know, driving the serpent's tooth of my spear through his back and bathing its tip with his life's blood. I made raven food of the man that was Sven Oakenfist, of this I make no excuse, for did he not come to my village to burn, rape, and slay? What did we have, save a few hogs and some dried fish? No, I, a lowly swineherd struck down a brutal thief who did not have the courage to fight warriors true, but instead to merely slaughter old men and boys.

"He says I have been a liar and a thief, but no more than any others who hold the title of jarl. I freely admit I have used falsehood and deception to gain my place in the world, but if I am to suffer the punishments the wight offers, then so must most, if not all, of the men of the Vale, and the Northlands

that lie beyond. I have regrets, actions I wish I could undo, but so do all old men.

"Nay, I say a slayer of women is naught but a common bandit. I say a wight is naught but a coward afraid to face his wyrd and judgment at the hands of the gods. He threatens not just I, but all I hold dearest. This I cannot abide. I am an old man; my days in the shieldwall are long past. If it was just me he claims to come for, I would ride out tonight and face that cold blade, and pray to Wotan and Donar that I may paint the fields with whatever ichor flows through its veins. It is not just I that lie under this curse, but my wives, children, my entire household, even all who live and call me jarl.

"The lives of these men beside me are mine to command, their oaths binding until death. Alas, I cannot ask them to do this, nor may I with mind's-worth command them, though I know they will go. Their deaths are not what I wish to carry me to my wyrd, for as great as they are, as brave as they have fought against man and beast, I see they have no stomach to match the weather of their weapons against the walking dead. Nor will I ask my sons, for it is in their name that a father must fight and die, and not the other path. A world where a father sends his sons to die in his stead is a world that deserves to be eaten by the night.

"The task that lies ahead, to find a way to slay that which does not live and so force it to renounce its curse, lies not in the shields and hearts of common men, but in the battle dew-drenched blood-worms of heroes. What I need, what I beg of those who have been my guests these many nights, brave men and women from afar, whose tales of glory and spear-din we have heard, both from their lips and those of the skalds, are heroes of the highest order. Heroes who can brave the cold of corpses to slay the wight of Sven Oakenfist, and do so either by the Feast of Freyja or in vengeance of our deaths.

"I ask, are there such heroes here amongst us?"

The huscarls and the jarl's sons howl in weak protest, but with a stern look and a raised hand from Anud they fall silent. At this point, one or more characters should stand. None of the other guests does so, and looks sheepish and embarrassed when anyone takes up the challenge. If no character is willing to take up this task, the assembled people in the hall look at each other, and then eventually at the party. Should the entire party not take the bait and hook, then they do not deserve to call themselves heroes or adventurers and likely need to consider opening a pastry shop somewhere — or maybe a florist. When the party does stand to take up the challenge, the jarl responds.

"My guests, it warms an old man's heart to see bravery and courage in young men and women. I cannot help but think that you are less moved by my plight, for it is in part my own doing, but motivated by mind's-worth and the insult to your host that this unnatural Thing has made today. I raise this horn in your honor, and offer you all that I may to assist you in this quest. To our heroes and saviors!"

At this, the hall roars with hearty bellows and exclamations in the party's honor, and the feast begins anew. Some are subdued by the events, while others make even merrier, either as a response to fear or at seeing true heroes rise to the occasion.

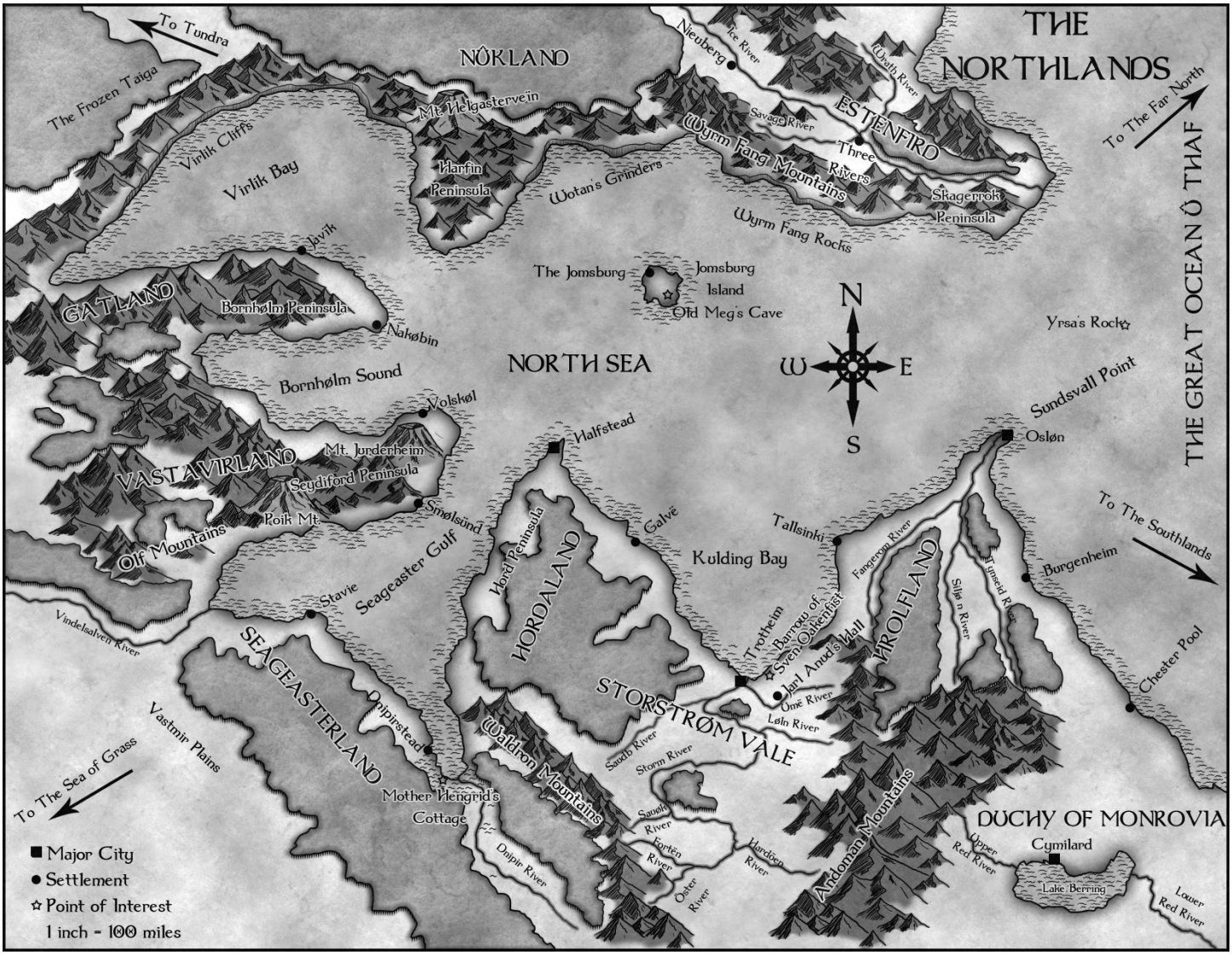
If a character is so crude as to mention a reward, the jarl responds and says, "I seek heroes, not men whose lives and honor can be bought and sold. Yes, I know I have dealt with such kind in my days, and even to my own disgrace walked that path. If such is your motivation, you may not be men for the task that I have laid before you, but as you are the ones who would take up this burden for me, I can offer you what I have. I wish not to avoid my own wyrd, but to save this hall and this land for my sons' inheritance and my daughter's dowry. I shall not lose such to gain such, but I will make a great reward to you and yours, have no fear. If you succeed in these heroic tasks, you may have your choice of my holding, as befits your station and reward."

One or more characters may very well have made a grand speech or other gesture during this scene, and if so, the Referee should reward them with an XP bonus as if they had defeated a monster of a Challenge Level equal to their level –1.

The rest of the night is spent drinking and feasting, much of it in honor of the new heroes and their upcoming quest. Any character who wishes to likely gains a small boon or a night's frolic from another guest. The huscarls and the jarl's sons are a bit subdued during the feasting, and depart as soon as it is acceptable to do so. The jarl himself puts on a merry face, but it is obvious that he is melancholic.

The next day, after everyone recovers from the feast, the heroes need to think over their plan. This is no ordinary wight, but a creature created by a death curse powered by divine blood. Simply riding to Sven Oakenfist's barrow and slaying the creature will likely not work. Allow the characters to develop a plan of action. Each player should also roll 1d20 once to determine what other useful information he can learn. Provide the information for any number below what the character rolls.

1d20	Result
1-3	A death curse leveled by a person of Sven Oakenfist's power and heritage has the effect of setting a person's wyrd, and thus their inevitable fate.
4	To alter such a fate, one must have near-divine knowledge of wyrd and the workings of the Norns, goddesses who determine the wyrd of even the gods.
5	The Barrow of Sven Oakenfist lies only 10 miles from Jarl Anud's Hall, on the coast where the jarl's lands meet the spray of Kulding Bay.
6	Yrsa the Fair lairs in the Great Ocean Ûthaf on Yrsa's Rock.
7	The Norns are unapproachable, living far beyond the world in Yggdrasil, the World Tree. Only the greatest of heroes have ever climbed it and survived.
8	A death curse leveled by a person of Sven Oakenfist's power and heritage has the effect of setting a person's wyrd, and thus their inevitable fate.
9	A death curse leveled by a person of Sven Oakenfist's power and heritage has the effect of setting a person's wyrd, and thus their inevitable fate.
10	Mother Hengrid lives in the swamps of the Dnipir Delta.
11	Old Meg lives in a cave on the island of the Jomsburg.
12	To alter such a fate, one must have near-divine knowledge of wyrd and the workings of the Norns, goddesses who determine the wyrd of even the gods.
13	One Gerimund the Bold managed to climb the World Tree ages ago and even seduced Skuld, one of the Norns. She gave birth to three daughters: Yrsa the Fair, Mother Hengrid, and Old Meg.
14	The three Daughters of Skuld live in the Northlands, and have the power to peer through the strands of fate to see how to alter it. Furthermore, they willingly aid heroes who pass their challenges.



1d20	Result
15	To alter such a fate, one must have near-divine knowledge of wyrd and the workings of the Norns, goddesses who determine the wyrd of even the gods.
16	The three Daughters of Skuld live in the Northlands, and have the power to peer through the strands of fate to see how to alter it. Furthermore, they willingly aid heroes who pass their challenges.
17	One Gerimund the Bold managed to climb the World Tree ages ago and even seduced Skuld, one of the Norns. She gave birth to three daughters: Yrsa the Fair, Mother Hengrid, and Old Meg.
18	Yrsa the Fair lairs in the Great Ocean Ûthaf on Yrsa's Rock, held prisoner by a terrible beast called the Shrieker in the Dark. She tests men's courage and honor.
19	Mother Hengrid lives in the swamps of the Dnipir Delta. She tests men's compassion and courtesy.
20	Old Meg lives in a cave on the island of the Jomsburg, and is said to be the most powerful of the three sisters. She tests men's wisdom and virtue.

The party may now decide how they proceed. If they miss out on any vital information presented above, allow them to make queries of the local skalds and shamans for the information. They can make rerolls after such consultations, with a bonus of +1 for every 20hs they spend in gifts for these information sources.

After gaining the necessary information, the characters can plan their course of action against the wight. They may visit some or all of the Daughters of Skuld, or none if they so choose. If they forsake the help of the three sisters, the final confrontation with the wight of Sven Oakenfist will be terribly difficult and likely fatal to the characters and those they wish to save.

Chapter One: The Daughters of Skuld

The three sisters are the daughters of a Norn, Skuld, with a human warrior named Gerimund the Bold. The Norns are the arbiters of the destiny of men and gods, apart from the gods yet still divine beings. Gerimund was an honorable, but reckless, warrior 5 centuries ago. He ascended the Tree of Yggdrasil to seek the home of the gods, and encountered the Norns as they poured the water and sand from the Well of Fate onto the branches of the World Tree. Gerimund saw the three, and found that one was as beautiful as the dawn and more lovely than the ripe wheat fields of his homeland. With great trepidation, he approached the three divinities and began what in latter days would be called "flirting." Skuld was struck by his courage, and fell immediately in love with him. The two dallied amongst the leaves of Yggdrasil for some time, and three sisters were the result. Their father raised the girls in the Northlands until they came of age, ascending to their mother's domicile in the heavens to learn of their divine nature.

As the product of a union between man and the divine, the three sisters have incredible powers. Their mother's heritage has given them command over the strands of fate and the ability to alter them and even re-weave them. From their father they learned the customs and ways of the Northlanders, but most importantly the laws of honor and hospitality. Gerimund was an adventurer and wandering sellsword, and the childhood of the girls was a bizarre one as they followed their human parent across the world in search of adventure, fame, wealth, and glory. Sadly, Gerimund never achieved much of any of these things, and died an impoverished, yet still honorable, man.

Having completed their tutelage under their mother, the three sisters descended back to the land of mortals, only to find that their father had grown old and died during their absence. Turning to the only life they had known, the three set forth as adventurers, and though they accomplished great things, they never achieved that which they sought the most. Wealth, fame, and glory eluded them as it had their father, and no matter what treasures they found or what monsters they vanquished, it all slipped through their fingers.

After losing yet another fortune, Old Meg was visited by a wolverine which spoke to her and explained that her aunts discovered their sister had violated the oaths of maidenhood to which all three had sworn. In their jealousy, the aunts cursed the daughters and their father, causing them to lose the things they sought and to fail to achieve greatness. Shocked and hurt by this betrayal, Old Meg decided on a rash course of action.

To seek revenge against the Norns that had cursed her, Old Meg concocted a plan and drew her siblings into it. They would each set themselves as rivals in the weaving of wyrd against their aunts. Each would take a form similar to that of the Norns and hide themselves in the mortal world. Their goal was to test heroes and adventurers, granting the greatest among them a mighty boon, the knowledge to change their wyrd and to alter the cloth of fate. Those who failed the challenges placed before them would suffer and die, and their souls would not pass on to the afterlife but instead be captured by the sisters and used to further power their enchantments. Sadly, even in this plan the curse of their aunts weighed on them, and the three sisters have gone insane, their tests less about finding worthy heroes and more about fulfilling their own mad desires.

"Defeating" the Daughters of Skuld

If it needs to be said, Yrsa the Fair, Mother Hengrid, and Old Meg are demi-gods — beings of a power far beyond what the PCs could muster. They cannot be intimidated, and meet force with overwhelming destruction. The best way to get their assistance is to cooperate and play into their madness. Characters who attempt to use force or coercion should receive a firm warning that this is not a good idea. If they persist, then the Referee should tell the player to get out a clean piece of paper, a #2 pencil, and 3d6 …

Fair Yrsa

Fair Yrsa, like her sisters, has gone insane. In her fractured mind what caused the failure and death of her father was not merely a curse, but his own lack of courage. Toward this end, when she and her sisters swore a mighty oath to aid heroes and adventurers in their quests, she chose to set herself as a prize to entice the most courageous. For centuries, Yrsa has been chained to a rock in the Great Ocean Ûthaf, waiting for a hero to come and prove his courage by slaying the beast that guards her and setting her free.

The location of Fair Yrsa's Rock is not common knowledge, but those steeped in wisdom and learning may be able to piece together its general location. Yrsa's Rock is somewhere in the Cymu Current far south of the Cymu Islands but nearly due northeast of Osløn.

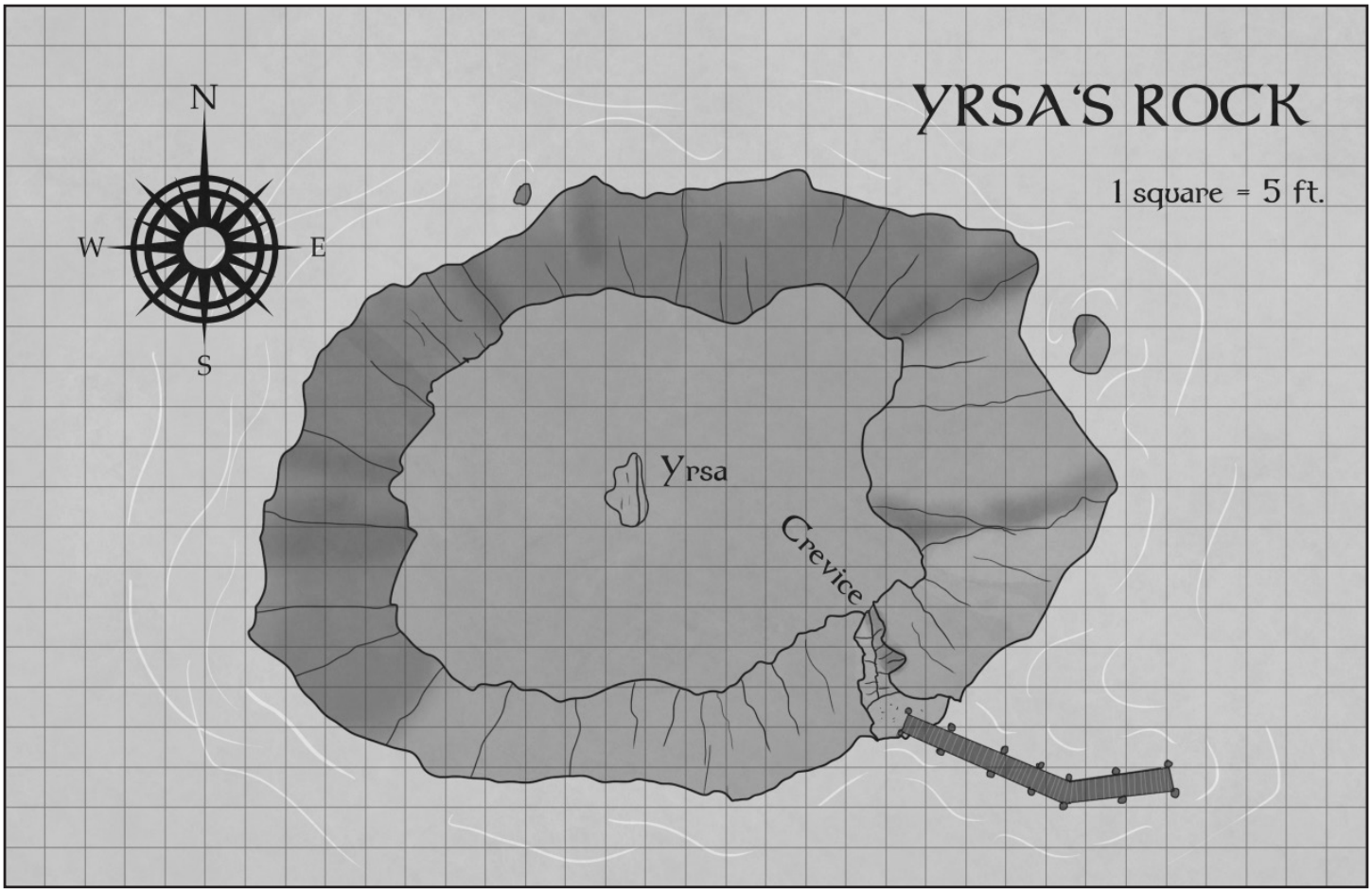
With these clues, the party can set sail. Actually spotting the rock jutting out of the sea is relatively easy as characters can spot seagulls on the horizon, birds not known to travel the open ocean, that lead them to the rock.

To reach the rock, the characters must take ship — either their own or a hired one. A ship and helmsman can be hired in nearby Trotheim for 50hs per day (1 week paid in advance and nonrefundable). A ship's helmsman alone can be hired in Trotheim for 3hs a day. From Trotheim, it is a cold and dangerous 523-mile voyage across the North Sea to Fair Yrsa's Rock, a trip of 8 days.

For every 12 hours of sailing across the North Sea (the first 5 days), roll 1d8; on a 1–2, a random encounter occurs. It would be a good idea to roll once at midday and once at midnight, though the encounters can occur at any time during the 12-hour period. Use the "North Sea — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. Once out of the North Sea into the Great Ocean Ûthaf, only on a roll of 1 on a 1d8 does a random encounter occur. Use the "Great Ocean Ûthaf — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***.

Yrsa's Rock

Rising out of the warm waters of the Cymu Current is the small island of Yrsa's Rock. The island itself is a tall needle of dark grey rock steeply rising 380ft above the ocean. The top of this sheer pillar is flat, and it is here that Yrsa is chained, awaiting her newest band of rescuers. Most of the island is shale-covered, barren rock. However, a small amount of vegetation skirts the water's edge and climbs up a narrow rainwater-carved



channel on the south side of the central pillar. Even in the depths of winter, the vegetation is still green, and the island has a distinct late spring feel in the unusually warm air, thus hinting at the island's supernatural nature.

> Waves thunder against the cliffs that encircle the island like the fortified walls of a Southlander keep. One small, ancient pier juts out from a break in the cliff wall, its wood pounded smooth and worn gray by the sea. Neither gulls circle above, nor do pelicans laze on the pier. A path leads through the cliff wall and joins with a single, vine-covered channel in the rocky pillar. A warm breeze that smells faintly of spring blossoms wafts from the island.

The surrounding cliffs of the Rock force visitors to either climb the rock face or ascend the narrow defile. This channel presents the only easy means of scaling the pillar, unless the characters can fly or are brave (i.e. foolish) enough to attempt to climb the sheer and crumbling rock face. Should they do so, non-thieves have a 75% chance of falling for every 30ft of the entire 380-foot climb. The channel is choked with spindly thorn bushes and other vegetation that clings precariously to what little soil has formed in crevices and pools. The climb here is 400 feet. Thieves have an automatic chance of success at moving up the defile. Non-thieves must check each 50 feet to see if they fall, rolling 3d6 against dexterity: lower or equal to the dexterity score on the dice indicates a fall. The character falls only 1d3x10 feet before becoming tangled in the vegetation and is able to attempt to climb again, but takes 1d2 hit points of damage from the tumble. Using ropes negates the chance of falling entirely. There is a definite dearth of animal life; not even insects crawl among the thorns and leaves.

At the top of the spire is a large open area, roughly circular and 50ft in diameter. In the center of the circle is an 8ft-high finger of rock, its surface inscribed with countless runes, many of which are unknown to mortals. Chained to the rock and facing to the east is Yrsa the Fair, a woman in the prime of her beauty, flaxen haired, milky skinned, and blue eyed. Her form and features are that of feminine perfection, as clearly shown by her torn white shift, somehow wetted by seawater although none seems to spray this high. A simple circlet of gold adorns her head, and a large piece of amber hangs from a necklace of braided silver. Her chains are of platinum and gold and alone would be worth a fortune. When the first party member reaches the top of the pillar, she speaks.

> "Hark, my heroes, for I am at last saved from this fate, this horrid living hell! Make swift and free me before the beast returns from its hunt, and we all perish!"

The characters may speak with Yrsa, though she offers little but frustrated urges to unchain her and be away. She claims to know much about curses and wyrd, but protests that now is not the time, for the beast will return very soon and they must all be away. In the entire conversation, she plays up the damsel-in-distress role to its highest. In no way is she impressed by threats or intimidation, but if one or more characters takes the bait and plays his part as heroic rescuer, she responds favorably in later moments, but not now, for she points to the north and screams, "We are lost, for the Shrieker in the Dark has come!"

Charging out of the east, roaring an ear-rattling battle cry, is the **Shrieker in the Dark**, the monster that guards Yrsa. Its body is muted black, making details hard to determine. Two great wings hold aloft a serpentine body. At the end of its long neck is a reptilian head, a pair of red eyes — the only points of color on the entire beast — glowing brightly above a fang-filled mouth.

The Shrieker in the Dark, Adult Black Dragon (6 HD): HD 6 (24hp); **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (3d6); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: Spits acid, speaks..

Tactics: The dragon will attempt to attack from the air, breathing acid, before it swoops in to the attack.

Development: After the battle, assuming the characters fulfill Yrsa's requirements for their aid, she allows herself to be rescued. What happens next depends on the actions of the characters. If they fought with courage and honor, treated her with respect and deference, and in all things behaved as a hero should, she rewards them with Yrsa's Favor. If they have not, she levels Yrsa's Curse upon them and departs.

If they receive Yrsa's Favor, read the following:

> "My mighty heroes, you have saved me from a dreadful fate, for which I am eternally grateful. However, we all have a wyrd we cannot avoid, and mine beckons, I may tarry with you for only a day and a night, and then I must be away. Ask of me what you will, and if it should be in my power, I will grant it."

The party may now ask one thing of Yrsa, and she grants it. Hopefully, they ask how to defeat Sven Oakenfist or lift his curse. They may ask about the other Daughters of Skuld, but this question is met only by stony silence and a poisonously jealous glare (though she allows them another chance to ask again). If asked about the means to defeat Sven Oakenfist, she relates the following.

> "As all know, a viper is best slain by its own fang, but if you have its fang, why do you need to slay it? In a distant land called the Caliphate, there is a deadly viper called the "Two Breaths." This viper is a threat to all, both low and high fall to its rampages, and entire villages are slain in a night when the vipers swarm through. There is but one beast, a small bird, which can slay the viper. The bird jumps upon the viper's back, causing it to strike backward with its fang into its own spine as the bird nimbly hops away. But you do not have such a viper, nor such a bird. Perhaps if you had the viper's tooth to strike the viper through the heart, that would slay the creature. That is if we are talking of vipers and little birds."

In her own confused, maddening way, Yrsa is talking about the spear (fang) that slew Sven Oakenfist (the viper). Thus, the characters should stab the wight in the back with the same spear that killed the man. If the players can't come to this conclusion on their own, the Referee should have one of the characters recall Jarl Anud's revelation that he stabbed Sven Oakenfist in the back with his own spear — simulating the fact that while *characters* play close attention to all the events described in text boxes, *players* use anything after the first two sentences of "read-aloud text" as a convenient time to eat some of the potato chips.

Before she leaves, assuming they haven't angered her, Yrsa gifts each character with a medium magic item appropriate to their class (choose or roll from the lists in the ***Swords & Wizardry Complete Rules***). Yrsa offers a kiss to one character who stood out among the rest in courage and deportment (randomly determined, and to a character of any gender). If her advance is accepted, she rewards that hero with Yrsa's Boon. If spurned, Yrsa lays her Curse upon the hapless hero, and departs on the appointed hour.

Mother Hengrid

Where the Dnipir River flows into the Seagestre Gulf, the river splits into many smaller channels forming a tangled delta of mud banks, sandbars, and swamplands. Somewhere in that tangled mess of land and water lies the Cottage of Mother Hengrid, one of the three daughters of the Norn, Skuld. Mother Hengrid, like her sisters, is a being of semi-divine power, the child of a force of the universe and a mortal man. She is also, like her sisters, quite mad and maintains illusions that hide her true nature from herself and visitors. In Mother Hengrid's twisted worldview, she is the patron of adventurers and lives merely to keep them from harm. Sadly, this has been perverted over the centuries by her madness and her aunts' curse, and today Mother Hengrid vacillates between being a caring matronly figure and a cruel disciplinarian.

Yrsa's Curse

Those affected by Yrsa's Curse have had their wyrd twisted in such a way that it opposes their actions. The cursed character can be forced to reroll any three rolls by the Referee, taking the worse of the two. The effect lasts until all three rerolls are used.

Yrsa's Boon

Those affected by Yrsa's Boon have had their wyrd altered to ensure their victory. The character is granted three rerolls of any roll he makes, taking the better of the two. The effect lasts until all three rerolls are used.

Getting to the cottage is a dangerous journey, especially in the depths of winter. From Jarl Anud's hall to Dnipirstead, it is a cold 645-mile voyage by longship along the southern coast of the North Sea up and around the Hord Peninsula, though they can put in at Halfstead for supplies or repairs if necessary. Obtaining a ship and/or pilot in Trotheim are at the same prices as mentioned under "Fair Yrsa" above. The journey takes 9 days (not including any stops along the way).

The last leg of the journey is down through the Seagestre Gulf to the Dnipir Delta. The coast is a wild region known as Seagestreland, home to the savage barbarians known as the Seagestrelanders. These barbarians are not Northlanders, and they live by herding and farming the rich forestlands along the coast. For generations, there has been a mixed relationship between the Northlanders and the Seagestrelanders. Longships come to trade, bringing iron tools and luxury goods to exchange for gold, furs, amber, and slaves. Sometimes the Northlanders arrive and just take what they want, causing the Seagestrelanders to be very wary of the approach of a longship.

Stavie and Dnipirstead are the only two Northlander settlements to resupply at in the Seagestre Gulf south of Smølsund. Both are out-of-the-way frontier towns of small populations and limited means. Stavie is a resupply point for traders working Seagestreland, and is almost deserted in the winter. The larger of the two settlements is Dnipirstead, which is a trading post and a small-but-growing colony. From here, longships sail

Stavie and Dnipirstead

Stavie

Neutral hamlet
Qualities rumormongering
Government council
Population 45 (40 human [Northlanders]; 5 human [Seagester slaves])
Notable NPCs
Knut the Lame, local merchant (Neutral male human merchant 2)
Purchase Maximum 1000gp

Dnipirstead

Lawful village
Qualities strategic location
Government autocracy
Population 136 (125 human [Northlanders]; 11 human [Seagester slaves])
Notable NPCs
Jarl Alvi Gyrdson (Neutral male human Ftr4)
Purchase Maximum 2500gp

up the Dnipir River to trade and raid both the Seagestrelanders and the strange foreign peoples who live beyond the Northlands in a region called the Sea of Grass. Some have even claimed to have sailed to the source of the Dnipir, portaged across the plains, and sailed down another river to a distant land known as the Caliphate.

For every 12 hours of the voyage, roll 1d8; on a 1–2, a random encounter occurs. It would be a good idea to roll once at midday and once at midnight, though the encounters can occur at any time during the 12-hour period. Use the "North Sea — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***.

If the characters put into shore in Seagestreland before reaching the delta, then use the "Seagestreland: Coastal Forest — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. This may provide the party with the opportunity for a little impromptu raiding or trading. Roll 1d8 daily on this table when the characters are ashore; an encounter occurs on a 1–3. Encounters occur at a fair range (2d10x15 yards) as the forest is not thick and the plains beyond are open.

Unexpected Visitors

Regardless of where the characters put to shore, either Dnipirstead, the Seagestre coast, or the swampy river mouth, they are in for a confrontation from an unexpected source. Proceed with the following shortly after they make landfall and move beyond the bounds of any settlements.

> The grip of winter does not cling as tightly to Seagestreland as it does the rest of the Northlands. A strong southerly breeze carrying the dry warmth of the Southlands competes against the northern gales that are further hindered by the mountains of distant Vastavikland. As a result, no snow blankets the ground here, and an almost-springlike warmth pervades the air. It is a far cry from the frigid cold that blankets the Vale beyond the Waldron Mountains. A sodden blanket of last year's leaves coats the forest floor and creates a silent maze among the tall, straight trunks of the birch trees. The soft plodding of horses' hooves interrupts the silence.

The characters have had the misfortune of coming upon a raiding party of Mongat horsemen, aggressive horse warriors from the Sea of Grass who have begun encroaching upon the southern fringes of the Northlands in recent years. It is known that hirthmenn rallied in the southern reaches of the Vale to defeat a force of these warriors, but the Mongat subsequently melted back into the surrounding mountains. They have been a continual thorn in the side of the Northlanders as they make sudden raids for loot and slaves.

The group that approaches the characters consists of **5 Mongat warriors**, each mounted on a light horse trained for battle. Unless the characters attempted to move with stealth, then the Mongats spotted them even as they heard the horses' footfalls. The forest is thick enough that the Mongat cannot mount a charge on their horses, or hang back and use their short horsebows, but not so thick that they can't fight from horseback. As such, the riders charge toward the characters and try to separate them and bring them down one by one. While fighting from horseback, they gain a +1 bonus on attack rolls for higher ground. Any character who is captured has a lasso looped around his ankles and is dragged back to the Mongat camp (see below). If half of the warriors are killed, the rest retreat to their camp.

Mongat Warriors (Ftr5) (5): HP 37, 34, 33, 29, 28; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1) or lance (2d4+1) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: leather armor, lance, longsword, shortbow, 40 arrows, *+1 arrows* (x5), *potion of healing*, saddlebags with 4d10hs in assorted loot.

Horse, War (5): HD 3; **HP** 20, 17x2, 15, 13; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d2), 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

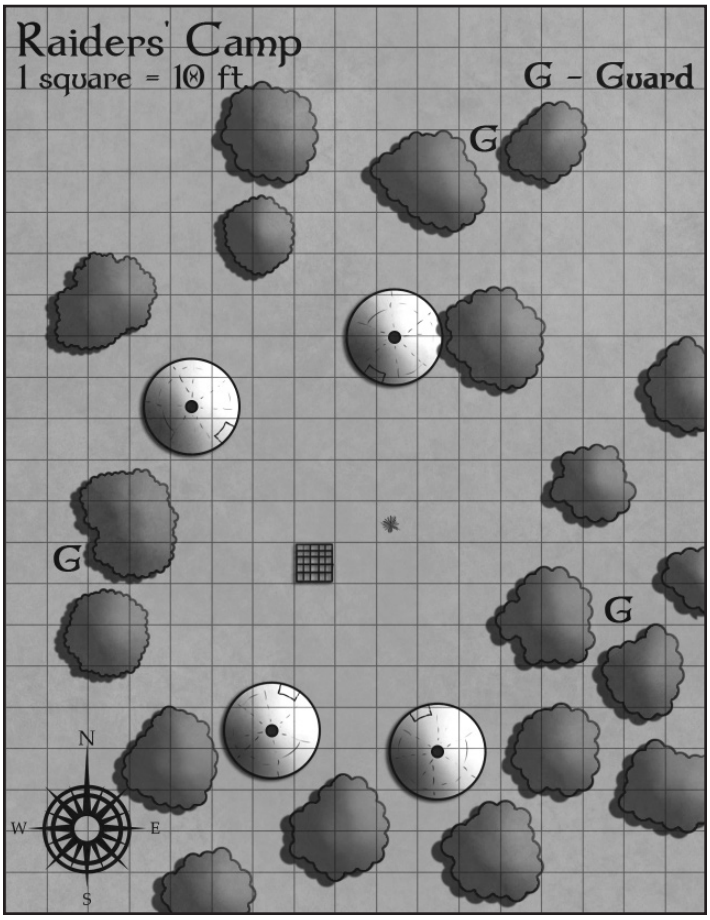
Development: If the Mongats retreat and the characters choose to, they can easily track them back to their camp 2 miles distant. If any of the Mongats are defeated, the characters find scalps on their saddlehorns — the dark hair of Seagestrelanders and the lighter hair of Northlanders alike. Some of these still drip with blood, indicating that they have been taken within the last few hours. If a character wishes to backtrack the Mongats' trail to their camp, he has a 40% chance to do so (the Mongats are not trying to hide their trail). A ranger can follow the trail automatically.

Raiders' Camp

If the characters trail the raiders back to their camp, they detect the smell of the cooking fires before reaching them, so they are aware of its proximity. If they use stealth to creep close enough to defeat the watchers, they can even gain surprise on the camp. When they first see the camp, read the following.

> A clearing in the forest reveals a small encampment. A fire burns in the center, over which a haunch of meat hangs on a spit. Four round felt tents are erected around the edges of the clearing, with a number of horses picketed between them. Not far from the fire, a cage of wooden poles is lashed together, and two figures huddle within. Several dogs run among the tents, barking and fighting over food scraps.

This camp of Mongat tribesmen recently came to this region after raiding in Storstrøm Vale. A total of **6 Mongat warriors**, 8 Mongat noncombatants (commoner, 6hp), and 12 Mongat children (2 hp) are in the camp, plus any Mongat warriors that survived the raiding party and made



it back. There are also **12 horses** trained for combat picketed within the camp. This group has been raiding in Seagestreland for the last two weeks and recently destroyed a camp of prospectors. A badly injured Northlander and a Seagestrelander are currently held in the cage. The Mongats intend to eventually sell them as slaves in the East. Mongat warriors are posted as guards as indicated on the map. If they sight characters approaching, the warriors mount up and prepare to charge at any intruders while the noncombatant Mongats herd the children into the yurts for safety. The warriors fight to the death, but the others fight only if they or the children are threatened. The camp dogs are scavengers and are not trained. They do not join in any fights.

Mongat Warriors (Ftr5) (6): HP 34, 32, 30x2, 27, 22; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1) or lance (2d4+1) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: leather armor, lance, longsword, shortbow, 40 arrows, *+1 arrows* (x5), *potion of healing*, saddlebags with 4d10hs in assorted loot.

Horse, War (12): HD 3; **HP** 22, 20x2, 18x2, 17x3, 16, 15x2, 14; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d2), 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

Development: If the prisoners are rescued, they are extremely grateful. The Seagestrelander is non-communicative and seeks to flee back to his people at the first opportunity. The Northlander is a prospector named Gnúpr Bent-nose. The Mongats attacked him and his two partners 3 days ago in their winter camp, and he is the only survivor. He knows no useful information, but if freed, and healed or given a *potion of healing*, he finds the characters 3 days later after having returned to one of his gold caches and gives them a gold nugget worth 150hs as a reward for his rescue. He can also provide them with directions in the Dnipir Delta that takes 2 days off their search for Mother Hengrid's cottage. He will not journey with the characters on their adventure.

Treasure: If the characters search the Mongats' tents, they can recover valuables worth a total of 2d6+1 x100gp in each tent.

The Dnipir Delta

Once at the delta, the next task before the party is to find the cottage of Mother Hengrid, though this is not as difficult as it seems. Locals know the rough location of it. They also know that through some arcane means, the cottage tends to find those seeking it and not the other way around. The Referee should roll 1d4+5 to determine how many days Mother Hengrid takes to move her cottage to the party.

Until the cottage is located, the characters can flounder around in the swamp following clues given by self-appointed savants from Dnipirstead. The Referee should play up the locals' lack of knowledge, and give a lot of useless directions, most of which should be based off of local jargon, such as "sail three days to where Harlod Noson ran aground, and then take the left-hand fork in the river until you get to the big oak that looks like a chicken." If the party uses divination magic or some other means of locating the cottage other than guesswork or local (mis)information, then allow them to do so. The primary thing to keep in mind is that Mother Hengrid wants to be found, for otherwise how can she protect the heroes from their own folly?

Warm and muggy year-round, the delta has a unique variety of flora and fauna not found elsewhere in the Northlands. Use the "Seagestreland: Dnipir Delta" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. Encounters often occur in the swamp when one party becomes aware of the other and either evades or lays an ambush. Unless otherwise noted, these creatures are out to kill and eat the party, and fight until reduced to single-digit hit points, and then flee. Roll 1d8 twice a day for encounters while in the delta, once in daylight hours and once at night; an encounter occurs on a 1–4.

The Cottage of Mother Hengrid

The cottage sits on a small island in the delta, bordered on the east side by a large arm of the Dnipir River, and on the others by smaller tributaries. Crooked trees, brambles, and sick-looking hummocks of grass cover the island, giving it a more sinister air than the rest of the swamp. Even in the depths of winter, snakes and insects swarm the island, and the air is warm and fetid. In the center stands a small cottage and two garden plots, as incongruous in its surroundings as the island is in the swamp.

The cottage is small, has a main floor and a half loft, and measures (on the outside) 30ft square. Its walls are solid and well trimmed with subtle but attractive decorations carved along the door and window frames, as well as the corner posts. The windows are of cloudy glass, letting light in but hiding the interior from prying eyes. The roof is of thick and fresh thatch, and the chinks of the stone chimney look freshly daubed. Two stone steps lead up to the door and are flanked by small beds of fragrant flowers. On the west side of the door is a comfortable-looking wooden bench, the perfect place for travelers to rest their weary feet. Two small garden plots are on the north side, one of herbs and the other of squash and other vegetables. Smoke lazily wafts up from the chimney.

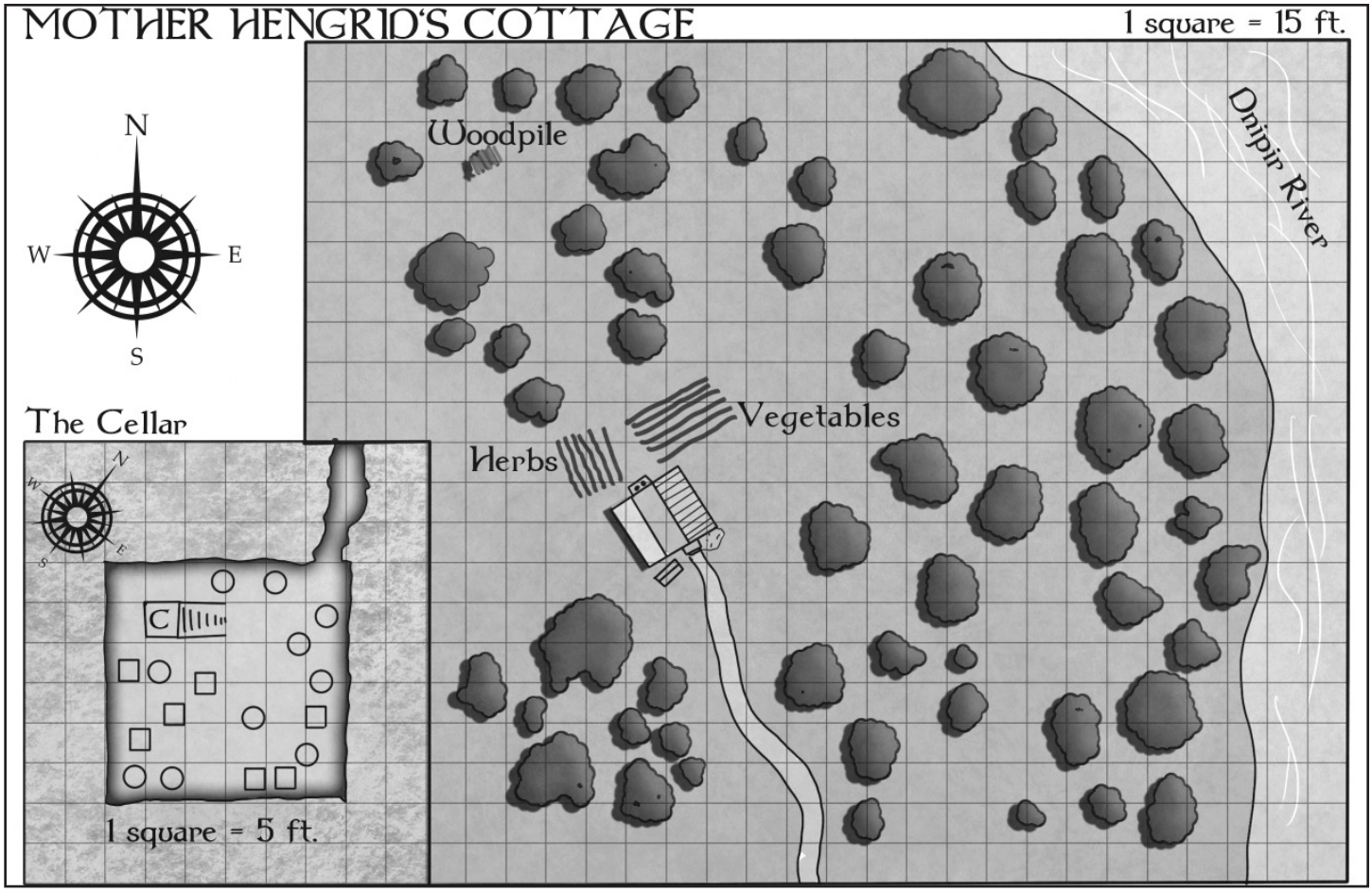
When the party approaches the house, they smell the cook fire and the succulent things roasting there. Pork no doubt turns on a spit above a crackling fire, pies can be smelled cooling somewhere inside, and the definite odor of mulling mead wafts through the door. Should the characters address the house or perhaps even politely knock on the door, Hengrid greets them as described below.

> A matronly woman of late middle age, her hair up in a brown and gray bun, and her pale yellow dress neatly crisp and covered in a white apron, opens the door. She looks you over with a concerned eye and says, "Dearies, you look tired, and oh, you are injured! Please, come in quickly so I may tend to your wounds. You are heroes no doubt, yes? And on some foolish quest as well? Come in, come in, the fire is warm and the food is hot. I have roast pork, apple and gooseberry pies, and hot mulled mead. Those will be just the thing for you."

Mother Hengrid fusses over the characters, amusingly scolding them for tracking mud into her house, chiding them for the state of their clothes and equipment, hurrying to take their things, all of which need mending or cleaning, and ushering them into the kitchen. Remember that Hengrid is a demigod, and the characters find themselves incapable of resisting her ministrations despite their best efforts. After their dirty items are removed, she notes that they themselves are none too clean, and then sends them out back to a huge wooden tub filled with scalding hot water. There is room enough in the tub for the entire party, and Mother Hengrid brooks no backtalk or naughtiness, threatening to send trouble children to the cellar without any food. Once they are well soaked, she scrubs each character with a boar-bristle brush and lye soap.

When properly scrubbed, the party finds their clothing and equipment inside have been cleaned and mended — in fact, it is better than new and will not break or wear out under normal use (it can still be purposefully broken). They also find a table laid out for them, each place set with a bread trencher filled with a rich stew of roast pork and vegetables. Cheese and fruits sit in the center, and there is plenty of mead to wash it all down. After the meal, Mother Hengrid provides a slice of pie, oatcakes, and fresh buttermilk to her guests. After dinner, there is time to relax in front of the fire, sip mulled cider, and talk. At the end of the evening, Mother Hengrid opens a previously unnoticed side door to reveal a room with warm featherbeds piled high with wool blankets — one for each character — even though the cottage was clearly not large enough to have such a room when viewed from the outside.

Development: Throughout their entire interaction with Mother Hengrid, the party is fussed over, encouraged to eat and drink, and made comfortable. She hovers over them and listens to their needs. Any attempt to broach the reason for the visit or talk about weighty issues is met with a disapproving clucking sound and an urging to wait until the proper time after the meal.



Characters who misbehave by resisting Mother Hengrid's attentions or breaking the laws of hospitality find themselves warned to behave properly. It they continue, they find themselves teleported into the cellar (no save), left to wait in the dark for the fate that comes to unruly children.

Mother Hengrid's Cellar

A trapdoor in the kitchen leads to a short set of stairs that empty into a low-ceilinged (6ft height), dirt-floored, stone-walled cellar. The cellar is cramped and filled with baskets of root vegetables, dried fruits, smoked meats, and other assorted foodstuffs that make all squares occupied by them difficult terrain. In the north wall is a narrow 2ft-wide crack that leads into a natural cavern below the cottage. A person could just barely squeeze through the crack and escape, reaching the river after an hour's walk through the darkness. However, a variety of nasty critters issue forth from the crack if anyone enters or shines a light down it. Also, each time a person is cast down into the cellar, a new monster comes forth. Roll on the Random Cellar Encounters table below. Sounds of combat are met with a loud stamping of Mother Hengrid's foot and a shouted "Keep it down, and go stand in the corner. You've got no one to blame but yourself!" Any who wish to join their comrades in the cellar may, but they are left down there until morning. Once the trapdoor closes, it cannot be opened from below.

Centipede, Giant (small, non-lethal) (1d8): **HD** 1d2hp; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** bite (0 plus poison); **Move** 13; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: non-lethal poison (+4 save or helpless for 1d4 rounds, crippled limb for 2d4 days).

Ticks, Giant (1d6): **HD** 3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d4 plus blood drain and disease); **Move** 3; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: blood drain (automatic 4hp/round after hit), disease kills victim in 2d4 days (*cure disease* to remove). (***Monstrosities*** 471)

Beetles, Giant (1d2): **HD** 5; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (5d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 42)

Ants, Giant Worker (1d6): **HD** 2; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30.

Leech, Giant (1d4): **HD** 2; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: sucks blood (1 level/round).

Rat, Giant (3d12): **HD** 1d4hp; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d3); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special:** 5% are diseased.

Spider, Giant (4ft diameter) (1d6): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** lethal poison (+1 save), 5-in-6 chance to surprise prey.

Random Cellar Encounters

1d8	Encounter
1	1d8 giant centipedes
2	1d6 giant ticks
3	1d2 giant beetles
4	1d6 giant ants
5	1d4 giant leeches
6	1d6 giant rats
7	1d8 giant rats
8	1d6 giant spiders

Do Your Chores

After the meal, the dishes are whisked away and the benches turned to face the fire. Warm and comfortable woolen blankets are brought out, and serious talk can commence. Mother Hengrid answers any question put to her by the characters, assuming they voluntarily fill their roles well. Perceptive characters notice several things in the cottage that could use the attention of a healthy young man or woman. First, the bin next to the fire is low, and as the after-dinner conversation begins, Mother Hengrid throws the last log onto the fire, inquiring if anyone would mind fetching some more wood from out back. Second, the cauldron used to boil the water for cleaning the dishes is empty, and water must be drawn from the river and carried back, if there is a strong back to do the task. Finally, she scrapes the leftovers from dinner into a bucket and asks if anyone would mind feeding her dogs. The whole party or a part thereof may go to complete each task. If the tasks are not completed, or if no one even attempts them, the characters wake up the next morning in Mother Hengrid's cellar, and must face the monsters there to escape. In that turn of events, none of their questions is answered.

Fetching Wood

The woodpile is well back of the cottage, about 100ft past the gardens. It stands 15ft high and stretches for 8ft, all of it carefully cut and stacked wood. The moon is full overhead, even if it should actually be in a different phase, and its light glints off a large double-bitted woodsman's axe next to the pile. At least 100 pounds of wood needs to be carried back in order for the bin to be filled. As the fetcher approaches, he can detect a musty scent of old wood with an underlying musky tang.

When a log is removed from the pile, an angry roar rolls out from behind the woodpile, and a misshapen form looms up into the night. It is taller than a man and much heavier, clad in threadbare workman's clothes over warty skin and coarse hair. The **troll** screeches in coarse Nørsk, "Fie, vandals, brigands, thieves! Scoundrels who skulk and steal from honest folk! Thou shalt not take from my sweaty toil! Hie thee back, fiends, or be mine dinner and ye bones ground for my bread."

The troll attacks after making his speech, seeking to drive away the intruders and protect his woodpile; after all, he is the one who fells the trees, chops the wood, and piles it up. If the characters retreat, he will not pursue unless they continue to attack from range. At no point will he enter the cottage or even the gardens. If the characters mention the troll to Mother Hengrid, she simply states that she can never get the woodsman to fill the woodbin and sends the characters back to it.

Troll: **HD** 6+3; **HP** 45; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round.

Beneath the woodpile, stuffed into a hollow log, is the troll's treasure. It consists of 3 gold arm-rings taken from previous victims (100hs each), a small bag of gold nuggets (350hs), and a small assortment of loose gemstones (500hs). The troll's favorite gem, a large diamond (1500hs), fell out of the log and he's been looking for it for a while. If characters tear apart the woodpile, they can find the diamond under a shelf of loose bark. Mother Hengrid gets very angry if they don't restack the wood later, however, which might earn naughty children a trip to the cellar.

Filling the Cauldron

To fetch the water, someone has to carry the 20-pound cauldron down to the river, fill it, and bring it back. It should be easy but, naturally, is met with complications. As the characters approach the river, they spot several large red eyes peeking from the water. A swarm of **10 giant frogs** leaps out to attack. The frogs attempt to drag characters into the murky river and eat them.

Frog, Giant (Large) (10): **HD** 3; **HP** 22, 20x3, 19, 18x3, 17, 14; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d8); **Move** 3 (or 100ft leap); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; Special: leap, swallow whole (natural 20, dies in 3 rounds). (***Monstrosities*** 179)

At the edge of the pond in the shallow water (along the route the frogs drag their victims) is an assortment of muck-covered treasures. Characters searching the water can find a total of 300hs, a couple of silver rings (50hs) and a dented arm-ring (100hs) with a skeletal arm still inside.

Feeding the Dogs

When one or more of the characters goes out to feed the dogs, Mother Hengrid tells them to simply call out, and the dogs will come to the front of the house, and that there are some "pointy sticks" on the porch that should keep the dogs away if needed. The spears have silver heads that do 1 point of damage to a hound with each hit.Standing outside the house in the dark, those feeding the dogs have a long wait. After 5 minutes they hear some barking off in the distance, barking that grows louder and more numerous the longer they wait. Furthermore, the barking seems to move forward in leaps and bounds, sounding suddenly closer without coming from the intervening distance. As the barking reaches its apex of noise and proximity, three gaunt doglike shapes burst out of the undergrowth and charge the party. The dogs are not interested in mere scraps, they want to eat something fresh and meaty like a character. The dogs are **3 hounds of Yith** and will not fight to the death. If pressed, they grab a mouthful of food and run off barking into the night.

Hengrid's Dogs (Hounds of Yith) (3): HD 3; **HP** 19, 17x2; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18 (fly 25); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** baying (*fear*, 100ft radius), harmed only by magic/silver weapons (silver, 1hp damage per hit; magic, 1hp damage per to-hit bonus per hit), magic resistance (10%). (***Monstrosities*** 526)

Mother Hengrid's Answers

If any of the characters is injured after completing one of the chores, Mother Hengrid dotes on them, cleans and binds their wounds, and sees that they are made comfortable. This doesn't get them out of the other chores, but each does receive the benefits of a *cure serious wounds* spell. If asked about the dangers of the chores, Mother Hengrid waves them away as something that big boys and girls like them can handle easily.

After tending to their chores, the characters may discuss their quest with Mother Hengrid. She is quite willing to talk, and reveals any of the information about Sven Oakenfist, Jarl Anud, or the Three Daughters of Skuld that is given previously in the adventure. If asked how to defeat the wight of Sven Oakenfist or break the curse, she replies with the following.

"Ah, you wish to save the jarl and his household? Well, that's a fine task for sharp children like you. As I see it, the problem is that the curse drives the wight, who is merely a shade of the man, and not the man at all. To undo a curse of this nature, you need to trick the wight into reliving it. If I were you, Dearies, I would seek the hand that slew the man, and slay the wight likewise. Now, get some rest, and be off in the morning."

Mother Hengrid's Gourds

These muskmelons stuffed with stew are one-use magical items of high potency. Consuming a full melon takes roughly 1 minute if the character tries to choke it all down. Once consumed, the imbiber feels warm and happy, and finds himself refreshed and all his wounds healed. The consumer is restored to full hit points, has all ability damage or ongoing conditions ended, receives the benefit of 8 hours of sleep, and has any special abilities that are limited by a number of uses per day restored to full. Casters have their number of spells per day reset as if they have not only had sleep, but had the opportunity to prepare the spells they used the previous day. The gourds keep for one month, after which the stew spoils and is no longer of use.

The next morning, the party awakens refreshed and ready to face new challenges. They find themselves laid out on the open ground in a dry portion of the swamp, their wounds healed and their possessions nearby (mended and cleaned, of course). Piled in a rough pyramid are a number of muskmelons (one for each character), each with the stem cut off and tied back on to form a lid. Inside is a helping of the stew served to the characters the night before. These are *Mother Hengrid's Gourds*, and the heroes are among the few who have ever tasted them.

Old Meg

Old Meg's Caverns lie on the southern side of the island of the Jomsburg, a place no sane man would willingly go, for Jomsburg Island is the location of the fortress of the Jomsvikings. These brigands, pirates, mercenaries, and cultists fill the hearts of every Northlander with terror, for they are the horror in the dark that sweeps in from the sea and kills, pillages, and burns. They know no honor, no mercy, and no sense of shame. The legends of their perfidy, crimes, and debaucheries are many. If this is the place the heroes have chosen to go, may the Valkyries sweep them to Valhalla, for they are not long for this world.

By sea, it is a 350-mile journey to Old Meg's Caverns from Trotheim (5 days), 510 miles from Dnipirstead (7 days), or 400 miles from Yrsa's Rock (6 days). Locating the Jomsburg Island is easy, as its notorious location is well known to the Northlanders.

The Jomsvikings are a sworn brotherhood, dedicated to each other and their own foul code. Part of that code is the worship of strange Dark Gods, entities whose names are best left unsaid and forgotten. The lair of the feared Jomsvikings, the Jomsburg, is a fortress-city perched high above the North Sea. Tall, thick walls surround the city, even on the seaward side, and the Jomsvikings have spared no expense in the construction of their defenses, even going so far as to import priceless siege equipment from the Southlands. These siege engines throw stones large enough to sink a ship or shatter a shieldwall. The city proper is on the cliffs; however, a second city exists in a network of caves that lead from the main fortress through the cliffs to several half-flooded sea caves below. It is in these sea caves that the Jomsvikings bring their ships and store them in safety. The sea caves are strongly defended with underground fortifications, and massive chains are stretched across their mouths to block attacking ships.

Old Meg's Caverns

The Caverns of Old Meg sit in a 300ft-high cliff, the opening midway up its face high above crashing surf. There is no safe anchorage below the cliff, and the sea crashes constantly against a rocky reef at the cliff's base. Holding a ship there is nearly impossible, as the waves sweep the vessel onto the rocks for 2d10 points of damage. Above the spray line, the cliff is home to nesting seabirds that cackle and swoop at any ship below or character climbing.

The climb up the cliff is long and hazardous, as the rock face is nearly sheer and covered in a crumbling rime of sea salt cast up by the waves that thunder at the base. Non-thieves trying to climb the first 50ft have an 80% chance (minus their level) of falling for every 30ft climbed. For the remaining 90ft, they have a 40% chance (minus their level). After the first 50ft, climbers can also try to use the small ledges the seabirds nest on to aid his ascent (reducing the chance of falling to 30% minus level). This does pose a problem though, as the birds are greatly upset to see their homes so roughly handled, and attack and harry the hapless climber, requiringa new check each round.

C1. Fountain Cave

The cave mouth leads to a small ice-filled antechamber. On the east side of the chamber, a natural stone bowl, 4ft wide and 3ft deep, catches a small trickle of icy water that springs forth from a crack in the cave wall. A shell of ice has formed over this bowl from the splashing water, looking for all the world like a large oval face with a gaping maw 2ft in diameter, where the water falls through it into the basin below. Slumped over the lip of the basin and frozen into this icy shell is a Northlander warrior, his chain hauberk rusted to ruin beneath its icy patina. One arm of this grim warrior dangles into the water and appears to be clutching something. His pale, desiccated face, still trailing a wisp of copper-colored beard, looks back toward the cave entrance, the expression empty in death.

The warrior is inanimate and does not pose a threat to the party. He is firmly frozen into the ice formed over the basin and requires several rounds of chopping with axes or other implements to free him. However, he possesses nothing of value or interest to the characters, his equipment long since ruined. An examination of the corpse reveals that his hand submerged in the water appears to be holding a flat, rune-incised stone. Several more of these stones are scattered across the bottom of the basin. The runes on them are unrecognizable, and the stones cannot be retrieved without magic unless the ice shell is broken through to gain access to the pool.

More of these stones rest in a small niche on the opposite side of the chamber. These are easier to read and are rune stones cast to foresee the future. Individually they have no meaning, but depending on the sequence of how they land, a trained runecaster can read the omens in them. If any of the stones from the fountain are recovered, they are revealed to be more of the same.

These stones hold no particular value, but were left by Old Meg to be used as a small ritual to honor her heritage as a daughter of a Norn and to serve as a way to announce the arrival of visitors. If anyone drops one of the stones into the fountain, it makes a loud plopping sound that echoes into **Area C2** and alerts the occupants to withhold their attacks. Any other sounds coming from here do not produce the same restraint on the part of the inhabitants there.

C2. Frozen Gallery

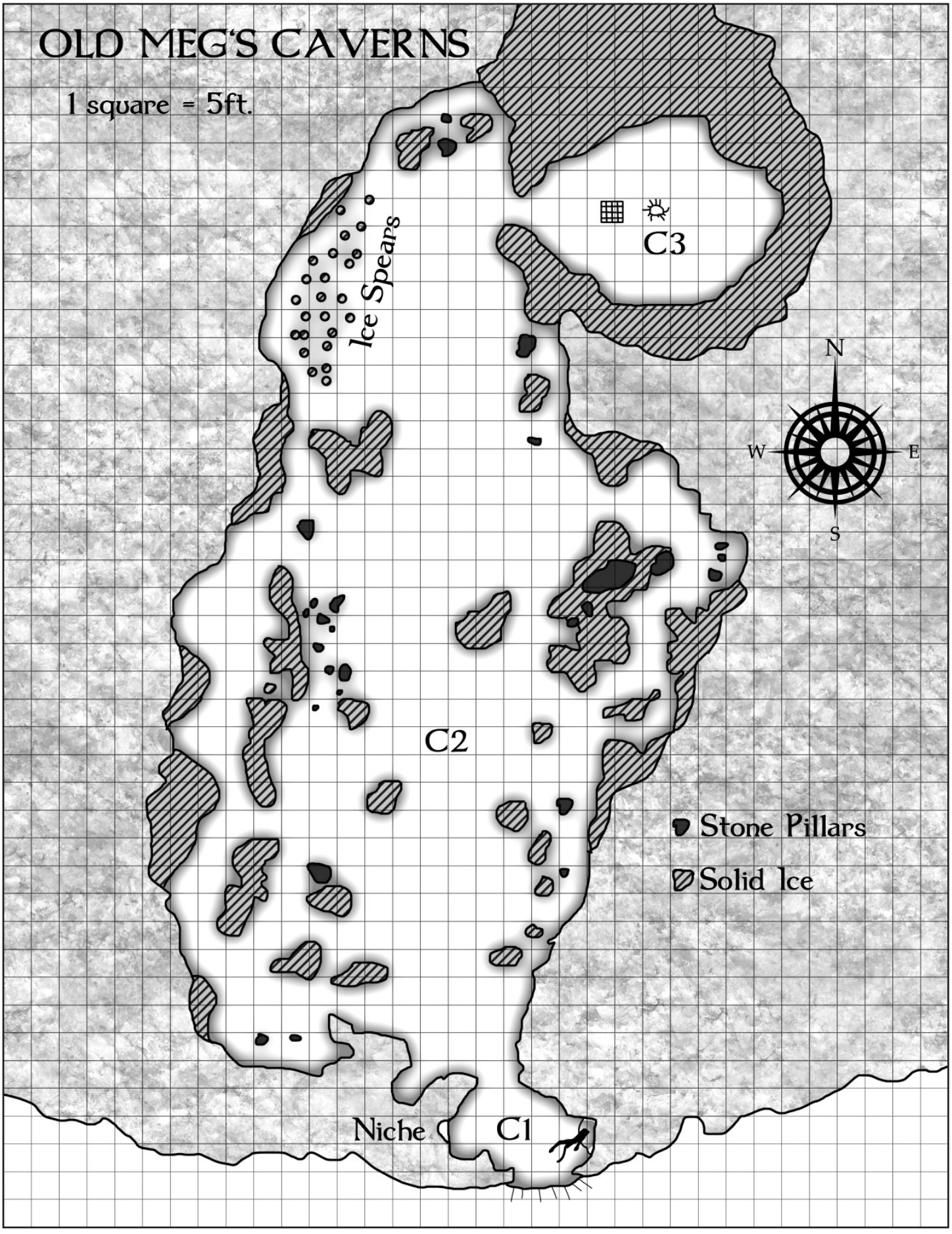
The antechamber opens onto a long gallery. Frost and ice cover the stone of this cave, and the air is frigid, like that of the depths of winter. Gigantic icicles hang from the ceilings, and are met from the floor by their mates, looking like huge crystalline teeth. The gallery is 50 feet wide and nearly 200 feet long, and slopes down steeply into the heart of the island. Fanciful shapes formed of ice such as chimneys, slides, steps, and even vaguely humanoid or animal forms can be made out in centuries-old build up of rime upon the walls.

On the wall opposite the entrance to **Area C3** are bloodstained, jagged spears of ice adorned with the arms, armor, tattered clothes, and bodies (or parts thereof) of past heroes who have braved Old Meg's labyrinth and failed (see the "Failed Heroes" Sidebox).

Lurking within the icy labyrinth of this cave are **4 linnorms** trained by Old Meg to attack any intruders that do not first feed a stone into the fountain in **Area C1**. The sound of an object plopping into the water is easily audible as it echoes down the gallery, alerting the linnorms to withhold their attack. In this case, they instead lurk among the icy scenery, giving the characters occasional glimpses of themselves as they lean forward between columns of ice and hiss menacingly. If attacked, they happily fight to the death even if the intruders do make the proper offering. Old Meg does not respond to the sounds of fighting in this chamber.

The linnorms guarding old Meg are young, only 20ft in length. Their powers would increase with age, but are at this time relatively weak. All four share the same characteristics, being from the same brood.

Linnorms of Old Meg (4): HD 4; **HP** 23, 20x2, 17; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d6), 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** Magic resistance 40% to all but fire


OLD MEG'S CAVERNS
1 square = 5ft.
Ice Spears
C3
N
W
E
S
C2
Stone Pillars
Solid Ice
Niche
C1

magic (double damage inflicted), +1 weapon (or weapon under *bless* spell) required to hit, frost breath weapon 2/day (40ft cone, linnorm's original hit points in damage, save for half, only usable on alternate rounds), aura of fear (save within 10ft or run/cower for 1d3 turns, 50% chance of each), bathing in its blood restores half of lost hit points and removes curses, teeth are treated as magic weapons if used as daggers, although they have no bonus to hit, just the ability to damage a creature that can only be hit by magic weapons of any strength.

The linnorms have accumulated a large assortment of treasures that they keep frozen against one wall of their lair. If characters take time to chip away at the icy covering, they can find 3500hs, a scattering of gems and jewelry (2450hs), 3 frozen *potions of healing* (still good, if allowed to thaw), and a carved golden idol of a wingless dragon rearing up over a cowering warrior (5000hs, and the personal favorite of the young linnorms).

C3. Meg's Chamber

Old Meg resides in a roughly oval chamber that appears carved out of a single block of ice.

Huddled over a small fire upon which boils an iron pot filled with noxious brown liquid, hunches a woman ancient beyond reason, her greasy grey hair hanging down past her shoulder, one eye a wretched ruin of an empty socket, and the other rolling crazily in her head. She is dressed in rags long since lacking in color or texture. As you enter, her crazy eye stops its revolutions and focuses on you with a piercing stare. On the floor before the fire is an ornate game board of ivory and ebony squares, the pieces realistically carved as golden bugbears.

The old woman's mouth opens with a creak of her jaws, and she speaks in a voice dry as stone, "Ah, I see a new batch of fools have dared my caves, no doubt seeking their reward. Know ye that what you have suffered so far in life is naught in comparison to what you may suffer still, for I see your future and past, aye, even your present, and I see foul things and great dreams, wonders and terrors, pain and joy — but mostly pain. These are my laws — the laws of my house. You may speak to none of what you have seen and done; no skald may breathe through his lips songs of you, save that you journeyed into the cave of Old Meg and came out. Nor may you tell of what boon you or your companions have sought and gained, just that these things have happened, and that Old Meg bade it so. Do you accept my challenge, a test of will and wits?"

Old Meg's Challenge

The task is simple: The heroes must defeat Old Meg in a game of hnefatafl, a popular board game of the Northlands, which Old Meg refers to simply as "Hnef." There is a catch, however; the characters must play by her rules, and they themselves are the pieces (provide the players with **Player Handout A**). Pieces captured in the game are dead and gone, their souls taken by Old Meg for her own use. Should they win, the characters are free to each ask of her a boon, and they receive it, even so far as to know the exact means in clear words of how to slay the wight of Sven Oakenfist. Meg accepts no dickering or counteroffers. The characters may either accept her challenge or leave the cave. To do otherwise is to court a date with the ice spears in **Area C2**.

Immediately upon accepting the challenge, one of the characters is chosen to be the game player (the characters have time to debate the choice). The rest find themselves shrunken down and filling the role of the playing pieces on the board. The game player directs the movement of his pieces, but the piece itself decides what action to take during its move. The pieces can shout back suggestions or otherwise communicate with the game player. The characters are the defenders in this game, and can choose to be any of the designated Players' Pieces on the board. Those not chosen stay as bugbears, as do all of Old Meg's pieces — all except the King, which takes on the likeness of a Northlands jarl, one that very much resembles Anud Cursespear.

Bugbear: **HD** 3+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4) or by weapon (varies+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: surprise opponents on 1-3 on a d6.

The game is played on a nine-by-nine-square board. The object is to move the king to any corner of the board. The player character goes first as the defender and moves one of the character pieces. Each piece may move a number of squares per turn up to his normal speed divided by three, but can move only in a straight line (laterally only — no diagonals). It cannot pass through an occupied space. After the character piece goes, Meg moves a bugbear piece in the same manner, attempting to kill the character pieces and block access to the corners. She does not attack the king but does try to block his progress. After the character player and Meg each go, the character player can move the King piece one square in any direction, including diagonal.

Failed Heroes

The exact identities of the failed heroes hanging in Old Meg's Cavern are generally well-known (and not-so-well-known) heroes who disappeared decades or centuries ago, and various people from beyond the Northlands who quested far only to meet a grisly end. A list of some of the important corpses and the magical items they carried (which can be found if searched for) is provided below:

- Asgaut Borkson, one of the Hrolf clan, a warrior of some renown lost 150 years ago (mithral shirt *+1 chain mail*).
- Gest Finnson, an infamous liar and braggart missing at sea 30 years ago (*amulet against scrying*).
- Saxi Sigriddottir, child of a famed adventurer and famous slayer of wyrms himself, thought lost on the Wyrm Fang Rocks 70 years ago (*+1 battleaxe*).
- Bjron Gunderson, a famed huscarl in service to the jarl of Halfstead for 50 years until he retired and went a-viking 15 years ago (*+1 shield*).
- Finn the Clever, a skald of some repute who once charmed a valkyrie and later disappeared with her 25 years ago (*harp of charming—charm person* as spell for those who hear music, save made at –2).
- Knut Noson, a strange and impetuous godi of Donar missing these 200 years (*+2 warhammer*).
- Galti of Estenfird, a bear of a man who is said to have defeated a giant bear by breaking its neck with one hand, lost at sea 60 years ago (*gauntlets of ogre power*).
- Skuld the Witchy Woman (no relation to the Norn, Skuld), history does not record why she came here 40 years ago, only that she was drenched in blood (*jug of alchemy*).

Old Meg's Riddles

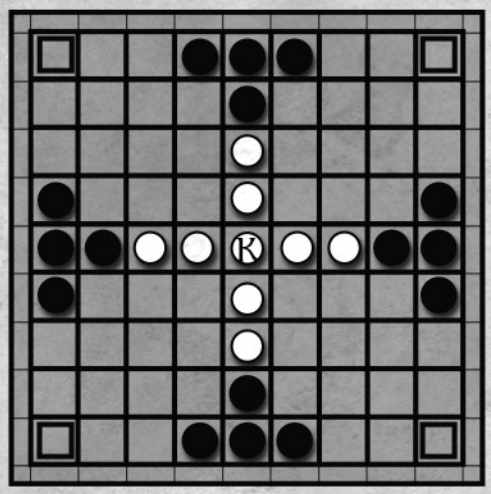
1. "A wonder on the wave, water becomes bone." **Answer:** ice on a lake or sea

2. "I'm told a certain thing grows in the corner, rises and expands, and throws up a protective crust. A proud wife carries off this boneless wonder, and the daughter of a king covers that swollen thing with a cloth." **Answer:** bread

3. "What lives on its own substance and dies as it devours itself?" **Answer:** a candle

Player Handout A

THE HNEFATAFL BOARD



○ Potential PC

● Old Meg's Piece

Ⓚ King

If a piece (other than the King) starts or ends a turn adjacent to another piece, it may attack (and if attacked, the target may make a single attack in return). Moving pieces go first in these actions, and normal initiative is ignored.

Old Meg interrupts the game six times — three times to ask a riddle and three times to cheat. After one of her turns, she asks a riddle, and if the game player character gives a correct answer, he gets to take two turns (with a character piece, not with the King). If the answer is wrong or he fails to answer, Old Meg takes an extra turn. When she cheats, she does so after the game player's turn, causally bumping the table. This allows her to reposition 1d4 pieces up to three squares away.

If they win, the characters may ask Old Meg for one boon each. If they lose, slain characters become permanent pieces on her board, replacing an equal number of bugbears, and the player is given the option of leaving or joining the heroes of old upon the ice spears.

The boon takes the form of either the answer to a question, or the gift of an item from one of the fallen heroes. If asked about the death curse and how to lift it, Old Meg answers:

> "A person's wyrd is not carved in stone, despite what my aunts may say. A brave man may face it and unravel the skeins that hold his life together. To do this is far more risky than even the gods themselves will chance. Breaking the curse may require the peasant boy to lose himself, and yet save all."

Once their business with Old Meg is complete, the party finds themselves standing on the ledge at the cave's entrance. No matter how much time they actually spent in the caves, only a few hours have passed. If they violate any of Old Meg's rules after leaving, they find themselves back on the hnefatafl board and must win their way to freedom again. This could result in a failure of the adventure, but it's not like they weren't warned.

Chapter Two: The Barrow of Sven Oakenfist

The Barrow of Sven Oakenfist lies only 10 miles north of Jarl Anud's Hall, on the coast of the Kulding Bay, where he was laid to rest by his surviving Ulfhander after his death at the hands of the boy, Anud. Anud chose the site of the barrow to build his own fortune so that he might prosper by virtue of his victory over the famed reaver.

It is possible that the characters will choose to head straight here, but give them subtle hints that this might be a premature solution rather than visiting the Daughters of Skuld first.. Each visit with one of the Daughters of Skuld weakens the wight; visiting all three makes him but a shadow of his former self. However, heading straight to him likely proves fatal for all involved.

Before heading to the barrow, the characters may wish to return to Jarl Anud's Hall to recruit him for the raid based on the wyrds laid out by the Daughters of Skuld. If so, he is reluctant to go, and his sons and retainers cry out strongly against such an action. Characters can try to convince the old man to gird himself and take up the spear with which he first slew Sven Oakenfist, but the old jarl fears confronting his past. He is, however, willing to loan them his legendary spear that hangs above his hearth as a trophy. It is a much-worn shortspear of no special aspect, though it proves to be quite effective against Sven Oakenfist.

B1. Entrance

The barrow lies like the slumping corpse of a dragon, sprawled just above the shore. Its earthen sides are eroded and pitted from long years of exposure to harsh North Sea storms. An opening in its north face is closed with a large boulder more than 10 feet in diameter. Carved runes faded with the years cover the surface.

The boulder at the entrance weighs 5 tons and can be moved only by magic or if sufficient strength is used to drag it away. Draft animals can be roped to the stone in order to help with this. The surface of the stone is covered in runes describing the life and deeds of Sven Oakenfist, as well as warning away any who would trespass or disturb the tomb.

Anyone who reads Nørsk can make out the faded inscription. It reads:

"Within lies Sven Oakenfist, the Jarl of the Seas; the Ravager of the Cymu Islands; Terror of Gatland, Estenfird, Hordaland, and the Vale; Slayer of a Thousand Men; He Who Broke the Back of Kathisizk the Great Serpent of the Sea; Reaver of the Dnipir River; and the Bloody-Handed Horror of Seagestreland.

"Let all who come here now bow in gratitude that He does not rise from this tomb and slay you for the temerity to gaze upon his resting place. Enter and you will surely die a death unfitting for a warrior, screaming and begging for mercy that will not come."

B2. Tomb of the Thralls

This chamber is roughly oval in shape. Directly across from the boulder-blocked entrance lies a post and lintel of carved wood framing an exit that leads farther into the tomb.

The wood is carved with scenes of common work: mending, making, reaping, sowing, and such things as thralls do across the Northlands. Along both walls are stacks of baskets and wooden boxes containing a wealth of well-made common goods: hoes, spades, baskets of food, and other household items. In the center of the room are six human corpses, each a man in his prime who shows signs of having been strangled to death. They are dressed in the simple tunics of thralls, and each bears a brand of a runic "S" imposed on an "O" on his arms showing him to belong to Sven Oakenfist.

The first chamber is where the thralls most loyal to the Jarl of the Seas brought the grave goods that would see him through a long afterlife. Their reward was to be strangled and placed here, perpetual servants of a madman.

The thralls are now **6 ghouls,** and attack any who disturb the goods or cross at least halfway through the chamber. As they rise from where they fell, the thralls set up a piteous moaning — this fate was not one they chose, and they are compelled to fight against their own wishes. However, years spent serving Oakenfist and his huscarls has driven them mad with hunger and a lust for vengeance. The thralls attack with insane vigor, hoping to either vent their wrath at the cruel twists of fate or die and, it is hoped, pass on to a better afterlife.

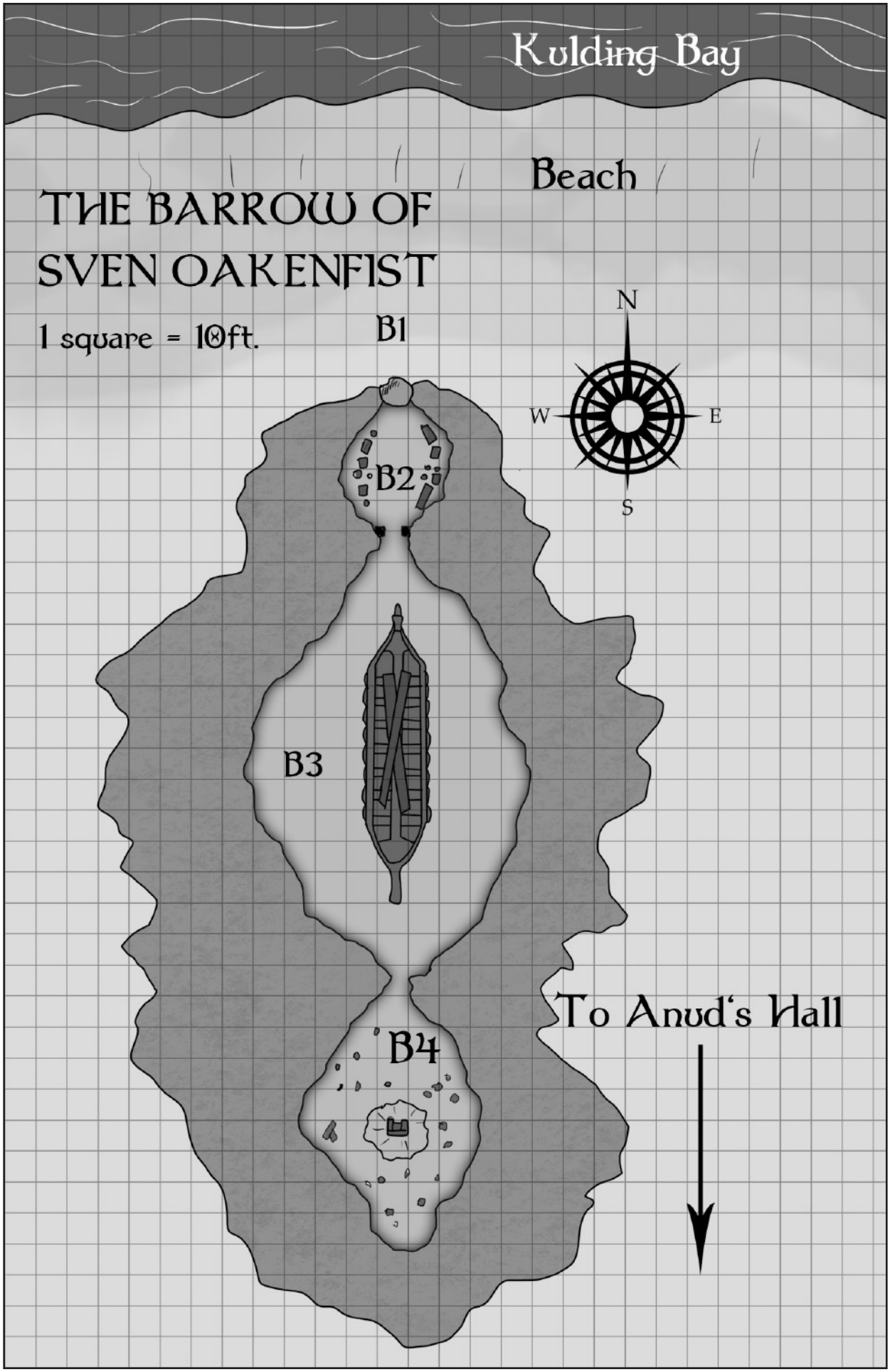
Ghouls (6): **HD** 2; **HP** 10x2, 9, 7, 6x2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm, touch causes paralysis for 3d6 turns (save avoids).

Treasure: Although they have been sitting in a dank earthen tomb for decades, the same magic that animates the tomb's inhabitants also preserves the grave goods. Looting tomb goods is not an honorable act — even the tomb of a murderous madman — and the characters should think twice about removing any of the grave goods here. If they choose to be so base, there is 3000hs in goods, weighing in total 250 pounds.

B3. Ship Barrow

Beyond the post-and-lintel doorway is an expansive stone and wood dome, 30 feet high, under which lie the rotten remains of a large dragon-headed longship. The ship has had its mast taken down and stowed, its oars neatly shipped, and its rigging coiled in the bow and stern. The dragonhead is carved in a fierce roar, and is covered in gems and sheets of pounded gold. In all aspects, the ship looks ready to launch out of the tomb and resume its wave of terror and death.

Within this chamber lie the remains of Sven Oakenfist's last ship, the *Terror of the North*. Beyond the ship barrow and visible only from the deck of the ship or when one passes halfway through the hall is a pair of 10ft-high doors of bound oak planks. These doors are richly carved and bear the same warning inscription as the boulder in **Area B1**.


Kulding Bay
Beach
THE BARROW OF
SVEN OAKENFIST
1 square = 10ft.
B1
N
W
E
S
B2
B3
B4
To Anud's Hall

Manning the ship are the common crew of the Jarl of the Seas, a group of wretched men caught in the death curse and fated to continue their existence long after they should have passed to whatever afterlife awaited them. These men exist now as **8 brine zombies**. They are armed and clad as common seafarers, and despite lying in a tomb for 60 years, they are still sodden by a lifetime at sea.

Zombie, Brine (8): **HD** 4; **HP** 27, 25x2, 24, 20, 17x3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** cutlass (1d6) or fists (1d4); **Move** 12/12 (swimming); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: resist fire (half damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 614)

Treasure: The gold plating and gems that decorate the ship's figurehead are worth a total of 2800hs if the characters are so crass as to loot them from the tomb. A loose board on the ship (10% chance to spot, unless searching the boards) hides a ceremonial gold-plated short sword (6000hs) that even the crew didn't know was there (when they were alive, of course). The sword was being transported as a gift for a rising jarl, when Sven Oakenfist attacked the ship and claimed the vessel as his own. He set the former crew loose on a shrinking ice floe before they had a chance to reveal the hidden treasure they carried.

B4. The Death Hall of Sven Oakenfist

This wooden ceiling of this room likewise rises 30 feet above the dirt floor. It is decorated much as one would expect a jarl's hall to be, with beautifully carved goods, silver, gold, and jewels, but the once-impressive furniture has been smashed, silver- and gold-coated items bent and broken, and priceless tapestries of silk torn to shreds. Even the carvings on the wooden posts that hold up the roof have been defaced. Upon a mound of rubble in the center of the hall sits a rude throne surrounded by nearly a dozen armored warriors from beyond the grave. The figure upon the throne is the familiar huge and misshapen, semi-transparent shade of a mighty warrior, clad in ghostly mail and carrying a battle-axe. Its eyes are red and its hair flows in long braids, floating on a wind that no other creature can feel.

As you enter, the thing rises to its feet and says, "Hark, for I see you have come to seek your own wyrd, that to die at the hands of the Jarl of the Sea and his loyal huscarls. Have then, and let the battle-dew fly from our thirsty steel serpents! Commence the slaughter, my brothers, and let none escape!"

This chamber was built to be fit as a resting place for a jarl, or at least it once was. Six decades of simmering rage has boiled over time and again, driving the wight of Sven Oakenfist to vent his frustration on his own grave goods and hall. The place is now a jumbled wreck that causes the entire floor to be littered with rich refuse and considered difficult terrain.

The **Wight of Sven Oakenfist** is surrounded by his closest warriors, now **10 skeletal huscarls** for an undead shadow of a jarl. The huscarls are clad as they were in life with chain hauberks and relic longswords. The flesh has long rotted from their bodies, and their minds have slipped away under the strain of undeath, leaving little more than a fierce obedience. Jarl Oakenfist lacks much of the power the man had in life and can no longer change shape or call down thunder and lightning (if the legends of the living Jarl of the Seas are to be believed). However, if he has not been reduced by visits to the Daughters of Skuld, he remains a more-than-formidable foe (see sidebox). The ghostly axe and mail are merely a part of his manifestation and do not come into play.

Skeletons (10): **HD** 1; **HP** 7, 6x2, 5, 4x3, 3x2, 2; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells.

The Many Forms of Sven

The form that the Wight of Sven Oakenfist takes depends upon how many of the Daughters of Skuld the characters successfully visited. Each time the characters visit one of the Daughters and successfully gain the information she has to give, the wyrds of Jarl Anud and the wight are twisted just a bit, reducing the wight in power. Each Daughter visited cumulatively changes the wight into a weaker form as described below. If the characters get in over their heads, you might allow them to retreat after only killing one or two. However, if they persist in tempting their wyrds against a clearly superior foe, the Norns always have opportunity to snip another bit of string.

No Daughters Visited: The wight is at near full power and is much as he was previously seen at Jarl Anud's Hall. He is a terrible foe for even heroes of legend. Instead of the normal undead blood wight, his more-powerful form is filled with icy blood that freezes any being the creature engulfs.

The Wight of Sven Oakenfist (Unique wraith, full strength): **HD** 8; **HP** 40; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 touches (1d6+ level drain); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: drain 1 level with hit, magic or silver weapon to hit, magic resistance 25%.

One Daughter Visited: Though much reduced, the wight is still full of hate and fueled by the burning desire for revenge, and remains an implacable foe.

The Wight of Sven Oakenfist (Unique wraith, 1 daughter visited): **HD** 7; **HP** 30; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 touches (1d6+ level drain); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: drain 1 level with hit, magic or silver weapon to hit, 10% magic resistance.

Two Daughters Visited: The wight loses its connection to the tangible world and can interact with it only as a shadowy reflection of what it once was.

The Wight of Sven Oakenfist (Unique wraith, 2 daughters visited): **HD** 6; **HP** 26; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 touches (1d6+ level drain); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: drain 1 level with hit, magic or silver weapon to hit (no magic resistance).

Three Daughters Visited: The wight is a mere whisper of his former self, now more full of bitterness and self loathing than anything else, and is at his most vulnerable.

The Wight of Sven Oakenfist (Unique wraith, 3 daughters visited): **HD** 5; **HP** 22; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 1 touch (1d6+ level drain); **Move** 9 (Fly 24); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: drain 1 level with hit, magic or silver weapon to hit (no magic resistance).

Tactics: With this, the wight and his huscarls charge into combat. Sven Oakenfist targets the most impressive-looking warrior in the party. The fight continues until one side is slain or the intruders are routed, for the magic of the curse prevents the wight or his followers from leaving the tomb save to issue his threat and carry it out.

Development: The huscarls can be put to rest through normal means, but the wight of Sven Oakenfist is a different matter. He suffers wounds as would any other creature, but these cannot destroy him. If reduced to 0 hp, he collapses, and then rises 1d6 rounds later with only 4 fewer hit points than before. To lay him to rest permanently, one must fulfill or defeat the conditions of the wyrd. The spear used to slay the mortal Sven Oakenfist

has a 25% chance of permanently slaying the wight on a successful hit. Once the Jarl of the Seas is slain, all his followers de-animate and the tomb begins to crumble, collapsing entirely in 2d12 rounds. One lost level (from all characters) is immediately restored, and any other lost levels are restored at a rate of 1/week. The characters will be able to feel that the further levels are coming back, although they will not be able to estimate how much time it will take per level. If the characters hurry, they have time to each grab 1d6x100hs worth of valuables from among the debris on the floor per round. If they are still in the mound when it collapses, they are instantly killed and buried under tons of earth and rubble as punishment by the fates for daring to steal from a grave.

Concluding the Adventure

The characters should be able to defeat Sven Oakenfist with the aid of the information gained from the Daughters of Skuld. Should they fail, they likely are dead, and their story has come to a heroic end. Jarl Arnud, his household, and all his land are laid waste on the night of the Feast of Freyja, a horror that is best left undescribed. Skalds sing tales of the Doomed Jarl and of the heroes who undertook to save him. If any character should turn coward and run from the barrow, his tale will be one of the ruin of a man's honor and the betrayal of friends, family, and the bonds of hospitality.

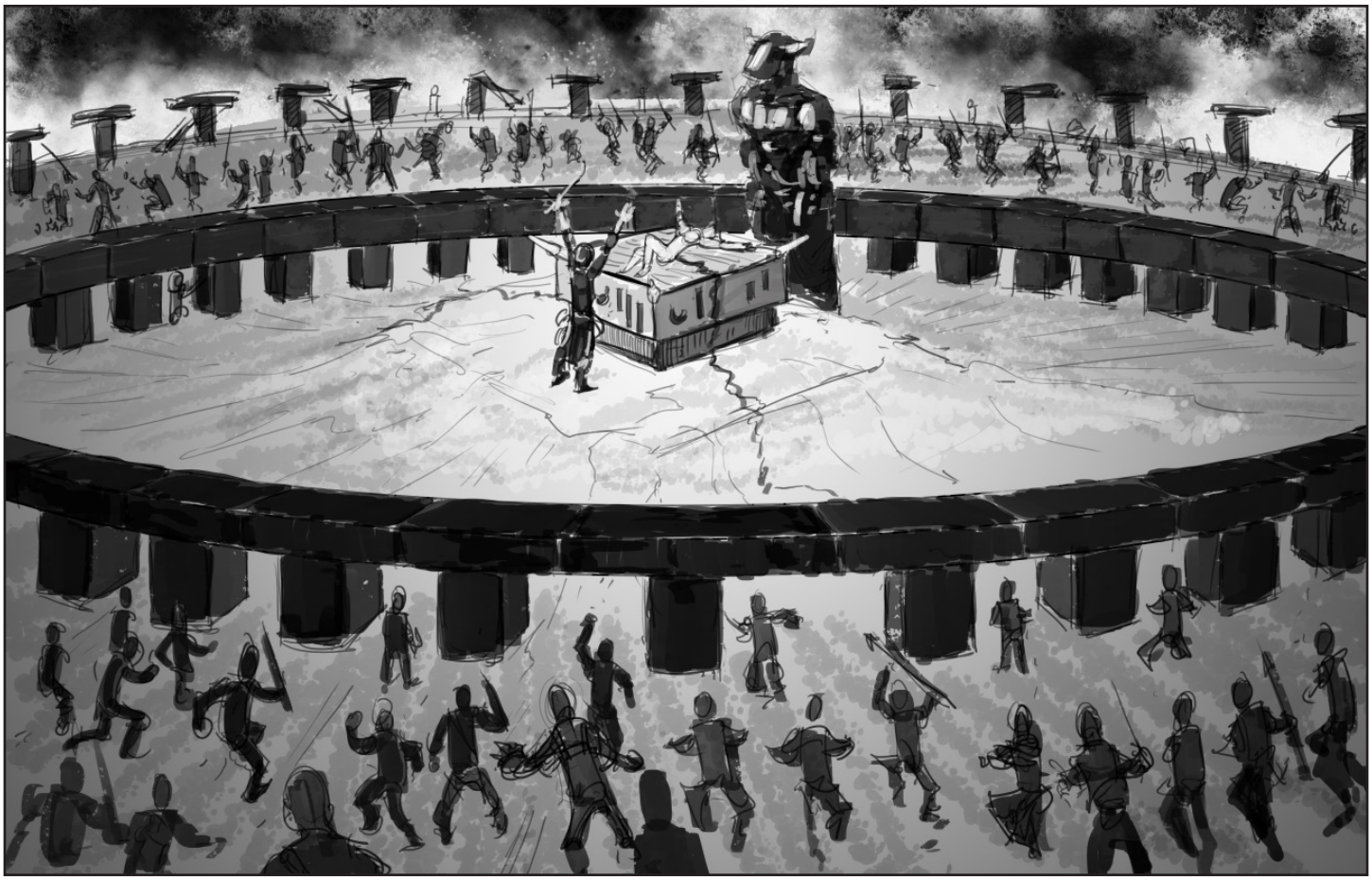
Should the characters succeed, the jarl rewards them well, granting them a place at his table for as long as they care. Any character who wishes to give up his adventuring life may take his place among the jarl's huscarls or, if they so desire, marry one of the jarl's sons or daughters (of which he has plenty). For those heroes who wish to continue their journeys, the jarl gifts them, as a rightful and just ring-giver should, with the following treasures:

To the greatest warrior in the party, Jarl Anud gives a *+2 freezing longsword* that he received from the legendary warrior Hengrid Donarsdottir. To the slyest of the characters, he presents *gauntlets of dexterity* that he took from a cult of Loptr (Loki) two decades ago. To the most pious of the characters, he awards an *amulet of demon control* that was given to the jarl by a sea nymph. To the most nimble, he presents *gauntlets of swimming and climbing* he won in a dice game from another jarl. To the wisest character he presents a *ring of spell storing* gained as plunder from a Southern monastery. Finally, to the bravest he presents an *+2, +4 arrow vs. dragons* that has a 20% chance of instantly slaying the wyrm: he received this as a reward from a Wyld Fey prince and never has found the time to use it. He also gives a fine suit of chainmail he discovered while a-viking in the Cymu Islands (*+2 chainmail*) to any character that showed personal valor in battle against the wight. It is possible that a character receives more than one of these gifts, but each should receive at least one of them.

In the spring, Jarl Anud presents the party with his greatest gift, his best and longest held possession, *The Tusked Whale*, a fully outfitted longship complete with crew of 50 and provisions for 90 days at sea. The crew is of the highest caliber, and is from the jarl's household. This gift is worth a total of 20,000XP.

NS4: Blood on the Snow

By Kenneth Spencer



Blood on the Snow is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 4–5. Like all the **Northlands Saga** adventures, Blood on the Snow can be used on its own, as part of the saga, or as part of an ongoing campaign. If played as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, the events of *Blood on the Snow* take place the same winter as *NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist* but before the springtime events of *NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland*.

Blood on the Snow

Adventure Background

For years, the heroic Hengrid Donarsdottir, Protector of Estenfird, has been a thorn in the side of the Beast Cult of Shibauroth, hunting them in the depths of the woods, on isolated farmsteads, and even in the streets of Three Rivers. Now the Beast Cult has commenced with a grand uprising the likes of which has never been seen in Estenfird. Calling upon all their hidden cells of worshippers and the beast-things they revere, the cult plans to spread terror and chaos throughout the land. But this is not their primary goal; rather, it is merely a pleasant secondary effect. The true reason for the uprising is that the high priest has ordered the leaders of the cult to draw Donarsdottir into a trap inside the walls of Three Rivers as she attempts to defend the people of Estenfird, and there to capture her. Once in the Beast Cult's custody, she is to be taken to the cult's secret lair at a mysterious prehistoric ring of standing stones to be sacrificed in a foul ritual that will pollute not just her, but her entire bloodline. Since Donar is God of Thunder and Storms, this poses a threat to Estenfird and the Northlands, and possibly even the realms beyond.

Adventure Summary

The heroes must respond to the Beast Cult's rampages throughout Estenfird, but also get to Three Rivers in time to try to save it from the horde amassed against it. There they discover that Hengrid Donarsdottir has been captured and learn something of the fate in store for both her and the Thunder God. Following the trail of the Beast Cult, the characters must rescue the Protector of Estenfird from the claws and fangs of the cult before she can be used to fulfill the fell rite that may very well slay Donar and upset the balance of power in Asgard and its sway over the entire Northlands.

Adventure Hooks

There are several ways to get the party involved in the plot of ***Blood on the Snow***. They should begin either in Estenfird or one of the other Northlands countries. It is the middle of winter, so likely they are holed up in some jarl's hall or village waiting out the boring and lean months of winter for the arrival of the spring thaw when they can once again take up the sword and shield in the quest for adventure and glory. If they are already in Estenfird, they should be in a location other than Three Rivers — preferably Vöss or Úlmer. If you'd like to start them in some other location within Estenfird, you will need to modify the adventure accordingly.

Outside of Estenfird, the party's first notice of the adventure is when rumors of a bloody uprising of wildmen and beasts in Estenfird arrives on one of the infrequent trade ships that brave the wintery waters of the North Sea. Word has it that these inhuman raiders appeared from the wild and laid bloody waste to all the farms and steadings that they came across. The larger settlements have not, as yet, been threatened, but communications and travel is slow in the winter and Estenfird has always been lightly populated. It is especially difficult to get the hirthmenn assembled and deployed to meet these attacks in an organized fashion due to the weather and the threat of attacks on isolated settlements in their absence as the warriors rally for the hirth. In this case, the traders carry word that the Althing of Estenfird is offering good silver and the chance for lands and riches to warriors willing to come to their aid at this time of need. This requires a sea voyage, which you can assume to be successful or build encounters on the winter-gray seas as you see fit.

If the characters are already in Estenfird, then they hear rumors of the wildmen attacks on the outlying farms and steadings much sooner. However, it takes several weeks before the full threat is realized and the Things begin calling up the hirthmenn to meet this threat. The characters may be citizens of Estenfird and thus members of the hirth, or they may be visitors given the same offer as is being sent abroad: aid Estenfird and receive silver and lands. In this case, however, rather than being mobilized with the hirthmenn due to their experience and skills, they are sent abroad as troubleshooters to assist in the rallying of the hirth and the defense of the people in whatever way they best can.

Whether in Estenfird or not, if the characters are of a less-mercenary bent, they can likewise be called through various means by a higher power: godi of Donar or Wotan may receive visions directing them toward Estenfird; a cunning woman or woods-witch may seek out the party or their patron and give forth a dire prophecy; or character clerics and paladins may receive visions directing them to Three Rivers.

Chapter One: Estenfird

As one of the youngest Northlander colonies, Estenfird is a wild land on the frontier of Northlander civilization (and considering how the rest of the world sees the Northlands to be the frontier, Estenfird is a frontier indeed). Less a nation than a quarrelsome collection of independent-minded settlers, Estenfird does not have a king or jarl, leaving the local Things and the Althing of Estenfird as the only semblance of government in the whole region. Estenfird ranges from the tip of the Skagerrak Peninsula northeast along the Ice River as far as Nieuburg. Few settlers have pushed beyond Nieuburg, as the climate becomes far too cold for agriculture and the Nûk, although not particularly violent, have made it known that they do not appreciate people encroaching upon their lands. Many brave words are said in the halls of Estenfird about pushing the Nûk out of the way, but so far none have dared to confront that enigmatic and mystical race.

The average Estenfirder is a rugged and forthright person, inured to hard work and dangerous environments. They are often stern and taciturn, slow to speak, but quick to act. Few Estenfirders go a-viking as they have plenty of adventure at home. In the southern portions of the region, along the many rivers and on the coast, agriculture takes precedence, and many Estenfirders are farmers or herdsmen. The rivers of Estenfird are rich in fish, but the surrounding oceans yield only a poor catch, making this region one of the few that sees little in the way of maritime activity. Inland and in the mountains, fur trapping and logging are the primary industries. In the spring, fur trappers and hunters come down the rivers and gather at Three Rivers and Nieuburg to sell their season's catch. In the fall, the loggers come down in huge flotillas of cut trees, selling lumber to merchants from throughout the Northlands and beyond.

Estenfirders are notorious for their independent ways, a factor that causes worry in the more dictatorial jarls of other regions. There are no jarls in Estenfird, and to even suggest such a thing is to invite harsh words if not a blood duel of holmgang between the hazel posts. Many who come to the region do so to escape crimes or feuds or to live as free men and women beholden to and reliant upon none. The local Things meet once a year, drawing in people from the scattered farmsteads and logging camps. The Things of Estenfird are unique in that they do not have a landholding requirement, as there is so much unclaimed land in the region that all a person has to do to become a landholder is to point at a place and say "mine." Instead, to speak or vote in the Thing, a person must be free and have the sponsorship of anyone who has spoken before at that Thing. The Althing of Estenfird works in a similar way, only the requirement is that the sponsor has already spoken or voted in the regional Althing.

Estenfird suffers from several threats in addition to the long, cold winters and general ruggedness of the land. Giants are common in the Wyrm Fang



Mountains, as are drakes and wyverns. The general lawlessness of the region promotes independence, but also encourages attacks by outlaws, bandits, and even Northlanders from other regions a-viking along the shore. The gravest threat to date has been the growth of the Beast Cult of Shibauroth, foul worshippers of a demon god dedicated to bestial violence and mayhem.

Vöss

Lawful small town
Qualities strategic location, prosperous
Government council (Thing of Vöss)
Population 1367 (1009 humans [Northlanders]; 302 humans [Southlanders], 56 other)
Notable NPCs
Reginald Shapswith, Southlander merchant (Lawful human merchant, 22hp)
Purchase Maximum 5500gp

Note: All manufactured goods and imported items cost 150% of list price.

As the main port of Estenfird, Vöss is rapidly growing from a small fishing hamlet into a town whose size may one day surpass Three Rivers. The local Thing has even voted to construct a breakwater in the Southlander fashion in order to encourage larger merchant ships from those warm and soft — but rich — kingdoms. The people of Vöss are warm and inviting, knowing that only the trade of merchants, whalers, and lumbermen provide the wealth their community needs in order to grow.

Úlmer

Lawful village
Qualities strategic location, prosperous
Government council (Thing of Úlmer)
Population 134 (134 humans [Northlanders])
Notable NPCs
Black Berg (Neutral human Ftr2, 13hp)
Purchase Maximum 2500gp

Note All manufactured goods and imported cost 150% of list price.

This small fishing village enjoys a deep fjord that affords it a protected harbor. Although not as popular as Vöss as a landing point, Úlmer does see some traffic. Most of these are adventurers and other heroes, and the village has become somewhat cosmopolitan in its outlook, assuming the strangers in question have plenty of money and don't cause trouble.

Adventuring in Estenfird

The characters most likely begin their adventures against the Beast Cult in Estenfird in the town of Vöss, a small port at the mouth of the Ice River where the North Sea meets the Great Ocean Ûthaf. It is also possible that they made port in Úlmer, and if so, modify the adventure accordingly. The adventure assumes that by the time the characters reach one of these towns, the Beast Cult's uprising is already well underway, perhaps even weeks old. Progress of the uprising is slow due to the winter snows. Likewise, news travels slowly so that only now are reports of the full extent of the slaughter and depravity in the countryside reaching ears in the major settlements. If the characters were already in Estenfird, assume they responded to the summons of the hirth in Voss, and the amount of time it took them to be notified, prepare their gear, and make the journey through the snow-covered forests has resulted in them arriving at the same time as if they had sailed from another part of the Northlands.

Upon arriving in Vöss, the characters are quickly apprised of the situation in Estenfird (as much as is known anyway) by the commanders of the hirth. They explain that apparently wild animals and wilder humanoids simultaneously attacked outlying farms and small steadings in the wilds all around Estenfird, slaughtering the inhabitants. Survivors are few, and those that have been found report the attackers were crazed wildmen that seemed to want nothing more than to sate their bloodlust. How they have managed to get the forest beasts to join them in the raids is unknown. Though the winter weather slowed their advance, it has become clear that the raiders are slowly converging on Three Rivers.

Hengrid Donarsdottir, Hero and Protector of Estenfird, has traveled to the capital to coordinate the defenses against the expected attack. The hirth of Estenfird are gathering, but only slowly due to the weather. Most of those around Three Rivers have arrived, but outlying settlements such as Vöss and Struer still have hirthmenn trickling in as news slowly spreads throughout the country. These outlying hirths represent a significant portion of Estenfird's fighting force, so if reinforcements do not reach Three Rivers before the wildman horde, it is feared that the city will be lost. As a result, the characters are requested (or ordered, if hirthmenn) to travel up the Ice River to Three Rivers as an advance scouting force to cause what damage they can to the marauding raiders and to notify as many hirthmenn as they can to relieve Three Rivers.

Though asked to depart immediately, the characters have the opportunity to equip themselves and gather appropriate cold-weather gear (if they do not already have it). They can also spend the evening asking around town for additional information. If they do so, roll 1d20 and give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled.

Rumors

Min. Roll (1d20)	Information
6	The wildmen attacking the outlying steadings are accompanied by beasts — both natural and unnatural. No one knows how they control these creatures.
9	The wildmen seem to have come from everywhere at once, as if they had been gathering and lying in wait for months to await some prearranged moment.
10	Donar is God of Thunder and Storms.
12	Hengrid Donarsdottir is said to be the offspring of a deity and human mother, which explains her thunderous temper and her unbelievable battle frenzy.
13	The wildmen are crude and primitive, relying more on tooth and claw in their attacks than armor and weapons. In fact, they use few tools other than fire — and they use a lot of fire as they burn halls and farms whether the inhabitants are inside or not.
14	The wildmen do not appear to be seeking plunder. They attack suddenly, rape and kill with a bloodthirsty fervor, burn the homes of their victims, and then move on to seek their next victim. They do not pause long enough even to search the thatch of the cottages they burn to see if the inhabitants have hidden their silver within. Truly, they are animals in human form.
15	The runes worn by the wildmen are symbols of the Beast Cult of Shibauroth, one of the Ginnvaettir — demons of ancient times.

Min. Roll (1d20)	Information
16	The Beast Cult of Shibauroth stumbled upon an ancient ritual that can steal the power from a victim's entire bloodline.
17	The wildmen raiders wear strange runes tattooed or seared into their flesh. Sometimes these runes seem to glow with an inner light or spark with fury when the wildmen are in their battlerage.
19	The Beast Cult of Shibauroth intends to use the Daughter of Storm and Thunder in a fell ritual to usurp the power of Donar himself. Woe unto the Northlands if the Thunderer falls under the sway of the Beast Cult.
20	The wildmen are not mere brutes. They are dumb like a fox, and there is some method to their madness. See how they gradually converge on Three Rivers, allowing more reinforcements to arrive? It is almost as if they are waiting for something. There's more to their plan than just random slaughter, I'll wager.

Gathering the Hirth

Throughout the adventure, the characters have the opportunity to aid or interact with the people of Estenfird. These folk should be roleplayed as independent but a bit provincial; the common view of them throughout the Northlands is that Estenfirders are a bit uncivilized and not especially bright. In truth, they are as civilized as any other man, and as intelligent as well, so don't overplay the stereotype too much.

The characters' goal in the first part of the adventure is to convince the warriors they encounter to assemble for the hirth and march to Three Rivers. They are generally reluctant to do so as they know that the attacks have been occurring all over Estenfird and targeting small, outlying settlements especially. They fear that if they leave their women and children unprotected, the wildmen will attack in their absence and slaughter their families. As a result, at each place the characters stop, they'll have to convince the hirthmenn to join them in their march for Three Rivers. Have the players roleplay the situation to persuade the warriors, giving their best pleas for the defense of Three Rivers to the Estenfirders. After they make their case, each player who speaks to the hirthmenn should roll d% to find the percentage of warriors willing to heed their call. The highest total among the rolls is the percentage of warriors who join the cause.

These warriors gather their gear immediately and head to Three Rivers as the characters continue on to gather more hirthmenn.

Award players 1000 XP total for each successful stop where their roleplaying convinces at least half of the hirthmenn to head to Three Rivers. You could also reward the player who rolled the highest (or who gave the most passionate plea) an additional 1000 XP.

Learning the Cult's Plan

At some point, the characters need to discover the true nature of the Beast Cult's plan to capture and sacrifice Hengrid Donarsdottir. Few Cultists are willing to talk under interrogation or even torture, and their minds are so fractured that it is doubtful they would have anything to say. The common rank-and-file does not know their leaders' plans, but being a very loose hierarchy, individual warband leaders are aware of the need to capture Hengrid alive. Warband leaders tend to be rather prideful and boastful people (and are often not "people" at all), and, like the majority of the Beast Cult, not terribly bright. Putting it simply, they drop clues during battle, taunting their foes with how the Cult will take the precious Daughter of Thunder and Storm and have their way with her; how she is likely already in the hands of the Cult; how they are taking her to The Stones to sacrifice her to their demon god; and other sundry loose talk. These taunts are mixed in with more personal comments concerning the weakness of the characters, how the characters will taste (or already do if the cultists have taken a bite out of one of them), how the Cult will soon rule all Estenfird, and how the whole world will be bathed in blood.

The Frozen Forests of Estenfird

When they depart from Vöss (or Úlmer) the characters must travel overland through Estenfird, up the Ice River to Three Rivers. The land is rugged and heavily forested with few paths or trails, and nothing that could be mistaken for a road. The deep snow further hampers the party's movement. The Ice River is living up to its name, and is frozen this time of year, thus blocking a swift journey by boat. The party will not be able to travel faster than 12 miles a day mounted or 6 miles afoot. The most direct route to Three Rivers is straight along the banks of the river, though that is also the more obvious route and a likely place for an ambush. A more indirect route through the forest would take somewhat longer but would provide the added benefit of concealment to the characters' journey and possibly add the element of surprise to their approach to Three Rivers.

However, all is not as easy as a walk in the forest. Small bands of cultists wander the woods, and several villages have either already suffered the depredations of the Beast Cult, or are about to. Isolated farmsteads are also threatened, and although some have been burned out, others are in need of relief or are still unaware of the horrid events unfolding in Estenfird. Finally, Estenfird is not a safe place in the best of times, and the usual hazards of dangerous flora and fauna abound.

Other than the town of Risør, there are no major settlements on the way to Three Rivers, though multiple villages and steadings have been constructed along the frozen banks of the river and in the surrounding forest. As the characters approach Three Rivers, they find villages and farmsteads that have been destroyed, bodies roasted over great bonfires, and the twisted runes of Shibauroth painted on the walls (in blood, of course). Some of the cultists may be left behind — either alive or as corpses fallen in battle — giving some clue as to what is going on. Feel free to throw in a survivor or two who hid and escaped the attack. Horror-stricken ramblings about what happened, especially references to the cultists hunting for Hengrid and

Estenfird Random Encounters

While the party journeys along the river or through the frozen forests of Estenfird, consult the following list of encounters. Feel free to use whichever ones best suit the party, or use the random encounter table to generate them. When using the table, roll for encounters twice per day of travel (morning and afternoon). If the party remains stationary and does not travel on a particular day, only roll once and subtract 4 from the roll. Encounters marked with an asterisk can occur only once.

1d12	Encounters
1–3	No Encounter
4	Tree of Death*
5	Hunting Cats
6	Megaloceros Herd*
7–8	Wildman Warband
9	Abandoned Village
10	Besieged Village
11–12	Farmstead

torturing people in order to obtain information of her whereabouts, provide some clue as to the true nature of the Cult's plans.

If the characters follow the Ice River to Three Rivers, there are two set encounters: Risør and the Beast Cult Ambush. These can be avoided if the characters stick to the woods, though if they wish to travel through the woods and then swing in to stop by Risør on the way, they have a 30% base chance to successfully locate the town (+30% per ranger in the party, +15% per elf or druid). Otherwise, they have missed the town and must spend 1d2 days searching up and down the river until they locate it. The ambush occurs along the river north of Risør and can be entirely avoided unless the characters travel along the river for the whole distance between Risør and Three Rivers.

Tree of Death: A hangman tree lurks in a grove of trees, luring wanderers into its grasp with a small trove of treasure left at its roots by past victims. An 8-member raiding party of the Beast Cult stands watch near the tree, worshipping it and the havoc it causes as part of their fealty to Shibauroth. They are immune to its hallucinatory spores due to their enchanted runes of Shibauroth. Though the tree is adapted to the colder environment of Estenfird, it is still susceptible to cold attacks.

Hangman Tree: **HD** 8; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 vines (1d8 plus strangle); **Move** 3; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: hallucinatory spores (50ft radius, passive for 2d6 rounds, save avoids), magic resistance (45%), resistant to electricity, strangle for 1d6+1 damage/round (save avoids), swallow strangling victim with attack roll and failed save, surprise on 1-4 on 1d6. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 318)

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (8): HP 22, 19x2, 18, 15x3, 13; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.



Hunting Cats: The forests of Estenfird are home to a diverse number of strange and unusually large animals. One of these, the dreaded saber-toothed cat, has picked up the party's scent and begins stalking them. This encounter begins at 400 yards when the saber cat first begins its stalk. It follows behind the party, staying hidden until they are at a vulnerable point such as making camp or engaged in combat. Once its prey presents itself, the saber cat pounces, grabs the weakest-looking character, and flees with its prey. A second saber cat lurks nearby and attacks 2 rounds later with the same tactics. If cornered, they fight to the death.

Smilodons (Saber-Toothed Cat) (2): **HD** 6; **HP** 45, 41; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (2d6); **Move** 12 (swim 6); **Save** 11; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: rear claws (if both claws hit, extra 2d4+1). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 648)

Megaloceros Herd: This small herd of 4 megaloceros does, 3 fawns, and a stag are enjoying the winter forage. The does and fawns look like normal specimens of the gigantic elk species, but the stag is a great white beast, larger and more fearsome than naturally found. His pelt shimmers silvery in the winter light, and his eyes have a preternatural intelligence. Once they get wind of the approach of the party, the does and fawns flee a short distance away while the stag covers their retreat. If attacked, the stag and the does fight to the death to defend the young.

The stag is not a normal animal, but an embodied spirit of the forest. If recognized as such, and approached with respect and reverence, he may aid the party. The great stag expects to be treated as a jarl of the forest, and the characters should offer him not just their respect, but deeds as well. He will not aid anyone who has acted wantonly or foolishly toward the creatures of the forest or who has caused devastation or destruction in his lands (normal hunting, gathering, and campfires are accepted as part of the natural order). If properly treated, he aids the party if they complete a task for him.

The Great White Stag advises the characters that a great ambush has been laid for them by the beast cultists along the banks of the Ice River past Risør. He wishes for them to ambush the ambushers and destroy the force of cultists involved. He guides them by back paths to reach this ambush so that they may approach undetected but will not assist in the battle itself. Once this warband is defeated, the Great White Stag accompanies the characters on the rest of their march and guides them along the ways of the forest to the steadings and villages that are within range of their travels. With the Great White Stag along after the ambush, any further rolled random encounters should be considered an Abandoned Village (20%), Besieged Village (40%), or a Farmstead (40%). There will not be other random encounters with cultists or beasts while the Stag is present. Also while the Stag is present, 20% more hirthmenn can be convinced to join the march to Estenfird due to the good omen it represents. Once the characters are within sight of the walls of Three Rivers, the Stag departs and disappears into the forest, leaving no trail.

Great White Stag (Giant Stag): HD 10; **HP** 78; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** gore (2d6); **Move** 20; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6). (***Monstrosities*** 459)

Megaloceros Does (Dire Deer) (4): HD 5; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** gore (1d8), 2 hooves (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 195)

Megaloceros Fawns (Dire Deer) (4): HD 2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** gore (1d4), 2 hooves (1d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 195)

Wildman Warband: A group of cultists and their allied beasts spot the party and charge to attack. The peryton flies overhead to attack a character in the rear of the party. The aurochs-headed minotaur leads a mad charge of worgs and cultists. He looks for the largest and most combat-capable character, while the worgs close on any obvious spellcasters. The beast cultists scream and slash, driven mad by the runes that burn upon their skin. These creatures fight to the death.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (6): HP 20, 18, 16x2, 13, 10; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Minotaur: **HD** 6+4; **HP** 45; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** head butt (2d4), bite (1d3), battle ax (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: never get lost in labyrinths.

Wolf, Worg (4): **HD** 4; **HP** 28, 25x2, 21; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Peryton: **HD** 4; **HP** 29; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** antler gore (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 372)

Abandoned Village: The burned remains of a small village, the Beast Cult has already been through and slaughtered the inhabitants. A thorough search of the burned cottages turns up 2d20hs worth of silver and household items left by the maniacal raiders.

Besieged Village: The sound of yelling and chanting cultists echoes through the forest from ahead. A small village is under attack by a band of beast cultists. The defenders look ready to be overwhelmed, and if no one comes to their rescue, then the village falls within a matter of minutes. Attacking the village are 5 beast cultists and a wizened-old fey in a red wool cap led by a terrible hound-like creature. They turn their attacks upon the characters, if they intervene. If this encounter is rolled a second time, use the Cultist Raiding Party Table under "Farmstead" below to determine the make-up of additional raiding parties.

There are 3d10+10 villagers left alive. Most are non-combatants, but 20% of that number is able-bodied hirthmenn who march to Estenfird to repay the characters' heroics to save their village.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (5): HP 22, 19x2, 17, 16; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Demon-Wolf of Braazz: HD 5; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d10); **Move** 15; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** blink (1/day, teleport, 30ft range), charm (one creature, save avoids), invisibility (3/day), +1 or better magic weapons to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 114)

Redcap: **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4 plus poison) or claws (1d2); **Move** 4; **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: lethal poison, magical abilities. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 458)

Magical Abilities: at will—*invisibility*; 1/day—*dancing lights*, *detect good*, *mirror image*.

Farmstead: Roll 1d6: on a 1–2, the farmstead is under attack (use table below to determine the nature of the raiding party); on a 3–4, the farmstead has been burned and the raiders have moved, and there is nothing left to do but bury the bodies — or what is left of them (though if the characters wish to spend a day tracking them, the characters can follow and successfully catch up to the raiders; and on a 5–6, the farmstead is peaceful, the residents going about their daily tasks, remote enough that they know nothing of the current situation in Estenfird.

If the farmsteaders are alive and can be convinced of the danger to Estenfird, any hirthmenn present may be convinced to march to Three Rivers. At any farmstead, there are 1d6+1 hirthmenn.

Cultist Raiding Party

Roll 1d8 to determine the make-up of the raiding party.

1d8	Raiders
1–2	2d3 Beast Cultists
3	1d2 demon-wolves of Braazz
4	1d3 minotaurs
5	1d2 perytons
6	Redcap (plus roll again)
7	1d4 worgs
8	1d2 yeti

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (2d3): HD 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Demon-Wolf of Braazz (1d2): HD 5; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d10); **Move** 15; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** blink (1/day, teleport, 30ft range), charm (one creature, save avoids), invisibility (3/day), +1 or better magic weapons to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 114)

Minotaurs (1d3): **HD** 6+4; **HP** 45; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** head butt (2d4), bite (1d3), battle ax (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: never get lost in labyrinths.

Perytons (1d2): **HD** 4; **HP** 29; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** antler gore (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 372)

Redcap: **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4 plus poison) or claws (1d2); **Move** 4; **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: lethal poison, magical abilities. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 458)

Magical Abilities: at will—*invisibility*; 1/day—*dancing lights*, *detect good*, *mirror image*.

Wolf, Worgs (1d4): **HD** 4; **HP** 28, 25x2, 21; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Yeti (1d2): **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Risør

Halfway between Vöss and Three Rivers, Risør is a walled village that is rapidly growing into a small town. It is a common stopping point for overland and river-borne trade, and its people have begun to make noise in the local Thing about building a permanent warehouse as well as housing for merchants.

When the characters arrive in Risør, they find that the hirth has already been gathered, 300 hirthmenn with an additional 20 hirthmenn archers, and 3 hirthmenn leaders stand ready to defend the town's stockade walls. They quickly recognize that the characters are not marauding beast cultists and open the gate to allow them inside the city. The characters discover that though the town has not been attacked, its entire hirth as well as all the outlying families and livestock have been gathered within its walls in case of just such an eventuality. The local Thing, however, has met and elected to keep the hirth at home rather than answer the summons to Three Rivers.

Risør

Lawful small town
Qualities strategic location, prosperous
Government council (Thing of Risør)
Population 867 (832 humans [Northlanders]; 34 dwarves)
Notable NPCs
Valgred Skursdottir (Neutral human barbarian [Ftr4], 27hp)**Purchase Maximum** 7500gp

Note All manufactured and imported goods cost 150% of list price.

They fear the danger of attack upon their own town is just too great.

If the characters call upon the hirth to march, the town convenes its local Thing of freeholders and allows the characters to address the town assembly. Each player whose character addresses the assembly should roll d% to determine the percentage of hirthmenn who join them. If the characters bring back proof they have annihilated the Cultist Ambush up the river (see below), add 20% to each roll.

Once the check is made (with the highest percentage being the final number), the Thing will not budge further, and the characters can either live with the results or leave with nothing. Attacking citizens of the town accomplishes nothing, and characters serious about helping Estenfird should not seriously consider doing so.

Cultist Ambush

Halfway between Risør and Three Rivers along the banks of the Ice River, the beast cultists have prepared an ambush for anyone marching up from Vöss and Risør. Their scouts have spotted the party's approach (unless they are being led by the Great White Stag), and the cultists are prepared for them. The ambush consists of **10 beast cultists, 3 trolls**, and **5 worgs**. They have prepared a large fallen log to roll down from a low rise beside the trail the characters are following (3d6 points of damage, save avoids). They launch their ambush by rolling the log down upon the characters and then charging down in one screaming mass. If the characters are with the Great White Stag, then the cultists are unaware of their approach, the log trap is not triggered, and the characters gain a surprise round to deal with the ambushers.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (6): HP 21, 19, 18, 14, 10x2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Trolls (3): **HD** 6+3; **HP** 47, 44, 41; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round.

Wolf, Worg (5): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 29, 23, 21x2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Chapter Two: The Battle of Three Rivers

In the center of Estenfird at the confluence of the Ice, Wrath, and Savage Rivers, a triangular peninsula of land serves as the site of Three Rivers, the largest settlement in Estenfird. Most of the year, Three Rivers is generally a quiet — almost desolate — town, but during the fur trade rendezvous in the spring and logging festival in the fall the town swells to three times its normal population. Every five years, the Althing of Estenfird meets here, bringing in more people as the freeholders of the region gather to conduct trade, hear legal cases, and debate critical matters.

As befits a frontier settlement, Three Rivers is one of the better-defended towns in the Northlands. A stout wooden palisade blocks off the one side not bounded by the rivers, and the town hirth is one of the most active and best trained in the Northlands. In its short history, giants, werewolves, beast cultists, bandits, vikings, and even a dragon have attacked Three Rivers. Although reduced to rubble many times, the Althing of Estenfird has consistently voted to rebuild the town, and even managed to collect enough donations to make it larger and stronger each time.

When the characters arrive at Three Rivers, they find that the Beast Cult has arrived in force ahead of them. The Beast Cult has not drawn itself up in regular lines, but instead has formed a multitude of small encampments based around each warband. Fires burn day and night, and the various groups spend their time either in ritualistic dances, sacrificing people and animals they have captured, or fighting each other. There is no central leadership, and no desire to have one. Every day a band decides to test the walls — several others joining in — but so far all have been repulsed by the town's defenders.

Guards are not posted on any regular basis, and it should be easy to sneak across the siege lines. However, many cultists possess senses beyond those of humans, and can tell a cultist from an interloper by smell alone. From the tree line to the town wall is 600 yards, and the party passes 1d6+1 camps along the route (30% chance of being detected for non-thieves). If combat occurs at one of these camps, create a band using the Cultist Raiding Party Table under "Estenfird Random Encounters" in **Chapter 2**. There are 2000 cultists and allied beasts gathered outside the walls of Three Rivers, and fights likely go unnoticed by the other bands unless the characters become too overt about it; violence is the way of the Beast Cult.

Once the characters reach the walls, the town gates open to allow them in and close again before the disorganized beast cultists have a chance to react. The characters are hailed as heroes by the town defenders, especially if they sent a force of hirthmenn ahead of them. The hirth of Three Rivers gathered in the town comprise 1200 men, not nearly enough to defeat the massed horde. The hirthmenn are arrayed by the commanders into defensive locations in the city, and the characters are allowed to position themselves where they wish. However, they do not have much time to heal with potions and scrolls provided by the town's hirth, much less explore the town, because shortly after their arrival the attack upon Three Rivers begins.

The Sack of Three Rivers

"The Sack of Three Rivers" provides a sequence of events that occur in the battle for Three Rivers based on the various locations around town. The battle assumes the overwhelming forces of the Beast Cult will quickly overrun the town, and the events described below simply provide a means for the characters to influence events within the battle on a local level.

The Battle of Three Rivers commences with a mighty sounding of horns from the assembled horde of the Beast Cult. An aerial assault of fire drakes and perytons and a general storming of the walls quickly follows. Use any of the appropriate encounters from Three Rivers below to play out portions of this battle that involve the characters. A huge war mammoth acts as a living battering ram in an attempt to break through the main gates. The main attack comes from the river as cultists and their monstrous allies charge across the frozen Ice River. Minutes later, the Common Green erupts as a giant badger bursts forth, waves of frenzied cultists in its wake.

The combined assault on the walls, gate, across the river, from the sky, and from beneath the town is too much for the defenders. Although they fight valiantly, they are too few to save their town. Minutes after the badger bursts forth, any concerted or organized defense becomes impossible as the hirthmenn flee their posts to see to the safety of their families and to seek some escape from the carnage.

The contributions of the characters, however, are not without merit.

As mentioned above, the combined assault of the Beast Cult vastly outnumbers and overwhelms the defenders of Three Rivers. The presence of the characters and any hirthmenn they raised does not change this, though the characters can affect the outcomes on a local level by their actions as indicated below. Fortunately for the town, the Beast Cult is not principally interested in destroying the town; it is interested in capturing Hengrid Donarsdottir. As a result, the inevitable defeat of the town's hirth by the Beast Cult does not equal the destruction of the town. Once Hengrid is captured, the Beast Cult begins to withdraw toward the Yellow Light Marsh to conduct their foul ritual, leaving the town largely intact, though its inhabitants are scattered and bleeding.

Assume that the defense of the town holds up longer than just a few minutes as is otherwise indicated above. The various units of the hirthmenn army can put up a good fight and even have success, but ultimately the force of the Beast Cult is simply too overwhelming. Only after the Beast Cult armies manage to break through the town's defenses do the events of "The Sack of Three Rivers" proceed as described below.

Getting Characters Involved

Obviously, the characters can't be in every place at once as "The Sack of Three Rivers" proceeds. Instead, they should experience more of a running fight as chaos erupts around them. They might start fighting hill giants and beast men climbing the walls, retreat into the path of the giant badger, and end up covering the escape of fleeing women and children as hordes of wild men and beasts scramble across the frozen ice.

It's up to you as the Referee to plan the fighting as the characters move around. It should be quickly obvious to them that this is not a fight they can win by standing in one spot; they'll be overwhelmed just as quickly as the town. Instead, use the situation to give them hints, such as the rest of the hirthmenn turning and running, overwhelming odds coming over the wall toward them, or even walls of fire roaring toward them as buildings collapse before them. The goal is to involve the characters in many battles to show them the chaos and confusion going on in Three River, not to keep them pinned down in one spot where they'll be destroyed. This should be an edge-of-the seat, nail-biting run through the streets interspersed with the occasional fight.

Encounters in the Sack

Two types of encounters take place inside the dying town. Planned events occur at certain locations in the town and as described under "Locations in Three Rivers" below. In addition, a table of random encounters is provided to use as you see fit to illustrate the horrors of the town as it falls to the mad cultists. Roll 1d6 or select an encounter of your choosing. Encounters marked with an asterisk can occur only once.

1d6	Random Encounters
1	The Trolls and the Children
2	Ambush from the Skies
3	Collapsing Building
4	Cultists on the Loose
5	Feeding Trolls*
6	All-Consuming Fire*

The Trolls and the Children: A group of children was being hustled along the streets toward a cellar by their mothers. A pack of fearsome ice trolls wandered down the street and attacked the women. The children have taken shelter beneath a wagon and have yet to attract the trolls' attention as the trolls finish off the women. The characters arrive too late to help the women, but can still save the 7 children if they act quickly.

Trolls, Ice (6): **HD** 2; **HP** 16, 14x2, 13x3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, regenerate 2hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, vulnerability to fire and slashing weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

Ambush from the Skies: The party moving through the sacked town attracts the attention of a rampage of fire drakes, which swoops down out of the sky to rend and tear. First, they fly over and strafe the party. On their second pass, they seek to snatch up a character then drop him elsewhere in the city from at least 100ft high.

Drakes, Fire (3): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 28, 25; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breath weapon (5/day, 40ft, 2d8 fire, save half), pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 213)

Collapsing Building: One of the burning buildings collapses, spilling flaming timbers, furniture, and debris into the streets. Every character must make a saving throw or suffer 2d8 points of fire damage (save for half), and have a 10% chance of catching fire. Any who fail the initial save have a 25% chance of being pinned beneath the flaming rubble and taking 2d6 points of fire damage per round until pulled out.

Cultists on the Loose: A gang of beast cultists rampaging through the streets turns the corner and spots the party. With a howl, they charge in a maddened frenzy of bloodlust.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (6): HP 21, 19, 15x2, 12, 9; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Feeding Trolls: Four trolls sit here surrounded by a heap of dead townsfolk and livestock. They are sitting on the remains of two houses, alternating between bites of corpses and swigs from looted casks of ale. A faint moaning can be heard from the pile of bodies, indicating that not all of the victims are dead. If the trolls are defeated, 2 townsfolk can be saved.

Trolls (4): **HD** 6+3; **HP** 47, 45, 42, 40; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round.

All-Consuming Fire: The way ahead is awash in flames, buildings have collapsed into the street, flame shoots out randomly from the few structures still standing, and fire elementals, called forth by the cult to further the work of their dark god, caper and dance among the destruction.

Elementals, Fire (2): **HD** 12; **HP** 91, 88; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** strike (3d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, ignite materials.

Locations in Three Rivers

Below is a description of the town of Three Rivers. Each entry describes a location as it appears normally, followed by what happens to it during the battle. Each has an encounter linked to it for use after the breaching of the walls and the savage sack of the town.

T1. Ditch and Palisade

Estenfird is not a peaceful land, even in comparison to the violence endemic to the rest of the Northlands. In addition to the threat of the Beast Cult, monstrous creatures, raiders, pirates, and all manner of dangers lurk in the forests, shores, and mountains of Estenfird. Because of this, the Althing of Estenfird has repeatedly voted to not just raise a wall, but also to raise the money to build one. One of the former leaders of the Althing, Alrik Flokkison, had spent part of his youth as a mercenary in the Southlands and had seen the mighty castles of those kingdoms. At his own expense, he brought a Southlander engineer to Three Rivers to design and direct the construction of its walls. However, the Northlands lack an abundance of stonemasons, so the result was not a soaring castle of stone, but rather a fortress mostly of wood.

A 15ft-deep, 40ft-wide ditch fronts the palisade, half filled with snow in the winter and filthy water in warmer months. The wooden stockade walls themselves are 20ft high and constructed of sturdy oak trunks that sit on top of a steep, 20ft slope faced with cut stone. Along their top, the tree trunks are shaped into sharp points from between which the defenders can fire arrows or hurl down spears and axes. Every 80ft is a wooden tower with a stone base that rises 10ft above the surrounding walls. Inside each tower is a stair that leads from the ground to the roof, and one large room to shelter from the weather at the level of the catwalk. Each tower has four windows in this room, two facing out and one each facing to the right and left. A stout door banded in iron and fitted with a sturdy wooden bar can be closed, cutting the tower off from the catwalk. On these were to be mounted ballistae and catapults, but the Althing grew tired of the expense of the wall and voted against this measure some 50 years ago.

On the inside of the wall is a 15ft-high catwalk that allows the defenders to move entirely about the inside of the wall. Access to the wall is only though the towers or the gates, no other ladder or stairs were part of the design. Even so, some folk have built their houses close to the wall, and others have made use of their own ladders and ropes so as to be able to more quickly mount their posts in the event of an attack.

During the Sack

Bands of cultists attempt to storm the walls, using grapples as well as their bare hands and claws. Every 10 rounds, one of the following groups attempts the wall (roll 1d4).

Group 1: Consists of **10 beast cultists** armed with ropes and grapples to scale the wall.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (10): HP 22, 19x2, 17, 16x2, 14, 12x2, 10; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-


THREE RIVERS
1 sq = 50 feet
N
W
E
S
Wrath River
Savage River
Ice River
T1
T2
T3
T4
T5
T6
T7
T8
T9
T10
T11

affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Group 2: Two hill giants charge the wall and attempt to batter it down.

Giants, Hill (2): HD 8; **HP** 55, 51; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Group 3: Three ice trolls and a band of **5 beast cultists** attempt to climb the walls using their bare hands.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (5): HP 18, 17x2, 14, 13; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Trolls, Ice (3): **HD** 2; **HP** 21, 19, 18; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, regenerate 2hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, vulnerability to fire and slashing weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

Group 4: A flight of **4 perytons** attacks the wall's defenders.

Perytons (4): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 27, 25, 21; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** antler gore (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 372)

T2. Gate of Flokkison

The Althing lacked the silver and will to complete the great stone fortress that Alrik Flokkison envisioned, but before their means and desire failed, they did manage to build the most formidable structure in all the Northlands, the great Gate of Flokkison. This massive double barbican is made entirely of stone and features two massive drum towers and a double-gated interior with the latest in defensive technology. Standing 50ft over the facing slope, the towers themselves may be the tallest manmade structure north of the Duchy of Monrovia. Between the towers is a thick connecting wall on a height with the wooden stockade that surrounds the rest of the town.

The gates themselves are 25ft wide and made of oak planks 3ft thick and heavily banded with good iron. Both gates can be barred from the inside with massive oak timbers 30ft long and 4ft thick. Each gate features a small sally port that can be barred separately, as well as a tiny window that can be opened or closed. An iron portcullis can be dropped down behind each gate, and the mechanisms that raise and lower the portcullises can be locked against even the mightiest of giants lifting them. The 60ft-long passage through the barbican from gate to gate is dark and poorly lit. Murder holes line the ceiling, and hidden sally ports allow defenders to attack those trapped inside and then escape back into the walls for safety. Doors lead from the towers onto the wall between and out onto the flanking catwalks of the stockade walls.

Inside the two towers are a maze of rooms for the garrison's use, a secure well sunk deep into the earth, a kitchen, an armory, and storage rooms. Defenses include arrow slits, overhanging hoardings, stations for pots of boiling oil to be prepared, and positions for catapults and ballistae. Of the latter two, only the pots for boiling oil were ever installed, and most of these have long since rusted from disuse (oil being expensive so far from the sea). On its own, the barbican can withstand a concerted siege of months, and no siege weapon in the Northlands can begin to threaten it.



During the Sack

Any of the bands that are noted as attacking the walls above can be used to assault the gates. However, the main attack takes the form of a **war mammoth** brought south from the arctic tundra of Nûkland. **Six Beast Cultists** are riding the mammoth, hanging off its body like fleas. The mammoth is driven before the gates and tries to batter them down.

Mammoth: **HD** 12; **HP** 91; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** trunk (1d10); 2 gore (1d10+4), 2 trample (2d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 315)

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (6): HP 21, 17, 16x3, 13; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

T3. Hall of the Althing

Facing across the Common Green from the Great House of the Gods sits the Hall of the Althing of Estenfird. In many lands of the North, the Althing meets in a sacred grove, menhir, or even a round barrow as they do in Vastavikland. In Estenfird they have constructed a great hall in imitation of the great halls of jarls found in lands farther south. The Estenfirders have no nobles nor jarls, princes, or kings. Instead, they are ruled by their own conscience and will, and by the laws of the Althing and their local Things.

The Hall of the Althing is a thing of beauty, constructed by the work of volunteer freemen from the natural wonders of the land. Its walls are of wood, carved and painted with scenes of the hunt. The corners and lesser posts are likewise graven. The ridge post is 130ft long and sits 35ft above the ground. It is carved with images of the afterlife and the gods, with a large scene of Valhalla and Hel at either end. Inside, there is a central dais of five steps, and around it a cleared space from wall to wall, broken only by the occasional thick wooden post holding up the ceiling. The interior walls are bare save for bland and unadorned tapestries to keep out the cold. Iron braziers stand at key locations to warm the hall, but no great fire burns here. Nor is there a scrap of furniture, for the Althing of Estenfird must stand and listen while they meet. During meetings, the dais is occupied by whoever is speaking at the moment. The doors to the hall are of stout oak and are not meant to be barred, though after the town's walls are breached this changes.

During the Sack

Hengrid Donarsdottir and a handful of hirthmenn hole up in the Hall of the Althing after the walls fall. With them are 40 non-combatant women, children, godi, and the elderly, wounded, or infirm. A small horde of cultists descends upon the place, but instead of fighting normally, they seek out Hengrid and attempt to subdue her.

Hengrid is a tall woman — unnaturally tall at nearly 7ft in height. She is powerfully built, fair skinned, and blue eyed with her long blonde hair worn in two braids that flow from under her helmet. Upon her chest is an iron hammer amulet of Donar, and she wields a mithral greathammer that has sparks of electricity constantly playing across its heads. Hengrid has already been seriously wounded in the sack, but she stands firm at the head of her men, defending the innocents in the hall with her life's blood. She will not descend from the steps, nor will she leave her charges or her men.

Regardless if the characters are present at this area or not, eventually the "Ambush from the Skies" encounter for "The Sack of Three Rivers" above should run (multiple times if necessary), and one of the drakes scoops up the wounded Hengrid and disappears with her into the clouded skies heading to the northeast.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (12 or more): HD 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Giant, Hill: HD 8; **HP** 55; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Troll, Ice (1d2): **HD** 2; **HP** 12, 10; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, regenerate 2hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, vulnerability to fire and slashing weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

T4. Great House of the Gods

Temples are a rarity in the Northlands and rarer still in Estenfird. The Althing has voted 85 times to not fund the building of a temple, so the devotees of Donar, Wotan, and Freyja banded together to build a home for their gods in Three Rivers. Arguments broke out immediately over what form it would take, and an agreement was reached that pleased no one, but that they could all live with.

The Great House of the Gods is smaller than the Hall of the Althing, and is a patchwork collection of shrines to the various deities of the Æsir and Vanir as well as a few Southlander gods whose worship has been adopted by one or another Estenfirder wealthy enough to fund the temple. As a result, the original plan for a single grand temple is now a ragtag collection of small shrines, not all of them interconnected, built against one another and providing a multitude of doors and windows.

During the Sack

The sacred shrines of the gods, both foreign and domestic, are attacked with aerial bombardments from a rampage of **3 fire drakes** that have joined with the Beast Cult. Those who flee there seeking shelter are in for a rude surprise as the ramshackle wooden building quickly becomes a blazing maze of flaming doorways and smoke-filled passages.

Drakes, Fire (3): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 24, 19; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** breath weapon (5/day, 40ft, 2d8 fire, save half), pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 213)

T5. The Common Green

Like many towns and villages of the Northlands, Three Rivers maintains a common area inside its bounds for the grazing of its citizens' livestock. As land is cheap and plentiful in Estenfird, the Common Green of Three Rivers is unusually large for its population. This serves two purposes: first it gives the townsfolk a place to keep and graze their cattle, sheep, and goats and second; and of greater value to the town, it serves as a place for merchants, loggers, trappers, and others to set up tents during the fall and spring gatherings.

During the Sack

The town's Common Green is rent open as a badger of truly epic proportions tunnels out of the ground. Following close behind in its tunnel are dozens of screaming cultists, this surprise attack bellowing the death knell for Three Rivers. Another 20 cultists emerge from this burrow every minute until some means is found to collapse it. This many cultists should be a sure sign to the characters that the tide has turned and that Three Rivers has fallen. If they haven't already, all hirthmenn still fighting turn and run in the face of these overwhelming odds. Characters likely should do the same.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (48): HD 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12;

Save 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Badger, Giant: **HD** 10; **HP** 75; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (2d6+3); **Move** 6; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 28)

T6. Private House

This is one of many houses built and inhabited by the townsfolk of Three Rivers. It is a simple one-story affair of wood, mud plaster, packed earth, and a thatched roof. Inside is a common room plus a private bedroom for the man and woman of the house. A pen behind holds ducks, geese, or chickens, and a small vegetable garden fills up the rest of the plot. Minor decorations adorn the walls and posts, though nothing beyond the skills of the family. Little of value can be found inside, and heroes are generally above looting some common freeman's house. Just in case, there is 2d10hs in assorted household goods and hacksilver hidden away in the house.

During the Sack

This, like other homes throughout Three Rivers, is the scene of rampant carnage and destruction. Any of these homes visited by the cultists is torched, unless the cultists are inside currently looting, murdering, and raping the inhabitants (50% chance of each). Roll once on the Cultist Raiding Party Table in **Chapter 2** to determine what group is in one of these houses.

T7. Thrall's House

This is little more than a sod or wattle-and-daub, single-room hovel with a packed-dirt floor and poorly maintained thatch roof. Thralls own few possessions, and these they tend to keep on themselves since they generally lack the means to safely store anything of value. A pen behind might hold a thin nanny goat or sad chicken, but generally if a thrall should have such wealth, he eats it.

During the Sack

The cultists don't spend much time here, choosing instead the fatter prizes to be found in the freemen's or merchants' houses. These are quickly put to the torch after only cursory looting. However, they do not make great hiding places because the flames quickly spread to consume them all. There is only a 30% chance of cultist raiders being here (roll as for **Area T6** above), though after the first 30 minutes of battle in the city, all of these homes are ablaze.

T8. Merchant's House

Only a handful of merchants make their residence in Three Rivers, but those that do enjoy showing off their wealth. These houses are built as either traditional longhouses in pale imitation of the great jarls of Storstrøm Vale, or in the style of the two- or three-story townhouses of the Southlands. In either case, the merchant's houses are covered in signs of their wealth: tile or shingle roofs, plank floors covered in carpets, rich tapestries on the walls, carvings and paintings on every surface (even ginger breading in some cases), brick or stone chimneys, and even horn or glass windows (though most of these are small and cloudy). Should someone choose to loot a merchant's house, anything of value has been carefully buried (50% chance) or locked away (50% chance) during the siege. Characters can find 300hs in household goods and an additional 400hs in assorted coin and hacksilver hidden away.

During the Sack

The cultists particularly focus on these areas. They do not burn these houses until after the sack, and there is always a raiding group at one of these (use double strength versions of those found at **Area T6**).

T9. Thorbald's Mead Hall

Three Rivers can boast of being home to a handful of structures largely unseen in the Northlands outside of large cities such as Halfstead or Trotheim. Among these is Thorbald's Mead Hall, an inn and tavern of sorts. Founded 10 year ago by Thorbald One-Eye, a retired adventurer and viking, the mead hall offers fire, food, and mead to any who visit, all without the usual laws of hospitality. In the past decade, the mead hall has become popular with foreign visitors, but also with many of the men of Three Rivers. There they can enjoy the long-storied pleasures of a jarl's feast hall, at a price that a common man can afford.

The hall is a long, narrow building built in the style of a lesser jarl's feasting hall. It is constructed of wood with a packed earth floor and a thatch roof. Decorations are minimal, and the ceiling and walls are stained with years of wood smoke. Two wings jut out from the back portion of the hall, one containing the kitchen and access to a cellar (filled with stored foodstuffs, casks of ale and mead, and smoked hams) and the other wing serving as Thorbald's living quarters.

During the Sack

The mead hall of Thorbald has long been a gathering place for the men of the village as a place they can drink in peace. Today it is a barricaded fortress valiantly trying to hold out against the swarming horde of cultists. Fifteen hirthmenn and a leader have fallen back to the mead hall and pushed the hall's tables and benches against the door. A small litter of cultists' bodies lies outside, felled by arrows, spears, and axes sent from inside the hall. However, a second wave of cultists, this time savage, degenerate humanoids from the deepest mountains accompanied by a hill giant, has arrived on the scene, and the fate of those brave Northlanders inside is in doubt.

Giant, Hill: HD 8; **HP** 59; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** hurl boulders.

Yetis (3): **HD** 5; **HP** 38, 35, 33; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

T10. Riverfront

Three Rivers sits just south of the confluence of the Ice, Wrath, and Savage Rivers, and as such, the river has played a major role in the town's development and economy. Unlike Southlander towns, the riverfront of Three Rivers is undeveloped, being merely a broad, gently sloped area that runs from the Common Green down to the water. Here, longships and smaller boats are dragged ashore, and rafts of logs are brought in for auction. A few pole-and-slat warehouses stand just above the waterline, but most of these are little more than roofed sheds without walls.

During the Sack

The main body of the horde comes charging across the frozen Ice River, through the sheds of the Riverfront, and pour into the town. Hundreds of cultists and their allies are part of this body of slavering madmen. Feel free to use any and all of the encounters from this adventure to represent the mixed and undisciplined multitude. It is likely the characters will not be able to stem this tide, and will have to fall back to a more defensible location.

T11. Sven Blacktooth's Stables

Horses are slightly more common in Estenfird than in the rest of the Northlands, partly due to the distances between villages and farmsteads, and partly due to the freedom of the people (there are no jarls to restrict movement or ownership of property). Sven Blacktooth runs a stable where visitors to the town can keep their horses. However, most visitors only bother stabling their mounts during the winter months, as the Common Green is free and a better option the rest of the year. As a result, Sven usually closes up shop after the spring festivals and heads south in his longship to "trade."

The stables are sturdily constructed and are much like stables anywhere, save that the building is round. This is an uncommon feature in the Northlands, save in Gatland where round stables are the norm. The building is wood with dirt floors and a shingle roof, with a large hayloft on the second floor. Sven sleeps there when he is operating his stables, and is usually roaring drunk through the winter. He has three stable boys, all thralls he has taken from various parts, and it is these young men who do the actual work and run the business.

During the Sack

Sven Blacktooth's Stables is on fire. Inside, the horses and donkeys are screaming in fright, their eyes rolled back into their heads and froth foaming at their mouths. As the largest try to kick their way out of the stalls, the hayloft catches and soon the whole building goes up in a great inferno, spreading burning bits of hay across the straw roofs of the town to start dozens of additional fires.

Chapter Three: The Stones on the Marsh

Regardless of the party's heroics to save Three Rivers, the sack of town was not ultimately the goal of the Beast Cult — they wanted Hengrid Donarsdottir. And the characters are unable to prevent that. However, as she is carried away as a captive by the cultists, other small warbands converge to join and escort the group back to their lair, so the characters have little trouble finding and following the trail, which leads unerringly to the Yellow Light Marshes. The distance is not great, 20 miles to the edge of the marshes at most, though the thick forest and deep snows slow down the party. The cultists have either snowshoes or bodies well adapted to such minor things as deep piles of snow, so the characters will be unable to overhaul them. However, upon reaching the edge of the marshes, the cultists split up once again into many warbands to continue wreaking havoc, and the characters must find their own way through the depths of the marshes where Hengrid has been taken.

Yellow Light Marshes

In Estenfird, the Yellow Light Marshes have a foul reputation. For generations, it has been said that people who enter them either do not come back, or are driven mad by what they have witnessed inside. The marshes get their name from the yellow- and bluish-tinted balls of light that are seen along their edges at night. Most of these are naturally occurring phenomena caused by marsh gas, atmospheric anomalies, and such, but others are the result of will-o'-wisps coming to the edge of the marshes to lure folks in. The will-o'-wisps are not part of the Beast Cult, but both parties have developed an attitude of mutual caution, allowing them to coexist somewhat peacefully in the marshes.

The marshes themselves are treacherous, with shifting currents, brackish ponds, and dangerous animals and monsters. Trees are not common in the marshes, and most of the terrain is open, flooded grassland. Once, before the Beast Cult came to power, there were a few marsh villages, and their remains dot the expanse of sodden ground. Between the villages, there once ran a network of wooden walkways, portions of which remain to this day.

At the center of the marsh is a tangle of thick thorn trees and shrubs that form a wall encircling The Stones. The Stones themselves are older than the Beast Cult, but were constructed either by some long dead demon-worshiping race or have been corrupted to fell gods. Either way, they are a haunted and forlorn place, a spot where the horrors of the Ginnungagap intrude on the ordered nature of the world.

Journey through the Marshes

The Yellow Light Marshes are perilous most of the year, but especially so in the winter. Ice and snow cover ponds and streams, and the wind blows from the mountains, piling drifts above the height of a grown man. The long marsh grass is dry and brown, tall enough to hide a person or beast crawling but not so when walking. Although quicksand and shifting land are not a threat, water is still abundant, and travelers quickly find themselves sodden, a dangerous proposition in the winter. Travelers in the marsh have a 40% chance (80% for rangers) for every hour of travel of staying on the correct path. Otherwise, they find themselves lost and forced to retrace their steps to continue on the cultists' faint trail.

Roll on the Marsh Encounters Table once per day, adding one to the die roll if traveling at night. Keep in mind that this is winter in the Northlands; daylight lasts for only 8 hours, but the nights are lit by the Northern Lights and count as bright moonlight. Encounters marked with an asterisk can occur only once.

1d6	Marsh Encounters
1–3	No Encounter
4	Walkway
5	Abandoned Marsh Village
6	Winter Worm
7	Will-o'-the-wisps*

Walkways: The party happens upon one of the remaining walkways built by the marsh folk. Although few marsh folk remain, their villages once dotted the Yellow Light Marshes, and their walkways provide a safe, but uncertain, means of navigating the wetlands. Roll 1d6: on a 1–2, the walkway is too degraded to be of any use; on a 3–4, the walkway is sound, but runs in a different direction than the party needs; and on a 5–6, the walkway is sound and runs in the direction the party is going. The walkway runs for 2d10 miles before either turning or becoming impassable. No Survival checks are necessary while on the walkway. There is a 25% chance that the walkway leads to a village before that time.

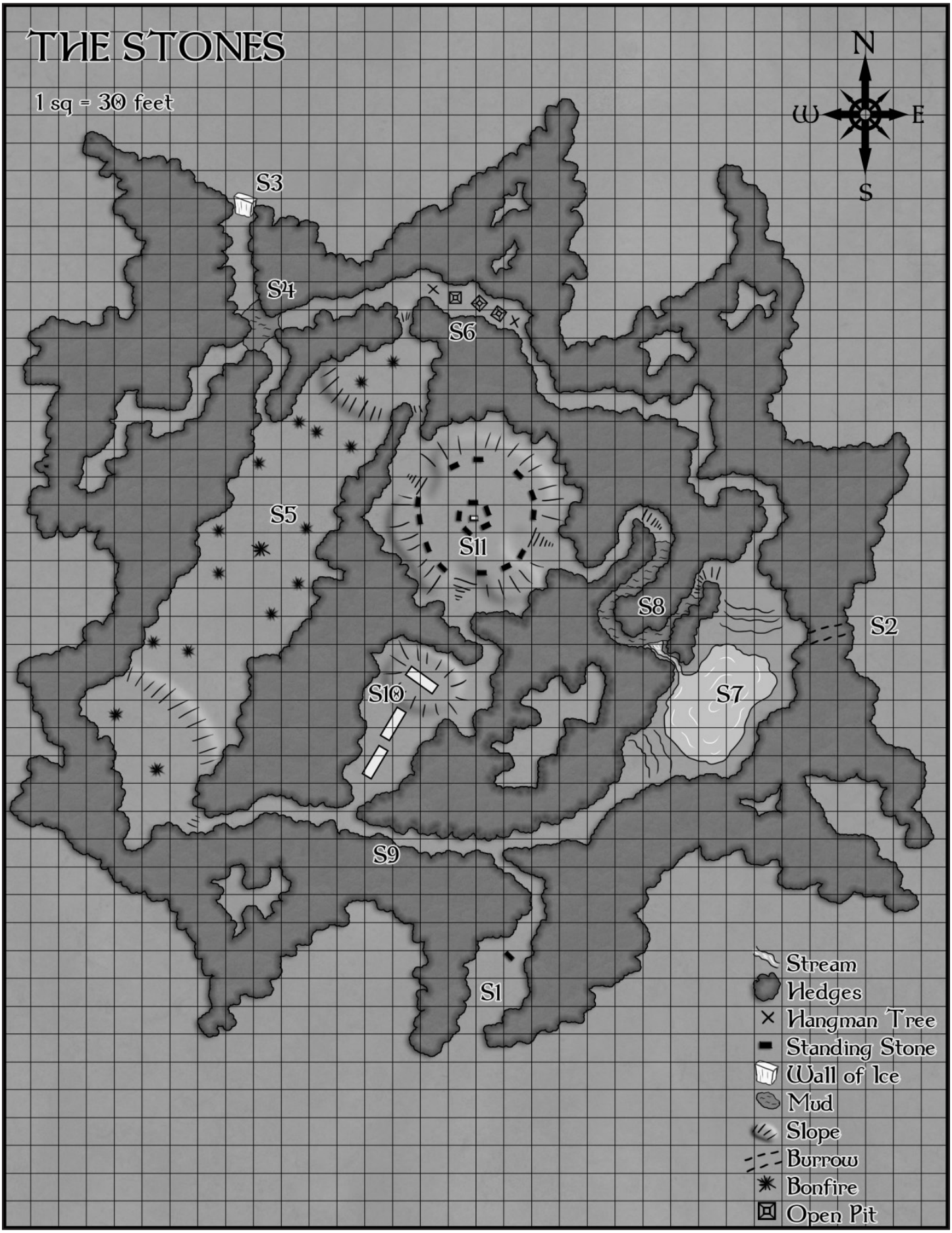
Abandoned Marsh Village: This village is a small and rude affair sitting on stilts sunk deep into the muck of the marsh. It is visible from some distance, and the faint lines of wooden walkways running from this to other locations can be seen. From here, the party can find a walkway leading toward their destination. However, that walkway runs for only 2d10 miles before either turning or becoming impassable. There is a 25% chance that the walkway leads to another village before that time.

Winter Worm: One of the rare but deadly winter worms, insect-like creatures native to Estenfird, awakens at the party's passing. It stalks them, waiting until after dark to dart in and seize the smallest character or animal companion and run off with it.

Remorhaz: **HD** 12; **HP** 87; **AC** 0[19], head/underside 2[17]; **Atk** bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: swallow whole on natural 20, melt normal weapons. (***Monstrosities*** 394)

Will-o'-the-Wisps: This event occurs only at night. The party attracts the attention of the inhabitants of the Yellow Light Marshes, a "family" of **2 will-o'-the-wisps**. The will-o'-the-wisps attempt to lure a character away from the group into a nearby pool of quicksand, but failing that they attack, enraged by the violation of their territory.

Will-o'-the-Wisps (2): **HD** 9; **HP** 65, 60; **AC** –8[27]; **Atk** shock (2d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: dancing lights.


THE STONES
1 sq = 30 feet
N
W
E
S
S3
S4
S6
S5
S11
S8
S2
S10
S7
S9
S1
Stream
Hedges
Hangman Tree
Standing Stone
Wall of Ice
Mud
Slope
Burrow
Bonfire
Open Pit

The Stones

The Stones sit in the middle of an unnatural tangle of thorny hedges near the center of the Yellow Light Marshes. This hedge forms an enclosed area cut off from the outside world, walled and roofed in blackish-green growths. The winter cold does not affect these growths, and the inside of the hedge is warm throughout the year. It is obvious that the characters have arrived at the right place because a swirl of thick, dark clouds has formed high above the Stones and has begun to spin in a slow vortex as the cultists within begin their dark ritual. Any creature attempting to fly above the hedges is instantly struck by a bolt of dark energy (2d6 points of negative energy damage and 2d6 points of electricity, save for half) each round it remains aloft. Shibauroth does not want encroachers at this crucial hour.

Sharp poisonous thorns covering the hedge walls move to impale any who come too close. Characters approaching the hedge must make a saving throw or be impaled by a thorn for 1d4+2 points of damage plus poison (–1 to hit and saves for 6 rounds, save avoids). The hedge can be cut through but regenerates quickly, closing around anyone in the hedge and trapping them there. The hedge does not attack members of the cult.

Every 10 minutes spent outside the hedge results in a cumulative 10% chance of running across a patrol of **2 hill giants**. This chance restarts each time such a patrol is encountered. A total of 3 patrols are encountered before there are no more. Within a day, the horde begins to return, and soon upward of a thousand cultists will be present. The characters' time is short.

Giants, Hill (2): HD 8; **HP** 58, 55; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

S1. South Entrance

An arch of thorny hedges leads into a deep and gloomy tunnel made of living plants. Before the archway stands a 6-foot-tall rune stone carved with glowing runes of the Beast Cult surrounding a relief of a bestial figure eating the bodies of armored Northlander warriors.

Standing guard here are **6 beast cultists** watching for anyone wanting to use this entrance. They are too undisciplined to sound an alarm, and instead just rage and attack.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (6): HP 22, 20, 19x3, 15; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

S2. East Entrance

This entrance on the eastern perimeter (1-in-6 chance to spot when within 20ft) is little more than a 4ft-wide muddy tunnel that leads 9ft under the hedge before surfacing in **Area S7**. Some savage creature (possibly the giant badger) burrowed the tunnel out at some point in the past, and it has since lain forgotten.

S3. North Entrance

This is the main entrance into the thorn hedge that surrounds the Stones. It is a thick bastion with a 15-foot-high arch closed off by an unnaturally smooth wall of ice.

The entrance is blocked by a *wall of ice* spell. Waiting behind the *wall of ice* in case someone manages to break through or circumvent it are **8 beast cultists** who were not allowed to participate in the uprising. They are anxious for combat, and gladly rage and fight to the death.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (8): HP 23, 20x2, 19, 17x2, 16, 14; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

S4. Mud Way

Several of the passages in the hedge are muddy, but none so much as this one. The three forks of the passage are sodden to the point of being nothing more than a pool of thick, dirty water.

The Mud Way here is 7ft deep. Here the Beast Cult often "baptizes" those it wishes to forcibly convert, chaining them in groups in the sinking soup until only one remains alive. Usually in order to survive, one must use his fellows to form a living raft, not to mention eating their flesh to stave off starvation. Currently, six unfortunate captives (all hirthmenn) have begun the trial of their lives, and struggle to stay afloat. They plead for mercy when the characters approach. If rescued, none has the strength to fight, but they can find their way back out unassisted.

S5. Feast Hall of the Damned

A grand hall within the hedge, this chamber is sunk into the earth so that its thorny roof hangs 90 feet overhead. It is more than 100 feet wide and extends 450 feet from end to end where mounds of bone — both ancient and recent — provide a 30-foot slope down to the hard-packed dirt of the feast hall floor. A great bonfire, 20 feet in diameter, sends a constant cloud of smoke wafting up to the ceiling high above. Throughout the hall are the remains of smaller fires, some still smoldering, some naught but dead ash. Skulls of famous kills, banners taken from vanquished foes, and other grisly trophies line the walls.

Here the bulk of the Beast Cult of Estenfird can gather, but as most of them are still spread throughout the land on a rampage, the hall is nearly empty. **Four beast cultists** plus the high priest's pet construct — a **scarecrow** constructed of bones, vines, and a misshapen swamp gourd — lurk here atop the northernmost bone pile, guarding against intruders, feasting, and fighting amongst themselves.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (4): HP 20, 19, 17, 16; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Scarecrow: **HD** 5; **HP** 36; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** strike (1d6 plus fascination); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: fascination gaze/touch (do nothing unless attacked, save avoids, new save if attacked), immunity to cold, vulnerability to fire (double damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 473)

S6. Prisoner Pits

This hall is 60 feet high with a hard-packed floor. Spaced along its length are three 10-foot-wide and 15-foot-deep pits.

The pits house prisoners awaiting sacrifice. All three pits are cramped with captives (2d10+5 per pit) taken from Three Rivers and other parts of Estenfird. The captives are largely women and children, but some badly wounded warriors have also been taken. When the characters pass, the prisoners set up a wailing plea for deliverance that, if allowed to go on for more than 4 rounds, alerts the guards in **Area S5**.

At each point mark with an "X" stands a **hangman tree** placed to prevent prisoners from escaping. The trees have learned to not grab the more powerful cultists, but are more than willing to go after anything else (including lower-ranking cultists) who attempt to pass them.

Hangman Trees (2): **HD** 8; **HP** 61, 57; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 vines (1d8 plus strangle); **Move** 3; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: hallucinatory spores (50ft radius, passive for 2d6 rounds, save avoids), magic resistance (45%), resistant to electricity, strangle for 1d6+1 damage/round (save avoids), swallow strangling victim with attack roll and failed save, surprise on 1-4 on 1d6. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 318)

S7. Dark Fey Glen

The tunnels and halls of the hedge open up here into a dimly lit grotto formed of living thorn. Broad muddy steps descend from each entrance down to a wide area dominated by a scummy pond in the center. The ground is marshy on the floor of the grotto and littered with the bones of past victims. Giant mushrooms grow in patches from the steps and across the grotto, staying clear of the deadly thorns of the hedge.

The Beast Cult does not pervert the hearts and minds of man and monstrous beast alone but also can corrupt the more malicious of fey creatures. Dark fey make their homes here, plotting, feasting, and fighting. Today, **5 spriggans** and a **red cap** linger, resting from the travails of the great uprising and awaiting the fulfillment of the cult's fell rites.

Spriggans (5): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 28x2, 25, 24; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or pole arm (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: enlarge (double HD and damage), magical abilities (not usable while enlarged). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 516)

Magical Abilities: at will—*fear*, *pyrotechnics*, *strength*.

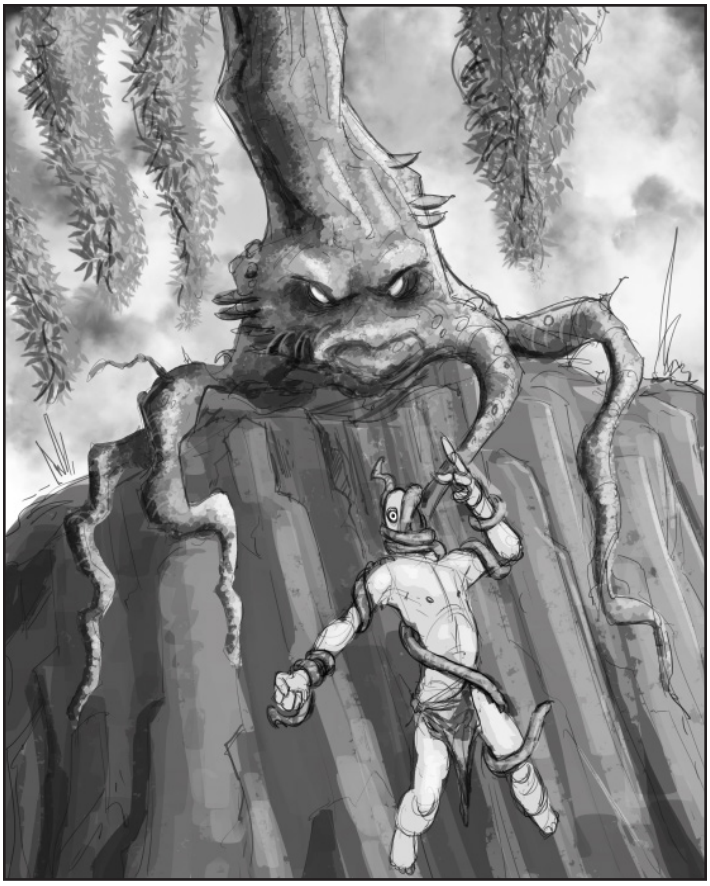
Redcap: **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4 plus poison) or claws (1d2); **Move** 4; **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: lethal poison, magical abilities. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 458)

Magical Abilities: at will—*invisibility*; 1/day—*dancing lights*, *detect good*, *mirror image*.

8. Bent Bog

This crooked tunnel is more water than soil, forming a long narrow bog only 10 feet wide and 8 feet high.

The floor here is thick mud that sucks and pulls at the feet of anyone crossing it. Long ago, before the Beast Cult took over this site, the original builders placed their honored dead in this bog as sacrifices to their own fell gods. These dead remain, and are now thralls of the cult, rising up as **2 bog mummies** every 60ft that the characters travel to kill and drag down trespassers. They do not travel beyond their 60ft territory, though they try to herd characters into the territory of the next pair and trap them between. A total of 10 bog mummies are buried here.



Bog Mummies (2 at a time, total of 10): **HD** 8; **HP** 61, 60, 57, 54, 51x2, 49, 45, 42, 39; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (1d6 plus bog rot); **Move** 9; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, bog rot (no natural healing, magical healing 50% until cure disease), resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 66)

S9. Long Hall

This hall is long and narrow, and the ceiling of thorns stands only 8 feet above the muddy floor.

The hall is arrow straight, and serves as an access to the **Area S1**. As the back way into the hedge, this hall is mostly unused, though guardians are posted in case intruders set on disrupting the rituals make it past the guards at the entrance. There are **4 beast cultists** here accompanied by **6 worgs** who use their scent ability to guard against invisible intruders.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (4): HP 20, 19, 18, 16; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Wolf, Worgs (6): **HD** 4; **HP** 31, 27x2, 26, 23, 20; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

S10. Giants' Hall

One of the largest of all the halls, this cavernous space is more than 60 feet in height. Three trestle tables with benches fill the hall, each 50 feet long and 6 feet high. One sits on a slightly raised earth platform at the north end of the hall, and the others rest on the hard-packed floor.

The giant cultists use this hall for feasting, sleeping, and fighting, and the tables are covered in appropriately sized trenchers of bread filled with humanoid and other meats, as well as mammoth-tusk drinking horns sized for very large thirsts. Most of the giants are still out raiding, but **2 hill giants** remain as guards.

Giant, Hill: HD 8; **HP** 58, 60; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

S11. Black Altar

At the center of the hedge maze lie the Stones, a ring of ancient standing stones whose origins are long forgotten. A steep tor rises out of the marsh to a height of 25ft, its top flat and level as if a great knife had cut it off. The Stones stand on this hill, and a set of stairs carved from the same rock leads up on three sides. Two rings of standing stones enclose an open area dominated by an altar caked in blood, both old and fresh. The outer ring of stones is 15ft high and 120ft in diameter; the inner ring is 10ft tall and 30ft in diameter.

The Stones themselves are roughly cut from a black glass-like rock, Veins of red-gold lace the glassy surface, forming a network of markings whose true meaning remains indecipherable. The beast cultists have carved their own blood-red runes into the faces of the stones, and anointed them with grisly trophies of their misdeeds. Iron spikes driven into the four corners of the square altar stone serve as attachment points for a set of iron fetters. Blood-red candles stand at each corner as well, the runes of Shibauroth carved into the tallow. A captive is chained to the altar, her armor and clothes stripped from her.

A circle of naked cultists covered in Beast Runes — both tattooed on and painted in blood — stands between the inner and outer rings. Several wear fearsome masks, necklaces of teeth and claws, or other savage and feral ornaments. A human stands before the altar, intoning in an otherworldly voice a long prayer in a harsh language, the foul words sliding off his tongue and lingering as a corruption in the air. By his side, three withered crones, feral beast-women in their own right, provide a chanted chorus. Across the altar from the high priest stands a bull-headed statue made from the same strange glassy rock as the stones. Glowing red runes are carved into the surface of the statue.

This hill is the one location in the maze that is open to the sky, the dark vortex looming directly over it. However, the high hedge walls block the view of anyone outside seeing the ring unless they actually fly above the hedge and risk the dark bolts from above (see "The Stones" above). The Stones were there when the first Northlanders drifted into Estenfird, and the few Nûklanders who wandered south of their home on the tundra claimed The Stones were old when they were young. The Northlanders brought the Beast Cult with them, who then turned the site to their foul purposes. The Stones are harder than simple obsidian and as solid as granite.

The captive is, of course, Hengrid Donarsdottir, who, though tied up and exhausted, has not actually been seriously harmed. The cultists await the end of the ritual to inflict their dark deeds upon her. Standing between the two circles are **14 beast cultists**. The crones are **3 fen witches**, and the cultist conducting the ritual is **Herjof the Bloody-Handed**, high priest of the cult in Estenfird. He appears human, but his heart is that of a demon beast — long ago given over in service to Shibauroth, Demon Lord of Beasts and Blood. The language of the prayer is Abyssal. The statue is actually a powerful construct, no doubt waiting for the right ritual to activate. It is, in fact, an **obsidian minotaur**, though it is not currently activated.

Beast Cultists of Shibauroth (14): HP 23, 22x2, 20x3, 17x4, 15x2, 12, 10; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** beast runes tattoos (–2[+2] AC bonus; immune to mind-affecting spells), +1 to hit and damage bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: winter furs, beast cult totem.

Fen Witches (3): **HD** 6; **HP** 45, 40, 37; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: death speak (1/day, save avoids), horrific appearance (save or weakened, 1d8 strength), magic resistance (25%), mind probe (60ft, save resists). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 240)

Herjof the Bloody-Handed, High Priest of Shibauroth (Clr10): HP 47; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+3 heavy mace* (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** control undead, +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (3/3/3/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect magic*; 2nd—*hold person, silence 15ft radius, speak with animals;* 3rd—*cure disease*, *prayer*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*, *neutralize poison*, *protection from good 10ft radius*; 5th—*finger of death* (x2), *raise dead*.

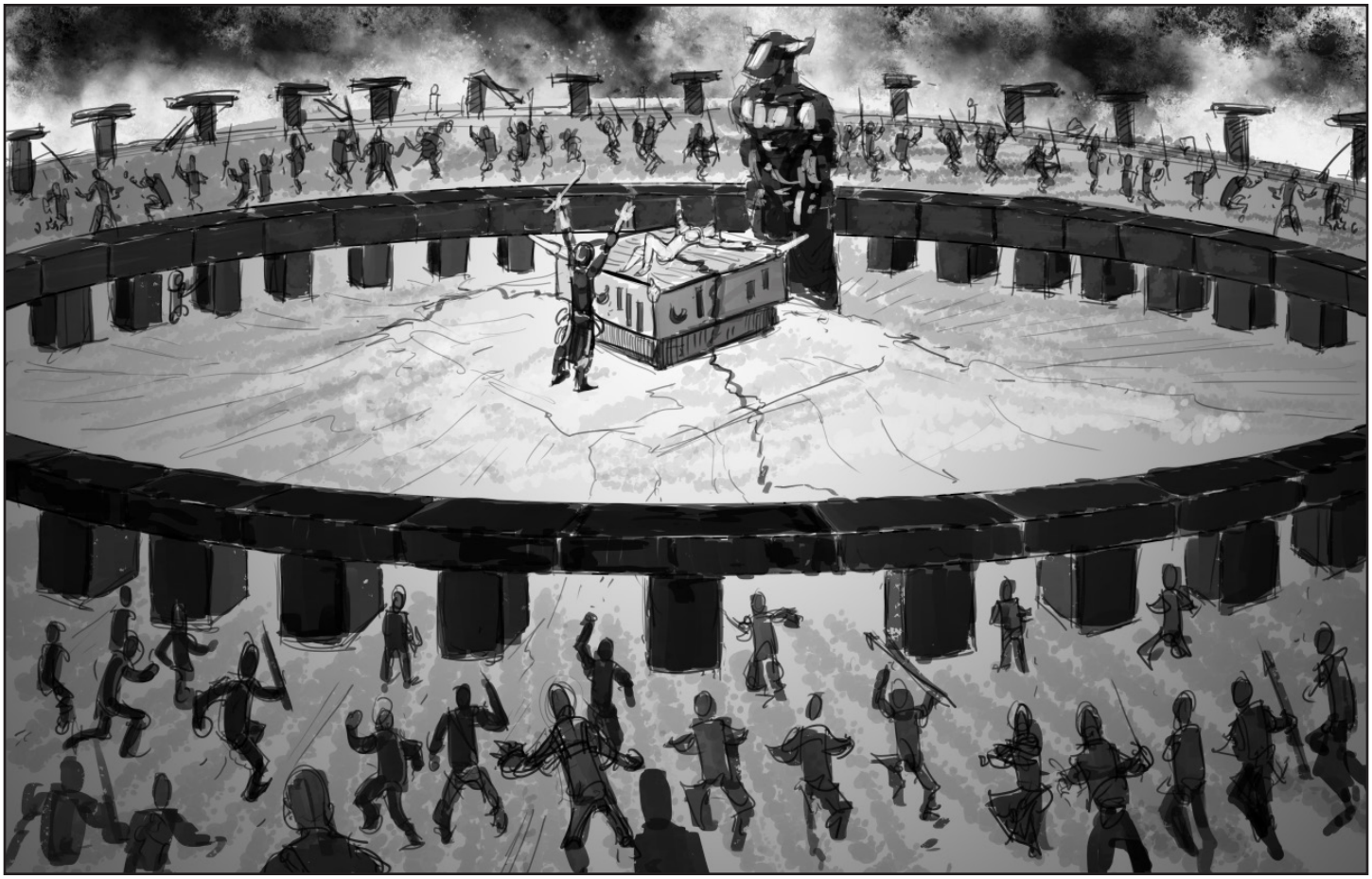
Equipment: *+1 platemail*, *+3 heavy mace*, *ring of regeneration*, bony holy symbol of Shibauroth.

Minotaur, Obsidian: **HD** 12; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** 2 claws (2d8 plus 1d6 fire plus ignite); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **A**L N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: breath weapon (every 1d4+1 rounds, 10ft cube of slow gas that lasts 1 round, save avoids), ignite (take 1d6 fire damage for 1d4+1 rounds, save avoids), immune to most magic. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 403)

Tactics: The cultists of the outer ring charge down the slope and into the fray to savagely attack intruders. Killing them does not disrupt the rituals being conducted. Until the obsidian minotaur is awakened, the high priest will not stop his ritual, even to defend himself. Instead, if he is threatened, the crones form a protective circle around him to fight off any attackers. The ritual is being enacted as the party arrives; 5 rounds after the first character enters the area, the ritual is complete and the obsidian minotaur awakens. It serves the high priest of the Beast Cult, following his directions. If the high priest is slain, the minotaur rampages throughout the area, attacking the nearest foe or the last person to harm it, ignoring any sense of tactics. It fights until destroyed. Should the heroes disrupt the ceremony by defeating Herjof before those 5 rounds are over, the obsidian minotaur remains inert and is merely a frightening statue.

Development: The obsidian minotaur is needed for more than just its sheer ferocity. Its body is being used as a vessel through which an avatar of Shibauroth can act to complete the blood sacrifice of Hengrid Donarsdottir. After the obsidian minotaur awakens, the characters have 6 rounds to destroy the construct before it turns on her and strikes, tearing her heart out and eating it in 1 round. Disrupting the ritual by killing Herjof, freeing Hengrid from her bonds and taking her out of the inner ring of stones, or destroying the obsidian minotaur all halt the ritual. See below for details of what occurs if the characters fail or succeed to save Hengrid and disrupt the ritual.

Should the characters fail: Hengrid dies horribly as her heart is torn out and consumed. A tide of blood and gore washes out of the cloud vortex above the altar, drenching all in the Stones and surrounding hedges. Red thunder rends the sky, and the rain begins to fall — a red rain of blood



with hailstones of gristle and bone. Across the Northlands, animals howl, milk curdles, and ale kegs explode. The obsidian minotaur is suddenly imbued with the spirit of Shibauroth and the godly bloodline of Donar. As the blood drenches it from above, it grows and transforms over 3 rounds into a monstrous **cursed titan**. During this transformation, the obsidian minotaur is immune to any harm, and all the surviving cultists fall in worship and ignore the actions of the characters, which provides them a good opportunity for escape. At the end of the transformation, the titan lays waste to any non-cultist within 5 miles of the Stones and sets up its lair in the ancient henge to begin its rule upon the earth as Shibauroth incarnate.

Cursed Titan: HD 16; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** weapon (7d6); **Move** 21; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special:** magic resistance (50%), +1 or better magical weapon to hit, special abilities. (***Monstrosities*** 474)

> **Special abilities:** *earthquake* (120ftx120ftx20ft area, 1-in-6 chance of falling into fissure), frost aura (10ft, 3d6 damage and paralyzed with cold, save for half and resist paralysis), lightning aura (10ft out to 20ft, 3d6 damage and stunned 1d3 rounds and thrown 20ft, save for half and avoid stun and throw), persuasion (2/day, paralysis, serve creature, save resists), reincarnate (as a beast), summon (2/day, 1d4 remorhazes).

Remorhazes (1d4): **HD** 12; **AC** 0[19], head/underside 2[17]; **Atk** bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** swallow whole on natural 20, melt normal weapons. (***Monstrosities*** 394)

Should the characters succeed: If Hengrid is saved and the ritual ruined, Donar unleashes his wrath upon the Beast Cult and its hidden lairs. Thunder rolls like none have ever heard before, as if the sky itself has been rent asunder. Cyan flashes of lightening stream down out of a sky black with clouds. A cleansing rain falls, washing away the blood and gore of the recent battles. Winds howl and the seas are whipped to froth, drowning any and all who gave their allegiance to the cult. Any surviving cultists within the hedges — or indeed, all of Estenfird — are struck down by these bolts from the blue and left as little more than blackened corpses — all except Herjof, who dared to attempt to lay hands upon the divine bloodline of the Thunderer. In a brilliant flash of light, Herjof (if alive) or his corpse (if already dead) is immolated in a cleansing fire and disappears into the swirling storm winds. As the rain peters out and the clouds scatter, the characters find themselves alone upon the tor, the threat of the Beast Cult no more.

Concluding the Adventure

If the characters failed, beast cultists pour out of their hiding places throughout Estenfird and the wild lands beyond. Predators and prey violently attack each other and any human they can find, and birds plummet dead from the sky. Godshouses of Donar burst into flames, and his godi are driven mad. Above all, a fledgling demon lord broods and grows in a stricken grove deep in the Yellow Light Marshes. How the characters deal with the aftermath of the death of a god and the birth of a newly rejuvenated demon lord is up to them, but it shouldn't be pretty.

If the characters succeeded, they likely notice that there is little in the way of treasure available in this adventure. The people of Estenfird are not wealthy in gold, silver, or magic and can raise only 2000hs per character worth of arm rings, hacksilver, small valuables, and assorted coinage. In addition, each hero is given a ploughgate (eight oxgangs) of premium farmland near Three Rivers sufficient to accommodate the four families of serfs that work it and generate an annual income of 200hs for the character. The characters can choose to claim larger, less-lucrative tracts of land elsewhere in the wilds of Estenfird if they wish to go through the trouble of settling and developing it themselves. The Beast Cult cares little for possessions, and what they do have is profane and corrupted. However, should the heroes successfully rescue Hengrid Donarsdottir, they earn the respect and gratitude of her father and, to a lesser extent, the rest of the Æsir.

Shortly after returning from the Stones to Three Rivers and being feted as heroes by the freemen of Estenfird and given their reward, one evening the victorious heroes find themselves lost in a deep fog of divine origin. After wandering for a few minutes, they spot a light in the distance, which leads them to grand feast hall the likes of which they have never seen. Dripping with gold and silver leaf-covered statues and carvings of the gods and past heroes, the hall is warm and inviting. A fire burns in a grand hearth in the center, and finely wrought tables fill the main floor, their benches crowded with the apparitions of the same heroes whose statues line the walls. At the front of the hall is the high table, at which sits a glowing aura of lightning and thunder. A number of places of honor to the left and right of the aura are empty, waiting for the party to take their seats.

With words that burst forth like a sudden storm and whip through men's souls as sharp as the wind, the characters know they are bidden to sit and enjoy. A feast beyond mortal proportions is laid out for them with roast meats, fresh vegetables, and endless horns of mead and ale. Men and women of unearthly beauty serve the guests. It is a feast of divine magnificence. The food is plentiful and of the finest quality, the company is of the highest caliber, and the entertainment is grand indeed. Skalds, dancing girls, a trained bear, and other performers wander the hall. Boasts and tales of valor issue from the lips of the long-dead heroes, and even a few fights break out in a good-natured way.

After a few hours or days (time seems to have no meaning and none of the feasters seems to grow full, overly drunk, tired, or injured), the aura of thunder and lightning speaks again. Though the words are those mortal ears cannot fathom, all know it is time for the characters to tell the tales of their deeds and most especially of the defeat of the Beast Cult and rescue of Hengrid Donarsdottir. After the party has each had a chance to boast and tell of their deeds, they finally grow full and drowsy, the heat, food, and mead taking effect. One by one, the heroes drift off to sleep.

The characters awake back where they were before the mists claimed them. Any injuries (including ability damage or negative levels) are healed, clothes are remade into ones of finer quality, water skins are filled with *Donar's Mead* (equal to 3 doses of *potion of heroism*), and a sack contains leftover roast hog for each of them (each portion remains fresh and sustains its owner for 30 days). Additionally, each character has a magical item suited to his class (choose something that the player has expressed a desire for at some time in the past if possible), and a pile of hacksilver worthy of a king (45,000hs). Furthermore, if they should ever need to call upon the gods for any reason (and if their request is not contrary to the will of the gods), they each have access to a single *limited wish*, though they will not know this. The Referee should feel free to have the gods intervene on the party's behalf at some future point.

NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland

By Kenneth Spencer with Greg A. Vaughan



Raven Banners Over Gatland is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for *The Northlands Saga Complete*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 5–6. If using this adventure as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, the events described herein occur over the summer following the events in *NS4: Blood on the Snow*.

Raven Banners Over Gatland

Much of this adventure assumes that the characters are known in the Northlands as heroes of some renown — especially if they have completed the previous adventures of ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*** — or at least as people who can solve problems. Even if they are strangers to the Northlands, the fame of their deeds will have spread, for the Northlanders love a good tale, especially one of heroics in far-off lands. Like most adventures in the ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path***, ***Raven Banners Over Gatland*** involves sea travel, including the potential for naval combat.

The party should contain a fair mix of skills and abilities; outright combat is not necessarily the best way to rescue the bride and complete the adventure. Stealth, cunning, and good planning are of high value. However, the plans of characters tend to go awry at the worst possible time and having a good sword arm and the will to back it up will also be useful. No one has ever penetrated the Fortress of the Jomsburg and lived; there is no right way to do so — at least not until the party has managed to get in and out alive.

Adventure Background

Feuding Clans

For generations, two families have dominated the Northlands: the Gats and the Hrolfs. Also for generations, these two families — really, large extended clans — have been engaged in an unending blood feud, the origins of which are lost in time. Despite this uncertainty, the Gats and Hrolfs have plenty of reasons besides what started their feud to fight about as each new generation avenges the deaths and slights of their fathers and in turn continues the cycle for their sons and daughters. Since these two families control not just their own provinces but also have holdings spread across the whole of the Northlands, their feud has become the entire region's feud.

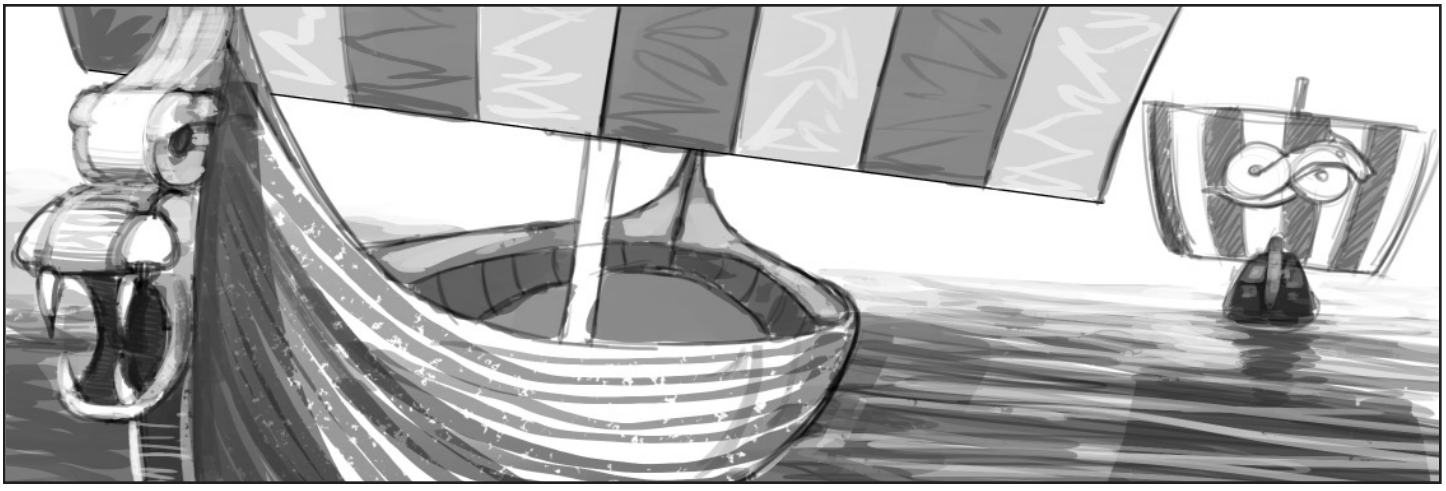
So much blood has been shed in the name of vengeance that some have grown weary of it, their throats choked with not just the battle-dew of their foes, but also the bitter taste of the life's-water of friends and family. Neither side can seem to win a decisive victory, nor have the older generations allowed the feud to subside to a low simmer of occasional duels, raids, and political maneuverings. For the past 50 years, neither the Gats nor the Hrolfs has raised the Raven Banner, the common symbol throughout the Northlands that war has been declared and all respect for life and property cast aside.

In an effort to stave off a resumption of armed hostilities (beyond a little raiding — that's just normal life in the Northlands), Jarl Ljot Gatson, eldest and most respected of the Gats, had offered his only daughter, Sveni Ljotsdottir, as a bride to Njal Magnuson, the eldest child of Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood, leader of the Hrolf clan. This marriage would seal an alliance of blood between the warring clans, ending the feud once and for all, and bring a lasting peace (apart from the occasional raiding, of course) to the Northlands in general. Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood has agreed, and the marriage is to take place in Trotheim at the foot of the Hall of the Køenig, as both the bride and groom carry royal blood of Kraki Haraldson, the last High Køenig. Their union, and the combined strength of their families, may be enough for one of their children to rise and become the Køenig of Storstrøm Vale, and possibly the High Køenig of all the Northlands.

The bride was loaded into a fine longship, the *West Wind*, and sent along with her dowry and her father's huscarls to Trotheim, the rest of the bridal party following in other ships. Likewise, the groom was dispatched in *Frothi's Wrath* with his huscarls and bride price, the rest of his party following in his wake. A dense mist blew in as the two fleets approached the seaways near Trotheim, and when it lifted, the bride's boat was missing. No flotsam or wrack was found to indicate that it had had been sunk — it was simply gone.

Both sides blamed the other for the disappearance, claiming that the whole thing was a gigantic ruse. Jarl Ljot declared of the entire Hrolf clan a "group of Southlanders — not true men and women of the North, and my daughter's blood is on their hands." In his turn, Jarl Magnus proclaimed that the "Gat are little more than savage beasts, and I for one am glad that my son does not need to sully himself on one of those goat-wenches. There likely was never a bride to begin with, with those treacherous Gats, and they use it only as an excuse to attack the Hrolfs with the veneer of legitimacy."

Since the disappearance took place in the jurisdiction of the Althing of Storstrøm Vale, petty jarls and freeholders from throughout the Vale have gathered in Trotheim to hear the case. It is unlikely that the outcome of the legal wrangling will have any effect, as Jarl Ljot has already sailed home to raise his banner and declare war upon the Hrolfs. Already the Raven



Banners are being flown on every Gat ship and over every Gat hall in the Vale, as well as the neighboring region of Hordaland. As news of the disappearance spreads throughout the Northlands, jarls and commoners alike will choose sides, raise their own banners, and sail to Trotheim.

The Jomsvikings

The beating drums of war and bellowed boasts in feasting halls throughout the Northlands plays right into the schemes of the kidnappers. It was not, as the Gats claim, a perfidious plot by the Hrolfs; nor was the crime committed, as the Hrolfs claim, by the Gats in order to put their foes at ease before a full-scale war. The criminals in this drama are the Jomsvikings, the feared cult of warriors who sell their souls to foul gods and their blades to the highest bidder.

Peace would be the worst thing for the Jomsvikings, for in peace their two greatest employers would disappear. Not that either the Gats or the Hrolfs ever openly deal with men who the entire Northlands hold in contempt, but both clans routinely hire these blackguards to perform deeds that no honorable man would dream of. In short, the Jomsvikings are in the atrocity business, and they refuse to let something as petty as peace interfere with making a profit.

Using the wicked arcane powers of Jasella —consort of Ût the Fat, the feared Jomsking — a mist was called up out of the sea to enshroud both fleets. A sacrifice was made to the foul Dark Gods that the Jomsvikings worship, and its blood formed a trail through the water straight to the bridal ship. It was short work for these cultists to storm the longship, sweep away her bodyguard, and take the ship, the bride, and her dowry captive. The Jomsvikings then sailed back to their island fortress, the Jomsburg.

Adventure Summary

The adventure begins when the characters witness an attack on Njal Magnuson by a group of Gats bent on revenge. In saving him, they learn that he is still searching for his missing bride and has tracked down a witness in the form of a young shepherd boy. From the shepherd boy they learn of the secret attack by the Jomsvikings that took Sveni Ljotsdottir. Njal soon mounts his own expedition to rescue her, only to disappear himself.

The characters are then summoned to a mysterious secret meeting where Jarl Ljot Gatson and Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood are present. They reveal that Njal has now also disappeared at the hands of the Jomsvikings, who will use their children to blackmail them into continuing this war across the Northlands — one that they are only too willing to prosecute as each blames the other for the Jomsvikings' interference. Nevertheless, they see a group of outsiders as the only real chance to rescue their children from the dreaded Jomsvikings, and they ask the characters to undertake that task for them in secret before it is too late.

The characters take ship for the Jomsburg and discover that the Jomsvikings were prepared for just such an expedition and have left a trap at sea for any pursuers. Taking part in a sea battle against the Jomsvikings, the characters have the opportunity to capture one of their own longships, and commandeer it back to Jomsburg Island themselves in order to sneak in and rescue the Gat and Hrolf heirs. There they find the ancient spirits of the island are willing to work with them to rescue the heirs if the characters rid them of the infernal influence of the Sea Wych. Only by slaying her and her diabolic minions will the characters be shown the way to the Riddle of the Stones and the means to defeat the Jomsking and escape with their quarry.

Adventure Hooks

If the characters have played through the previous adventures in ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path***, then they are well known heroes in the region of Hordaland and Storstrøm Vale and, as a result, have come to the attention of the Gats and Hrolfs of that region. In fact, their former association with Jarl Olaf Henrikson and Hallbjorn Bolverkson, potential allies of the Gat clan (as described in ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***), also brings them to the attention of the clans. This notoriety warrants them an invitation to the nuptials between the two infamous clans. They arrive in Trotheim shortly after the kidnapping (the fleets were to arrive several weeks before the actual wedding). When the characters arrive, the feud is just beginning to heat up, as described under Beginning the Adventure.

If the characters are not otherwise well-enough known in the Northlands to have gained an invitation to the wedding, they may have simply heard about it themselves and elected to come and see the historic alliance between the two feuding clans for themselves. Likewise, they could be traveling to Trotheim for their own reasons. It is summer, Trotheim is one of the great ports of the Northlands, the adventure season is afoot, and Trotheim is a likely place to find it. Regardless, the characters are assumed to arrive in the Trotheim area in time for the events described under Beginning the Adventure.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins as the characters travel down the Coast Road of the Vale toward Trotheim. If they are coming in regards to the Gat-Hrolf wedding, then they are already well aware of the events as described under the six paragraphs of the "Feuding Clans" section of the Adventure Background. If they are arriving on unrelated business, then they find that the renewed feud is all the talk of travelers and local householders. (The information under "The Jomsvikings" section of the Adventure Background cannot yet be learned, however.)

A Friend in Need . . .

This event occurs on the Coast Road of Storstrøm Vale, some 10 miles northwest of Trotheim.

> The screams of gulls sound loud in your ears as your horses canter down the rutted earth of the Coast Road. Barely audible above their harsh cries is the crash of the surf just over the sand hills that line the road here. However, as you round a bend that brings you closer to the sea, the gulls' screams resolve into more than just the calls of seabirds. Masked by their harsh cries, you can make out the steel on steel and the cries of men in mortal struggle. The battle-dew has been drawn this day, and it sounds as if there is likely to be more 'ere sundown a few hours hence.

If the characters continue toward the sounds of battle, they soon come within sight of the beach. Drawn up on the beach is a small longship, and around it are arrayed the bodies of dozens of men. It is apparent a sizable force waiting in ambush behind the sand hills rushed out and attacked just as the ship was beached. Though it seems most of the attackers and crew died in the recent fighting here, the sounds of battle can still be heard a hundred yards down the beach beyond another set of low, grass-covered dunes. The confused mix of footprints in the sand leading that direction show that a running battle occurred and apparently continues just out of sight.

The characters can reach the sight of the battle fairly quickly. However, even a quick glance at the beached longship reveals several important details:

- The prow of the ship does not bear a dragonhead, meaning that the ship was not raiding and had come in peace to the shore when it landed.
- The many red-painted shields that still line the gunwales of the ship identify it as belonging to the Hrolf clan.
- The high quality of the ship and its outfitting indicate that it belongs to a Hrolf of some importance, and some of the shields among the fallen attackers on the beach bear the sea-pig emblem of the Gat clan.

The longship is *Frothi's Wrath*, the personal ship of Njal Magnuson, heir of the Hrolf clan.

If the characters ride toward the scene of the continuing battle, read the following. If they choose not to get involved, then Njal Magnuson is slain.

The clan heads find out about the Jomsvikings' involvement later and still summon the characters as described under "A Fragile Truce" below, but they do not have the information at their disposal that can be gleaned here.

Though they have mounted a fierce defense, the red-shielded crewmen of the beached ship have clearly been outnumbered by the ambush that awaited them. As you top the dunes that blocked them from view, you see the second-to-last red shield fall beneath the axe of an attacker. A single red-shielded defender remains surrounded by a ring of his fellows' corpses where they paid the raven's debt to defend him. From the many rings on his arms and his fine mail, he is clearly a man of importance and the owner of yon ship. As he faces the double handful of attackers that move to surround him even now, he shows that he is also a man of mind's-worth. He is bloodied from more than one wound, but holds his own dripping blade high and faces the insurmountable with grim determination.

Even more to his credit, though the spear-din is about to resume as his attackers gain position, one of them slips in the sand and stumbles, momentarily exposing his open back to an attack from the surrounded man. Yet he refuses to take the dishonorable opportunity to wet his sword again and instead allows the man to regain his feet untouched. Truly, this is a man of mind's-worth prepared to see Valhalla.

While simpering Southlanders might mock the beleaguered man for refusing to strike down a helpless opponent, characters of Northlander stock will be duly impressed by his honor. Any Northlander character that moves to help him receives an award of 100 XP for assisting a man obviously favored with the courage of Donar. Any character who stands by and watches him fall (which he will in 3 rounds if not aided) or assists in attacking him receives an unfavorable wyrd and takes a –2 penalty on all attack rolls for 1 month as a result. It should be noted that even a character who is a Gat receives this curse, for mind's-worth is thicker than even blood among the Northlanders.



The man being attacked is **Njal Magnuson**, son of Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood. He is currently facing off against **11 Gat raiders**, the last of his own householders having fallen before the characters arrived. He welcomes any assistance from the characters, though they only need to account for 8 of the raiders — he dispatches the other 3 while they fight. In the round it takes the characters to reach the battle, the raiders pause long enough to drink *potions of heroism* to prepare for the newcomers.

Njal Magnuson (Ftr8): HP 52 (currently 18); **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –2[+2] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, *+1 shield*, *+1 longsword*, shortbow, quiver of 10 arrows, pouch with 24hs.

Gat Raiders (Ftr4) (8): HP 30, 28, 27, 25x2, 23, 20, 19; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 battleaxe* (1d8+1, +3 with *potion of heroism*) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 battleaxe*, shortbow, quiver with 10 arrows, *potion of heroism* (x2), belt pouch with 3d20hs.

Development: After the battle, Njal thanks the party for whatever aid they rendered and relates the details of the "Feuding Clans" section of the Adventure Background (if the characters are not already familiar with it) and explains the following.

Exhausted from battle and covered in his own blood as well as that of his enemies, the warrior stands unbowed and takes the measure of you. You see that he is a young man with many gold arm-rings and a fine silver brooch, obviously a warlord of considerable means; a large ruby in his left ear sets him apart perhaps as even something more. Apparently finding what he sees of your measure to meet his standards, he addresses you.

"I thank you for your timely aid. You are obviously folk of great courage and generosity to aid a stranger. I have seen your kind before, and you are a credit to those who call themselves Northlanders. But alas, my task is not done and the danger not passed. I fear the spear-din awaits and I am now but one man against the shieldwall alone.

"I am Njal, son of Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood. It was my wife-to-be who disappeared this past week even as we both traveled to Trotheim to swear our troth before the gods and men and put an end to this accursed feud. Though it is true that I have never met Sveni Ljotsdottir, ever since we were promised to each other, I felt I have known her in my heart. I have heard she is quite fair with the unbroken spirit of the tempest, and I long to stand beside her as husband and protector. Though it seems strange, even across the distance that separated us, she is my lady love. And it is for that reason that I will not give up on finding her. There was no wreckage, no bodies, nothing to say that the *West Wind* sank. Whatever happened to the fair Sveni, she lives; I know this in my heart to be true!

"These last days I have braved the dangers of going abroad among the Gat seeking my bride to find some sign of what may have happened to her — where she may be — and my search finally bore fruit. I learned that a young shepherd boy near Trotheim may have seen what occurred. So now I seek this boy out. My escort of huscarls is dead, I am on hostile shores,

and more Gatlanders may be about. A hundredweight of gold to you if you will accompany me to find Örn the Shepherd, and a hundredweight more to escort me into Trotheim where my father has loyal householders who will help me retrieve my longship.

"You have already shown me your mind's-worth. Will you help me in this one more thing?"

If the characters agree, proceed with "A Friend Indeed" below. If they refuse, Njal sets off on his alone. He is soon discovered by more Gatlanders and slain. Proceed with the adventure as described under "A Friend in Need …" above.

A Friend Indeed

It is no more than 5 miles to the cottage of Örn the Shepherd. The characters arrive as night is falling to discover that there is more danger about than just Gatlanders.

The gloom of dusk masks the road ahead and hides the movements of any enemies that may be lurking about. A low stone wall along one side of the road marks a close-cropped pasture among the rolling hills, and a faint trail of smoke can be seen rising from ahead — surely the chimney of a cotter's cook fire.

The recent violence and resulting plentiful carrion have attracted vermin and scavengers from the surrounding wilds. One such danger is a pair of giant scorpions from the Forest of Woe that have come out with the summer's heat to hunt along the fringes of the Vale. The plentiful feedings have brought them all the way here. The **2 giant scorpions** crouch silently in the dusk in a hollow beyond the pasture's retaining wall. As the characters pass, one rises from its hiding place and attacks while the other scuttles toward the cottage that they were already headed for, attracted by the smoke. Njal immediately begins giving chase of the one heading toward the cottage, leaving the other to the party. He catches up to it as it menaces the shepherd, holding it at bay until the characters can help deal with it. If characters are mounted, they can catch up to it before it reaches the cottage. Regardless, the noise of combat brings the shepherd out to investigate, and he witnesses the characters battling the giant vermin that were clearly going to be troubling him soon if not stopped.

Scorpions, Giant (2): HD 6; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 pincers (1d10), sting (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** lethal poison sting. (***Monstrosities*** 411)

Development: Örn the Shepherd is extremely grateful to be rescued from the scorpions and more than a little overawed to be in the presence of the famous Hrolf heir. He takes no sides in the feud, but is well aware of it and its bloody repercussions and is willing to do what he can to help. When Njal explains his reason for coming, Örn brings out his 11-year-old son Óttarr. He says Óttarr was watching the flock that day and saw what happened.

The young shepherd-boy clears his throat nervously, clearly in awe of the mighty warriors that now stand around focusing their attention on him. At the urging of his father, he begins his story in a high, quavering voice.

"I were watchin' the flock up ta Haldomir Head that day, as I wanted ta see the dragon ships come in. I thought maybe they'd have their dragon heads up, but Da said they wouldn't. As sure as could be, the fleets come up the coast, with one passin' right ta under the Head. That's when the strange fog come up around the ships. I say it were a witch-fog, as there weren't no other clouds in the sky and it stayed around the ships even with a sea wind beatin' against it.

"Well the ships were in the thick of it and couldn't see nothin', but up above 'em I could still see down on 'em; the fog weren't as thick from above. No sooner does the fog cover the ships then I sees other ships comin' in from the north under cover of the mist. They cut straight through the fog like it weren't even there. I thought sure they'd founder on the Head, but they sailed like they could see it. Those three ships did have the dragon on their prow and went right through the fog between the other ships, straight to the one ship with the white foxtails hangin' from its spar. They sailed right alongside that ship and come out of the fog so sudden that their own raven brothers were jumping aboard before the ship's crew knew what was happenin'.

"They had the crew down in just a few moments, and then they took that ship and sailed it right on back out they way they had come in — now four ships instead of three — and disappeared ta the north. By the time the fog had cleared, the white-tailed ship was gone and the rest were in a bustle somethin' fierce.

"I didn't stay aroun' to see what happened after that. I ran straight home to tell my Da, because of what I saw on the three dragon ships. They weren't no ordinary raiders. They each had a big snake painted on their sails. I knew that were bad news and scudded back home."

Questioning Njal confirms that the white foxtails indicate the bride's longship. At the mention of the snake-painted sails, Njal's face turns white. The depiction of Jörumungandr the World Serpent is the symbol used by the dragon ships of the Jomsvikings, the most feared group of mercenary raiders on the North Sea. It is clear that the most feared viking force in the Northlands has taken Sveni Ljotsdottir hostage and undoubtedly holds her in their legendary impregnable fortress called the Jomsburg. Njal is greatly disturbed by this. After giving an arm-ring to Óttarr and his father for their help, he wishes to depart for Trotheim at once so he can begin plans to mount a rescue.

Njal pays the characters 100hs for their help and another 100hs if they escort him to Trotheim. The trip there is uneventful. There he gathers a crew of loyal Hrolfmen and recovers his longship to sail for Osløn to consult with his father. He doesn't ask for the characters' help and, in fact, refuses to allow them to accompany him, stating it is a matter for his own mind's-worth and that of his family, not something to be laid at the feet of strangers. He is very respectful of the characters in his refusal, but does not allow them to sail with him.

After Njal departs, the characters are on their own in Trotheim to spend their time as they wish. Feel free to introduce a short interlude adventure or series of encounters to pass the time. However, 1 month later they receive a mysterious summons that draws them back into the events surrounding the disappearance once again.

A Fragile Truce

This event occurs roughly one month after the above encounters outside Trotheim. Wherever the characters have traveled in the Northlands, they receive an urgent summons to meet at an isolated farmstead outside Trotheim. The summons does not identify the sender and urges utmost discretion but promises rich rewards if the characters come to the appointed meeting in 2 weeks. No matter what investigation or divination the characters use, they cannot uncover any clue as to the source of the summons but also find no hint that it is dangerous or could be a trap. Assuming that they respond to the summons, read the following.

The farmstead outside Trotheim to which you have been summoned truly is an isolated place. A single road leads from

the river way and ends here with no reason to travel on it except to reach this specific steading. The house and barn are in good shape though they do not appear to be inhabited. Instead, you find a dozen or more mounts stabled in the barn and lights barely visible from the house through its carefully covered windows. Not even smoke rises from the chimney to give any clue that it is occupied. The nondescript armsman in the barn that takes your mounts wears no device and remains tight-lipped, and though his weapons appear worn from much use, he makes no gestures other than to direct you to the house. It seems the only way to find out your mysterious summoner is to go inside.

Stepping inside the hall of the house, you find two groups of armed men, one gathered around a table, the other around a cold hearth. They fall silent upon your entry, and eye you as suspiciously as they eye each other but say nothing other than to direct you toward the kitchen at the rear of the house. The fact that neither of the groups has broached a keg that stands on a nearby shelf gives evidence of the seriousness of this meeting.

Stepping into the back room, your eyes adjust to the dim light to reveal a man seated at a table. Rich furs adorn his shirt, and a silk cloak in the style of the Southlanders hangs over his mail. Numerous rings bedeck his arms and fingers, and a great gold chain hangs across his neck. Even without the red tabard he wears, you would have recognized him as Magnus Hrolfsblood, Jarl of Hrolfland and patriarch of the Hrolf clan. Perhaps not a huge surprise considering your meeting with his son a month-and-a-half gone, but the second man standing in the shadows at the back of the room surely is. This man, even older than Magnus, wears a set of mail, well tarnished with use and more years of battle-dew than could be counted until no amount of polishing could remove its stain. His own cloak is less fine and more travel worn, and the creases of his beardless face bespeak a lifetime of hard decisions and harder battles. But the solid gold sea-pig brooch on his breast identifies him just as clearly: It is Ljot Gatson, Jarl of Gatland and sworn enemy of Magnus Hrolfsblood. The two sides of the Gat-Hrolf feud are standing in the same secret room on a farm in the Vale and staring at you coldly.

Once the characters enter, Jarl Magnus gestures toward chairs and asks them to be at ease. Jarl Ljot assents with a grunt. Though Magnus does most of the talking, Ljot interjects from time to time. Clearly the two powerful jarls do not enjoy being in one another's presence, so it must be important indeed for them to both be in this meeting.

Magnus begins by thanking the characters for assisting his son, Njal, a month and more ago (if they in fact did), and goes on to relate that with the information he gained, despite Magnus' counsel to the contrary, he outfitted the *Frothi's Wrath* for war and sailed for the Jomsburg to bring home his bride. Three weeks ago, Magnus received a package from the Jomsburg. It held only a severed left ear with a large ruby earring in its lobe. The message was clear: The Jomsvikings now held Njal as well as Sveni.

Magnus and Ljot explain why they cannot just raise a combined war-fleet and raze the Jomsburg to the ground. First, they love their children, who will undoubtedly be slain if they raise any overt hand against the Jomsvikings. Second — and they both look pained to admit it — they have both made use of the Jomsvikings' services in the past for the worst raids as part of the feud between their clans. The Jomsvikings, therefore, hold quite a bit of blackmail material to besmirch the honor of both clans. Though they dislike each other intensely, both realize that the ongoing feud is bad for their clans and the Northlands. Plus, they love their children and would see them released from the hold of the vicious Jomsvikings.

Because of their past associations with the Jomsvikings, they cannot make their plight public knowledge, but they would like for a small group of heroes to go anonymously into the Jomsburg and bring Njal and Sveni safely out. They have gathered a ship and crew of unaffiliated sailors, and ask the characters to undertake this most hazardous mission. They believe heroes of the characters' caliber have what it takes to successfully infiltrate and escape the Jomsvikings, and if such legendary heroes were to do that, it would just seem to be in the nature of their normal heroics to do so without pointing a finger back at either clan for reprisals. In addition, they believe if a small group attempted to do so quietly and without alerting the Jomsvikings, then they would have a much greater chance of success than the brash raid attempted by Njal Magnuson. If the characters accept this quest, they will not only have done much to bring peace to the Northlands and between the Gat and Hrolf clans, but the jarls promise to give them their weight in rings. The ship and crew lie ready in Trotheim if the characters agree to the undertaking. However, if the characters fail, the two jarls are only too willing to hold the other responsible for the bitter fate of their children and turn their anger toward prosecuting the war that is already brewing across the Northlands. It is up to the characters to save the two clan heirs, and also to spare the Northlands from a blood feud grown into open warfare.

If the PCs characters did not aid Njal and he died in an earlier encounter, then it is his younger brother Finni that sailed forth to avenge his sibling and is now missing. You need to replace references to Njal in the adventure with Finni.

Chapter One: Navigating Hostile Waters

Awaiting the characters at the docks of Trotheim is the *Grænir*, a nondescript but well-built longship. Aboard it is a crew of 50. A helmsman is aboard if no character can pilot the vessel. Statistics for crew and ship are provided below in case they are needed for specific encounters, but in general, the crew tries to stay out of battle and leaves the spear-din to the characters. If you need a map of the ship, you can find its deck plan included on the map for "The Sea Trap" below.

Human, Sailor: **HP** 1d6; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** hand axe (1d6), short sword (1d6) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: none.

Equipment: hand axe, short sword, 3 javelins.

The Voyage to Jomsburg Island

The location of Jomsburg Island is fairly well known in the Northlands, though there is a 1-in-6 chance each day of accidentally setting a course that passes it by. From Trotheim to The Jomsburg is a voyage of 391 miles, 6 days by longship. One day is added each time the course correction roll is missed to steer toward the island.

The first part of the voyage is simply sailing across the North Sea, but they must still contend with the hazards of that fickle body of water. For every 12 hours of sailing, roll 1d8; on a 1–3, a random encounter occurs. It would be a good idea to roll once at midday and once at midnight, though the encounters can occur at any time during the 12-hour period. Use the "North Sea — Summer" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***.

In addition to the random encounters that can occur during the voyage, the following three set encounters occur as well.

The Perils of the Sea

This encounter occurs on the third day out of Trotheim.

> The rise and fall of the swells brings something to view in the distance. As your ship draws closer, you see the shattered hull of a longship, mute testimony to the dangers that come of riding the North Sea. The ship has been broken by the waves, with floating debris spread out over more than a hundred yards, with one large section of the stern intact and bobbing upside down. Luck is with you, for any trade goods stored within the stern may still be present.

If the characters choose to give the wreckage wide berth and sail on by, then no encounter occurs. However, if they approach to investigate the wreck, as soon as they reach it, they discover that it is not as abandoned as it seems. Floating beneath the wreckage of the stern are **16 brine zombies** and their **draug** captain. As soon as the *Grænir* draws near, they swarm to the surface and attack.

Zombie, Brine (16): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 28x2, 25, 24x3, 21, 18x3, 16, 15, 10x3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** cutlass (1d6) or fists (1d4); **Move** 12/12 (swimming); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: resist fire (half damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 614)

Draug: **HD** 6; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4) or cutlass (1d6); **Move** 12 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: call storm, control ship, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 217)

Treasure: In the hold under the stern is a bundle of silk, now ruined by the saltwater, and a hidden chest that holds 3000hs.

Forward Observers

This encounter occurs the morning of the fifth day out of Trotheim.

> The overcast sky looks down on a leaden sea. The waves beat against the prow of the *Grænir* as it cuts the swells like the pounding of a distant drum. As the minutes pass, however, you detect a subtle counter-beat to this song of the sea. In fact, with ears straining, it seems you can hear several faint drumbeats.

A character has a 10% chance of spotting the silhouettes of five draconic shapes flying among the scudding clouds more than a mile ahead, their distant wing beats providing the distant drumming sound that is heard. If a character specifically searches the skies for the source of the drumbeats, he has a 30% chance. The creatures are actually **5 fire drakes** employed as scouts by the Jomsvikings. They, and others like them, make irregular patrols over the sea in a circuit many miles distant from the island. If the characters have not spotted them yet, within a half mile of the *Grænir*, they have a 60% chance of being spotted (or automatically if someone is scanning the horizon). At this distance, one of the fire drakes turns and flies up into the cover of the clouds before heading northwest back toward Jomsburg Island to report the presence of the interlopers. The other 4 drakes swarm to attack the occupants of the ship from all sides. If 3 are killed, the fourth attempts to likewise flee to the northwest to escape.

Drakes, Fire (5): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 28, 26x2, 23; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breath weapon (5/day, 40ft cone of fire, 2d8 damage, save for half), pyrophoric blood (ignites upon contact with air; attacker must make save or take 1d3 damage), resists fire (half damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 614)

Treasure: One of the drakes wears a gold arm-ring worth 250hs gifted to it by the Jomsvikings.

The Sea Trap

This encounter occurs the day after "Forward Observers." The sea drake that flew off to give warning found these two patrolling dragon ships and

reported the position of the *Grænir*. It then continued its patrol and has kept the two longships apprised of the characters' location to guide them in upon the characters undetected.

This encounter occurs as dusk falls over the sea, making shadows long and keeping lookout difficult. Before the two ships come in visual range of the *Grænir*, they link together with an iron chain near their sterns, and the Jomsviking officer uses a magical ring that cloaks both vessels in *phantasmal force* to appear to be and sound like just part of the sea. The crews of the two vessels stay low below the gunwales so that they do not become visible within the illusion. Unless a character is scouting ahead by swimming or flying, no one will have opportunity to interact with the illusion and disbelieve it before it drops. Once the ships are within 50ft of the *Grænir* and coming head on, the officer dismisses the illusion. Read the following.

> What was once the twilit waters ahead of the ship suddenly come to life as two dragon-prowed longships suddenly appear in the waters dead ahead and headed directly toward you. Their billowing sails show the great World Serpent, the symbol of the Jomsvikings. Armed warriors gather along their gunwales preparing for battle. Their headings will bring them parallel along your flanks on either side, and even as you watch, orders are shouted and the oars of both ships along the sides closest to you are shipped and drawn on. They're going to clip your sweeps!

The **2 Jomsviking longships** each carry **15 Jomsviking warriors** and **1 common giant**. In addition, one of them also has a **Jomsviking officer** aboard who is commanding the flotilla. The remaining crew are slaves chained to the oars who cannot join in any combat. The Jomsviking dragon ships intend to do just as it appears. They each sweep down one side of the characters' ship and crash through the extended oars. The helmsman screams for the characters, with just one chance to act. As it stands, he can bring the ship hard about and attempt to cross the line of the approaching ships, though it is readily apparent that doing so will result in the *Grænir* being rammed broadside by one or other of the approaching vessels and possibly breached or overturned. Alternately, the *Grænir* can attempt to slip directly between the two ships and ship oars as it does so. Both of these options are covered under "Tactics" below. The players have 3 rounds to decide what course to take before it is too late.

Jomsvikings Warriors (Ftr2) (30): **HP** 2d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: rage (+1 to hit and damage, 4 rounds/day).

Equipment: leather armor, iron helm, black cloak, longsword, shortbow, 20 arrows, pouch with 4d20hs.

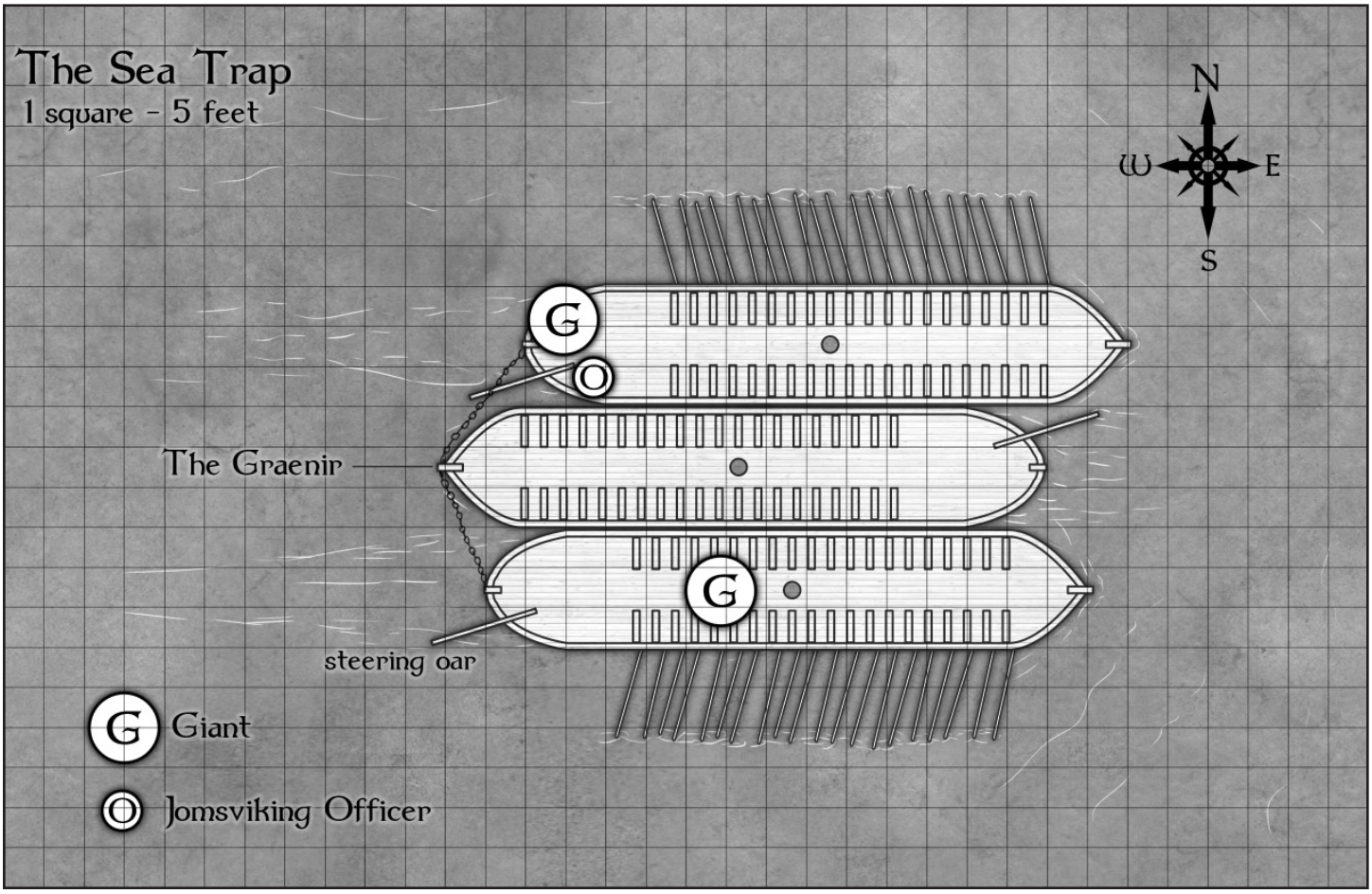
Jomsviking Officer (Ftr8): **HP** 55; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 6 (cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, *cloak of protection +1*, *+1 longsword*, shortbow, 20 arrows, *potion of healing*, magical ring (*phantasmal force*, 3 charges), silver serpent brooch (150hs), 3 gold arm-rings (200hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

Giants, Common (2): HD 5; **HP** 36, 30; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: iron helm, black cloak, longsword, copper serpent brooch (50hs), 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 4d20hs.

Tactics: The outcomes of the evasive maneuvers made by the characters' ship and how the Jomsvikings respond is explained below.



The *Grænir* turns hard and tries to avoid the incoming ships

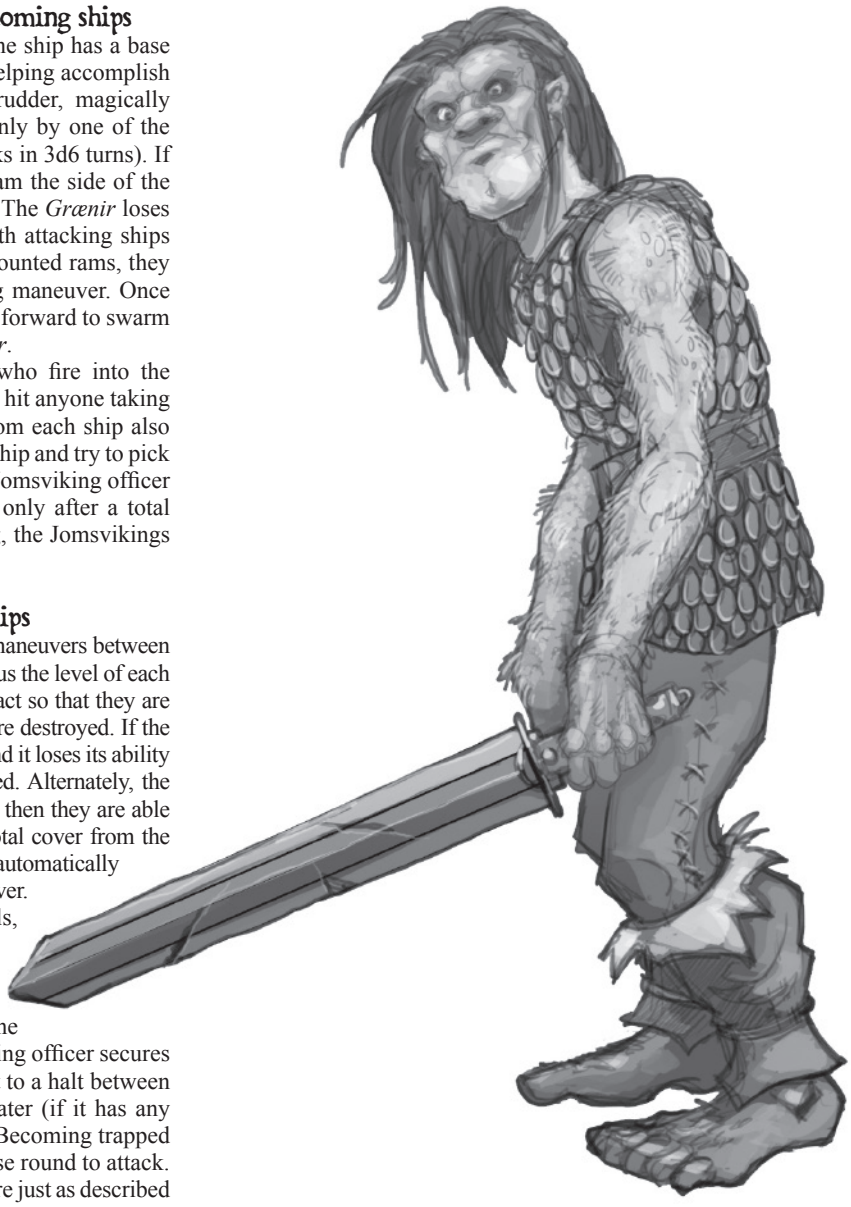
If the *Grænir* attempts to turn to starboard or port, the ship has a base 25% chance of success plus the level of all characters helping accomplish the hard turn (such as taking up oars, turning the rudder, magically assisting, etc.). If successful, the *Grænir* is rammed only by one of the vessels and has a 25% chance of a hull breach (and sinks in 3d6 turns). If the initial turn is unsuccessful, both of the longships ram the side of the *Grænir*, with a 25% chance each of breaching the hull. The *Grænir* loses 20% of its crew from a single ramming, or 40% if both attacking ships strike it. Because both of the Jomsviking ships have mounted rams, they do not take any damage themselves from the ramming maneuver. Once the ramming occurs, the Jomsvikings of both ships rush forward to swarm over the bow of their ships to board and take the *Grænir*.

Each ship has 5 Jomsvikings with readied bows who fire into the characters' ship after the ram strikes. They are unable to hit anyone taking cover behind the gunwale shields. Ten Jomsvikings from each ship also board the *Grænir* to attack. The archers remain on each ship and try to pick off spellcasters, other archers, or obvious officers. The Jomsviking officer and the 2 common giants board the character' vessel only after a total of 10 Jomsvikings have fallen. If the *Grænir* is sinking, the Jomsvikings retreat to their ships as it starts to go under.

The *Grænir* tries to go between the incoming ships

If the characters decide to ship the oars as the *Grænir* maneuvers between the two Jomsviking ships, they have a 25% base chance plus the level of each character who assists in withdrawing the oars before impact so that they are not all destroyed. If the check fails, then half of the oars are destroyed. If the roll is 95–00, then all of the *Grænir's* oars are destroyed, and it loses its ability to move without a current or wind until they are replaced. Alternately, the characters can order the crew to take cover. If they do so, then they are able to drop below the shields on the gunwales and receive total cover from the forthcoming barrages of the Jomsvikings, but the oars are automatically destroyed. The crew cannot both ship the oars and take cover.

If the characters attempt to sail between the two vessels, they discover a different surprise. A heavy chain running between the sterns of each ship was dragging beneath the water. As soon as the characters' ship makes its maneuver to pass between them, a common giant pulls the chain taut between the two longships while the Jomsviking officer secures the chain to the stern. As a result, the *Grænir* is brought to a halt between the two ships and trapped in place until it can backwater (if it has any oars left) enough to maneuver out from between them. Becoming trapped between the vessels also gives the Jomsvikings a surprise round to attack.



In this surprise round, the 10 archers (5 on each ship) fire just as described above, and the 10 Jomsvikings boarders swarm aboard from both ships as previously described. The difference is that the common giant on the vessel that did not handle the chain instead swings the yard of his own ship out over the *Grænir*. Suspended from the yard is a ship's pig, a giant plug of iron weighing more than 500 pounds that is normally used for ballast. Anyone within 5ft of the mast can release the pig's rope on the next round. It crashes to the deck of the *Grænir,* with a 25% chance of punching a hole through the ship. Anyone within 10ft of the area the pig hits takes 4d6 points of damage (save for half). If a hole is punched in the hull, the *Grænir* begins sinking as described above. If this first attack fails to damage the ship, the giant in the other longship does the same with his ship's pig in the following round.

Development: The Jomsvikings attempt to swarm aboard the *Grænir*, overcome its crew, grab any valuables and climb back into their own ships before the *Grænir* sinks. The characters likely attempt to thwart this, but it stands to reason that the *Grænir* will be sinking during this encounter. The characters may, therefore, want to abandon ship and take over one of the Jomsvikings' ships, and it might occur to them that sneaking into the Jomsburg may be easier with one of the enemy's own ships anyway.

During the battle, the officer and giants concentrate their attacks on the characters. The Jomsvikings able to engage in melee attempt to get as many as possible on the characters since they recognize them as the heroes leading the *Grænir's* crew. Archers attempt to pick off spellcasters, exposed leaders, or other archers, but if no good targets are available, they fire upon members of the *Grænir's* crew as well. The crewmen may have been able to take cover from the initial volley, but once Jomsvikings board the ship, they must rise from cover to defend themselves or be slaughtered like pigs which, of course, exposes them to further bow fire.

The individual Jomsvikings are significantly better warriors than the *Grænir's* crewmen. Rather than play out the entire battle between Jomsvikings and crew, instead roll 1d6 when the battle winds down. The roll is the percentage of the *Grænir's* crew killed during the assault (for example, a roll of 4 would mean 40% of the crew died during the battle). It takes at least 20 crewmen to sail one of the ships at half speed or 40 to make full speed. Less than that, they must rely solely on the vagaries of the winds and can make only quarter speed each day. Fortunately, if they take one (or both) of the Jomsviking ships, the slaves on those vessels can be freed to augment the missing crewmen.

If the officer, giants, and more than half of the Jomsvikings are killed, the characters can attempt to force the remaining Jomsvikings to surrender. Sufficient chains can be found aboard the Jomsviking vessels to chain any prisoners to the oars and force them to help sail the ship. They can give only general information about the location of the Jomsburg and the hundreds of warriors that defend it but nothing of real tactical value other than that the characters will have to find some way to sneak in rather than sailing into the main harbor.

If the characters are captured, they are stripped, chained to oars, and forced to row the Jomsviking ship back to the Jomsburg. Their fate there is covered in **Chapter 2** under "Captured!"

Treasure: Other than the valuables found on the individual Jomsvikings, each of the longships holds 1d4+1x1000hs worth of goods looted from other seafarers. In addition, if either of the Jomsvikings' ships survives and is repaired, it could be sold back in Trotheim for 10,000hs.

Chapter Two: Beneath the Jomsburg



Rising from the gray swells of the North Sea is the Jomsburg, the name of the forbidding fortress that sits atop the rocky Jomsburg Island. The sea around the Jomsburg is dangerous on its own; sudden squalls, shifting currents, and adverse winds are all common. Even if it weren't for the deadly weather, ships would still avoid this island for the Jomsvikings do not like visitors, and they routinely patrol their waters looking for prey. The island itself is not terribly large, covering only 20 square miles, and is surrounded by tall cliffs and rocky shoals. There is but one known harbor on the entire island, and the massive fortress of the Jomsburg dominates it.

Jomsburg Island

Its origin lost to the histories of mankind, the Jomsburg was old when the Northlanders first arrived in Storstrøm Vale. Who originally built it and what kinds of people may have once inhabited its daunting walls and endless caverns is still a mystery to the Northlanders. However, when centuries later it was discovered and occupied by the band of despicable ruffians and honorless sea reavers that eventually became known as the Jomsvikings, it finally had inhabitants worthy of its sinister environs. Initially the Jomsvikings existed as little more than a band of disorganized raiders preying upon the ships and smaller settlements of the fledgling Northlands. But when Ráthi Bloodspear sailed into its cavern harbor with a small crew of vicious and utterly loyal warriors, the entire course of the Jomsvikings was changed.

Ráthi quickly and brutally bested all of the would-be leaders of the various factions of the Jomsvikings and united them into a disciplined and cutthroat whole. He implemented military-style training and drills to forge them into a force to be feared, and instituted a series of oaths to meld them into a brethren of merciless killers capable of striking fear in any warlord or jarl of the Northlands. To enforce the almost monastic conditions and brutal efficiency that he demanded of a band of formerly scurrilous knaves, Ráthi Bloodspear also introduced the worship of the Dark Gods as a mandatory rite of membership into the Jomsviking band. Those that balked at giving their fealty to these mysterious and sinister beings soon found their throats on the sharp edge of a knife blade while they slept, their bodies fed to the mysterious beast that lived in the caverns below the fortress. Thus was the course of the Jomsvikings' fate directed and their position and reputation secured.

Ráthi Bloodspear became the first Jomsking and held the position until his death 17 years later at the hands of one of his lieutenants. This

became the means of succession within the ranks of the Jomsvikings, each Jomsking gaining his throne by spilling the life's blood of his predecessor and holding it only until someone else did the same for him. By this means, only the deadliest and cleverest of the Jomsvikings rose to the throne or were able to hold it for long because of the next claimant-to-be already waiting for the right opportunity. In fact, the reign of the current Jomsking, Ût the Fat, is something of an anomaly. Only Ráthi Bloodspear ever held the throne for anything approaching two decades. The abominable Ût, though, has sat its bloodstained seat for close to a century with no sign of slipping from it or losing his unnatural vigor for life.

Loyal Jomsvikings and ambitious claimants alike whisper about how long until Ût inevitably falls and the throne becomes vacant once again, but such is his reputation and cruelty that none dares raise a hand against him — the seventeen who have tried over the years all met their fate in the maw of the Jomsbeast. Now with the arrival of the Sea Wych, many fear that Ût truly is immortal and will never relinquish the Jomsking's throne to a usurper. But there are few complaints because Ût has proven not only long-lived but exceedingly successful in leading the Jomsvikings to victory, and their reputation and coffers have swelled considerably under his leadership.

Approaching the Island

The fortress of the Jomsburg's location at the northwestern end of Jomsburg Island is fairly well known. Any seafarers that have come within sight of its northern coast and lived to tell of it have easily seen its looming walls and single spire upon the heights. The rest of the island is surrounded by near-impassible cliffs (though if the characters took part in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist***, they know that Old Meg's cave lies hidden at its southern end, though that information is unlikely to be helpful in the present circumstances).

If the characters commandeered one of the Jomsvikings' longships, then they can sail within sight of the island without too much danger. A number of other Jomsviking vessels are coming and going, but they pay a ship with their own markings no special attention. If the characters are in the *Grœnir*, though, they will want to find concealment as quickly as possible to avoid detection by the larger Jomsviking force. See "Making Landfall" below for details regarding this. It is likely that the characters possess the officer's ring with a *phantasmal force* spell in it that can mask the approach of their ship and provide even better proof against detection.

If the characters sail around to the cliffs below the fortress, they are able to confirm the rumors that they may have heard about the Jomsvikings. The Jomsburg is perched on the cliffs hundreds of feet above the sea and does not actually reach down to the level of the surf. Instead, at the base of the cliff below the fortress is a giant sea cave that longships sail into and out of. The Jomsviking harbor is completely inside the island itself, directly beneath the fortress. A series of small, flat-topped islands run across the entrance of this giant cave, perhaps they were once natural columns or sea stacks that have been worn or chiseled away. Now a small fortified outpost stands atop each of them, and giant winches attach to chains strung in the water between them. Turning these winches raises the chains so that passage for a ship into or out of the sea cave harbor is blocked. Likewise, dangling from the roof of the cavern between these islands are great bundles of cut logs, held together with iron bands and suspended from chains that run to winches set into the walls and ceiling of the cavern. With the release of one of these winches, the massive bundle of hewn trunks can be dropped onto any ship attempting to pass between the island outposts uninvited.

It is easy to see even from a distance that the passages between the island outposts are so narrow that their guards will easily be able to get a good look into any ships passing through (even those under a *phantasmal force*), and between the chains and the suspended logs, any attempt to do so would be incredibly risky. Even in the gear and longship of the Jomsvikings, the chance of discovery and the deadly consequences of such should lead the characters to want to find alternate means to reach the island and have a chance of locating their quarry before escaping. The adventure assumes that the characters will not attempt to sneak or force entry into the main harbor. If they do, the Referee will have to adjudicate the near-insurmountable opponents that they face. Otherwise, see "Making Landfall" for an alternate means of reaching the fortress.

Captured!

It is possible that at some point the Jomsvikings capture one or more of the characters. If that occurs, they are stripped and lashed to an oar (if still at sea), and brought back to the main harbor beneath the Jomsburg. They are herded ashore under guard and locked in a side cavern until their presence is reported to the Jomsking. However, after only a few hours, their cell door is suddenly unlocked and their guards are found to be absent. In addition, their weapons and equipment are arrayed in a line on the floor heading down a nearby tunnel like a trail of breadcrumbs. This trail leads them to a secret door that opens in the wall and closes behind them when they pass through. They find themselves led to **Area 4** and in the presence of the fey. This encounter then proceeds as described under **Area 4** "Development." If the characters have already encountered the fey, then they are simply released by them so they can continue their mission.

Making Landfall

With or without the security of a Jomsviking ship or magical concealment, the characters should quickly deduce that they need to find a better means of reaching the island than simply sailing into the main harbor. Fortunately, if they have any Jomsviking prisoners that they have intimidated or simply watch the surrounding waters carefully, they can see that the Jomsvikings pay little attention to the cliffs surrounding their island, assuming them to be impenetrable. Thus, if the characters can find a concealed cove or harbor, they are likely to be able to anchor the ship without being detected. If it is a prisoner being questioned that tells them this, he will also be able to add that the Jomsvikings know that strange guardians allied with Jasella the Sea Wych protect the cliffs so that their own vigilance is not required.

Anyone sailing along the northern coast of the island near the fortress and keeping a sharp eye out notices a narrow headland that protrudes from the island. It is possible that such a formation could conceal a cove behind it large enough to serve as an anchorage for the characters' vessel. If the characters approach this headland, proceed with **Area 1** in the Headland Cove below.

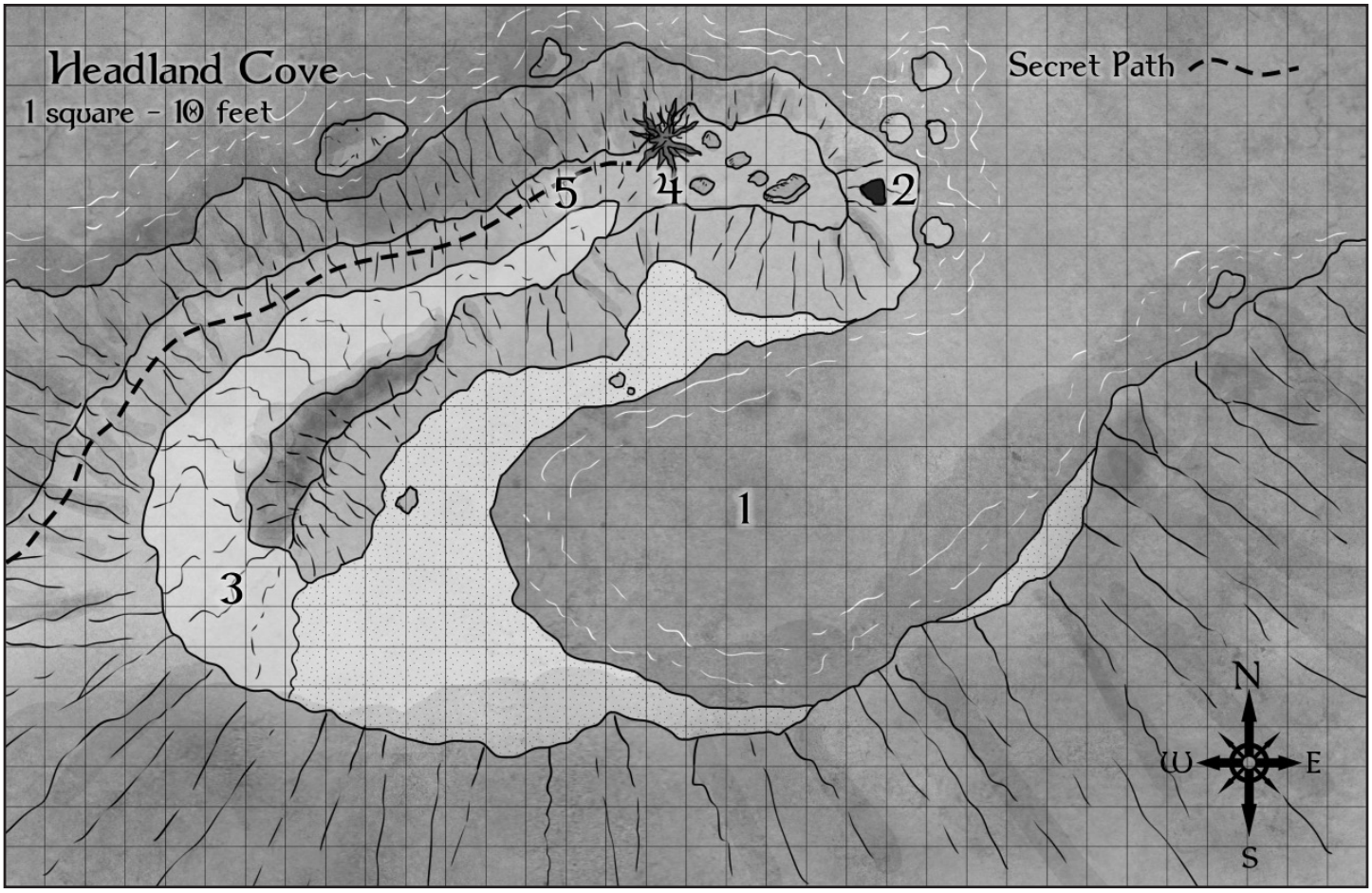
Headland Cove

This cove encompasses areas **1–5** of Jomsburg Island.

1. Hidden Cove

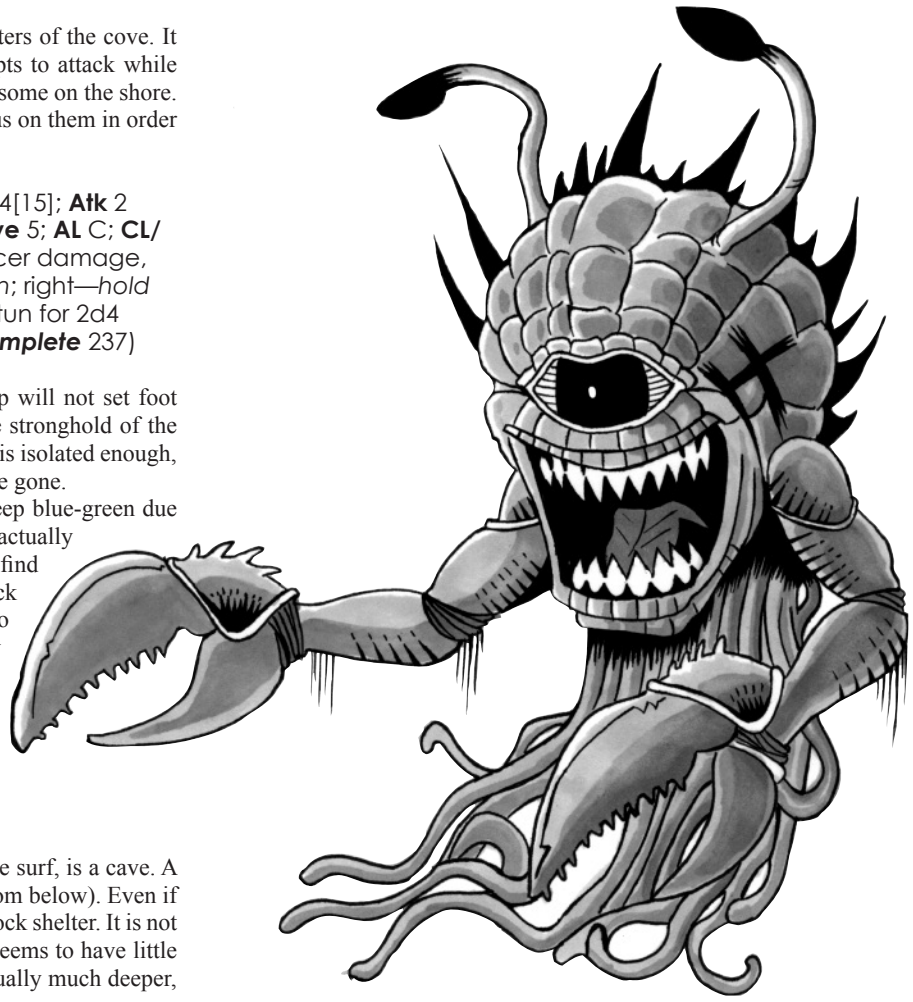
When the characters approach the headland described above, the occupants of the cove behind it spot them and move out to investigate. It serves as the home of **3 eyes of the deep**, allies of the Sea Wych. These creatures are orbs dominated by a central eye and large fanged maw. Two large, crablike pincers emerge from their bodies, and two eyestalks sprout from the top of the orb. They occasionally serve as scouts for the Jomsvikings (though the Jomsvikings find the fire drakes that inhabit the upper cliffs to be far more reliable). These strange creatures are extremely territorial and 2 of them immediately attack any vessel that approaches. If the ship defeats these creatures and makes it into the cove, read the following.

As you suspected, behind the narrow headland is a small cove, its vibrant blue-green waters just large enough to hold a longship hull or two. Its narrow opening allows passage for a carefully maneuvered longship to slip through, and the rock prominence of the headland itself blocks any view from outside, rendering any ship anchored there to remain totally concealed. At the back of the cove is a rocky beach, the talus of some ancient glacier, its gravel-strewn path rising as a steep, but passable draw heading up between the cliffs of the island.



The third eye of the deep lurks in the 40ft-deep waters of the cove. It waits until a ship anchors or beaches and then attempts to attack while people are disembarking to catch some in the boat and some on the shore. If any are actually in the water, its preference is to focus on them in order to drag them under to its lair below.

Eyes of the Deep (3): **HD** 10; **HP** 71, 65, 55; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 pincers (2d4), bite (1d6); **Move** 3 (swim 9); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** constrict (automatic pincer damage, save avoids), eye rays (150ft, left—*hold person*; right—*hold monster*; both—*phantasmal force*; central—stun for 2d4 rounds, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 237)



Development: The crewmen of the characters' ship will not set foot on the island. They are terrified to be this close to the stronghold of the Jomsvikings and stay to guard the ship. The anchorage is isolated enough, that they will not be discovered while the characters are gone.

Treasure: The waters of the cove appear to be a deep blue-green due to the rocks and minerals that surround them, but are actually crystal clear. Anyone diving into these chill waters can find the lair of the eyes of the deep 30ft down in the rock face. If they are able to hold their breath long enough to reach it, they find that it has an air pocket with a sandy beach. Stacked here among the bones of past meals are a waterlogged chest holding 2400hs, a heavy gold torc (500hs), an aquamarine (250hs), and *ring of fire resistance* on a skeletal hand.

2. Harpy Roost

High on the cliff face of the headland, 70ft above the surf, is a cave. A seam in the rock hides the entrance (1-in-6 to notice from below). Even if it is noticed, it seems nothing more than an innocuous rock shelter. It is not accessible by any means save climbing or flight, and seems to have little of merit to draw anyone's attention. However, it is actually much deeper,

extending into a convoluted, stalactite-riddled cavern 15ft high, 25ft wide and 40ft deep. It also serves as the nest of **6 diseased harpies**. These occasionally ally with the Jomsvikings to serve as scouts or airborne raiders, but generally keep to themselves, preying on ships that they can lure onto the rocks surrounding the island with their captivating song.

Diseased Harpies (6): **HD** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 talons (1d3 plus charm plus disease), serrated dagger (1d6); **Move** 6 (fly 18); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: disease (–2 to hit and saves until healed), flight, siren-song and charming touch (as *charm person*, save avoids).

Tactics: The cave provides an excellent view of the cove and surrounding sea, so the inhabitants of the roost are aware when the characters' ship arrives. They do not attack immediately, however, instead waiting for the eyes of the deep to finish dealing with the intruders. If the eyes of the deep are defeated, the harpies wait until the characters begin ascending the talus slope (**Area 3**) or one of the cliffs. Flying characters are always preferentially attacked. They shy away from the fey at **Area 4** out of superstitious dread of their role as ancient guardians of the island, and if characters flee to that area, they leave off pursuit.

Treasure: Broken planks from several longships are piled into a crude nest hidden in the cliff aerie. Within the nest are three blackish-brown eggs with pitted shells. If the eggs are handled, they break easily and anyone within 10ft is exposed to the inhaled version of bubonic plague (see the harpies' stat block for disease details). Tucked into various nooks and crannies in the nest are scattered bits of hacksilver worth a total of 780hs, 2 small diamonds (500hs each), a small scrimshaw figurine of a dolphin (200hs), a *+1 short sword*, and a bone *wand of water breathing* (2 charges).

Talus Slope

A great gouge descends from the headland above and empties onto the gravel beach of the cove. The path is steep but passable and certainly a much easier climb than the nearly sheer face of the surrounding cliffs.

This wide draw rises up toward the headland from which the glacier descended millennia ago to gouge out the draw and the deep cove below. The incline is covered in loose scree but is still fairly easy to climb (75% for non-thieves). Anyone on the slope can find good enough footing to fight normally, though each time that individual moves or takes damage, a new check is necessary. On a failed check, the character slides 10ft down the loose gravel slope but takes no damage.

Development: If the characters begin climbing this slope, the occupants of **Area 2** attack them after they ascend the first 30ft.

4. Head Stones

The talus slope ends at a flat area of caprock at the very top of the head. A treacherous and crumbling, knife-edged ridge climbs from this plateau up and around the cove to the island itself to the south. A thin layer of soil supports a growth of hardy grasses and brambles. From this tangle rise several small, moss-covered rocks and one larger formation of flattened stone that looks a bit like a table set on end that has partially fallen over. A single withered tree, its branches long since stripped bare by the harsh North Sea winds and tangled in dry vines, stands at the opposite side of the headland plateau.

The head stones stand 200ft above the surf, and the ridge climbs another 50ft to the plateau of the island beyond. Anyone examining the overgrown rocks and the table-like stone in particular recognizes the arrangement as an ancient stone ring of boulders and a standing stone, like the many left by the ancient peoples who once inhabited the Northlands. The brambles around this ring and small burrows dug beneath them serve as the lairs of **5 forgotten ones** and the **redcap**, Drexelex, who leads them. The withered tree that stands at the west end of the plateau is actually a **giant dreadweed**. If it moves, it reveals the beginning of the secret path (**Area 5**). With the dreadweed still in place, characters have a 10% chance to notice the secret path (20% for druids and elves). The dreadweed suppresses its enervating aura unless attacked, but can reactivate it as a free action.

These few fey are a large portion of all that is left of the Jomsfolk who once inhabited the island and for which it is named. Once, many varieties of fey dwelt upon Jomsburg Island, dwelling here in peace and seclusion. It was they who first built the Jomsburg for heroes of the Andøvan and who raised the standing stones beside that fortress. This stone ring was but one of their abodes. However, with the coming of the Jomsvikings and their Dark Gods, they found themselves pressed from all sides and hunted nearly to extinction, retreating to this lonely precipice and a few tunnels running beneath the fortress.

Eventually, only those fey of a cruel mien and vicious temperament were willing to stay among the dread Jomsviking occupiers. The remaining fey arranged the "accidental" deaths of more than one Jomsking and remained out of sight until the Jomsvikings believed that all of the fey were gone or they had forgotten their pogroms against them. The dark fey lived in the twilight and fringes of the island, taking an occasional victim but largely ignoring and being ignored by the Jomsvikings. However, with the coming of the Sea Wych and her own additions to the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings, these fey are agitated and once again see the need to interact to some degree with the human invaders upon their island.

Drexelex, Redcap: **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 4; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4 plus poison) or claws (1d2); **Move** 4; **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: lethal poison, magical abilities. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 458)

Magical Abilities: at will—*invisibility*; 1/day—*dancing lights*, *detect good*, *mirror image*.

Forgotten Ones (5): **HD** 3; **HP** 21, 18, 15; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** weapon (1d3); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: forgetful presence (20ft radius, save resists). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 254)

Dreadweed: **HD** 8; **HP** 56; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** 4 vines (1d6 plus grab) or bite (1d8 plus 1d8 poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, enervating aura (10ft, 1d6/round, save avoids), enervating ray (3/day, 30ft, drain 1d4 levels, save avoids), grab (automatic vine damage pulled 1d6ft, save avoids). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 70)

Development: The dark fey of this ancient stone ring take notice of the characters as soon as they reach this area. Before they have much of a chance to look around, read the following.

A dark clouds passes before the sun, shrouding the day in gray shadow. A chill wind blowing with it catches your cloaks and pebbles the flesh of your arms and the backs of your necks. A north wind rises to gale force, and you begin to fear that it might even pluck you from this exposed rock and hurl you from the cliffs when just as suddenly it dies. A warmth seeps into the air, like the languor of the hottest summer day in Seagestreland when the humidity drips from the vines and the swamp is alive with the night calls of insects. In fact, the gray shadow of the cloud has deepened into the full darkness of night, and the rays of a full moon, fat in the sky overhead, illuminate the plateau.

By that light you can clearly see the ring of stones is before you, but no longer overgrown and now standing on a carpet of soft grass, the standing stone straight and tall, unbowed by the weight of many, many years. You feel that you are in the same place but somehow, perhaps, a different time.

Using the lingering magic of this stone ring, the fey of the circle have created an illusion of how the ring stood a thousand years and more ago, before the tread of human feet blemished the island, before the poles of the world shifted, bringing the cold to the Northlands. The characters now bear witness to a more primordial era, when mankind was an intruder and a fragile and vulnerable one at that. The fey use this setting to reveal themselves to the characters.

Among the grass growing at the base of the stones and amid growths of wild roses behind them, you hear the rustle of movement, the clicking of twigs and branches. More than one pair of eyes gleams from this low growth and then disappears. Then finally, one shadowed hollow in the grass between the stones resolves into a small pale face, staring at you with intense eyes over a sneering mouth. A shapeless cap slumps atop its head and drips with some dark liquid. It's mouth works for a moment, as if unused to speaking, and then through a snarl of cracked and jagged teeth says in a grating, high-pitched voice broken by uncomfortable tittering, "Newcomers, titter, titter, what do you why do you, come here, titter, who are you, why are you, titter, what are you, titter, titter?"

Drexelex speaks to the characters from the cover of the undergrowth, and the forgotten ones continue to move about among the grass and rose brambles, revealing their presence without giving away their numbers or positions. If the characters attack, the dreadweed joins in the fight alongside the fey, though the whole time the redcap screams, "Fools! The ring is for talkings, the bloody stones for bleedings! This is, you are, we are in the talking ring. Why die when we can, you can, helps each other?" After 2 rounds of combat, if the characters do not desist, the fey disappear into the undergrowth and the ring returns to the present day. If the characters wish to contact the fey after that, they'll have to return to the stone ring and make an offering worth at least 5000hs by burying it in the ground. Once it is buried, it will not be found again if the characters try to dig it back up. Any spellcaster can recall hearing a story about this ritual as a means of making contact with fey.

Assuming the characters do not fight, Drexelex remains in cover and questions the characters on why they are here. He is very perceptive and quickly picks up on the fact that they are not with the Jomsvikings, and soon guesses that they have come to rescue the "princelings" as he calls them. If the characters discover or comment on the fact that Drexelex is evil, he shrugs it off saying, "Nature is not evil or not-evil, it is just Nature, titter, titter. Sometimes the spring day brings gentle rain and abundant food; sometimes the winter night brings cold bones and icy death, titter. My Nature is that of the darkness where weepers weep and the weak die. There is not evil; there is just me, titter, titter."

Once it has been established that the characters are no friends of the Jomsvikings and seek to rescue Sveni and Njal (Drexelex can confirm that Njal is a captive on the island as well), the redcap makes an offer.

"We were the first, the Jomsfolk of the island. When the old mans came we showed them our rings; we built them their stone house and tower, titter, titter. But then the old mans go away, the winter comes and the land grows dark with cold and cloud. Then the mans come with coats of shadow and iron caps, titter. They come with dark gods and fire and spears of blood. They hunt, titter, titter; they hunt the Jomsfolk and kill with bleeding and slaying, titter. Until only the strong Jomsfolk live, the Jomsfolk who don't fear the splash of blood. The rest ... they either dies or leaves the island, titter, titter. We, we folk can live with the shadow coats. We stays in ours and they stays in theirs. Sometimes we hunts, titter, but they never know it is we, titter, titter. No they don't, titter.

"But then the Sea Wych comes. She comes walking on the fog covering the water and walks into the stone house. She makes the king of the shadow coats bow to her and brings new gods to the dark gods of the shadow coats. We hates her ... WE HATES HER!!! Her dark gods are not of blood and teeth like we; they are gods of tie and bind, gods of this-must-be-this and that-must-be-that, not the gods of the free dark where wind blows and the weak scream, titter, titter. We wants her dead; we wants her head, titter, titter, titter.

"The stone house is strong with many eyes and spears. But we knows the ways in and the ways out, titter. We can gets you inside. You goes in past the eyes and spears and KILLS THE WYCH! You brings HER HEAD, HERE, TO WE! Then we shows you how to find the princelings. Have we a deal in the talking ring?"

Once the interview ends, the darkness rises as if clouds had been blown aside and the sun once again shines down on the plateau. The stone ring is as it was before. If the characters agreed to the deal, Drexelex shows the characters to the path at **Area 5** and has the dreadweed move to allow them passage. He says the trail leads into caves beneath the stone house, and just to follow their noses. They'll know when they've found the Sea Wych. They just have to take her head and bring it back here, and then they'll receive directions to find the prisoners. The dreadweed moves only when the fey command it. When the characters return, it'll move if they show it Jasella's head. Otherwise, they'll have to fight it or climb around it (non-thieves have a 50% base chance plus their level to climb along the steep ridge).

5. Secret Path

Beyond the dreadweed, a narrow path hugs the face of the cliff just below the ridgeline so that those walking on it are not exposed to anyone watching from the sea. The path is narrow but safe enough and walking carefully brings the traveler up to the main island where it enters a small cave. A light source is required to traverse these narrow, natural tunnels, but following them eventually brings the individual to **Area 6** in the Tunnels of the Jomsburg below.

Tunnels of the Jomsburg

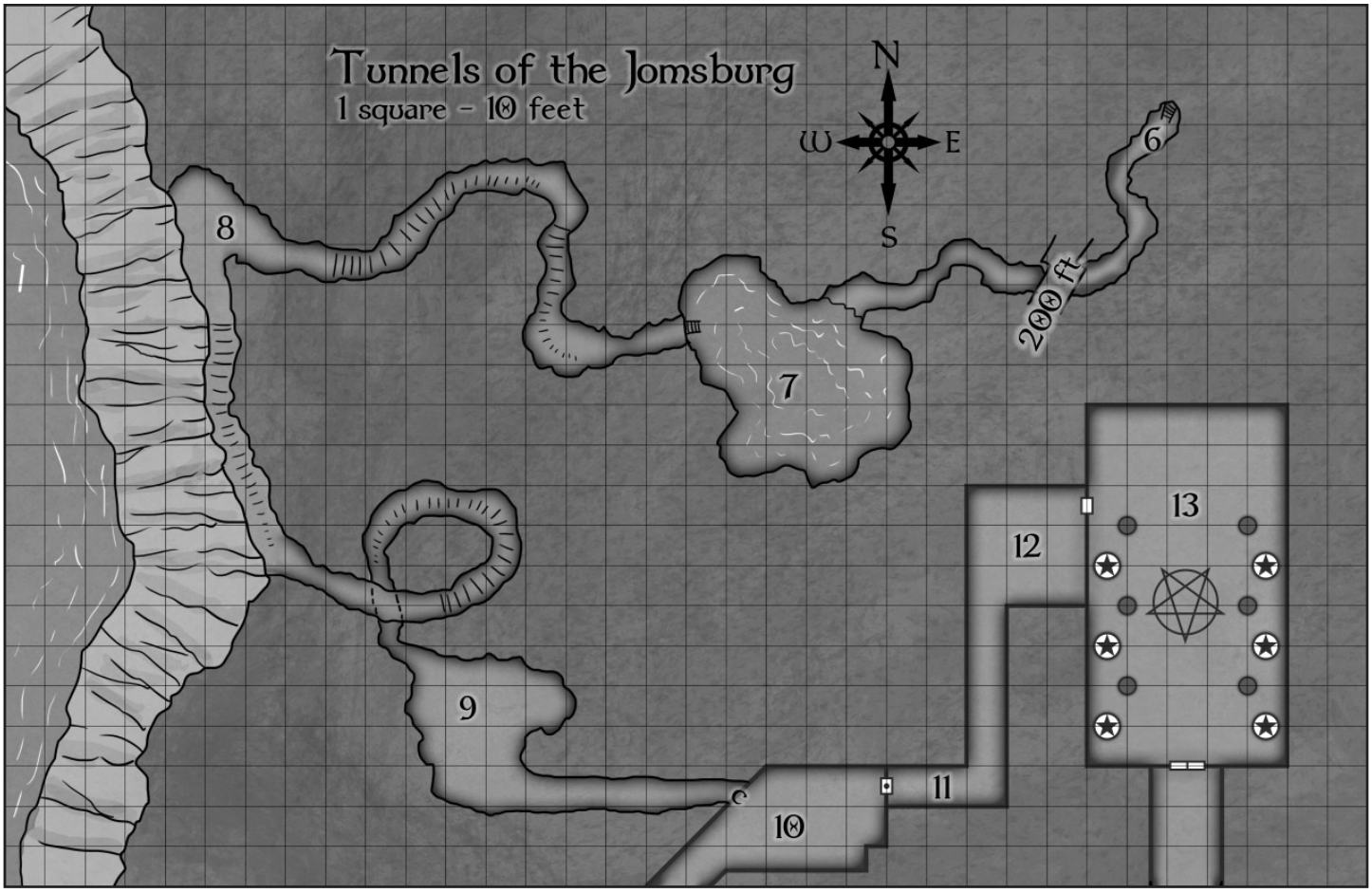
These tunnels comprise **Areas 6–13** beneath the Jomsburg.

6. Tidal Tunnel

From the perilous ridge entry, the tunnel you follow twists to the southwest before dropping sharply. The near vertical slope has crude steps hewn into it, smooth from countless millennia of use and so steep as to almost be a ladder cut into the rock. As you descend, a soft thrumming comes to your ears that turns to an actually rhythmic boom that felt as a vibration through the walls. It takes only a moment to realize that it is the sound of the sea crashing against the cliffs of the island not far beyond the stone wall you descend.

Finally reaching the bottom of the descent, you see the narrow, low tunnel continues, though now the floor is awash in a couple of inches of water, and the tang of brine is strong in the air.

The characters have climbed down the interior of the island to sea level, and small fissures in the rock allow some of the water to seep in here. An occasional crab scuttles along the floor out of the characters' light. A line upon the rock walls approximately 3ft above the floor shows how high the water level reaches at high tide. If you wish, the next time the characters pass through here, it can be high tide, requiring them to wade in the cold water, but it should provide no further hindrance or danger.



7. Sea Sump

The tunnel emerges into a high-ceilinged cavern, and the floor drops off in a shallow slope beneath the brine. A number of trickles of water spring from the rock walls and drain into this room and to the west a low channel at water level brings surges of water in from that direction, though the water level in the chamber doesn't seem to change. The stench in this cavern is enough to make your eyes water as you can see that the western channel brings with it flotsam, including the bloated pale carcasses of dead fish and tangles of rotten seaweed. The center of the chamber is occupied by a mound of such disgusting matter floating on the water's surface, including what appears to be the remnant blubber of a butchered whale.

The smell here is such that everyone entering must make a saving throw or be sickened for 10 rounds (–1 to hit, movement halved). Water flows into this chamber from the sea cave harbor of the island and carries with it all the filth and debris dumped into it. This chamber serves as a sump where the porous rock of the floor allows the water to slowly drain, but causes the accumulated garbage to collect. Only at high tide when the water surges in at a much greater rate does the water level rise a few feet to the tidal marks visible on the walls.

The floor is sloped to the west and slippery. Anyone trying to walk on it must make a saving throw each round to avoid falling. The water reaches a depth of 5ft in the center of the chamber and is 10ft deep along its western wall. A passageway exits the chamber 20ft up on the western wall with an old ladder of hide rope strung down from it reaching nearly to the water level. Crossing to the ladder requires swimming or some sort of a raft. Occupying the center of the room and appearing to be nothing more than the collected garbage and whale blubber are **2 globsters**. These disgusting oozes spawned here among the organic detritus, and defend their feeding ground fiercely. The ladder is frayed and rotten but safe to climb.

Globsters* (2): **HD** 5; **HP** 35, 30; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** slam (2d6 plus grab) or bite (1d6); **Move** 9/18 (swim); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: create spawn (regurgitate remains of at least 4 victims into fully grown globster; 1d6 damage to original), nausea (10ft radius, save or –2 to hit and saves). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

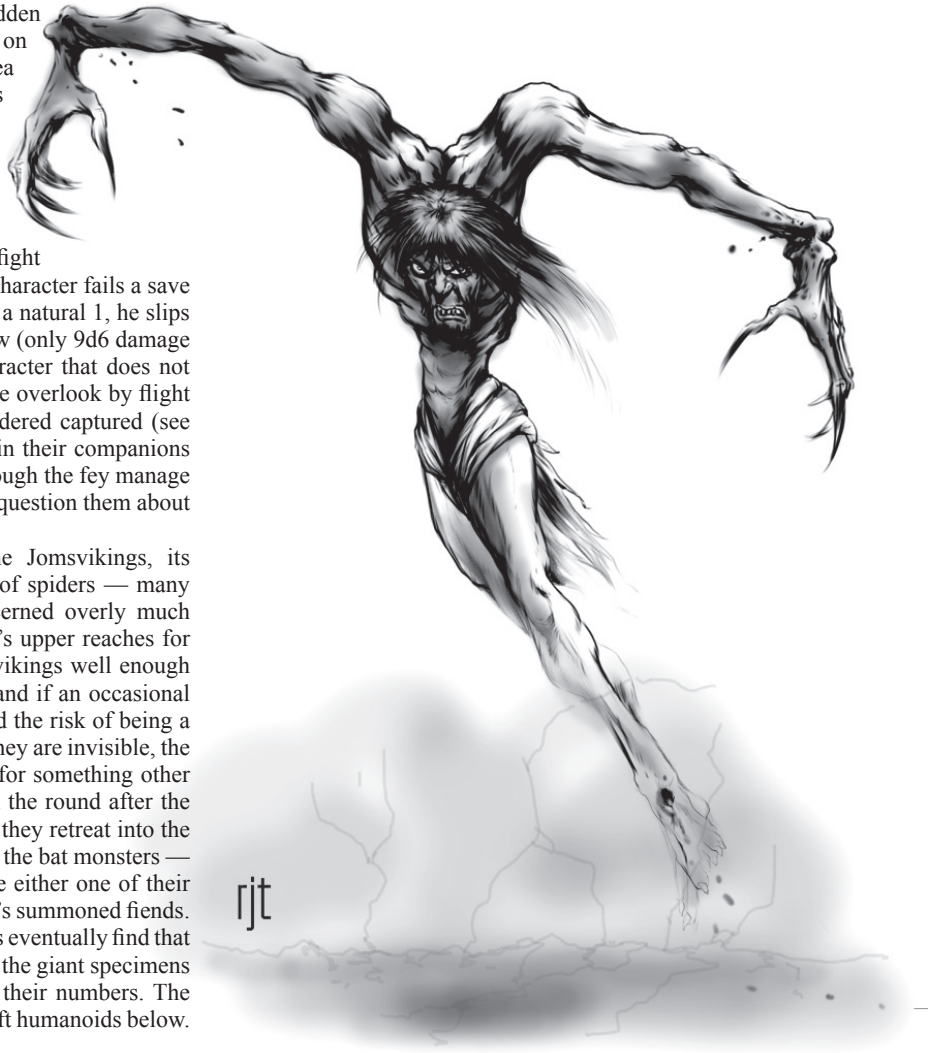
** Converted from Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3 by Jeff Harkness*

8. Harbor Overlook

The cramped and seemingly endless stair you have been climbing finally emerges into fresh, open air. You stand in a cave mouth high on the wall of a great cavern, mighty stalactites festooned here and there with the strands of spider webs dangling limply. To the north, the light of day pours in through a massive cave entrance that looks out upon the North Sea. One hundred feet below is the surface of that sea where it forms a harbor within this cave. Dozens of longships bob anchored in the waters below while dozens more row in and out through the mouth of the sea cave. Across the cavern from you, wooden wharves have been built on the water and a gravel beach beyond holds small stone cottages, their windows alight with candles in the dim cavern interior — an entire village is built upon the edge of the water with stairs carved into the far rock wall climbing and entering other tunnel mouths. Your own path clings to the rock here high above the water in a narrow stair before turning into another tunnel mouth itself. You have stumbled upon the hidden harbor of the Jomsburg, and it is swarming with hundreds of Jomsvikings.

The characters have indeed discovered the hidden harbor of the Jomsvikings. Fortunately, they stand on an overlook opposite from the main docks in an area mostly forgotten and hidden from sight by the shadows of the cavern roof. Unless they begin attacking the Jomsvikings below, which eventually brings an assault by hundreds of the warriors up the passage from **Area 9**, they are unlikely to be noticed. The stairs of the characters' path are slightly slick with mist from the harbor and require a saving throw to fight upon or move at anything other than half speed. If a character fails a save or tries to move his normal movement, roll 1d20. On a natural 1, he slips off the edge and plummets into the waters 100ft below (only 9d6 damage due to the cushioning effect of the water). Any character that does not have the means to immediately make it back up to the overlook by flight or climbing (70% to climb for non-thieves) is considered captured (see "Captured!" side box). They will not be able to rejoin their companions until after the characters have completed **Area 13**, though the fey manage their escape before the Jomsvikings have a chance to question them about their presence.

Though the harbor is heavily populated by the Jomsvikings, its cavernous ceiling serves as the abode for hundreds of spiders — many of the giant variety. The Jomsvikings are not concerned overly much because of **2 bat monsters** have haunted the cavern's upper reaches for more than a century. They generally leave the Jomsvikings well enough alone, content to hunt the spiders that dwell above, and if an occasional warrior disappears to its predation, such is considered the risk of being a Jomsviking. Unfortunately for the characters, unless they are invisible, the bat monsters spotted them and are currently hungry for something other than their usual spider fare. They swoop in to attack the round after the characters emerge on the ledge and hound them until they retreat into the tunnels. The Jomsvikings will not notice a battle with the bat monsters — even one using explosive magic — assuming it to be either one of their own hunting parties or perhaps some of the Sea Wych's summoned fiends. However, if the bat monsters are slain, the Jomsvikings eventually find that their spider problem suddenly becomes a lot worse as the giant specimens reproduce without the bat monsters' hunts reducing their numbers. The giant spiders are now able to hunt freely among the soft humanoids below.



Bat Monsters (2): **HD** 8; **HP** 59, 54; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (2d8), 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 4 (fly 18); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 34)

9. Torture Chamber

The winding stair ends in a cold, dusty chamber hewn from the rock of the island and only roughly finished. It also looks unused for some time. A single table and chair, thickly covered in dust, stand scooted against one wall. A paring knife, its edge pitted and notched with rust, lies atop the table. Next to the table stands a wire brazier, its coals long since gone to cold ash, a pair of tongs and a brand protruding from its basket. Across the room, an alcove is chiseled in the rock, and a horizontal iron crossbar is mounted in its back wall. Hanging from manacles attached to the ends of this bar are the remains of desiccated corpse. His beard still clings to the lower portion of his near-skeletal face, and the tendons stand out like cords in his dry, parchment-thin skin. In places, this has been stripped away to reveal dried muscle or even bone. His chest is splayed open and his rib cage cut through to reveal the shriveled remains of his organs within. He clearly died here long ago and in great pain.

The Jomsvikings used this as a torture chamber where they could question prisoners before the Jomsking Ût had these activities moved into the tower for his personal amusement. Since then, the room has fallen into disuse and its last victim left hanging where he died. This victim has now risen as a **crucifixion spirit**, an incorporeal image of the prisoner as he appeared in death that suddenly steps from the wall and attacks interlopers. It will not pursue beyond this chamber.

The eastern passage ends at what is marked as a concealed door on the map. It is actually not concealed from this side, appearing as a normal door. The concealment is when viewed from **Area10**.

Crucifixion Spirit: **HD** 12; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** incorporeal touch (1d8 plus paralysis) or crucify soul; **Move** 9 (fly 18); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: crucify soul (5/day, save or collapse as soul is ripped away, lose 2 levels/round, successful save returns soul to body), paralysis (touch, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 113)

Treasure: Lying in the thick dust at the feet of the crucified corpse is a *+2 battleaxe* carried by the warrior when he was captured. His torturers placed it there to torment him but then forgot about it after his death.

10. Guard Patrol

A number of old fish-drying racks have been stacked against the wall in front of this door, concealing it from sight. Unfortunately, anyone opening the door from **Area 9** without first carefully moving the drying racks away while the door is opened cause the racks to fall with a clatter, alerting the occupants of **Area 10**.

An oil lamp that hangs from a nail driven into the 8-foot ceiling lights this room. The walls are more finished than those in the previous chamber, and it lacks the air of neglect found there.

This room is rarely used, and the heavy door to the east is locked with a rusty padlock. It does serve as a checkpoint for Jomsviking patrols in the lower tunnels and currently has a patrol of **5 common giants** taking a short break before resuming their rounds. If the characters manage to catch sight of these giants without alerting them (such as by knocking over the fish rack), after 5 minutes the patrol, which is seated on the floor taking pulls from their wineskins, get to their feet and head out down the southwestern tunnel. Otherwise, they fight to the death. Anyone listening down the southwestern tunnel hears murmurs and occasional sounds of laughter (it leads to a common room where dozens of Jomsvikings are taking their ease), but other than the patrol of giants, there is no danger of others heading this way to discover the characters.



Giants, Common (5): HD 5; **HP** 37, 32, 30, 29, 27; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: ring shirt, iron helm, wooden shield, longsword, black cloak, club, copper serpent brooch (50hs), 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 4d20hs.

11. Follow Your Nose

The sharp stench of sulfur greets anyone opening this door. It is given off by the devils in **Area 12**. Like the stench in **Area 7**, this serves as a guide to the characters in which way to go from the instructions to "follow your noses" given by Drexelex.

12. Infernal Guardsmen

This chamber is plain and unadorned, though the smell of sulfur is strong. A single door exits the east wall flanked by a pair of iron sconces, though no torches are present. The rough stone floor is marred by a number of scorch marks in the shape of clawed feet. A group of red-scaled humanoids, horned with spiny beards, squats in the center of the room, saw-toothed pole arms propped on their shoulders as they poke at a large centipede trapped in their midst. The streamers of smoke from where their feet touch the floor seem both the source of the smell and the scorch marks.

This room holds the personal guard of the Sea Wych, a squad of **6 hellstoker devils** sent by her diabolical masters. They are currently tormenting a sewer centipede they captured but gladly turn their sadistic attentions toward the characters. They know no Jomsvikings are supposed to be back here, so they attack without quarter. They fight to the death knowing that if destroyed, they merely will be sent back to their infernal plane.

Devil, Hellstoker (Marnasoth) (5): HD 5; **HP** 39, 36x2, 32, 29; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** spear (1d8+3) or bellows (1d8 fire) or 2 claws (1d4+3); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: bellows (30ft line of flame, 1d8 fire damage), fiery body (fire spells ignite flammable body, adding 1d6 damage to claw attacks), immunities (fire, poison), magical abilities, +1 or better magic weapon to hit, resist cold and acid (half damage).

Magical abilities: at will—*teleport*; 1/day—*produce fire*.

Treasure: A bag next to the door holds the treasures Jasella gave them as rewards for their duty. It consists of 1100hs, 7 large jewels (worth a total of 3500hs), and a human skull plated in gold (700hs).

13. Hall of the Sea Wych

The atmosphere in this room is smoky and close even though it is a spacious hall of some length with a vaulted stone roof 20 feet overhead. Heavy wooden columns carved with many runes and Nørsk sigils support the beams of this ceiling and seem to bow beneath the weight of the stone above. Spaced between each of these columns is a crudely carved wooden statue depicting some shadowy, misshapen form — undoubtedly the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings. Before each of these idols is a stone brazier emitting oppressive heat and a heady, foul-smelling smoke. At one end of the room, two great chairs of carved and gilded wood stand, while at the other is a pair of heavy double doors with a wooden bar in place across them. The center floor of the room is painted in blood with a giant symbol of a star enclosed within a circle. Hanging upside by a rope looped around one of the ceiling beams is the bound form of a young woman. She appears to be unconscious, and from the blood dripping from numerous lacerations on her body, she appears to be the source of the blood painted on the floor. Next to her stands a woman unlike any other in the Northlands. Her hair is a warm reddish-brown, cascading in curls around her shoulders, and her eyes are like blue fire. Her dress clings seductively to her body, and one hand holds a horsehair paintbrush, its bristles dark with blood.

The Jomsking and his consort often use this hall for audiences, though of late the Sea Wych has taken it over for her own purposes. Anyone examining the wooden idols can easily deduce that they represent the enigmatic Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings, foul beings reputed to be the source of the raiders' strength and viciousness. Anyone examining them can determine that they appear to be nothing more than generic representation of dark warriors, no recognizable gods of the Northlands. However, one of them actually represents the Oinodaemon, the malicious master of the daemons and Lord of Disease. It seems the Jomsvikings serve the ends of a greater evil than even they likely suspect.

The characters have located **Jasella the Sea Wych** in the midst of an incantation in which she hopes to gain greater favor with her dark masters in exchange for the sacrifice of **Sveni Ljotsdottir**, the bound unconscious woman (Lawful female human, 16hp [currently 2hp]). The witch has dismissed all of the guards from her presence and barred the main doors while she conducts her ritual, so the characters have the opportunity to confront her alone. An infernal pact with a pit fiend has granted Jasella the ability to regenerate 3hp/round and to withstand fire (no damage), and she uses this to her advantage during combat.

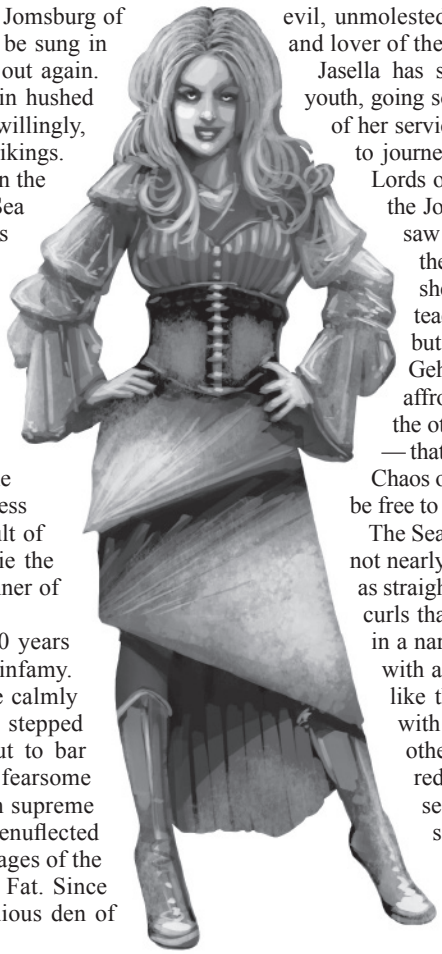
Jasella the Sea Wych (MU11): **HP** 39; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** +2 *dagger* (1d4+2) or *staff of striking* (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 2 (cloak, ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: immune to fire, +2 save vs. spells, wands and staffs, regenerate 3hp/round, spells (4/4/4/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *detect magic*, *magic missile* (x2); 2nd—*darkness 15ft radius*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *web*; 3rd—*fireball* (x2), *lightning bolt*, slow; 4th—*confusion*, *dimension door*, *wall of fire*; 5th—*feeblemind*, *monster summoning III*, *transmute rock to mud*.

Equipment: *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *cloak of protection +2*, *+2 dagger*, *staff of striking*, *potion of extra healing* (x2), *potion of giant strength* (x2), *ring of protection +1*, rune stone (summons a hellstoker devil when cast, which breaks the stone).

Devil, Hellstoker (Marnasoth): HD 5; **HP** 38; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** spear (1d8+3) or bellows (1d8 fire) or 2 claws (1d4+3); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: bellows (30ft line of flame, 1d8 fire damage), fiery body (fire spells ignite

Jasella the Sea Wych



It would take an amazing woman to enter the Jomsburg of her own free will, and one whose name should be sung in sagas until the end of days if she should walk out again. Jasella's name is not sung, but instead spoken in hushed whispers, for although she entered the Jomsburg willingly, she did so to serve the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings. For this her name is a curse, no daughters born in the Northlands are named after her to curry the Sea Wych's favor, no prayers are uttered to the gods for her benefit, and no heroes seek her wisdom.

Jasella's origins are a mystery, though several theories are bandied about in quiet voices wherever men and women gather to tell tales that chill the blood. Some say that she is the union of one of the Daughters of the Norns, Yrsa the Fair, and some unknown hero. Others tell that she was whelped on some victim of the Jomsvikings and raised by hags or evil fey. The wildest tales say that she was born of a giantess and a troll and that her shapely form is the result of foul magic. Her features, accent, and ways belie the Southlands, as do her name and the strange manner of her sorcery.

She was unknown in the Northlands until 10 years ago when she walked out of the surf and into infamy. Naked, clad only in seaweed and saltwater, she calmly strolled into the Jomsburg. The guards simply stepped aside at her approach, and no door stood shut to bar her way. Even the Jomsbeast bowed to her, its fearsome snout slavering in supplication at her feet. With supreme confidence, Jasella strode into the throne room, genuflected before the Jomsking in front of the shrouded images of the Dark Gods, and offered her services to Ût the Fat. Since that time, she has lived in safety in that perfidious den of evil, unmolested by its denizens and serving as the confidant and lover of the Jomsking.

Jasella has served the diabolical Lords of Hell since her youth, going so far as to bind her soul to a pit fiend as a mark of her service. She was sent from lands south a decade ago to journey to the Northlands and spread the will of the Lords of Hell in even those far reaches. She learned of the Jomsvikings and their so-called "Dark Gods" and saw a way to infuse the will of her masters among the ignorant barbarians of the cold north. As such, she has spent a decade insinuating herself and her teachings among the uncouth Jomsvikings, slowly but surely turning their allegiance away from Gehenna and toward the Nine Hells. It is for this affront — the introduction of Infernal Law among the otherwise chaotic or neutral dark fey of the island — that has resulted in them wanting her dead so that the Chaos of Nature (unheeded by the neutral daemons) can be free to rule Jomsburg Island once again.

The Sea Wych is beautiful and terrible to behold. She is not nearly as tall as most Northlander women, but stands as straight as any. Her hair is a cascade of reddish-brown curls that reaches past her slim waist. Jasella's eyes sit in a narrow face with high cheekbones and often flash with a wicked charm. When calm, they are sea green like the calm summer ocean. If angered, they flash with thunder and turn as grey as a wintry sea. At other times, they glow with their own light, turning red with fire. Her dress is always geared toward seduction, made of the finest fabrics a band of sea raiders can lay at her feet and revealing little while giving tantalizing hints at the form beneath.

flammable body, adding 1d6 damage to claw attacks), immunities (fire, poison), magical abilities, +1 or better magic weapon to hit, resist cold and acid (half damage).

Magical abilities: at will—*teleport*; 1/day—*produce fire*.

Tactics: When the characters enter the room, Jasella immediately turns invisible and drinks a *potion of giant strength*. On her next turn, she casts her rune stone to summon a hellstoker devil to assist her. She is careful not to catch Sveni in her *fireballs* if she can help it, as she is worth more to her alive than dead.

Treasure: The gilding on the two great chairs is worth 150hs each if the characters take the time to peel it off, and the back of the larger of the two has three large moonstones set into it (250hs each). In addition to this finery, the walls behind the idols are hung with tapestries looted from the Southlands. These are much smudged with soot stains and ragged with mildew and age, but if taken (each weighs 150 lbs.) they would be worth 50hs each for their fine craftsmanship and antiquity.

Development: Unless Sveni is inadvertently killed in the battle, after the Sea Wych is defeated, she can easily be cut down from her bindings and rescued from this chamber by the characters simply retracing their steps. Once brought back to the characters' ship, any remaining crew tends to her. If the characters present the head of Jasella to the fey of the stone ring, the foul little creatures are jubilant and cavort in a little dance upon the ground stained by droplets of blood from the dripping head. After Drexelex soaks his cap in the stump of the head, one of the forgotten ones takes the hideous trophy and disappears with it into the underbrush.

Sveni Ljotsdottir

The daughter of Jarl Ljot Gatson would be a catch even if her father were not one of the most powerful men in the Northlands. From her mother, the great granddaughter of the last køenig of Storstrøm Vale, she inherited more than just royal blood, but an enchanting beauty and a sharp mind. Her father, in addition to a grand dowry, gifted her with courage and a noble bearing. Sadly, none of these matter to her suitors as much as the fact that she is the daughter of Ljot Gatson.

Once the characters complete the terms of their agreement by returning with the head, Drexelex honors his side of the bargain. He tells them they can find the other princeling they seek held in the spire, the high tower at the back of the fortress. He says they can attempt to fight their way through the entire stone house and its hundreds of iron hats or, if they are willing to face the beast of the island and answer the riddle of the Bloody Stones, then he can show them a way to sneak directly to the tower. If they agree, he informs them that they are in luck because the Wych often sequesters herself for days to conduct her dark magic. Therefore, the characters can spend the night at their ship to rest and recover before taking this perilous journey because none of the Jomsvikings will yet notice the rescue of Sveni. The rescue of Njal is covered in the next chapter, "The Stones and The Spire."

Chapter Three: The Stones and The Spire

When the characters are ready to depart for the spire to recue Njal, Drexelex guides them by hidden trails down the coast of the island. Finally, after hiking for a few hours, they come to the Lair of the Beast (**Area 14** below). Before they enter, the mad fey tells them.

> "The Beast is old, old as the island, titter, titter. Older then me, than you, than me. It can't die, the Beast, can't die, won't die, titter. But the Beast lives only as long as its spring stinks. If the spring is clean, the Beast is slain, titter, titter. I can, you can, clean the spring and send the Beast to its grave.
>
> "Once the Beast is dead, it's up, up through the back of his cave into the twisty tunnels. You can, we can, you can get lost in those twists, but always go up, up to keep your way, titter. Then you must answer the Riddle of the Stones to pass the guardian and reach the spire. I would tell you, me, we the answer to the riddle, but we don't know it! Titter, titter, titter.
>
> "Now go, begone! Time waits for no man or beast or fey. You must go, you must away! Titter."

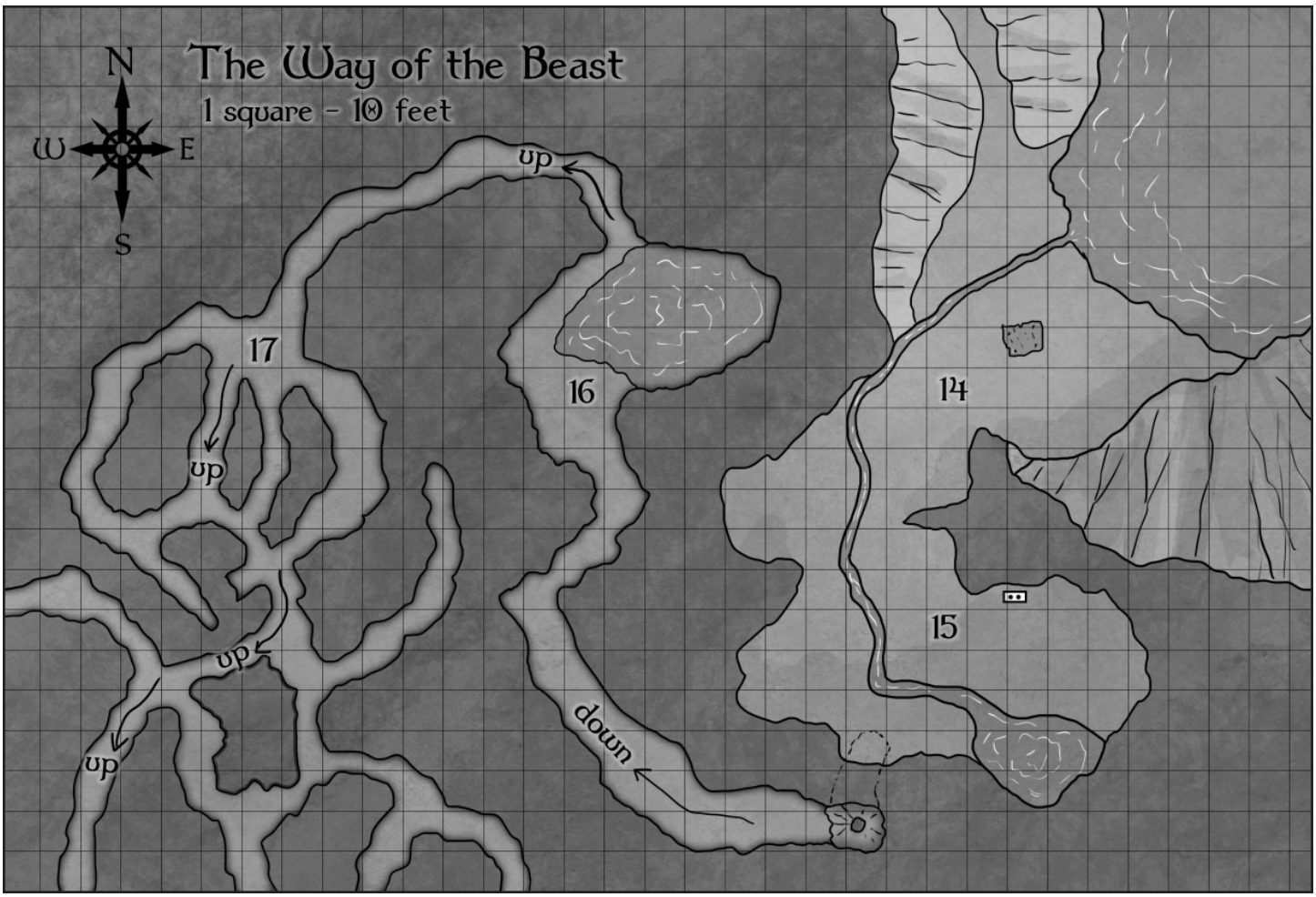
Drexelex cannot or will not provide any further information on what he has told them and leaves them alone at **Area 14**, saying only, "Our bargain struck is done, the wych is dead, the princeling won. Now to the spire you must retire, without delay you must away!" He then disappears into the underbrush and does not reveal himself to the characters again.

The Way of the Beast

These tunnels and subsequent areas comprise **Areas 14–20** of the island and fortress.

14. Lair of the Beast

On the north side of the island is a broad path that leads down the cliff face to the sea. The path is well worn by the tread of heavy feet, scraped by claw marks, splattered with old blood, and decorated with tufts of black hair as well as items and pieces that have dropped off the Beast's victims. On warm days, the air wafts up the cliff face and those walking the path can get a whiff of the charnel house smell of the lair of the Jomsbeast.





The path ends at a rocky beach accessible only at low tide. It is a small, isolated inlet opening onto a stretch of gravel beach flanked by rising cliff walls and ending at a yawning cave mouth. From this cavern issues a small, dark stream that meanders down the beach to the inlet. There, water of this stream has an unhealthy brown taint to it and causes a slight sheen to collect on the surface of the inlet itself. Many pale fish corpses that float within the inlet and that have washed up on its gravel shingle further highlight the unwholesome nature of this effluvium. A number of dead seabirds lie among these as well, and the entire cove is heavy with the odor of rotten fish and corruption.

In the center of this beach is a large stone altar with four iron spikes driven into each corner, the entire thing covered in blood and crusted with salt.

Here, the Jomsvikings leave gifts for the Beast in the hopes of appeasing it, as well as sacrifices to their Dark Gods. The beach here is deserted and empty, though if the characters wish to ambush the Jomsbeast, they could draw it out from its cave by making a great deal of noise to lure it forth. If so, it unleashes its breath weapon at anyone in sight before emerging from the cave entrance to close for melee. The cave entrance itself is 30ft high, so if anyone wished to climb up the cliff to gain a vantage point above, they could do so.

The streamlet emerging from the cave is runoff from the Jomsbeast's spring as described in **Area 15**. Anyone exposing themselves to its waters must make a saving throw or be affected by the contaminated spring (–3 to hit, damage, and saves for 48 hours until cured; 50% chance of blindness and deafness). Anyone exposed to the waters of the inlet must likewise make the saving throw but gets a +4 bonus due to the greater dilution of the taint.

15. The Tainted Spring

The ceiling of this cavern drops abruptly from its 30-foot height at the entrance to a more claustrophobic 10-foot height. However, the many stalactites and stalagmites that once adorned it have been broken off to worn stumps by something large moving through here. The walls of the cave are marked with the waterline from the high tide. The cavern is strewn with a matted mix of dark scales and darker hairs, and the tainted stream winds its way across the floor, giving the entire place a nauseating miasma. At the far end can be seen a cavern pool, its rancid waters occasionally bubbling as if some noxious corruption stirs beneath its dark surface.

The lair itself is half-flooded at high tide. Two passages lead out of the cave, the main opening that faces the sea and the path from the rocky beach and a second smaller chimney shaft that snakes its way up through the rock of the island to tunnels beneath the fortress. The Jomsbeast is aware of this secondary entrance but uses it only when it squeezes through occasionally to hunt within the island caves. The shaft is 4ft across and fairly easy to traverse.

The stream, like the one on the beach, is contaminated (–3 to hit, damage, and saves for 48 hours until cured; 50% chance of blindness and deafness). The pool itself allows no save to anyone that comes into contact with its waters. Its waters are 12ft deep, and a small spring at the bottom feeds it. See the description of the Jomsbeast for further details on the pool.

The floor of the cave is littered with the remains of the Beast's past victims, its own waste, and copious amounts of shed hair and molted scales. A small altar to its fathers, the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings, is crudely carved into one wall. The **Jomsbeast** is here most days, sleeping during the daylight hours and only bestirring itself at night or when

disturbed. Unless already encountered outside, it is found here resting beside the pool. The Jomsbeast fights to the death to defend its spring.

The Jomsbeast*: **HD** 12; **HP** 89; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6), 2 claws (1d8+3), tail slap (1d6+3); **Move** 12 (fly 24, swim 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special:** breath weapon (once/1d4 rounds, 50ft line of acid, 4d6 damage, save for half), fear aura, immunities (acid, cold), magical abilities, magic resistance (15%), regenerate (2hp/round), resist fire (half damage), spring-bound immortality.

Magical Abilities: at will—*detect good*, *detect magic*, *detect invisibility*; 3/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *dispel magic*, *dimension door*; 1/day—*hold monster*, *slow*

* See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**.

Treasure: After the Jomsbeast is slain, the characters can search through the detritus of the cavern to find its treasures. One of the following items can be located every 10 minutes until all have been found: a sealed pig's bladder holding 450hs, a bloody scalp of blond hair beaded with fragments of jade (the beads are worth a total of 180hs), a silver-chased ale cask enchanted to prevent any drink placed within it from spoiling (1000hs), a *+2 wooden shield* badly scarred and dented but serviceable, a slime-covered (easily cleaned) *+1 club*, a *decanter of endless water*, and a wooden stick carved with runes that serves as a *clerical scroll* (*cure serious wounds*, *raise dead*).

16. Tidal Pool

The tunnel slopes sharply down to sea level until it opens into a cave with a briny tidal pool filling much of its width. The tunnel continues on the opposite side where it begins to climb once again. The pool itself bubbles with the occasional infusion of water from the surf outside, and dozens of small crabs scuttle about on the rocky formations that form the bottom of the shallow pool.

The pool is ordinary seawater washed in through small flues in the rock. However, the pool is actually nearly 10ft deep. The rock formations are in reality the ridged and rock-like back of a monstrous crab lounging on the bottom that somehow found its way into this small cavern. The rocky bottom of the pool appears to be too regular in appearance and anyone examining it is not surprised when the crab attacks. Otherwise, as soon as anyone attempts to cross the room, the giant crab rises and lashes out in hopes of gaining larger prey than its normal crab fare. In addition, in the next round the many crabs that dwell in the pool and were disturbed by the crab's attack form **3 crab swarms** and attack the characters as well. They, of course, ignore the giant crab. The monstrous crab cannot leave this cavern, but the swarms pursue characters until destroyed.

Crab, Monstrous: HD 11; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (2d6); **Move** 12/9 (swimming); **Save** 4; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** none. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 110)

Crab Swarms (3): HD 5; **HP** 36, 23, 21; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** swarm (1d8+4); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** swarming attack (attack all in 10ft area).

17. Tangled Tunnels

The tunnel divides here into three tunnels, all more or less running in an upward slope, and your light source shows that these tunnels divide farther on into even more tunnels. It appears that a veritable labyrinth of tunnels runs beneath this island.

There is indeed a labyrinth of tunnels running beneath Jomsburg Island, their ceiling height averaging 15ft. They lead to caves all over the island as well as into the Jomsburg as well. The exit the characters seek, however, exits beneath the Bloody Stones at the island's center. All manner of creatures scavenge and hunt through these tunnels, including a pack of strange deformed giants known as aberrant giants, a degenerate remnant of giant slaves once kept by the first humans to occupy the island. In addition, the Jomsvikings send regular hunting parties into these tunnels to clear out the more dangerous denizens and keep them from wandering into the tunnels beneath the Jomsburg.

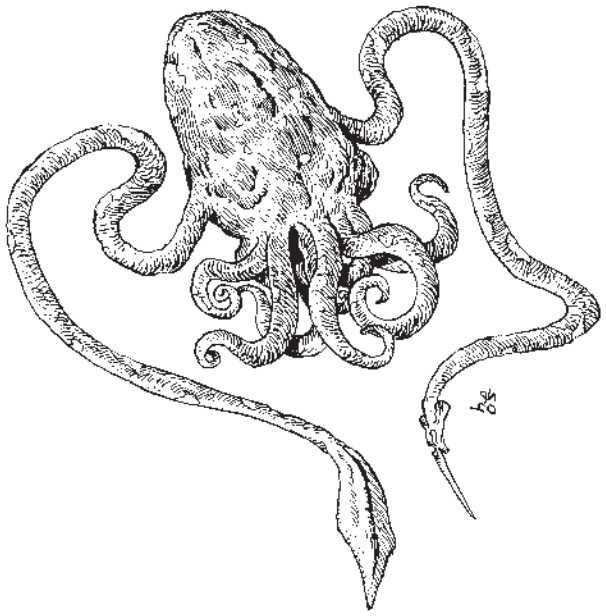
It takes the characters at least 6 hours to navigate their way through this labyrinth to the Bloody Stones. Each hour they have a 40% chance to keep to the right path (80% for rangers). If they remember to always take the upward-leading tunnels per Drexelex's advice, they get a 15% bonus to the check. Each failed check adds an extra hour to their travel time through the labyrinth. After 6 successful checks, the characters arrive at **Area 18**. While they remain in the tunnels, however, check for a random encounter each hour.

1d10	Tunnel Encounters
1–3	No encounter
4	Crab swarms
5	Tentamorts
6	Piercers
7	Mushroom patch
8	Flesh-eating cockroaches
9	Jomsviking hunters
10	Aberrant giants

Crab Swarms: A wave of 1d4 crab swarms scuttle along the passageway seeking prey. They are very aggressive and immediately converge on anything that moves. They can possibly be evaded by throwing objects down side passages to draw them off and then bypassing them, but if anyone is bleeding, they always follow a blood trail.

Crab Swarms (1d4): HD 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** swarm (1d8+4); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** none.

Tentamorts: A brood of 1d4+1 tentamorts creeps along the 10ft ceiling of the tunnel and drops on anyone who passes below. They resemble spheres of gray flesh with small clinging tentacles for hanging from the ceiling, and two longer tentacles for fighting, one ending in a squid-like appendage and the other ending in a stinger.



Tentamort: **HD** 4; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 tentacles (1d4); **Move** 3 (climb 3); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/600; **Special**: grab, liquefy organs. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 548)

Piercers: A group of 2d4 piercers hangs from the ceiling waiting for the unwary to pass beneath them. They resemble 5ft-long stalactites. The characters have a 1-in-8 chance (1-in-6 for dwarves) to discern their true nature else they are overlooked and mistaken for normal stalactites. When a character stands in a square directly below a piercer, it drops and attempts to impale the unsuspecting foe. The character must make a saving throw to avoid the piercer's attack. If the save fails, the target sustains 1d6 points of damage. If the save succeeds, the piercer misses its target and may not attack again until it climbs back into position. A piercer on the ground is easily dispatched, though touching or attacking it unarmed or with natural weapons causes it to secrete an acid that deals 1d4 points of acid damage to the opponent each time one of its attacks hits. These hazards are detailed in ***The Tome of Horrors Complete***, page 430.

Piercers (2d4): **HD** 2; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** drop and pierce (2d6); **Move** 1; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: drop.

Mushroom Patch: A patch of strange fungus, some growing as high as a man's waist, has colonized the tunnel here. The patch is 1d6x10ft long. Living within this mushroom patch are 1d4+3 violet fungi and 2d4 slime crawlers. The slime crawlers are extremely aggressive, but will not leave the fungus patch.

Fungus, Violet (1d4+3): **HD** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 4 tendrils (rot); **Move** 1; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: rot (save avoids). (***Monstrosities*** 183)

Slime Crawlers (2d4): **HD** 1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** tentacles (1d3) and bite (1d4); **Move** 9/6 (climbing); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** constrict (automatic 1d3 after successful tentacle hit), slippery (–4 penalty to grab). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 504)

Flesh-Eating Cockroaches: An infestation of 1d6+2 cockroach swarms scour the tunnel here looking for food to satisfy their voracious appetites. They attack the characters until at least 2 of the swarms are destroyed by fire. If that occurs, the rest disperse.

Roach Swarm* (1d6+2): **HD** 3; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** swarm (1d4+2 plus disease); **Move** 12 (climb 12, swim 12); **Save** 14; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to slashing and piercing weapons, swarming attack. *The roach swarm originally appeared in ***Razor Coast*** by **Frog God Games.**

Jomsviking Hunters: A patrol of 1d4+2 Jomsvikings and a common giant led by a Jomsviking officer hunts these tunnels, eradicating anything that looks like it could be a threat to their settlement in the Jomsburg. If they sight the characters, they pursue relentlessly. If the characters disguise themselves as Jomsvikings and successfully bluff that they are also a hunting party, the patrol lets them pass. If battle occurs and half are killed but the officer still lives, he sends one Jomsviking back to the fortress for reinforcements. If that Jomsviking escapes, then 4 hours later every encounter that occurs has a 50% chance of being a maximum strength Jomsviking patrol.

Jomsvikings Warriors (Ftr3) (1d4+2): **HP** 3d8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: rage (+1 to hit and damage, 6 rounds/day).

Equipment: leather armor, iron helm, black cloak, longsword, shortbow, 20 arrows, pouch with 4d20hs.

Jomsviking Officer (Ftr8): **HP** 55; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 6 (cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.



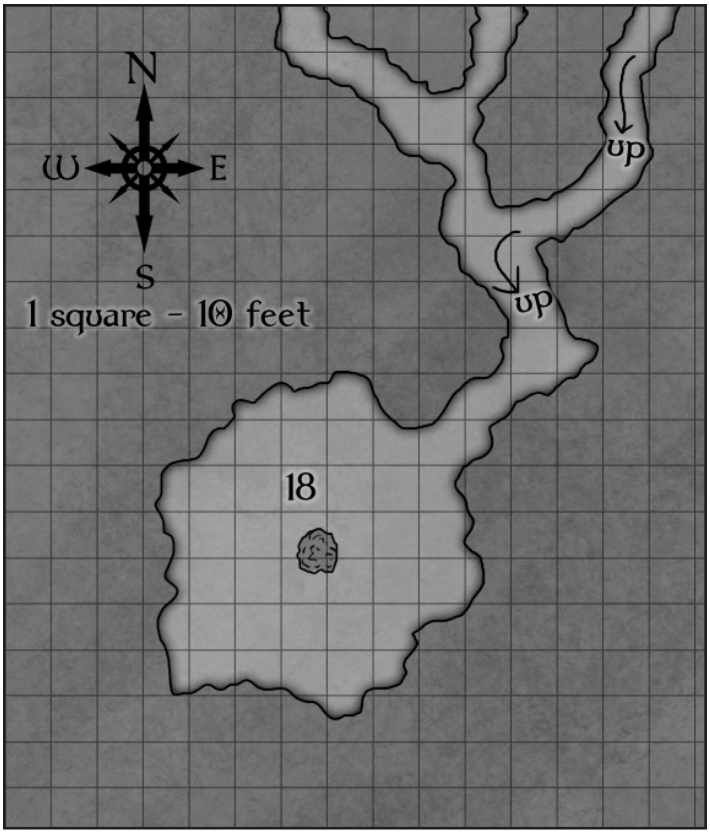
Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, *cloak of protection +1*, *+1 longsword*, shortbow, 20 arrows, *potion of healing*, silver serpent brooch (150hs), 3 gold arm-rings (200hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

Giant, Common: HD 5; **HP** 34; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: iron helm, black cloak, longsword, copper serpent brooch (50hs), 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 4d20hs.

Aberrant Giants: A gang of 1d3+1 aberrant giants hunts through the tunnels here. They appear as hideously deformed giants covered in coarse dark fur and oozing blisters. They are hungry and attack the characters unless someone speaks Giant, in which case they can be convinced to leave the characters in peace in exchange for 2 days' rations each. They will not ally with the characters or provide guidance under any circumstances. They are especially leery of anyone dressed as a Jomsviking and attack such groups on sight.

Aberrant Giants (1d3+1): HD 8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: physical deformity. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 10)



18. Riddle of the Stones

The last of the twisting tunnels converge here as the slope becomes steeper and rises into a single vaulted chamber in the earth. From above, a dim red glow suffuses the chamber. Unlike the hewn tunnels, the walls of this chamber are composed of carefully dry-stacked stone with thick engaged columns to support the ceiling 50 feet above. The crumbling nature of the stones and the lack of mortar in their seams lends an air of prehistoric antiquity to the room. The ceiling itself is composed of a mixture of hardened earth and rocks, as if dug out from the ground, carefully supported by corbelled arches composed of the stacked stones. The small piles of dust and rubble on the floor hint that the dome above is perhaps none-too-stable. Spaced around the circumference of the dome, giant irregular stones protrude through the earth above as if an inverted stone ring were built in this chamber. The surfaces of these protruding stones are covered in ancient runes that glow with a reddish light, providing the illumination in the chamber. In the chamber's center towers a standing stone nearly 10 feet high. Its surface is covered in countless grooves and seams, but it does not appear to bear the runes like the stones above.

This chamber lies directly below the Bloody Stones on the surface of the island. In fact, the stones set in the dome above are actually the protruding ends of the trilithons of a stone ring set above this room. The ancient magic still suffusing that ring of standing stones keeps this chamber from collapsing under the weight of the earth above.

The standing stone in the chamber's center has a peculiar smooth surface with a pebbly texture. The "standing stone" is actually a **moon-beast** squatting on its haunches for the last few thousand years and covered by a layer of calcified dust. After the characters enter and had a moment to look around, the moon-beast shifts with a cracking and crumbling of its outer shell to reveal its true appearance, an elephantine creature of froglike proportions with clawed hands and a featureless head save for a wide mouth and a cluster of pinkish tentacles protruding from the end of its snout. It fights to defend itself but attempts to contact the characters telepathically as described under "Development" below.

Moon-Beast*: **HD** 14; **AC** –3[22]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), 4 tentacles (1d6 plus *confusion*); **Move** 18 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 22/5000; **Special**: air walk, confusion tentacle (1d6 rounds, save avoids), gaze attacks, illusions and poison, immune to cold, magical abilities, magic resistance (35%), resistance to electricity and blunt weapons (50%).

Magical Abilities: at will—*ESP*, 3/day—*charm monster, dispel magic, phantasmal force*.

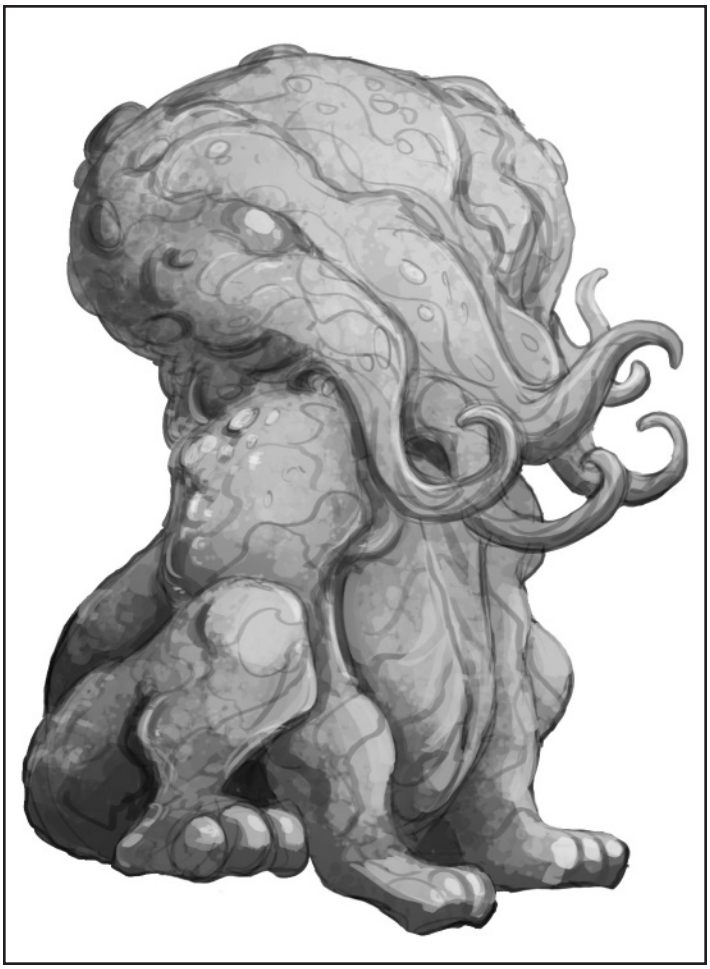
** Converted from Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3 by Matt Finch,* ***Cyclopean Deeps Volume 2***

Development: The moon-beast was bound here millennia ago when the fey of Jomsburg Island first raised the Bloody Stones. Its job is to serve as guardian of the secret of the stones and their riddle. When it rouses from its slumber, it telepathically projects its sonorous voice into the minds of the characters: "At last you return. My guardianship has been faithful these many ages. Know that my duty remains and the proper forms still persist. Have you come, then, prepared to answer my riddle?"

If the characters answer in anyway in the affirmative, it proceeds with the riddle below. If they ask questions about why there is a riddle, it says, "The riddle guards the secret of the Bloody Stones. If the answer you guess, then the secret I will reveal. If the answer you fail, then feed my eternal hunger you will. Are you prepared with an answer?"

When the characters are ready, the creature proceeds with the following riddle:

"Pale queen in her cavern court
Mistress of waves and poet's heart
She changes her face
With time and place



In the frozen forest a cracked glass
In the dry desert a bloody cast
At sea a twin she has"

The answer to the riddle is "the Moon."

"The pale queen and her cavern court" refers to the Moon in the night sky with her sparkling star attendants. *"Mistress of waves and poet's heart"* refers to the Moon's influence on tides and poets alike. Its face changes with its phases as well as the place from which it is viewed. In a winter forest, the bare branches of trees give an appearance of a cracked pane of glass; in the desert, the dust in the air can give a reddish hue; and at sea, it is reflected in the water below, giving it a twin.

It is possible your players may be true scholars of the Lost Lands and are aware that there are two moons over the world of Lloegyr. If they seem thrown off by the clues provided in regards to the Moon, feel free to inform them that Sybil the Dark Sister, the smaller moon, has little effect felt on the tides and is much less prominent in the night sky alongside Narrah the primary moon so that the riddle could refer to Narrah the Pale Sister. "Narrah" and "the Pale Sister" are both acceptable answers to the riddle. "Sibyl" and "the Dark Sister" are not.

If the characters answer the riddle correctly, the moon-beast says, "The secret of the Bloody Stones is that which it craves: the blood of sacrifice. Those that sate its craving receive that which they most desire." It then causes the glowing runes to suddenly flare brightly and blind the characters. When their vision clears, they find themselves in **Area 19**.

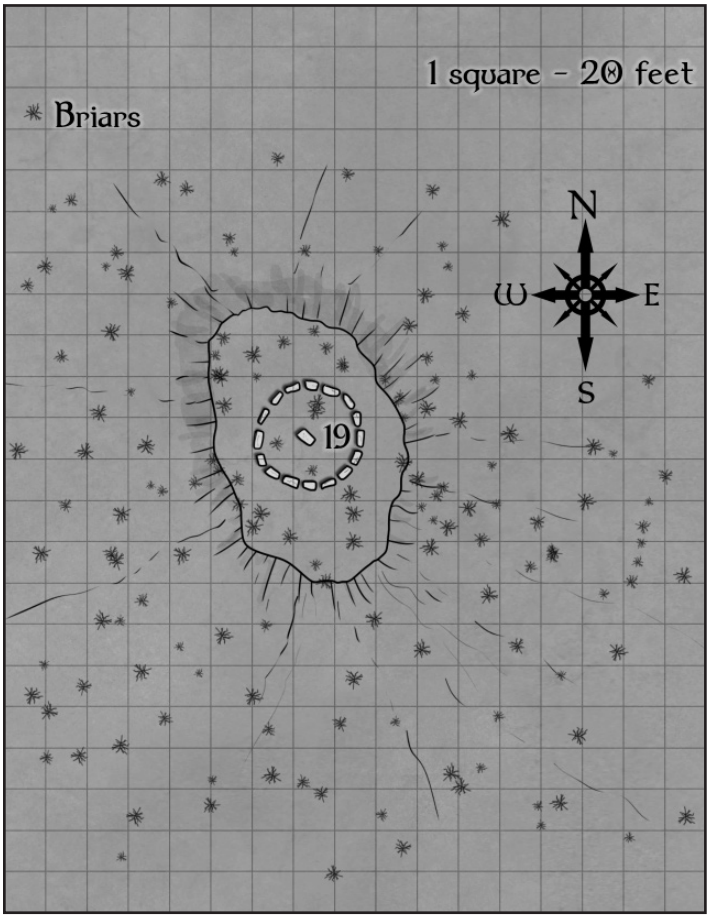
If the characters fail to answer the riddle, the moon-beast attacks. If the moon-beast is slain, with its dying breath it says, "You have fought well and are worthy of a second chance. The secret of the Bloody Stones is that which it craves: that which all men have, never want to see, but miss sorely when it is gone." As it dies, the glowing runes flash brightly and the characters are deposited in **Area 19**. Even if the moon-beast is slain, its eternal guardianship doesn't end, and it reforms in this chamber on the night of the next full moon.

19. The Bloody Stones

The blinding flash leaves spots dancing before your eyes that slowly clear to reveal that you are no longer in the cavern. You now stand atop a hill near the center of the island. Night has fallen, giving you only a dim view of the surrounding forest and plain, but the bright moon overhead does provide enough light to see things close at hand.

You stand in the center of a ring of standing stones atop this hill, its slopes covered in thickets of twisted briars. Sixteen trilithons of gray-green stone stand in a circle 50 feet in diameter. Around this ring is another circle of black menhirs. The entire structure sits atop a steep flat-topped hill of obviously artificial construction — its briar-covered slopes are too steep, its lines too even, and its top too level to have come from nature. At the very center of the ring, next to where you stand, is a great flat stone, very obviously a sacrificial stone from the many old bloodstains upon it and the multitude and cracked skulls and ribcages that lie half-buried in the soil around it. Some of the briars, red-tinged creepers with foul-smelling sap, grow in among the stone trilithons and coil about some of these pathetic skeletal fragments. Runes have been carved into the base of this altar stone.

In the distance to the north, you can see the bulk of the Jomsburg, the great fortress a black shadow against the backdrop of the starry sky. At its southernmost end, the blackness rises into a tall tower, the great spire of the fortress. Near the top of this edifice glows a red light coming from a window, like a single red eye looking out over the landscape. According to the dark fey of this island, there lies the quarry of your search.



Near the highest point on the island, just to the east of center, stands a tall mound upon which sits a ring of stones. The construction of this ring dates back to before humanity came to the Northlands. These stones, stained with the blood of a thousand sacrifices, are the place where the Dark Gods first came to the Northlands and where they eventually made contact with the Jomsvikings. Only the Jomsking and his chosen sacrifices come here, and only the Jomsking ever leaves, as only he knows the Riddle of the Stone.

Inscribed upon the sacrificial stones are the words, "To know the Riddle of the Stones is to command the ring. Speak this to face the riddle." Anyone reading this inscription aloud is instantly transported back into **Area 18**. Anyone there thinking of the Bloody Stones is instantly transported back above. By this means, the characters can travel between the ring and the tunnels beneath.

The hill is 530ft in diameter at the base, rises 60ft high, and its top is an oval 115ft across at its longest. Although no one tends to it, the slopes are devoid of trees, but are covered in reddish-tinged ivy. This ivy has fed off the blood of sacrifices for generations and has gained a cloudy sentience, becoming a type of plant called bloodsuckle. Those attempting to climb the slope must contend with the bloodsuckle, for it thirsts for battle-dew of mortals. Though there are hundreds of bloodsuckles growing upon the slopes of the hill, only **4 bloodsuckles** grow within the center ring where the characters have appeared. These tangled vines have vine-like tendrils ending in hollow, needlelike points. Thick woody trunks sprout from the ground and twist around the base of the trilithons, and the leaves of the plants continuously drip a foul-smelling sap. These bloodsuckles have taken hosts from among the islands inhabitants, and these pathetic creatures now live in the countryside around the hill, barely subsisting on the scant fare, ignored by the other bloodsuckles because of the poison sap they bear within their veins. The bloodsuckles summon these decrepit beings with their whining keens, so that **2 host Jomsvikings** and **3 host aberrant giants** arrive in the second round of combat, looking like gaunt-faced, cadaverous specimens with cheeks sunken and eyes hollow from starvation and their gear and clothing filthy and tattered.

Bloodsuckles (4): **HD** 6; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 tendrils (1d4 plus poison), limb rake (1d6); **Move** 0; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP**

8/800; **Special**: blood drain (if both tendrils hit, victim held for automatic 1d4/round) create host with poison sap (*charm monster* effect, save avoids), seed (1/month implant, new plant sprouts in 1d4 days), summon host. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 62)

Jomsvikings Warriors (Ftr5) (2): **HP** 30, 28; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: leather armor, iron helm, black cloak, longsword, shortbow, 20 arrows, pouch with 4d20hs.

Aberrant Giants (3): HD 8; **HP** 57, 53, 49; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: physical deformity. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 10)

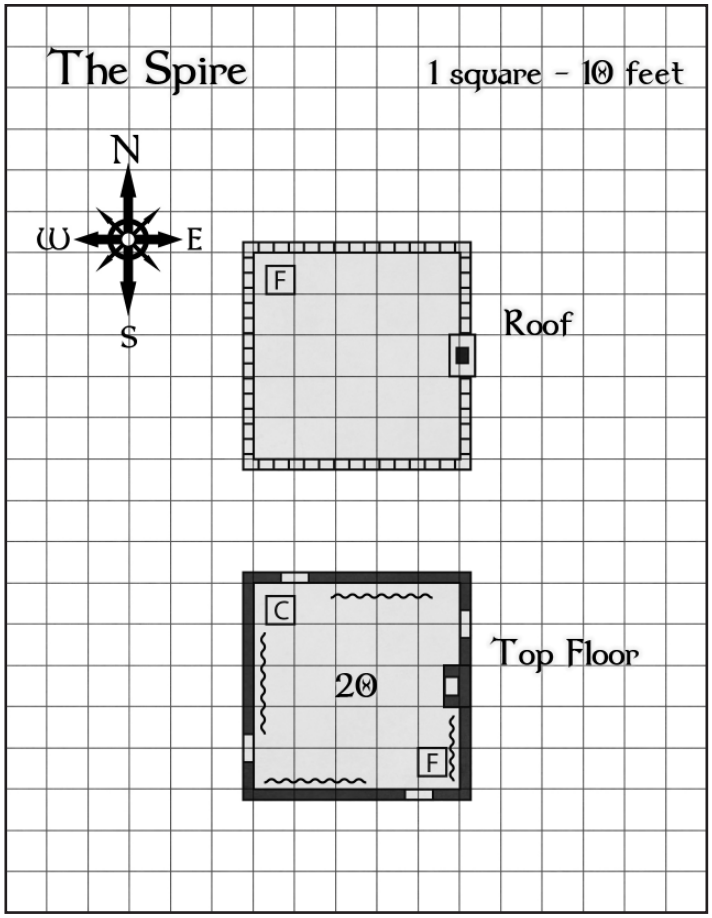
Development: If a character spills his own blood on the sacrificial stone at the center of the ring (dealing 1hp damage), the bloodsuckles and hosts no longer attack that individual. If all of the characters do so, then they are ignored by the guardians of the ring and can explore as they wish. However, once all of the characters present have made this sacrifice, the Bloody Stones grant them that which they desire most. Though individual characters may have their own desires, at this time the Bloody Stones read their desire to rescue Njal as their greatest and most-pressing desire. As such, that is what it grants. The characters suddenly find themselves weightless and floating up into the air. They suddenly begin speeding north through the night sky, completely out of control but concealed by the dark. In less than a minute, they cross the north end of the island and find themselves deposited atop the spire of the Jomsburg, their quarry in the chamber immediately below their feet, and a wooden trapdoor leading down into the room (**Area 20**) clearing visible. The characters can make whatever preparations they wish, but when they are ready, they can open the door and spring down into the chamber below to rescue Njal.

The characters cannot use the Bloody Stones to grant their desires again after this. They work but once for a person and only after mastering the Riddle of the Stones.

20. The Spire



The spire commands a view of the entire Jomsburg as well as the island. It is also the personal demesne of the Jomsking. No one enters or leaves the spire without his consent. The characters have arrived on the flat parapet roof of the tower 70ft above the ground, with an unlocked wooden trapdoor leading down into the Jomsking's chamber below. The tower top is surrounded by a 3ft-high battlement. A single open window looks out each side of the Jomsking's chamber. These windows are 7ft below the lip of the parapet and 4ft high and 2ft wide. It would be possible for a character to enter by way of one of these if he clambered down the side of the drystack stones of the tower (50% plus level chance for non-thieves; automatic for thieves). However the characters decide to access the Jomsking's chamber, read the following when they first look within.



The chamber is spacious, its walls of stacked stone hung with tapestries to cut down on drafts. A single window looks out from each wall with their oilskin screens open to allow in the night winds. A fire roars in the fireplace, making the room uncomfortably warm and providing a lurid red glow over the entire place. Next to the fireplace stands a blood-smeared idol of cracked driftwood in the image of a humanoid with twisted goat horns upon its brow. Against one wall, a large bed is mounded with furs, and against another is a wide table set with two chairs. A ladder leads to the trapdoor in the ceiling 15 feet above, and another trapdoor in the floor leads to points lower in the tower, though a heavy bar currently seals it shut.

Manacles dangle from the ceiling before the fireplace, and a bruised and bloodied man hangs from them. The side of his face is a mess of dried blood where one of his ears was removed at some point in the past, and his right leg bleeds profusely where sections of his skin are being slowly peeled away by an immense stone-skinned troll delicately wielding a carving knife. At the table sits a horribly scarred, red-bearded man in the dark cloak and armor of the Jomsvikings of such immense girth as to make even the troll seem slender. Upon his hairless brow sits a crown of twisted iron. A bloody plate lies before him awaiting the next section of flesh to be flayed from the prisoner's leg. The blood dripping from the Jomsviking's chin gives the horrid truth of the fate of such cuts of flesh.

This is the personal chamber of the Jomsking, currently the cannibalistic glutton **Ût the Fat**, an immense, disfigured mountain of a man with a shocking red, blood-streaked beard. Ût has maintained his long life through his unnatural appetites as a gift from his dark patron. Even now, Ût feasts upon the flesh of his prisoner, **Njal Magnuson**. Assisting Ût in his deplorable repast is his personal bodyguard, a **rock troll**. As soon as they become aware of the characters, they attack and fight to the death.

Anyone examining the idol can assume it represents one of the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings, while a cleric can identify it as the Oinodaemon, proving that it is the harbingers of Gehenna, the daemons, behind the mindless destruction and unparalleled cruelty of the Jomsvikings. A trickle of blood oozing from the idol's mouth is actually a manifestation of the idol's sympathetic magic that supports the life of Ût and may function

in a way similar to how the Jomsbeast's spring did in regards to sustaining it. If the idol is destroyed (AC 4[15], 100hp), Ût is instantly shrunken and aged 100 years. He does not necessarily die immediately, but his stats are changed as shown under "Development" below. If the characters begin to target the wooden idol with attacks, Ût and the troll take up positions to defend it.

Ût The Fat (Ftr10): **HP** 74; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** +3 *axe* (1d8+8, natural 20 severs head) or torturous touch (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 4 (cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: blessing of the Oinodaemon, immune to disease, multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +3 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus, resist (cold, electricity, fire; half damage).

Equipment: +3 *chainmail*, *Jomsking's crown* (+2 attack and damage, –2[+2] AC bonus), *black cloak of protection +1*, +3 *axe* (*Head-Taker*, natural 20 severs head of human-sized creature, save avoids).

Because of the sacrifices made to the Oinodaemon by Ût the Fat, he has been gifted with immense size and unnatural long life in return for utter depraved devotion and a diet of cannibalism. The foul vitality has rendered the Jomsking immune to disease and prevented him from aging (including magical aging). If the Oinodaemon's idol in Ût's quarters is ever destroyed, he is instantly reduced to human size and loses his immunities and his torturous touch ability. He is also instantly aged to an elderly man.

Troll, Rock: **HD** 8; **HP** 57; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d6); **Move** 12 (burrow 9); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: regenerate 3hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, turns to stone in sunlight (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 571)

Development: If the idol of the Oinodaemon is destroyed, the Jomsking's stats change as described below and he retains any damage he has already taken. It is possible that this kills him if he has already taken more damage than the reduced hit points he has below. Even if he is killed while aged, the characters still receive full XP for defeating the Jomsking.

Ût The Aged (Ftr10): **HP** 58; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** +3 *axe* (1d8+6, natural 20 severs head); **Move** 6; **Save** 4 (cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: +3 *chainmail*, *Jomsking's crown* (+2 attack and damage, –2[+2] AC bonus), *black cloak of protection +1*, +3 *axe* (*Head-Taker*, natural 20 severs head, save avoids).

Once the characters deal with the Jomsking and the troll, they can easily release Njal from his manacles. However, the sounds of fighting have brought Jomsviking guards from below. They begin pounding on the barred trapdoor from beneath. Unless the characters wish to face the might of the alerted Jomsburg, they must find another way out. If the tapestries and furs are taken and knotted together, they can be made into a rope that reaches the ground outside the fortress 55ft below. The south face of the tower is blocked from the view of the wall guards, so the characters would be able to do it without being seen under the cover of darkness. Likewise, they can fly out if they have the capability.

Treasure: The tapestries and furs in the room are worth a total of 7500hs but will have to be left behind if used to climb down from the tower. Hidden under the bed but easily found if the bed furs are moved, is a heavy leather chest with no lock (none would dare steal from the Jomsking) holding 3 leather bags each containing 1000hs; a fabric bag bound shut with cat gut holding an assortment of gems worth a total of 10,200hs; a *+1 chain shirt* (treat as chain mail); a *cloak of displacement*; and a small leather pouch holding a *ring of X-ray vision*, 2 rubies (300hs each), and a large diamond (1500hs).

Ût the Fat

Of all the cruel and wicked men who serve the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings, Ût the Fat is by far the worst. His career began nearly a century ago as a dreaded viking raider until finally forming his own band of reavers and cutthroats. At his lead, these brutal burners of villages and raiders of halls carved a bloody swath across the Northlands and far into the South. Yet despite the terrible crimes he committed, the fearsome lusts he sated, and the great infamy he acquired, Ût wanted more. Seeking some sort of higher level of debauched thuggery, he sought out knowledge of the Jomsvikings, seeking a means by which he could join but in one move also become the leader of that band.

The answer came to him in a vision seen in a swirl of blood drained out of some nameless village. A great sacrifice to the Dark Gods of the Jomsvikings would be needed, a sacrifice of blood and flesh. Not just any blood and flesh, but that of warriors great, of men and women who had slain and hacked beyond that of any other. Not only that, but they had to also be warriors betrayed by their leader. In one night of horrid bloodletting, Ût slew his entire crew, feasting upon their bodies as his own body grew to enormous size. The sacrifice required his own blood and flesh, as well, so that even as his orgy of violence and gluttony ended, shadowy creatures from the Ginnungagap appeared and performed their torturous ministrations upon the warrior. When finished, the immense viking was more scarred monster than man, and his new appetites matched his monstrous size and appearance.

With the patronage of the Dark Gods, Ût made his way to the Jomsburg, hacking his way through the guards to the throne room. There he strangled the sitting Jomsking, sucking out the dead warlord's eyes in front of the assembled throng. Proclaimed the new Jomsking, Ût has ruled this band of insane cultists ever since. In recent years, his reliance on Jasella has disturbed the Jomsvikings. The cult has always been a strict brotherhood, and several attempts have been made to depose Ût in the traditional manner — murder.

Ût is, unsurprisingly, very large, weighing in at more than 500 pounds of fat, muscle, and bloodlust, his unnatural appetites and devotion to the Dark Gods are all that has sustained him into unnatural long years. Despite his true age, he appears hale and hearty, though a mass of disfiguring scars cover his skin. In battle or in his throne room, he wears a full-length hauberk of chain that has every fourth link gilded in gold or silver. Upon his bald head rests the blood-encrusted iron crown of the Jomsvikings. At his side is *Head-Taker*, the great axe Ût has carried ever since he accepted the Oinodaemon's dark blessing.

New Magic Item

Jomsking's Crown

This crown of twisted iron is heavy and doubles as a battle helm. It is the symbol of authority to the Jomsvikings, and if worn by their recognized Jomsking will give all Jomsvikings within 60ft a +2 bonus to attacks and saves against fear. It gives a –2[+2] AC bonus to the wearer and a +2 bonus to attack and damage. In addition, the wearer is immune to a cold environment. Unfortunately, the *Jomsking's crown* is recognized as belonging to the leader of that band of raiders, so anyone wearing it in the Northlands is met with hostility by other Northlanders who are not Jomsvikings.

Concluding the Adventure

Once outside the fortress, the characters can attempt to make it back to their hidden cove, though the chance of running into a Jomsviking patrol is 50% for every 10 minutes spent outside the walls, and the trip takes 90 minutes. However, if the characters retreat to the Bloody Stones, they have already mastered the Riddle of the Stones and can use it to transport themselves back into **Area 18** below. From there, they can retrace their route to the coast and avoid all Jomsviking patrols. If the characters thought to use chalk or some other means to mark their way through the labyrinth at **Area 17**, then they can retrace their route directly and require no random encounters. If they did not, then they must find their way through with the normal chances of encounters. Once through, they can make their way back through the Jomsbeast's cave (half-flooded if the tide is in) and back to their ship with Njal in tow. With the turmoil of a murdered Jomsking and a search going on across the island for the assassins, no one interferes with the characters' ship making its escape back to sea. The voyage back to Trotheim is largely eventful, where Njal and Sveni can reunite with their fathers. The outcome of the adventure is largely dependent upon the characters' success.

With a little luck and a lot of skill, the characters will be able to penetrate the Jomsburg and rescue Sveni Ljotsdottir and Njal Magnuson, maimed but none the worse for wear, and get them safely back to Trotheim. Whatever the outcome, the Jomsvikings continue their raids and depredations, though if the heroes inflicted some serious harm on them, then these attacks decline for a time. Even with Ût the Fat and the Sea Wych slain, a new Jomsking rises to take his place, and twisted people from throughout the Northlands make their way to the Jomsburg to enter his service.

Sveni and Njal Rescued

The journey back to Trotheim will be the first time these two meet face to face, and young love blossoms during the voyage. Their return to Trotheim is met with a great deal of fanfare, the blowing of horns and the chanting of warriors singing songs of ancient heroes. New songs are composed about the heroes who braved the Jomsburg to bring back a princess (in some ways, the fame of the kidnapping and rescue elevates the bride and groom to Køenig status).

The happy parents of these two youths are overjoyed, so much so that they willingly set aside their differences in order to join hand in hand as brothers. The marriage goes forward with the bride and groom under tight guard, and with the characters as guests of honor. During the post-wedding feast, the new couple calls forth the party to receive their thanks and praise. As promised, each character receives his weight in rings, this comes out to 15,000hs for a human character, 5000hs for a halfling or dwarf, and 20,000hs for any bigger than human. In addition, the Gats and Hrolfs break open their familial vaults to reveal weapons and items of legend and allow each character to choose one item from the appropriate list in the sidebox. The party is also always welcome to spend the winter in any hall in Gatland or Hrolfland, or anywhere else that Gats or Hrolfs have land. Furthermore, their fame is such that jarls feast them and compete for them to be their guests. Also, in the future, strangers come to them with their problems, hoping the Heroes of the Jomsburg can come to their aid.

Near the end of the feast, but well before the majority of the guests either stumble home or fall into drunken sleep, the door to the feast hall swings open and a strange figure shuffles in. The figure is an old and hunched woman, her long hair hanging in white strips from a speckled and mostly bald pate. She leans heavily on a rowan wood staff, and a tattered and shapeless traveling cloak obscures most of her face and figure. She approaches the happy couple, all stepping aside to let her through. Once at the foot of the dais, she throws back her hood to reveal a face shattered by age, toothless, wrinkled, blotched, and misshapen. It should be obvious to any character who has met her (possibly in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist***) that this is Old Meg, one of the three daughters of the Norn Skuld.

"Oh, dearies, you failed to invite me, your grandmothers' grandmother to this wedding feast, yet you both sprang, many generations back, from this shriveled womb. You, who have not just the blood of heroes, but the blood of gods in your veins, yes, and the child that already grows in fair Sveni's womb — for they were not as chaste as they should be on that long trip across the whale road from the Jomsburg, now were they? — will one day be not just Køenig, but High Køenig and ruler of all the Northlands. That is a tale for other days, though, a tale of battle-dew and bone-white ribs basking on foreign shores. No, I bring you not fire and pain, though that is your wyrd and future; I bring you three gifts, yet you still have not offered me mead nor bread at this feast.

"The first gift is happiness, for you will know three times three years of joy in wedded bliss. The second is glory, for you will both earn much in your lives, one beneath the raven's wing, the other in the birthing bed, for that is where many women battle and die. Your last gift is courage, for you will need it in the days to come. As I speak, death stalks this very hall and a man lies dying in this city as his life's blood fills his lungs. Plague has come to Trotheim, and both the high and low will feel its hand."

With that, Old Meg disappears in a burst of light, having destroyed the good cheer of the wedding feast. The once-happy couple retires to their bridal bower and the guests leave in droves. Only the fathers remain, drinking morosely together and quietly discussing the old woman's words. By morning, the first plague victims begin to fall, bringing dark days to Trotheim.

The Rewards of Victory

Each character may choose a single item from the appropriate list based on the success of their mission. Rescuers of Sveni *and* Njal can choose from either list. No item may be selected twice.

Both Sveni and Njal Rescued

- *Ulfdottir*: a *+1 silver longsword, +3 vs. shapechangers*
- *Donar's Fury*: a *+2 shortbow*
- *Hilfennin*: a *+3 mithral shield*
- *Hide of Finnr*: a *cloak of invisibility* (as *ring of invisibility*)
- *Tanr's Ring-Brooch*: a *brooch of cold resistance* (+5 save vs. magical cold, immune to normal cold)
- *Hornbane*: a magical amulet that grants a –2[+2] AC bonus
- *Loptr's Wink*: a *deck of many things*
- *The Jotunn Scrolls*: a *manual of beneficial exercise*
- *Donar's Call*: a *horn of blasting*
- *The Sceadugengan Cowl*: a *cloak of displacement*

Only Sveni Rescued

- *Lothr's Luck*: a *luckstone*
- *Glimmrgelf Bands*: *bracers of defense AC4[15]*
- *Tanesblade*: a *+1 flaming spear*
- *Giants' Belt*: a *girdle of giant strength*
- *Wotan's Cord*: an *amulet against scrying*
- *Hel's Touch*: a sheaf of 3 *+3 arrows vs. giants*
- *Skirnr's Fang*: a *+2 dagger*
- *Ring of Weal*: a *ring of protection +2*
- *Arm-Ring of Rán*: *gauntlets of ogre powerAlfling Scrolls*: a bundle of leather *arcane scrolls* (*charm monster*, *confusion*, *control weather*, *extension II*, *fireball*, *invisibility 10ft radius*, *lightning bolt*, *locate object*, *passwall*, *wall of iron*)

Only Sveni Rescued

Through mischance or perhaps ineptitude, the characters have managed to return with Sveni, but not Njal Magnuson. The Gats, especially her father Jarl Ljot, will be ecstatic. That the Hrolfs are not to blame comes as a bit of a letdown after the pounding drums of war, but the gathering host departs to its normal springtime activities of planting, trading, and raiding. Peace is not coming to the Northlands, at least not this year.

For the time being, the Gats feast the characters as heroes, grand heroes at that for they entered the impregnable fortress of the Jomsburg and came out with a hostage. The feast is grand, and lasts 15 days. At the height of the feast, Jarl Ljot Gatson gifts the characters as promised with his weight in rings, this comes out to 15,000hs for a human character, 7500hs for a halfling or dwarf, and 20,000hs for a larger being. In addition, the Gats break open their familial vault to reveal weapons and items of legend and allow each character to choose one item from the appropriate list in the sidebox. The party is also always welcome to spend the winter in any hall in Gatland or anywhere else that Gats have land.

The Hrolfs slip away quietly, not wishing to take part in a feast while their proudest son is missing. If Njal remained in Jomsviking hands after the party left the Jomsburg, his head and severed genitals are returned to the Hrolfs by the Jomsking. Although the characters are not to blame, they earn the enmity of one of the great clans of the Northlands, and never receive more than a grudging welcome in Hrolfland or anywhere the Hrolfs gather.

A few days after the feast ends, Trotheim sees its first plague in a century. A large number of Gats stayed in the city after the feast, or sailed shortly after to far-off lands or back to their homes. Those who stayed become the plague's first deaths; those who left spread the contagion across the Northlands. The plague hits the Gats more than the Hrolfs, and the latter are blamed for using black witchcraft and foul sorcery, though this time there are too many dead for the Gats to raise the Raven Banner and make threats of war.

Only Njal Rescued

Other than a total failure, this is the worst of possible outcomes. The Gats use this as an excuse to continue their march to war, and the Hrolfs are not happy either, for the scion of their clan has attempted much and failed. All blame the characters, though the Hrolfs do grudgingly reward them with a few trinkets (5000hs each). The names of the heroes are spoken of with scorn, for attempting much and failing is almost as bad as not trying at all. The Hrolfs depart Trotheim in the middle of the night. A few days later when plague shows its first signs in Trotheim, it afflicts the gathering Gat host to a great degree, and accusations that the Hrolfs are behind it fly wildly about. With so many ships coming and going, the plague spreads quickly, and only the actions of great heroes can stop the disease from decimating the Northlands.

Complete and Utter Failure

If the characters do not rescue Sveni or Njal, they had best be dead somewhere in the Jomsburg. Capture is an event better left unsaid. Any characters captured by the Jomsvikings likely die a long and excruciating death, their souls offered up to the Dark Gods. If they return empty-handed, they are branded cowards and failures, unwelcome in all but the vilest and debased halls. Men spit on them, and women and children throw garbage. Jarl Ljot is particularly virulent in his condemnation of the party and stops at nothing to destroy their reputations. It would be best not to be seen in Gatland or any hall that a Gat holds for some time. Also, because some rumors swirl around that the characters were paid off by the Hrolfs to not find Sveni, the Hrolfs will also not want to see the party on their doorsteps. Maybe an extended voyage out of the Northlands is in order. Although they receive experience points for actions taken, and whatever treasure they acquire during the adventure, the characters get nothing else for their troubles.

A few days after their return to Trotheim (assuming they are brave enough to come back empty-handed), plague breaks out, striking suddenly and without warning. With so many ships coming and going, the plague spreads quickly, and only the actions of great heroes can stop the Northlands from being decimated by disease — perhaps an opportunity for redemption.

Regardless of the success of the characters, plague comes to Trotheim and threatens to bring epidemic to the Northlands, but that is a story for another day, one that continues in ***NS6: Plague in Trotheim***.

NS6: Plague in Trotheim

By Kevin Wright
Based on material by Kenneth Spencer



NS6: Plague in Trotheim is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for *The Northlands Saga Complete*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 5–6. If using this adventure as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, the events described herein occur immediately following *NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland*. If the characters played through that adventure, then they were on hand for Old Meg's pronouncement at the end and the beginning of the plague in Trotheim. If not, then they will have heard about it as news of its rise spreads even faster than the contagion.

Plague in Trotheim

This adventure falls immediately on the heels of ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland***, so it works best if the characters have just completed that adventure. However, it is not necessary that they have done so. Unlike other adventures in ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path***, much of this adventure takes place in an urban setting. However, it does emerge from Trotheim and head into the Andøvan Mountains. Characters with spellcasting abilities (whether divine or arcane) are especially helpful in this adventure, and a character with the ability cast *cure disease* is essential.

Adventure Background

A pestilence lies upon Trotheim. It is unknown in the beginning but soon rears its ugly head for all to see. It is known as the Straw Death. It is a divine curse, an affliction birthed from the gods themselves. With his all-seeing eye, the All-Father Wotan glimpsed something dreadful, a coming doom that would fall upon the living heart of Hengrid Donarsdottir, the offspring of his son, Donar (see ***NS9: Daughter of Thunder and Storm***), a sickness that could threaten the very realms of gods and men. The vision Wotan received was incomplete, but he foresaw that great heroes must rise up to save Hengrid from this wyrd … or defeat her before it can come to pass. The All-Father looked throughout the Northlands and found none with the might necessary to weather the coming storm. In his wisdom, he decided to test the mortals below in the hopes that someone might be found whose iron could withstand the tempering and become the heroes he needed them to be.

To that end, Wotan summoned unto him Loptr and bade the Trickster God to use his wiles to conjure up an appropriate trial that might refine the golden courage of the mighty. Loptr, of course, saw it as an opportunity to test far more than the mettle of any puling mortals but rather the opportunity to usurp the position and power of Wotan himself. True to his nature, Loptr made the consequences of failure to be horrific; if the mortals fail in their quest, the Ettielweiss Tree itself will be destroyed by Loptr's agents.

By rigging his trial in such a way that he believes no mortal will be able to successfully complete it, Loptr intends to bring down the All-Father and replace him on the throne of Asgard, bringing in a new order of gods with the coming of Ragnarök, all with his divine father's full — if unknowing — blessing. Yet even Loptr does not realize that Wotan has been slowly grooming a group of mortals for just such an occasion for some time.

NS6: Plague in Trotheim begins where ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland*** left off. In that adventure, the characters returned to Trotheim from their attempted rescue of Sveni Ljotsdottir and Njal Magnusson from the bloodthirsty Jomsvikings. Hopefully they have returned in victory to deliver them to their wedding. But even if the characters were ultimately unsuccessful in that mission, the Gats and Hrolfs have had enough of feud. Their children were going to marry and bring an end to the generations-long feud once and for all. If Sveni or Njal or neither managed to survive their ordeal with the Jomsvikings, as long as the characters (or some other group of Northlander heroes, if your players did not participate in ***NS5***) attempted the rescue and were, therefore, able to prove that the Jomsvikings were behind the whole affair in an effort to foment war in the North, then the two clans are satisfied that the reason for the feud is at an end. There may not be a marriage, but the hostilities will gradually lull and come to a halt and ultimately a marriage union between the two clans will occur. But such an event is a tale for a later adventure. This adventure occurs immediately following the events of the raid on Jomsburg Island and assumes that the rescue was successful. If it was not, you will need to modify the beginning event accordingly to exclude the wedding feast, but otherwise the adventure will play out as written.

Adventure Summary

The wedding of Sveni and Njal and unexpected appearance of Meg Skulsdottir sets the stage for a lethal outbreak of a strange new plague, the Straw Death, in the city of Trotheim. The characters must deal with the effects of this scourge and ultimately quest to find and return with a near-mythological cure.

The cause of this pestilence is not revealed to the characters until the adventure's end; the gods themselves have sent down this terror upon the Northlands to test the mettle of the people and spur their hearts unto heroism. Grim days lie ahead, shades of Ragnarök echo back from the future, and the gods know that heroes are forged only in the fires of trial and adversity. And heroes will be much needed in the bleak days to come.

Adventure Hooks

Assuming the characters were successful in rescuing the clan scions, then they are responsible for creating this new peace in the Northlands and are considered boon companions of both the Gat and Hrolf clans. They were invited to attend the wedding celebration. If the characters did not participate in that adventure, than they were merely on the guest list as notables worthy of witnessing the momentous occasion. Regardless of how it occurred, the characters are present for the wedding feast of Njal Magnusson and Sveni Ljotsdottir. And as joyous as the occasion begins, toward the end it takes a rather dour turn.

Beginning the Adventure

Near the end of the feast, but well before the majority of the guests either stumble home or fall into drunken sleep, the door to the feast hall swings open and a strange figure shuffles in. The figure is an old and hunched woman, her long hair hanging in white strips from a speckled and mostly bald pate. She leans heavily on a rowan wood staff, and a tattered and shapeless traveling cloak obscures most of her face and figure. She approaches the happy couple, all stepping aside to let her through. Once at the foot of the dais, she throws back her hood to reveal a face shattered by age, toothless, wrinkled, blotched, and misshapen. It should be obvious to any character who has met her (possibly in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist***) that this is Old Meg, one of the three daughters of the Norn Skuld.

"Oh, dearies, you failed to invite me, your grandmothers' grandmother to this wedding feast, yet you both sprang, many generations back, from this shriveled womb. You, who have not just the blood of heroes, but the blood of gods in your veins, yes, and the child that already grows in fair Sveni's womb — for they were not as chaste as they should be on that long trip across the whale road from the Jomsburg, now were they? — will one day be not just Køenig, but High Køenig and ruler of all the Northlands. That is a tale for other days, though, a tale of battle-dew and bone-white ribs basking on foreign shores. No, I bring you not fire and pain, though that is your wyrd and future; I bring you three gifts, yet you still have not offered me mead nor bread at this feast.

"The first gift is happiness, for you will know three times

three years of joy in wedded bliss. The second is glory, for you will both earn much in your lives, one beneath the raven's wing, the other in the birthing bed, for that is where many women battle and die. Your last gift is courage, for you will need it in the days to come. As I speak, death stalks this very hall and a man lies dying in this city as his life's blood fills his lungs. Plague has come to Trotheim, and both the high and low will feel its hand."

With that, Old Meg disappears in a burst of light, having destroyed the good cheer of the wedding feast. The once-happy couple retires to their bridal bower and the guests leave in droves. Only the fathers remain, drinking morosely together and quietly discussing the old woman's words. By morning, the first plague victims begin to fall, bringing dark days to Trotheim.

The Straw Death

Loptr conceived the idea of the Straw Death as a plague that would wither the bodies of the strong and rot the courage of the brave — the true destruction of the Northlander spirit. Its early symptoms are a yellowing of the eyes, teeth, and extremities to the color of fresh-cut straw. As the illness progresses, the stricken are weakened and their features appear drawn and emaciated: skin hangs loosely as muscles atrophy, eyes bulge noticeably as the flesh of the face sags due to the loss of fat deposits beneath the skin; and the membranes of the lungs deteriorate, causing a bloody, rasping cough. As the sickness runs its course, it leaves behind a withered wreck of a corpse, gasping a painful bloody froth until the very end. The plague is both horrifying in its lethality and calamitous nature, humiliating in the obvious degradation it causes upon the body, and physically excruciating as tissue and nerves atrophy at an alarming rate.

A magical contagion, the Straw Death began as a sexually transmitted disease that Loptr gleefully infected a sextet of infernal trollops with. He then sent these devils known as lilin to one of the Northland's major population centers, the city of Trotheim. They arrived in disguise only a few days before the great Gat-Hrolf wedding. Through threats and no small use of infernal powers, they took over a brothel and, offering bargain-basement rates, managed to appeal to the great influx of guests coming into town for the wedding, spreading the disease among scores of folk, including many wedding guests, in only a few days. By the time of Old Meg's arrival and warning, the first of the disease's victims are dying and the magical pathogen has completed its first evolutionary cycle. It has transformed from an infection spread only by direct, intimate contact to one with an airborne vector. Now all of the inhabitants of Trotheim and anyone they come into contact with is in danger of the contagion as it blossoms into a full-fledged plague.

The Straw Death

The Straw Death is an airborne virus that develops in the victim within 1d3 hours of them contracting the disease. A successful saving throw holds off the effects for another day. It takes3 successful saves to completely shake off the disease. Any failed save results in the victim wasting away as the disease ravages their skin and atrophies their muscles (loss of 1d4 strength and 1d6 charisma per day). A victim reduced to zero in either attribute dies. Lost strength or charisma is regained at the rate of 1 point per day. Cure disease heals a victim, but it does not prevent future infections.

Loptr's Handmaidens

Loptr's dirty work among the folk of Trotheim has been carried out by a bevy of seductive devils known as lilins. Each bears a charm upon her cheek where she received a kiss from the Trickster God that grants her the ability to appear as a buxom Northlander lass of honey-colored hair and strawberry lips. They have not spent a lot of time among mortals,



so they do not play the part well, generally acting over-the-top in their presentation. However, as they play the part of brothel girls, these traits are largely unnoticed or considered to just be a part of their persona. They remain at **Area 9** and should be encountered by the characters there during the course of their investigation into the plague.

Note: The strain of the Straw Death still carried by the lilins has not mutated and become airborne. That occurs only after it has incubated in and slain a human host. The characters do not need to fear contracting the Straw Death from the lilins through inhalation but rather only through injury or sexual contact.

Alna, Ceris, Tyf, Gyrja, Bel, Syf (Devil, Lilin) (6): **HD** 7; **HP** 54, 50, 47x2, 46, 41; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), *+1 longsword* (1d8+1); **Move** 12 (flying 18); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** immune to fire, magic resistance (15%), +1 or better magic weapons to hit, spell-like abilities, straw death (spread through intimate contact). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 174)

Spell-like Abilities: at will—*charm monster*, *charm person*, *ESP*, *teleport*; 3/day—*animate dead*.

Equipment: *+1 longsword*

A Prophecy of Plague

The day after Old Meg's dire declaration, all the godi of Trotheim (player clerics included) begin to simultaneously proclaim the following prophecy:

"Pestilence creeps the sleeping streets.
Foul plague suckles on Trotheim's teats.
Sheaves before sickle, we meet our doom
'til the brave arise to claim the bloom."

Every hour thereafter for the rest of the day, any cleric (or paladin) in the party must make a saving throw or repeat this phrase for 2d4 rounds. This outburst can strike them at any time: waking, sleeping, eating, fighting, etc., and while it is uttered, the individual appears dazed. In only a matter of hours, every person in Trotheim has heard the prophecy uttered many, many times. Some find it to be meat for meditation, pondering its meaning, but most are sick to death of hearing it.

The plague itself is slow to be noticed initially, and despite any efforts of the characters or others, its gradual spread cannot be stymied. Regardless of what measures have been taken up to this point, it continues to slowly grow among the population until after 1 week it explodes into a full-blown epidemic. The characters may have opted to leave town before this occurs, but if they do so they find that their clerics continue to be afflicted by the prophecy as described above even after the first day until they turn back and return to Trotheim. Only there or while actively investigating the plague if outside the city are the clerics freed from this spontaneous recitation. If there are no clerics in the party, then it is the character with the highest wisdom that must contend with these unwelcome divine utterances. It should quickly become clear to the characters that it is their wyrd to arise as the "brave" ones spoken of in the prophecy. One side benefit of this status is that regardless of what occurs during the first week while the plague spreads before the adventure truly begins, none of the characters contracts the affliction. Whether that continues to be the case remains to be seen.

A Pox upon the City

The plague has wrought many changes upon Trotheim. The citizens stay inside the shelter of their homes if at all possible. Trade has fallen off to next to nothing. Most visitors to the town have fled Trotheim's walls. Families hire masked mercykillers to put loved ones out of their misery. Each morning, oxen pull large carts throughout the city's streets, going from house to house collecting the unfortunate dead. A huge pyre has been built outside of town, and it burns day and night, consuming the remains of the unfortunate dead. The pall of its smoke hovers over the city like an omen of ill-tidings, darkening the noonday sun and dimming the spirits of Trotheim's inhabitants. People scurry hurriedly through the streets, avoiding their neighbors and speaking naught a word.

There are not nearly enough godi in town to heal all those afflicted with the pestilence. In addition to the characters, the only four other godi in Trotheim with the ability to cast a *cure disease* spell are Vilska Light-hand (**Area 5**), the Hand of Baldr (**Area 7**), Erik the Wotanson (**Area 7**), and Biornólfr of the Well (**Area 11**).

To address the disastrous events affecting the city, a meeting is held each day at noon in Jarl Gyrthyr's Hall. Those who show signs of having contracted the Straw Death or are known to have family members who have come down with this plague are barred from entry. The meeting is otherwise limited to members of the Thing of Trotheim or particularly prominent citizens (these are generally members of the Thing anyway).

One week after the outbreak begins, the characters find themselves the recipients of an "invitation" to this daily meeting. This invitation is delivered by two members of the Guard who sternly inform the characters that, being known men and women of courage and mind's-worth (whether this is true or not, the jarl needs adventurers) the jarl has requested their presence at this meeting. The steel in their eyes clearly states that this request should not really be considered optional. As heroes or would-be heroes, the characters' own reputation should spur them to attend.

Once at the meeting, the jarl and members of the Thing state their case very bluntly as Jarl Gyrthyr addresses the assembled characters.

> Jarl Gyrthyr looks over your group with tired eyes. He has the look of a man who sees the specter of Hel before him. With the grim eyes of the city's leading men and women — many conspicuously absent from the assembly — looking on, the Jarl addresses you.
>
> "The blight of Hel is upon us. Fear and hostility rule the day, and dark dread rules the night. What's more than just this foul plague laying low the strength of good Vale folk, the number of murders rises sharply as order breaks down and clans seek vengeance for grudges long smoldering. As this pestilence gains hold in the city, civility and law break down. Were this the spear-din against a mortal foe, every man and woman in this city would stand the tide of battle-dew until we fed the blood-worms with our last drops. But this raven's feast recognizes no sword or shieldwall, and the strength of our sinews is sapped by the breath of Corpse-ripper. If no one takes a stand, the city may kill itself before the Straw Death can.
>
> "The godi spoke the words of the gods a week ago of the brave arising, and now is the time if it is to be at all. You are folk of mind's-worth who still have the strength of your blood in your sword arms. The Guard is stretched thin just to keep the city from tearing itself apart, and the ranks grow thinner every day. I have no one to spare who can seek the intent of the gods and find the means to spare the city and all of the Vale — perhaps all of the Northlands before all is through. I ask you, 'Will you rise for Trotheim? Will you seek to thwart the Lady of Pestilence and the black wyrd she has decreed?'"

Assuming the characters accept this commission (the gods certainly seem to intend it), Jarl Gyrthyr promises great reward, whatever is within his power and the city's to give. The characters are appointed temporary members of the Trotheim Guard and given Jarl Gyrthyr's token: a pewter brooch in the shape of a berserk warrior biting his shield (worth 65hs). The presentation of this token causes other members of the Guard and the upstanding citizens of the city to cooperate with the characters (though they will not generally take commands or otherwise act on the characters' behalf), but as order breaks down and the darker elements of its population emerge, there are no guarantees that all hold them in the same regard. With this charge and responsibility, the characters are asked to attend the daily meetings at the jarl's hall and update the council on what they have learned.

Besides the pestilence, many ills plague Trotheim, and because of their renown and commission, the characters are called upon to handle them as they are encountered. While traversing the city streets, they discover many symptoms of Trotheim's ills. What actions they choose to take is up to them.

Chapter One: A City Under Siege

Plague in Trotheim takes place a week after Old Meg's impromptu wedding appearance. More than two hundred people have died. Many hundreds more are infected and suffering, with dozens dying every day. The town is steeped in despair and on the threshold of outright panic and chaos.

The City of Trotheim

The adventure begins with the characters in the city of Trotheim as the Straw Death sweeps through its streets and lanes. There are hundreds of buildings and halls within the city, almost all of them built in the same style of wood and plaster walls and thatched roofs. There is no zoning or districts to speak of, and lanes are laid out in irregular and sometimes maddeningly meandering tracks, following the ancient paths of the island's original inhabitants. Houses stand next to shops next to the halls of great lords with no signs or other marks to indicate what it what. Folk of Trotheim either already know where something or someone is located or ask directions from the locals until they find it.

Trotheim Locations

There are innumerable locations of note within the city of Trotheim. Described below are some of the ones most important to the city or this adventure.

1. Eastbridge

The bridges of Trotheim are long wooden structures stretching from the city-island to the far shores, hundreds of yards away. They are fairly flat, rising no more than 20–30ft above the surface of the river, requiring longships to step their masts before they can proceed upriver, and are supported by flanking pairs of thick, wooden pylons at intervals all along their lengths. The surface of the bridges are reinforced wooden planks that have built up a layer of hard soil over the years and are 25ft wide to allow a cart and team to pass on either side. Railings consist of wooden posts with a bannister of heavy rope, though in many places these have broken off and have not yet been replaced. During times of war, defenders can

Trotheim

Lawful large town
Qualities prosperous, rumormongering citizens, superstitious
Government council (Thing of Trotheim, Althing of Storstrøm Vale)
Population 3,980 (3663 human [Northlanders], 212 human [Seagestrelander thralls]); 105 dwarves
Notable NPCs
- **Gyrthyr the Even-handed, Jarl of Trotheim** (Neutral male human aristocrat, 55hp)
- **Thongrak Trollhammer, smith** (Lawful male dwarf smith, 29hp)
- **Erik the Wotanson, godi** (Lawful male human Clr 10 of Wotan, 49hp)
- **Biornólfr of the Well, godi** (Lawful male human Clr10 [oracle], 45hp)
- **Vilska Light-hand, godi** (Lawful female human Clr7 of Frigg, 38hp)
- **The Hand of Baldr, godi** (Neutral male human Clr6 of Baldr, 30hp)

Purchase Maximum 15,000gp

Second-largest settlement of the Northlands, Trotheim sits on an island at the mouth of the Storm River where it empties into Kulding Bay. It is the economic and political center of Storstrøm Vale and holds the historical Hall of the Køenig, once occupied by Kraki Haraldson himself, though now largely fallen to neglect and only occasionally used by the Althing of the Vale when necessary. Space is at a premium on the island, so Trotheim is extremely crowded and close for a Northlander city, packed with houses, markets, places of business, godshouses, storehouses, guardhouses, stables, smithies, the "city" halls of the most powerful and influential jarls and hirdmen of the Vale. Trotheim is a wealthy city by Northlands' standards, and almost any goods available in the Northlands can be found here for sale or trade, even rare imports from the south. The northern portion of the island is walled off from the rest by a wooden palisade and holds the administrative centers of the city. The city's wharves abut this wall and gain access through a wide gate.

Gyrthyr the Even-Handed is the Jarl of Trotheim, though not all of its residents are considered his householder. His is a position appointed by the Althing of Storstrøm Vale as caretaker of the Vale's most important economic and defensive center. As such, Jarl Gyrthyr is granted control of the **Trotheim Guard**, a standing force of 150 Northlander warriors that are kept under arms at all times to see to the defense of the town's gates and bridges, and to handle arrests within the city and its immediate surroundings. They are the closest thing that the Northlands has to a standing army west of Hrolfland. While Trotheim has command of this force for the defense of the city, they are not considered to be his householders and he does not pass judgment on lawbreakers for anything more serious than drunken disturbances of the peace. Perpetrators of more serious crimes are apprehended by the Trotheim Guard but are held for trial before the Thing of Trotheim when it next convenes. For crimes against the Vale (a rare thing indeed), the Guard also serves as the standing constabulary of the Althing of Storstrøm Vale. The Trotheim Guard is not technically a national defense force, though any invasion of the Vale by sea surely finds the Guard serving as the foremost line of defense and general rallying point for the many householders and hirthmenn of the Vale.

Trotheim Guard: **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.
Equipment: chainmail, spear.


Trotheim
1 square = 60 feet
N
W
E
S
Kulding Bay
Wooden Palisade
River
Storm
River
Úme
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14

line the bridge with fire and heavy stones to drop on attacking ships that attempt to pass below while archers wreak havoc on their crews.

At either end of the bridges are wooden guard houses with fighting platforms atop them and a palisade gate between them to serve as a line of defense against land invasion of the city. There are always a handful of the Trotheim Guard stationed at these guard posts, day and night. The gates are generally closed at nightfall and reopened at dawn, though in times of peace, the gate guards can often be convinced to open the gates and let important and seemingly affluent travelers pass through. However during this time of calamity, the Guard is much more vigilant, not letting anyone enter or leave the city without an order from Jarl Gyrthyr or the Thing. Those guardsmen who do not have families stay camped at the guard houses in hopes of avoiding the Straw Death contagion and are loathe to go too near travelers. They remain at a distance of several paces as much as possible.

The Eastbridge extends from the eastern shore of Trotheim across the Úmë River where it enters the greater flow of the Storm River. As a result, it is the shortest of the three main bridges at only 140ft long.

2. Southbridge

Southbridge extends from the southern end of the city to the shore of central Storstrøm Vale between the Storm and Úme rivers. It is the second longest at 185ft. It otherwise conforms to the description of Eastbridge.

3. Northbridge

The longest of the city's bridges, Eastbridge extends across the mighty Storm River. It is different than the other two bridges in that it stops at a small rocky island in midstream before extending beyond all the way to shore. The total length of the bridge is 370ft, with the first bridge measuring 110ft in length, and the second bridge reaching 240ft.

4. Jarl Gyrthyr's Hall

The second largest building in Trotheim, Gyrthyr's hall is a magnificent longhouse and mead hall. Here, he frequently feasts the notables of the city and gives rings to those who perform great service or bring in great revenue. The Thing of Trotheim collects a tariff — called the "Tooth" — on all goods imported into the city, and from this tax Jarl Gyrthyr is given funds to see to the city's defenses and the support of its Guard. In peaceful years where the revenues of imports exceed the costs of the defense, Jarl Gyrthyr's coffers grow fat. There has been peace and plentiful harvests for the last several years, and the magnificence of Gyrthyr's hall shows his bounty. The fact that the Jarl's display of wealth is more than matched by his largesse in the giving of rings and favors to those who support him ensure that grumbling about his affluence remains at a minimum among those whose voices truly count in the Thing. At some point the Thing is sure to vote a reduction in this stipend, but with the current troubles that the city faces, it is unlikely to come up as an issue worth discussing anytime soon as tariff revenue has dropped to nearly nothing.

The entrance to the Jarl's halls is guarded at all times by a contingent of 8 Trotheim Guards, and no one is permitted to enter except by invitation of the Jarl himself. The garishly ornamented longhouse currently seems more like an armed camp than a festive mead hall.

5. Altar Square

This small square in the midst of the city was formed around an ancient ring of standing stones left by the previous inhabitants of the Northlands long ago. The stones are little more than a ring of seven half-buried, rounded boulders incised with a few crude petroglyphs of hunters and animals, primarily the great aurochs of the Northlands. They are barely recognizable as having once been standing stones. The ring is about 40ft across, and in its center is a flattened altar stone canted at an odd angle from where it has sunk into the soft ground. The ring is still tended by the godi **Vilska Light-hand** (Lawful female human Clr7 of Frigg, 38hp), who daily lights a small fire upon the altar and burns a loaf of fresh-made bread in honor of her goddess.

6. Hall of the Køenig

Once the pride of the Northlands, this vast structure is the largest in Trotheim. It dominates the center of town, but although grand in scale, has fallen into disrepair over the decades. Every year, the Thing of Trotheim brings forth a motion to have it refurbished, but each time the vote either fails to pass or no one acts on the decision, the funds needed to complete the work either unavailable or deemed better used elsewhere. Especially large gatherings of the Althing occasionally meet here, though more frequently they do so in the more comfortable and congenial confines of Jarl Gyrthyr's hall (**Area 4**). Death sentences handed down by the Althing or the Thing of Trotheim are generally executed on the lawn before the doors of this hall, and it is here that the heads of the guilty are displayed on pikes as a warning to all against sinning against the laws of the gods and men.

7. The Hanged Godshouse

The Hanged God, Wotan All-Father, enjoys a place of supremacy over the pantheon of the Æsir, if not over the popularity of worship among mortals. It is his son Donar who holds that position of esteem in the Northlands. But though almost all Northlanders cry an oath to Donar before battle or wear the iconic hammer amulet around their necks, it is Wotan who boasts the largest and most elaborate godshouse in Trotheim. This large hall bears the Eye of Wotan carved into its massive wooden lintel, overseeing all that transacts beneath it, but in reality all of the Æsir and Vanir are allowed to be venerated within by its head godi, **Erik the Wotanson** (Lawful male human Clr 10 of Wotan, 49hp), self-proclaimed offspring of the All-Father himself. Erik is one of the few Northlanders in Troheim whose sole occupation is as a godi, but he is assisted by two dozen other godi of the various gods who serve part-time at the godshouse while spending the balance of their time in other areas of employment. Of these lesser godi, only **5 clerics** (Lawful male or female human Clr1–3) are actually capable of casting divine spells. Unfortunately, none of them are capable of casting *cure disease* in these troubled times.

The godshouse does not keep a supply of holy water or other religious items on hand, but Erik Wotanson is literate and is capable of scribing scrolls. Secured in a leather chest in his personal quarters at the back of the godshouse is a supply of divine scrolls that might be found by the characters at the end of the adventure if they search his belongings. No one will object to them claiming these in service to the city, especially since virtually no one else can even use them. This cache includes the following scrolls: (*protection from evil 10ft radius*, *silence 15ft radius*, *bless*), (*find traps*, *hold person*, *speak with animals*), (*commune*), (*quest*, *raise dead*), and (*cure serious wounds* [x2])

8. Commons Square

This is little more than an open area amid a large cluster of cottages and a few larger homes. Myriad shops are mixed in with these residences, but the main trade takes place in the square where hundreds of booths are set up on weekly market days, called "moots." The main goods sold here are fresh produce and bulk goods, usually referred to as "commons," as most specialized crafts are made and sold out of the local cottage-shops. However, foreign traders or those who arrive by ship and prefer to not confine their trade to the wharves can also be found here regularly. Foreign goods sold here are known colloquially as "trifles."

On the day after the weekly moot closest to the equinoxes and solstices, the Thing of Trotheim meets on the hard-packed earth of the square, while the many hay bales, crates, and conveyances are still available to be used as seats by the assembly. A small platform is set up in the center of the gathering for the speakers on these occasions. The Thing of Trotheim is one of the most active and powerful in the Northlands, its tradition of rule stretching far back into the days of the Vale's køenigs. The decisions of the Thing are taken very seriously in Trotheim, and often heavily influence the judgments and rulings of various other jarls and things within the Vale. Even the Althing frequently takes heed of the prudence and wisdom of the decisions set forth by the Thing of Trotheim over the years. As a result, the words of the Thing of Trotheim are the closest thing that the Northlands has to a true codified law and the most famous (or infamous) of the historic rulings out of this assembly have become collectively known as the Law of the Commons.

9. Jurda's Roof

This brothel has faithfully served Trotheim for decades and has received very few complaints. Lately, however, it has been overtaken by a pack of ill-intentioned devils. See **Encounter 6** for details.

10. Unnr Longhouse

This is the ancestral home of the humble Unnr clan, a poor but feisty Nûklander clan. The clan patriarch has been stricken with Straw Death, and they are desperate for a cure. See **Encounter 5** for details.

11. Freyr's Well

Local lore says that this well was the first dug in the Vale by the newly arrived Northlanders and dedicated to the god Freyr in honor of the new land of wilderness they had discovered. This seems unlikely considering that their earliest settlements were established far up the Storm River in the area of the Hearth Stone, but Trotheim Island was certainly among the first settlements on the Storstrøm coast, and the age of the stonework that forms the lip of the well looks like it could date from that time. The wooden bivalve cover with its great iron hinges and pull ropes for opening is certainly of newer construction and is tended to by the well's self-appointed attendant, the godi **Biornólfr of the Well** (Lawful male human Clr10 [oracle], 45hp), a blind old man who claims to have lost his sight from staring too long at the brilliance of his deity's daytime face. Each day at sunrise Biornólfr pours a libation of well water on the turf in honor of the god.

During this time of plague, the well is closed under orders of Jarl Gyrthyr for fear that the water supply will become tainted. This is enforced by Blind Biornólfr and a detail of **4 of the Guard** as well. Those wishing to draw water from the well must form a line 20 paces from its lip. The Guard ensures that this is rigorously enforced. Each claimant must then come forth with his bucket in hand and be inspected by the blind godi, who feels the water-drawer for a fever or emaciation, palpates the neck and armpits for swollen glands, and listens to the chest for the rasps of blood-filled lungs. Only after passing his inspection will the godi signal one of the Guard to draw a bucket from the well and pour that bucket into the claimant's without the two ever coming into contact. In this way, the water source is protected, and a huge line forms daily of those wishing to receive a bucket of the well water. The result is that most simply draw their water from private wells or from the less-certain cleanliness of the river water at the edge of the city. Some merchants in the Commons have taken to bringing barrels of spring water into town and sell them at high prices to those who can afford them and don't wish to risk the possible taint of the other water sources.

So far, Biornólfr and the Guard detail at the well have yet to contract the Straw Death. The old godi claims this is a sign of favor from Freyr. The fact that he is able to cast *cure disease* is likely to be a factor in this as well.

12. Trollhammer's Forge

Perhaps Trotheim's most famous resident, the Dvergar smith **Thongrak Trollhammer** (Lawful male dwarf smith, 29hp) arrived in the city 133 years ago. The quiet dwarf did not say where he had come from — most assumed the Waldron Mountains, though he has neither confirmed nor denied this — and set up a smithy at the edge of town. He proved to be friendly enough, and he began a small trade in humble iron and steel tools and farm implements that were reasonably priced. It was not until several years later that Thongrak's true reputation began when Jarl Hróaldr's sword blade broke upon the shield boss of the infamous outlaw Torrath in the holmgang. Needing a means to continue the fight and avenge the murder of his oldest son, Jarl Hróaldr saw the dwarf standing nearby watching the fight, his hands resting on the quillons of a humble-looking sword resting point-first in the turf before him. Hróaldr grabbed for the sword in desperation and found that the dwarf did not resist his efforts. The aggrieved jarl turned as Torrath charged and brought the sword down hard upon the outlaw's upraised shield, splitting the shield boss, the linden wood of the shield, and the breastbone of the outlaw in one mighty cleave. The humbly fashioned sword itself was unmarked by the blow, its only adornment the runes spelling "Thongrak" engraved in its blade. Jarl Hróaldr paid the dwarf ten times the sword's price and carried it until his dying day when it was laid upon his breast in his barrow.

Since that time, warriors seeking reputation or success in battle have come to Trotheim for one of the Thongrak-inscribed blades. The blades themselves are fairly plain in appearance but are always of excellent quality (+1 to attacks and damage, but non-magical). Thongrak can make any type of sword or dagger, though the price is 600hs plus double the base weapon price. Thongrak's work on these weapons is extremely slow, and he makes only one or two a year, so the waiting list for one is several years long. Jarls often place an order for a sword for their child at birth in order to gift it to him before his first battle. At any given time, there is a 10% chance that he has a weapon of one of the particular types he makes available for sale that he did not make as a special order and had forgotten to put out on display.

13. Trotheim Staiths

Early in Trotheim's history, the Althing of Storstrøm Vale astutely set aside the funds to build wharves of stone to outlast any wooden docks that could be constructed much more cheaply. Their decision proved to be farsighted and wise, as those staiths (a Nørsk term for staging areas) have stood strong for all the many years since with only minimal upkeep and have never been washed away by the storm surges that sometimes accompany particularly fierce gales that blow in off Kulding Bay. On a few occasions, the warehouses and streets beyond the staiths have been swept away by such storms while the staiths themselves have remained intact to be quickly reopened for the busy trade season. As a result, Trotheim is the second busiest port in all of the Northlands next only to Halfstead, which enjoys a much more central location to augment its hold on that title.

Members of the Guard meet foreign ships bearing cargoes for trade at the docks, and an administrator called a goðorð collects the "Tooth" based on the vessel's tonnage, which is calculated from its keel length, beam, and number of decks. Foreign merchants quickly learn to cram as much cargo on their ship before docking in Trotheim to maximize their profit, because a full ship bears the same Tooth as one that is half empty. This custom among traders is known as the Tooth "taking a smaller bite."

14. The Burning Grounds

There are too many Trotheim dead to give them a proper burial in a cairn or place them upon a funeral pyre, so an enormous bonfire has been built on the shore of the river northwest of the city, not far from Northbridge (area **3**). It serves as a mass pyre for those whose lives have been claimed by the Straw Death. See **Encounter 7** for details.

Trotheim Encounters

These encounters occur as the characters travel through the streets of Trotheim. Some are keyed to specific locations, and others can occur anywhere you see fit. The characters should experience 1d3 of these encounters per day spent in the city. You can determine this number randomly or decide on the number of encounters to use based on the other actions the characters are taking. Likewise, you can roll 1d8 to determine which encounter occurs or just choose whichever seems most appropriate at the moment. Unless otherwise specified, each encounter should only occur once.

1d8	Encounter	CR
1	1. Bring Out Your Dead!	6
2	2. Mercykillers	varies
3	3. It's a Riot	14
4	4. Public Sacrifice 11	
5	5. The Godi Taken	12
6	6. The Brothel	11
7	7. The Pyre 13	
8	8. The Revelation	—

Encounter 1. Bring out Your Dead!

This encounter can occur anywhere within the city. It can be used more than once, though without the incident involving Hethra. If the characters deal with this encounter in a violent fashion, any future encounters with a death-cart has a 35% chance to involve the guards attacking the characters in vengeance for their previous deeds. Once two such groups have been defeated (with the attendant penalties accumulating as described under "Development" below), future death-carts avoid the characters entirely.

A cart rolls down the street, pulled by two oxen blindfolded and splashed with yellow paint. The half-dozen or so yellow-robed men who guide the oxen and load the cart wear heavy shawls that nearly cover their entire faces. They cry out almost mechanically, "Woe to those of Trotheim! Make way for the unclean dead." A dozen yellowed, withered, and stinking bodies fill the cart. A woman runs down the street sobbing and stumbling. When she reaches the cart she cries out, "My son, he yet lives! Get him out of there. Get him out!" She reaches between the cart's slats and starts trying with all her might to pull a body from the bottom of the pile.

The woman is a barmaid named **Hethra**. Unless the characters intervene, this drama continues for 1d4 rounds before the **7 death-cart guards** finally pull her away from the cart, bludgeoning her relentlessly. Her son is, of course, very dead, and if no one saves her, she may well end up dead herself. The characters can undoubtedly easily handle these ruffians; however, they are actually working for the city and are merely doing their jobs (if somewhat overzealously). These men are under orders not to allow anyone near the death-cart, and the fatalism that has struck them from their grim duty has undoubtedly increased their unintentional brutality in carrying out their orders.

As representatives of the jarl, the characters would be best served by handling this matter with a minimum of violence. Simply presenting the jarl's brooch will not suffice. The situation can be de-escalated if the characters approach the guard diplomatically (or if they instead act aggressively and intimidate them). Presenting the jarl's brooch while speaking calmly to the guards goes a long way toward defusing the situation. However, the characters must then deal with Hethra. She is mad with grief and cannot be reasoned with. Magic used to temporarily subdue or restrain her would allow the cart to continue on its rounds unmolested. Likewise, physically restraining her works, though she fights and screams like a banshee until the cart is out of sight, at which point she collapses into sobs for 1d10 minutes.

If the characters fight the guards, they flee if four of their number are killed or rendered unconscious. The characters would be better off to deal nonlethal damage in any fight, but the immediate outcome is the same: Once the guards flee, the characters have to find some way to deal with the loaded death-cart or just abandon it themselves in the street. If the cart is abandoned, Hethra climbs into it to try to revive her son, resulting in her contracting the Straw Death herself within a matter of hours — a poor end to a sorry encounter.

Death-Cart Guards (7): **HD** 1; **HP** 7x2, 6x3, 5, 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: none.

Equipment: leather armor, club, 1d6sp, 3d6cp.

Distraught Woman: **HP** 2; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special**: none.

Development: If the characters deal violently with the death-cart guards or Hethra, they have a 20% chance of being treated with open hostility and disgust in the city for the next 1d4 days. If any guards are killed, this raises to 40% chance and extends for 2d4 days. If Hethra is left with the abandoned cart and allowed to contract the contagion, add 10% to the checks.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters handle this situation nonviolently, award XP as if they had defeated Hethra and all of the guards.

Encounter 2. Mercykillers

This encounter can occur anywhere in the city.

A gray, old huscarl stands in the doorway of his house blocking it, shouting at two masked and armed warriors in the street and threatening them with his spear.

The masked men are **2 professional mercykillers** paid by family members of close friends to put those afflicted by the Straw Death out of their misery. The work of these men is considered honorable, and they are held in high esteem by the folk of the city, but bereaved relatives sometimes can be overcome by their grief and try to resist the commission. The characters are aware of the type of work done by these anonymous mercykillers. These particular mercykillers have been paid by a merchant named Algrif to euthanize two women (his cousins Eydís and Jorá) and have come to this house to fulfill their contract. The huscarl, a man named **Olaf** tasked with guarding his absent jarl's wife and oldest daughter, claims that they are at the wrong house and runs them through if they try to enter. A very one-sided fight breaks out if the characters do not intervene within 2 rounds.

If the characters choose to intervene, they find themselves on either side of the altercation depending on how they view the situation. If the characters can reason with the hostile parties (neither side cares one whit for a display of the jarl's brooch), they can calm the situation enough to prevent immediate bloodshed. If characters attempt to intimidate either group, however, the situation explodes and that party attacks the party.

If the situation can be calmed enough to allow investigation, the characters can look into the matter. Olaf allows no more than one unarmed character to enter the house (the rest must wait in the street) and will not allow the mercykillers to enter under any circumstance. Inside, the huscarl's charges are huddled fearfully and do not appear to show signs of the disease (though the mercykillers will not accept this as proof that



they are wrong since not all of the diseased show the symptoms early on). If the characters can think of some means to try to prove which side is right (such as having one character privately ask the names of the women the mercykillers were hired to dispatch, while another privately asks the names of the women inside the house), they can discover that the mercykillers are indeed at the wrong address. They are meant to go two doors down. If no proof can be discovered, a fight inevitably breaks out, and the characters must either choose a side or step out of the way. Both Olaf and the mercykillers are deadly serious in their tasks, and unless assisted by the characters, Olaf and the women die while one of the mercykillers is injured before all is said and done. They otherwise ignore the characters unless attacked.

Olaf: **HP** 42; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: none.
Equipment: chainmail, spear.

Mercykillers (2): **HP** 35, 32; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 daggers (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: none.
Equipment: leather armor, 2 daggers.

Development: If the characters show the mercykillers their error, they are genuinely thankful to the characters and give them a pair of silver arm-rings (180hs each). Olaf will be extremely grateful as well, and gifts them his old battered hunting horn with silver-chased lip, given to him in his youth by his jarl's father. The horn is actually a *horn of blasting* that can be blown once more before it cracks. However, when it does break, it simply cracks and becomes useless after its final sounding rather than exploding as they normally do.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters manage to resolve the situation nonviolently, award XP for defeating the mercykillers and Olaf.

Encounter 3. It's a Riot

This encounter can occur anywhere in the city and can occur more than once, though no more than once per day.

A mob of townsfolk surge down the street shouting in anger at the plague, at the Jarl, and at the gods themselves. Torches carried among the mob are hurled onto the roofs of nearby houses and halls, catching some of them alight. People that fall into their clutches, the sick and healthy alike, are beaten senseless and left bleeding in the gutter. Their voices swell as they head in your direction.

A riot has broken out as desperate, scared people give in to their fear and vent it through destruction. Sixty people are going house to house torching buildings of every kind and dragging people both sick and well into the streets and senselessly beating them. If the characters do not intervene, all of Trotheim could be set ablaze.

Rioters Horde: **HD** 11; **HP** 76; AC 7[12]; **Atk** horde attack (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: arson (each round, torches and oil are thrown, setting surrounding building on fire; flame spreads if not immediately extinguished), severe beating (if horde attack does more than 15 damage, add +2d6 damage to total because of extreme violence).

Development: If the horde is broken up (reduced to 0hp), the 2d6 survivors are regular farmers armed with clubs and sickles. One in three of them has a torch. If they still outnumber the characters, they continue to fight. Once they are outnumbered, they drop their torches and weapons, and flee in all directions.

Human Rioters (2d6): **HD** 1; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** club (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: none.
Equipment: club.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters manage to disperse the mob without killing any of them, award double XP for its defeat.

Encounter 4. Public Sacrifice

This encounter occurs near **Area 5**. You can run it when the characters are in that vicinity or have a tearful young boy who has recognized them as heroes come running to find them and bring them there to save his playmates.

A group of grim, bearded Northlanders, armed, armored, and bearing a strong family resemblance, have blocked off the ancient ring with hay wains, barrels, and upended tables taken from a nearby mead hall and set between the stones. Within the center of this arena, they have erected four additional altars from smaller stones taken from the ring and set them alongside the great altar stone in the ring's center. Upon each of these altars has been stacked a bundle of wood upon which a young boy, bound in strong cord, has been laid. The three oldest men abase themselves on hands and knees before the altars, crying out for mercy from Wotan, the oldest of them with a gray-steaked, braided beard that extends down to his knees and a helm upon his head that bears great curved tusks extending from either side. Six more men stalk the boundaries of the barricade they have erected, thumbing the blades of their axes and eyeing the gathering crowd with menace. A middle-aged woman is slumped at the edge of the barricade, weeping loudly while two young girls cling to her skirts.

The Scarnr clan, a family with a small but prosperous hold on the Storm River and several properties in Trotheim itself, has turned the square into an impromptu godshouse. The head of the clan, **Jargist Scarnr**, a godi of Wotan, is known for his extreme piousness as well as his belligerent and violent **8 oldest sons** by his now-deceased first wife. Jargist has come to the conclusion that the only way to appease the gods to end the plague and save not only the city but all of the Northlands is to offer his **5 youngest sons** by his second wife to Wotan on sacrificial pyres. Jargist's wife, Bryndís, and her two daughters huddle in misery, unable to stop the sacrifice, and plead for mercy. No mercy is coming this day unless the characters intervene.

Jargist Scarnr (Ftr11): HP 64; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 longspear* (1d6+8) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** multiple attacks (11) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.
Equipment: *+2 chainmail*, *+1 longspear*, shortbow with 36 arrows, *girdle of giant strength*, *ring of protection +1*, *potion of giant strength*, *potion of invulnerability*, 3 silver arm-rings (180hs each), pouch with 57hs and a large green malachite engraved with an eye (holy symbol of Wotan) worth 120hs.

Sons of Jargist (Ftr4) (8): HP 30, 28x2, 26, 25, 22, 20, 19; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d6+1) or javelin (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chainmail, battleaxe, 3 javellins, *potion of healing*, 1d4 copper arm-rings (35hs each), pouch with 2d6hs.

Tactics: Scarnr and his two oldest sons, whom he is training to become godi as well, are offering up their prayers while the other six sons prevent anyone from entering the barricaded square and interrupting. As evidenced by the two men and a woman lying on the ground bleeding near the barricade, these sons are prepared to go to any lengths to prevent such an interruption. If the characters attempt to enter the square, the six sons converge on them and give a single warning. If it is unheeded, they

attack with the intent to kill. The barricade provides cover to the brothers (AC –1[+1]). Scarnr's chanted pæon acts as a *bless* spell, granting a +1 bonus to attacks to himself and his sons' attacks. If his chant is silenced, these bonuses cease. If the first six brothers are unable to defeat or drive away the characters within 2 rounds, Scarnr sends his other two sons to help. If they are likewise unsuccessful, Scarnr rises to join them, chanting his pæon to Wotan all the while. Once he is drawn away, Bryndís sees an opportunity and springs into action. She rushes over to the pyres and attempts to free her boys. Scarnr sees this and immediately heads back to stop her, spear in hand. If not stopped, he kills her in 2 rounds. These men are all religious fanatics lost in their zealotry and fight to the death.

Development: Of the three folk lying on the ground, one of the men is dead and the other man and the woman are both dying (1hp each). The woman is the godi Vilska Light-hand who tried to prevent Scarnr's desecration of the square with his vile sacrifice. If she is saved and the characters prevent the sacrifice, she is extremely grateful and offers the characters all of the healing magic at her disposal free of charge for as long as they remain in the city.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters take the time to heal the injured, award 200 XP for each. If these two die, no additional XP are awarded. In addition to any of the Scarnr clan the characters slay, they receive 500 XP per boy that is saved and 1000 XP if Bryndis is saved. They also are regarded favorably in Trotheim for the next month as word of their selfless heroics spreads among the populace.

Encounter 5. The Godi Taken

This encounter is triggered one day when the characters have come to the Hall of the Køenig for their daily briefing. It can occur on whichever day you choose. As they give their report to Jarl Gyrthyr and the assembled town leaders, a breathless messenger enters and immediately approaches the jarl, whispering something in his ear. The jarl turns from the messenger and addresses the characters.

Jarl Gyrthyr looks scandalized as he looks to your group. "Someone has kidnapped a godi!"

He relates to you how the godi of Freyr known as Biornólfr of the Well was captured by parties unknown today while the Guard members assigned to assist him were distracted by a scuffle in the line of those waiting for their water allotment. The Guard did not see who took Biornólfr, and only realized he was gone after breaking up the brawl. The well is now closed and under heavy guard in case this was a plot by parties unknown to poison the well in the godi's absence, but that is simply not doing enough in the face of this new crisis.

Here he looks at you, "This will never do. Kidnapping godis! Who could have imagined manhandling a mouthpiece of the gods? It's just not done. What's more, if word spreads, godi will be disappearing off the streets all over the city. They are some of the few folk who are willing to work with those who are ill and bring them what comfort they can. And though only a handful of these holy men are able to use the divine gifts of the gods to heal the sick, Biornólfr was one of the few that could! Every morning he comes here and provides healing to as many citizens as he can, few though it may be. But now every godi will be in danger of being grabbed and forced to perform miracles at spear point. And if they can't, what then? Will the blood of the holy ones be spilt in the streets of Trotheim? Then we will surely be cursed by the gods as well as this plague."

"You folk," he says, "You are heroes are you not? We have need of you for this. Drop whatever you are currently doing and head to the Freyr's Well. Find out who has done this abominable thing and find the good godi. Retrieve him at all costs, though try to give as few to the raven feast as possible. They are probably just Valers desperate to save their loved ones. Stay you blood-worms if you can, but retrieving Biornólfr must be your first priority. Rolf here will guide you there."

Rolf (the messenger who brought the dire news to Jarl Gyrthyr) is one of the Guard assigned to the well. He guides the characters without delay to **Area 11**. There the party finds the other **4 Guard** standing ready around the sealed well and eyeing the crowd suspiciously. No one there witnessed the blind godi's capture, but they readily tell all they know of the incident (which is little more than what has already been related to the characters). If asked about the scuffle that broke out and distracted them, though, one remembers that it seems that a Nûklander started it. This is significant because only a few handfuls of Nûklanders even reside in Trotheim, and none of them has been seen at the well during the plague before now. If the characters ask more about this, the Guard can readily identify the location of a longhouse nearby that serves as the home of the one of the city's few Nûklander clans called the Unnr, which also happens to be fairly close by (**Area 10**). With no other leads, the characters' best bet is to head that way and see what they can find out. The members of the Guard stay at their post by the well.

Þórbrandr Skallagrimson, patriarch of the Unnr clan, has contracted Straw Death, but his family doesn't mean for him to go peacefully into Hel's embrace. They have kidnapped the godi of Freyr and commanded that he heal not only Þórbrandr, but also all of their family who may fall sick in the future. To this end, they have brought the blind godi back to their longhouse and sequestered him with the ailing Þórbrandr until he regains his *cure disease* spell on the morrow (since he has already cast his allotment of the day).

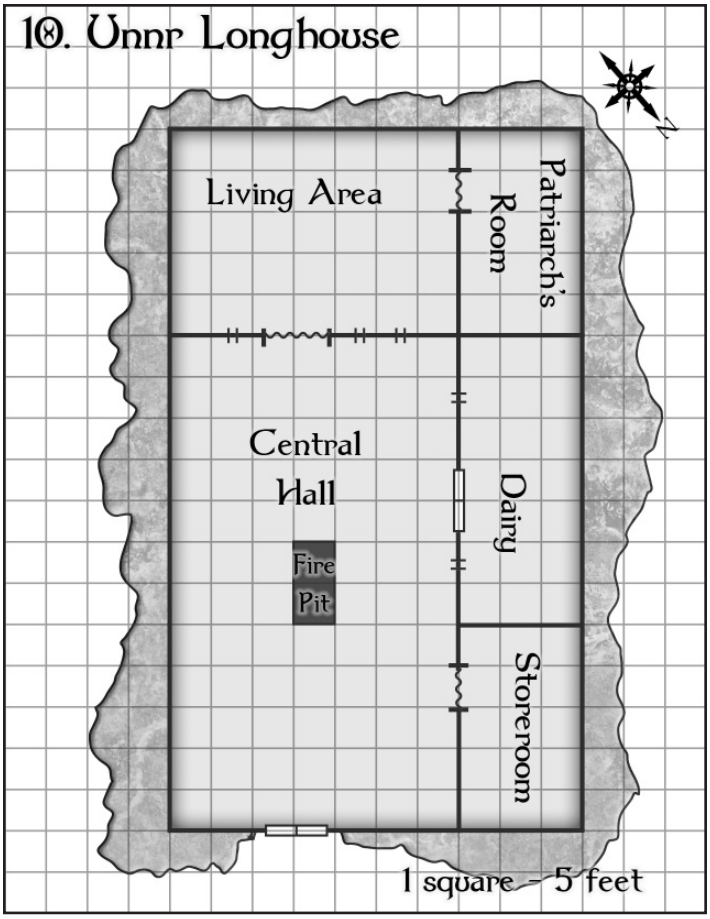
The house is built in a hybrid fashion between the halls of the Northlanders and the longhouses of the Nûk, with walls of stacked logs and a steeply curving roof composed of arched poles supporting thick planks. The Unnr clan expects trouble and are prepared for it. They have built up bulwarks outside of the house out of mounds of dirt and debris to prevent anyone from chopping through the wooden walls with axes, and the steep slope of the roof prevents anyone from easily climbing on it. There is but one entrance to the house, which they watch closely. Its central hall is empty of occupants and is dark and smoky, the central fire pit recently quenched and the smoke-hole above covered by a thick blanket to prevent daylight from shining through. The illumination is dim light within 20ft of the door and darkness throughout the rest of the chamber. Of course, the Nûk with their low-light vision can see clearly within 20ft of the main door and as in dim light throughout the rest of the chamber. The tables and benches of the hall have been scooted back against the walls, leaving the central portion of the chamber open and exposed.

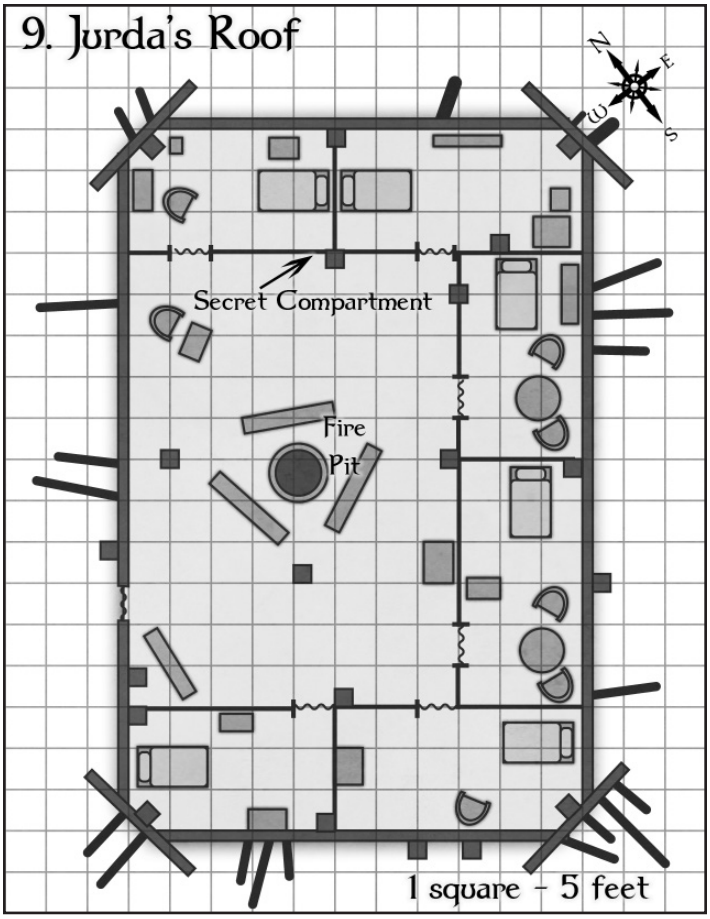
Tactics: The Unnr have hacked loopholes through the walls of the adjoining rooms that look into the main hall, and **5 Nûk archers** stand ready behind these loopholes. They wait until all the characters enter the main hall before opening fire with surprise. These loopholes in the dark conceal the archers behind them, granting the men a –2[+2] AC bonus. In the next round, as the archers fire again, **6 Nûk barbarians** charge forth from the living area. After these raging warriors engage the characters in combat, the **3 daughters of** Þórbrandr, all galdricge witch-women who have been hiding in the storeroom off to the side, emerge in the following round and unleash the full force of their magical might.

Nûk Archers (5): **HP** 46, 43x2, 40, 39; **AC** 7[12] (5[14] while behind wall); **Atk** shortspear (1d6) or +2 *shortbow* x2 (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: none.
Equipment: leather armor, shortspear, +2 *shortbow* with 12 arrows.

Nûk Barbarians (6): **HP** 47, 44, 41x2, 40, 38; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** +1 *spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chainmail, +1 *spear*.

Daughters Of Þórbrandr **(3)**: **HP** 18, 16, 15; **AC** 8[11] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: spells (4/2/1).
Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*darkness 15ft radius*, *invisibility*; 3rd—*hold person*.
Equipment: robes, dagger.





Development: The trapdoor to the basement is plain to see if a light is brought into the hall. Beneath it, a wooden ladder leads down 10ft to a 20ft-by-30ft cellar stacked with enough food and supplies to feed a small army. On an ornate wooden chair carved with Nûk totem animals in the middle of this mess sits Þórbrandr **Skallagrimson** (Neutral male Nûk aristocrat, 41hp [currently 11hp], diseased [the Straw Death]), patriarch of the Unnr clan. His head is bowed in desperate prayer for his family, and he is too feeble from the plague to rise from the chair. Thirty noncombatant Nûk women and children sit or lie around him, obviously mourning and fearful. These are the wives and children of those who fought in the longhouse above. Biornólfr lies trussed up next to Þórbrandr. The blind godi looks miserable himself, his arms and legs bound with ropes and a gag stuffed in his mouth. None here contests the characters if they free Biornólfr, though all wail at his removal.

Encounter 6. The Brothel

This encounter occurs on the second-to-last day of the characters' efforts in Trotheim. Like **Encounter 5**, this one triggers as the characters are in their daily meeting in Jarl Gyrthyr's hall. On this occasion, they arrive to find a Southlander standing in council with the Jarl and the others. He wears thick blue robes embroidered with all manner of stars, planets, and other arcane symbols. He is a wizard from the Duchy of Monrovia to the south of Hrolfland who specializes in the magic of divination. He is introduced as **Balin Tresteill** (Neutral male human MU8, 27hp) and was summoned by Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood to come to the aid of the many folk loyal to the Hrolf Clan that reside in Trotheim.

Balin explains that through judicious use of his mystical arts he has been unable to determine the cause of the plague but was able to pinpoint the source of the initial outbreak. He has triangulated this location to be a brothel known as Jurda's Roof that lies near the southern edge of the city. He has not entered the brothel for fear of becoming contaminated by the plague but feels strongly that some clue to the disease's source and possibly the means to stop its ravages may be found there. Once again, the Jarl and Thing prevail upon the characters to look into it.

Jurda's Roof (**Area 9**) is well known in Trotheim as a brothel that has existed for many years. Some of the characters may have even visited it in the past, though if so, they have fortunately not done so since the plague first appeared. It is easily located in one of the poorer sections of town near the southern end of Trotheim Island.

> The house of ill repute stands where it always has, midway down a muddy street along the southern edge of the city. Not far beyond it, the brown waters of the river roll past with their odors of mud and decaying fish. Once the hall of some minor jarl, it was long ago bought by the flesh merchant Jurda, who peddled thralls out of it for years before eventually taking on its current business and has been known as Jurda's Roof for the wares that have been sold here in various forms for decades.
>
> Most Northlander halls are built of cut timbers and roofed in thatch, and are designed to last three to four decades before decay takes over the structure and undermines its stability. Northlanders just know that without constant repair and replacement of the materials, a hall must be torn down and rebuilt at least every other generation. Jurda's Roof, however, is long past that lifecycle. The timber walls of the building bow and sag, giving the structure an uneven, drunken look, and are stained a greenish-gray from the long years that mold that has grown upon them. The thatch of the roof sags alarmingly and, other than a few places where haphazard repairs have been made, is black with decades of mildew and rot. The whole exudes a stench, not unlike the river, that is little alleviated by the pungent smoke of the fire that burns in the hearth within. The shrieking clamor of seagulls that circle overhead, diving for the vermin that infest the thatch and leaving their own malodorous stains upon it, nearly drown out the sounds of the nearby river and toneless notes being played upon a harp within the building.

The brothel is a converted mead hall with one main chamber and several rooms to the sides which were partitioned off later. The six women

who work within have taken over ownership of the place from its former landlord, a pudgy former trader named **Wyrt** (Chaotic human male ex-trader, 31hp). These prostitutes caused the initial spread of the plague among their clients. Unfortunately for the characters, these are no common slatterns that have spread the pestilence. Rather, they are fiendish outsiders sent by Loptr himself to bring misery upon Trotheim: **6 lilin** from Hel itself. When the characters enter, each of the lilins (disguised as a human) is busy infecting a new client in her respective room. Four men sitting around the central fire in the center of the main room wait their turn, while Wyrt sits in the corner of the room and mindlessly separates hacksilver into piles on a small table before mixing them together and counting them again. If they sense aught is amiss, the waiting customers head for the door immediately. The harpist is the bouncer **Fyodr** (Chaotic male human Ftr9, 65hp), who was once an imposing warrior and accomplished harpist but is now gone to pot, his muscles wasted and his skin sagging as if from a long illness. He plays his tone-dead harp endlessly, ignoring all others in the room since becoming thoroughly dominated by the foul influence of the devils.

Alna, Ceris, Tyf, Gyrja, Bel, Syf (Devil, Lilin) (6): **HD** 7; **HP** 54, 50, 47x2, 46, 41; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), *+1 longsword* (1d8+1); **Move** 12 (flying 18); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** immune to fire, magic resistance (15%), +1 or better magic weapons to hit, spell-like abilities, straw death (spread through intimate contact). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 174)

Spell-like Abilities: at will—*charm monster*, *charm person*, *ESP*, *teleport*; 3/day—*animate dead*.
Equipment: *+1 longsword*

Tactics: If attacked, the lilins fight like the infernal beasts they are, summoning as much help as possible with their spell-like abilities. They also do not always carry their magical longswords with them, as this would appear suspicious in their current role. They instead hide them beneath the straw mattresses of their beds. If combat occurs, they retrieve these before entering melee. The lilin initially try to stay in human form during combat (they won't fly, for instance), but they resume their true forms if facing a strong party of characters. Once a lilin resumes her natural form, she loses the charm of Loptr and cannot take on the likeness of her human persona again.

Development: Their mistress, Hel, has given them strict orders to remain in Trotheim as long as possible to spread their dark gift, and they have come to underestimate the soft-minded mortals they have encountered so far. So they fight to the death against the characters, believing to the end that there is no way the mortals can truly defeat them. Wyrt and Fyodr stay out of the fight and collapse to the floor dead, but finally at peace if the lilins are all slain. Even if the lilins are killed, the damage is already done to Trotheim. The pestilence they released will not so easily be put back in the bottle.

Treasure: The leather satchel that Wyrt was counting money from holds a total of 337hs. In addition, one of the wall posts is hollow and has a compartment. Hidden within is Wyrt's savings in a small satchel consisting of 865hs, 16 opals (100hs each), a *potion of gaseous form*, a scroll (*dimension door*), and a *wand of detect invisibility* (4 charges).

Encounter 7. The Pyre

This encounter occurs at **Area 14** and can occur any time the characters are in the city. If they go to visit the burning grounds, run the encounter then. If they do not go out there, the encounter can still begin, they will simply see it from afar and have to react accordingly.

This dismal charnel ground stinks of death and burning flesh as wagons loaded with corpses are hauled out to it day and night to add to its fuel. Unfortunately, the massive number of burning corpses and the supernatural nature of the disease (with a little help from Loptr) have combined to create a horrific creature among this conflagration: a **fire elemental construct**. Before it appears, the flame from the pyre suddenly and without warning shoots skyward 100ft in the air in a burst of flame dealing 3d6 points of fire damage to anyone within 50ft of the bonfire. The elemental construct steps from the flame and immediately begins to lay waste to all people and objects around it, starting with the death-carts and their handlers. It heads toward Northbridge and Trotheim beyond, hungry to turn the town into so much char and ash. If the characters aren't near the burning ground when the construct appears, they see the fiery beacon like everyone else and soon hear the screams of those fleeing for their lives as its destruction draws nearer to the city. If the characters react quickly, they may be able to confront the elemental construct as it attempts to cross Northbridge and enter the city. If so, clever characters may come up with some way to topple it into the river. If this occurs, the elemental construct take 5d10 points of damage each round it remains in the river, though it attempts to clamber back up onto the bridge and continue on its way to the city.

Elemental Construct, Fire: **HD** 90hp; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** strike (3d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** ignite materials, immune to fire, immune to magic, +2 or better magic weapons to hit. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 228)

Encounter 8. The Revelation

This encounter occurs on the last day of the characters' investigation, and once again occurs at Jarl Gyrhtyr's Hall during the daily briefing.

Naturally, everyone in Trotheim is horrified by all that has transpired since the Straw Death appeared, and many have tried to find a cure for the plague. Doctors, leeches, spellcasters both arcane and divine — all have bent their thought and will in various attempts to save the town. But none were more sincere in their efforts than **Erik the Wotanson** (Lawful male human Clr 10 of Wotan, 49hp), a cleric and actual descendant of the great god Wotan himself. As the plague ravaged Trotheim, he cured as many as he was able and, when he came to the end of his spells each day, turned to deep prayer and communion with Wotan. He made offerings. He sacrificed. Finally, as the death toll mounted, he made the desperate decision to sacrifice his one remaining eye (he'd already sacrificed the other to the One-Eyed God) in honor of Wotan.

Dropping the bloody orb down a well, Erik was immediately struck by a powerful vision from Wotan. The cleric awoke on the ground knowing he had his answer. He then called upon the daily meeting of the Thing to give them their solution.

You stand before the leading folk of Trotheim and give your report, still not truly closer to finding a means of ending the hideous plague that grips the city. There is a scuffle at the entrance to the hall, and a badly injured man stumbles in. You recognize him as the respected godi known as Erik the Wotanson. His left eye is nothing more than a gaping socket filled with scar tissue where he sacrificed it long ago to the One-Eyed God. Now however, his face is covered in blood, and more of it has poured down his beard and chest to stain his shirt and even his boots. Your first thought is that some miscreant has assaulted the godi, and then you realize his right eye is now nothing more than a bloody, gaping ruin. The man has sacrificed his only remaining eye to his god.

Disoriented and obviously still in pain, the godi stumbles toward the assembled city leaders. The warriors of the Trotheim Guard whom he managed to force his way past follow him awkwardly, attempting to restrain him but obviously fearing to touch this man who is clearly touched by the gods themselves.

The wounded godi swings his empty eye sockets across the room until they eerily come to rest on you and Jarl Gyrthyr. "The Ettielweiss," he says. "We need to find the Ettielweiss."

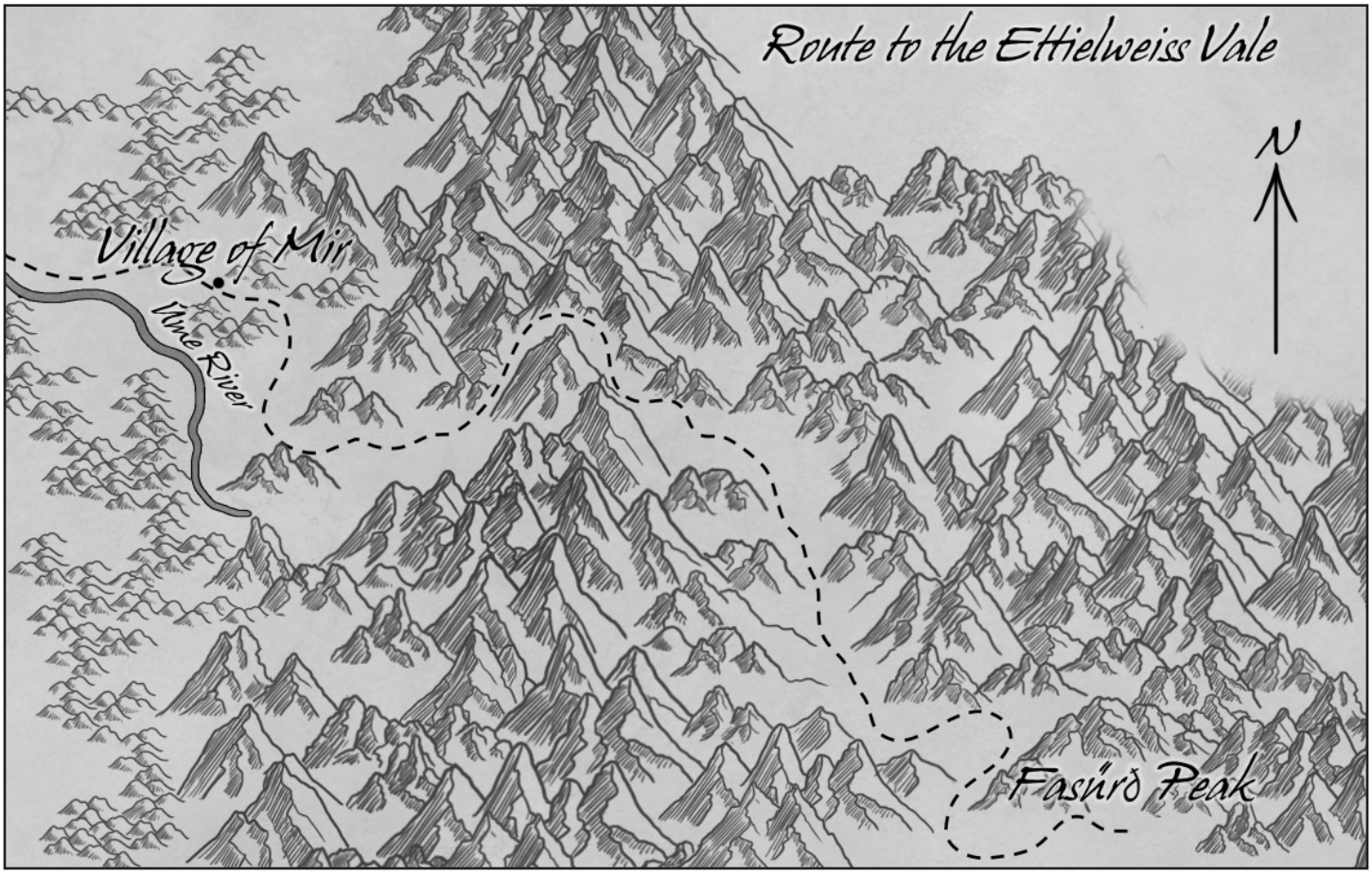
Jarl Gyrthyr and the Thing hear the maimed man out while he explains his dream:

In his mind's eye he saw a fantastically immense tree looming over the Northlands. At the roots of the tree, he saw the familiar walls and buildings of Trotheim. It seemed to his dreaming eye that all of the inhabitants of the town climbed upon their roofs and screamed their anguish and despair into the night sky. Suddenly, the tree bloomed in magnificent white blossoms. A wind of hurricane force sprang up and blew through its branches, ferociously shaking the tree and freeing up a multitude of the flowers. The glorious



storm of blossoms fell onto the town below, covering Trotheim in beauty. When the blossoms blew away, the town seemed normal again, radiating a sense of peace and calm that welled up in the heart of Erik Wotanson.

Erik (and soon Jarl Gyrthyr and the entire council) is convinced that only the blossom of this magical tree can cure the Straw Death. The legends of the Northlands state that the entrance to the entrance to the Ettielweiss Vale is found on the Fasürð Peak in the Andøvan Mountains. An elder among the gathered lords claims to know where this peak lies, but none have climbed it. The characters are naturally asked to find the tree and return with an Ettielweiss Blossom so that the inspired godi can use it to create a remedy for the city. A rough map is drawn and given to the characters with the town's blessing and this admonition: hurry. The plague kills more people every day.



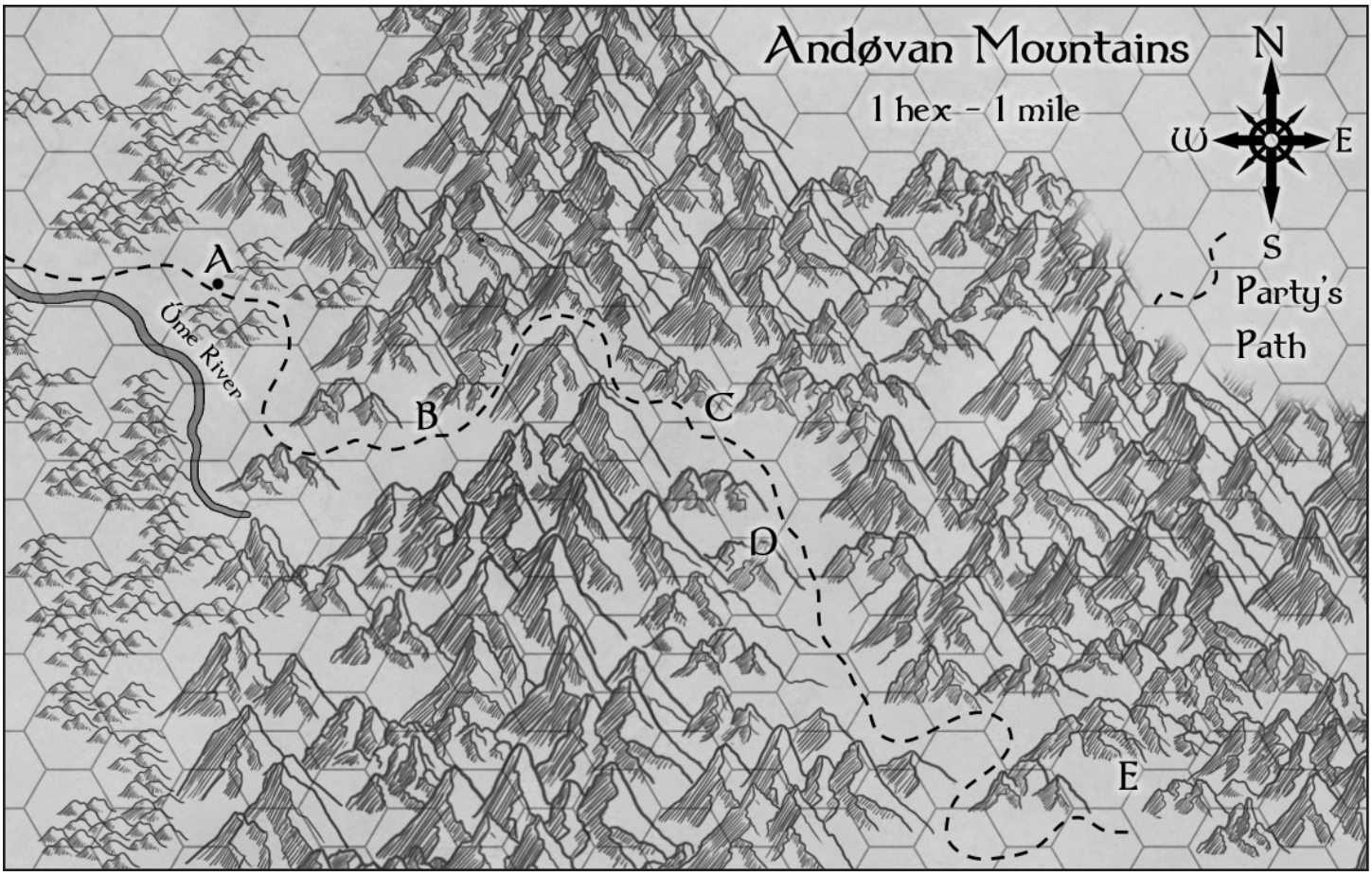
Chapter Two: Among the Andøvans

The journey from Trotheim to the Andøvan Mountains does not take long. It is simply a matter of heading upstream along the Úme River and then following the map provided by the council. If the characters do not already have mounts, the jarl orders that the fastest horses in the city be provided to them. Every day that passes, the plague gets a firmer grip on the city and civil order breaks down. It does no good if the characters return with the Ettielweiss Blossom only to find a city of corpses or a pile of smoldering ash. The journey to the base of the mountains should take no more than 2-1/2 days for the mounted characters. It is the midst of summer, and the weather is fair and warm in the northern reaches of the Vale. Until they reach the mountains, the characters will be passing through civilized lands composed of long-established steadings and halls surrounded by fields dotted by small farms and herds. If you wish to check for random encounters during this leg of the journey, roll 1d8 twice each day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. On a roll of 4–7, the characters encounter peaceful travelers of some sort going about their business. None are headed toward Trotheim, and all are wary of the plague that they have heard is there. When they see the characters, they move off the road and attempt to avoid them for fear of the contagion. A group of hard-riding characters should pay them little heed as they pass by. If addressed, they will be friendly but stern in their warnings that have no wish to be approached by anyone coming from the plague-stricken city and ask the characters to respect their caution. On a roll of 8, you can consult the "Storm River Valley — Summer" encounter table in the **Appendix**. However, any local travelers encountered on that table react in the same way as those described above.

The Andøvan Mountains

The Andøvan Mountains are thickly covered in pine and other coniferous trees, broken up by shady meadows and rocky outcroppings. Autumn approaches and the threat of an early snowstorm now hovers in the clouds. The mountaintops are white with snow already, and the temperature plummets to just below freezing at night. Adventurers unprepared for the adverse weather conditions suffer mightily during their time in the mountains.

When characters start to make their way up among the peaks and mountain vales, they must leave their borrowed mounts behind. They can easily locate a nearby freeholder who puts them up for a few days for no charge. But once in the mountains, the party quickly leaves civilization behind. The journey through the mountains to the Ettielweiss Vale takes 3 days on foot. Roll for encounters three times per day (morning, afternoon, and night). There is a



1-in-4 chance that an encounter occurs. If an encounter is rolled, consult the "Western Andøvan Mountains" table in the **Appendix**.

In addition, if the characters attempt to use flight to traverse the mountains faster, each day they automatically attract the attention of **1d3 perytons**. The creatures immediately attack while one flies off to gather the rest of the flock. Within 1d4 x 10 minutes, 2d4+2 perytons return. These creatures are highly territorial and voracious. They attack and continue to hunt characters who retreat. It should soon become apparent that flying in the mountains is not going to help the characters reach their goal any sooner or more safely.

Perytons (1d3): **HD** 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** antler gore (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 372)

Andøvan Mountain Encounters

In addition to the random encounters, some encounter areas lie on the route that the characters must take as they follow their map. These are detailed below.

A. The Village of Mir

Beyond the edge of civilization, the village of Mir lies in the foothills of the Andøvan Mountains. For almost a century, its inhabitants have eked out a living in the upland wilderness by hunting, trapping, logging and trading with the Vale below. Desiring to send a message to the characters about the futility of their quest (and hopefully prevent them from becoming too much of a nuisance), Loptr sent agents to slay every inhabitant of Mir and set up a special reception for the characters.

When the characters approach the village, it is eerily quiet. There are no screams of children at play, no lowing of cattle, and no smoke rising from forge or hearth. As the characters head into the outskirts of the village, they see that every house and shop is empty, yet seem as if they were but recently deserted. Food is left on tables uneaten, tools dropped as if in mid-use. If stables, pens, or coops are checked, they are inhabited by the corpses of their animal occupants: dead cows, sheep, chickens, etc., each bearing dozens of angry, bleeding welts upon their bodies.

The characters find no sign of life until they reach the central square of the village.

> You have found the inhabitants of the village of Mir. More than three-score village folk — men, women, and children — are assembled in the central square, all standing utterly still in a large group facing toward you. A low, buzzing sound can be heard coming from their direction. The face of each person holds an expression of terror or hopelessness. Their eyes roll in horror and sweat pours from their brows. Not one makes a move or lifts a voice in greeting or threat.

Each person bears a tiny, bloody wound at the base of his throat. When the characters draw close enough to make out this detail (approximately 30ft), the villagers all suddenly speak as one — seventy voices raised in eerie unison. A hellish droning like a dark chord buried in a skald's chant choruses within their speech. Even with this unsettling droning effect among 70 distinct voices, their speech is still easily understandable.

"Turn back, oh children of the North,
For Hel yawns wide and Doom comes forth.
The gods are marshaled against men
And plan for all a bloody end."

After the completion of this message, the throat of each speaker immediately bursts open in a gory spray of blood and tissue as a fiendish wasp flies forth and swarms into the air. These diabolical insects form into **2 hellwasp swarms** and immediately surge forward to attack the party. Observant characters easily notice that the bodies of the just-slain villagers never fall. Instead they wobble for a moment as if about to topple. An intensely cold draft gusts down from dark clouds overhead and the skin of these victims blackens with sudden frostbite. As ice crystals form on their bodies, the corpses seem to stabilize and then shuffle forward as a **fetch horde**.

Hellwasp Swarms (2): **HD** 8; **HP** 61, 56; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** swarm (3d6 plus poison); **Move** 5 (flying 14); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: inhabit body (swarm takes control of dead or incapacitated victims and reanimates as zombie, 2d4 constitution damage per hour until death), poison (1d6 dexterity damage until incapacitated, save resists), resist fire and edged weapons (50%). (Hellwasp swarms appeared originally in *Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 3*)

Fetch Horde: **HD** 12; **HP** 92; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** horde attack (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: freezing touch (any creature caught in horde when it finishes moving, additional +2d6 damage, save for half), immune to cold, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 241)

Development: If the horde is broken up (reduced to 0hp), **2d6 fetch** survive and attack the characters until destroyed.

Fetch (2d6): **HD** 3+2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 6; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: freezing touch, immune to cold, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 241)

Treasure: If the characters take 1d4+1 hours to thoroughly search the now-abandoned village, they find fairly portable valuables worth 1000hs. A cache of furs traded with mountain trappers is hidden under the floorboards in one common house. These are bulky and weigh 150 lbs., but if hauled back to Storstrøm Vale and sold, they can fetch 3000hs.





B. Onyx Herd

An extreme rarity in the Andøvan Mountains, or really anywhere in the Northlands, a herd of onyx deer grazes in a meadow here as it migrates through the area. Much larger than normal deer, these creatures have brown coats ranging from dark brown on the head and chest to light brown over the body with a large white patch over the chest and rump. The massive rack of antlers that they carry has a spread as wide as a man is tall. The path that the characters' map dictates just happens to pass right through this meadow. When the herd sights the characters, 3 males come forward to challenge the intruders with their bellow attacks. If the party does not immediately withdraw, more males join the initial 3 until there are a total of **9 onyx deer** facing the characters. These attack, attempting to drive the characters away while the rest of the herd retreats up the nearby mountain slopes. If the party does withdraw before the challenge issued by the males, the rest of the herd begin to wander away and clear the meadow in 1d10 x 5 minutes.

Onyx Deer (9): **HD** 5; **HP** 38, 36, 33x2, 31, 30, 29x2, 27; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 hooves (1d4), gore (1d8) and bite (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: bellow (2/day, instill fear as spell in all within 100ft, save resists), petrification (bite, 10% cumulative chance of turning to stone [onyx]). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 408)

C. The Thrall Collector

Among the many dangers of the Andøvan Mountains, few are as fierce as the collector of thralls, a powerful **biclops hunter** calling itself Trotsk and Bragi. This beast resembles a massive, filthy ettin, but closer inspection reveals a single eye in the center of each of its heads. It hunts the wilderness of the Andøvan Mountains looking for thralls to haul back to its cave to serve it or fill the gullets of it and its other servants. Once the biclops strikes the trail of the characters after they pass through this encounter area, Trotsk and Bragi hound them mercilessly, killing them if necessary but preferring to save as many as it can for the shackles. But if the characters insist on dying, Trotsk and Bragi won't stop them.

Trotsk and Bragi are always accompanied by **5 common giant thralls** who serve as attendants and bush beaters to flush out game. To the biclops, game includes any creature, sentient or non-sentient, that it picks up the trail of. The biclops comes across the party's trail 1d2+2 hours after they pass through this area and it immediately begins following it. Unless the characters take precautions to cover their trail sufficiently to prevent the biclops from successfully tracking them, Trotsk and Bragi catch up to them in the number of hours it is behind (as determined above) plus 1 more hour for every 2 hours ahead the characters are. If the party stops to camp, the biclops catches up to them sooner, of course. If the characters are moving faster, this pursuit takes longer.

Trotsk and Bragi (Biclops): **HD** 12+2; **HP** 91; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 *+1 battleaxes* (4d6+1) or 2 spears (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 58)

> **Equipment:** *+1 battleaxe* (x2), 2 spears, 2 nets, *2 potions of extra healing*, gold and silver bangles, arm-rings, and chains (8000hs total).

Giants, Common (5): HD 5; **HP** 37, 35x2, 31, 30; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3) or longbow x2 (1d8+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

> **Equipment:** leather armor, wooden shield, longsword, longbow with 30 arrows, heavy copper thrall collar (35hs).

Tactics: When Trotsk and Bragi get close, the biclops splits off from the giants and circles wide around the characters to get ahead of them. The common giants are then ordered to charge toward the characters bellowing battle cries and making as much racket as possible. The biclops uses this distraction to emerge from hiding a short way ahead, and attempts to sneak up behind the characters. It tries to single one or two out that are slightly separated from the others and then use its net to capture them (successful hit, roll under dexterity on 4d6 or be entangled). Once it has these victims securely entangled, it threatens them with a beating if they struggle and heads off into the mountains with its prey while the common giants cover it with a fighting retreat. Captured characters that struggle too much are subjected to a strike each round that deals 2d6+8 points of damage until they either stop struggling or are rendered unconscious. Knowing that the whole group of characters is too much for it to overcome and carry back to its lair, Trotsk and Bragi hope that the characters follow to try to rescue their comrades and end up in an ambush with its other servants back at its lair (**Area D**).

D. Lair of the Thrall Collector

Trotsk and Bragi like to think of this place as very secretive, a private little hidey-hole that has little chance of being discovered. For anyone human-sized, this is an immense cave that sticks out like a sore thumb on a rocky slope. The cave entrance is 20ft high and the ceilings within are at least 50ft high (not counting the occasional stalactite). It is here that the biclops makes its lair and keeps its thralls. If the characters are following the biclops from the ambush at **Area C**, it leads them up the trail to this location. It has the common giant thralls hide among the aurochs in the pen at **Area D1** and waits for the characters to pass by. Once the characters enter the cave, the biclops attacks them from hiding atop the ledge at **Area D2**, while the common giants rush in from behind to trap them. Any captured characters are unceremoniously dumped in **Area D3** and forgotten, which allows them an opportunity to try to escape their bonds and possibly free the other prisoner there as well.

D1. Aurochs Pen

A large, heavily reinforced wooden pen built against a steep rock face holds a small herd of **7 Northlands aurochs**. The biclops takes good care of these animals and expects its servants to do the same, but that rarely happens. It's been gone long enough on its latest hunting trip for them to look a bit shaggy and underfed. There are **2 common giants** present

who are supposed to be standing guard at the entrance of the lair or taking the aurochs out to pasture, but they normally just loll around on the ground and leave the beasts in their pens. If the characters manage to reach the lair undetected, they can easily catch these two guards by surprise. The aurochs are not dangerous unless released from the pen. If that occurs, there is a 2-in-6 chance that they stampede at the presence of the unfamiliar characters.

Giants, Common (2): HD 5; **HP** 38, 32; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3) or longbow x2 (1d8+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, longsword, longbow with 30 arrows, heavy copper thrall collar (35hs).

Aurochs, Northlands (7): HD 10; **HP** 77, 72, 70x2, 68, 65, 61; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** gore (2d8); **Move** 15; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: charge (x2 with gore), stampede of 3 or more (5d6, save half). (***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

D2. Main Hall

This main hall reeks of smoke from the burned out fire in the middle of the floor. Trotsk and Bragi always leave **8 common giants** here as guards for its lair. Several huge, rat-infested pallets litter the floor, the bedding of the common giants. At the far side of the cavern, a low tunnel descends into the floor to the left, and on the right, a ledge 30ft high looks out over the chamber. A heavy ladder made of logs crudely lashed together ascends to it. If the biclops has set an ambush here, it has pulled the ladder up into its chamber. The walls of the cavern are slick (25% climb chance for non-thieves). A small hollow is underneath one of the pallets. It contains 516hs and a dagger.

Giants, Common (8): HD 5; **HP** 39, 36x2, 34, 33x3, 30; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3) or longbow x2 (1d8+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, longsword, longbow with 30 arrows, heavy copper thrall collar (35hs).

D3. Biclops' Chamber

This is the biclops' personal lair. It, too, has a massive pallet and fire. A greasy tarp has been thrown on the floor near the bedding. It covers a hole in the floor that holds the biclops' personal treasures: a morningstar, a chain shirt, a giant-sized silver necklace studded with emeralds (worth 2000hs), and six golden bracelets (worth 700hs each). These treasures were taken from the prisoner in **Area D4**. In addition, a large, ragged burlap sack contains 2053hs, a small diamond (400hs), 2 rubies (500hs), a sapphire (600hs), an emerald (800hs), a star sapphire (4000hs), a gold and ivory hairbrush (350hs), and a *wand of monster summoning I* (3 charges).

D4. Dungeon Cavern

The descending tunnel extends down a series of crude steps into a low-ceilinged chamber, the cave roof topping out at little more than 7ft. A pool of dank water stands against the far wall. A massive giantess lies on the floor next to it, chained to the wall with heavy shackles. Her body and face are bruised and filthy, yet they cannot hide her finely chiseled features and smooth, pale skin. This is Nimbusa, a **cloud giant** captured by Trotsk and Bragi. The biclops has held her here as its thrall for a year to suffer its constant abuse. She is wounded and exhausted. If the characters rescue her, she thanks them profusely but weakly insists that they keep her jewelry and other possessions for themselves (found in **Area D3**) as a token of her gratitude. If she receives healing, she fights fiercely alongside the characters to gain her freedom. If she makes it outside the cave, she immediately *levitates* into the clouds in search of her distant home.

Nimbusa (Cloud Giant): HD 12+1d4hp; **HP** 90 (currently 12); **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** weapon (6d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** hurl boulders (6d6 damage). (***Monstrosities*** 194)

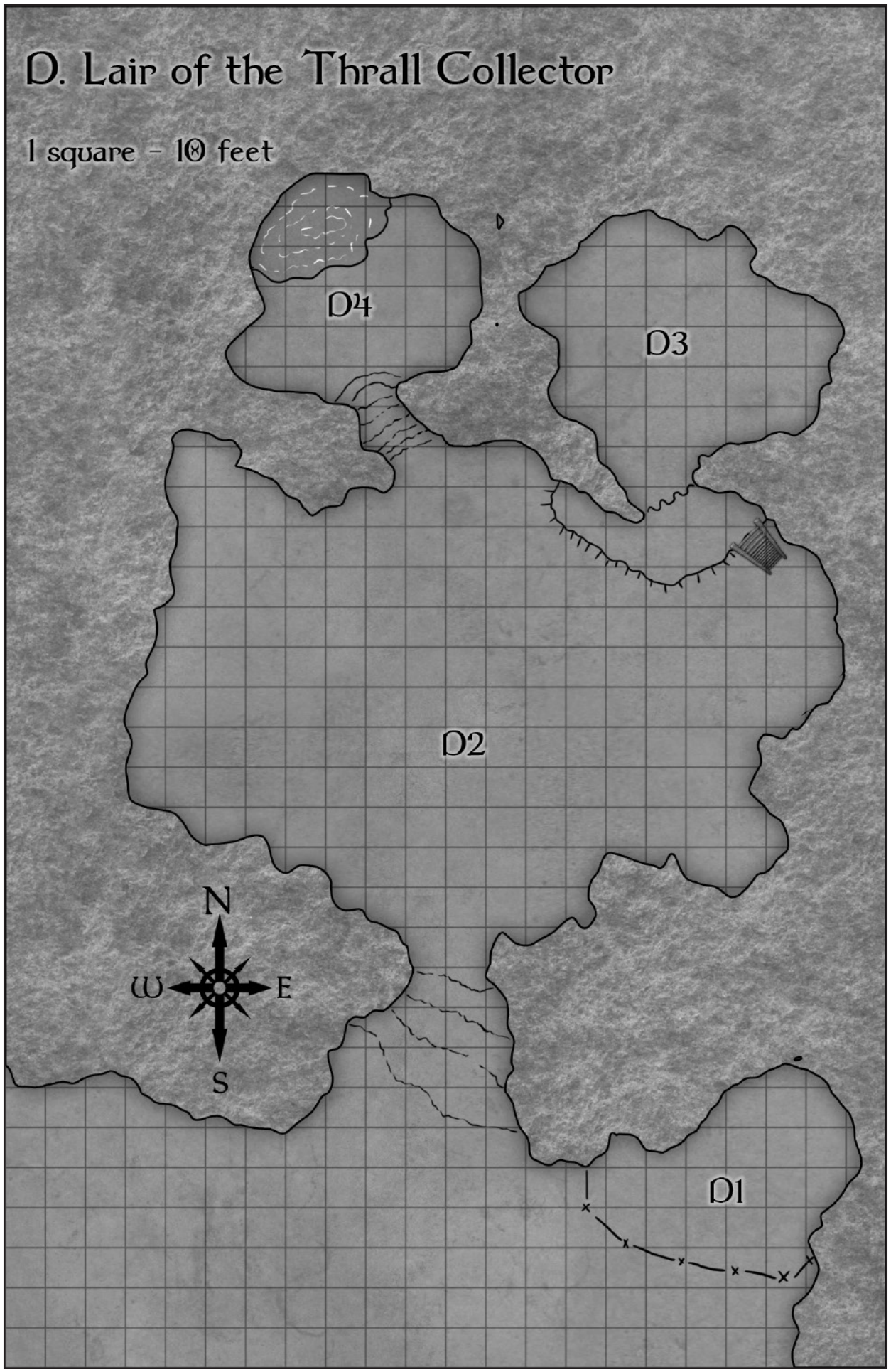
Development: If Nimbusa returns safely to the clouds, 1 month after her departure the characters find their path obscured by deep shadows beneath a low-hanging cloud that suddenly settles upon them. Descending from this foreboding cloud come **4 cloud giant** emissaries, Nimbusa's kin. They approach the characters with respect and formally thank them for the rescue of the giantess. Before departing, one of the giants hands the characters a cloud-jacinth the size of an apple as a reward for their deed of valor. This magnificent stone of deep blue is extremely rare, mined only from the heart of the most violent cumulonimbus thunderheads by daring cloud giant miners. It is worth 60,000hs.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters free Nimbusa and bring her safely out of the biclops' lair, award them XP as if they had defeated her in battle.

E. Fasürð Peak

Following the map given to them, the characters locate Fasürð Peak, which serves as an entrance to the Ettielweiss Vale. Before they can enter it, however, they must deal with its keeper …

See **Chapter 3** for details of the vale.


D. Lair of the Thrall Collector
1 square = 10 feet
D4
D3
D2
D1
N
W
E
S

Chapter Three: Ettielweiss Vale

The Ettielweiss Tree is no ordinary earthly plant. It was grown from a cutting from Yggdrasil itself and is imbued with power by its relationship to the World Tree. Though few know it, the Ettielweiss Tree has been a source of prosperity and weal for the Northlands for centuries. Its magical beneficence has ensured that no winter lasts too long and that no storm wreaks too much havoc. As long as the Ettielweiss grows and blooms, spring always returns to the snowy north. Its destruction would trigger a decade-long blizzard, possibly bringing about the Fimbulwinter and initiating Ragnarök, but certainly wiping away out all human life from the Northlands.

In form, the Ettielweiss looks like a massive magnolia tree, 500ft tall and dotted with large pink and white blossoms. Now, however, the Tree has come under attack. Through a mystical portal, Loptr sent agents into the Ettielweiss Vale with orders to destroy. Armed trolls, foul smut and fanged serpent all conspire to destroy the precious Tree.



The Keeper of the Gate

For the past two centuries, an **Elysian titan** named Skrymir has served as a guardian of the Ettielweiss Tree. He was commissioned by the Æsir to guard the key to the Tree Gate and defend the Ettielweiss at all costs. The titan only allows those who pass his tests to enter the vale. In 200 years' time, none have. A colossal creature, Skrymir stands 70ft tall and has a red, curling beard that extends down to his belt adorned with numerous gold bangles, rings, and baubles. The titan is jovial and verbose — larger than life in every way. The characters hear Skrymir long before they see him; he is sitting on the ground at the base of Fasürð Peak playing a massive golden harp when they encounter him. Hanging on his belt is a large key, 6ft long, made of gold and intricately graven with runes of power. This is the key to the Ettielweiss Vale, a pocket dimension wherein lies the Tree.

Skrymir (Titan) (18HD): HD 18; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** fist or two-handed sword (7d6); **Move** 21; **Save** 3; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 20/4400; **Special:** spells.

> **Spells:** 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *hold portal*, *sleep*; 2nd—*bless*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *speak with animals*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *dispel magic*, *lightning bolt*, *remove curse*; 4th—*cure serious wounds*, *dimension door*, *neutralize poison*, *polymorph other*; 5th—*create food*, *hold monster*, *raise dead*, *teleport*; 6th—*animate object*, *control weather*, *move earth*, *speak with monsters*; 7th—*aerial servant*, *limited wish*, *reverse gravity*, *resurrection*.
> **Equipment:** *two-handed sword*.

Development: Skrymir engages the characters in buoyant conversation, asking about their adventures and complimenting them on their prowess. Throughout their conversation and the tests themselves, Skrymir is swilling Elysian mead from a massive drinking horn. When the characters are ready to get down to business, the titan explains his tests one by one, allowing them to earn the right to enter the vale and go to the Tree. If the characters refuse or fail to pass the tests, the only other way they might enter the vale is to steal the titan's key or pluck it from his corpse.

During the tests, the characters may use any weapon, armor, shield, or item at the party's disposal. Before the tests begin, the characters may cast any spell they have access to whether through spellcasting or magical item, but once the contest begins, no other spells or spell-like abilities may be used. Skrymir would look on that as cheating, and he doesn't like cheaters. If annoyed, the titan wouldn't hesitate to bash some sense into their heads.

The Tests of Skrymir

Skrymir's tests come in three parts. To gain access to the vale, the characters must pass each of the three parts. However, these are tests of courage and mind's-worth more than the cleverness or mightiness of the characters. Therefore, if a test is failed, another character can attempt it. As long as each test is passed by at least one of the characters (it doesn't have to be the same character each time), Skrymir considers the tests to be passed. Each test includes a reward if passed on the first try and a penalty if it takes more than one attempt.

Test of Trades

The titan challenges any one of the characters to exchange two blows with him (individual blows, not multiple attacks). They take turns doing

so, and Skrymir allows the character to go first. The character may attack with weapon or spell. If the character falls below 0 hit points, the test is failed. If Skrymir falls below 0 hit points or the character does not, the characters move on to the next test. Whether the character wins or loses, the titan heals him or her after all the blows are exchanged.

Number of Attempts to Pass

Single Attempt: If a character passes this test on the first try, Skrymir congratulates him with a giant guffaw and a hearty clap on the back (that staggers any mortal). He laughs so hard at this that a single titan-sized tear runs down his cheek and then suddenly freezes there. Skrymir reaches up and plucks the tear away, revealing it to the characters as an icicle fully 4ft long. It is cold to the touch but does not melt at any temperature and is seemingly unbreakable. This is a *staff of resurrection* (3 charges). Unlike a normal *staff of resurrection*, this one can be used by any spellcaster while it is in the Ettielweiss Vale. However, once it is taken out of the vale it functions only for a cleric. The character who receives the staff is instantly aware of its magical and unique properties.

Multiple Attempts: If it takes more than one try for the characters to pass this test, then upon its successful completion whoever failed it first is stricken by a muscle wasting in one of his legs, causing it to become slightly withered and the character to walk with a slight limp. This doesn't have any negative effects other than reducing his Movement by 5. This atrophy can be removed only by successfully completing the quest to end the Straw Death in Trotheim or with the casting of a *restoration* spell.

Test of Wits

The titan asks two riddles, one by one. If both are answered successfully, the characters pass and move on to the next test.

Riddle #1: By nature solitary, scarred by spear and wounded by sword, I am weary of battle. I see the face of war, and fight hateful enemies and sometimes even friends. In the midst of the spear-din all crave my company but will eventually abandon me. I am the boon companion of jarls and hirthmenn alike, yet I hold no hope of help coming to me in the battle before I'm eventually done to death.

Answer: A Shield

Riddle #2: Favored by men, I am found far and wide. I come from the woods and the heights of the town, carried to my home by the queen's men. But men take me from my home, and I am bathed in a tub. For this I blind them and chasten them. I cast a strong young man to the ground, and sometimes an old one, too. He who struggles against my strength, he who dares grapple with me, discovers that he will hit the hard floor with his back if he persists. Deprived of his strength, he's a fool who rules neither his mind nor his hands and feet. Freely welcomed by all and enemy to each, I am the reward and doom of many a great warrior, making slaves of the mighty and fools of the wise.

Answer: Mead

Number of Attempts to Pass

Single Attempt: If this test is passed on the first try, Skrymir smiles broadly. He strokes his magnificent red beard and suddenly seems to hit upon an idea. Plucking a single golden bauble from where it is knotted in his beard, he hands it to the characters. It is a *ring of spell storing*. It holds *cure disease* (x3) and *conjuration of animals*. The character who receives the ring is instantly aware of its function and spells.

Multiple Attempts: If it takes more than one try for the characters to pass this test, then upon its successful completion whoever first guessed incorrectly on a riddle is struck with selective mutism. Anytime the character wishes to speak or make a verbal utterance (including spellcasting or activating magic items), he must roll below his wisdom on 4d6. If the check is failed, the character cannot make any sort of verbal utterance in that round. This mutism can be removed only by successfully completing the quest to end the Straw Death in Trotheim or if the afflicted character willingly plucks out one of his own eyes in sacrifice to Wotan for wisdom (deals 1d3 points of constitution damage, causes permanent blindness in that eye, and imposes a –2 penalty on attacks).

Elysian Mead

This rare and wonderful substance is quaffed by titans, gods, and only the luckiest of mortals. The experience of drinking the mead has been known to send malicious fiends to their knees in repentance or send holy saints into the downward spiral of a drunkard. In practical terms, drinking the mead has the potential to change any sentient creature's alignment or temporarily lower ability scores. For the first draught of mead a drinker imbibes, he must roll below his constitution on 3d6. For each drink after the first, he must make the same check using 5d6 because of the powerful brew. If the check fails, roll 1d6 to determine the result on the table below. If the drinker's wisdom reaches 0, he is reduced to a drunken stupor (effectively unconscious). The effects of the mead wear off after 8 hours, leaving the imbiber with a raging headache and sickened for 1d4 hours (–1 to attacks and saves). The application of a *cure disease* or *neutralize poison* ends the effects of the mead and results in no headache.

1d6	Alignment
1	Alignment changes to Lawful
2	Imbiber's second drink check uses 3d6 instead of 5d6
3	Alignment changes to Neutrality
4	Temporarily lose 1d6 wisdom and dexterity
5	Temporarily lose 2d6 wisdom and dexterity
6	Alignment changes to chaotic

Test of Cups

Skrymir challenges one of the characters to a drinking contest. He and the challenger take turns gulping two draughts of Elysian mead from his horn. If the character falls unconscious, he loses. If both of them finish the draughts without falling unconscious or Skrymir passes out, the characters have completed the tests. Whether the character wins or loses, the titan heals him after the contest is finished.

Number of Attempts to Pass

Single Attempt: If a character passes this test on the first attempt, Skrymir looks immensely pleased. He scratches his shaggy head of hair behind one massive ear as if in thought. He plucks a small twig from this hairy tangle and examines it for a moment before handing it to the character. It is a *wand of fireballs* (12 charges). While within the confines of the Ettielweiss Vale, the wand can be used by any character class. It functions normally once taken outside the vale. The character who receives the wand is immediately aware of its powers and unique properties.

Multiple Attempts: If it takes more than one try for the characters to pass this test, then upon its successful completion whoever passed out first from imbibing the mead has his alignment permanently changed (roll 1d6: 1–2, Lawful; 3–4, Neutrality; 5–6, Chaotic). If the result is the character's normal alignment, it should be rolled again. This alignment change can be removed only by successfully completing the quest to end the Straw Death in Trotheim or through making the proper sacrifices to the Æsir and Vanir.

If the characters pass his tests, Skrymir happily withdraws the key from his belt and leads them through a tall passageway in the mountain base to an enormous iron door. The door is engraved with a picture of a tree: Its branches and leaves reach up to the heavens and its roots are shown digging deeply into the earth. This is a representation of Yggdrasil, the World Tree. The door is the Tree Gate and can be opened only by the key. Other magic has no effect to either bypass or see through it. Skrymir unlocks the door and pushes it ponderously open. He then smiles and bows, gesturing for the characters to enter. He will not follow them under

any circumstances, and closes and locks the door behind them. The door reopens only in the presence of an Ettielweiss Blossom.

Ad Hoc XP Award: For each test passed by the characters, award 3000 XP. If a test was passed on its first attempt, double this award.

The Mystical Vale of the Ettielweiss

The Ettielweiss Vale exists within an extradimensional space hidden beneath Fasürð Peak in the Andøvan Mountains. This supernatural demiplane does not affect any magic involving extradimensional spaces that the characters may use, such as a *bag of holding* or *portable hole*. The blessing of the Tree seeps out of the vale and into the Northlands, bringing the little growth and prosperity that exists in that cold and needful land.

After the characters enter the doorway, they follow a long, high-ceilinged tunnel carved out of solid stone. A dwarf automatically recognizes that this passage was carved by Dvergar. After following the dwarf-road for a full mile, the characters reach a cave mouth that opens out into the vale. The characters find themselves looking out of a hole in a cliff at the scene below.

The tunnel ends at a cave mouth where the mountain's slope falls away in a steep cliff to reveal a vibrant valley below, brimming with verdant life. Sunlight falls pale and clear through the narrow fissure in the mountain peak above that hides this vale. The air is thin but unusually warm, and rich with smells of pollen and blossoms. Many flocks of colorful birds cavort throughout the air above this valley, filling it with exotic chirps and birdsong. The floor of the valley is green, lush with tall grasses and small copses of trees.

Dominating the view, however, is a massive tree — the Ettielweiss. It stretches from the floor of the vale to more than 500 feet in height, its branches reaching for the sunlight above. Its bark is rough and a rich golden-brown in color. Its leaves are waxy and green, and its shadow fills the vale.

At least, that's how the Tree seems to appear. On closer inspection, the sacred Tree appears to be under assault. A dark rot seems to have taken hold of its trunk. Many of its leaf-filled branches have been shorn away and now lie lifeless and brown at the foot of the Tree. As you watch, another huge branch falls from the top of the tree to the earth far below. The ground around the Ettielweiss is torn and savaged with giant holes dug around the Tree's roots.

It should quickly be apparent to the party that the Ettielweiss Tree is under some sort of attack by the forces of darkness. From their vantage point, characters can detect movement among the Tree's branches where creatures appear to crawl about carrying metallic tools or weapons that occasionally gleam in the sunlight. It is up to the characters to drive away the attackers and restore the Tree to its vibrant life.

Loptr's Plot

Though operating at the behest of Wotan himself, Loptr is attempting to inflict more damage on the Northlands than the All-Father intended. Under the guise of testing the people with the Straw Death plague, he is also attempting to destroy the Ettielweiss Tree, hoping the plunge the land into the Fimbulwinter and bring about the end of all things with the coming of Ragnarök. To that end, he magically brought some of his nefarious servants and allies into the Ettielweiss Vale with instructions to destroy the Tree at all costs.

Whether the characters succeed or fail, Loptr has his excuses ready for Wotan. He was only trying to truly challenge the heroes of the Northlands. If the Tree is destroyed, the fault lies at the feet of the feeble efforts of mankind.

The Ettielweiss Tree

The Ettielweiss Tree faces destruction on three fronts: Its roots are being gnawed upon by twin serpents, two daughters of Jörmungandr the World Serpent. Its trunk is infected by Helsmut, a monstrous mold that seeks to devour the tree's bark and feed on the heartwood beneath. And a small army of ice trolls is hard at work severing the Ettielweiss' leaves and branches. These fearsome threats have damaged the Ettielweiss Tree, but it is not dead yet. However, not a single blossom has survived the onslaught. Many of the once-beautiful blossoms litter the ground, but they are trampled, stained and rotting, obviously unfit for the characters' use. For the tree to recover and blossom, the characters must defeat the three forces that menace the Ettielweiss; only then will it bloom again.

The Roots of the World

A tree as gigantic as the Ettielweiss needs an equally gigantic system of roots to help feed and nourish it. Those of the Twig of Yggdrasil spread out like gnarled, titanic fingers at the foot of the Tree and dig deep and wide beneath the earth. Knowing that these roots are a source of strength to the Tree, Loptr dispatched two servants to lay waste to them. These are Talvundir and Rask, the daughters of Jörmungandr the World Serpent. These fell serpents gnaw on the Ettielweiss' roots and slowly kill the great Tree by cutting it off from its source of nourishment.

Traveling to the base of the Tree, the characters easily find a field of holes dug around its perimeter. These earthen shafts fall 60ft into the ground and open into a vast hollow 100ft high. This area dug out by these serpents is filled with hundreds of roots that hang from its ceiling and pierce its floor, ranging from fibers no thicker than a hair to great woody columns dozens of feet thick. These many growths provide cover to anything more than 20ft away. Almost half of these have already been chewed through, and **Talvundir** and **Rask** fervently gnaw at the rest.



Talvundir and Rask (Medium Adult Red Dragons): **HD** 10; **HP** 40x2; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (3d10); **Move** 9 (fly 24, burrow 15); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: breathes fire (90ft long 30ft wide cone, 40 fire damage, save half).

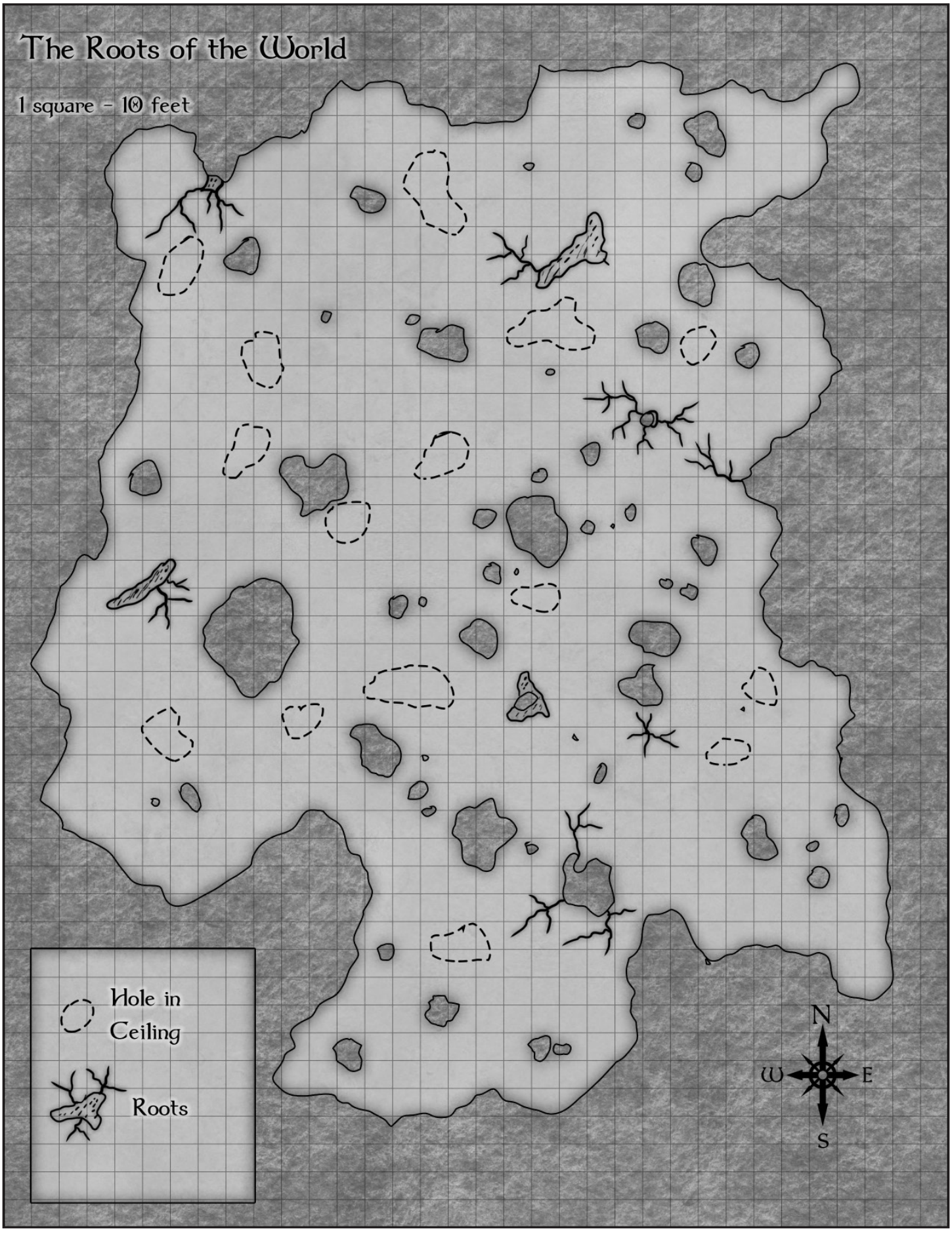
Tactics: These serpents have intelligence matched only by their menace. They lurk in the darkness of the hollow they have dug where their dragon senses easily observe the characters while receiving total concealment from the darkness and cover from the various roots to gain tactical positioning on the party.

Treasure: Secreted in a hollow dug into one wall are a number of treasures belonging to the serpents. These include: a *+2 shield*, a *+2 heavy mace*, a *+4 arrow vs. dragons* (with a 5% chance of instantly slaying the creature), and a suit of *+2 platemail*.

The Trunk

The trunk of the Ettielweiss Tree is a massive affair, 250ft tall and 80ft thick of hardwood and thick, tough bark. Normally, it is a wonderful shade of gold-shot brown, but much of the trunk has been slathered with a hideous, dark mold called Helsmut imported from the Realm of Death itself.

Loptr had a conundrum on his hands when it came to finding the means to destroy the trunk of the enormous Ettielweiss tree. It was just too big and durable. It would take an army of giants a month to cut through. The Trickster God considered burning it but found that the wood resisted the flames. Finally, he hit on the idea of using some form of corrupting mildew. He sent agents out among the Nine Worlds to find such a substance, and finally one returned with word of an infernal mold found only in the domain of Lady Hel. Loptr quickly had his daughter gather as much of


The Roots of the World
1 square = 10 feet
Hole in Ceiling
Roots
N
W
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S

Helsmut (Hazard)

HELSMUT (HAZARD, PLANT [EXTRAPLANAR, FUNGUS])

Helsmut is a black mold from the depths of Hel itself. This magical menace has the ability to eat through anything, given enough time. It inflicts 12 points of damage/round to whatever surface it clings to. The mold is immune to all damage save fire or cold. If it does take damage, it reacts violently, bursting into a 100ft-by-100ft-by-100ft cloud of spores. Anyone caught in the area of the cloud takes 2d4 points of damage and is stunned for 4d4 rounds (a successful saving throw halves the damage and avoids the stun). This spore cloud lingers for 10 minutes, and anyone caught within it is considered to be suffocating. Patches range in size from a 5ft-by-5ft square up to 100ft by 100ft.

Regardless of the extent of its spread, a patch of Helmsut always requires the same means to remove it. A patch of Helsmut can be destroyed by a *cure disease* spell, or it must be burned off, taking 80 points of fire or cold damage before it is eliminated. In addition, the fey known as mites are a natural predator of Helsmut, being somehow immune to its spores and ability to eat through any substance. Mites find Helsmut to be a great delicacy and must make a save to resist immediately feeding upon the substance when it is encountered. A single mite can destroy a patch of Helsmut in 1 minute. Mites are unknown in the domain of Hel but could perhaps be credited with the prevention of its spread to other realms.

the Helsmut as she could and had his agents infect the Ettielweiss Tree with it when they entered the vale. With the trunk having a surface area of almost 73,000 square feet, the Helsmut currently covers 40% of this area (approximately 29,000 square feet). When the infestation reaches 60% of the surface area (another 14,500 square feet) in another day, the trunk rots and snaps in two beneath the weight of the Tree.

The Helsmut that currently grows upon the trunk of the Tree is composed of **6 patches of Helsmut**, each covering an area of approximately 5000 square feet (a 70ft-by-70ft area). To remove the Helsmut, the characters must destroy all of these patches either through magic or simply by using cold or fire damage. Any fire or cold used to damage the Helsmut is divided evenly between the tree and the mold, though the tree resists 50% of these types of damage. A *cure disease* spell can be used on a single patch.

Branching Out

Normally, the top of the Ettielweiss is a glorious expanse of strong, spreading branches and gold-green leaves. Loptr put an end to that, sending a battalion of **40 ice trolls** swarming up the trunk of the Ettielweiss Tree armed with adamantine saws and axes. They immediately began to industriously chop leaves and lop branches with all of their rubbery might. All of the lower branches and 70% of the tree's upper branches have already been shorn. In another 2 hours, nary a branch will remain on the glorious Ettielweiss, spelling its end as it is no longer able to absorb sunlight for photosynthesis.

Trolls, Ice (40): **HD** 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, regenerate 2hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, vulnerability to fire and slashing weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

Tactics: The ice trolls swarm throughout the upper branches of the Tree, attacking it with axe and saw in a chaotic cacophony of arguing and activity. Combat at the top of the tree is an equally chaotic thing. Individually, and even in groups, the ice trolls stand no chance against the characters. However, because of the three-dimensional battlefield that the treetop represents, they are able to mass their attacks from all directions in a manner somewhat similar to the hordes the characters have faced elsewhere in this adventure. Every round among the branches, the characters face 2d6+6 ice trolls in battle with another 1d6 trolls joining at the end of that round, but these are rarely confronting the characters directly or within easy reach. Instead, they harness the terrain's advantages to throw logs, swing by and slash, cut branches from beneath the characters, etc. (they do not use the unwieldly adamantine tools in battle). The attack can affect 1 character for every 5 trolls involved in the assault. During that round, the chosen character or characters takes 2d4+6 points of swarm damage plus an additional 3 points of damage for each ice troll beyond 5 that is focused on that individual. In addition, any character that takes damage from this attack must roll below his dexterity on 3d6 or fall from the branch he stands on. A falling character can make another attempt to roll below his dexterity to catch another branch as he falls to avoid tumbling more than 250ft to the ground below (20d6 points of damage), but even if he makes the save, he falls 1d3x10ft before catching himself, taking 1d6 points of damage for each 10ft fallen.

In addition to the swarm damage caused by these massed attacks, the characters have difficulty in counterattacking. A character making melee attacks can reach only 1 ice troll in a round. Ranged attacks do not suffer this disadvantage, but all ice trolls are considered to have cover from the many intervening branches (–2[+2] AC bonus). Area effect spells are perhaps the best option and can catch 1d4 ice trolls for each additional 10ft area that the spell effect covers (1d4 trolls for a 10ft-by-10ft area, 2d4 trolls for a 20ft-by-20ft area, 3d4 trolls for a 30ft-by-30ft area, etc.). Characters with the ability to fly have a natural advantage and are unaffected by the swarm attacks, falling chances, or the difficulty in attacking.

If an ice troll is knocked out of the battle by anything other than fire, as soon as it regenerates it rises to rejoin the fray. However, if 25 of the trolls are actually slain, the rest immediately fall into a full retreat down the trunk of the tree (some even jumping from the branches, counting on their regeneration to revive them after the fall). They disappear into the holes dug into the turf around the tree's base by Talvundir and Rask and make their way by secret subterranean passages back to Hel.

Ad Hoc XP Award: Because of the difficulty in fighting the ice trolls in the branches, in addition to the XP received for slaying the individual trolls, if the trolls are routed, award an additional 10,000 XP to the party.

Adamantine Saws and Axes

Normal tools are incapable of damaging the wood of the Ettielweiss Tree, so Loptr had to provide adamantine tools gained through his own secret alliances with the Jötnar of Muspelheim. The saws are 20ft long and require two creatures to operate correctly. The axes have handles made of blackened iron while the heads are made of adamantine. Among the ice trolls, there are a total 12 saws and 16 axes. However, when the trolls are defeated, these implements of the Ginnungagap immediately begin to corrode and rust to uselessness. Only one of each of the tools remains and is recoverable by the characters. A saw is not suitable for use as a weapon, but an axe could be used as a *+1 battleaxe*. An adamantine saw is worth 12,000hs.



Saving the Tree

When the characters kill the trolls, eliminate the Helsmut, and defeat the World Serpent's daughters, a painfully bright light shines from the sky above the mountain vale — Wotan has sent an emissary to restore the tree to its rightful glory.

An unearthly, many-legged horse carrying mail-clad rider flies out of the sky and circles the upper branches of the Tree. It is a legendary valkyrie on a fabled sleipner, a mount descended from the mighty steed of Wotan himself. The warrior-maiden blows three blasts on a silver battle horn before she lands near the foot of the Ettielweiss and addresses your group in a voice like a chorus of einherjar celebrating victory in Valhalla.

"Hail the victorious heroes! Your deeds echo throughout the Nine Worlds, and your names are toasted in Valhalla. Overcoming dread foes, you have saved the Ettielweiss Tree, Sprig of Yggdrasil herself and most sacred to the gods. Well done! But all is not yet right. To restore the tree, you must pour out the Tears of Freyja onto all of its wounds."

At this, she reaches into her saddlebags and pulls out three silver urns and holds them forth for you.

"Once this is done, the Ettielweiss will bloom once more. Make haste in this task, for the Straw Death still rages in Midgard, and no good may come from tarrying. Farewell!"

With that, she spurs her mount into the air, back to the clouds above and Valhalla beyond.

The messenger is Anhilda and is indeed a **valkyrie**, riding her noble **sleipnir**, Jurg. She will not have further interaction with the characters other than to urge them to make haste in their quest. The silver urn is divinely crafted and full of a sweet, clear liquid: literally the tears of the goddess Freyja herself. When applied to root, trunk and bough, the Tree shakes violently as if caught in a hurricane. Then, suddenly, it undergoes a transformation as all of its ills are cured: its roots become whole, its trunk clears, its branches and leaves flawlessly restored. However, at this time it produces only one blossom, the size of a man's head, at the very top of the tree. This blossom must be taken to Trotheim and can be used to end the Straw Death.

Treasure: After the silver urns are emptied of the tears, they remain as valuable relics gifted by the gods upon man. Two of them are worth 8500hs as historical and religious artifacts. One, however, retains a touch of the goddess's power and becomes a *decanter of endless water*.

The Ettielweiss Blossom

This marvelous flower is the size of a man's head and is colored lily white and delicate pink. Ettielweiss Blossoms consist of twelve petals, always and only twelve petals. If a petal is removed, another instantly appears in its place. The influence of the blossom is a powerful blessing to those who possess it. Eating a piece of a petal, directly inhaling its fragrance — even drinking water in which a petal has been steeped — instantly heals the imbiber up to 150 hit points in damage and cures any affliction or ailment he might have. This blossom remains fresh and usable for 1 month, allowing the entire city of Trotheim to make use of its powers once the characters return with it to the city.

The Road to Recovery

The characters must now make their way back to Trotheim, still a perilous task as the wilderness of the Andøvan Mountains has grown no safer since their arrival. If they have yet to defeat the biclops and its giant thralls, they will have prepared an all-out attack upon the returning characters, and random encounters can be rolled on the "Western Andøvan Mountains" table as normal. Their mounts still await them where they were left at the mountains' edge, rested and ready to run.

In addition, Loptr, disgruntled at the defeat of his forces in the Ettielweiss Vale and the success of the characters, has added three final challenges as they make their way home: one of observation, one of subtlety, and one of brute force.

Challenge 1: The Watchers

Loptr has persuaded a colony of **6 blue dracolisks** to scout the area between Fasürð Peak and Trotheim. They resemble young, six-legged dragons with gleaming blue scales. Characters watching the skies have a 3-in-6 chance to note their presence (1-in-6 chance otherwise). If spotted, 1d4 of them are seen to wheel back and forth daily as they circle for miles around the characters' position. Occasionally, one flies ahead of the party along the path they are traveling to inform Brunja of the group's progress. It is obvious that they are keeping tabs on the party.

The dracolisks have not been assigned to engage the party in battle, though if the party should have some means of attacking them 1000ft above, they gladly fight back to the death. If a fight starts, another dracolisk joins the battle every 1d6 rounds until all 6 arrive. If 3 of the dracolisks are slain, the rest give up their surveillance and flee back to the mountains.

Blue Dracolisks (6): **HD** 11; **HP** 82, 79, 75, 74, 70, 65; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); **Move** 12 (flying 24); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 60ft line of electricity, 4d8 damage), petrifying gaze (30ft, save avoids) (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 201)

Challenge 2: The Lady

When the characters are halfway back to Trotheim, they see a flash of light in the sky as a woman riding a flying, six-legged horse descends from the clouds and approaches them. It is Anhilda, the same valkyrie who gave them the Tears of Freyja to heal the Ettielweiss Tree. If this occurs while the characters are in battle or some other difficulty, she aids them in their distress.

The valkyrie looks grim as she gazes at you from the back of her steed. In her choral voice she says, "I bear you a message from the All-Father once again: The situation in Trotheim has grown direr with each day of your absence and time grows short. I fear we do not have the luxury for you to deliver the relief that you bear. I ask you to give over the Ettielweiss Blossom to me that I may fly ahead with all speed and deliver it unto Erik the Wotanson so that the plague may be stopped before it is too late."

Though she is a **valkyrie** riding a **dragon horse**, she is not the same one who helped the characters in the vale. Rather she is a valkyrie named Brunja that has been suborned by Loptr with promises of wealth and power, and commanded to steal the blossom. He has further bestowed upon her and her steed a glamer to make them appear as though they are Anhilda and Jurg. The Trickster's glamer is not perfect, however, as he was rushed to create it. Characters have a 1-in-6 chance to notice an imperfection such as her hair is a shade darker or her eyes bear a touch more gray than the sky-blue of Anhilda. In all other respects, she, her mount, and their accouterment are identical to what the characters witnessed previously. If characters hesitate to give her the blossom, she becomes very demanding, insisting that they return give the blossom into her care. Characters should honestly feel as if she is one wrong word away from pulling her spear and taking it from them. This should further reveal her false nature.

Brunja, Valkyrie: **HD** 12; **HP** 89; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** +2 *spear that returns to hand* (1d6+5); **Move** 12 (flying 24); **Save** 5; **AL** N;

CL/XP 14/2600; **Special**: immunities (cold, electricity, poison), +1 to hit missile bonus, +2 to hit and +3 damage strength bonus, resist fire (50%), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: at will—*bless*, *protection from good 10ft radius*; 3/day—*call lightning*, *cure disease*; 1/day—*commune*.

Equipment: *+3 plate mail, +2 spear that returns to hand*.

Hopp (Dragon Horse): **HD** 8; **HP** 61; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** 2 hooves (1d8); **Move** 30 (flying 60); **Save** 8; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 30ft cone, cone of cold [8HD], obscuring mist or gust of wind), keen vision, limited empathy, magic resistance (30%), never surprised, sense alignment. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 209)

Development: If the characters see through Brunja's ruse and attack, she battles them until reduced to half her hp before realizing the precariousness of her situation and attempting to escape. If successful in escaping, she keeps an eye on them from afar, and looks for an opportunity to swoop in and take the blossom (perhaps during the events of **Challenge 3**). If the characters fall for her trick, she flies away with the Ettielweiss Blossom but foolishly forgets to go toward Trotheim, instead turning east back toward the mountains. If this happens, it is up to the characters to put up a pursuit and try to retrieve the blossom before all is lost.

Challenge 3: The Brute

As the characters approach Trotheim, they face one final test. Loptr has sent a monstrosity to attack the city itself: a mutated **two-headed troll**. This nine-headed miscreation has worked itself into a frenzy as it pounds on the wooden gates of Southbridge (**Area 2**). The characters notice evidence of the beast long before they see it. Its grunts and growls echo through the countryside, and its stomping can be felt in the earth itself. Closer to the city, the troll has already slain all those caught on the road or in the outlying villages. The will of the citizens of Trotheim is broken; the Guard has abandoned the fighting platforms at the bridgehead, and none can muster the will to face the troll. Once it breaks through the gate, if the characters cannot defeat it, no one can.

Mutated Nine-Headed Troll: **HD** 14; **HP** 104; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: regenerate (3hp/round), rend (2d6 automatic damage if both claws hit), surprised only on 1 on 1d8. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 573)

The Gifts of the All-Father

Hurguð the Piercer of Scales

The weapon *Hurguð the Piercer of Scales* is a magnificent spear forged from a single piece of mithral and covered in ruby-encrusted runes. These runes speak of courage in the face of any danger, and seeking and piercing the heart of all enemies. *Hurguð the Piercer of Scales* is a *+2 adamantine spear, +4 vs. dragons*.

Sleipt the Awakener

Sleipt the Awakener is carved from a single exquisite moonstone and appears to be a *ring of move earth* (allowing the wearer to cast *move earth* at will). However, if its wearer slays a flying creature of 10HD or more, the ring telepathically informs the wearer that the gemstone in the ring is actually a *stone of controlling elementals* and grants the wearer the ability to access all of its abilities.

Concluding the Adventure

After the troll is defeated, the characters must find a way to use the Ettielweiss Blossom as a cure for the Straw Death. Five hundred people have died from the plague's dread grip, and those that are left are demoralized and terrified. It is up to the characters to figure out a way to heal the populace. They may dole out petal-pieces like communion wafers for the populace to consume; the regenerative powers of the blossom ensure that there will always be more petals. They may toss a petal (or the whole blossom) into Freyr's Well (**Area 11**) and convince Biornólfr to allow everyone in town to drink from its waters. Those who do drink from the well are cured of their affliction. They could even immolate the flower in some enclosed space and have people inhale the fumes. Any of these provide remedy for the Straw Death. Jarl Gyrthyr and the Thing lend their influence and voice to the strategy, and the plague's grip on the city quickly dies down and is entirely gone after 2 days.

Once the last living plague victim is cured of the Straw Death — the pestilence eradicated from Trotheim and all of the Northlands — a murder of giant crows wings its way from the sky down into the city and alights on The Hanged Godshouse (**Area 7**). A gray mist fills the godshouse and spills out into the street. The doors swing wide and Erik the Wotanson, a scarlet bandage around his eyes, walks out and down its broad steps. In one hand he bears an ornate box, and in the other, a shining, broad-bladed spear. Unerringly, the blind godi makes his way through the gathered crowd and up to the characters.

"Guardians of the Northlands, hearts bold and true, I am bid by the All-Father himself, Wotan of Asgard, to laud your courage and might. And to bring you gifts from the hands of the god himself. This spear, *Hurguð the Piercer of Scales*, wrought by the same hand that wrought *Gungnir* itself, Wotan's own weapon. And this ring, *Sleipt the Awakener*, that binds the potencies of the land itself to your will. With these treasures may you crush the enemies of the North and gild your names with further honor.

"The All-Father is pleased with you. It is for those like you that he created your kind in the beginning of all things. Your mettle is proven, the steel in your souls mightily forged. Yet your tasks are not yet done. Fell dangers arise and you must meet them strength for strength. I bid you farewell!"

At the conclusion of his oration, the blind godi Erik the Wotanson falls stone dead to the ground. The purpose of his life has been fulfilled, and he now rides to Valhalla. To amend for the loss of life and property to Trotheim and the Vale, Wotan blesses the region with abundance in both herds and crops for the next 7 years.

The characters are lauded as heroes again in Trotheim, yet the enthusiasm of the people is muted. Their losses were too great to muster true joy. The characters are granted any of the newly abandoned halls in the city as their own and may make Trotheim their home or use it as a base from which to further explore the Northlands. The tales of their deeds soon spread throughout the land and they find that they have trouble going anywhere in Storstrøm Vale without being recognized. Whether this be for the weal or the woe of the characters remains to be determined.

NS7: The Return of Hallbjorn

By Kenneth Spencer and Greg A. Vaughan



The Return of Hallbjorn is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for *The Northlands Saga Complete*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 7–8. If using this adventure as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, the events described herein occur over two summers two years after the events in *NS6: Plague in Trotheim*. It is likely that the characters spent the intervening time enjoying their status as heroes of the Northlands as things have slowed down for a moment. They may now be beginning to think about settling down or founding their own holds and steadings. It is fortunate then that the events in *The Return of Hallbjorn* provides the opportunity for the characters to become jarls and take their next step as figures of legend in the Northlands.

The Return of Hallbjorn

In ***The Return of Hallbjorn***, a lost companion from ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** returns from a harrowing journey across the Great Ocean Ûthaf. It is assumed that the characters were on that fateful journey in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** when Hallbjorn Bolverkson was lost, but if they were not, the adventure can be modified accordingly. By the time they reach 7th level, the characters should already be heroes of some renown in the Northlands and sought out by Hallbjorn regardless of a lack of any past affiliation. If any characters have not previously met Hallbjorn, then there are other ways for them to have previously known who he was, for he was the senior huscarl of the late Jarl Olaf Henrikson, and a man known throughout the Northlands for his heroism, courage, and drinking ability.

Adventure Background

The Tale of Hallbjorn

Four years ago, the dragon ship *Long Serpent* set forth from Halfstead under the command of Hallbjorn Bolverkson to seek the plunder of the Far North and to avenge the murder of the beloved Jarl Olaf Henrikson. During that voyage, a terrible storm battered the *Long Serpent*, and Hallbjorn was swept overboard. The ship continued on its voyage, where it ultimately encountered the Ulnat natives of the Far North and freed them from the tyranny of the Cult of Althunak. The *Long Serpent* returned to Halfstead victorious, and Hallbjorn was mourned and toasted along with the others fallen on the epic voyage. However, the story of Hallbjorn did not end in a watery grave as most supposed.

Thought lost at sea as the *Long Serpent* sailed to the Far North, Hallbjorn managed to find an empty Ulnat kayak in the middle of the sea — a kayak that had once belonged to the Ulnat warrior Kelvani, lost long ago to the curse of the dread demon Althunak. With the supplies found in the abandoned Kayak and no small amount of luck, Hallbjorn followed the cormorants and the stars. He paddled north but a powerful current that he came upon unexpectedly swept him to the east. After weeks at sea, he found himself on the shores of a new land, a warm rich land of tall forests and quiet valleys. There he found a lost colony of Northlanders called Nieuland, founded only seven decades earlier. With his knowledge of seamanship, Hallbjorn helped these refugees build small knarrs and established trade with other nearby islands and distant ports of the Northern Passage on the continent of Libynos. He amassed a great fortune and standing for himself among the Nieulanders until he finally completed construction of a proper longship. With a full crew garnered from the shorter trading trips, now experienced enough for the much-longer voyage ahead, Jarl Hallbjorn put to sea aboard the *Northman Reborn* and sailed back for Halfstead.

The Lost Colony

The tale of Hallbjorn is only a small part of the story of the Nieuland colony and the island upon which it was established. Hallbjorn happened upon the lost Northlander colony of Nieuland on a lush shore far across the Great Ocean Ûthaf north and east of the desolate northeast corner of the continent of Libynos. It is part of a chain of semi-mythical islands in Northlander legends called the Oestryn Islands. Even though it is in a far northern latitude, it lies within the strange band of warmth that encircles the world of Lloegyr at an angle from the equator known as the Tropic of Arden. As a result, these islands are temperate in climate and a virtual paradise on earth in the eyes of Northlander sailors that find its shores.

The residents of Nieuland are descended from a longship loaded with colonists bound from Storstrøm Vale 70 years ago to the untamed and newly settled land of Estenfird. Blown off course by a fearsome storm, the colonists found themselves far out to sea with no idea where they were and their helmsman dead. Choosing what they thought was a likely course, they found the powerful Transborean Current, much as Hallbjorn would do years later, and eventually landed on the shores of an unsettled island at the western edge of the Oestryn Islands. With their ship badly damaged and little knowledge or skill to build a new one much less navigate their way back to the Northlands — the colonists were primarily herdsmen and trappers — they realized that the land they had found was a rich land of warmth and fertility. They named their colony Nieuland, and soon all thought of ever abandoning it for the harsh, rugged wilderness of Estenfird was banished from their minds.

From the view of the colonists, Nieuland was a paradise of lush vegetation, fertile soil, rivers teeming with fish, and warm weather. The Nieulanders could not believe their luck, for now they had the best of all things, freedom to live as they would, a land to explore and reap, and all without fear that dragon-headed longships would appear out of the mists. The old clan feuds were forgotten, and soon generations were born, lived, and died in freedom and plenty.

Secrets of Nieuland

All is not well in Nieuland, however, and threats are gathering in the forests and lakes of the interior. Nieuland is the home of an evil and secretive race, an age-old enemy of the Men of the North, the thrydregs.



Unlike the thrydregs of the Northlands, these trollish folk descended from survivors of a once-great island nation far to the south, now sunken beneath the waves of the Great Ocean, who came northward after the fall of their nation in mighty ocean-going canoes. This wandering people found the Oestryn Isles and settled there, only to discover the waters around the islands already the home of many clans of trow. The trow and southerners warred for many years, decimating both sides, but ultimately the trow overcame the newcomers and enslaved them, creating a new breed of thrydregs unique to the Oestryn Isles. The Northlander colonists who have encountered them call them *skraelings*, which means simply "foreigner" or "barbarian" in the Nørsk tongue, though it has come to be identified with this specific race of thrydregs to the Nieulander colonists.

Despite the victory of the trow over the original human colonists on the islands, the war was costly to both sides. The trow of the islands, already slow breeders, began to die out. Sightings of them in the waters off the coasts of the island by their half-breed thralls became fewer and fewer. Eventually, the few trow that remained in the island chain completely withdrew to their watery knowes and from interaction with their thrydreg-skraelings. The skraelings were never exceedingly populous themselves. From their trow forebears they inherited the slow reproductivity and never came to huge numbers themselves, even after being left to their own devices. This was compounded a century ago, when a plague swept the skraeling settlements of the island and wiped out nearly half of the population. The skraeling tribes never fully recovered, and now exist as scattered bands across the islands.

With the arrival of the Northlander colonists, some minimal clashing occurred between them and the skraelings. The Northlanders' heavier armor and weapons usually won the day, though those caught alone by skraelings frequently disappeared. Nevertheless, confrontations between groups of the Northlanders and the divided and wandering skraelings usually went in favor of the colonists so that the skraelings soon began avoiding the colonists altogether. The islands have more than enough room for the small populations that live there, so this isolation has been relatively easy to maintain. However, with the changes brought by Hallbjorn and his expeditions — more commerce, more incursions inland for the abundant natural resources, and the imminent arrival of more colonists, this delicate balance is about to be disrupted.

Adventure Summary

Hallbjorn's arrival in Halfstead ignites a furor of Northlanders seeking a new life and opportunity in Nieuland. A land rush is on, and hundreds of colonists soon take to their longships and make the voyage across the Great Ocean. This is a perfect opportunity for the characters to establish their own holdings, or just make a tidy profit trading with the Nieulanders (or even raiding them, depending on the alignments of the party).

Unfortunately, a new threat follows the land rush to this fresh and verdant land. A band of Jomsvikings scents prey in the water and begins to attack ships making Hallbjorn's Crossing. The attacks slowly escalate over the summer, until the Jomsvikings end their raiding by pillaging one of the settlements of the colony. These raids by the Jomsvikings, along with the general influx of new colonists, are enough to finally push the skraelings over the edge of hostilities. They have long lived far inland around a series of interconnected lakes. Driven by the violent young prophet Half-Face, they have slowly been gathering in ever-growing numbers, and now their bands are beginning to drift down the rivers and streams of Nieuland. It is only a matter of time before they come into contact with the Northlanders and bloody war rips through the forests. Only the timely intervention of the characters can spare the fledgling colonies from the dual threats of the Jomsvikings and the skraelings.

Adventure Hooks

If the characters played through the previous adventures in ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path***, then they are previous acquaintances of Hallbjorn and are natural folk for him to seek out as soon as he makes landfall, well remembering their bravery and valor in joining him for his voyage aboard the *Long Serpent*. If not, at their level they are still heroes of great renown, and Hallbjorn quickly hears of their exploits among the mead halls of Halfstead. Or, they may seek him out on their own with news of his sudden and unexpected arrival. Either way, his talk quickly turns to the opportunities of founding holdings and becoming jarls in the newly rediscovered colonies, which should pique the interest of the characters. If not, he simply tries to engage them as huscarls for his own household to protect his growing holding in Nieuland.

If a connection to Hallbjorn is insufficient to tempt the characters' involvement in this adventure, there is always the prospect of the discovery of the truth of the existence of the legendary Oestryn Isles. Surely, there is fame and fortune awaiting anyone daring to venture to this new world to try to tame it … just the thing for a group of skilled adventurers.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins with the characters in Halfstead on a fine day in late spring. They are in the famous Hallbjorn's Folly, one of the few taverns in all of the Northlands, or they may be in the market near the shore when an unfamiliar longship approaches unexpectedly from the east.

The Return of Hallbjorn

It is a warm spring day in Halfstead when **Hallbjorn** (Lawful male human fighter [huscarl] 10, 68hp) sails into port. Sailors are at work along the shore preparing their ships for the coming season of trading and raiding, and the first of the Southlander carracks has put in for the early spring fur trade. In all the hubbub, a lone longship, not showing its dragonhead and thus not on a raid, sailing into port draws little attention. That is until the helmsman jumps off onto the sandy shore. The arrival of Hallbjorn causes a stir to grow along the docks and the beach, which soon spills into the town, for not only has he returned, but he has brought exciting news. Assuming the characters took part in the adventures of the *Long Serpent* in ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** and ***NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains***, they are quickly advised of the news that Hallbjorn, or his ghost, has returned. At the mention of their long-lost companion, they should hurry to the beach to see what is going on. If the characters have not met Hallbjorn before, he hears of their exploits soon enough and approaches them, but you will need to modify the description below as necessary.

> The familiar figure striding from the surf is indeed Hallbjorn — there can be little doubt — and in broad daylight with the dew of the whale road dripping from his brow he looks like no shade. It appears to be the man himself, in the flesh. Hallbjorn is much as he appeared when first met in the house of Jarl Henrikson many years ago, tall and strong, though a bit thinner and his attire more ragged and worn. His once fine cloak and tunic are now more patchwork than cloth, but his armor and weapons still gleam with gold and silver.
>
> As the crowd gathers round the legendary adventurer, he takes them all in, and his eye catches yours as his face breaks into a broad grin. With a quick wink toward you, he addresses the crowd, "Friends, my fellows and brothers at mead and battle, your welcome is grand, but undeserved. I have merely crossed the endless waves of the Great Ocean, discovered a lost colony of our brethren, and returned with a fortune in lumber, furs, and amber. The true hero is the wyrd that finally guided me home after weary years away. Now, I and my crew are thirsty and hungry after our long journey, and need to proceed to a hall to take our meat and mead.

With this, Hallbjorn as well as most of the sailors from his ship march up the hill to the hall of young Køenig Leif Ragison, and his mother the Regent Gudrid Ragiswif. As he passes the characters, he grabs their arms and brings them along with him, exclaiming his undying friendship all

the way, and filling their heads with stories of lost treasure, untamed and unclaimed lands, and other wonders too wild to be believed.

The crowd surges after them, shouting to passers-by that Hallbjorn has returned and brought a fortune, the wife of a foreign king, or even the head of a dragon with him. The tale spreads throughout town and grows in the telling until it reaches heights that not even Hallbjorn, a known braggart and stretcher-of-truths, could dream of.

At the Hall of the Køenig

As the party approaches the hall, they can see the young Køenig's huscarls, most of whom once served his father, standing outside with their shields, axes, and spears at rest but ready to be brought to bear at a moment's notice. They are obviously a little disturbed by the mob marching up the hill from the city. Once they see Hallbjorn at the head of the mob, their tension lessens, and one of the huscarls ducks inside, returning a moment later with Regent Gudrid Ragiswif, a tall, striking Northlander woman with black hair streaked by silver. Hallbjorn stops, and the rest of the gathered men and women do as well and wait.

Looking a little disheveled, as if interrupted in some arduous task, the lady of the hall speaks, "Welcome, Hallbjorn Halfsson, senior huscarl of the Jarl Henrikson, one of my late husband's most trusted men before his own untimely death. It makes our hearts glad to see you alive and whole, for we had only word that you had died upon the northern seas these summers past. Please, come in with your companions. Come and take your rest by our fire, and enjoy our poor fare.

Hallbjorn and the characters are shown to the high table of the hall that is already being set for a feast with great horns of mead awaiting them, while his crewmen are shown to the lower tables among the other householders. Soon the feast is in full swing with much swearing and boasting, toasting and drinking. Hallbjorn has his head together talking quietly with the regent and her young son, the Køenig, barely past 14 winters himself. The characters are left to their own devices to enjoy the unexpected repast and partake of the merrymaking but do not yet have opportunity to overhear what is being discussed between the infamous huscarl and the leaders of Hordaland. The characters can take this opportunity to gather information throughout the hall or to overhear conversations. Each character can roll 1d20 once to find out what they discover. Give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled.

1d20	Information Gained
10	Hallbjorn disappeared in a storm while heading to the Far North four years ago. He survived when Rán herself rose from the waves to carry him upon his back to satisfy the wyrd laid upon him.
13	Hallbjorn discovered the legendary Oestryn Isles, far to the east beyond the Northern Passage. There he found a colony of Northlanders awaiting a Køenig to come to them. He refused the crown they offered him but was made jarl instead.
16	Hallbjorn is not actually jarl of the colony of Nieuland but has brought them the skills of a shipwright and navigator that they sorely needed. He brought them trade from far shores and made his fortune among them.
17	There are riches to be made in Nieuland colony, free land for the taking, trackless forests to lumber and trap, gold just waiting to be panned from the rivers, everything an adventurous sole with a strong sword arm and good mind's-worth could want to make his fortune.
19	(Overheard from Hallbjorn and Gudrid): There are great riches in Nieuland for those with the resources to exploit it, but not all is well in the colony. They are doing better in recent years, but the land is hard and a new danger is threatening. Some way will have to be found to help the colony or it is likely to be swept into the sea.

A Private Audience

The feast continues long into the night, and eventually most of the feast-goers fall asleep on their benches or on the floor beneath the trestles. Hallbjorn quietly contemplates the bottom of his drinking horn, slowly swirling the dregs of his mead when Gudrid returns to the hall from having seen the Køenig to bed. She taps him on the shoulder to summon him to the kitchens, and he in turn motions to the characters and gently prods any who have already fallen into their cups. Then he and the characters follow the regent into the quiet kitchen.

The stone flags of the floor are still warm from where the fire once roared under the spits and now burns low in its hearth. Hallbjorn cuts a small strip from a roast joint to chew, and Gudrid pulls the kitchen door to after making sure all of the thralls have returned to their beds.

Hallbjorn looks at you appraisingly, "It has been long since we parted on the seas, spear brothers, and joined the battle-din for our Jarl. Long years I spent abroad finding my wyrd, and long have I wondered for what wyrd awaited you as well. From talking with the good Lady Ragiswif this day, I learn that you have done very well for yourselves and proven your mind's-worth many times over. But now, rest your spears for a moment and listen to my tale. Many stories have gone through the hall this day, in the ear of the man and out the mouth of the ass, but hear now the truth of the tale ..." he looks at Gudrid who gives an almost imperceptible nod, "and how you have a part in it."

Hallbjorn relates to the characters the Adventure Background under the sections "The Tale of Hallbjorn" and "The Lost Colony." When he finishes, he concludes with the following.

"The fact of the matter is that, though Nieuland is prospering, the Oestryn Islands are vast beyond anything a single colony can control. There are dangers within the wilderness that so far have been far from the colony and little trouble to groups of armed and armored Northlanders, but that is changing. Recently the folk that we know as skraelings — like the thrydregs of old but of human descent from some strange people of which we know nothing — have begun to gather in numbers. Their trollish blood urges them to fight, and I fear that soon they will come in numbers that the colonists cannot withstand. All that has been gained in Nieuland — all the riches that stand to be gained in this new, unspoiled land — stand to be lost. Nieuland needs help. Nieuland needs colonists, and Nieuland needs heroes."

The regent breaks into Hallbjorn's speech, "You are well known to us in Halfstead. Your spears have stood the tide and served the cause of justice for the Northlander. The Nieulanders are brothers we had thought lost but brothers nonetheless, and they need our help. I have discussed long this thing with Jarl Hallbjorn this day, and Hordaland will be a part of this new land. Halfstead will reap the riches of the frontiers across the waves and send colonists to settle

and secure these reaches. But we need men and women proven when the blood worms sing with the mind's-worth to face the unknown and grasp it with a death grip to make it give every Frigg's thread that it possesses. And for those people with mind's-worth to go, there awaits not only riches but opportunity as well — new lands to claim, space for new jarls to lead. Only Hallbjorn and one other claim jarldom there now. But those with the wyrd to do so could gain great standing and even perhaps a hall of their own were they to but try.

"As I said, the freemen of the Køenig of Hordaland will be among the first to seek and settle this new land, to make Halfstead and capital like the great cities of the Southlands, but we need heroes to go and secure the land to keep it safe. There is plenty of fortune for all. Will you go? We can help you with the gold to begin your fortune, and you need only remember Halfstead and its Køenig as friend as you make your way in the new lands and bring fortune to all.

"But that is enough talk. Now is the hour of Lady Hel when all of noble mind seek their bed. Please my friends, make yourself welcome in my son's hall. We can talk more of this on the morrow."

In the following days, the characters can discuss more with Hallbjorn and the Køenig's regent. Reveal to them the rules for becoming a jarl in the **Appendix**. In exchange for leading the expedition to Nieuland and staying to protect the colonists for at least a year, Gudrid promises to provide the characters passage and supplies to keep them through that time. She also promises them 10,000hs that they can put toward their own longship (though they likely already have one) or the expenditures necessary to achieve the position of jarl. She is willing to trust the characters to their word and give them this boon upfront based on their reputation alone.

Hallbjorn leads the expedition back to the colony with the characters to assist them. He states that the return voyage will begin in one year's time. During that time, the Køenig of Hordaland spreads word of Jarl Hallbjorn and his miraculous return, and attracts colonists and ambitious fortune seekers. Those from all over will be welcome, but Hallbjorn will not reveal the secret route to reach the colony so that all aspirants must come through Halfstead to make the trip, thus further enriching the Køenig's coffers. Hallbjorn leaves two helmsmen behind from his crew to lead further expeditions and thus begin the process of a regular route between Nieuland and the Northlands. But at least for the initial voyages, Hordaland controls a monopoly on the trade and who comes and goes.

After the characters are apprised of the plan, they are left to their own devices to arrange their personal affairs and to prepare for the voyage the following spring. They have a year to prepare and then to gather together after the first thaw to set out on their perilous journey. If you wish, you can run an adventure of your own choice in the interim, or you can determine that the characters simply spend the year recruiting freeman householders, preparing their ship and crew, and plotting their plans for the future. As soon as the spring thaw comes the following year, the characters find themselves back in Halfstead ready to depart.

Chapter One: Upon the Transborean Current

Hallbjorn's discovery of the route to the Oestryn Islands was achieved totally by accident. His voyage on the *Long Serpent* had taken him far north of the waters normally plied by the longships of the Northlanders, and he was doubly blessed by his wyrd to find a kayak outfitted for a long voyage and to discover a Great Ocean phenomenon known only to few — the Transborean Current.

All Northlander sailors worth their salt know of the Cymu Current. It is a warm river of water that runs through the Great Ocean carrying trade along the northern coast of the Isthmus of Irkaina, past the Southlander realms of Brounthia and Monrovia, and finally to the very mouth of the North Sea. The legendary Cymu Islands rest in this current somewhere to the north where only the bravest of sojourners dare to sail, and beyond them the current turns cold and enters the waters of the Far North where none go (until the voyage of the *Long Serpent*). However, following the now-weakened current toward the Far North eventually leads to a place where the rapidly cooling waters of the Cymu Current mix with the icy waters off the Seal Coast to create a new current, this one cold like the icy north and carrying those sailing far along the desolate coasts of the white continent of Boros. However, the current also bends east as it travels far beyond the sight of land, deep into the Great Ocean until an odd thing occurs: the strangely warm waters of the Tropic of Arden greet the traveler and bring him to the shores of the luscious Oestryn Islands far to the northeast of ancient Libynos. Only one brave enough or foolish enough to travel north into icy seas in order to travel east into sultry waters can so easily make the Northern Passage and reach the Oestryn Isles and learn that the well-known Cymu Current is but a single part of the great loop that is completed by the flow of the Transborean.

Hallbjorn has discovered this, as did the original Nieuland colonists decades before, and only he had the seamanship and bravery to connect the dots and sail the full circuit back to the Northlands from whence he started. Now, with additional ships and colonists in tow, Hallbjorn will make the passage back past the icy coast of Boros and dare the long seas of the Transborean Current to reach Nieuland once again.

The Oestryn Islands are 7200 miles due east of the North Sea. Normally such a journey would take approximately 100 days by longship. The route west from there to the Northlands follows the Cymu Current so that travel is faster, but stops are necessary along the Irkainian coasts of the Northern Passage for resupply and trade so that the trip still takes around three-and-a-half months. The trip east follows a longer route but is with the much-faster Transborean Current so that it actually requires only 81 days travel by longship. Most of this route either is far from land or skirts along the frozen ice shelf of Boros so that landing for resupply or trade is not only impractical but pointless — there is no one to trade with and nowhere to resupply anything but ice and snow. As a result, the travel time is not hindered by such stops and goes faster than it would otherwise. The trade-off, however, is that all the necessary supplies for the voyage must be brought along if the crew wishes to ever see their destination alive. Hallbjorn is an experienced seaman and has already ridden the Transborean Current over 5 months in a kayak. As a result, he has planned well for the trip and lets the characters in on his plan before the departure.

After a summer and winter of recruiting and planning, the characters and any freemen wishing to make the trip as colonists are to be in Halfstead on the third day of spring ready to depart. The actual departure date is a secret known only to Hallbjorn to prevent rivals for the resources and lands of the colonies from following. On the day of departure, Hallbjorn's expedition actually leaves a little after midnight so that in the darkness, any hoping to tag along and learn the route is hard-pressed even to see them before they are gone.

Hallbjorn's expedition consists of three of the largest longships ever built in the Northlands. Halfstead shipwrights worked at it all winter. They are the *Northern Passage*, the *Nieulander*, and Hallbjorn's own new flagship, the *Fearless Voyager*. His ship that he arrived on, the *Northman Reborn*, is remaining behind with a few of his own crewman trained as helmsmen. They will gather additional ships and colonists and lead the next voyage in the following spring. Ships from Nieuland should be arriving back in Halfstead later that summer so that a continuous circuit of trade and colonization can be established, with ships bearing helmsmen experienced with the route making the passage from Halfstead every couple of years.

Each of the new longships is 100ft long with a beam of 20ft. The gunwales are higher, and the central walkway between rowers' benches is wider to allow more room for passengers. In addition, the cargo area just below the walkway is wider and deeper so that the boat's hold can store much more cargo than normal for a longship. They are large and somewhat unwieldly compared to normal longships, but are sturdy and capable of carrying many more passengers and much more supplies than a normal longship as well.

Hallbjorn has planned his voyage well. Each ship bears a crew of 80, of which 70 will pull an oar at any given time. Each able-bodied man on the voyage is expected to take his turn at the sweeps. In addition, an additional 150 colonists who are females or children are aboard. They would man the oars only in an emergency situation. The colonists are divided between the *Northern Passage* and the *Fearless Voyager*. The *Nieulander* carries only its 80 crewmen and tons of supplies to carry the colonists over the near 4 months at sea. Even still, rations are going to grow sparse before making landfall at the Oestryn Isles, so everyone is trusting a bit to luck and good fishing to see them through. The conditions aboard the vessels are extremely crowded and uncomfortable, and the voyage through extremely cold waters, but Northlanders are used to hardships and look at the challenges ahead optimistically. Hallbjorn commands the flotilla from the helm of the *Fearless Voyager* and places one of his Nieulander helmsmen aboard each of the other ships. The characters are free to choose if they will sail with the colonists, guard the supplies, or split between the different ships. If the characters have their own ship and crew, then they can join in it instead, bringing the number in the flotilla up to four.

Human, Sailors (240): **HP** 1d6; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** hand axe (1d6), short sword (1d6) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special:** none.
Equipment: hand axe, short sword, 3 javelins.

Colonists (150): **HP** 1d4; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special:** none.

Making the Northern Passage

The ships depart from Halfstead under cover of darkness and head almost due east. By midday, a scattering of sails can be seen abaft from a few longships that managed to spot the flotilla as it sailed, but Hallbjorn is not overly concerned. He expected a few opportunists to try to follow him to learn his route, but there are not enough to threaten the monopoly Halfstead will hold on Nieuland trade for several years. He just didn't want an entire



fleet making the trip in his wake the entire way as would have undoubtedly occurred as other kingdoms and jarls vied for the opportunity to get in on the resources for the taking in Nieuland. The few ships that attempt to follow become separated from the flotilla the first time a storm blows through.

During the day, the three ships follow in a line with the *Fearless Voyager* in the lead but never falling far enough behind that they can't keep the other two ships in sight. At night if the seas are calm, the three ships tie up together with their hulls beside one another to create a single large platform. If the seas are too rough, they hang lamps in their bows and sterns and tie together in line with long ropes so that none can get turned aside from the others unknowingly in the dark. During the day, the men who are not rowing (and some of the women and older children) keep weapons to hand to fend off any attacks. At night, at least 20 crewmen are always awake with lamps patrolling each longship. The characters can make their own arrangements for keeping watch, but Hallbjorn does expect them to tie together with the other ships when it is dark if they have brought their own vessel.

The voyage through the North Sea to reach the Cymu Current is 575 miles, nearly 10 days in these larger, slower longships. During this time, each day roll 1d8; on a 1–2, a random encounter occurs. The encounter can occur any time during the day, so insert it at the time that best fits the encounter. Use the "North Sea — Summer" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. There are no set encounters during this part of the voyage.

Once the ships leave the North Sea and enter the Cymu Current of the Great Ocean, they turn northeast and their progress begins to pick up. In the first few weeks, they see occasional shores to the west, spotted here and there with the brown and green of new spring growth. As they travel farther and veer east into the Transborean Current, the air grows colder, the shore sightings grow fewer and fewer, and icebergs are spotted. By the end of the fourth week, the only land is occasional glimpses of ice cliffs far to the north, and the winds and waves grow bitterly cold. The stores of peat stacked in the hold are burned in small iron braziers for warmth, but they are inadequate to the task, and it becomes quickly apparent that the fuel supply is not going to last. It looks to be a long, cold voyage.

This leg of the voyage covers nearly 8000 miles and takes the flotilla 111 days. These waters are sparsely populated, so roll for encounters only twice per week. Roll 1d8; on a 1, a random encounter occurs. The encounter can occur any time during the day, so insert it at the time that best fits the encounter. Use the "Great Ocean Ûthaf — Summer" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. Treat encounters with another ship as no encounter.

During this transoceanic portion of the voyage, there are four set encounters. These encounters can occur in any order and at any time of day during the voyage, just make sure that all three occur before the flotilla reaches the Oestryn Isles.

Omens in the Sea

This event occurs during the middle of the night. The cries of lookouts alert the characters, and their attention is quickly directed to the waters a short distance to starboard.

Everyone is awake now and at the gunwales looking into the sea. Not 20 yards beyond the hull is a group of glowing points of light, each approximately the size of a flaming torch. They appear to be a fathom or so below the surface of the water so that their source cannot be seen. They begin as a cluster moving slowly past the vessels, heading east, but as they pass, they shift and take on a new appearance forming an almost continuous line as they drift onward and eventually away into the darkness.

Hallbjorn's voice rises above the murmurs of surprise and worry on the decks, "It's an omen! The gods favor us. A glowing arrow of light points us on to our destination in the east. Our wyrd is secure!"

The worries and murmurs of the colonists die down at

the Jarl's optimistic words. A favorable omen is a powerful message sent from the gods and would mean good for the voyage. Just as you walk away, though, a low voice catches your ears. A crusty old seadog sits wrapped in ragged furs near the gunwale looking to the darkness into which the lights disappeared. "Weren't no omen for good," he grumbles. "It were a sword blade of lights pointing us to our doom."

Talking to the old man produces no further information. He is a pessimistic old salt and truly sees an ill omen in the lights. Any of the players who profess to believe Hallbjorn's interpretation of events receives a +1 bonus to attack rolls and saves vs. fear for the next 3 days due to the buoying effects of the omen. Any who choose to believe otherwise do not suffer any ill effects but don't gain the bonus. The source of the lights is a type of luminescent cold-water jellyfish that sometimes approaches the surface to feed at night.

Sea Scavangers

This encounter likewise occurs at night. In the small hours of the morning, the Nieulander tied at the far port edge of the flotilla for the night suddenly comes under attack. Anyone awake on watch can enter initiative normally. Those asleep require 1 round to wake up before they can enter the initiative order.

Sudden shouts arise from the far port end of the flotilla as it lies tied together for the night. There is the sound of snapping oars and breaking planks in that direction, followed by a short scream of pain and great roars of anger.

Anyone rushing to the *Nieulander* sees that **4 coral giants** have clambered up out of the sea on its port side. They stand 12ft tall with rough-textured reddish skin and wear heavy helms intricately carved from black volcanic rock. These giants dwell on the seafloor in a castle near thermal vents. They are enthusiastic builders that generally work in the medium of stone but enjoy using wood as well. Needless to say, wood is scarce in their domain, and when they spotted the ships, they decided to conduct a raid. They carry a large net between them and when not fighting, tear off pieces of planking from the ship and throw it into the net to drag back to their home. They are not truly evil, but fight lethally to defend themselves from attackers. If two are killed, the rest flee back to the sea, leaving their net behind. The crewmen generally stay out of the fight if the characters are handling it. When the giants are defeated, the characters find that three crewmen were wounded but none killed. Assuming the characters defeat the giants, then the damage they cause to the *Nieulander* is not sufficient to hinder its voyage and is quickly repaired.

Giants, Coral (4): **HD** 13; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** 2 slams (1d8) or trident (3d6) or throw rock (1d10); **Move** 15 (swim 15); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: resist cold, throw rocks. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 98)

Treasure: The giants' loincloths have pouches sewn into them in which they carry their valuables. Each giant carries 2d6x100hs worth of giant-sized coral jewelry and 1d3 worthless chunks of coral to be used as a throwing rock.

An Ominous Sighting

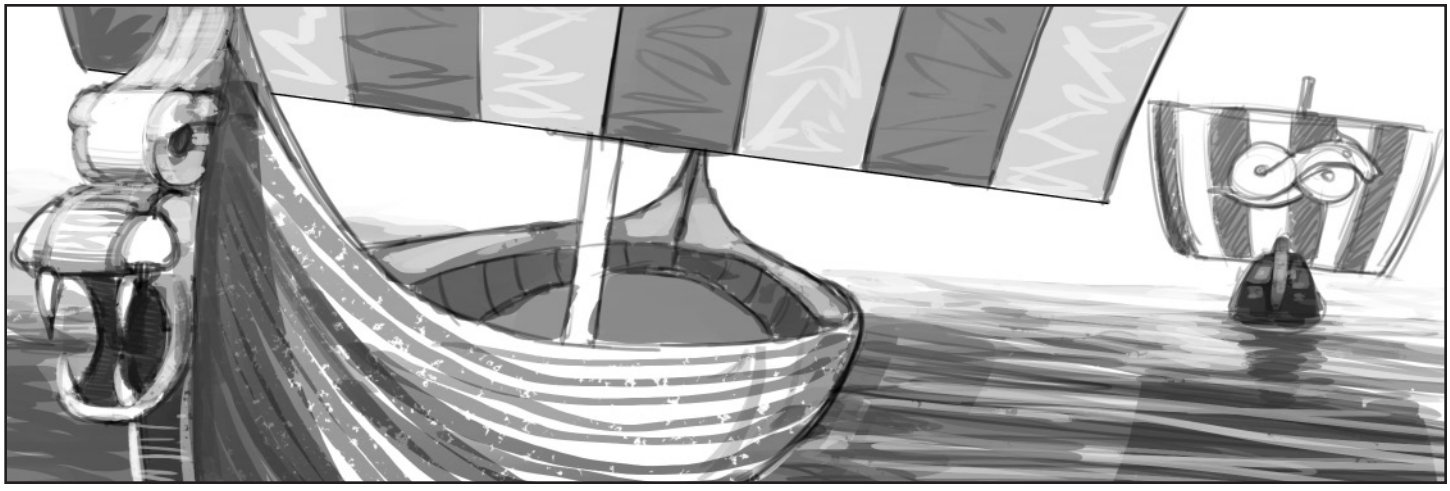
This event occurs late in the day. A lookout on one of the ships shouts, "Sail!" pointing to the south, away from where any of the other ships have been following the flotilla. Anyone looking in that direction catches just a glimpse of the sail as it disappears over the horizon and realizes it is heading in the same direction as Hallbjorn's fleet. The sail bears the image of the World Serpent emblazoned upon it, the symbol of the Jomsvikings, a cult of ruthless raiders that launch their depredations from an island-fortress in the center of the North Sea. They are far from their usual hunting grounds. If the characters have encountered the Jomsvikings before, then they automatically recognize the sail. If the characters attempt to locate the ship, it is gone in the gloom of falling dusk before they can reach the area where it was spotted. There is no more sign of it.

From the Deeps

This encounter occurs on a gloomy day when a thick fog rolls in over the water, leaving the seas calm and still. The ships are roped together 100ft apart — with the *Fearless Voyager* in the lead and the *Nieulander* in the rear — to keep them from losing each other in the thick mist as they row silently forward into the opaque gloom. The attack occurs against the *Northern Passage*, so modify the description based on where the characters are located.

A great splash and roar comes from the starboard side of the line of ships. The mist thins enough to see a great, dark form to the side of the column heading toward the *Northern Passage*. Smaller dark forms seem to be leaping from its back and diving into the water. There is another roar and the sound of great wind. Suddenly the mist thickens again and becomes uncomfortably warm against your skin. This is accompanied immediately the sudden screams of the horribly injured and dying.

The convoy is under attack by a group of **11 trow** and their **dragon turtle** ally. They seek to surprise the ships and take as many prisoners as possible to carry back to their ocean floor domains to use as slaves



and food. Each carries several bladders made from rubbery fish skin to tie around the necks of prisoners and inflate to allow them to carry them down to the seafloor until they reach chambers in their deep knows that have air pockets. The dragon turtle has just used its breath weapon and caught 7 of the *Northern Passage's* crewmen in its area of affect. These men are all dead or will be at the end of the round; it will be 1d4 rounds before it can use its breath weapon again.



Trow (11): **HD** 7; **HP** 47, 44, 41, 40x3, 38, 36x2, 34, 30; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (3hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*, Chapter 5**)

Dragon Turtle: **HD** 12; **HP** 88; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (3d10); **Move** 3/9 (swim); **Save** 4; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: break ships, breathes steam (90ft long 30ft wide cone, full hp damage, save half).

Tactics: The fog provides concealment beyond 10ft (–1 to hit). In the round after using its breath weapon, the dragon turtle swims up to the *Northern Passage*, allowing the 7 trow on its shell to leap aboard as a move action. The other 4 trow that had previously dived into the water swim beneath the boat and begin to climb up its far side. They reach the deck and attack with surprise if not spotted the following round. The first 7 trow attempt to kill as many crewmen as possible, while the other 4 attempt to grapple and place air-filled bladders over the heads of passengers. Assume each trow kills one crewman or grapples and bags one passenger each round unless fighting the characters. Bagged passengers aren't thrown overboard until the trow are ready to retreat, at which point they carry them down to the seafloor. The dragon turtle attempts to hold off reinforcements from other the ships. The trow continue to attack until at least 5 are killed; they do not care whether the dragon turtle is killed because then they don't have to share the spoils.

Characters on other ships can reach the *Northern Passage* to join the fight in several ways. They can swim or fly if they have the ability. Pulling on the line linking the ships brings the ships together to allow boarding as well. Likewise, if the characters can get the crew to row toward the embattled vessel, they can reach it in 4 rounds. A combination of the two can decrease this time even more.

Development: If the characters successfully defeat the trow attack, any survivors on the *Northern Passage* consider them heroes. If one of the characters later attempts to become a jarl, the survivors automatically become freeman followers without requiring the normal check (consider every four passengers/crewmen to equal one family, rounded down).

Treasure: The trow carry no treasure, but if the dragon turtle is searched or butchered, a natural pocket within the shell just below his neck reveals a waterproof sealskin bag containing gold and silver coins worth 490hs; a *potion of giant strength* in a conch shell sealed with wax; a *potion of levitation* in a corked glass bottle; a *divine scroll* inscribed on a coral branch (*commune*); an *arcane scroll* on waterlogged parchment (*hold person*, *protection from evil 10ft radius*); and a *wand of shield* (4 charges).

Chapter Two: The Colony of Nieuland

When the ship of colonists arrived on the coast of the Oestryn Islands 70 years ago, their helmsman Sven Torborald guided the badly damaged vessel past a point of rock and into the relative shelter of a river mouth. The river was dubbed Sven's River, and a camp was erected on its bank while repairs were made to the colonist's ship. Unfortunately, the colonists lacked the skill to make the ship sound enough to be seaworthy for a trip back through the Northern Passage. In addition, gold was discovered in the hills upriver from the camp and plentiful beavers for trapping in the lake just beyond. This sudden influx of wealth lulled the colonists into complacency at the new opportunities they had discovered, and gradually over the years, all talk of returning to the Northlands faded away. Not until Hallbjorn arrived and provided the colonists with the skills and knowledge to build and helm a far-reaching longship did they begin to think about trade and expansion of their burgeoning settlement.

The colony exists on the westernmost of the Oestryn Isles, which the colonists have named Nieuland. Though they have been on the island for several generations, other than some minimal exploration of the interior they have remained confined to a small area on the western coast. Their principal settlement is a walled hold called Kasternack and, other than a scattering of freehold farms and lumber camps in the nearby forests, remains the only real outpost of Northlands' culture in Nieuland.

The island that they have colonized is approximately 300 miles north-south and a little more than 100 miles at its widest. The colony lies more or less in the center of the western coast of the island. The colonists have done some small exploration of the surrounding isles in the small vessels such as they could build, but have made no great inroads into mapping or settling them. The island has a small mountain chain running down the center but the terrain is otherwise generally flat or rolling hills. Because the isles lie in the mystical Tropic of Arden, the weather is much milder for such a far northern latitude with warm, mild summers and short winters, though the winter storms off the Great Ocean can occasionally be extremely harsh. As a result of this climate and the fertile soil of the island, most of it is covered by thick virgin forests that have not known the bite of a woodsman's axe. A series of interconnected lakes crosses the islands, and they and their waterways serve as the principal abode of the skraeling tribes who dwell in small villages and camps, following herds of game or tending small plots of crops.

Arrival in Nieuland

The long voyage through the Northern Passage finally ends as the flotilla makes landfall at Kasternack, the capital of the colony (such as it is). The ships pull into docks at the mouth of Sven's River that were built just for this occasion, and the new colonists joyfully disembark after their long, long journey, while the current colonists joyfully gather to greet them. This is truly a banner day for Nieuland. Hallbjorn quickly makes his way through the throng, giving orders to his huscarls to make sure the goods and supplies are off-loaded, and then quickly ushers the characters up a small hill to the hall of Jarl Torin.

Within, the characters are greeted by Jarl Torin and his three young wives (an unusual practice for Northlanders adopted in Nieuland due to the pressures of surviving with a limited population in an isolated realm) and his seven young children. Jarl Torin is a large clean-shaven man with thick black hair that recedes precipitously from his forehead. He greets the characters with great pomp and makes them welcome in his hall. Hallbjorn's introduction makes him aware of their exploits and that they are Northlander heroes of great renown. That evening, all of the colonists are welcomed with a great feast, and the next morning Hallbjorn makes his farewells and departs aboard the *Fearless Voyager* for his hold a short way up the coast.



Though the characters (and other colonists) have come to Torin's colony, he makes it clear that they remain freemen and need not swear to him personally as long as they contribute to the colony and abide by its laws. The other colonists are temporarily put up in the great hall before they begin to move out to seek employment or to establish their own farms and households. Land is free for the taking as long as no one else has claimed it, the owner simply has to stake his claim, though no more than he can successfully tame and utilize — usually around an oxgang, the land that can be plowed by a team of oxen in a single season. Those with larger families or wealth can claim more provided they can clear and cultivate it. Most land will have to be cleared of forest before it can be planted, though most freemen start at least a small garden immediately.

Because the characters are heroes, they are not expected to clear land and start a farm or herd. They are welcome to stay as guests at either Torin's or Hallbjorn's halls, or even build their house if they choose. Ultimately, one or more of them should probably look at the possibility of becoming a jarl in this new world where there is land for the taking. The rules for doing so are discussed in the **Appendix: The Rise of a Jarl**. In the meantime, they are expected to comport themselves as heroes: tackling problems of the colony that the freeholders cannot handle themselves, conducting exploration and taming of the surrounding wilderness, and providing for the general defense and wellbeing of the settlers.

Kasternack

Kasternack is the principal settlement of the colony established by Sven Torborald on the west bank of Sven's River where he built a hall and a wall to defend against raiding skraelings. It has since served as the seat of succeeding generations of the colonists and remains the seat of Torin Vulmerson, the great grandson of old Sven. Though Torin is acknowledged jarl of Nieuland, most of the surrounding householders are nevertheless freemen and sworn to no liege. The Althing of Nieuland holds nearly as much power as the jarl, and the line of Sven has been content to see it so, exerting authority only in areas of defense and war. Most of the householders live in farms and lumber camps in the surrounding forest nearby.

Kasternack

Lawful small town
Qualities insular, racially intolerant (skraelings)
Government overlord
Population 562 (562 humans [Northlanders])
Notable NPCs

- **Torin Vulmerson, Jarl of Kasternack** (Lawful male human Ftr9, 65hp)
- **Old Vulmer** (Neutral male old human Ftr5 [invalid], 22hp)
- **Anulf, huscarl** (Lawful male human Ftr6, 41hp)

Skorri Six-Hand, huscarl (Neutral male human Ftr8, 50hp)
Ogridda Longtooth, weaver (Lawful female human, 5hp)
Tamilgr, trapper (Lawful male human Rgr3, 16hp)
Einnar Godsson, godi/farmer (Lawful male human Clr7, 34hp)
Purchase Maximum 5,000 gp

Though Hallbjorn doesn't live in Kasternack (he has established his own hold at Culchar), it is still to Kasternack that he brings his fleet. Much of the funding for his expedition came from Jarl Torin, and though Hallbjorn is himself a jarl, he acknowledges Torin as the overall Jarl of Nieuland. As mentioned, the characters are welcome to stay at either Kasternack or Hallbjorn's hold. Regardless, as long as they remain in the settled lands of the colony, Jarl Torin, Hallbjorn, or some other huscarl approaches them daily and apprises them of the daily news, any current needs of heroes and any scouting reports. Many days, nothing of note is reported, but each day there is a cumulative 10% chance of news. Once a piece of news is heard, the cumulative chance starts over again at 10%. Consult the "Rumors and Reports Table" below to determine the results of hearing news. Once a piece of news is heard, consider future rolls of that particular rumor as the next highest available roll. Any skraelings captured alive can provide the information in Rumor 12 below. If pressed for more information, they reveal only the location of **Area S**, but nothing more.

Exploring the Colony

Each day spent in Nieuland outside the hexes occupied by Kasternack and Culchar has a chance of an encounter. Some hexes have keyed areas that occur whenever the characters first enter that hex, but even those without a keyed event have a chance of an encounter. Each time the characters enter a hex, roll 1d8; an encounter occurs on 1–2. If the characters remain in a single hex for more than a day, roll for an encounter for that hex the next day, though there is only a 1-in-8 chance of an encounter on subsequent days. Even hexes with keyed encounters require a random encounter roll, though you shouldn't make this roll until after the keyed encounter has already been dealt with. Those marked with an asterisk can be encountered only once if slain.

1d12	Random Encounters
1	The Shadow of Death*
2–3	Walking Wood
4	Tree Howler
5–7	Forest Pack
8–9	Flock of Seagulls
10–11	Sons of the Forest
12–13	Grazing Beast
14	Wrath of the Storm*
15–16	Queen's Men
17	Strange Company
18	Golden Gorger
19–20	Sylvan Herd

The Shadow of Death: This encounter only occurs at night. In centuries past when the skraelings were more numerous in the western forests, they came to be preyed upon by a beast of terrible savagery and power. It tore through entire villages in its bloodlust before the skraeling tribes managed to trap it within a cave in the Wolf Cairn Mountains where it slowly succumbed to starvation. The beast did not sleep well, though, and on some nights it slips out of its cavern tomb as a shadow of its former self to prey upon those it catches wandering its former woodland home. Despite the rumors, it is not bothered by water.

Rumors and Reports Table

1d12	News
1	The skraelings have become more restless of late. Hunting parties have been seen in the forest in greater numbers than before.
2	The skraelings no longer settle much in the forest. They're mostly back in the mountains and among the lakes. Some of them say it's because a plague wiped out half of them generations ago, but that doesn't explain why they never came back. No, they say the Shadow of Death walks the woods now, though it doesn't like water, and that's why they won't live anywhere away from the rivers.
3	They say Stag Rock on the Whitecap River is cursed. No one dares to try to climb it, but if anyone succeeds, there's a great treasure awaiting him.
4	Kariv the Oarsman was found dead in the eaves of the forest outside Kasternack. Stone thrydreg arrows were lodged in his spine. When huscarls went to check his farm, they found it burned out with all the livestock driven off.
5	The bees in the Forest of the Skraelings are of massive size, and their honey is highly prized in the colony — especially the queen's royal jelly. If you can find that, it's worth a pile of hacksilver.
6	A hunter saw one of the ships that apparently followed Hallbjorn's convoy make landfall somewhere north of Culchar. No one has seen it or any of the colonists on it since, though.
7	The village of Hamildar was established 20 years ago on the shore of Beaver Lake to trap the plentiful beavers there and to look for ore deposits in the Goldlode Hills. Five years ago, we lost contact with the village, and scouts who went to check it out found it completely abandoned. No one knows where the villagers went. Now folks say that it's haunted and avoid it altogether.
8	If you seek the secret of Stag Rock, the guardian of Greenwater Swamp holds the key.
9	Fishermen saw a longship somewhere to the west of Kasternack. It disappeared over the horizon shortly after being spotted, but he got enough of a look at it to see a serpent painted on the sail.
10	If you decide to run the rapids on Whitecap River, be careful where the current slows down and the river widens into Greenwater Swamp. Even the skraelings won't go there. There's something that lives there beneath all the scum that covers its waters, something that doesn't like visitors.
11	Hunters have sighted movement around Hamildar. When the colonists disappeared, no one ever did find the gold they had mined out of the hills. Someone may have gone there to claim it.
12	Captured skraelings have reported that a new high shaman has arisen from the Highvale. He is called the Young Prophet or Half-Face and is said to have died in fire and been reborn to scour all invaders from the shores of their lands. He is said to be gathering the skraelings in force somewhere in the Wolf Cairn Mountains.



The Shadow of Death (Bear, Shadow): **HD** 12; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6 plus strength drain), bite (1d8 plus strength drain); **Move** 0 (fly 15); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, create spawn, strength drain (1d4 points/hit). (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 18)

Walking Wood: The trees of the Forest of the Skraelings are ancient and untouched by the axes of civilization. The skraelings harvest some wood with their crude stone axes, but only on the forest margins and usually from trees that are already dead. This is not only because of the crudeness of their tools but also because of the dangers that walk among the trees. Born of some great evil in the past, **gnarlwoods** are known to haunt the forest. These twisted treants have four knobby arms and are accompanied by an entourage of small animal skeletons (they don't take part in any combat). These forest horrors attempt to slay any humanoids they catch walking within their forest domain.

Gnarlwood: **HD** 11; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 branches (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: magical abilities, rend (if 2 branches hit, grab does additional 1d6).

Magical Abilities: constant—*protection from good* (20ft radius); at will—*animate dead* (60ft).

Tree Howler: A **squealer** hides in a tree above the trail the characters are following. It uses its sound imitation ability to sound like an injured animal to try to draw them to the point below its limb so it can leap down to attack with surprise. It has a simian posture with an extra clawed arm growing from its back. Its head resembles that of a warthog. When it attacks, it makes its characteristic squeal-like howl.

Squealer: **HD** 12; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 15 (climb 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rend with claws (with bite, save or be held tight, automatic 2d6 claw damage), sound imitation of creature previously heard, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6 in woodland environment. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 518)

Forest Pack: A pack of **1d4 raggoths** catches the party's scent and begins to hunt them. Once within range, the raggoths charge. They use their howl against any prey that remains standing after the initial charge. Raggoths are 8ft long, with glossy black fur, wolf-like heads, and six powerful legs. They are apex predators in the forest and do not back down from a fight.

Raggoths (1d4): **HD** 10; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

Flock of Seagulls: The eblis of the Nieuland marshes are barbarous and bloodthirsty for their kind. This race of intelligent storks can be found in the Tidal and Greenwater swamps but often fly over the rest of the forest looking for intelligent creatures to ambush and pick apart into bloody ribbons. This flock of **4d4 eblis** spots the characters and swoops in to attack. They retreat if half of their number is killed. If any are captured and the characters are able to communicate with them, the hateful birds are able to provide a single rumor off the "Rumors and Reports Table" above. They do not cooperate willingly and attempt to escape at every opportunity.



Eblis (4d4): **HD** 4; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** beak (1d6); **Move** 12 (fly 12); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: fire resistance (50%), spellcasting flock leader. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 221)

Sons of the Forest: While the skraelings inhabit the forest from time to time in small numbers, they are not truly its primary humanoid occupant. That distinction goes to the yeti tribes that have inhabited the fringes of the Forest of the Skraelings for time immemorial. These elusive beastmen remain in the green shadows and observe all that goes on in the forest, but only rarely reveal themselves to interlopers. The first time this encounter is rolled, the characters should not actually encounter the yetis; rather, they should hear a series of loud knocks echoing through the forest followed by a strange howl from an indeterminate location. However, the second time it is rolled, they come upon a family of hooting and howling yetis. One of their number has his leg trapped beneath a fallen tree while a **strangle vine** slowly approaches. The trapped **yeti** stepped into the vine's clutches and knocked over the tree on itself while trying to escape. Four more stand at the periphery of its effect and hoot and gibber while ineffectually throwing rocks. They scatter when the characters arrive. If the characters rescue the trapped yeti, it joins the others, but before they depart — if communication can be managed — they provide one rumor off the "Rumors and Reports Table" above.

Yetis (5): **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Strangle Vine: **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

Grazing Beast: The characters come upon a **baluchitherium** peacefully munching upon the leaves of a nearby treetop. It stops and eyes the characters warily when they come into sight. Unless they immediately back away or find some means to calm it, it panics and charges, attempting to trample them as it makes its escape.

Baluchitherium: **HD** 14; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 hooves (5d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: none.

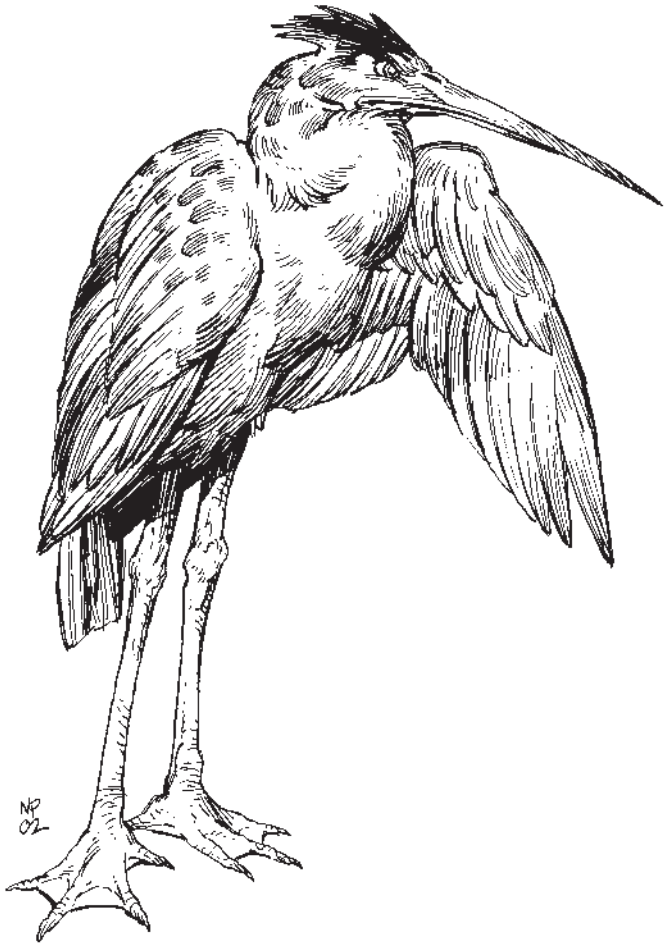
Wrath of the Storm: This event occurs as the characters see thunderheads gathering off the eastern mountains and making their way toward the lowlands. Soon the day is dim like twilight, and a stiff cool breeze blows in from the east. A thunderstorm strikes just as the characters reach a clearing in the forest along a hillside barren of foliage. Three rounds later, a **thundershrike** accompanied by **2 lightning lampreys** comes swooping down on the storm winds and attacks the characters. On the third round of combat, the torrential rains cause a mudslide to envelop the hillside. It does not bury anyone, but turns the ground for a quarter mile into a soupy morass. In addition, the mudslide and supernatural storm unearth **4 mudbogs** that attack as well. The thundershrike retreats to the mountains if reduced below 30 hp, with the lightning trailing along with it (they follow the bird for easy meals). The mudbogs fight until destroyed.

Thundershrike: **HD** 13; **HP** 90; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (3d6), bite (3d12); **Move** 3/30 (flying); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: magical abilities. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 559)

Magical Abilities: at will—*control winds*; 2/day—*lightning bolt*; 3/day—*control weather*.

Lightning Lampreys (2): HD 3; **HP** 19, 16; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d2 plus 1d6 electricity); **Move** 3 (fly 12); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** none. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 136)

Mudbogs (4): HD 3; **HP** 21, 18, 16x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** engulf; **Move** 3; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** acid (organic material), engulf (1d6 acid damage), immune to blunt weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 390)



Queen's Men: A swarm of **3d6+10 giant bees** the size of a large dog occupy a meadow of wildflowers, buzzing from one to the next. Their massive hive is nearby. The bees are aggressive and attack anyone who enters the meadow or approaches the hive. The hive holds an additional **2d8 giant bees** and a **giant queen bee** that defend the hive to the death. Inside the hive is a massive quantity of dripping honeycomb worth 1d6x10hs back in the settlements and 1d8 pounds of royal jelly (100hs each).

Bee, Giant (3d6+10): **HD** 3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sting (1d3 plus poison); **Move** 3 (fly 24); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: lethal poison sting (save avoids). (***Monstrosities*** 39)

Queen Bee, Giant: **HD** 10; **HP** 68; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 6 (fly 18); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: poison sting (2d6 damage, save for 1d4 damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 76)

Strange Company: The raggoths of the forest have formed a strange symbiotic relationship with the giant mosquitoes that dwell in the marshes. Clinging to the shaggy fur on the underside of a raggoth are **2d4 giant mosquitoes**. They don't bite the creature but rather wait for it to attack prey while it hunts, at which time they buzz forth to take part in the kill, drinking the blood while the raggoth consumes the flesh. The characters would make a suitable meal for this partnership.

Raggoth: **HD** 10; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

Mosquitoes, Giant (2d4): **HD** 1d4hp; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1 plus blood drain); **Move** 6 (fly 15); **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: blood drain upon bite (automatic 1d4/round for 1d6 rounds). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 389)

Golden Gorger: One of the true treasures of Nieuland is the elusive **aurumvorax**. One of these creatures is out hunting and attempts to pick off any character straggling behind or that becomes separated. If none does, it waits until nightfall and attempts to take out a character that is on guard. The creature's hide is worth 500hs. More importantly, each time one of these creatures is encountered, there is a 30% chance that its lair is nearby and can be located by tracking the creature's trail. In the lair are 2d4x100hs worth of well-chewed uncut gems and gold or silver ore. There is also a 50% chance that it contains a cub. If captured, the cub can be sold to the colonists for 5000hs in order to domesticate it and use its natural instincts to locate veins of gold ore in the Goldlode Hills.

Aurumvorax (Golden Gorger): **HD** 12; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** bite (1d8); **Move** 12 (burrow 3); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** immunity to poison, rake with claws (held in bite, 4 claws 1d4, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 38)

Sylvan Herd: The plentiful forest bison that inhabit the green-shadowed stretches of woodland are the primary food source for the predators of the forest as well as skraeling hunters. The characters come upon 3d10 of the animals peacefully grazing on the forest undergrowth. Slightly smaller than plains bison, these animals are not aggressive unless they feel threatened. Unfortunately for the characters, there is a 50% chance that they feel threatened and stampede toward the party.

Forest Bison (3d10): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities*** 59)

A. The Barrows

A forest clearing here is broken by rows of more than a dozen low mounds of earth rising from the leaf-strewn grass.

Colonists have been interred here for the last 70 years. Unlike similar burial grounds in the Northlands, this one is not plagued by any undead or ancient Andøvan curses. It is actually quite peaceful. There are a total of 17 mounds, each no more than 6ft high and averaging 40ft long as dozens of burials have been placed in most of them. Only a few smaller mounds no more than 15ft long serve as single burials for individuals who distinguished themselves as heroes of the colony. The largest of these, of course, belongs to Sven Torborald who successfully brought the colonists across the Great Ocean. Characters poking around these mounds might turn up a few small valuables or magic items but incur the extreme displeasure of the colonists.

B. Stealdas Culchar

A fortified wooden hall sits upon a low hill overlooking the bay. Docks have been built at great expense to accommodate a pair of longships bobbing at their berths, with room for several more to moor as well. Small outbuildings and tilled fields surround the steading, and a large wooden kennel and dog pen stand nearby.

This stealdas, or steading, is the domain of Jarl Hallbjorn. The settlement is small but thriving and receives as much or more trade as nearby Kasternack since Hallbjorn's ships conduct the trade. In addition, Hallbjorn has begun breeding large war dogs imported from the ports of Libynos. He is willing to sell trained war dogs for 100hs. The characters are welcome to stay here, and hear rumors and reports as well as they can at Kasternack.

Dog, Guard/War: **HD** 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d3); **Move** 15; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities*** 127)

Stealdas Culchar

Lawful [chaotic tendencies] village
Qualities insular, prosperous
Government overlord
Population 143 (143 humans [Northlanders])
Notable NPCs
Hallbjorn Bolverkson, Jarl of Culchar (Lawful male human fighter [huscarl] 10, 68hp) **Thorgridd Shipmaker** (Lawful male human shipwright, 43hp)
Svanr (Neutral human trader, 31hp)
Purchase Maximum 3750gp

C. Welcoming Party

At each of these locations, a band of skraeling hunters spots the characters as their longship lands or as they enter the hex. The characters are first alerted by the sounds of war whoops coming from the treeline, after which **3d4 skraeling warriors** charge onto the beach and attack. They fight to the death.

Skraeling Warriors (3d4): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round).

(See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

D. Abandoned Camp

On this broad sandy beach are the remnants of a recently abandoned camp. The beach shows signs of at least thirty sets of footprints, some of them clearly armored from their weight. Five large fire rings stain the sand, and the remains of fish, seals, pork, and beef bones are strewn about haphazardly. There are also marks in the sand where a longship was pulled up on shore. The fires are cold, but scavengers have just started to nose around the refuse.

A careful investigation reveals a bit of broken sword (a thin thing of Southlander design) in the sand, a piece of rent mail, a broken buckler, and a blood trail leading off into the nearby forest to the east. There are also the tracks of a large party that lead south into the forest. These tracks show both deep footprints of armored men, as well as smaller prints of unarmored men and woman.

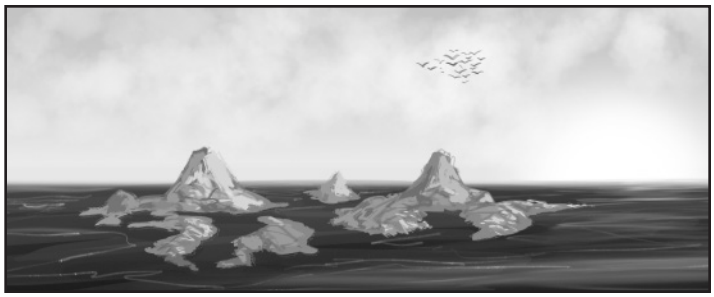
Following the blood trail leads only a few dozen yards inland before it ends at a crumpled form in the underbrush. As the characters approach, several ravens lift off from the body, flapping and cawing. The body is dressed in a chain shirt over doublet, tunic, and hose of Southlander fashion. A broken rapier lies near his side. Ravens have already eaten at his face and neck, and a long gash through his chain shirt is surrounded with blood, his intestines spilling out. The man can be recognized as Eraster Tyrphin, a Southlander sell-sword who was in the employ of Gudrik the Boar, a large man who commanded one of the longships that followed Hallbjorn's convoy out Halfstead. A search of the body yields a small pouch with 34hs in various coinage.

Following the tracks leading to the south, the heroes first hear a loud buzzing, as of thousands of insects. As they approach the sound, the smell of death assails them, and those of a sensitive bent can feel an overwhelming aura of suffering and despair. At the end of the trail is a grove of trees, oaks and beeches with a few maples. On each tree hangs the body of one of Gudrik the Boar's crew and colonists, held to the tree by spears driven through their chests. Anybody who can read Runic (the written form of the Nørsk language) can recognize the runes for the Jomsvikings carved into the heads of each victim.

After taking Gudrik and his ship in the middle of their voyage, a group of Jomsvikings burned the *Sea Boar* to the water and took the survivors


NIEULAND
1 hex - 5 miles
~ - cataract
N
W
E
S
THE GREAT OCEAN
Whitecap River
Greenwater
Swamp
Forest of the Skraelings
Wolf Cairn Mountains
Eagle River
Kasternack
Sven's River
Black Lake
Highvale Lake
The Highvale
Beaver Lake
Goldlode Hills
Tidal Swamp
Long River
A
B
C
D
E
F
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prisoner. After making landfall here, the savage Northlanders toyed with their prisoners for some time before marching all but one into the woods to sacrifice to their Dark Gods. One, Eraster Tyrphin, they kept to "initiate" into their order, but he failed to defeat one of the Jomsvikings in single combat and was left to stumble into the woods to die. From here, the Jomsvikings planned to sail their longship up the Long River, raiding whatever they find along the way. If they are not stopped, they attack the skraeling camps and likely are destroyed by Half-Face, prompting the skraelings to come downriver to seek revenge upon the colony (not caring that the colonists find the Jomsvikings as reprehensible as the skraelings do). Given enough time, the Jomsvikings plan to attack Kasternack and any other settlement they find before sailing back home in the fall.



E. Sea Rocks

A cluster of small stony islands, little more than sea rocks, stands at the mouth of this foaming river. The rocks themselves are covered in a rime of droppings and a small flock of large birds soars in the skies above. A sweet melody seems to float upon the sighing of the sea breeze.

The rocks at the mouth of the Whitecap River are home to **6 stymphalian birds** and a nest of **5 harpies**. The harpies initiate their song when the characters come within 300ft (the rocks are only 200ft from shore). The stymphalian birds, who have developed immunity to the sirens' song, then swoop in to join in the attack.

Stymphalian Birds (Bronze Beak) (6): HD 4; **HP** 29, 27x2, 25, 24, 20; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), beak (1d8) and wing slashes (1d6), or 4 feathers (1d4); **Move** 15 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** double damage (any attack roll of natural 20), throw feathers (60ft range, targets must be within 30ft of each other, 4 feathers/volley, 12 maximum/day). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 526)

Harpies (5): **HD** 3; **HP** 22, 20, 19x2, 18; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 talons (1d3 plus charm), serrated dagger (1d6); **Move** 6 (fly 18); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: flight, siren-song and charming touch (as *charm person*, save avoids).

Treasure: Anyone searching the guano-covered rocks can find a cracked leather chest of Ashurian. Its leather hinges are dry rotten and will not open but will crack apart. Inside are 6800hs in assorted Ashurian coins, 3 sapphires (800hs each), and 6 large diamonds (4500hs each) — a long-lost hoard from ancient Ashurian pirates.

F. Tidal Swamp

This wetland fills the mouth of the Long River and flanks that waterway for 30 miles upstream. Most of the swamp is a salt marsh consisting of boggy pools interrupted by fields of grass and small hillocks surrounding low shrubs. The land is very flat, and a person could easily see for more than a mile in any direction. The Long River maintains a wide main channel as well as several smaller side channels, and more than two dozen feeder streams that flow from the nearby forests and uplands. The Tidal Swamp is a fertile area, filled in the summer with tens of thousands of water birds, its waters teeming with fish, beaver, otters, and mussels. A variety of ecozones exist in the swamp, ranging from nearly freshwater upstream where the Long River flows in, to very brackish water where the swamp ends and the river enters the ocean.

In addition to the natural hazards of the swamp, the Tidal Swamp is the home to a variety of vicious and cruel creatures, both natural and unnatural in nature. The Flayed Hide tribe of the skraelings lives on a floating reed hut village on the southern end of the swamp (see **Area G**). Drowned Katin, a green hag, has her lair in the bottom of a deep pool near the where the Long River flows into the swamp (**Area H**). Other dangers, such as oozes, giant crabs, leeches and frogs, and a variety of dangerous fey lurk among the grass and reeds, as well. However, the greatest threat to the party as they explore the marsh on this occasion is the gang of **10 tikbalangs** that call its overgrown depths home. These strange horse-like monstrous humanoids lurk among the foliage looking for intruders in their realm. They are skilled at mimicry, and can imitate the sounds of animals, children, or other Northlanders lost in the swamp and possibly imperiled by the mires. They hope to separate the party and lead them into ambushes. If they can separate the party, one attempts to lead one group away while the others attack the smaller group en masse. If three are killed, the rest flee into the fens, though they are likely to reappear later (see **Area S15**).

Tikbalangs: **HD** 10+3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8) and back hooves (to rear only) or mane-spikes (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** Throw spikes, *phantasmal force* (3/day), mimicry, *shape change* (1/day).

G. Village of Flayed Hide

A small village rises here in this secluded corner of the swamp. A cluster of wooden huts with conical roofs stands atop a platform, thick wooden pilings holding it just above the surface of the water surface. The water is thick with a layer of green scum broken only where reeds or the pilings break the surface. No smoke rises from the huts, and no sounds come from the village. All is silent save for the croaking of marsh frogs and the buzz of insects.

The skraeling village of the Flayed Hide tribe is occupied at any given time by **1d6+2 skraeling warriors**, **1d8+8 skraelings**, and **1d10+12 noncombatant young or elderly skraelings**. It consists of a ring of eight small huts on a single platform approximately 80ft in diameter with a central lagoon 20ft in diameter. Unless the characters approach invisibly by air, the skraelings notice their approach either by seeing them or detecting their movements in the water. They have all retreated under the water in the lagoon and now wait at the bottom of the 10ft-deep swamp for the characters to leave. If discovered, or if the characters start to destroy the village, the warriors and half of the skraelings surface and attack. The other half usher the young and elderly away to the safety of the deeper swamp.

Skraeling Warriors (1d6+2): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round).

Equipment: stone mace.

(See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Skraeling (1d8+8): **HD** 1; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (Swim 9); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round).

(See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

The huts have doors of stretched leather and hold furnishings crudely fashioned of wood and hides. Most accoutrements consist of earthen vessels and ornaments made of bone or feathers. Recently caught fish lie on drying racks and marsh birds hang by their feet from the eaves of huts, their gray wings splayed awkwardly as they sway in the breeze. The hides of numerous types of animals are stretched on wooden frames spaced about the village, most poorly cured. One hide seems to be pale human skin and bears a still-legible tattoo written in runic that reads "*For Fair Myrún*."

Treasure: The tribe's treasures are hidden in the roofing of one of the huts. It consists of a fur bag holding 5 eblis quills stoppered with beeswax and filled with gold dust (worth 75hs each), a wooden totem figure made of smooth mahogany and semi-precious stones (150hs), 5 polished turquoises (250hs each), and a *+1 shortbow* inset with a large amethyst (300hs).

H. Pool of Drowned Katin

The deep waters where the Long River enters the Tidal Swamp hide the lair of the **sea hag** Drowned Katin. This horrid beast's cave lies at the bottom of the 40ft-deep pool where she watches for boats or lone swimmers to pass overhead. She and her **3 giant crocodiles** attempt to drag swimmers or boaters to the bottom to be eaten at their leisure. Hidden in the muck at the base of her pool is an ancient chest, so rotten that its contents spill if moved. It holds the booty of Ashurian pirates and consists of 3200 silver shekels (1hs each), 4020 silver drachmas (402hs total), and 38 gold darics (380hs total), all of centuries-old Caliphate mintage, as well as a tarnished *censer of controlling elementals*.

Drowned Katin (Sea Hag): HD 8; **HP** 58; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8); **Move** 6 (swim 18); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** death gaze (3/day, 30ft, save or die), weakness gaze (save or strength reduced by half for 1d6 turns, –2 to hit and damage). (***Monstrosities*** 239)

Crocodiles, Giant (3): **HD** 6; **HP** 43, 40, 37; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (3d6), tail (1d6); **Move** 9 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: none.

I. First Portage

The Long River tumbles down over a series of rapids here, requiring anyone in a canoe or other boat to disembark and carry it around the rapids. The trail left by the Nieulanders of Hamildar and the skraelings before them follows a path along the south bank of the river. At one point, the path crosses a rock that overhangs the river a bit. The skraelings recently undermined this rock so that it collapses into the river below if anyone walks over it. Anyone triggering the trap (and anyone within 10ft) must make a saving throw or take 1d6 points of damage from the 20ft fall into the river. Anyone falling must make another saving throw to avoid having the rock land atop him, pinning him beneath the water. Moving the boulder takes a combined 30 strength to dislodge. Even if not pinned, the character finds himself caught in the rapids and swept downriver (1d6 points of damage each round) until he swims to shore. If the trapped rock is noticed, it is easily avoided by walking around it.

J. Ruins of Hamildar

The ruins of a Northlander village stand on the shores of the small lake. The houses are built of cut wood with steep thatch roofs, just like they would have been built in Storstrøm Vale, and the remains of a great hall occupy the center of the village. But now the thatch roofs have caved in due to lack of upkeep, and several of the wooden walls sag in places. Ominously, a longship has been pulled up on the beach. Its sail is furled so no insignia can be seen, but a dragonhead rests upon its prow, and the shields have been removed from its gunwales, signaling its malign intent.

Hamildar was a village of trappers and prospectors that ran afoul of the skraelings at the south end of the lake 5 years ago. They were slaughtered and dragged away, leaving the rest of the colony to wonder at their fate. Now the Jomsviking ship *Wroth Jæger* has arrived at the village after learning of its existence from colonist fishermen captured off the coast. This same ship shadowed Hallbjorn's convoy, and preyed upon the shipping and settlements here since then. Now they search the village for its lost treasure. If left unmolested, they eventually head farther up the river and engage the skraelings of the villages there, resulting in a full-scale war against the colony. Searching the village are **29 Jomsvikings** along with a **Jomsviking officer** and **4 common giants**. They attack the characters on sight and fight to the death.

Jomsvikings Warriors (Ftr3) (33): **HP** 3d8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: multiple attacks (3) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 6 rounds/day).

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, iron helm, black cloak, longsword, shortbow, 20 arrows, *potion of healing*, pouch with 4d20hs.

Jomsvikings Officer (Ftr8): **HP** 55; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 16 rounds/day).

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, iron helm, black cloak, *+1 longsword*, shortbow, 20 arrows, *potion of healing* (x3), silver serpent brooch (150hs), 3 gold arm-rings (200hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

Giants, Common (4): HD 5; **HP** 28, 25, 22x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: iron helm, black cloak, longsword, copper serpent brooch (50hs), 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 4d20hs.

Treasure: Aboard the longship is a cargo of assorted stolen goods worth 15,500hs. A search of the abandoned village reveals signs of their long-lost cache hidden beneath a curiously shaped rock just outside of town. Moving the rock reveals the following stored in barrels and wrapped in oiled hides: beaver pelts worth a total of 4500hs, 3 giant beaver pelts (1000hs each), and 2 small casks of gold nuggets (3000hs each).

K. Beaver Lodge

This skraeling village is hidden among the hills that run along the edge of Beaver Lake. It is barely visible from the surface of the lake (25% chance to spot). If approaching from the surrounding hills, the village is easier to find (50% chance).

Nestled among the trees of the surrounding hills of the edge of the lake is a small settlement. A wall of stacked logs, like a beaver lodge, serves as a foundation upon which the village is constructed, though its careful placement makes it appear more like a natural deadfall than an artificial construction. A half dozen hide tents have been erected atop the wall back under the pine trees that grow at its edges, and cut boughs from the trees serve as awnings and camouflage for these simple shelters.

A small band of skraelings, the Beaver tribe uses this location as its summer camp. They trap the beaver that are plentiful here and fish the lake. Currently occupying the lodge are **1d3+2 skraeling warriors**, **3d4**

skraelings, and **1d6+6 noncombatant young** or **elderly skraelings**. This group of skraelings and several allied tribal families descended upon Hamildar 5 years ago after the colonists encroached upon their fishing grounds and threatened to discover the village. If the characters approach from the lake, they are spotted, and the skraelings take shelter in the flooded tunnels of the beaver lodge itself so the warriors can ambush the intruders. The rest retreat through the tunnels into the lake if the warriors are defeated. If the characters approach by land and can avoid the **2 warriors** always on watch, they can surprise the inhabitants in their tents as they go about their normal activities.

Skraeling Warriors (1d3+2): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")

Equipment: stone mace.

Skraelings (3d4): **HD** 1; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")

Treasure: Among the huts are the hides of three giant beavers (1000hs each) and 30 normal beaver pelts (5hs each). Anyone taking the time to explore the flooded tunnels in the lodge beneath the village (there are no air pockets, so some means to breathe will have to be devised to avoid drowning), they can locate a central chamber. Within are the treasures of the tribe: a waterproof hide bag holding 8 eblis quills of gold dust recovered from the river (75hs each); 18 gold nuggets found in the hills (50hs each); a greataxe taken from Hamildar as well as a Northlander helm with intricate etching showing Wotan losing his eye on the Tree of Woe inset with silver and copper (5500 hs), also taken from Hamildar.



L. Giant Hill

This slate-covered hill rises nearly a hundred feet above the surrounding forest, its bald surface forming a steep-sided dome that is visible for miles. The grey slate of the hill covers a darker rock beneath, and on the western face the slate has been chipped away to form the crude outline of a mighty warrior wielding a great club in one hand and a snake in the other. The warrior's features are little more than the outline of a nose and hints of eyes, but his disproportionately massive manhood is clearly defined. The eastern face shows the outline of a multi-limbed kraken figure with a large beak and screaming figures clutched in its tentacles. The northern slope has cracked and sloughed off, leaving a large jumbled pile of rocks and boulders at its base, and a sheer dark grey scar runs from the summit to three-fourths of the way down the slope face. The rocks show signs of once having had a figure on them, but it is impossible to piece together the fractured line drawings. On the southern face is a figure of a woman with her long hair piled in a beehive atop her head, riding on the back of a racing horse, a spear clutched in her right hand. Like the man on the west face, her sexual characteristics are greatly exaggerated, and she appears to be heavy with child.

When the proper ritual is performed and sacrifices made, the figures animate into **stone golems** (see below) under the command of the leader of the ritual.

Development: If the characters defeat the skraeling war parties and attack their villages (such as at **Areas G**, **K**, and **P**) and withdraw to the colonies without defeating the high shaman at **Area S**, then the skraeling high shaman **Half-Face** leads **15 skraeling warriors** and **5 skraeling shamans** down from the mountains against several Northlander farmsteads (losing 2d4 of the warriors in the process). He captures 2d10+10 colonists, and then falls back on Giant Hill to begin the ritual. The characters can easily track the raiders back to Giant Hill since they are not covering their trail.

The ritual takes Half-Face and two of the shamans 24 hours and requires the blood sacrifice of four captives at the end, though if Half-Face and/or the two shamans are slain it cannot be completed and must be started anew (the shamans cannot perform it without Half-Face). One giant animates for each ritual performed, and it is then begun again by Half-Face and two more shamans who have been resting (Half-Face himself does not tire from the ritual). They perform the ritual three times or until the characters stop them. The golems animate in the order of The Hunter, The Rider, and then The Kraken. Each is sent to destroy Kasternack by driving the colonists into the sea and wiping them from the shores of Nieuland. Half-Face will not fight to the death, and instead uses his *dimension door* to retreat into the forest and back to his lair after only a few rounds of combat. After the ritual is completed, the skraelings return to the mountains and **Areas Q** and **S**.

The Hunter (Golem, Stone): HD 12; **HP** 60; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** fist (3d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: +2 or better weapon to hit, immune to most magic, slowed by fire.

The Rider (Golem, Stone): HD 12; **HP** 60; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** hooves (3d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: +2 or better weapon to hit, immune to most magic, magical ability, slowed by fire.

Magical Ability: 1/day—*haste*.

The Kraken (Golem, Stone): HD 12; **HP** 60; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** fist (3d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: +2 or better weapon to hit, black mist (1/hour, 60ft cloud, save or drown as lungs fill with water; slain creatures rise as brine zombies [***The Tome of Horrors Complete***] in 1d4 rounds), immune to most magic, slowed by fire.

Half-Face (Dorvae)*: **HD** 11; **HP** 74; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8 plus writhing snakes); **Move** 12 (fly 30); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: immunities (charm, poison), magical abilities, poison (save or affected by *geas*), writhing snakes (grab victim after successful hit and failed save; 2d6 damage, poison). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Dorvae")

Magical abilities: constant—*detect invisibility*; at will—*ESP*; 3/day—*dimension door, phantasmal force*; 1/day—*feeblemind*, *geas*.

Equipment: bison robe dusted with gold dust (350hs), arcane amulet (casts *polymorph self* spell once per day with full-day duration unless ended), *ring of fire resistance*, *bag of holding* containing a thrydreg-hide spellbook and 430gp with a reddist tint (recognizable as having been minted in the Lower Planes).

Skraeling Shamans (5): **HD** 5; **HP** 34, 33, 30x2, 28; **AC** 6[13] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round), spells (4/2/1). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.
Equipment: *hide cloak of protection +1*, staff, *potion of fire resistance*, *potion of healing*.

Skraeling Warriors (15): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace

(1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Equipment: stone mace.

M. Greenwater Swamp

The rushing river widens and slows here, forming a vast marshland covering many square miles. The jagged, broken stumps of waterlogged trees protrude from water thick with green algae floating on its surface. A channel through the center of the swamp is clear due to the current of the river, but even there the brownish water is tinted green from the blooms of algae growth. Other than the buzz of insects and the occasional cry of a marsh bird, an unusual stillness pervades the swamp.

The Whitecap River widens here into the Greenwater Swamp, a marshland that has engulfed and killed a portion of the surrounding forest. The water averages 1d4+3ft deep, making movement through it difficult except by boat. The current through the swamp is gentle so that the river can easily be navigated along this portion of its length. The swamp is the home of a **mire brute**, a primordial creature that resembles a glistening, 12ft mound of mud in the vague shape of a humanoid. Many jagged tree stumps and branches protrude from its body. It guards its territory fiercely, hunting down anyone who enters its swamp within 1d3 hours. If the mire brute is killed, a carved wooden cross, 2ft high, of extremely ancient make can be found among the collapsed remains of its body.

Mire Brute: **HD** 15; **HP** 105; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 fists (3d6 plus impale); **Move** 9 (swim 20); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, disgorge vermin (30ft spray as *creeping doom*), disease, immune to fire, impale (4d6 damage plus disease, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 383)



N. Stag Rock

The river rushes by in a froth of rapids, but here in the center stands a rocky island. It is a pillar of natural stone more than 100 feet high surrounded on both sides by the rushing whitecaps of the river to form a natural moat. Vegetation, mainly vines and stunted trees and shrubs, grow from cracks and fissures in the rocky island but it is otherwise clear of foliage so that its stony faces are clearly visible. On one such face, the western side where the two branches of the river converge once again in a series of treacherous waterfalls, is a massive carved petroglyph more than 30 feet high. It is clearly of great age and has been worn down by wind and rain so that its crude image is barely visible. It is what the Nieulander colonists call Stag Rock, and the image looks like it could be a crude rendering of a stag's head with an elongated face and two jagged antlers rising up on either side, though it is far from clear if that was the original intent.

The carving on this rock dates back to the time when the skraelings first arrived on the Oestryn Isles in their great oceangoing canoes. They carved this image in honor of their goddess who brought them safely across the waves. It was actually meant to represent a paddle cactus, a plant sacred to the goddess, though through erosion and the Northlander's misinterpretation, it is now considered a stag's head in most eyes. Regardless, the rock remains sacred to her, and she continues to guard it with her storm minions. If anyone makes it across the 50ft-wide rivers and attempts to climb (or fly up) the 100ft rock face (30% chance for non-thieves per 20ft), halfway up they are attacked by **3 air elementals**. Only if someone presents the wooden cross from **Area M** as if to make a turn undead attempt, do the elementals depart, their term of service ended.

Elementals, Air (3): **HD** 12; **HP** 85, 83, 74; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** strike (2d8); **Move** 0 (fly 36); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, whirlwind.

Treasure: The top of the rock column has been roughly smoothed into a 30ft-square plateau. At the western end, a fault creates a step up onto a natural dais. Atop this dais, smooth stones are piled into an ancient altar 5ft high. A glint of gold comes from between the stones. Disassembling the altar reveals an idol ritually buried within it. It is 3ft high and more of a block with squarish features carved into it than a traditional idol. It is made of gold and depicts a female figure seated with hands on knees, a headdress with large tassels protruding laterally on either side of her head. The lower half of the idol is inset with a jade skirt. The idol depicts the ancient predecessor goddess of the skraelings and would be unrecognizable to them now. It is worth 50,000hs.

O. Sasquatch Camp

At each of these locations, an extended family of yetis has established a lair. The lair consists of little more than a rock shelter or bower constructed at the edge of a small clearing in the surrounding trees and is the home of **1d10+4 yetis** and **1d6 young**. They are well camouflaged (1-in-6 chance to notice) to notice as the characters pass nearby. Unless the characters are invisible or somehow otherwise undetected, the yetis become aware of their presence long before they reach the site of the lair. They attempt to lure the characters away with knocking, distant howls, and even occasional glimpses of movement among the trees. They attempt to avoid combat but fight viciously if threatened. Their camps are sparsely furnished with bedding of evergreen limbs, seats consisting of flat rocks or fallen logs, and bits of odds and ends made from hide, sinew, fur, and plant



fibers scattered about, the entire area permeated with the nostril-searing musk of their kind. They are unlikely to have anything of value.

If the characters rescued the yeti from the viper vine during the "Exploring the Colony" portion of the adventure, then the family looks on from hiding while three of the creatures (including the one the characters rescued, recognizable by the healing leg wound he sustained in the encounter) approach from the trees, arms extended forward in a position of offering. They lay a freshly killed deer, a wooden bowl of crystal-clear spring water, and a finely crafted *+1 shortbow* at the characters' feet before withdrawing. As long as the characters remain peaceful toward them, the yetis will not flee from them in future encounters and can provide rumors if communication is established. They are no friends of the skraelings who sometimes hunt them, but will not willingly enter battle against them. They are willing to be involved in plans involving serving as a distraction if the characters propose one and can identify **Area S** as the home of the skraelings' new high shaman. The can also show a way to reach **Area S** that does not involve climbing the portage at **Area Q**.

Yetis (1d10+4): **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

P. Running Wolf Village

This skraeling seasonal camp lies on the edge of Black Lake. It is not as concealed as some of the others, so the characters locate it if they enter its hex.

Hide shelters have been constructed among the trees on the edge of the lake here. There are a number of wooden racks on which animal hides are stretched for drying and stacks of furs lie near some of the tents. A number of gnawed bones scattered around the camp show the presence of some animal in the camp.

A band of skraelings from the Running Wolf tribe has moved into this camp for the season while they hunt the surrounding forest. Because this is a hunting camp, the entire skraeling families are not present. As a result, **2d8+4 skraeling warriors**, **2d4 skraelings** and only **1d4 noncombatant young skraelings** who are undergoing the training to become hunters occupy the camp. The group also has **3 raggoths** trained to serve as hunting dogs. This group is very aggressive and moves to ambush the characters if they detect their presence in the area.

Skraeling Warriors (2d8+4): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Equipment: stone mace.

Skraelings (2d4): **HD** 1; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Raggoths (3): **HD** 10; **HP** 20, 17x2; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

Treasure: These hunters carry little of value, though there are bison and deer hides worth a total of 1200hs found among the tents.



Q. Second Portage

Here, where the forested slopes rise up into the eastern mountains, is a steep escarpment climbing into a hanging valley above. The river tumbles out of this valley more than 200 feet in a series of waterfalls and rapids. A clear trail follows this length of the river providing a means of climbing up into the valley.

Unless already encountered and defeated at **Area L**, a group of **15 skraeling warriors** is camped at the summit of the portage trail where it passes into the valley. They keep a sharp watch over the forest below and are sure to spot anything that isn't invisible or following the secret trails of the yetis. They fight to the death to prevent the characters from reaching the top of the escarpment that provides access to the Highvale's lakes and rivers upon which their people have settled for centuries. If slain, a search of their bodies reveals a piece of beech bark upon which one has scrawled a charcoal drawing that shows a bowl-shaped mountain with a portion of its face broken off in a sheer cliff. Crude strokes of lightning are drawn above it and a skraeling's face — half of which appears to be a scarred ruin — is drawn between the lightning and the mountain. Anyone viewing this image notices a mountain 7 miles to the south with a bowl-shaped summit and a portion missing from an ancient landslide. It is very clearly the mountain illustrated. A well-used trail that follows a tributary of the Long River extends toward the not-too-distant peak.

Skraeling Warriors (15): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Equipment: stone mace.

Referee Note: These warriors accompany Half-Face to **Area L**. Subtract any killed there from the numbers here.

R. Third Portage

A series of short waterfalls comes down from a long lake above. More than a dozen bark canoes are pulled onto the shore at the top of the falls. It is obvious that large groups of skraelings recently came through here heading west, leaving their canoes behind.

Lurking in the water near the canoes at the edge of the lake is a **giant beaver**. It is hungry and aggressive, and attacks anyone that draws near. In battle, it smacks its tail upon the water with a reverberating clap that summons **2 more** of its kind in 3 rounds who join in the battle. If a character spends an hour skinning and preserving the hides of these creatures, they can be sold for 1000hs.

This portage and lake marks the beginning of the Highvale lakes, a series of interconnected lakes and rivers stretching miles to the east upon which hundreds of skraeling tribes dwell. Half-Face has begun to summon them to him at **Area S** to create an army capable of attacking the Nieuland colonies in force. The skraeling are natural swimmers, though they use canoes to carry supplies with them from their villages on the lakes. They abandon the canoes here when they head out of the mountains. The settlements to the east are beyond the scope of this adventure and the interests of the Nieulanders, so you will need to add your own details to continue the adventure if the players wish to head in that direction. A search in the dirt along the trail and among the canoes reveals the footprints of scores, maybe hundreds, of skraelings left here over the last few weeks. All of them head down the trail from the portage. Most continue down to the forest, but a significant number turned aside to go to **Area S**.

Beavers, Giant (3): HD 5; **HP** 37, 33, 31; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8+1), 2 claws (1d6), tail (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 12); **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: none. (See The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide, Chapter 5, "Beaver, Giant")

S. Hammer Cleft Mountain

See **Chapter Three** for details of this area.

Chapter Three: Crannog of the Skraelings

Hammer Cleft Mountain

Hammer Cleft Mountain is an ancient volcano on the western flank of the Wolf Cairn Mountains. It has long been considered a sacred spot to the skraeling tribes, who view its glowering smooth face of dark stone as watching over the gateway between the Highvale where they make their homes and the western forests where they hunt and fish during the summer. There has long been a small settlement of skraelings within the mountain's hollow peak called Smoking Lake Crannog, but with the coming of Half-Face, the high shaman has taken over the village as his new base of operations as he plans to rally the tribes to slaughter the colonists.

The Coming of Half-Face

The current high shaman of the skraeling tribes (the de facto leader of their people) is known alternately as Half-Face or the Young Prophet. Three years ago, the Young Prophet appeared among the skraelings from an obscure tribe at the far eastern extreme of the skraeling lands beyond the Highvale. The young shaman called himself the Young Prophet and had been hailed by his own tribe as a spiritual prodigy. He obtained apprenticeship with the current high shaman, Kingfisher, and served along with his other apprentices at the lodge of Black Rock on Deepwater Lake. Shortly after his apprenticeship began, a fire broke out in the lodge of Kingfisher. He and his two other apprentices died in the flames, but the Young Prophet emerged badly burned and near death but alive. He told the tribal chiefs and shamans that he had seen a vision in the fire that the spirits were angry with the incursion of the foreigners that had been plaguing the western hunting lands of the skraelings for three generations, and that the fire had been a punishment of the old high shaman for failing to remove them. His miraculous survival and words of prophecy led the skraeling tribes to believe him to be a true spiritwalker, and he was named the new high shaman. He took the name Half-Face because of the disfiguring burn scars covering much of his head. With his position and a fanatic fervor, he began rallying the skraeling tribes into an army to launch against the colony of Nieuland.



As insidious as the influence of Half-Face has been in preparing the skraelings for war, his true nature is far worse. Half-Face is actually a fiendish outsider known as a dorvae. A master of deception and illusions, in reality the dorvae is a hideous winged, reptilian creature with a shroud of tentacles or antennae-like feelers in place of a face and a swarm of writhing snakes in place of a lower body. He uses *alter self* to appear as a disfigured skraeling when he is in close quarters with others, but with his enigmatic nature among the tribes is able to predominantly keep himself apart and avoid scrutiny. When seen only briefly or from a distance, he uses the longer-lasting *disguise self* to take the form of a humanoid-appearing cambion demon with gold-dusted bison robes obscuring wings and tentacles, and uses his disguise kit to make his face appear covered in burn scars (that much easier to hide the rugated appearance of tentacles and feeler-tendrils).

Actually named Sibburus, Half-Face originally hails from Gehenna, where like the rest of his kind, he plotted to obtain personal power and the ability to pursue his pleasures without interference. In his studies and planar travels, he learned of the skraelings and chose this obscure and isolated people to dominate and make his own minions. After secretly slaughtering a tiny tribe and appearing from its home as the Young Prophet, he ingratiated himself with the high shaman before orchestrating his murder as well. Now in a position of power with the skraelings, he seeks to mobilize them as a warrior people to drive off the Nieulander colonists and secure their resources and shipbuilding practices in order to establish his own maritime power in this distant region of the ocean. In the process, he plans to use his power to undermine the other tribal chiefs and eventually see himself positioned as the supreme and unquestioned ruler of a skraeling people totally devoted to his quest for power.

Smoking Lake Crannog

Smoking Lake Crannog (described in **Areas S5–S26** below) is an artificial island built upon smoking lake. A foundation of thickly crisscrossing logs joined together by mortise and tenon support a layer of packed earth and stone 10ft thick that has been compacted and worked into an earthen surface. The result is a floating island with a base as much as 15–30ft thick (most of it below water level) that slowly drifts upon the surface of the lake. Upon this is built a retaining wall of intertwined limbs and dried mud that forms a barrier 7ft high and 2ft thick. Circular huts are

built of the same material, with 25ft-high conical roofs of thickly layered tree branches and thatch. Internal walls are only 1ft thick. Doors are made of strong wood and can be barred from the inside. There are no windows anywhere in the buildings though some entrances do look out onto the water. There are no light sources unless otherwise noted. The huts are largely nondescript with only sparse furnishings of crude make unless the description says otherwise.

Due to the wet environs, the structures are fairly resistant to fire. Trees and gardens have been planted on this artificial floating island until the whole appears as a natural formation in the lake. Currently, a thick cord of woven vines holds the crannog in place on the lake, though if it is severed, the crannog would again begin its slow drift across the surface following the vagaries of wind and wave.

Crannog Denizens

While Half-Face is held in awe by most of the skraeling tribes of the Highvale, and he has been actively recruiting them for his war of genocide against the colonists, not all of the chieftains fully embrace his path of war. As a result, the high shaman has been able to gather only a modest force so far. Many have been dispatched into the Forest of the Skraelings to harass the colonists, and only a small portion have actually accompanied him to the new war camp established at Smoking Lake Crannog. The inhabitants of the crannog and surrounding area are detailed here. Any that are slain should be removed from this roster. In addition, any shamans slain at **Area L** should likewise be removed from the roster.

Half-Face (Dorvae)*: **HD** 11; **HP** 74; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8 plus writhing snakes); **Move** 12 (fly 30); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** immunities (charm, poison), magical abilities, poison (save or affected by *geas*), writhing snakes (grab victim after successful hit and failed save; 2d6 damage, poison). (*See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Dorvae")

Magical abilities: constant—*detect invisibility*; at will—*ESP*; 3/day—*dimension door, phantasmal force*; 1/day—*feeblemind*, *geas*.

Equipment: bison robe dusted with gold dust (350hs), arcane amulet (casts *polymorph self* spell once per day with full-day duration unless ended), *ring of fire resistance*, *bag of holding* containing a thrydreg-hide spellbook and 430gp with a reddist tint (recognizable as having been minted in the Lower Planes).

Skraeling Shamans (6): **HD** 5; **AC** 6[13] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round), spells (4/2/1). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.

Equipment: *hide cloak of protection +1*, staff, *potion of fire resistance*, *potion of healing*.

Skraeling Warriors (1d3+2): **HD** 4; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")

Equipment: stone mace.

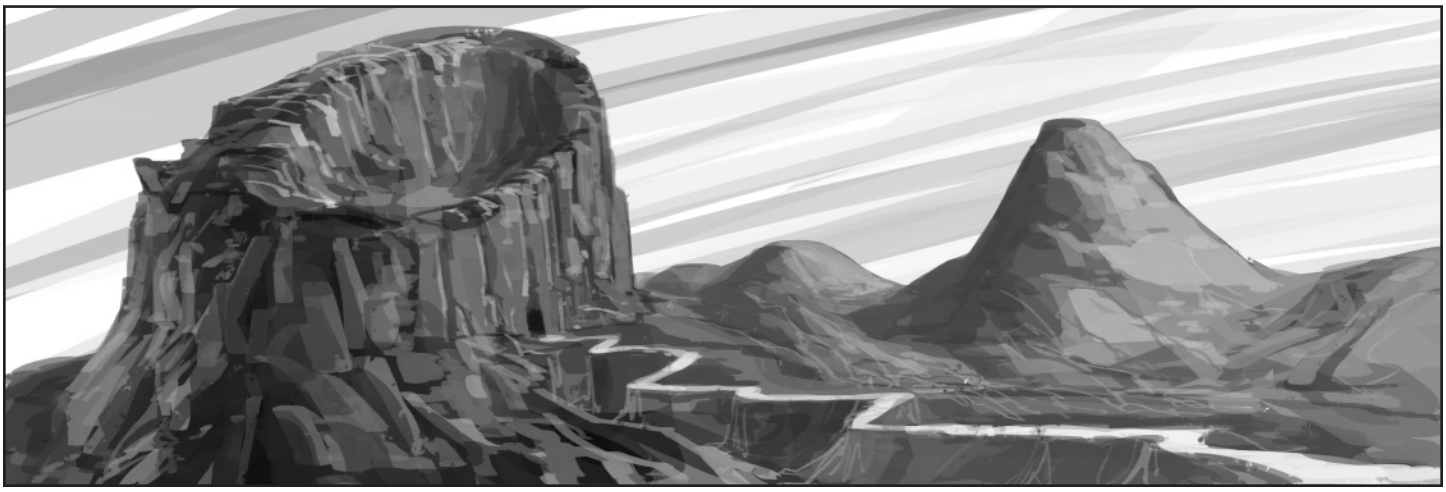
Skraelings (31): **HD** 1; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Biclops (5): **HD** 12+2; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 great clubs (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 58)

Raggoths (7): **HD** 10; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

Tactics: The skraelings are more active during the day than they are at night, though they are little hindered by darkness. While the crannog is not large, it is thickly overgrown with brush and trees so that there are often not lines of sight between the encounter areas to allow defenders to know what is going on. If an alarm shout is given or sounds of combat are heard within the crannog, the skraeling warriors and any biclops guards at **Area S6** awaken any nearby sleepers and converge on the scene of the fight after grabbing weapons. Normal skraelings gather the noncombatants at **Area S16** and attempt to hold out there. They fight if confronted while the noncombatants flee into the lake. The shamans move to the edges of **Area S13** to try to obtain a clear view of the battle and provide spell support while directing the warriors. Half-Face and his immediate underlings will not emerge from his hut, choosing to await any intruders there instead. If the characters flee a battle, the warriors pursue. If they flee the crannog entirely, 2 warriors pursue to harass them as they go while the others climb to the top of the retaining walls to pour bow fire on them for as long as they are in range. If Half-Face, all of the shamans, and at least half of the warriors are killed, the remaining skraelings flee into the lake and make their way back to the Highvale to escape the foreign invaders. The biclops are too stupid to flee and fight to the death.

If the inhabitants of the entire crannog are alerted and able to organize a defense, they constitute a very powerful force that could overwhelm the characters. It may be beneficial if the party moves with some degree of stealth and is smart enough to run and return later if a fight becomes overwhelming.



Approach to Hammer Cleft Mountain

When the characters first approach the mountain (**Area S**), read the following.

> This peak extends from the Wolf Cairn Mountains, making it the westernmost point in this area. The mountain looks like a bowl, its peak a concave hollow rather than a normal summit. The blue-gray stone of its slopes is fairly uniform coming down from this peak and is interrupted on the northeast by a sheer face, as if a giant hammer had struck off the side of the mountain to leave a smooth cliff behind. The trail leads up to a narrow gap that opens in the mountain wall in this sheer face. Dark clouds passing over the mountain give the peak the appearance of an angry giant looking down upon the lowlands.

S1. Caldera Rim

The rocky slopes of the upper mountain have only sporadic vegetation but have many nooks and crannies that can provide cover or concealment. They rise to a point 300ft above the lake within. Though steep, the slopes are rough, and can be climbed easily by anyone. For every hour spent on the slopes of the mountain, there is a cumulative 20% chance of encountering **1d3 gnasher lizards** indigenous to the area. These rock-colored lizards have a double row of teeth and ridge of bone that runs from their skull to the middle of their back. They are consummate hunters and attempt to ambush and eat anyone they encounter. They avoid the pass at areas **S2**–**S3**.

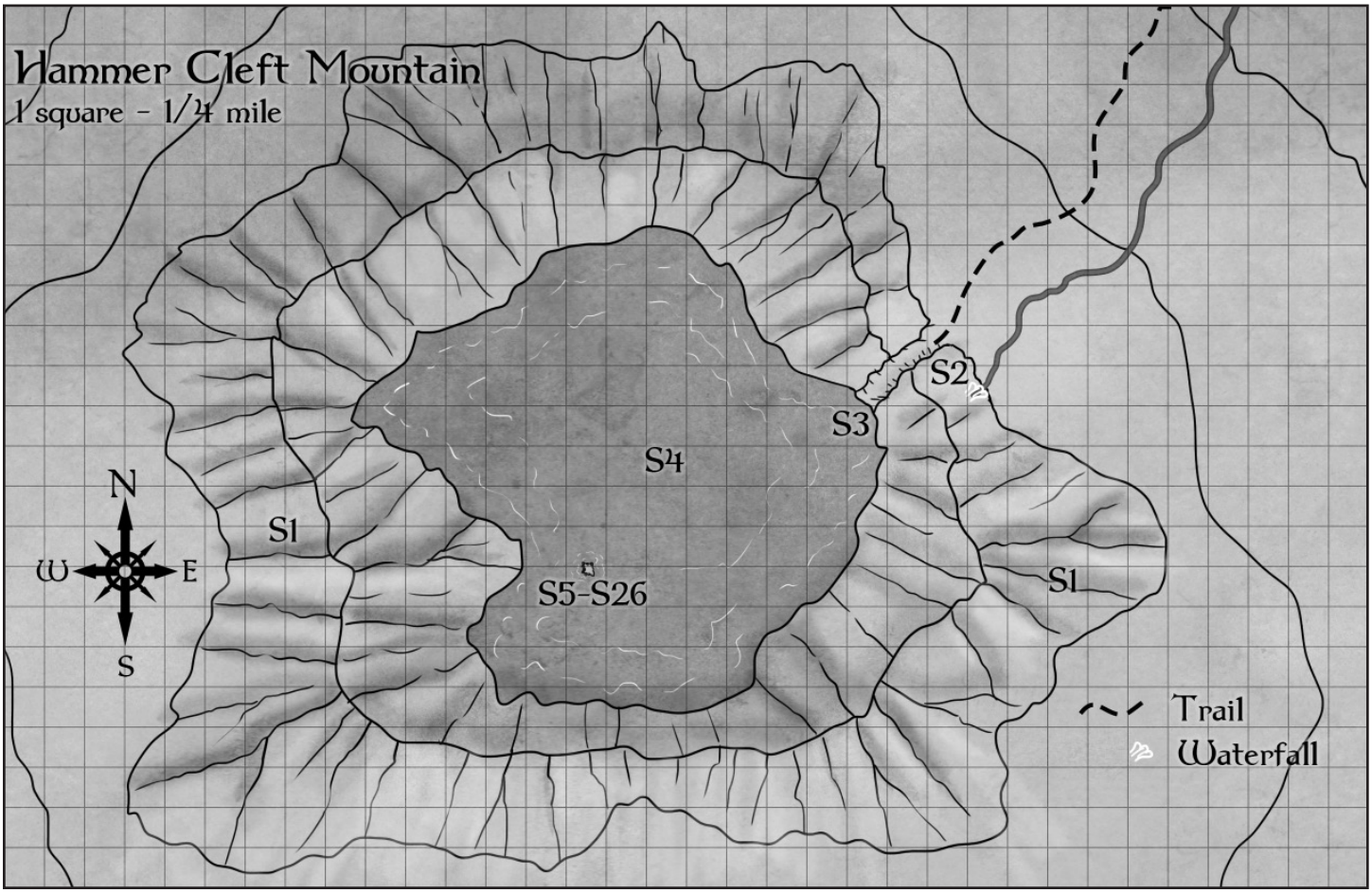
Lizards, Gnasher (1d3): **HD** 8; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d8); **Move** 10; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: swallow whole on 4 or greater needed to hit, severing bite on natural 20. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 365)

S2. Mountain Pass

> A narrow crevice opens through the sheer face of the mountain, providing a pass into the mountain's bowl-like center. A small waterfall tumbles down the mountain face not far away, forming a stream that follows the trail. The entry pass into the mountain is so narrow that it remains continually shrouded in shadow.

The trail passes through the mountain's rim here, ascending toward the shore of the lake. It is cool and dim in this pass, no more than 30ft wide at most places, and the walls remain perpetually slick with condensation. Less than a quarter mile into the pass, the characters come upon the decayed bodies of 3 skraeling warriors and 12 women and children. They appear to have been left to the elements for some time, and are little more than bones covered in places with flesh cracking with dry rot. Strangely, they appear to have been left unmolested by scavengers; their bodies remain whole and their equipment remains with them. Examining the corpses can discern no cause of death. They were actually killed by a release of gas from the lake after a landslide over a year ago. Since the gas that killed them was carbon dioxide, it did not leave any residue to be detected as poison. The skraelings superstitiously avoid the corpses — they do not know the cause but these are not the first they have found over the years — and local scavengers tend to avoid the pass as well out of instinct.

The arrival of Half-Face in the valley has disturbed the peace of these skraelings, and the warriors have arisen as **3 apparitions** that attack any



non-skraelings. These appear as ghostly versions of their living selves but seem to be gasping and struggling to breathe. They immediately attack and attempt to cause the characters to strangle themselves. The sun doesn't reach the bottom of the pass, so they are uninhibited by their weakness.

Apparitions (3): **HD** 8; **HP** 57, 52, 46; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** spectral strangulation; **Move** 12 (fly 24); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** detect living, incorporeal, strangulation (save or die otherwise fear), sunlight powerlessness. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 29)

S3. Lakeshore

A massive hide tent has been set up on the sandy shore beside the lake. A coracle nearly 20ft in diameter is next to it. Three paddles lie within it. Half-Face has recruited a family of biclops, filthy two-headed ettin-like creatures, though each has only a single eye in each head rather than two. The family unit consists of a grotesque father and mother and their three grown sons. The **2 biclops** guarding the beach here are the parents. One of them is always sleeping in the tent, while the other keeps a watch on the narrow pass. They saw the apparitions in the pass, and are terrified they might come after them. Despite their fear, they are fundamentally slothful, and at night, there is a 50% chance that both are asleep. A **raggoth** is on guard duty with them. It sleeps during the day and stays awake throughout the night. If any of these are killed, remove them from the roster at the crannog.

Biclops (2): **HD** 12+2; **HP** 94, 87; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 great clubs (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 58)

Raggoth: **HD** 10; **HP** 71; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

Treasure: Carelessly thrown into the corner of the tent among rags and soiled garments is a *+1 wooden shield* that resists electricity (half damage).

S4. Smoking Lake

Called Smoking Lake because of the morning mists that rise off of it in the spring and fall, its name is actually more appropriate than the skraelings could imagine. The lake fills the caldera of a long-extinct volcano. The lake itself is more than a half-mile deep, and far below the ice-cold waters at its bottom is a magma chamber. Carbon dioxide continually vents off this magma chamber and seeps through the lake floor into the water. The water in the far depths of the lake is super-saturated with this gas, but the extreme pressure due to its depth keeps it contained below the 1500ft mark. Occasionally a tremor rocks the caldera and causes a landslide into the water. Whenever this debris disturbs the waters in the depths, it unleashes a huge bubble that rises to a watery explosion that can spray as high as 200ft above the water's surface. The carbon dioxide released by this explosion fills the entire caldera to within a dozen yards of the summit. This gas remains trapped in the caldera, forcing all of the oxygen out until the colorless, odorless carbon dioxide seeps out through the pass at **Area S2**. Anything caught within the caldera when this occurs begins to asphyxiate unless they live under the water — the carbon dioxide passes through too fast to harm the fish, though the characters won't know this, nor do the skraelings. When the gas erupts from the water, the lake's waters turn blood red for a week.

The lake is home to a number of species of fish, including a school of **giant gar**. If anyone falls into the water, a giant gar detects the thrashing and comes to investigate in 10 rounds. If blood is spilled in the water, an additional gar arrives every 1d4 rounds until a total of 4 arrive. After 4 gar are encountered, no more encounters with them occur until a full 24 hours passes and new ones swim into the area.

Gars, Giant (4): **HD** 8; **HP** 60, 53x2, 51; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (5d4); **Move** 30; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** swallow whole on natural 20.

S5. Dock

This rickety dock extends out into the lake atop a series of pylons that angle back to embed in the substrate of the crannog. A giant coracle is tied off here for the biclops to use in getting back and forth across the lake (the skraelings swim). On guard here at all times are **2 raggoths**. If the characters approach in the biclops' coracle from **Area S3**, then they mistake them for the biclops. However, as soon as the characters step out onto the dock, they howl and attack. The howl of a raggoth automatically alerts anyone within 60ft, but they must still save to avoid becoming shaken. Other raggoths are immune to this affect.

Raggoths (2): **HD** 10; **HP** 74, 68; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

S6. Gate Tower

A tower rises above the gate that enters the crannog from the dock. An open-sided platform with wooden railings and an awning sits 30ft above. A ladder sized for a giant ascends the south side. There is a **biclops** on duty here day and night. If the characters approach from the east during the day, it automatically sees them, though if they are in a coracle it mistakes them for its parents if they attempt to disguise themselves. If the characters approach from another direction, it has a 20% chance to spot them. At night, it has a 10% chance due to the darkness.

Biclops: **HD** 12+2; **HP** 90; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 great clubs (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 58)

S7. Kennel

This open hut serves as a den for 3 raggoths that are chewing on scraps of bones and viscera from fish caught by the skraelings. They remain here when not on guard duty at the docks.

Raggoths (3): **HD** 10; **HP** 73, 65, 60; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+2), bite (1d8+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

S8. Gardens

The skraelings planted apple trees, beans, and assorted gourds and tubers in the soil of the crannog here to supplement their diet of fish. A **biclops** also sleeps here when not on duty at **Area S6**. These two biclops brothers share the watch while the third brother serves Half-Face directly in his hut.

Biclops: **HD** 12+2; **HP** 87; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 great clubs (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 58)

Treasure: The biclops keep their treasure buried under an apple tree here. It consists of 5 giant beaver pelts (1000hs each), a large, unrefined gold nugget (5000hs), and a *+2 dagger*.


Smoking Lake Crannog
1 square = 10 feet
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S9. Warriors' Lodge

This lodge is strewn with the buffalo-hide blankets and personal effects of a band of skraelings. An opening in one wall provides access to the lake. A total of **11 skraeling warriors** inhabit this lodge. Half are asleep at any given time. The rest alternate between relieving the warriors on duty at **Area S18** and tending to their weapons or performing other mundane tasks.

Skraeling Warriors (11): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 27x2, 26, 23x3, 20, 18x2, 15; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")
Equipment: stone mace.

Treasure: A total of 17 eblis quills of gold dust (75hs each) are stored in this lodge by the warriors.

S10. Common Lodge

This large longhouse is of recent construction and decidedly not of traditional skraeling design. Half-Face had it built to his specifications to accommodate a larger force of warriors. Upward of a hundred skraeling warriors can quarter here when they gather from the Highvale to be unleashed upon the colonies. Its interior is featureless save for an empty fire pit in the center with a smoke hole cut in the roof directly above.

S11. High Shaman's Garden

A tranquil garden is planted here beside the lagoon. Instead of fruit trees and food plants, this garden is planted with thick shade trees and abundant undergrowth that provide a sense of privacy and solitude.

The high shamans of the skraeling have kept this garden for generations as a retreat when they are in western lands. The foliage is thick and provides concealment beyond 5ft, and the entire garden is considered difficult terrain. No one ever comes here, and sounds of fighting here go unheard due to its remoteness and the sound-absorbing quality of the thick plant life. The garden is also the home of a **woodwose**, a humanoid-like plant that looks like twisted roots and vines knotted together into a caricature of a man. Its head is formed from the bole of a gnarled tree. It tends the garden and is on good terms with the skraeling shamans. It leans from a tree trunk and breathes smoke on anyone not accompanied by one of them, and leaps out to attack if the interlopers do not flee the area. It does not leave the garden.

Woodwose: **HD** 6; **HP** 43; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** club (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** immune to wooden weapons and plant-based spells, spells (2/2), spines (1d6 damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 610)
Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect magic*; 2nd—*hold person*, *silence 15ft radius*.
Equipment: club

S12. The Nest

An old hut stands at the edge of the island. It is in poor repair, most of its roof caved in and its walls collapsed in several places. Even where the walls still stand, the surface of clay has crumbled to reveal the tangle of sticks and mud that form them. Though obviously wearing away with the weather, it does not appear to be in danger of further collapse at this time.

Anyone approaching within 20ft of the hut notices the pungent odor of decomposition. Scuffs outside the hut reveal where something has gone in and out through the door with relative frequency.

The hut is inhabited by a colony of **7 giant assassin bugs** that Half-Face has been breeding. They are 5ft-tall insects with a reddish-black carapace and front legs curved like a jackknife. Their wings are tucked next to their backs when not in use for flight. They lair among the fallen timbers and rubble, and feast on the victims the high shaman brings them. They emerge to attack anyone other than Half-Face who enters the hut and pursue unless at least one humanoid corpse is left for them to feed on. The skraelings do not respond to sounds of combat here, as they are aware that



Half-Face is cultivating some kind of dangerous creature in these ruins. The source of the stench is evident from the badly decayed human corpse that lies in the center of the hut. Oddly, much of his internal organs are missing where the bugs have liquefied them for feeding. An examination reveals the corpse to have been a Nieulander colonist captured by Half-Face. It still wears *+2 chainmail*.

Assassin Bugs, Giant (7): **HD** 6; **HP** 44, 40, 39x2, 35, 31; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8 plus liquefy organ); **Move** 9 (climb 6) (fly 12); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: liquefy organs (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 35)

S13. Lagoon

A murky but picturesque lagoon occupies the center of this floating island. Trees and shrubs grow along its banks, many overhanging and dipping into the waters themselves. Dragonflies buzz here and there, and an occasional jumping fish or frog breaks the stillness of the surface with a plop, leaving ever-expanding rings of ripples in their wake.

The murky water hides anything beyond 10ft. The lagoon itself is 30ft deep, its bottom composed of the log and mud structure that comprises the base of the crannog, but there are places at the bottom where passage can be picked through to reach the lake waters beyond. The giant gar of the lake never enter this lagoon because of a **froghemoth** that swims out into the lake only when it is hungry. The skraelings know that the beast lives here and avoid the lagoon as a result, and it never emerges onto the crannog. Anyone who enters the water, however, is fair game.

Froghemoth: **HD** 16; **HP** 114; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 4 tentacles (1d6 plus grab), tongue (1d6), bite (4d6 plus swallow); **Move** 9 (swim 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: grab and held (save avoids), resistance to fire (50%), surprise on 1-3 on d6, swallow (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 256)

Treasure: Anyone searching the bottom of the lagoon can locate the froghemoth's nest. In addition to assorted slime-covered bones and debris, they can find a pair of moccasins that allow the wearer to walk on hot surfaces (desert sands, burning embers, etc.).

S14. Cooking Hut

The skraelings eat most of their food raw, but on occasion they smoke or roast things over fire pits. When that is done, they do it in this hut. There are **4 skraelings** in here smoking some fish over a low fire when the characters enter. They attempt to raise the alarm and flee when the characters enter.

Skraelings (4): **HD** 1; **HP** 7, 5x2, 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

S15. Washroom

A pair of walls have been built to connect two huts together with a crude roof with many gaps set between them 10ft above to provide some shelter. The chamber formed by this construction does not have a floor. Instead, it opens directly out into the lake 10ft below the surface. At that point, a heavy net is strung across the opening to prevent the larger creatures of the lake from entering. The skraelings wash their clothing and bathe their young here where they need not fear the predators that inhabit the surrounding waters. To reach the entrance to **Area S16**, the characters must either swim across or make a 7ft long jump.

If the characters encountered the tikbalangs at **Area F** and any of them escaped, the creatures have held a grudge ever since and wish to exact vengeance upon the party. If so, they picked up the party's trail somewhere near the Highvale escarpment and followed them here to this lake. While the party dealt with the inhabitants of the crannog, the tikbalangs floated on logs from the nearby shore to reach the island, located the net below and pulled it loose. At some point after the characters go through this chamber, these tikbalangs emerge from this pool and sneak around the crannog trying to locate and ambush the characters. They manage to avoid detection by the skraelings and attack as soon as they find the characters alone.

Tikbalangs: **HD** 10+3; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 bite (1d8) and back hooves (to rear only) or mane-spikes (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special**: Throw spikes, *phantasmal force* (3/day), mimicry, *shape change* (1/day).

S16. Family Lodge

This large hut serves as the abode of **27 skraelings** and **16 noncombatant young** or **elderly skraelings**. They spend most of their time here tending to the young, preparing food, chipping chert cores to make arrowheads, or scraping hides for clothing and armor. With them is one Nieulander slave, an elderly bearded man named **Gríss**. He was captured nearly a year ago and was blinded by Half-Face with a flaming brand, leaving his eye sockets hollow and scarred. Other than that, he has been treated well enough and fed adequately. His clothing is in rags, but he is generally healthy. He knows little of his surroundings, having rarely left this hut in months, and wishes to return to his family in Kasternack.

Skraelings (27): **HD** 1; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 18; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Thrydreg")

Gríss, Blinded Slave: **HD** 1; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: blind.

S17. Hives

The top of this hut's roof is removed to allow easy access for flying creatures. Within, **13 giant bees** have constructed a large hive that covers all of the walls except the entrance. In addition to the bees, a **giant queen bee** is in the western end. The skraelings harvest honey from the hive, using smoky torches to calm the bees to allow them to do so. Unless the characters use smoke as the bees are accustomed to, they swarm to attack if anyone enters the hut. The honeycomb within is worth 850hs and there are 22 pounds of royal jelly (100hs per pound).

Bee, Giant (13): **HD** 3; **HP** 21, 19x3, 17, 16x2, 14, 12, 10x4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sting (1d3 plus poison); **Move** 3 (fly 24); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: lethal poison sting (save avoids). (***Monstrosities*** 39)

Queen Bee, Giant: **HD** 10; **HP** 68; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 6 (fly 18); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: poison sting (2d6 damage, save for 1d4 damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 76)

S18. Guard Hut

There are always **6 skraeling warriors** on duty in this hut. They remain awake and keep a watch over the approach leading to the shamans' hut nearby until relieved by other warriors from **Area S9**.

Skraeling Warriors (6): **HD** 4; **HP** 29, 27x2, 25, 21, 19; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** stone mace (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite

(1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")

Equipment: stone mace.

S19. Shamans' Lodge

This hut stands much higher than the others, reaching a full 40ft at the peak of its roof. Within are the quarters of the **5 skraeling shamans**. Reduce the number here by any that slain at **Area L**. The room within is divided by many hide blankets hung from ropes into multiple private rooms, though there is a central communal area with a small fire pit where the shamans gather occasionally to commune together. The shamans are the spiritual leaders of the tribes but they defer to the authority of the high shaman. For now, they believe he is a divine messenger from the nature spirits that they worship, though his aggressiveness and bloodlust toward the Nieulanders has begun to concern them somewhat. Just inside the front door of the hut is a stack of torches coated in thick pitch. These make smoky torches that the shamans use to harvest honey from **Area S17**. Stacked next to them are large pottery vessels holding honeycomb worth 300hs.

Skraeling Shamans (5): **HD** 5; **HP** 34, 33, 30x2, 28; **AC** 6[13] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round), spells (4/2/1). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5,** "Thrydreg")

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.
Equipment: *hide cloak of protection +1*, staff, *potion of fire resistance*, *potion of healing*.

Treasure: Searching the shamans' living areas uncovers the following: 23 eblis quills of gold dust (75 hs each); a feathered mask made of bronze-like stymphalidies feathers (4,200 hs); 5 divine scrolls (all CL 4th) with the following spells: *barkskin*, *cure light wounds*, *owl's wisdom* (x2), *wood shape*; and the following potions: *cure light wounds* (x2), *cure moderate wounds* (x4), *delay poison*, *longstrider*, *meld into stone*, and *resist cold*.

S20. Entry

The entry chamber to the high shaman's lodge is guarded by a **biclops**, the third sibling of the family at **Areas S3**, **S6**, and **S8**. He is much slower of mind than his brothers, and was chosen for that reason by Half-Face to be his personal guard. He remains in this chamber at all times (and it has come to smell like it), and is unwaveringly loyal to the high shaman. Any sounds of combat here alert Half-Face since he has drilled small holes between this room and **Area S26**, though they are too small to notice or see through.

Biclops: **HD** 12+2; **HP** 93; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 great clubs (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: hurl boulders x2 (3d6). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 58)

S21. Trapped Closet

The room beyond this door looks like a cluttered closet, but anyone trying to search it sets off a trap left by Half-Face. The biclops doesn't know what is in the closet but has been warned to never enter it. The trap consists of a leather bladder full of tears of death poison that Half-Face brought with him from the Lower Planes. It is suspended directly above the doorway out of sight. Anyone stepping inside has a 4-in-6 chance of hitting the nearly invisible tripwire that causes it to empty on the person below who triggered it (unless they are actively searching for the tripwire). The victim (and anyone within 5ft) must make a save or be splashed by the infernal liquid (and lose 1d6 points of constitution and take 4d6 points of damage). The leather bladder is made from the red-scaled hide of a hellstoker devil. This could serve as an early clue to the characters that the high shaman is more than he appears.

S22. Kiln

The chamber is dim and smoky. A great clay kiln stands near one wall and gives off a feeble glow from its interior. Many bundles of herbs, roots, and odd talismans hang on rough-braided rope from the rafters, and the floor is strewn with bison hides. Near the far door, a large cage has been constructed of wooden poles lashed closely together with rawhide cords. Lying motionless within it is one of the six-legged, catlike beasts that the skraelings employ as guard animals. This one watches you closely, its dark eyes glittering in the firelight.

Half-Face and one of his shamans use this chamber to brew potions. The old **skraeling shaman** sits before the kiln wrapped in a buffalo robe, taking long draws on an elaborately carved wooden pipe. He is called Gray Bear, and his hair has gone stark white, his pebbled flesh taking on a sickly pallor. He is blind, his eyes nothing more than milky orbs that look on sightlessly. The beast in the cage is a rabid **raggoth** Gray Bear has been nursing back to health in an attempt to save it with a combination of his magical abilities and potions, as well as nonmagical herbal concoctions. So far, his attempts have been successful, as the beast is no longer diseased, though it has lost the training that the skraelings had given it and has gone feral.

Gray Bear, Skraeling Shaman: **HD** 5; **HP** 28; **AC** 6[13] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d8+1), or 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d6+1); **Move** 9 (swim 9); **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: blind, breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (2hp/round), spells (4/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *shield*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.
Equipment: *hide cloak of protection +1*, staff, *potion of fire resistance*, *potion of healing*.

Raggoth (Rabid): **HD** 10; **HP** 56; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 claws (1d6+4), bite (1d8+4 plus disease); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: rabid (save or contract rabies, 1d6hp loss per day, half movement, +2 to hit and damage from increased aggressiveness), rake (if 2 claws hit, additional 2d6+4), tormenting howl (once every 1d4 rounds, 60ft, –2 on to hit and saves). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 449)

Development: Though Gray Bear is old, he is still capable, and his years of experience have taught him many things. Half-Face values him for his skill at brewing potions and keeps him close for that reason, but otherwise considers him harmless and addle-witted. Gray Bear is the only one among the skraelings who has any inkling what Half-Face actually is. Through his own non-visual observations, he has determined that Half-Face is a creature not of this world that has taken on the form of a skraeling. He assumes that the creature is likely evil based on the deception and his bloodlust toward the Nieulanders, but is still undecided as to whether his presence is ultimately beneficial to the skraelings or not — they will certainly need to deal with the colonists in some way eventually.

When the characters enter the chamber, Gray Bear looks at them with his sightless eyes and addresses them in Skraeling. If they do not attack and attempt to communicate, he switches to rough Nørsk that he picked up through limited contact with the colonists. He demands to know why the characters have come (he can smell that they are foreigners). If the characters are honest and do not immediately start a fight, he determines that his fears regarding Half-Face are confirmed; the high shaman's

aggressiveness has brought retribution from the colonists in the form of the characters. If they can reach Smoking Lake Crannog, they can reach the vulnerable villages of the Highvale.

If the characters remain peaceful with him, he warns them that the high shaman, Half-Face, is not what he seems but rather some foul creature from beyond that masquerades among the skraelings to gain their service. He states that it is time for the creature to be removed and for the skraelings to go home. If the characters agree to destroy Half-Face and spare any other skraelings they meet, Gray Bear offers them his potions and tells them that Half-Face waits two doors beyond the exit from this chamber (he hears them open and close when the high shaman leaves this chamber). He also knows that something rustles around in **Area S23**, but he doesn't know what it is, though it smells of death. He then gather his belongings, walks out of the lodge, and dives into the lake to swim to shore and make his way back to his village — his time serving Half-Face is done.

If the characters attack, Gray Bear defends himself with spells as best he can. Any attack throws the raggoth into a rage, and it gnaws open the cords holding one side of its cage shut in 1d4 rounds. The suddenly freed raggoth attacks anyone it sees other than the old shaman that nursed it back to health.

Treasure: Gray Bear keeps a shelf of 14 potions.The potions are in hollow gourds and sewn-up animal bladders. All of the following potions are present: *animal control* (x2), *extra healing* (x3), *fire resistance*, *giant strength*, *healing* (x4), *invisibility*, *plant control*, and *treasure finding*.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters conduct negotiations with Gray Bear peacefully, award XP just as if they had defeated the occupants of the room.

S23. Guarded Chamber

This chamber is demolished and stinks of decay and filth. The smell is noticeable before the characters open the door. The floor is strewn with garbage and carrion. Living within this mess are **3 giant assassin bugs** that Half-Face personally trained to kill anyone who enters other than him.

Assassin Bugs, Giant (3): **HD** 6; **HP** 45, 42, 39; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8 plus liquefy organ); **Move** 9 (climb 6) (fly 12); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: liquefy organs (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 35)

S24. High Shaman's Storage

This room is cluttered with bundles of molded furs, piles of dry kindling, stacks of pottery, and all manner of odds and ends. The high shaman before Half-Face used this chamber as a general storage for his shamanistic paraphernalia, and it has lain undisturbed for many years. Half-Face has not yet gotten around to searching through the junk. Anyone who does try to root through any of the stacked items disturbs **2 tick swarms** inhabiting the bundles of furs. These surge forth to attack anyone in the room and pursue anyone who flees for 1d4 rounds.

Tick Swarms* (2): **HD** 8; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** swarm (2d6 plus disease); **Move** 12 (climb 12); **Save** 8; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: disease (bubonic plague, 1d6 damage/day until healed, save avoids), immune to slashing and piercing weapons, swarming attack.

** Converted from Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Bestiary 2 by Jeff Harkness.*

S25. Mushroom Patch

A layer of mulch covers the floor of this dark, damp room. Growing from this is a patch of **twilight mushrooms**. Half-Face cultivates them for Gray Bear to use in his alchemy. He uses *dimension door* to harvest them to prevent them from releasing their spore cloud. Opening the door to this chamber disturbs the mushrooms and causes them to release their spores, affecting anyone within 10ft of the door.



Twilight Mushrooms (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 579)

Twilight mushrooms are purplish-black mushrooms about 4 to 6 inches in height, growing in patches of 5–10 mushrooms and are found only in damp, dark underground areas. Twilight mushrooms sense vibrations and burst forth a cloud of noxious and choking dust when a living creature comes within 10ft of a patch. Creatures within the area must make a saving throw or take 2d6 points of damage. One minute later, another save must be made — even by those who succeeded on the first — to avoid another 1d6 points of damage. Whether or not the saves are successful, a creature is disabled for 2d4 rounds from fits of choking and coughing. Such a creature can take no action other than to defend itself.

Sunlight renders twilight mushrooms dormant, and cold instantly destroys them.

S26. Half-Face's Sanctum

This dim smoky room is lit only by a small fire pit whose coals glow in the center of the chamber, surrounded by a floor covered in ragged furs. Only a few small holes in the roof provide outlets for the smoke that hangs thick in the air. A wooden platform against the west wall has furs on it for bedding, and a hide-stretching rack against the south wall has the flayed hide of what is certainly a Northlander colonist. The air smells strongly of smoke, sickly rot, and some sharp musky scent that reminds you of reptiles and brimstone.

The chamber is the lair of **Half-Face**, the high shaman of the skraelings. Unless slain at **Area L**, he is here waiting for the characters. Small holes in the southeast wall allow him to hear any commotion in **Areas S20** or **S21**, and after hearing such, he spends his time preparing for intruders. Just inside the door is a hollow beneath the floor covered by a wooden plank and hidden beneath one of the fur pelts. Growing in the hollow is a patch of **twilight mushrooms** cultivated by Half-Face from the patch in **Area S25**. The patch is harmless unless the plank is removed, in which case the pelt covering it can cause the unwary to inadvertently step into the patch

and release its spores (see "Tactics" below). A secret door behind the hide-stretching rack hides a secret shrine dedicated to Half-Face's home plane (see "Secret Closet" below).

Half-Face* (Dorvae): **HD** 11; **HP** 74; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8 plus writhing snakes); **Move** 12 (fly 30); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** immunities (charm, poison), magical abilities, poison (save or affected by *geas*), writhing snakes (grab victim after successful hit and failed save; 2d6 damage, poison). (*See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**, "Dorvae")

Magical abilities: constant—*detect invisibility*; at will—*ESP*; 3/day—*dimension door, phantasmal force*; 1/day—*feeblemind*, *geas*.

Equipment: bison robe dusted with gold dust (350hs), arcane amulet (casts *polymorph self* spell once per day with full-day duration unless ended), *ring of fire resistance*, *bag of holding* containing a thrydreg-hide spellbook and 430gp with a reddist tint (recognizable as having been minted in the Lower Planes).

Tactics: Unlike any previous encounter where Half-Face appeared as a skraeling, for this encounter he drops the subterfuge and reveals his true appearance simply by dropping his bison robe and wiping away his carefully prepared mask. Unless the characters already obtained some inkling that he is actually a fiendish outsider, when the characters realize they are facing one of the sceadugengan, they must make a saving throw or be stunned for 1 round. In addition to using this element of surprise, Half-Face removed the plank covering the mushroom patch and re-covered it with the hide so it becomes a **trap** to anyone stepping on the hide. Half-Face awaits them at the far side beyond the range of the mushroom spores. He uses his spells and staff to keep the characters off balance and at a distance. If reduced to below 40hp, he attempts to retreat into the secret room to lure the characters into the trap there. He then uses *dimension door* to retreat off the crannog to regroup and plan his revenge.

If the twilight mushroom trap is stepped on, it releases spores in a 10ft radius. Anyone who fails a save takes 2d6 points of damage. One minute later, everyone — even those who made the first save — must make another save or take 1d6 points of damage. Even if a save is successful, a creature is disabled for 2d4 rounds from fits of choking and coughing.

Such a creature can take no action other than to defend itself.

Secret Closet

A small closet stands behind this secret door. The back wall is painted with ochre stains and soot smears to resemble a swirling vortex that seems to draw the viewer into the oblivion of the Ginnungagap.

This mural is imbued with the power of Half-Face's home plane so that anyone that is not an outsider who views it must make a saving throw (with a –2 penalty) or be struck immobile as if petrified. To all appearances, the victim is petrified — he no longer breathes, his skin becomes cool to the touch — though his skin remains supple and others can move him. This effect is actually a curse and can be removed with a *remove curse*.

Treasure: Half-Face keeps some treasures stored here in four large covered wicker baskets placed at the base of the mural:

Basket 1 contains 25 large stymphalian bird quills of gold dust (250hs each).

Basket 2 contains a folded *cloak of protection +2*, a *+1/+3 light hammer vs. golems*, a *helm of reading magic and languages*, and a small diamond (900hs).

Basket 3 contains an **iron cobra mechanism** (that attacks anyone other than Half-face) and an *amulet against scrying*. If the remains of the iron cobra are sold to a smith in a large enough city, they could fetch 20,000hs.

Basket 4 contains coins of copper, silver, and gold minted by many cultures on many planes (5500hs total) with a *+2 crossbow* hidden beneath it.

Mechanism, Iron Cobra: **HD** 3; **HP** 20; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** lethal poison (3 doses). (***Monstrosities*** 323)

Concluding the Adventure

The adventures in Nieuland do not necessarily end with the conclusion of this adventure. If Half-Face is defeated, the skraelings withdraw into the Highvale, and the immediate threat they represent to the colony is removed. This makes the characters legendary heroes to the colonists and gives them a +10% bonus to checks made to become jarls as described in the **Appendix**. However, the Jomsvikings have also discovered this land and, even if the crew of the *Wroth Jæger* was destroyed, they undoubtedly follow future groups of colonists that make the Northern Passage to the promised land of Nieuland Colony.

In addition, if Half-Face lived, he is unlikely to resume control of the skraeling tribes — especially if Gray Bear survived, as he assumes the position of high shaman of the tribes. However, that doesn't mean that the lurking dorvae intent on revenge wouldn't represent a threat to the colonies and the adventurers that defeated it. It's possible he could even recruit other fiendish help to assist him in his revenge.

It is possible that one or more of the characters becomes a jarl per the following **Appendix** and has established his own hold in the colonies. If so, the continued survival of the jarl's new household and freeholders against the possibility of a returned skraeling menace or simply the dangers of an untamed Nieuland wilderness rest on the character's shoulders. There is also the possibility of trade or raids against the Libynos coast that follows the route of the Northern Passage and Cymu Current.

Even if a character becomes a jarl of Nieuland, one of his responsibilities includes recruiting more colonists to settle in and enrich his colony, so a journey or journeys back to the Northlands are certainly in his near future.

Finally, though the threat of Half-Face rallying the skraelings has been removed, eventually the spread of the colonists encroaches upon skraeling lands in the Highvale and beyond. The characters can be involved in waging a war of conquest against the indigenous tribes or even ensuring that future contact with the skraelings are not hostile if they'd rather engender peaceful relations with the natives of the Oestryn Isles. Whichever way such future contact between the cultures might go, the characters can be at the forefront of determining its course.

Appendix

The Rise of a Jarl

The power of Northlander communities often rests in assemblies of all free, able-bodied men and women, each with the right to speak before the Thing. The power of individuals, however, is found in heroes of great notoriety or the authority of jarls. Something like earls in the ranks of Southlanders, jarls rule their individual halls and households. They lead the house huscarls and command crews of reavers aboard their dragonheaded longships. They are both political and military leaders, but must also be warriors of great renown (or least have been them in their youth). They must be generous givers of gifts and defenders of their households. Yet despite all these duties, they do not hold the dictatorial authority of their southern counterparts. Other than their thralls (such as any freeman can own), jarls hold power only as long as their followers hold to their oaths of fealty. Most Northlanders of honor will do so in general, but if a jarl's honor becomes tainted or is no longer generous, he may find that his household has diminished in number to only his immediate family as other householders — even formerly loyal huscarls — drift away to serve other jarls.

Though the path of a jarl is treacherous and full of uncertainty, it is still the position to which any freeman or freewoman of the Northlands aspires. Fortunately, though some jarls are able to pass their jarldoms on to their children through hereditary descent, the true test of a jarl is his ability to attain the position on his own merit and the ability to hold it. As a result, anyone who is able to accumulate the wealth and prove bravery in battle sufficiently that others will choose to follow him can set himself up as a jarl. ***The Return of Hallbjorn*** provides the first formal opportunity for characters of the **Northlands Saga** to rise from wandering adventurers to something larger and more stable in the form of a jarl. Anyone can build a hall and call himself a jarl, but that doesn't necessarily make him one. To become a true jarl, respected and feared throughout the Northlands and even beyond, a character must fulfill the certain requirements as follows:

- Must be at least 8th level in one of the following classes: fighter, paladin, ranger, or rogue. People simply will not accept jarls who are not warriors and who possess unusual powers such as those wielded by clerics, druids, or magic-users.
- Must be at least half-human. The Northlanders are a fairly prejudiced and superstitious lot and will not accept a jarl that is entirely non-human.
- Must claim land and build a hall at least 50ft long and 30ft wide at the cost of a minimum of 50,000hs.
- Must own and crew at least one longship at the cost of 10,000hs for the ship and full share of any plunder for the crew. A jarl that does not take his crew out on some profitable venture at least once a year risks losing their loyalty.

Once a prospective jarl meets all of the above requirements, he has a 40% chance to attract a household from among freeholders and dissatisfied householders elsewhere. The check can be attempted once per month during the summer season (the middle 4 months of the year). The check can have a modifier of anywhere from +10% to –10% based on reputation as determined by the Referee. Once the check is successful, the jarl will be able to assemble the following householders over a 1-month period.

- Attracts a group of 10 huscarls (+1 for every 5 points by which the roll beats the check to attract households), warriors sworn to his service who possess at least three levels in any of the above listed classes that a jarl must be. These may be characters or NPCs, may be of any race, and may have levels in classes that a jarl is banned from. The huscarls are expected to defend the jarl's household and participate in any raids he calls them on. The family of a huscarl slain on a raid or while defending the household receives either their normal share of any plunder he was entitled to or a one-time minimum 250hs payment of weregild to support them after his loss.
- Attracts at least 20 freeman (+2 for every 5 points by which the check beats the check to attract households), families to his protection. A jarl can count on at least one member of each freeman family to man his longship if needed for at least one raid a year. The family of a freeman slain on a raid receives either their normal share of any plunder he was entitled to or a one-time minimum 25hs payment of weregild to support them after his loss.

Once the necessary followers have been attracted, the jarl must give feasts in excess of 100hs per huscarl value each season (summer and winter), and must regularly (at least once a month) dispense 25hs worth of treasure per freeman family to his followers. If a jarl is unable to maintain his minimum retinue of huscarls, loses his hall, loses his longship (or fails to keep his crew occupied each raiding season), loses at least half his freeman followers, or suffers a serious defeat or setback (as determined by the Referee), he may lose his status as a jarl and see his people disperse. If any of these conditions occur, the jarl must make a new d% check each month with the following modifiers until the situation is rectified.

Rectification may be as simple as attracting the necessary additional huscarls or freemen, or as complicated as planning and leading a successful raid to enrich his longship crew. The Referee must adjudicate to determine the success of these attempts. If unsuccessful in 6 months, the jarl's household scatters and he is no longer reckoned a Jarl of the Northlands. He must then re-establish his household from scratch if he wishes to become one again.

Modifiers to the d% check when a jarl risks losing his household are as follows:

- –1% for each loyal huscarl less than 10 in number
- –1% for every two freeman families (rounded down) less than 20 in number
- –2% for each noteworthy defeat of the jarl
- –2% for any ill omen (as determined by the Referee) that the jarl has suffered.
- –5% for each season without a profitable longship raid
- –10% if the jarl has been the victim of a hallburning

Attempts to increase the members of an existing household require that the jarl increase the size of his hall or add an additional longship, either at the cost of 10,000hs. When this is accomplished, a new check is made to attract followers. New followers have the same monetary requirements necessary to support them as household members.

NS8: The Hallburning

By Kevin Wright and Kenneth Spencer



The Hallburning is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for *The Northlands Saga Complete*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 7–8. If using this adventure as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, the events described here take place after the events in *NS7: The Return of Hallbjorn*. If the characters participated in that adventure, then it is likely that they are powerful people in the colony of Nieuland, some of them possibly even jarls. This adventure takes place two years after the events in that adventure.

If the characters returned to the Northlands following their adventures in the Oestryn Isles, then they have spent their time living the life of heroes among the admiring Northlanders. If the characters remained in Nieuland as jarls or just colonists themselves, then after a year or more of establishing their new homes they realized that they must return to the Northlands, either to gather new colonists or householders or simply to obtain much-needed supplies and equipment not readily available among the colonial settlements. This adventure assumes that if the characters have settled in Nieuland, then they have arrived in Halfstead on the last longship of the season from the colony. The summer has passed, and winter has arrived, forcing them to wait until spring before they can return to Nieuland. The characters now learn that even if they have established a place for themselves in a new land, the Northlands is, nevertheless, still in need of heroes.

The Hallburning

As acclaimed heroes of the Northlands, a wild, only half-tamed realm in its own right, it is expected of the characters to uphold the laws and traditions of the land and peoples. There is little formal law, and when heinous crimes against the laws of gods and men, such as violation of guest-right or a hallburning, occur, it is incumbent upon those who have power to protect those who do not. The jarls are expected to uphold the laws of the land as are — perhaps even more so — heroes of renown. As a result, when word of a hallburning reaches the folk such as the characters, there can be little question as to whether or not they will assist; their very identity as Northlanders demands it of them.

Adventure Background

Ten cowards came to kill Gundrik Arison, the Jarl of Vestfelmarken. They came in the night across the snow, lit brands in hand, and set the jarl's hall aflame. In their perfidy, they stood by the doors, sword and axe in hand, and slew all that ran out, including the jarl, his son, and many of the household. Only the Jarl's wife, Runa, survived the fire and the slaughter, but just barely. Singed and cut across the face, she traveled fifteen miles through snow-covered forests and over icy bogs, crossing the Storm River's frozen waters to reach her brother's hall at Roskilde. There she told her tale of terror in the night, prompting her brother and his huscarls to take to their sturdy Trondheim ponies and ride in pursuit of the hall burners. They caught three of them in the open fields south of the Saudb, but the others managed to escape west into the Waldron Mountains.

Runa Gundrikswif brought suit against the hall burners at an emergency meeting of the Althing of Storstrøm Vale. The three captives were coerced to talk, and they named their fellows. Cnut Anglison, the Jarl of Østfold, had decided to settle once and for all his family's longstanding feud with the Arisons of Vestfelmarken. The Althing ruled quickly, declaring all the hall burners anathema, their lands open to raiding, and their households free to take. Furthermore, there would be no wergild or other price to pay for slaying the outlaws should they ever be caught. With the sorry business concluded, the Althing of Storstrøm Vale adjourned back to their homes and families.

Matters were not settled, however, as the ringleaders and most of the perpetrators of this heinous crime are still at large. Runa's brother, Jarl Heinnrig Erikson of Roskilde, has laid plans to sail up the Saudb River in the spring and raid Østfold, but he has no interest in venturing into the Waldron Mountains in the middle of winter. Runa herself cannot go, as she is neither a warrior nor an adventurer. Instead, she and her brother have offered a payment of five pounds of hacksilver for the head of each hall burner, and additionally a swift, dragonheaded longship for whoever brings back the head of Cnut Anglison.

However, all is not as it seems, as the hall burning was part of a larger plan concocted by Heinnrig Erikson himself to enrich his and his family's fortune. Cnut was to burn the hall and escape, while Heinnrig used his influence and authority to cover up the crime. In this way, Cnut would get his vengeance, and Heinnrig would inherit Vestfelmarken through his sister. Heinnrig has double-crossed Cnut and, by pressing for the Althing to rule against the hall burners, he has the opportunity to add Vestfelmarken and Østfold to his holdings, as well as justifying the death of his co-conspirators.

Adventure Summary

The characters hear about the horrible crime and the rich reward. They meet the widow Gundrikswif and some of the rival would-be heroes seeking the reward and the widow's vengeance. This begins a race across snow-covered Storstrøm Vale to be the first to catch up to Cnut Anglison and to be the first to gain the widow's vengeance. In the process, the characters learn that things are more than they seem and that sometimes it's difficult to tell enemies from friends. Finally back in Trotheim, they have the opportunity to level charges against the true perpetrator of the crime and bring Jarl Erikson to justice.

Adventure Hooks

Unless the characters are newcomers to the Northlands, their names are known and tales are told of them around hearth fires. They are heroes of great renown and inevitably will be told of the goings-on in Trotheim. They are expected to respond to the widow's call, and their own mind's-worth should require it of them.

If the heroes are brand new to the Northlands and do not yet have an established reputation, then they hear of the hallburning through the normal channels of word of mouth. In fact, little else is being spoken of in the Northlands this winter, so egregious was the crime. In this case, the characters hear of the hefty reward offered for bringing the heads of the perpetrators and likely see the benefit of obtaining 35 pounds of hacksilver as well as ownership of a longship. In either case, word of the crime and reward should bring them to Trotheim to meet the widow Gundrikswif and undertake the quest for justice.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins in early winter. The heavy snows have not yet fallen and are likely still some months off for the relatively mild clime of Storstrøm Vale. The characters have heard the basics of the crime and the ruling of the Althing, but they'll have to learn the rest of the details on their own after arriving in Storstrøm Vale. The characters arrive in Trotheim and are ushered to the hall that Heinnrig Erikson keeps in the city. There they meet Runa Gundrikswif and have the opportunity to size up some of their competition.

Arrival in Trotheim

Upon arriving in Trotheim, the characters can ask around town to find out information about Runa Gundrikswif — where she can be found, and if she is still offering her reward for vengeance. Have each character roll 1d10 once to discover what rumor he or she learns.

The Scarred Lady

When the characters finally learn the location of Heinnrig Erikson's house, they can call upon it to speak with Runa Gundrikswif and learn more about the crime and the mission. A middle-aged Northlander wearing

Trotheim Rumors

1d10	Rumor
1	"It has been almost a month since the hall of Jarl Gundrik Arison of Vestfelmarken was burned. Only three heads decorate the Hall of the Køenig; seven hall burners still walk free. The gods will surely punish us all if these men are not brought to justice, and soon."
2	"Runa Gundrikswif, wife of the murdered jarl, is almost all that is left of her family. Only her brother remains. He'll have to take care of Vestfelmarken for her now."
3	"The Widow Gundrikswif has gone mad. She was badly injured in the attack on her household, and the scars run deep. Now she is confined to her brother's house where she raves about her lost son and husband and demands the blood of their killers."
4	"Runa Gundrikswif has been staying in a home owned by her brother, Heinnrig Erikson, Jarl of Roskilde. She has not been seen in public since the Althing was held 2 weeks ago and has been little seen since her household was burned nearly a month ago now."
5	The characters learn the location of the house owned by Heinnrig Erikson, where Runa Gundrikswif can be found.
6	"A daughter of Hel has made camp outside of town. She is half black and half white just like her fell goddess, and she brought a band of einherjar with her to help her take souls back to her realm in Niflheim."
7	"The legendary hunter Javik Wolfsblood has answered the call of the Althing of Storstrøm Vale to hunt down the outlaws of Østfold. They say Javik is half wolf himself and that there's nothing that he can't track down."
8	"The hunter Javik Wolfsblood isn't just in town to track down the hall burners. He's in town because he's in love with Runa Gundrikswif. Maybe he was involved in burning the hall so he could kill Gundrik and finally claim Runa's love for himself."
9	"The Ravensons aren't just in town because they want the bounty on Cnut Anglison. The Vastaviklander called Silent Tor killed a man in Gatland, and they're here because they're on the run as criminals there."
10	"They say Jarl Cnut of Østfold fled into the mountains to escape the judgment of the Althing. He wouldn't do that, though, because he's got a secret hoard of gold hidden under his hall. He'll defend that to the death; you can count on it."

a fine cloak edged with fox fur and boots adorned with silver meets the characters at the door. He opens the door just as the characters walk up and steps outside to hold it open for those emerging from within. Five people walk out of the door, though the way they separate themselves they are clearly a group of three and then two individuals who hold themselves apart from each other and all the rest.

The group of three consists of a large Seagestrelander barbarian with a thrall's collar around his neck. He wears wooden armor set with spikes and a heavy chain coiled over his shoulder — clearly, he is more than any common thrall. With him are a blond-haired woman in rough furs, her eyes so pale as to be almost colorless, and a surly-faced Vastaviklander. The man holding the door introduces them as Grondi, Vigdís Snowfox, and Silent Tor, respectively. They are the Ravensons, a group of heroes out to capture the hall burner Cnut Anglison. They sneer at the characters as they are introduced.

One of the men apart from the others is a dapper-looking Hrolflander with well-cut clothing and a velvet-lined cloak that is, if anything, finer than the one of the man holding the door. He is introduced as Adevir Óddson, herald of the Lady Dorna, Daughter of Hel, an infamous goti of Hel from the wilds of Hrolfland who has brought her band of fanatics known as the Vicious Get to sacrifice Cnut and the other hall burners to her dark goddess and return the heads to Widow Gundrikswif. The well-dressed man makes a deep bow toward the characters and gives them a winning smile with a flash of pearly white teeth.

The final man is grizzled, dressed in rugged and well-worn outdoor gear, and looks like he could be a man of the Vale. He is introduced as the tracker Javik Wolfsblood, also seeking the hall burners and the bounty upon their head. He gives the characters a small, respectful nod.

The man holding the door introduces himself as Heinnrig Erikson, Jarl of Roskilde and brother of the Widow Gundrikswif, and asks for the names of the characters in turn. Assuming the characters are from the Northlands, Heinnrig recognizes their names as the celebrated heroes they are. The Ravensons trio, if anything, sneer even harder. Adevir gives another smile, though this one a bit pale around the eyes, and Javik appears thoughtful at the introduction of the characters. Heinnrig almost stammers in his honor to be in the presence of such worthy heroes. He quickly ushers them inside, pausing only to turn to the others and state, "You know your quarry, and the ruling of the Althing is on your side. Go forth and obey the will of the gods that not a man among these cowardly hall burners should live."

They turn to depart as the characters are led within. If the characters protest that the others are getting a head start, Heinnrig states that Cnut and his accomplices are far away, hiding in the Waldron Mountains and that it will likely take many weeks to locate them. Taking an hour to call upon the widow for whom the mission is being undertaken and who will be paying the bounty is only proper and the honorable thing to do. Besides, he says, she has insisted on meeting all of the hunters who wish to bring justice to her family and make Cnut Anglison pay the blood price for what he has done.

The characters are led through the large house, its windows all covered and only a few oil lamps lit here and there, making the interior dark as night and not much warmer than the winter streets outside. Finally, Heinnrig ushers them into a small room. An oiled hide covers the window, letting in only a feeble glimmer of light, and a single taper on a table provides the only other illumination. A wide bed piled with furs sits against the far wall, and before it is a chair, equally piled in furs.

Upon this chair sits the dimly seen form of a slight woman. As the characters enter, she leans forward into the light of the taper, revealing a countenance hideous to behold. Much of the hair of her head is gone, burned away and leaving only pink scar tissue over large portions of her scalp and the side of her face. What hair is left is gray and brittle, of unequal lengths due to portions breaking off and now growing back in. The visage is of a middle-aged woman but with an angry red scar crossing from her left temple, below her eye and across the top of her mouth, and down to her right jawline where a vicious sword or axe stroke took her across the face. The edges are puckered and uneven where stitches, crudely placed, healed back together poorly, and swelling and a crust of yellow pus over part of it gives tale to the festering that must still rage within. She takes in the characters with a glance and then leans back into the shadows.



"This is my beloved sister, the aggrieved widow Runa Gundrikswif whose family was stolen from her and her household destroyed," Heinnrig begins. "She asks that I tell you that Cnut Anglison is without honor or mind's-worth and that his mother was a whore among trolls and beasts. Lady Runa has spoken her words before the Althing of Storstrøm Vale and obtained censure of the hall burner and his accomplices. There were ten men in all who took part in the burning of Jarl Gundrik's hall. The heads of three of them now decorate pikes before the Hall of the Køenig, but seven pikes remain empty and devoid of honor. The pikes demand their honor; Runa Gundrikswif demands justice.

"The Althing has ruled that Cnut Anglison and his six surviving accomplices, Hegi Einarrson, Anwulf the Black, Skorrbín Dankbeard, Lame Ottí, Júrgan Hrothspyke, and Starkathr Bloodhair, are outlaws. The Jarldom of Østfold, seat of Cnut Anglison, is forfeit, his lands open to raiding, his household free to take. It is ruled that there is no wergild set for the slaying of these men or those who would aid them. They are anathema, and the gods demand justice for their crimes."

He is interrupted by a hacking cough from the bent figure buried in the fur-covered chair. It seems that escaping the fire in the hall did not spare her the smoke, and you can imagine that blood wets her lips as she struggles to speak. Her voice begins as a feeble rasp but rises with a burning passion, as if the fires that she escaped live on in her soul demanding to be freed, so that her frail voice becomes nearly a shriek before she is through.

"The snow is dark with the slaughter-dew. My husband's bones stare at the winter sky — black with the soot of Loptr's favor. My son … his seared flesh feeds Wotan's children. All is night; all is Hel's domain. I call the justice of the Hanged God upon me as it was upon my family! I call the justice of the Night Lady upon the cowards who burned my home! Outlaws! … Trollkin! … Giant-spawn! I consign you to the halls of that Dark Lady who judges such as you. May Hel's embrace shrivel your flesh from bone and feed your courage to worms … my son, my son …

"You there, you heroes of the North. I know you not, and I care not for your deeds. I care only do your blood-worms sweat the battle-dew? Do the sinews of your arms swing the blood-ember? Do your thews carry you among the raven harvest and your blood sing of the weather of weapons? Will you carry my justice to the hall burners, the corpse eaters, the drinkers of Loptr's mead? Will you wade the wound-sea and bring the sword-sleep to my enemies? For the men who bring me the heads of Cnut Anglison, Hegi Einarrson, Anwulf the Black, Skorrbín Dankbeard, Lame Ottí, Júrgan Hrothspyke, and Starkathr Bloodhair, I will give five pounds of the thread of the moon's distaff. For the head of the man responsible for this, I will also give my husband's longship, the *Wave Sword*. Now leave this old woman that I may pray and die when my prayer is answered."

The scarred lady shrinks back into the dark concealment of her fur-covered chair and says no more. Heinnrig Erikson looks on for a moment with concern writ large on his face. He turns to you and says softly, "My sister is much disturbed since the death of her family as anyone would be. I am all she has left. I fear her black mood will not break until the tips of all ten pikes are covered. As she said, she will give a reward of five pounds of hacksilver* for each of the seven conspirators' heads. In addition, she will reward the bringer of Cnut Anglison's head with a fine dragonheaded ship*. The offer is just, the reward more than generous. Please, for the sake of my sister and the ghosts of her husband and son, take up this task and bring justice once more to Storstrøm Vale.

*As Northlanders, the characters are well aware that 5 lbs. of hacksilver is worth 250hs, and that a good longship is worth 10,000hs.

Heinnrig ushers the characters out of the presence of his sister to leave her to her sorrow. Anyone who listened to her speech can detect that there is more than a little madness intertwined with her grief, though Heinnrig appears to well and truly care for his sister and wishes for her to be comforted. The characters don't know this, but he does feel badly for the condition that his older sister is in, thinking she would have died quickly in the fire and not had to endure such suffering. Now he cares for her and wants to keep her close and comforted. He believes she will not live long and does not want her to go out on her own and potentially find a new husband to whom the Jarldom of Vestfelmarken could fall to rather than himself. While she lives with him, Heinnrig is effectively the Jarl of Vestfelmarken, and if she dies without husband or heir, he will have a strong claim to formally take over that role. At this point, the characters have no reason to suspect him, everything he says is true (if leaving certain details out), and his desire to care for his distraught sister is real. Therefore, attempts to use magic to prove his involvement should fail as the characters lack the necessary information to effectively pursue such speculations.

Before the characters leave the house, Heinnrig tells them what he knows. Cnut Anglison is Jarl of Østfold, which lies up the Saudb River. The men who accompanied him to burn the hall were all his huscarls. It is unlikely that Cnut has returned to Østfold since the ruling of the Althing has rendered his claim there moot. His householders have been fleeing in droves. It is believed that Cnut and his accomplices instead headed up into the Waldron Mountains and have holed up in some hideout there. So far, several local groups of bounty hunters have headed in that direction, but none has had any luck. Three of the groups have failed to return altogether.

Between the winter weather, the dangerous terrain of the Waldrons, and the deadliness of what is clearly a group of desperate and violent men, enthusiasm over the hunt has died out among the Valers. However, word has now spread far enough that heroes from foreign lands have just begun to arrive. In addition to the characters' recent arrival, the Vicious Get of Dorna Heldottir has only just arrived from Hrolfland, the Ravensons have just made it down from Estenfird, and Javik Wolfsblood, who is a Valer, has just returned from a hunting trip deep into the Andøvan Mountains. This batch of heroes seems to be the most qualified, and Heinnrig assumes that one of these groups (including the characters) is most likely to be successful in hunting down Cnut.

If the characters would like to learn more about these other bounty hunters that are seeking Cnut Anglison as well, they can ask around and gain information about them. Have the players roll 1d20 once for each person or group about whom the characters seek information. Give the players any information for the number rolled and all of the information below it found in "The Competition" below. The characters will not be able to talk to any of these other groups at this time, as they will have already left town by the time the characters emerge from Heinnrig's house.

The Competition

The characters are not the only people interested in catching up with the murderers of Gundrik Arison. Three other parties plan to pursue the scofflaws, for wildly different reasons of their own. The characters can gather information on them but will not be able to interact with them at this time, as they are currently not in town. Several encounters have been set up regarding these groups, and the characters will have the opportunity to determine if they are friend or foe.

The Vicious Get

Dorna Helsdottir

(5) The first group to show up is led by Dorna Helsdottir, a godi of the dreaded goddess Hel, and she is a bizarre spectacle. The right half of her



body is albino, snow-white skin and hair, her right eye a bulging pink orb. The left half or her body is coal-black down to her teeth and gums and the sclera of her left eye, though that iris is stark white. **(10)** She revels in her uncanny appearance but knows the effect it has on people, so she camps in the woods a ways from town and sends her herald to speak for her. **(15)** She claims that the malicious actions of Cnut and his followers place them within the purview of Hel, and that none other has a claim on their lives. **(17)** Dorna plans to enter the Waldron Mountains, capture Cnut and his reavers, sacrifice them to Hel, and then bring back their heads to show the superiority and power of Hel herself.

Dorna Helsdottir, Priestess of Hel (Clr11): HP 49; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+8); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** control undead, +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (4/4/4/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect magic*, *light*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person, silence 15ft radius, snake charm*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *prayer*, *remove curse*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2), *protection from good 10ft radius*; 5th—*finger of death*, *insect plague*.

Equipment: *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *cloak of protection +1*, *girdle of giant strength*, *+1 heavy mace*, *ring of protection +2*, *ring of spell turning*, scroll (*cure serious wounds* [x2], *hold person*), bone and obsidian symbol of Hel inset with small diamonds (500hs), silver mirror for scrying (1000hs), belt pouch with 220hs and a ruby (350hs).

Adevir Óddson

(4) Dorna's herald is a pompous but talented skald named Adevir. **(8)** When not serving his lady's will or attempting to seduce the least-discerning wenches he can find, **(15)** Adevir works tirelessly writing

disturbing psalms to the glory of Dorna and her exploits. He carries countless scrolls and books filled with this doggerel.

Adevir Óddson, Skald (Thf8): HP 28; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 short sword* (1d6+1) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** backstab (x4), +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 95% (gauntlets), Tasks/Traps 50%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 55%, Silent 60%, Locks 55%.

Equipment: *+2 leather armor*, *+1 short sword*, shortbow, quiver with 12 arrows, *arrow +4 vs. humans* (x2), *arrow +4 vs. giants*, *gauntlets of swimming and climbing*, *potion of extra healing*, *potion of invisibility*, narwhal-horn harp inset with silver (800hs), courtier's outfit, gold torc set with bloodstone (1000hs), pouch with 5 pieces of amber (85hs each), a sapphire (1750hs) and 78hs.

The Vicious Get

(6) In addition to her herald, the godi travels with a wild band of cutthroats she calls her "Vicious Get." **(10)** They heed her word absolutely, seeing her as the mouthpiece and arm of Hel, **(16)** but they are a wild and uncontrollable danger to any others they encounter.

Vicious Get (Ftr6) (10): HP 40; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6+2) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 12 rounds/day).

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, *+1 shield*, cold-weather outfit, shortspear, shortbow, quiver of 12 *+1 arrows*, *potion of healing*, pouch with 4d10hs.

Referee Note: Dorna has no problem eliminating the characters if they obstruct her plans, but she acts against them only if she believes she has the upper hand. She is not above bargaining or negotiating with the characters to get what she wants.

The Ravensons

(7) The second group to arrive — an adventuring party known as the Ravensons — eagerly and violently is trying to make a reputation for itself as a force to be reckoned with. They are made up of three members: Grondi, Vigdís Snowfox, and Silent Tor. **(14)** The Ravensons don't care about the reward (leastwise, not *too* much); they want the honor, reputation, and prestige that go along it.

Grondi

(9) By force of might, Grondi is the leader of the party, a seasoned but temperamental Seagestrelander hungry to make a reputation for himself. When he faces an enemy in battle, he attempts to intimidate them with his physicality and boasts of his past victories. **(14)** Formerly a thrall who won his freedom in the fighting pits of Vastavikland, **(17)** he dreams of skalds singing his saga under the open skies and fathering children on as many awestruck maidens as possible.

Grondi, Seagestrelander Warrior (Ftr8): HP 58; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** *+1 hand axe* (1d6+6) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: *+1 ring mail*, *+1 hand axe*, shortbow, quiver with 15 arrows, *gauntlets of ogre power*, thrall collar, pouch with a gold-coated boar tusk (175hs) and 112hs.

Vigdís Snowfox

(7) Vigdís Snowfox is the wilderness expert in the party, heavily relied upon by the other Ravensons to help them survive in the wilds of the North. **(14)** She always takes the long view on things, and often reins in the others' wild schemes, convincing them to follow a wiser (and safer) path to success.

Vigdís Snowfox (Drd6): HP 30; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6) or *+1 sling* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** +2 saves vs. fire, immune to fey charms, shape change, spells (3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *faerie fire*, *purify water*; 2nd—*cure light wounds, obscuring mist*; 3rd—*call lightning*, *protection against fire*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *+2 wooden shield*, *cloak of protection +1*, shortspear, *+1 sling*, 30 sling bullets, *potion of animal control*, 50ft hemp rope, pouch with ceremonial obsidian knife (100hs), bloodstained necklace (250hs), and 37hs.

*See Sidebox

Armor

Polar Bear Hide Armor

This thick hide and fur of a polar bear serves as a thick armor for cold-weather climes (AC 6[13]). The armor is surprisingly light, weighing 25 lbs. The wearer also resists magical cold (50% damage), and is immune to natural cold.



Silent Tor

(8) Silent Tor is the third member of the Ravensons, a Vastaviklander, and possibly the most dangerous. **(12)** He feels as if the world itself has a grudge against him, as a hostile enemy that must be bested at all costs. **(17)** He uses any means necessary to accomplish his desires, and right now, his desire is to capture or kill the hall burners.

Silent Tor (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** +2 *longsword* (1d8+4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, steel shield, *+2 longsword*, shortbow, quiver of 22 arrows, *potion of gaseous form*, *potion of slipperiness*, pouch with a whetstone, 7 small opals (50hs each), and 72hs.

Referee Note: The Ravensons are equal parts intimidated and infuriated by the presence of the characters. They speak among themselves of the characters as a ragtag band of upstarts not worth the time it would take to eliminate them, but deep down they fear that they are the ragtag upstarts. As a result, they try not to directly confront the characters, instead taking actions to hinder or hurt the characters that could be played off simply as pranks if viewed in the right light. Only when the characters prove to be more than a match for them will the Ravensons begin to see the characters as a threat that must be eliminated by any means necessary.

Javik Wolfsblood

(3) The third party hunting Cnut and his gang is a lone man called Javik Wolfsblood. He travels with a giant wolf, and they say he is part wolf himself. **(8)** Javik is a renowned tracker and hunter who has lived in Storstrøm Vale all his life. His wolf companion is well trained, and he never brings it into town with him. (**11)** He is known for hunting the mountains of the Waldron and Andøvan ranges, and no one knows them better than him. **(14)** Javik lives simply and desires neither fame nor money. He and Runa Eriksdottir grew up together as children, and for long years after she married Gundrik Arison, he loved her from afar. Runa knew of his feelings, but both of them were honorable and respected the marriage vows of Runa and Gundrik. **(17)** Javik now seeks vengeance for this insult and injury upon the woman he has always loved.

Javik Wolfsblood (Rgr10): HP 74; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8+6), *+1 silver dagger* (1d4+7) or *+1 longbow* x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** L; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** +10 damage vs. giants and goblin-types, spells (Clr 2/1; MU 1), tracking.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *light*; 2nd—*find traps*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *gauntlets of ogre power*, battleaxe, *+1 silver dagger*, *+1 longbow*, quiver with 20 arrows, *potion of extra healing*, *ring of protection* +2, 2 gold arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 25hs and a dog whistle.

*See Sidebox

Fenris, Wolf, Winter: **HD** 5; **HP** 34; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe frost (once per turn, 10ft, 4d6 cold, save half). (***Monstrosities*** 514)

Referee Note: Javik truly cares nothing for the reward. He wants only to see justice done and his beloved avenged against any who have wronged her. He does not yet suspect Heinnrig's involvement, but he will not have any difficulty believing it once evidence of it is presented to him. He recalls Heinnrig as always having been a petty younger brother jealous of his sister's success and marriage. He inherited his father's jarldom, but Roskilde is much smaller and less rich than the Jarldom of Vestfelmarken that Runa married into, and Javik readily believes that Heinnrig could covet Vestfelmarken for himself. Javik can prove to be a staunch ally to the characters who only wants to help them in their quest, if they don't drive him off as a rival early on.



Chapter One: Storstrøm Vale

From talking to Heinnrig and Runa, the characters know that Cnut Anglison and his men fled into the mountains above the headwaters of the Saudb River, but their exact whereabouts remain unknown. Though it is rare in the Northlands, it is possible that the party has some powerful magic at their disposal to locate the fugitives and possibly even some way to *teleport* directly to them. Unfortunately, if that is the case, it will not avail the characters on this occasion. The fugitives are currently holed up in an Andøvan ruin. The latent magic of this ancient site laid upon it by sorcerous men of old still lingers, preventing divination magic from working in regards to those who occupy it and preventing magical transportation from functioning to reach it. Even if the characters were able to determine exactly where the villains were hiding, they would be able to *teleport* no closer than a mile from it. Teleportation and other dimensional travel within the site itself is unimpeded once the caster is within that radius, it just can't be used to breach that perimeter.

As a result of the magical impediments created by the hideout of the fugitives, the characters have to rely on more mundane means to locate the criminals and to reach them. Locating them will, therefore, require legwork and investigation to find where they have gone (though Heinnrig has given them information to set them in the right direction), and with the river impassable in winter, the most likely means of travel is by mount. Since the snows have already come to the plains of the Vale, travel by foot is extremely slow, and a sturdy Trondheim pony or other trained mount is necessary if the characters wish to make good time. Therefore, they either need to bring their own mounts or obtain mounts in Trotheim itself.

From Heinnrig, the characters know that Cnut's Jarldom of Østfold lies up the Saudb River, and the characters should conclude that it would be the most likely location to try to pick up the fugitives' trail rather than just blindly stumbling through a mountain range in the grip of winter. So their plan should include following the river up to Østfold (easily done since the road follows along the banks of the Saudb River). As long as they stick to the river, there will be no chance of getting lost before they reach the mountains, though their difficulties surely increase then. As for the Jarldom of Østfold, Heinnrig doesn't think Cnut's householders should prove to be a problem as most have abandoned the jarldom since their jarl fled and was named an outlaw.

Preparations in Trotheim

If the characters do not have their own mounts, they can obtain Trondheim ponies accustomed to travel in the snowy conditions, including tack and feed, for 70hs each (they are not combat trained). In addition, they need to purchase supplies for their journey. It takes approximately a week to make the 175-mile journey to the headwaters of the Saudb River across the snowy plains of the Vale and another unknown number of days to locate the murderers hiding in the mountains. Mounts other than the Trondheim ponies move at half their normal pace across the snow-covered trails and the trackless mountains (the ponies, specially bred for the terrain, move at three-quarters speed, or 24 miles per day in the plains and 12 miles per day in the mountains). So the Trondheim ponies require at least 6 days to reach the mountains.

There are likely to be few opportunities to resupply between Trotheim and there, so the characters need at least a month's worth of supplies for the journey even if riding the specially bred ponies. They may require more if using mounts that move slower in the arduous terrain or if traveling afoot. In addition, they need to purchase cold-weather outfits (8hs apiece) to avoid taking damage from the weather during their journey, if they do not already have them.

If the characters are concerned about the other groups getting a head start on them, by asking around they can quickly learn that the Ravensons packed up and left immediately following their meeting with Runa, as did Javik Wolfsblood. Adevir Óddson, meanwhile, has returned to his mistress's camp outside of town, likely to leave on the morrow. Regardless of how much of a hurry the characters are in, they have to spend the rest of the day gathering the necessary supplies for their journey since they did not have the opportunity to do so before they arrived. The best they could hope to do is leave late in the night after gathering their equipment and hope to pass their competitors along the road.

A Setback in Trotheim

Regardless of whether they have their own mounts or need to obtain new ones, the characters have to stable them somewhere while they gather supplies and prepare for their trip. Unless the characters specifically state that they are keeping their mounts under guard ever since they came into town or purchased them, it is assumed that they are left in the care of a stable, paddock, or other individual while the characters are otherwise occupied. Thus, it is a shock to them when a young boy sent by the stable master, or whoever else was boarding their animals, comes running to find them late in the day to tell them that their horses are gone. When the characters return to that location, they find the poor man wringing his cap in his hands miserably. His hired man, Hans, was found unconscious less than an hour ago, and the mounts belonging to the characters were taken. Hans remembers only that a Seagestrelander thrall, a big one, came into the stable to speak to him but the moment he turned his back, he remembered no more. The characters should easily recognize the description of Grondi of the Ravensons as the perpetrator of the theft.

Characters have a 40% chance (95% for rangers) to locate the tracks of the animals as they were led from the stables or paddock, and they can follow them through the fresh snow across the bridge to the east side of the river where they were released. Their tracks can be seen where they galloped away down the coast. The thief's tracks return into town across the bridge where they are lost in the confusion of the streets. A witness saw the big Seagestrelander galloping west out of town a couple of hours ago, no doubt to rejoin his companions on the road after releasing the characters' mounts. The stable master or paddock owner has no additional mounts to loan the characters but does send out a dozen men to recover their missing mounts. They probably haven't gone far, but with the approaching darkness, it will more than likely be morning before all are recovered and returned. It seems that the Ravensons wanted to get a little bit more of a head start on the bounty.

The characters may have the magical capabilities to chase down the Ravensons and overtake them before they get too far away, but remind the players that taking the time to do so only gives the other bounty hunter groups more time to get ahead as well. The missing mounts will not be recovered before morning, so the characters just have to wait and hope to overtake the honorless curs on the road.

Trondheim Ponies

Trondheim ponies are a special breed of horse raised for generations in the Vale, particularly in and around the city of Trotheim. It is believed they are named for an earlier pronunciation of that city's name from the earliest days of Northlander settlement. Though not large enough to serve as warhorses (the Northlands have little use for true cavalry) and not the most aesthetically pleasing, Trondheim ponies are nevertheless a staple of the Northlands and perfectly suited to their environment.

Trondheim ponies have short legs and long backs. They stand no more than 13 hands high with a wide barrel, broad forehead, and thicker, shaggier coat. They typically have a bay coloration, though some may be piebald with white spots marking their darker coats. Manes and tails are universally black. Trondheim ponies have extremely hardy and stable leg musculature and have the carrying capacity of a normal horse. They are also able to carry human riders, though a particularly long-legged rider may find his knees awkwardly bent to avoid having his feet drag too low to the ground, especially on a shorter pony.

Northlanders favor Trondheim ponies because of their extreme ruggedness and strength, and also because they are able to negotiate the perilous terrain of the North's mountainous regions much better than a typical horse. Trondheim ponies with their thick coats are especially adapted to the harsh Northlands' winters. Finally, Trondheim ponies require only three-quarters as much food as a typical pony and are able to sustain themselves on the sparse grasses and lichens of the mountains for up to a week before beginning to show the effects of starvation that other breeds of horses would experience.

Trondheim ponies are not well disposed toward combat, so riders normally must dismount before entering battle. But Northlanders generally consider them to be too valuable to risk in combat anyway. A Trondheim pony can usually be purchased in Trotheim or Storstrøm Vale for 50hs. Elsewhere in the Northlands, the going price is 100–150hs.

Trondheim Pony: **HD** 2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: carrying capacity*, immune to cold.

* A Trondheim pony is able to carry normal human riders and carry heavy loads. A light load for a Trondheim pony is up to 228 lbs., a medium load is 229–459 lbs., and a heavy load is 460–690 lbs. A Trondheim pony can drag 3450 lbs.

Referee Note: Trondheim ponies were, in fact, named for a man named Trondheim who accompanied Swein Sigurdson in the migration of the people that became the Northlanders from the Helcynngae Peninsula (see the **Introduction** to ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***). Far from being bred specifically for the mountainous and snowy terrain of the Northlands, Trondheim's horses were actually the hardy breed that he was able to successfully train and acclimate to the hazardous route of the Neimbrall Trail taken by the early Northlanders as they fled their homeland. They were, therefore, particularly adapted to travel in the rugged and uneven terrain of the Under Realms and survived in that lightless realm of sparse forage even when the hardier and stronger horse breeds died of starvation or misadventure. That they happened to adapt well to the climate of the Northlands proved to be a happy coincidence that brought Trondheim great wealth in his lifetime and the gratitude (if not memory) of an entire region. The city of Trotheim eventually was named for Trondheim, but the truth of his horses and himself have fallen into the obscurity of legend.

Historical Note: Trondheim ponies are named for the Trondheim Viking toy horse played with by children of the Viking period in the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries. More information can be found on this iconic toy in *From Viking to Crusader: The Scandinavians and Europe 800–1200*, edited by Else Roesdahl and David M. Wilson.



The Daughter of Hel

The characters can try to assist in the recovery of their runaway mounts, but it quickly becomes obvious that doing so will not bring them back any faster. Their time would be better spent making their final preparations for the trip ahead. The stable master has over a dozen men rounding up their mounts and knows that his very honor is at stake in bringing them back. The Ravensons clearly didn't want to take them or they would have, and the stable master will not be caught off guard again in protecting the horses.

This encounter occurs after nightfall in Trotheim while the characters are finishing their preparations. Any characters that insisted on joining the hunt for the missing mounts misses out on this encounter unless he finds a way to quickly rejoin the party before they reach Dorna's camp.

A young woman of no more than 20 winters approaches the characters. Her eyes are red, and she has obviously been crying. She says her name is Alfny, and she is only a poor cotter's wife and has no money to pay with, but needs the help of heroes such as the character. She says her husband, Karl, works on a farm outside of town. Two years ago, he accidentally killed a man in a drunken brawl. He could not afford the wergild and was given to the father of the man he killed as a thrall to serve for two years in order to pay off his blood debt. Karl has served Svartr Sternbrow for 22 months and is to be released in 2 months, his debt repaid in full. Alfny has faithfully waited for him to be freed so they could resume their life together. However, earlier today Svartr sold Karl to the Helsdottir when she came to town seeking to buy a criminal to sacrifice to her dark goddess. Svartr thinks he is legally in the right since Karl is still currently a criminal and his thrall. The Althing may see differently if suit is brought, but Karl will be dead regardless if heroes do not do something to stop the sacrifice tonight!

The Helsdottir's camp is easy to find. It is across the Southbridge in a clearing no more than a mile or two into the forest. There may still be time to stop the sacrifice if the characters leave right away. If the characters take up Alfny's cause, they find the camp in the forest along the road less than 2 miles from Southbridge. The camp itself is set up about 100 yards off the road but is easy to see by the ring of fires lit around it. The Vicious Get keep a watch, but not a careful one — few dare to interfere in the doings of a goti of Hel.

A clearing in the forest, no more than 30 yards wide, is ringed by a series of bonfires set every 10 feet. A number of ruffians stand around the edges of the ring, just inside the fires. They face the center of the ring and make a grunting chant, banging spears upon shields and stamping booted feet on the hard-packed snow in a primordial rhythm. At the center of the ring has been erected a wooden cross. Tied to the cruel tree is a Northlander; he has been badly beaten, his face

a swollen wreck, and blood oozes from several small wounds. Next to him stands a horrifying sight. It is a nude woman; half of her body is as white as alabaster, the other half as dark as pitch, other than where she has smeared blood on herself from the crucified man's wounds. The woman holds a long dirk in one hand that she uses to make shallow cuts on the man's chest and arms before smearing the blood on her own skin. She whirls in a frenzied dance as she lets forth a chanting, ululating shriek. It appears that the ceremony is about to reach its peak, and the prisoner is about to die.

The characters have indeed stumbled upon a ritual sacrifice to Hel, Goddess of Death and Lady of Pestilence, and Karl (Lawful male human commoner, 7hp) is about to be the sacrificial lamb. **Dorna Helsdottir** leads the ritual and is going to plunge her dagger into Karl's heart in 3 rounds. Attending the ritual are **10 Vicious Get** members. They can be surprised if they did not notice the characters' approach, giving the characters a surprise round in which to act.

Dorna Helsdottir, Priestess of Hel (Clr11): HP 49; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** control undead, +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (4/4/4/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect magic*, *light*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person, silence 15ft radius, snake charm*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *prayer*, *remove curse*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2), *protection from good 10ft radius*; 5th—*finger of death*, *insect plague*.

Equipment: *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *cloak of protection +1*, *girdle of giant strength*, *+1 heavy mace*, *ring of protection +2*, *ring of spell turning*, scroll (*cure serious wounds* [x2], *hold person*), bone and obsidian symbol of Hel inset with small diamonds (500hs), silver mirror for scrying (1000hs), belt pouch with 220hs and a ruby (350hs).

Vicious Get (Ftr6) (10): HP 40; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6+2) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 12 rounds/day).

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, *+1 shield*, cold-weather outfit, shortspear, shortbow, quiver of 12 *+1 arrows*, *potion of healing*, pouch with 4d10hs.

Development: If the characters are noticed, Dorna pauses in her ritual to call them out into the lighted ring. The Vicious Get stand by with weapons ready but make no hostile moves. Dorna demands to know why the characters intrude upon the justice of Hel. If her right to the sacrifice is challenged, she states that Hel demands a sacrifice before undertaking the mission to find Cnut Anglison and bring him to justice. Cnut is an outlaw, and the deaths of outlaws is the domain of Lady Hel. The sacrifice is necessary to bring her blessing upon the undertaking, and the necessary sacrifice is an outlaw. She states that she bought this outlaw in town earlier today for 30hs, and he rightfully belongs to Hel now. She is insistent in her right to sacrifice him as a lawbreaker, and pleas for leniency or that he is not outlaw enough to deserve sacrifice fall on deaf ears.

She will not sell him back to the characters, but trades him if they bring her a suitable replacement sacrifice within an hour. If they intend to interfere, she says that she will take one of the characters in sacrifice as fair recompense. The Vicious Get take this as a signal to attack. If the characters agree to bring back a sacrifice, true to her word, Dorna waits an hour to kill Karl. However, the characters are unlikely to find a suitable replacement in Trotheim and make it back to the clearing in time to save him. Dorna is supremely confident in the righteousness of her sacrifice, so the characters could use the hour to plan a surprise attack to stop the ritual.

Tactics: If the characters attack the ritual participants, the Vicious Get move to block them from approaching Lady Dorna and her sacrifice. Six of them form a small shieldwall between the characters and Dorna, while the other four stand behind and fire their bows at the characters from either flank. If Dorna is surprised, she defends herself, but tries to escape into the woods to regroup with Adevir and the rest of her troupe a mile away (in this case the characters will not face her until later). She leaves her Vicious Get behind to cover her retreat, and they fight for 1d4 rounds after she leaves before breaking and scattering in all directions. They do not know where her secondary camp is located.

If the characters do not have surprise, Dorna stays and fights for a few rounds from the rear, using her spells to engage the characters beyond the shieldwall. She will not engage in melee. If she feels threatened or she loses too many of her allies, she tries to escape as described above.

Mounts Returned

After returning to town following their confrontation with Dorna Helsdottir, the characters are in for a pleasant surprise.

A human figure walks toward you out of the darkness. Accompanying him is the shadowy form of perhaps the largest wolf you have ever seen. In the man's hand are the reins of the two horses that trail along behind him. As he steps into the light streaming from a nearby window, you recognize him as the rugged tracker Javik Wolfsblood whom you met early today at Heinnrig Erikson's house. You had heard that he had already left town. You also recognize the horses that he leads as two of your mounts stolen earlier today.

Javik approaches the characters warily and without weapons drawn. He stops 10ft away and releases the reins of the horses, who begin to crop on a small patch of winter grass nearby. If the characters attack, Javik and his wolf companion, Fenris, defend themselves but beat a hasty retreat into the shadows and seek to escape as quickly as possible. Such an attack is likely to spook the horses, forcing the characters to choose between pursuing Javik or catching their mounts. If the characters do not attack, Javik tells them that he saw "the Seagestrelander" lead the horses out of town and release them. He had seen the man poking around the stables/paddock where the characters' mounts had been quartered and assumed that he had stolen them. Javik says he was too far away to stop the man or catch all the horses, but he was able to track down these two, reducing the work of the stable master's men by a few hours at least.

Javik seeks no payment and wishes the characters luck in their hunt before disappearing back into the night to begin his own hunt of Cnut. If asked why he would help the characters who are his competitors, he says, "I always thought that to be a competitor one had to be competing. I care not whether you beat me to the prize and take Cnut Anglison, just as long as he is taken and brought to justice. As for the horses, I've spent a lifetime hunting desperate criminals, and the Ravensons have the look of desperate men and women about them if I've ever seen it. They've proven to be horse thieves; I wouldn't be surprised if they prove to be worse yet. Fare you well and good luck in your journey. May our paths cross again on better terms."

With that, Javik departs without further conversation. He refuses offers to work together, stating that he hunts better alone but assures the characters that he will not work to hinder them in their hunt. He states that he expects the same courtesy from them if they be men of mind's-worth. Attempts to follow him are fruitless as he can travel faster astride Fenris through the snowy vale then they can on their own mounts.

Thanks to the efforts of Javik, the rest of the characters mounts are returned to them two hours before dawn, and they are able to set out upon the west road before first light has touched the horizon.

Across the Vale

The characters' route across the Vale follows the West Road, a route that follows the north bank of the Storm River until it meets the Saudb River. Just past the fork is the Saudb Ferry that takes travelers across the river to where the West Road follows the south bank of the river to avoid having to pass beneath the haunted eaves of Hordaland's Forest of Woe. It then follows the river all the way up into the foothills of the Waldron Mountains where the Jarldom of Østfold is located. As long as the characters follow the road/river, they have no chance of getting lost. From there, the characters' route takes them into the trackless peaks.

While the characters journey across the winter-gripped Vale, they must contend with the weather itself. The temperature is 20º during the day and falls to as low as –5º at night. A character without adequate protection (such as cold-weather gear) during the day must make a saving throw each hour to avoid losing a quarter of his current hit points. At night when the temperatures drop to subzero levels, a cold-weather outfit is insufficient to prevent having to make the saving throw. At those times, the characters must have a fire or some sort of shelter to provide the adequate protection.

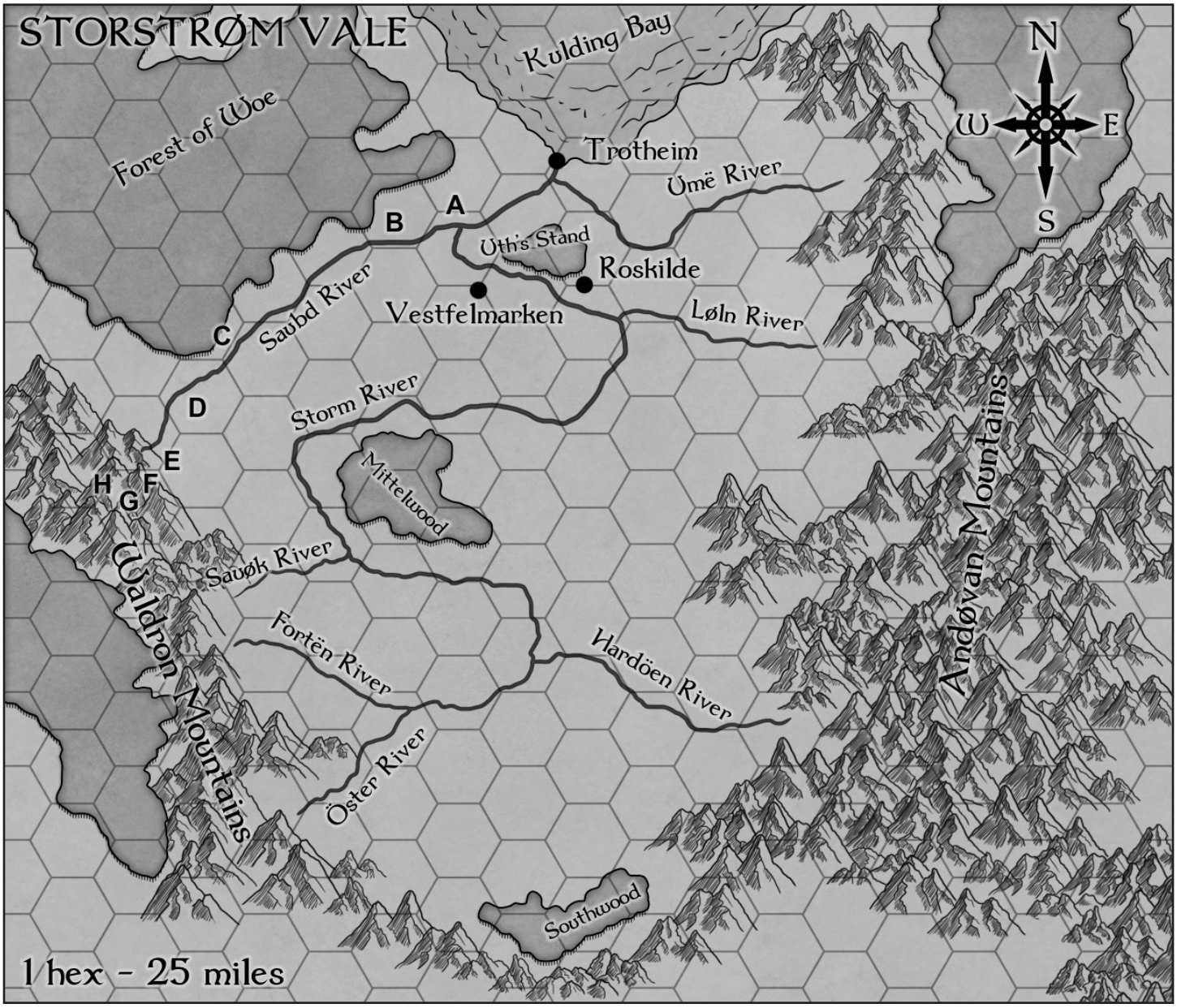
Traveling along the West Road through Storstrøm Vale requires checks for random encounters once per day. Each day roll 1d4; on a 1, a random encounter occurs. If an encounter is rolled, roll 1d4 again to determine when the encounter occurs: 1 — traveling in the morning; 2 — traveling in the afternoon; 3 — in the evening after camp is made; and 4 — at night while camping. Each day, there is a 33% chance that the characters can find a friendly hall to put them up in for the night. If they take advantage of such hospitality, then evening and night encounters are considered as no encounter. Use the "Storstrøm Vale: Storm River Valley — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*** to determine what is encountered if one is called for by the encounter roll.

In addition to the random encounters that can occur during the journey, the following encounters occur at the lettered locations indicated on the Storstrøm Vale map.

A. Saudb Ferry Crossing

The characters arrive at the Saudb Ferry crossing as a snowfall begins. They have arrived shortly after the Ravensons, who have just crossed the river.

The road curves down to the riverbank where the Saudb Ferry makes its crossing. The West Road continues to the



west along the Saudb's south bank while the north bank falls beneath the eaves of the Forest of Woe, rumored by most knowledgeable Northlanders to be haunted. The river here is over half a mile across and is turbulent with many ice floes that have broken off from higher up toward the mountain. A heavy rope, easily 4 inches thick, is tied stoutly around an ancient tree stump. It extends out across the water toward a similar post on the far side of the river. The ferry barge itself is nearly across the river, taking a group and their mounts to the far side. The eight ferrymen walk to the rear of the raft, clinging to the rope where it passes through large iron rings atop metal posts at the fore and aft of the barge. When they reach the rear of the barge, they release the rope and walk back to the front before grabbing the rope and trudging to the rear once again. In this way, they pull the raft bit by bit across the icy river's flow. It is not a fast means of crossing the river, but it is the only crossing for nearly a hundred miles, so it is the best there is.

The barge reaches the far shore as you make your way down the bank to await the ferry's return. While you watch, the group on the ferry mounts up and rides off the barge. As they pass by the tie-off post, the largest of them, whom you can now tell is a large Seagestrelander man, raises an axe and brings it down on the rope. The eight ferrymen scramble to shore as the ferry barge, now freed from its moorings, tears free from the bank and spins down the turbulent river. You can barely hear shouts of surprise and anger as they carry across the roaring flow. The three riders kick their mounts past the stunned ferrymen as they gallop up to the road on the far bank just beyond a cloud-shrouded ridge.

The characters have just witnessed the **Ravensons** (as they likely have guessed) crossing the river and cutting the ferry loose so that the characters no longer have the means to cross. The saw the characters approach the northern bank, and deduced who they were, and wanted to throw the characters off their trail. Unless the characters have magical means to cross the half-mile-wide, 60ft-deep river with its icy, fast-flowing waters, they have to travel upstream until it grows narrower and allows for easier fording. If they do have the means, they can attempt to overtake the Ravensons (who are moving at a run for as long as they can manage before splitting their pace between a trot and a walk at 1-hour intervals to put as much distance between themselves and the pursuing party). They attempt to avoid combat with the party if at all possible, though they fight to the death if somehow cornered. In addition, the weather certainly hinders fighting conditions as described below.

Grondi, Seagestrelander Warrior (Ftr8): HP 58; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** *+1 hand axe* (1d6+6) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: *+1 ring mail*, *+1 hand axe*, shortbow, quiver with 15 arrows, *gauntlets of ogre power*, thrall collar, pouch with a gold-coated boar tusk (175hs) and 112hs.

Vigdís Snowfox (Drd6): HP 30; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6) or *+1 sling* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** +2 saves vs. fire, immune to fey charms, shape change, spells (3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *faerie fire*, *purify water*; 2nd—*cure light wounds, obscuring mist*; 3rd—*plant growth*, *protection against fire*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *+2 wooden shield*, *cloak of protection +1*, shortspear, *+1 sling*, 30 sling bullets, *potion of animal control*, 50ft hemp rope, pouch with ceremonial obsidian knife (100hs), bloodstained necklace (250hs), and 37hs.
*See Sidebox under "The Competition"

Silent Tor (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** +2 *longsword* (1d8+4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, steel shield, *+2 longsword*, shortbow, quiver of 22 arrows, *potion of gaseous form*, *potion of slipperiness*, pouch with a whetstone, 7 small opals (50hs each), and 72hs.

If the characters do have means to cross the river, before they do so allow them to make a saving throw. On a successful save, they recognize that a winter storm is blowing in from the mountains to the southwest that looks like it will dump quite a bit of snow on the lowland vale. It is likely to bury the roads in a foot or more of snow and slow travel on them quite a bit. However, with that realization comes the knowledge that traveling beneath the forest eaves will actually spare the characters the brunt of the snowfall and possibly allow for faster travel than would be possible by the West Road. It, therefore, may behoove the characters to continue on their way along the northern bank of the Saudb until they find a better place to cross.

The adventure assumes that the characters take the northern route along the river and through the edge of the Forest of Woe, but if the characters do have the means to cross the river and wish to, allow them to do so. However, their movement along the snow-covered roads will be reduced by a further half speed, and combat will be hindered by a reduction in visibility to half (–4 on melee attacks and a –4 penalty to ranged weapons).

B. Beneath the Snowy Eaves

The characters are able to follow trails beneath the eaves of the forest and are indeed sheltered from the brunt of the storm that assaults the rest of the Vale. Even under these conditions, the characters are still able to travel at the same speed they were traveling before the snowfall. The temperature remains the same under the trees as it does out in the open, but the wind and snowfall do not reach there and impose their penalties as they do on the open road. Encounter chances are 1–2 on 1d6 each day with the same distribution between times of day as mentioned earlier. For these encounters roll on the "Hordaland: Forest of Woe — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. Though they are fewer and farther between, there is still a 10% chance each day of finding a friendly hall to stay in for the night.

C. Fortuitous Crossing

At this location, the characters come upon a fortuitous circumstance. The river loops under the canopy of the Forest of Woe here in a low oxbow. In the midst of this turn, where a sandbar encroaches far into the river from the south bank, the weight of the ice and snow caused a number of trees overhanging the north bank to collapse into the river, where they froze in place covered in a thick crust of snow and ice. The river flows beneath them, under a rime of ice, but the fallen trees provide a wide and sturdy path from the north bank to the southern sandbar, and from there access to the road south of the river. The frozen deadfall is stable enough to support the weight of pedestrians and mounts if they proceed carefully. Furthermore, the snowstorm covering the land south of the river is in the process of clearing up, so travel along the west road will no longer be so impeded (the characters will be able to travel at the same speed as they were when they first set out from Trotheim). This turn of luck is sufficient to make the characters realize that they have likely gotten ahead of the Ravensons, who would have been bogged down in the snowstorm for the last several days.

If the characters wish, they can lay an ambush for the Ravensons on the road (these ruffians are, in fact, about a day behind the characters as they

head up the West Road). However, doing so doesn't speak well of the mind's-worth of the characters, nor is there any guarantee that the Ravensons are actually behind the characters. If the party guesses wrong, they could waste days of valuable time while the curs they seek get farther ahead. Wisdom says that the characters should continue on their way and await some more opportune moment to visit their vengeance upon the Ravensons.

D. Wandering Raiders

The snowbanks along the side of the road explode upward in a flurry of white as dark horses and riders that were crouched beneath their concealment burst forth. They level lances and charge into your position.

A squad of **16 Mongat raiders** noticed the characters approach from a hilltop a mile away. They galloped here ahead of the characters and then carefully covered their tracks and buried themselves in the snowdrifts beside the road. One of their number then covered the traces of their work before covering his own tracks and retreating toward the main warband camped nearby. The road here is 20ft wide, and the Mongats gallop forth from the drifts on either side just ahead to charge into the ranks of the characters. They attack with lances on the charge and keep going along the edges of the road. At the end of their movement, they wheel their mounts around, and draw bows or scimitars. Half hang back to pepper the characters with arrows, while the rest charge in on their next attack to engage the characters in melee. These bloodthirsty warriors are desperate for supplies and mounts, and fight to the death.

Mongat Raiders (Ftr4) (16): HP 32, 30x2, 29, 28x3, 26, 24x3, 22x4, 20x2; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** scimitar (1d6+2), lance (2d4+3) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: hide armor (AC 6[13]), shield, scimitar, lance, shortbow, 40 arrows, *+1 arrows* (x5), *potion of healing*, saddlebags with 4d10hs in assorted loot.

Horse, War: **HD** 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d2), 2 hooves (1d3); **Move** 18; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

Development: The raiders are part of a larger horde of Mongat warriors rumored to have found their way through a pass in the southern Waldron Mountains recently. They have been making swift raids in the south end of the Vale, so far avoiding the local hirths. After the battle, the characters can locate the trail of the lone rider that retreated before the encounter (30% chance, 85% for a ranger). They can easily follow it through the snow or continue on their way along the West Road. Following the trail 2 miles takes the characters through a copse of trees and then atop a low ridge that looks down over a wide valley. Camped in this remote valley is a warband of another **43 Mongat raiders**. They have been warned of the characters by the survivor of the scouting party and are preparing themselves for battle. If the characters wish, they can attack the raiders 100 yards below and gain a surprise round against them. Clever characters, however, might be able to devise some way to bring the Mongat warband into conflict with the Ravensons that follow on the West Road. The Mongats won't make a deal with the characters, but the characters could conceivably lead one group to the other while getting their own head start as they continue to the west.

E. The Ruins of Østfold

The Jarldom of Østfold lies at the western edge of the Vale. A small holding with limited pasturage and small farms among the rocky soil, it now appears to be almost entirely deserted. The windows of the few cottages you've seen



have been dark, and no smoke rises from their chimneys. It appears that with their jarl named anathema by the Althing, the people of Østfold have chosen to live elsewhere rather than risk the inevitable raids and plundering of opportunistic rivals. The hall of Jarl Cnut lies among the foothills at the very base of the Waldron Mountains and should not be far ahead.

In fact, as you come around a bend on the icy track you follow, you see smoke rising ahead from where the hall should be. But this is no column of chimney smoke, it is thick black clouds rising from a hall that is burning. Someone has fired the hall of Jarl Cnut Anglison.

It takes another hour to reach the hall of Jarl Cnut following the winding hill track. By the time the characters reach it, the fire has already died down to coals among the charred ruins of a modest-sized hall. It is obvious that the hall was set alight at least a day ago and was in the last stages of its burning when the characters first sighted its smoke. With what daylight left on this winter afternoon, the characters can search for clues as to what happened at the hall and to where Cnut Anglison may have fled.

An examination of the muddy ground near the fire and the snowy ground beyond the range of its heat reveals the tracks of at least a dozen men and horses. The prints are so overlapped and tangled that it is impossible to get an exact count, but it was clearly a large party that fired the hall. Their trail goes up a trail into the nearby mountains, but there is no sign of the riders themselves.

A search through the burnt remains of the hall reveals no signs of skeletons or other bodily remains. It appears that the hall was abandoned before it was burned. There are likewise no signs of valuables, so it was probably looted as well if Cnut had not already stripped it of all wealth before going on the run. In addition, there are no telltale clues to indicate where Cnut may have gone or who these most recent hall burners may have been or what their purpose was.

Next to the burned hall are the remains of a large kennel that obviously once held many hounds. It was adjacent to the wall of the hall and is likewise burnt, but there are no remains within it either, the dogs either having been freed or escaping before the recent burning. There are no signs of the hounds in the area.

It takes the rest of the day to thoroughly search the grounds in and around the burned hall. If the characters choose not to look for clues, then skip this encounter and proceed directly with the beginning of **Chapter 2**. Otherwise, the characters should be thinking about setting up a camp as darkness falls when the following encounter occurs as described under "Development" below.

Development: As night falls over the smoldering ruins of Jarl Cnut's hall, another traveler who saw the smoke and came down from the mountains to check it out visits the ruins. This visitor is the crag giant **Norgrun** and his pet, a gorgimera named **Kiferex**. Norgrun stands 11ft tall and has skin like gray granite. He wears a suit of chainmail covered in a rime of ice, a horned greathelm with an adamantine faceplate molded to resemble a ferocious face frozen and hanging with icicles like fangs and horns, and wields a copper-banded greatclub that constantly forms icicles and drops shards of ice with every swing. This is the legendary *Regalia of Gunnlaugr* (see sidebox). Kiferex has the heads of a gorgon, a lion, and a blue dragon. The encounter begins as the gorgimera swoops out of the hazy sky to look at who is occupying the ruins. It makes one pass 100ft above, likely spooking the characters' horses but also giving them warning to prepare for battle, before looping back and making strafing runs with its breath weapons. Norgrun uses the distraction to reach a small stand of firs within range of the burned hall. There he begins hurling rocks that he finds on the ground. If the characters approach his position, Kiferex lands between them to protect his master, and Norgrun fights beside him from the cover of the trees.

Norgrun, Giant, Crag: **HD** 14; **HP** 94; **AC** –3[22]; **Atk** 2 slams (1d10) or greatclub (2d10+3 plus 1d6 cold damage) or throw rock (2d10); **Move** 15 (climb 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: resists cold, throw rocks. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 99)



Equipment: *Icerime* (*+2 chainmail*), *Frigid Maul of Gunnlaugr* (*+3 freezing greatclub*), *Coldbrow* (horned helm with adamantine faceplate, wearer immune to normal and magical cold), hide bag with 9500hs and 2 human children.

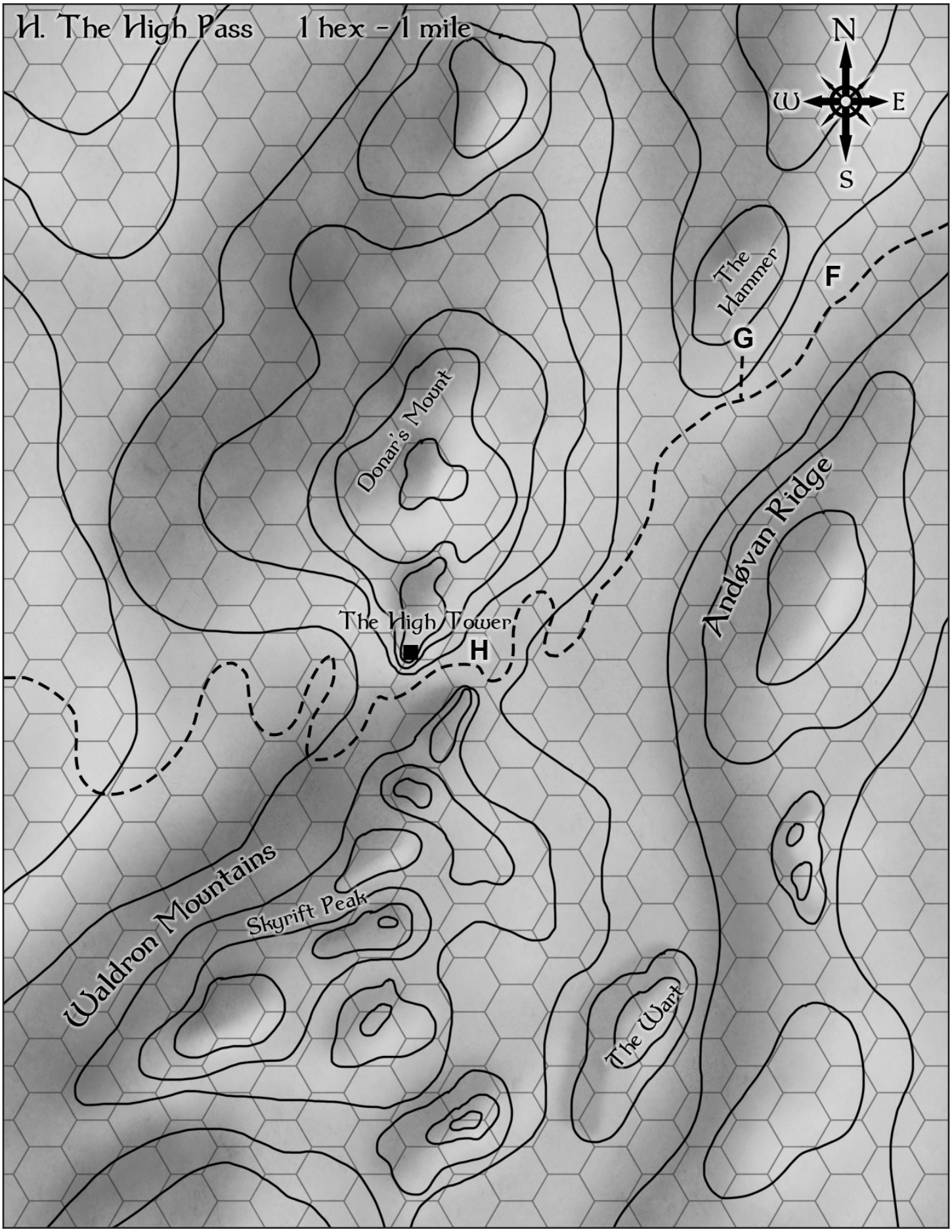
Kiferex, Gorgimera, Blue: **HD** 10; **HP** 67; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), 2 bites (1d10), butt (1d8); **Move** 15 (fly 18); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: dragon breath (once every 1d4 rounds, 20ft cone, 3d8 cold, save half), gorgon breath (2/day, once every 1d4 rounds, 30ft long 20ft wide cone, turn to stone, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 302)

Tied up and stowed within Norgrun's pouch are two Northlander children, the 10-year-old twins **Hans** and **Gruta** (Lawful male and female human commoners, 3hp). They are from the hall of Eiderlec a few miles to the northwest on the lower slopes of the mountains, where their uncle Jarl Luthr lives. They had been gathering roots and acorns on the wooded slopes when Norgrun discovered them and took them captive earlier in the day. They are terrified and wish only to be returned to their uncle's house. If questioned, they can confirm that Eiderlec is only a small jarldom of a few families of miners and woodsmen and that their uncle was no friend to Cnut Anglison. They seem unconcerned about the burning of Cnut's hall, but if told that the burners took the mountain trail, they become worried because that trail leads to their uncle's house. They gladly lead the characters to Luthr's hall at Eiderlec if the characters wish and can safely navigate the mountain trail day or night due to their familiarity with it.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters return the twins safely to their uncle at Eiderlec, award them 1000 XP per twin.

F. Cowards' Way

This encounter occurs along the trail that stretches from Østfold up into the mountains. The perpetrators that burned the hall at Østfold took this trail, which leads to the hall of Jarl Luthr at Eiderlec as revealed by his niece and nephew at **Area E**.


H. The High Pass 1 hex = 1 mile
N
W
E
S
The Hammer
F
G
Donar's Mount
Andøvan Ridge
The High Tower
H
Waldron Mountains
Skyrift Peak
The Wart

The Regalia of Gunnlaugr

The legendary giant raider Gunnlaugr lived centuries ago and terrorized the lowland Storstrøm Valers from his hold of Deffelskr high in the Waldron Mountains. Gunnlaugr raided the lowlands with near impunity, either avoiding the hirth of the Vale by moving too quickly for them to respond or by defeating them in battle when they managed to catch up with him and force him to face off against them. Gunnlaugr wore the infamous *Regalia of Gunnlaugr* into battle and was considered virtually invulnerable, defeating even the mightiest heroes among the Northlanders. The regalia consisted of a horned great helm called *Coldbrow* with an adamantine faceplate molded into the visage of a winterwight that grants the wearer immunity to normal nad magical cold; a suit of *+2 chainmail* called *Icerime* that constantly formed a layer of ice around the wearer and made him nearly invulnerable to the most damaging of attacks; and the dreaded *Frigid Maul of Gunnlaugr*, a *+3 freezing greatclub* banded in copper that constantly grew icicles and shed them as stinging ice shards in battle (additional 1d6 points of damage).

Finally, the warriors of the Northlands banded together into a great army to face Gunnlaugr and defeat him once and for all. Even the mighty giant could not defeat all of the doughty human warriors, so he retreated to his hold at Deffelskr high on a rocky crag among the peaks of the Waldron Mountains where the air was too thin and the cold too intense for puny humans to withstand it. It seemed that the Northlander army would be unable to defeat their foe until the Eleven Godi of the Hearth Stone joined together in weaving a ritual of powerful magic. Their mighty dweomercraft caused the earth of the peak beneath Deffelskr to shake and buck like the waves of the ocean, and the entire mountain face holding the fortress cracked apart and slid down the mountain in a huge avalanche. Gunnlaugr was buried in the cataclysmic landslide and troubled the lowlands no more. His famous regalia was never recovered, remaining entombed with him under thousands of tons of broken rock … until recently.

Last month, the crag giant Norgrun and his trained gorgimera took shelter from a winter storm in the Waldrons in a deep cave. As Norgrun wandered the cave system, he came across a portion that had partially collapsed under the weight of an avalanche from above where it had broken through long ago. Among the rubble of this collapsed cavern, he found the broken remnants of ancient stonework and then came upon the crushed and mangled skeleton of a giant still wearing the undamaged armor and greatclub that it had been wearing when caught in the avalanche. The obviously magical arms and armor proved to be the *Regalia of Gunnlaugr*, and Norgrun quickly claimed it. He has since set out to travel the lower mountains and begin a new reign of terror upon Northlanders of the Vale.

The Vicious Get of Dorna Helsdottir burned the hall of Østfold. Using dark pathways opened up to her by her fell goddess, Dorna was able to move her company across the snow-covered lowlands in time to get ahead of her competition and reach Østfold first. When she found it abandoned and devoid of clues to Cnut Anglison's whereabouts, she followed the mountain trail at the urging of Hel through a vision. As her troupe climbed into the mountains, her scouts caught sight of the characters arriving at the burned hall below. Knowing that they will be following soon after, she had her Get prepare an ambush.

The steep trail that the characters follow allows only for single file travel as it winds its way among crags and trees. Note: If a single character is traveling far in advance of the rest of the party, then it is possible he could spring the ambush on himself, allowing the rest of the party to avoid it and come to reinforce him, ambushing the ambushers. Likewise, if an advance scout is suitably concealed (with *invisibility*, etc.), it is possible he could walk through the ambush without springing it and then ambush the ambushers while they await the rest of the party.

The snowy trail shows the marks and slush of many tracks. A large group of riders clearly came this way within the last few hours. The narrow track winds between the trees and thickets of the lower slopes of the Waldron Mountains and runs in and out between the many rocky crags. Here the trail passes between two shoulders of rock that rise 20 feet on either side. As you make the pass in single file, one of your mounts neighs softly as it stumbles a bit over a broken stone. The sound of an answering neigh from somewhere not far up the trail raises your hackles as you realize there is an ambush just moments before it is sprung.

The mounts of the ambushers are hobbled in a clearing 50ft beyond this narrow pass. One of the ponies answering the neigh of the characters' horse alerts the party just in time in order to not be surprised. The ambushers consist of **Dorna Helsdottir**, **Adevir Óddson**, and the remaining **14 Vicious Get**. They are arrayed on the rock outcroppings on either side of the steep trail as shown on the tactical map. The trail is steep and narrow, allowing only single-file travel. The outcroppings are accessible by following the steeply climbing trail up and around, climbing the icy outcroppings themselves (20% chance non-thieves), or circling back and climbing the steep snow-covered slopes to either side (30% chance for non-thieves). This last option is the longest route but also provides cover from the many trees that pepper the slope leading up to the outcroppings. If this ambush occurs at night, then anyone in an area not illuminated by a *light* spell, torches, etc., has a –2[+2] AC bonus due to the dim moonlight filtering down through the trees.

Dorna Helsdottir, Priestess of Hel (Clr11): HP 49; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** control undead, +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (4/4/4/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect magic*, *light*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person, silence 15ft radius, snake charm*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *prayer*, *remove curse*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2), *protection from good 10ft radius*; 5th—*finger of death*, *insect plague*.

Equipment: *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *cloak of protection +1*, *girdle of giant strength*, *+1 heavy mace*, *ring of protection +2*, *ring of spell turning*, scroll (*cure serious wounds* [x2], *hold person*), bone and obsidian symbol of Hel inset with small diamonds (500hs), silver mirror for scrying (1000hs), belt pouch with 220hs and a ruby (350hs).

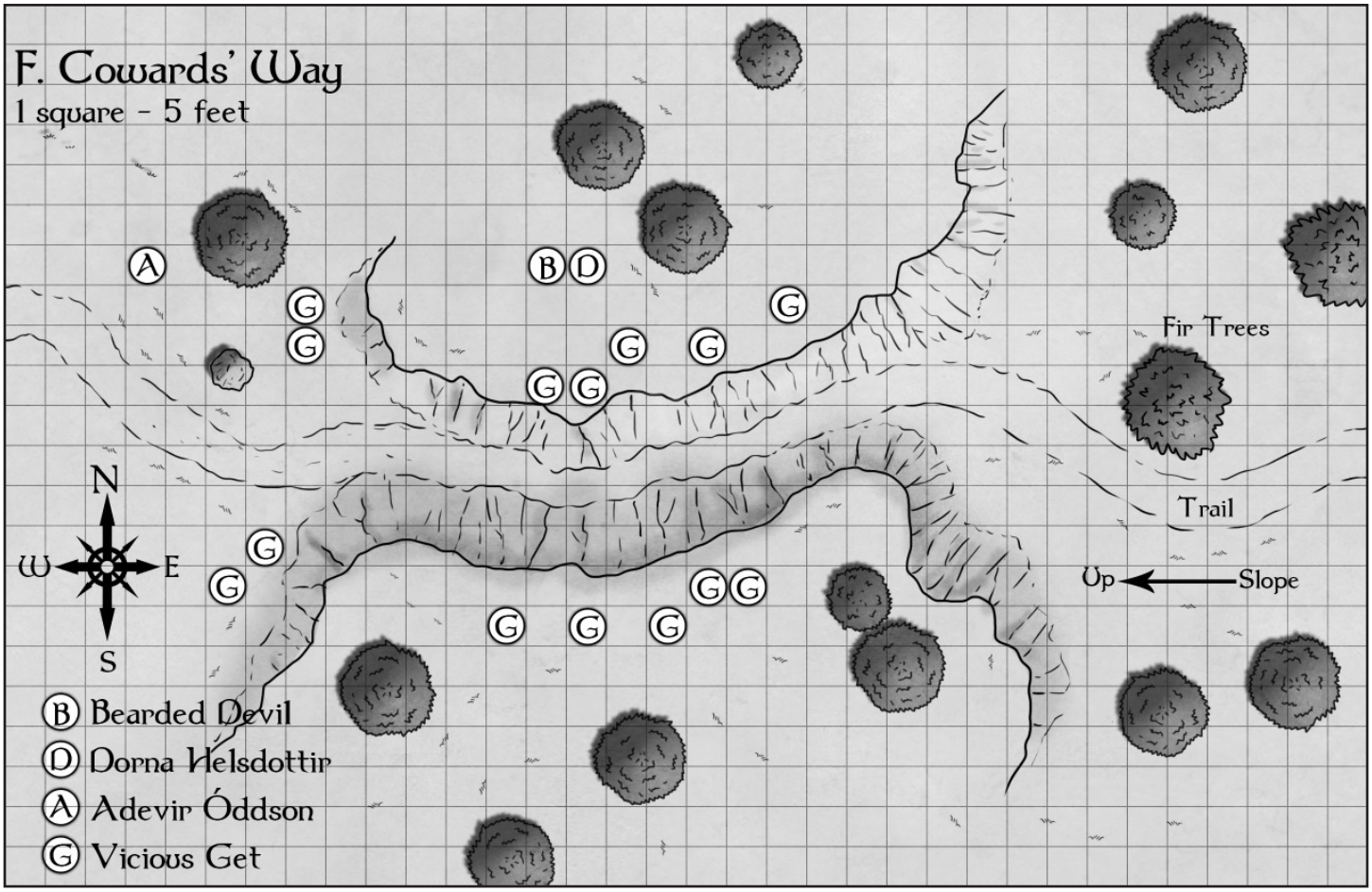
Vicious Get (Ftr6) (14): HP 40; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6+2) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 12 rounds/day).

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, *+1 shield*, cold-weather outfit, shortspear, shortbow, quiver of 12 *+1 arrows*, *potion of healing*, pouch with 4d10hs.

Adevir Óddson, Skald (Thf8): HP 28; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 short sword* (1d6+1) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** backstab (x4), +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 95% (gauntlets), Tasks/Traps 50%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 55%, Silent 60%, Locks 55%.

Equipment: *+2 leather armor*, *+1 short sword*, shortbow, quiver with 12 arrows, *arrow +4 vs. humans* (x2), *arrow +4 vs. giants*, *gauntlets of swimming and climbing*, *potion of extra healing*, *potion of invisibility*, narwhal-horn harp inset with silver (800hs), courtier's outfit, gold torc set with bloodstone (1000hs), pouch with 5 pieces of amber (85hs each), a sapphire (1750hs) and 78hs.



Tactics: The Get are arrayed with five on each outcropping. They crouch just back from the edge, hidden from anyone on the trail below until the ambush is sprung. The Get rise from their crouch and fire their shortbows down on the characters (particularly any trying to climb the outcroppings). If they spot characters trying to circle back and flank the outcroppings by climbing the mountain slopes, some of their number turn and fire down on those characters to try to pin them in place. There are also four Get hiding at the top of the trail just around the edge of the outcrops to engage any characters that try to charge up the trail to escape the ambush. These Get carry longspears and form a pike wall to force the characters to remain back in the killing zone. Adevir Óddson leads these Get. If the characters appear to be about to break through, he uses his *arrows +4 vs. humans* to try to pick off a few.

Dorna stands well back from the edge of the outcropping so that she has cover from those below. She opens combat by casting *silence 15ft radius* on a snowball and tossing it down among the characters near any spellcasters that she knows of. The snowball breaks up and is impossible to remove from the trail, but its spell effect persists. Depending on how she is disposed toward the characters (see "Development" below) determines whether she makes her attacks predominantly incapacitating in nature or deadly in nature. **Note:** If she can see the Eiderlec children, she directs her attacks away from them if she can. If the characters try to use them as human shields, she is less careful, holding them responsible for any harm that comes to the children.

Development: If the characters treated with her respectfully back at Trotheim (i.e. allowed her sacrifice to Hel to go uninterrupted), she intends only to capture them and question them as to any leads on Cnut's whereabouts before stripping them and releasing them to find their way home. However, if the characters interfered with her sacrifice to Hel at Trotheim, then she sees them as lawbreakers as well and intends them for Hel's altar to appease the goddess's anger over the interrupted ritual. In this case, she tries to keep at least one of the characters alive long enough to question but ultimately intends any survivors of the ambush to go under the sacrificial knife. She returns Hans and Gruta (if they survive) to their uncle, though, as she does not wish to raise the ire of the gods against herself.

Dorna and the Vicious Get are fanatics and fight to the death. If Dorna falls, Adevir uses his *potion of invisibility* to try to escape, but he remains loyal to the memory of his mistress and likely comes back later to plague the characters.

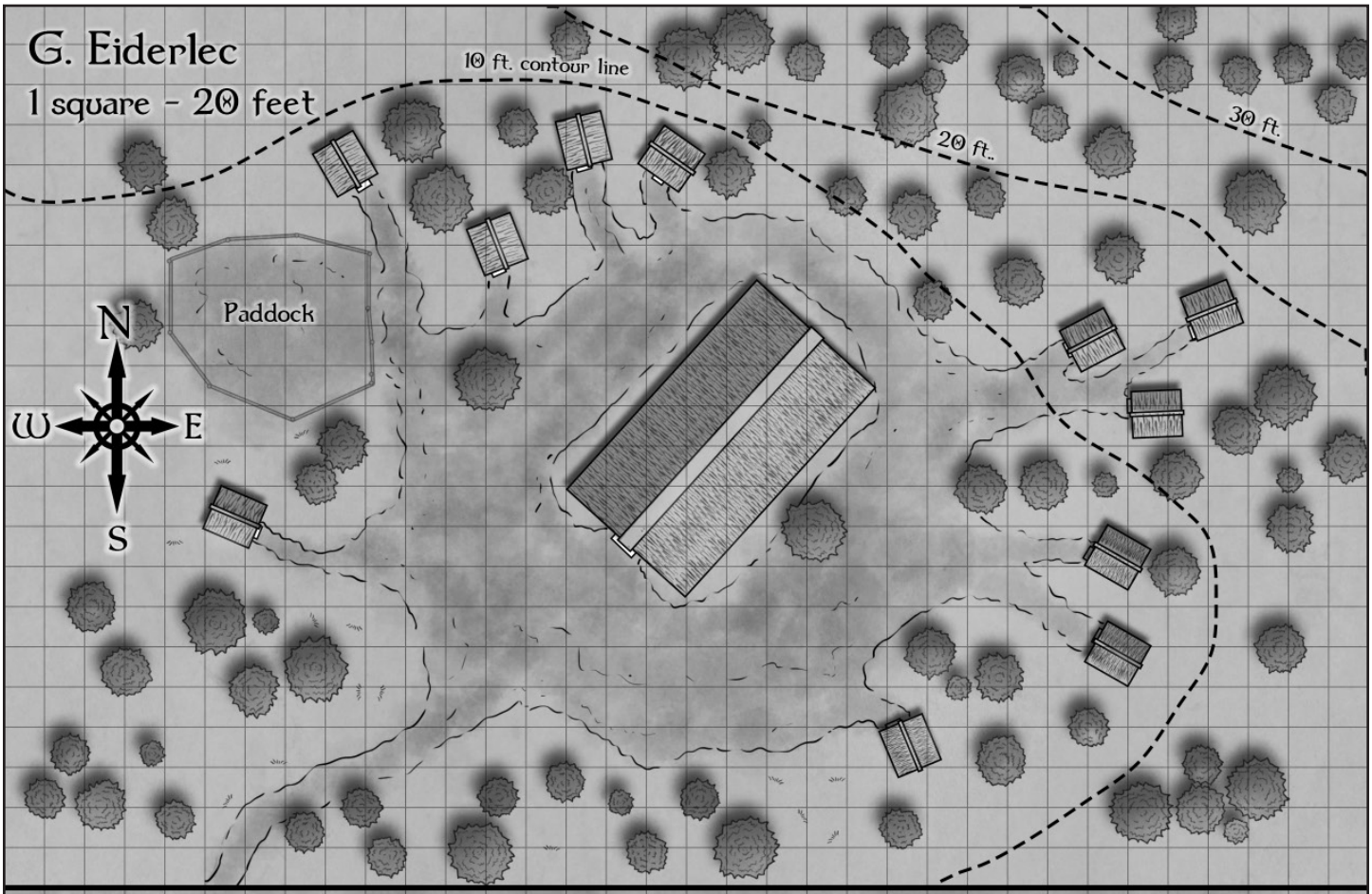
Treasure: In addition to a string of 16 Trondheim ponies tied nearby that will be of some value (and possibly necessity to the characters after the battle), their baggage holds booty that the Vicious Get have collected in recent weeks. This includes coins, ornaments, rings, and assorted gems worth a total of 3020hs, 2 aquamarines (500hs and 550hs), a small ruby (1100hs), a jade idol of Hel (95hs), a silver cauldron with animal symbols engraved around its rim (120hs), a *potion of levitation*, a *divine scroll* (*cure serious wounds*), and a *wand of water breathing* (6 charges).

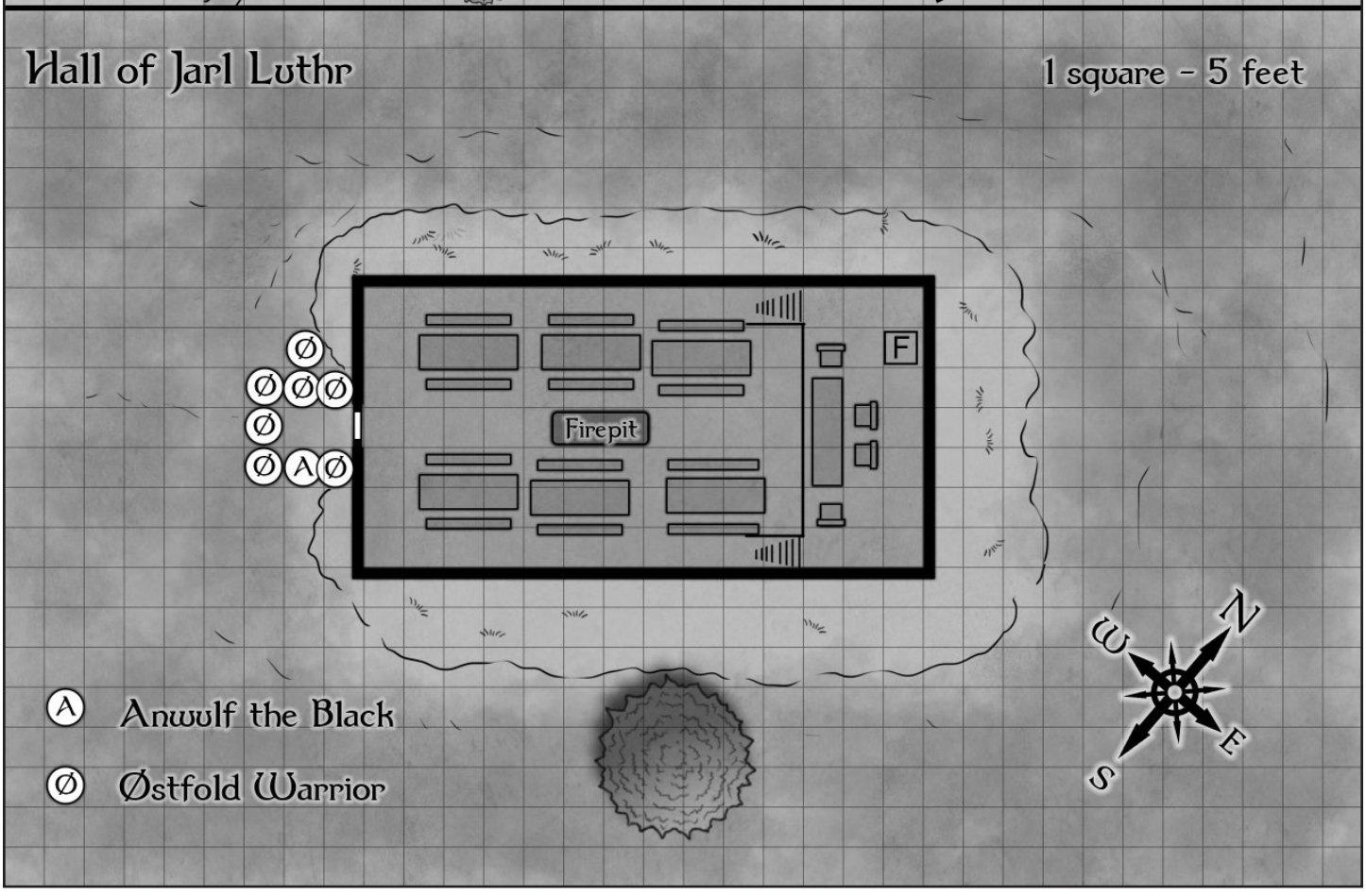
G. Eiderlec

The hall of Eiderlec lies only a few hours distance up the trail from the location of the Cowards' Ambush (**Area F**). The trail the characters are following leads to this location, though there is no sign that the Vicious Get or any other sizable band has come this way recently.

Nestled into a snug dingle among the evergreen-clad lower slopes of the Waldron Mountain is a modest-sized hall: Eiderlec, the Hall of Jarl Luthr. Surrounding it are a dozen or so small, comfortable cottages. Firelight is visible from under the hall's door, and smoke wafts from the central smoke hole, carrying with it the savory aroma of roasting meat.

The hall of Jarl Luthr is welcoming to the characters. They are received as heroes if they brought Hans and Gruta safely with them (Luthr thought


G. Eiderlec
1 square = 20 feet
10 ft. contour line
20 ft.
30 ft.
Paddock
N
W
E
S


Hall of Jarl Luthr
1 square = 5 feet
F
Firepit
Ø
A
N
W
E
S
A Anwulf the Black
Ø Østfold Warrior

his niece and nephew were staying the night at a friend's cottage a mile or so away), and with sorrow but subdued gratefulness if they were killed but the characters recount the tragic circumstances of their attempts to save them. Either way, Jarl Luthr and his household gladly welcome them unless the party acts like total boors. If the characters reveal their mission (the jarl is likely to guess it anyway), Jarl Luthr tells them that he is related to Gundrik Arison by marriage and was never any friend to the untrustworthy Jarl Cnut Anglison who lived at the base of the mountain. He reveals that none of Cnut's folk have come through his lands and that the characters are the first bounty hunters to arrive in weeks since the local groups gave up searching the mountains. He tells the characters that they are welcome as both renowned heroes and courageous shield bearers who seek to collect the blood debt for his lost kin, and can use his hall as a base of operations for as long as they need to as they search the mountains for the outlaws. He invites them to join them for feasting and drinking until late into the night.

The household consists of **Jarl Luthr Eider**, his wife **Lady Igwilf** (Lawful female aristocrat, 6hp), his two huscarls **Mitkarl the Bold** and **Wilhelm**, his late sisters' children (**Hans** and **Gruta**), and **17 woodsmen and miners** (Neutral male human commoners, 11hp) that work the surrounding mountain slopes. The families of the farmers and miners dwell in the surrounding cottages but do not attend the feast.

Jarl Luthr Eider (Ftr10): HP 64; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** *+1 battleaxe* (1d8+4); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and +3 damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, *+1 battleaxe*, 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 97hs and a small ruby (55hs).

Mitkarl and Wilhelm (Ftr5): HP 34, 29; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** hand axe (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 10; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit strength bonus.

Equipment: ring mail, wooden shield, hand axe, pouch with 4d6hs.

Development: The hall of Luthr is warm and secure, but unless the characters think to place their own guards on duty outside, the hall is destined for tragedy. While Cnut Anglison has remained in hiding, he has not been idle. He has learned through contacts that still exist in Trotheim that foreign bounty hunters have arrived in the Vale. He knows that they pose a greater threat than the posses that unsuccessfully hunted him down initially. He also knows that they most likely arrive at his hiding place by means of the small Jarldom of Eiderlec at the base of the High Pass. As such, he has set watchers over the hall of Luthr. The characters are the first to arrive and, not knowing how much they actually know of his whereabouts, he assumes the worst. During the depths of the first night of their stay, a group of loyal followers led by Anwulf the Black, one of his huscarls, descends on the Jarldom of Luthr to burn his hall.

Not knowing to fear any sort of attack from Cnut Anglison, Jarl Luthr's security is lax. To all appearances, he maintains adequate security. His huscarls rotate walking the grounds at night (only mention this if the players specifically ask about the jarl's night watch precautions), but they themselves are overly complacent, and a bellyful of mead from the feast makes the watchman tired and lax in his duties. Unless one or more characters or any of their henchman are outside to prevent it, Anwulf silently kills the huscarl (Wilhelm in this case). So unless the characters have taken their own precautions outside, their first hint at trouble is when the thatching of the hall's roof catches fire from the torches being thrown on it. If one or more characters are outside, Anwulf and one or two of his henchmen turn aside to deal with them while the rest of the underlings proceed to throw their torches on the hall's roof (1-in-6 chance to hear) and take up position at its front door.

Anwulf's method for the hallburning is as follows. **Anwulf the Black** leads **7 Østfold warriors** out of the tree line above the hall. They have already lit torches back in the woods among the cover of the trees and hidden them under drinking horns to conceal their glow. When they reach the grounds of the hall, they fan out and throw their torches on the roof of the hall while Anwulf silently deals with the bleary-eyed Wilhelm. The cottages are left undisturbed, and their fearful inhabitants do not emerge once they realize what is going on, instead hiding and hoping for the raiders to leave them be. After throwing their torches onto the roof, the warriors and Anwulf gather outside the hall's only door (as shown on the tactical map). Three of the warriors have sword and shield at the ready, and 4 have shields slung on their backs and longspears in hand to attack anyone as they emerge.

Anwulf the Black (Ftr10): HP 71; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+2 spear* (1d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+2 chainmail*, *+2 spear*, bundle of 7 torches, drinking horn, gold arm-ring (250hs), 3 silver arm-rings (50hs), pouch with flint and steel, large amethyst (150hs), and 280hs.

Østfold Warriors (Ftr6) (7): HP 45, 43, 40x3, 37, 33; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or spear (1d6+2) or dagger (1d4+2) or throwing axe (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 longsword,* spear, dagger, throwing axe, *potion of healing* (x2), drinking horn, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

The floor of the hall is hard-packed dirt strewn with fragrant rushes. The walls are stacked stone to a height of 3ft and then heavy timber above that for 7ft until they reach the eaves of the roof. The roof itself is composed of thick layers of thatching tied to heavy supporting timbers that reach a peak 30ft above the ground. The only exits from the hall are the barred heavy wooden front door or the 5ft-diameter smoke hole in the center of the roof. The furnishings of the hall consist only of wooden tables and benches, and storage chests for seating. A 7ft-high raised wooden dais supports Jarl Luthr's high table. Jarl Luthr's personal chamber that he shares with his wife and niece and nephew is beneath the dais and accessible by a trapdoor behind the table. Everyone else sleeps on the benches or rush-strewn floor.

Three rounds after the torches are thrown on the old thatch of the hall's roof, the roof becomes fully engaged by the fire. This is the point at which anyone in the hall awakens to the sound of crackling flames and the heavy smoke beginning to come through. From this point onward, anyone touching the burning thatch or anywhere the fire has spread takes 1d6 points of fire damage and must make a saving throw to avoid catching fire. If remaining in contact with the burning object for a full round, the damage is 6d6 points of fire damage and he automatically catches fire. The sequence of the fire spread and its effects are described below:

- **Round 1:** Raiders throw torches on the roof (1-in-6 chance to hear).
- **Round 4:** Roof fully aflame; anyone inside awakened by the sound and smoke.
- **Round 7:** Heat deals 1 point of fire damage per round to anyone within the hall and requires a saving throw each round to avoid the smoke effects (vision halved, –1 to attack and damage, 50% chance overcome by coughing).
- **Round 10:** The walls are aflame and the heat deals 1d3 points of fire damage per round. Smoke is now omnipresent, and anyone not remaining prone on the floor must hold his breath or take 1d6 points of nonlethal damage from the smoke (no save) and begin to suffocate. Small flaming pieces of the roof begin to fall in. Everyone not taking cover under a table or under the dais takes 1d6 points of fire damage per round (save for half and to avoid catching fire). Smoke conceals anyone beyond 5ft.
- **Round 12:** Large flaming pieces of the roof begin falling in. Everyone inside that does not take cover under the dais (tables and benches are

insufficient cover) takes 2d6 points of fire and 2d6 points of bludgeoning damage per round (save for half and to avoid catching fire). Anyone within 5ft of a wall takes 3d6 points of fire damage (no save). The structural integrity of the roof is compromised. It no longer supports the weight of someone walking on it. Smoke affects everyone as described under Round 10 above, whether they are prone on the floor or not. The raiders move back 10ft from the front door and continue their watch to attack anyone that emerges.

- **Round 14:** The dais and furniture are now all fully ablaze. Anyone in contact with them takes damage as described above. Anyone still inside the dais takes damage as from a full round of contact as described above until he exits the dais.
- **Round 17:** The structural integrity of the dais and wooden portions of the wall is compromised. These wooden walls have a 2-in-6 chance of being broken through by anyone inside (3d6 points of damage, no save).
- **Round 20:** The roof of the hall collapses inward. Anyone inside who is not immune to fire and able to survive without breathing is instantly slain. Anyone who does have these immunities takes 6d6 points of damage and must make a save to avoid becoming pinned beneath the rubble.
- The rubble of the hall remains hot enough to cause damage to anyone touching it for 24 hours.

During the hallburning, Jarl Luthr, Mitkarl, and 5 of the commoners attempt to fight their way out through the front door and are likely soon cut down unless the characters intervene. Lady Igwilf takes Hans and Gruta to hide under the dais. For cover, the rest of the commoners huddle together under the tables. Neither they nor Lady Igwilf emerges until the doorway has been cleared of attackers and a character has come to encourage them onward. A character can only encourage someone who can see and hear them. So, when the room becomes smoky, the characters have to move around to find where everyone is taking cover and get close enough to be seen and heard (within 5ft). Those under the dais will only be able to hear if a character climbs atop it and pokes his head in through the trapdoor or actually bashes a hole through the wooden walls.

Anwulf and company try to kill anyone in the doorway to create a wall of bodies to trap everyone inside the burning hall. These raiders are desperate men and wanted criminals. They do not retreat, knowing that they must leave no survivors behind. As a result, they fight to the death except as noted below.

When the battle is over, if the characters are victorious, make sure one of the defeated raiders is still barely alive (perhaps he had a few more hp then his compatriots). Or it is entirely possible that the characters manage to take one or more prisoner. Once the attack is defeated, the raiders lose all heart (the stress and stigma of being named anathema in the face of an obviously powerful group of bounty hunters breaks their spirit). They confess to their plan and can even name Anwulf the Black as one of Cnut's huscarls. More importantly, they all know the location of Cnut's hideout in the High Pass. They describe it as an ancient Andøvan ruin built atop a precipice and can give directions. They can give no details of its layout, as they have not been inside it (Cnut dispatched them to this job of watching the approach trail before they had a chance to move in themselves). They can, however, reveal the names of Cnut's surviving huscarls and that he has a total of about 20 warriors still loyal to him. What the characters do with such a prisoner is up to them, but they have all been condemned by the Althing of Storstrøm Vale, so execution for their crimes is not unwarranted.

If Jarl Luthr or his wife survived, they are extremely grateful for the characters' heroics. They have nothing to reward the party with (all of their valuables having been burned with the hall), but they promise their eternal friendship and to forever sing the praises of such great heroes of the Northlands.

Ad Hoc XP Award: Award the characters 1000 XP for every member of Luthr's household that makes it out of his burning hall alive.

H. The High Pass

This area is detailed in **Chapter 2**.

Chapter Two: The High Pass

The Waldron Mountain region lies along the western border of Storstrøm Vale. They are thickly covered in pine and other coniferous trees below the tree line, broken up by shady meadows and rocky outcroppings. The characters' hunt takes them up into the mountains in pursuit of Cnut and his band. Though the peaks of the Waldron Mountains rise as high as 7000ft, Cnut and his band fled to a region known as the High Pass that never reaches above 3000ft. Therefore, the characters do not have to contend with the lower temperatures and other hazards that present themselves above that altitude.

The lower mountain slopes are white with snow and, like in the lowlands, the temperature plummets well below freezing at night (as low as –15º). During the day, however, the temperature rarely rises above 10º or 15º. As before, adventurers unprepared for the adverse weather conditions suffer mightily during their time in the mountains. During the day, cold-weather gear is a necessity to avoid needing to make hourly saves against cold damage, and at night a shelter and/or fire is a necessity. Fortunately, below the tree line, wood for fires is plentiful if somewhat wet and smoky.

For each day the characters spend in the mountains, roll on the table below to determine the weather for the day. These weather conditions last for 1d20 hours. If adverse weather results occur two days in a row, then they are all part of the same storm system and transition from one type of weather to the other over a period of 1d4 hours (e.g. sleet becomes snow, a light snowfall develops into a snowstorm, etc.).

d%	Weather
01–50	Clear
51–60	Hail
61–75	Sleet
76–95	Snow
96–00	Snowstorm

While the characters travel in the winter-clad mountains, there is a 1-in-3 chance (roll 1d6, an encounter occurs on a 1 or 2) each day of a random encounter. Unlike in the Vale, there are no halls in which to take shelter at night, so any encounters either occur as the characters are traveling during the day or while they are camped at night. Use the "Storstrøm Vale: Waldron Mountains" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*** to determine the types of encounters that occur.

The distance between Eiderlec and the High Pass is only about 13 miles by trail on the High Pass Map. In reality, there are so many switchbacks and detours among the rugged terrain that 25 miles of ground actually must be covered. Though it is marked as a trail on the map, this path is actually the remains of an ancient Andøvan road that passed over the mountains. It has degraded to the point that it provides only the path of least resistance that requires travelers to carefully pick their path and does not qualify as a true road or trail. Unencumbered light horses can travel up to 12 miles per day, 8 miles if encumbered. Trondheim ponies can still travel 12 miles per day.

When the characters reach the High Pass (the hex marked **H**), read the following.

During the climb from Eiderlec and past the prominence known as Andøvan Ridge, the mountains ahead have appeared to be one unbroken, impassable chain. But now you have reached a point in your climb where you can see the narrow divide that separates Donar's Mount from Skyrift Peak. This is the High Pass, the only accessible way for hundreds of miles over the Waldron Mountains into the lowlands of Seagestreland. It was apparently once the route of trade and travel for the ancient folk who lived here based on the occasional remains of the road you have followed, but the Northlanders have not used it in recorded memory. The Northlanders prefer the whale road to the sky road, and there is little enough in the wilds of the Dnipir Delta beyond to draw the attention of the folk of Storstrøm Vale. Other than the outlaws you pursue, you may be the first men to step foot in this pass in hundreds of years.

The way ahead is rugged but clear for travel; however, your quarry lies not on the other side of this range but upon its slopes. From your vantage point, you can make out the remains of a tower high on the northern wall of the pass. There is the lair of your quarry and the purpose of your quest in these harsh wilds.

The High Tower

The High Tower is the crumbled ruin of an Andøvan fortress that once guarded this pass and the lucrative tin mine beneath it. It was abandoned for centuries before the Northlanders first emerged from these same mountains into Storstrøm Vale. It is a testament to the original builders that any of the tower stands at all. It is constructed on a precipice 500ft above the pass below and is accessible only by a narrow trail from the east or by hard climbing to the northeast or west. Its location provides a vantage point from which anyone traveling through the pass below is plainly visible for much of the trip (though there are portions where trees and undergrowth provide some concealment), unless inclement weather or the darkness of night provides the necessary concealment, and these present their own difficulties. This fact is very evident to the characters, so they would be unwise to try to take the pass beneath the tower for fear of alerting the outlaws above.

Tower Approach

The characters can choose how they wish to reach the tower, by taking the trail, by taking the pass to get around behind the tower, or, if they have the means, by flight.

Through the Pass

If the characters attempt to traverse the pass during the day, unless they are invisible or somehow concealed, the watchers in the tower spot



them. This results in boulders being rolled down the cliff toward the party from 500ft above. These start small avalanches so that anyone in the pass has a 35% chance of being struck by the avalanche for 10d6 points of damage. All mounts that fail their save and survive must make an additional save or suffer a broken leg. Unless magically healed, a mount suffering such a fate has to be put down. The avalanche is not extensive enough to bury anyone. The tower occupants will only be able to start one avalanche if the characters do not linger in the pass. If the characters decide to take cover somewhere in the pass, they can start additional avalanches at your discretion.

The occupants of the tower are impervious to any attacks by the characters from below due to their total concealment, unless the characters have some means of flying or otherwise surmounting the cliff. The rugged cliff face can be climbed (35% chance per 30ft for non-thieves) over its 500ft length. The tower occupants start two additional avalanches down upon climbers in the amount of time it takes them to scale the cliff. Climbers who are struck are swept off the cliff back to the bottom of the pass. When climbers get within 120ft of the top, the giants at **H2** and **H8** begin throwing rocks at them while the rest of the occupants get ready to attack as soon as the climbers reach the summit. Needless to say, being spotted traveling the pass during the day alerts the occupants to the characters' arrival so that they prepare for an incursion.

If the characters attempt to travel the pass at night, everyone without darkvision or a light source must make a save or stumble in a fissure or on loose shale and take 2d6 points of damage from a short fall or a badly twisted limb. If the character is riding a mount, it steps into a fissure and breaks a leg, and must receive healing or be put down as mentioned above.

If an intrepid party should happen to make it through the pass, they find that the backside slope leading up to the tower is less daunting. It cannot be negotiated by mounts but non-thieves have a 55% chance to reach the summit just north of the tower, and those within do not observe such an approach unless they were already aware of the party's presence.

Flying

If the characters are able to fly, they must do so at night or invisibly, or they will be spotted. If that happens, the giants hurl rocks as they come within range while the rest of the tower's occupants gather and prepare to attack when they land. This could be a potential method of sneaking other party members through the pass below or up the cliff if flyers served as a distraction.

The Trail

The trail is steep with many switchbacks and can be managed only in single file, but it can accommodate mounts. Any rangers and elves on the trail recognize the footprints of booted humans, many hounds, and the occasional barefooted print of some type of giant. All appear to have gone up the trail within recent weeks. The trail provides cover until the traveler reaches the summit, at which point the hounds at **Area H1** and the giants at **H2** and **H8** likely spot him. This alerts the occupants of the tower, who turn out in force against any intruders.

The Watcher

This encounter occurs if the characters take the trail or try to take the pass to come at the High Tower from behind. It does not occur if the characters fought or killed Javik Wolfsblood in a previous encounter.

There is a rustle from a nearby stand of fir trees, and suddenly you are no longer alone. A Northlander stands in your midst, furs worn over his mail shirt and breeches. They are further adorned with mud and matted with pine needles,

so that you can scarcely see him even as he stands among you. A large gray wolf stands at his side, looking at you cautiously. Though the man wears bow and axe, both are stowed at belt and shoulder so that he stands among you unarmed and seemingly unafraid. You recognize this man; you have seen him before.

The man is recognizable as **Javik Wolfsblood**, one of the bounty hunters seeking to bring Cnut Anglison to justice, and his animal companion, **Fenris**. If the characters attacked Javik in the past, then this encounter does not occur. However, if they treated with him civilly in the past, he has come to give them warning. Javik is able to travel much faster over the snowy landscape than most due to his long years of experience as a ranger in the Vale. As such, he arrived at the High Tower the day before the characters and was not observed by anyone. As mentioned in his background, he is less interested in the reward for Cnut and his followers and more interested in seeing that they are brought to justice. If the characters receive him peacefully, he provides them assistance as described under "Development" below. If not, he quickly departs and loses them in the wilderness, resolved to bringing Cnut to justice on his own.

Javik Wolfsblood (Rgr10): HP 74; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8+6), *+1 silver dagger* (1d4+7) or *+1 longbow* x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** L; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** +10 damage vs. giants and goblin-types, spells (Clr 2/1; MU 1), tracking.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *light*; 2nd—*find traps*.

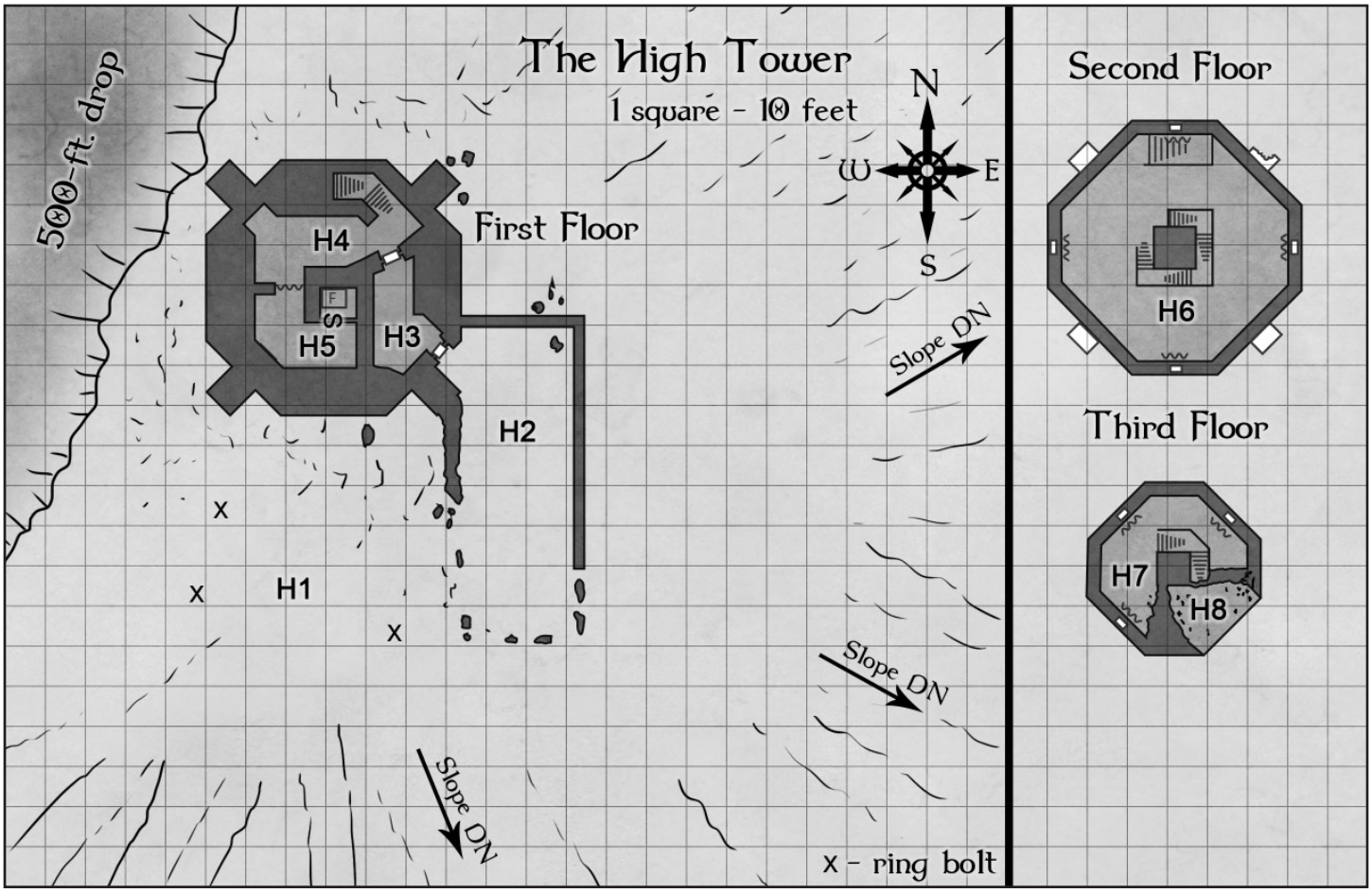
Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *gauntlets of ogre power*, battleaxe, *+1 silver dagger*, *+1 longbow*, quiver with 20 arrows, *potion of extra healing*, *ring of protection* +2, 2 gold arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 25hs and a dog whistle.

*See Sidebox

Fenris, Wolf, Winter: **HD** 5; **HP** 34; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe frost (once per turn, 10ft, 4d6 cold, save half). (***Monstrosities*** 514)

Development: Javik has already scouted the area around the High Tower and is willing to share what he has found with the characters if they treated him honorably and are willing to listen. First, he lets them know that they have a couple dozen warhounds chained outside the tower, so an approach from any direction but downwind (the southern cliff face) is likely going to be detected long before the characters even get close. Furthermore, in addition to the huscarls and score or so warriors still loyal to Cnut, he has employed a small band of hill giants as guards as well. Two of these are always on top of the tower keeping a watch over the approaches to the tower with the rest camped at the tower base below. So the dogs being loosed is not the only worry that the characters would have on approach; they would be receiving fire from rocks thrown by the giants as well, and it will be hard to get to the giants atop the tower in any assault. Fortunately for the characters, Javik discovered the entrance to the mine that the tower once guarded. It lies a few hundred yards down the slope to the north of the tower and can be approached unseen by those above. He believes it provides access to the tower because he has seen three ogresses that appear to also work for Cnut emerge from it after entering the tower. He has not yet entered the mine itself, so he does not know what may guard it other than the ogres.

Javik encourages the characters to enter through the mine (he can show them the way) and make their way up through the tower. He remains in hiding outside and watches the tower to make sure Cnut doesn't leave. He can also watch the characters' mounts for them if they wish. If the characters give him a signal from one of the tower windows, he arranges a distraction to draw the outer guards away from the tower and allows them to escape without having to deal with them or the dogs. If the characters refuse to agree to this,



he shrugs and disappears, content to continue formulating his own plan for eliminating Cnut. If the characters agree to this assistance, Javik will be true to his word and prove a valuable resource in their raid. He fights the characters only if they manage to corner him and force him into combat.

H1. Tower Grounds

The trees and brush on the crag where the tower stands have been cleared back 100 yards from the tower, so there is no way to approach with concealment. In addition, the slope to the crag's summit is fairly steep until the characters reach the level ground shown on the High Tower map.

The tower is seemingly little more than a 60-foot-high stack of rubble, though the fact that it is standing at all in its exposed position is a testament to the skill of the boulders. Roughly cut stones have been dry stacked into an octagonal structure with heavy buttresses supporting it on four sides. The crumbled remains of a low building abut its base on the eastern side, and the conical peak of the tower is half collapsed, creating a rubble-strewn platform upon which the shadowy forms of giants can be seen keeping watch on the surrounding area. The whole structure stands at the edge of the cliff and seems ready to slide off at the slightest provocation. In the dung-strewn yard south of the tower can be seen dozens of filthy mastiffs chained to ringbolts driven into the hard ground. These filthy curs gnaw bones, scratch at ticks, and fight over scraps in an undulating tangle of fur and blood.

Despite the tower's fragile appearance, it remains quite sound. The dry-stacked stone walls are more than 10ft thick at the base and at least a foot thick as the tower tapers to its peak. The doors within the tower are of strong wood and were recently crafted and hung by Cnut and his crew to replace those that had long ago rotted away. The exterior of the tower is fairly easy to climb (50% chance for non-thieves), but doing so exposes climbers to the giants watching above.

A total of **24 wardogs** are at the tower's base. Each has a collar and heavy chain affixed to one of three ringbolts driven into the ground south of the tower. The dogs' chains give them 50ft of slack from the ringbolts. They are kept in a perpetually starved state, so that they attack anyone that comes within reach (they know better than to mess with the hill giants) other than Lame Ottí who feeds them what scraps they receive. If the dogs detect the scent of anyone, they bay wildly and tug at their chains to give chase, alerting everyone within the tower. If alerted, the hill giants at **Area H8** provide cover fire against attackers with thrown rocks. Lame Ottí makes his way to release each of the ringbolts (a standard action each) to set loose the hounds upon intruders.

Wardogs (24): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

H2. Ruined Hall

The remains of a long building jut here from the base of the tower. Its stacked stone walls rise no higher than 8 feet at its northern end but dwindle to only a foot or two to the south. Whatever roof once sheltered this long hall is no longer present, exposing its interior to the elements.

This hall once served as a gatehouse to the tower. Now it provides a modicum of shelter to the hill giant mercenaries that Cnut has employed and Cnut's huscarl Lame Ottí, who is required to bunk with them. Currently in this roofless building are **Lame Ottí** and **3 hill giants** who rotate watcher duties with those in **Area H8**. They huddle around a fire in the northeast corner for warmth unless an alarm sounds. Every hour one of the giants goes into the nearby trees to gather more firewood.

Ottí is one of Cnut's huscarls and is exceedingly loyal to the man, though the jarl and his other householders secretly revile him. Ottí was born with an unusual condition that left him intellectually disabled and prone to seizures with poor control of his limbs (giving him the appellation "Lame"). In addition, his skin is afflicted with a scabrous rash, his cranium is noticeably small for his size, and his body continually gives off an unpleasant musty odor in his sweat so that none of the others can stand to be near him. He is slow of speech, though able to follow simple commands, and is possessed of considerable strength, making him a prized, if somewhat pathetic, servant in Cnut's cruel estimation. In battle, his first job is to release the hounds from their ringbolts (even at risk of taking fire from attackers), and he does this before anything else. His physical ailment is not contagious and is no danger to the characters. The hill giants, meanwhile, use the broken walls for cover as they throw rocks at anyone who approaches the tower.

Lame Ottí: **HP** 48; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8+3); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: none.
Equipment: cold-weather outfit, leather armor, battleaxe, copper arm-ring (5hs), pouch with 37hs.

Giants, Hill (3): HD 8; **HP** 63, 60, 58; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Treasure: Buried in a heavy sack beneath the fire pit in the northeast corner (1-in-6 chance to notice that the ground beneath the ashes is disturbed but only if the fire is put out or allowed to die after 1d3 hours). Digging down 3ft uncovers a heavy leather bag holding 2870hs and a collection of assorted rough-cut gemstones worth 700hs.

H3. Common Mess

The door into the tower from **H2** is barred from the inside. The ceilings on this level are 20ft high, and there are no light sources unless otherwise noted.

A table has been made from rough planks laid across stacked broken masonry. They bear many stains and scars as if from battle. The sawn sections of three stumps have been set around the table to serve as seats and a pair of wooden trenchers, crusted with dried food, lie atop the surface next to a hunk of half-eaten hard bread. Leaning against one wall is a two-man saw and four woodcutter's axes.

This chamber serves as the dining hall where the tower occupants dine whenever meals are made at irregular intervals. There are insufficient seats to accommodate all of them, so they tend to scuffle over placement at the table, and meals devolve into rambunctious free-for-alls. Cnut takes his meals in his quarters, so he has not bothered to organize the situation. If the characters made a great deal of noise battling outside or in breaking through the door to this chamber, then the guards in **H4** are here and ready for attack.

H4. Guardroom

Stacked against the walls of this chamber are a number of heavy burlap sacks holding roots, nuts, and hunks of old bread. A stair climbs through an archway in the wall toward the upper floors of the tower. A copper brazier of glowing coals gives the chamber a dull, red illumination. A heavy blanket hung as a curtain blocks an archway to the south.

This chamber is dimly illuminated. It serves as a storeroom for the dwindling supplies that Cnut's followers managed to bring with them to the High Pass. The bread is stale and the roots are tough and hard, requiring considerable boiling in order to be edible. Dry rations here could feed 20 men for approximately 2 weeks. Currently on duty in this chamber guarding entry into the tower are **4 Østfold warriors**. They respond to alarms above or move to **Area H3** to await invaders if they hear combat outside.

Østfold Warriors (Ftr6) (4): HP 44, 40x2, 35; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or spear (1d6+2) or dagger (1d4+2) or throwing axe (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 longsword,* spear, dagger, throwing axe, *potion of healing* (x2), drinking horn, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

H5. Kitchen

A fire banked in a large fireplace — only a few coals are visible beneath the layer of white ash — makes this chamber comfortably warm compared with the rest of the tower. A heavy iron hook hammered into the wall above allows a battered pot, its sides crusted with some dried stew, to hang above these coals. Haunches of bloody meat hang from a rope strung at head height between hooks in the north and south walls. Beneath it is an old wooden table, well stained with the drippings of the butchered meat. The smell of sour stew and blood is strong in here, but just faintly discernable beneath that is the odor of tobacco smoke.

The fugitives prepare their meals here, alternating the cooking duties. An inspection of the haunches of meat reveals them to be dog and pony, the last of the outlaws' steeds and the beginning of their guard beasts as they try to supplement their meager foodstuffs. They have already stopped feeding their giant allies, requiring them to forage or hunt for their own meals. The stew is a foul-smelling concoction of rancid pony meat and tasteless tubers.

The north wall has a secret door that was standing open when the outlaws first came to the tower. Its fits so well with the rough stone wall that characters have a 15% chance to locate it (35% for thieves). The rich smell of pipe smoke is much stronger near this wall. Making this discovery gives a +20% bonus to further checks to locate the door. Opening it reveals a stone shaft in the heart of the tower that descends into darkness. The pipe smoke wafts up from here. A newly constructed wooden ladder descends 30ft into **Area H21**. The occupants of that area have a 3-in-6 chance of hearing any characters who attempt to descend this ladder without the necessary stealth.

H6. Barracks

This large chamber fills this entire level of the tower, its stacked stone walls rising to a ceiling of ancient wooden beams 30 feet above. A number of corroded iron chains once held lamps or lanterns suspended from these beams, but they have long since rusted through, leaving only the dangling remnant of their links like moss drooping from the trees of the Dnipir Delta. A number of copper braziers are set around the room to provide a modicum of warmth and light, and heavy furs hang over the four arrow slits to act as curtains. A stone stairway wraps around the central column of the chamber; it is crumbling in places but still appears to be stable. The floor of the chamber is strewn with the furs and blankets of bedding, as well as the personal possessions of more than a dozen occupants.

The braziers provide adequate illumination in this chamber. There are bedrolls for 19 in here, but currently only **11 Østfold warriors** and the huscarl **Hegi Einarrson** are present. If it is night and no alarm has been raised, they are all asleep and are not wearing their armor. Armor is arrayed upon the various packs and bales that make up their accoutrements, and their weapons are lying close at hand. If the tower has been attacked from without and the alarm raised, then they are awake and in various stages of armoring depending on how long it takes the characters to reach this chamber. If no alarm was raised and the guards in **H4** were dealt with in no more than 3 rounds with no explosive magic, then these men are still asleep. If they are caught unawares in that fashion, Hegi and any surviving warriors immediately surrender hoping for mercy from the Althing or a chance to escape en route rather than a cold death atop this mountain. They know that Jarl Cnut, Júrgan Hrothspyke, and a handful of guards are above, but they know nothing of the secret tunnels beneath the tower. There are sufficient ropes and rags in the various baggage in the room to securely bind and gag all of them. If they are awake and ready when the characters arrive, the warriors fight as long as they think Jarl Cnut lives.

Hegi Einarrson, Huscarl (Ftr7): HP 47; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 bastard sword* (1d8+2) or throwing axe (1d6+1); **Move** 12 (24, *boots of speed*); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 bastard sword*, 2 throwing axes, *boots of speed*, 5 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 3 chrysoberls (100hs each), a garnet (75hs), and 210hs.

Østfold Warriors (Ftr6) (11): HP 45, 43, 40x3, 37, 33; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or spear (1d6+2) or dagger (1d4+2) or throwing axe (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 longsword,* spear, dagger, throwing axe, *potion of healing* (x2), drinking horn, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

Treasure: There is the equivalent of 20 cold-weather outfits in here. The assorted baggage here holds miscellaneous valuables worth 2300hs taken with them from Østfold. It takes 1d3x10 minutes to recover all of them.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters manage to capture some or all of these men without a fight, award them XP as if they were defeated in battle.

H7. Jarl's Chamber

The top floor of the tower is partitioned into two rooms. The stairwell rises into one chamber with a recently thatched, 10-foot conical roof. Three windows would look out over the pass below but have been blocked by blankets nailed into place and furs stuffed into the gaps to block any drafts. The wall to the south once had a doorway, but apparently that portion of the tower collapsed long ago, so that access beyond is blocked by a wall of tumbled stone. Broken stone has been formed into a fire ring beneath one of the windows, and a fire blazes away, bringing light and warmth to the room. It is also quite smoky with as much of the fire's smoke filling the

conical ceiling as seeping out through the window above it. Several heavy bales have been stacked in one corner with a bedroll laid atop it. Other bedrolls have been spread on the floor as well.

Cnut Anglison has taken over this chamber as his quarters while he awaits word from his secret ally (see **Chapter 3**). Occupying this room with Cnut are his huscarl **Júrgan Hrothspyke** and **3 Østfold warriors**. There is always at least one of the warriors awake and on watch, though he often dozes (45% chance). If the alarm sounds, then everyone is awake and armored. Júrgan and the warriors fight to the death in defense of their jarl while Cnut moves from behind the shelter of his warriors' shieldwall in order to backstab. If his warriors are killed or he appears in jeopardy for his life, Cnut — who is a coward at heart — surrenders himself to the characters and demands that he be brought before the Althing to face his judgment. He will not say so under any circumstances but believes that his powerful secret ally will intervene to save him. If the characters appear to be ready to execute him themselves, he uses his ethereal armor to slip any bonds and fights to the death.

Cnut Anglison (Ftr7/Thf5): HP 51; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 flaming battleaxe* (1d8+2 plus 1d6 fire) or throwing dagger (1d4+2); **Move** 12 (30ft leap); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2300; **Special:** backstab (x3), multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 89%, Tasks/Traps 35%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 30%, Silent 40%, Locks 30%.

Equipment: *+3 ethereal leather armor* (2 uses remaining), *+1 flaming battleaxe*, 3 throwing daggers, *boots of leaping*, *ring of protection* +2, 5 gold arm-rings (250hs each), 4 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 70hs.

Júrgan Hrothspyke, Huscarl (Ftr9): HP 70; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 short sword* (1d6+1) or *+1 spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring, cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, *+1 short sword*, *+2 spear*, *cloak of protection +1*, *ring of protection* +2, *potion of healing*, gold arm-rings (250hs each), gold arm-ring (100hs), pouch with a carnelian (110hs) and 30hs.

Østfold Warriors (Ftr6) (3): HP 42, 39, 38; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3) or spear (1d6+2) or dagger (1d4+2) or throwing axe (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 longsword,* spear, dagger, throwing axe, *potion of healing* (x2), drinking horn, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

Development: Cnut does not wish to die. He believes he has an ace up his sleeve in his "ally" back in Trotheim. Therefore, work very hard to allow him to surrender before the characters have a chance to kill him. Only if the characters attempt to kill him while he is helpless will he attempt to escape or resist. If the characters are unlikely to allow him to live, remind them that if he dies a warrior's death in battle he goes to Valhalla to an honorable afterlife among the great heroes of the Northlands. However, to be dragged in chains back to Trotheim and suffer the shame of being brought before the Althing where his crimes can be made public to all, followed by an ignoble beheading, insures a coward's death and an afterlife of torment in the domain of Hel. As true Northlanders dealing with a cowardly hall burner, the characters should be much more inclined to see the latter done rather than take out their personal vengeance upon him here. They receive the same reward either way, plus the reputation of having brought him back alive for the latter.

The conclusion of the adventure assumes that the characters take Cnut Anglison alive. If they do not, be prepared to make adjustments to how the adventure ends in order to bring the true guilty party to justice. Under no circumstances will Cnut give any information on the involvement of Heinnrig Erikson in the hallburning plot, believing that he is Cnut's sole means of escaping the headsman's axe.

Treasure: The bales that make up Cnut's bedding hold the treasures of Østfold, carried away by Cnut when he abandoned the jarldom. It consists of leather bags holding 510hs, 13 amethysts (120hs each), a dire boar tusk banded in silver (225hs), a *+1 wooden shield*, a pouch holding *dust of disappearance* (2 pinches), a *potion of healing*, a *potion of flying*, and a *wand of lightning bolt* (10 charges).

H8. Tower Lookouts

This portion of the tower collapsed in upon itself, creating a 60ft-high shelf from which **2 hill giants** keep watch over the High Pass and surrounding mountain slopes. If they spot intruders, they shout an alarm to the guards below and alert the occupants of the tower. They fling rocks at invaders and climb down the tower to engage in melee if necessary to assist their compatriots.

Giants, Hill (2): HD 8; **HP** 55, 53; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** hurl boulders.

The Tin Mine

The Andøvan of old used the High Pass for trade between the lowlands of the Storm River and wetlands of the Dnipir Delta. But more important even than the trade that this route brought between the separate tribes was the rich vein of tin discovered in a shallow cave under Donar's Mount. The Andøvan began to scrape this ore out from the rock and continued to follow the seam deeper and deeper beneath the peak until a sizable mine was excavated over the years. The tribe that controlled the source of tin controlled the manufacture of bronze weapons, armor, and tools, and held financial and military superiority over its rivals so that the tin mine above the High Pass became a hotly contested territory. A tribe eventually seized the mine, and its chieftain raised a small but powerful stronghold over it to guard the pass and the mine from those who would try to take them. This tribe's reign lasted for generations until the dominance of Andøvan in the Northlands waned and the superiority of bronze was displaced by the working of iron. Eventually the High Pass was abandoned, leaving behind the tower above that fell to ruin and the mines below that lay forgotten.

Cnut had known of the tower's location for some time through his proximity to this part of the Waldron Mountains and his practice of smuggling weapons of steel to the natives of Seagestreland. When he fled his hall before the wrath of the Althing, he gathered what treasures he could carry and what householders remained loyal, and fled to the ancient ruined tower that he knew. It was only upon arriving and occupying the ruin that he discovered the lost mine beneath it and made treaty with the denizens of the mine for mutual defense.

The entrance to the mine is located at the base of a small bluff a little less than 400ft southeast of the tower. The area around it is thickly forested in fir trees so that it is difficult to find. Javik located it and can tell the characters about it, but without his help, their chances of finding it are only a cumulative 10% per day that they spend scouting the area surrounding the tower. The advantage of the mine is that its entrance can be approached without being in view of the tower's denizens. The disadvantage is that the mine has denizens all its own that the party must contend with.

Mine Entrance

A small clearing in the evergreen forest lies at the base of a bluff beneath the ruined tower. Though the tower is not far away, it is completely obstructed from view, which means that any watchers in it cannot see this area either. Set into the rocky bluff is a narrow cave entrance. At first glance, it appears to be little more than a shadowy depression in the rock, but it is clearly a cave entrance upon closer inspection. It would be difficult to find this cave without knowing what you were looking for.

The entrance to the mine is actually larger than it appears. The shape of the rock, the shadow of its overhang, and the position of the entrance serves to somewhat camouflage the entry tunnel and make it more difficult to locate and recognize for what it is. However, a very astute observer might deduce that it is more than it seems. A significant number of scuffmarks are on the frozen ground outside the tunnel. This is primarily from the coming and going of the wyverns and ogres within (a ranger can identify the source of the scuffs as some sort of dragon and some sort of giant). Characters searching the trees notice claw marks in the bark high up the trunks of the trees closest to the mine entrance. Wyverns marking their territory left this scoring, though the source of the scratches is not readily apparent. Finally, a number of small blue scales, approximately the size of a thumbnail, are scattered upon the ground. These are molted wyvern scales.

For every hour spent outside the mine entrance, there is a cumulative 5% chance that one of the wyverns in **H9** emerges from the tunnel (60% chance) or one of the ogre sisters from **H19** emerges. If the wyvern spots intruders, it immediately roars and attacks. The ogress instead retreats inside to raise reinforcements before returning to deal with the interlopers.

The mine's entrance, or adit, is 6ft high and 7ft wide. Tunnels within average 7ft to 10ft wide and 7ft to 8ft in height. Galleries are usually 10ft high. There are no light sources unless otherwise noted. The walls are of layered hewn stone with crystalline seams visible in between layers in some places. Ancient heavy timbers shore the ceiling up every 10ft to 20ft, and in many places the cross beams sag alarmingly. Fortunately, the mine is fairly stable, and it would require a great deal of destruction to cause a collapse of any size. However, there is no reason not to make them feel paranoid about the sagging ceiling or occasional rain of dust after an accidental blow to a support.

The mine is not very deep, and as a result temperatures within are cold — much like the temperature outside — and drafty due to the winds that blow across and into the mine entrance. However, this constant exchange of air keeps the air within the mine fairly fresh and removes any chances of suffocation.

H9. Central Nexus

The tunnel opens up into a large circular chamber here. The walls are excavated in layers following promising veins of ore to create an irregular shape to the room with many traces of crystalline formations lining the rock. Entire trunks of ancient trees have been set in here to serve as supports for the ceiling, which nonetheless sags alarmingly in the center. The entire chamber is cold with a strong draft entering from the east but still bears a musky reptilian scent. The numerous bony remains of animals and men and piles of droppings, both old and fresh, reveal this as the lair of some draconic beast.

The central chamber of the mine was thoroughly stripped of valuable ore over the years so that all that is left in the rock walls are a few sparse seams of thin cassiterite crystals (tin ore) that were not worth chipping



out. The ceiling of the chamber is 12ft at the sides, but only 8ft at the center; it is stable. This chamber serves as the home to a flight of **6 wyverns**. They are loosely allied with the ogre sisters in **H20** and let the ogres pass through freely. They attack anything else that tries to enter, though. A shallow alcove at the southwest edge of the room holds a rough nest of evergreen limbs and needles. It holds a clutch of three leathery, blue wyvern eggs. The wyverns defend these eggs to the death.

Wyverns (6): **HD** 8; **HP** 45, 42, 39x2, 36, 31; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (2d8) or sting (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 6 (fly 24); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: lethal poison (save avoids).

Treasure: The treasure of the wyverns is scattered haphazardly about the lair among the bones of their past meals. An hour of work is able to gather up 5900hs, 12 *arrows +1, +4 vs. demons*, and a carefully wrapped bundle of furs tied with silk ribbon and a big bow. A small scrollcase tied to it contains a note that simply states, "To Skegi, May this ward off the winter chill. Morgundr." Inside the bundle is folded a fine black wool heavy cloak of Southlander style. This *cloak of poison* was part of a ham-fisted assassination plot by a noble of Hrolfland more than a dozen years ago. How it came to be here is a great mystery.

H10. Frozen Sough

This side tunnel slopes steeply down from the mine's central chamber, and the floor is cut by small rivulets where the moisture of the mine drains this way. These are now iced over, creating a slippery surface for walking.

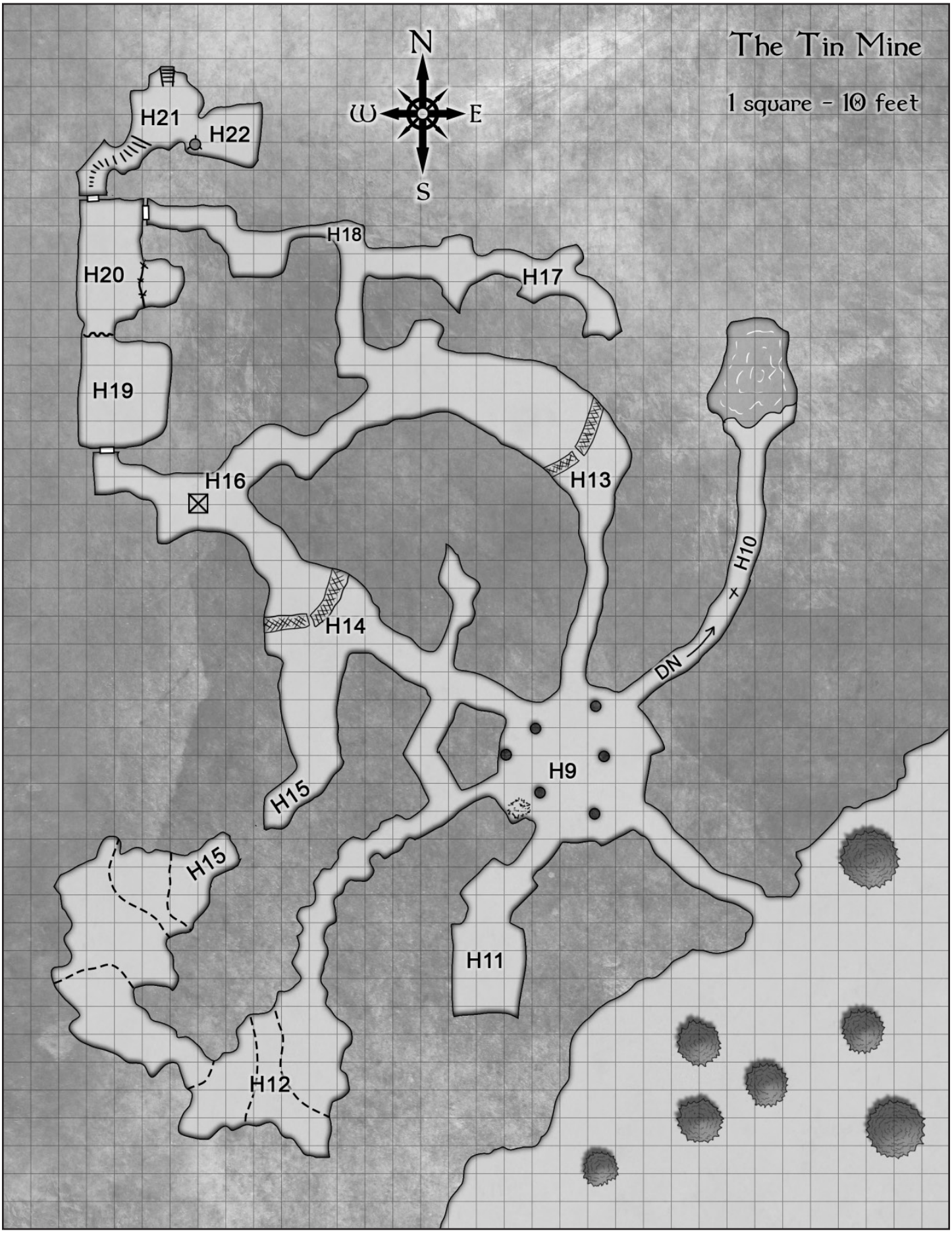
The floor of this tunnel is slippery from the ice and requires a saving throw to move faster than half speed. A failed save results in the character falling, but the tunnel is not so steep that he starts to slide; he merely has to make another save to stand back up.

When the party reaches the point marked "X" on the map, read the following.

The floor, walls, and ceiling here have taken on a different appearance. Rather than the icy rock of before, a thin sheen of some substance completely covers the surface. It is hard but slightly rubbery, somewhat slick, and has a slight pinkish tint to it. It does not give off any discernable odor. It coats the entire tunnel as far as you can see.

This tunnel was the drainage sough for the ancient mine and carried all of the water that collected in the mine to a 15ft-deep sump pool at the end of the shaft. From there, the pool would slowly drain into the valley below and prevent the mine from flooding. At some point in the far past, before the coming of the Andøvan, a meteorite struck Donar's Mount. The impact split the top of the mountain between what is now its peak and the prominence upon which the High Tower stands. Millennia passed and all recognizable trace of the crater vanished until it merely seemed to be a natural saddle in the mountaintop.

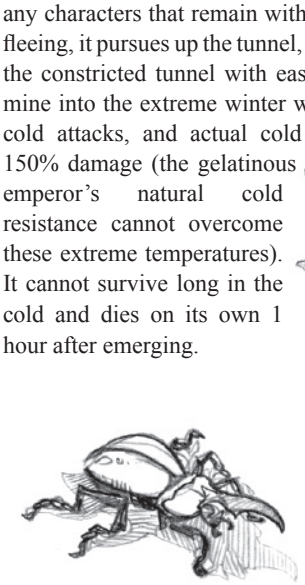
However, the remains of the meteor remained embedded deep in the rock of the peaks. One such fragment was a metallic shell that lay buried in the rock beneath where the High Tower was built. When the ancient

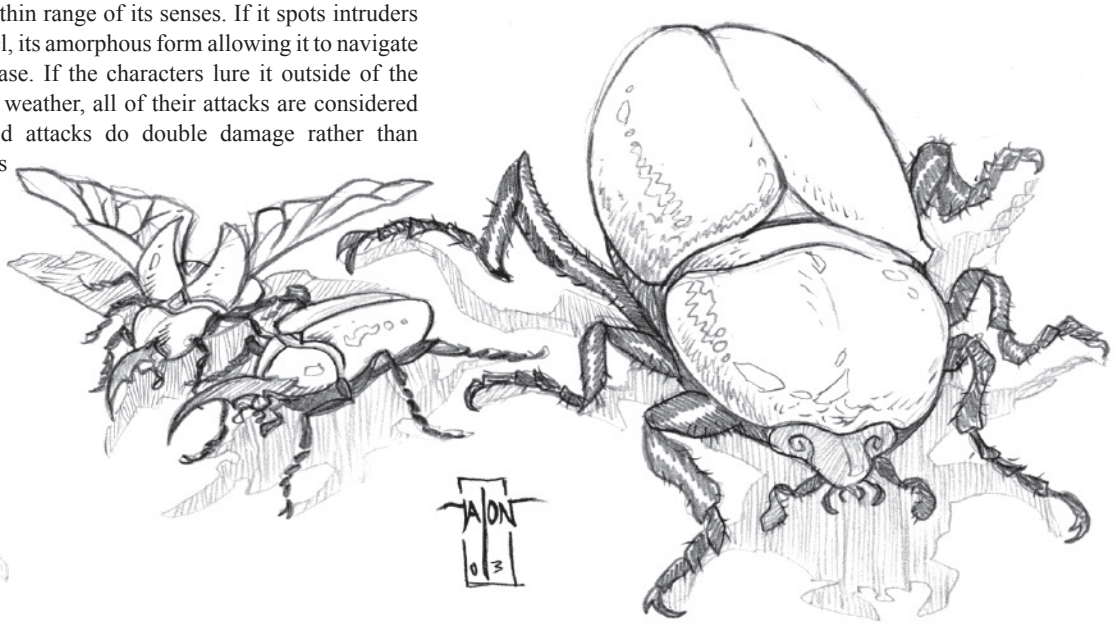

The Tin Mine
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
H21
H22
H18
H20
H17
H19
H16
H13
H10
DN
H14
H9
H15
H15
H11
H12

Andøvan began to delve the mine, they unintentionally broke through the top of this buried shell without realizing it in order to create this sump chamber. Unbeknownst to them, the shell had served as an egg-like cyst for a dormant alien lifeform called a **gelatinous emperor**. The creature was accustomed to extremes of heat but could not tolerate the extreme cold of the frigid mine. It was slow to awaken and emerge from its shell, so that it was unable to attack the miners who freed it. It began to ooze forth but the icy waters of the draining mine had begun to run down into the chamber as it began its purpose as a drain. To try to avoid this chill flow, the gelatinous emperor stretched itself thin into a sticky film that covered the walls, floor, and ceiling as it began to ooze its way up the tunnel toward food, but it never made it. The natural cold of the mountain mine and its wintery clime caused the blob to freeze into hibernation once again. Even with the coming of the summer months, the frigid draining waters of the mine and the insulating rock kept the temperature within this tunnel extremely cool. The miners never had need to come back down their drainage sough, and the blob never awoke from its torpor. It has continued to hibernate in its thin filmy state, coating the tunnel from **H10** to the point marked "X" for millennia since then.

Gelatinous Emperor: HD 19; **HP** 132; **AC** –5 [24]; **Atk** 2 tentacles (2d8 plus 2d8 acid); **Move** 9 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 28/6800; **Special:** engulf (automatic tentacle damage and drowning, save avoids), immune to acid and electricity, magic resistance (10%), +2 or better weapon to hit, resists cold and fire (50%, but extreme cold as in the mines and Northlands counter this ability), spew acid (every 1d4 rounds, 30ft line, 8d6 points of damage, save for half). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 94)

Development: As the characters proceed down the tunnel, the blob is quiescent. However, the body heat of the party actually causes the gelatinous emperor to thaw a bit and wake up to the presence of food — something that it has not enjoyed in more than 10,000 years. As the characters walk down the tunnel, allow a 1-in-6 chance to notice that the film on the walls is beginning to ooze and run down the passageway. By the time they reach the chamber at the end of the corridor where a pool of cold water lies, characters have a 3-in-6 chance to notice that the film flowing from the walls, ceiling, and floor is moving much faster and beginning to accumulate in a mound before the pool. This mound quickly grows and is automatically noticeable after 1 round. After 2 more rounds, the last of the now fully thawed goo finishes forming into a massive heap that is an awake, fully formed, and hungry gelatinous emperor. It attacks any characters that remain within range of its senses. If it spots intruders fleeing, it pursues up the tunnel, its amorphous form allowing it to navigate the constricted tunnel with ease. If the characters lure it outside of the mine into the extreme winter weather, all of their attacks are considered cold attacks, and actual cold attacks do double damage rather than 150% damage (the gelatinous emperor's natural cold resistance cannot overcome these extreme temperatures). It cannot survive long in the cold and dies on its own 1 hour after emerging.





H11. Equipment Storage

This series of chambers shows many signs of former use and habitation. The remains of rough-cut wooden benches show the passage of ages and crumble under the effects of dry rot. Among them are scattered the remains of ancient delving tools. Most of them lost their handles to scavengers or dry rot long ago, and now exist as little more than the stone heads of hammers and mallets, the antler tips of picks, and the bronze blades of shovels. There are even the dried remains of a few wooden wedges used for splitting rock.

This chamber once served as a tool storage and communal area within the mine. The tools long since deteriorated, leaving little more than the archaeological remnant of what they once were.

Treasure: The tool remains could in fact be of some value to the right buyer. The characters can find some items to sell if they take the time (at least 4 man-hours) to search through and find the best specimens of each of the following: a stone hammer head, a bronze shovel blade, an antler pick, and a wooden wedge and mallet. If a Southlander collector of antiquities is found (the nearest likely being in the Duchy of Monrovia), they could be sold for 200hs each (and the collector would pay in gold coin rather than the usual hacksilver). In addition, characters have a 20% chance of locating an ancient, dried and cracked leather bag stuffed into a crevice in the wall. This bag holds 7 uncut tourmalines (5hs each) and 3 uncut topazes (50hs) extracted from the cassiterite seams long ago. If these are cut by a jeweler, their value multiplies by 10.

H12. South Gallery

The drift leading to this gallery shows signs of excavation all along its length between the support posts where ancient miners attempted to extract every scrap of ore. At the end to the drift, the tunnel breaks through into a large cavern, its floor, walls, and 30-foot ceiling bearing the slopes and formations of a natural cavern. Its floor slopes unevenly to the west, and its walls bear the marks of ancient picks and shovels at places where veins of ore must have existed. A cold draft blows through this chamber from the southwest.

The miners of old discovered this natural cavern in their mining but did not find much in the way of mineral wealth, and subsequently abandoned it. An opening in the ceiling of the westernmost cavern leads to a natural chimney that emerges from the cliffs to the west. This entrance has allowed a colony of **5 lesser gelid beetles** and a **greater gelid beetle** to take up residence here. These enormous insects are stark white with silvery-black legs and mandibles, and feed on pine trees and whatever fauna they encounter in the mountains beyond. They spackled the western chamber with their own dung. They have not fed recently and attack anyone that enters the western cave. The greater beetle initiates the attack while the lesser beetles climb along the ceiling to block the exit back into the rest of the mine. They take up position at the top of the slope to use their cold spray against anything that comes within range. Unfortunately, the cold spray makes the cavern's sloping floor extremely slippery, so that anyone standing on it must make a saving throw or slip and fall. Anyone falling slides down into the southwestern corner of the room (no damage). Moving at half speed over the slick slope still requires a save, but with a +5 bonus. On a failure, the individual is unable to move, however. A failure by 5 or more means a fall and slide as indicated above. The beetles are immune to the effects of this slickness. They pursue anyone who flees and fight to the death.

Beetle, Greater Gelid: **HD** 12; **HP** 82; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: cold cloud (1/day, 20ft radius, 2d6/round, save half, lasts 1d4+3 rounds), immune to cold. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 265)

Beetles, Lesser Gelid (5): **HD** 4; **HP** 28, 25x2, 22, 20; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d4 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 15; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: cold spray (1/day, 10ft radius, 2d4, save half), immune to cold. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 265)

H13. North Drift

The side drift of the mine opens into a wider gallery that curves to the west. It is dark and cold, with a slight breeze blowing from the east. Wooden struts are spaced evenly along the walls.

A faint metal tinkling sound comes from somewhere in the cavern. The ogres in **Area H19** have strung a pair of nets across this chamber between two of the wooden supports. The purpose of these is to entangle any of the dimwitted wyverns that happen to wander this way and keep them from entering the ogres' lair. The ogres have strung bits of scrap metal at the top of the nets that clatter together. A bright light source allows the nets to be spotted automatically. If the nets are spotted, they can easily be avoided at the center where a gap allows passage between them.

Anyone unaware of the nets that walks into them must make a saving throw to avoid becoming entangled for 2d4 rounds. If someone helps an entangled individual, he can be freed as in a round. If a character becomes entangled, the pieces of metal rattle together and attract the attention of the ogres in **H19**, 1d3 of whom come to investigate in 1d4 rounds. They assume that it is a wyvern and can be surprised by characters who are ready for them. Sounds of battle draw the rest of the ogres in **H19** here in 3 rounds.

H14. West Drift

The tunnel widens into a large gallery with exits to the north, south, and east.

Like in **H13**, the ogres have strung a pair of nets across this chamber. These are strung tighter so that the metal fragments in them don't rattle and give away their position. They function just like the nets in **H13** with the same result.

H15. Collapsed Crossover

This crossover tunnel once connected the drifts at that led to **H12**. It collapsed at some point in the past, creating an impenetrable wall of rubble.

H16. Ambush

This chamber where three tunnels meet is cold but relatively free from drafts. The dust of the floor is thick, and several old burlap sacks stand against the west wall.

The occupants of **H19 trapped** this chamber. The ogre sisters ordered their ogre lackeys to dig a 50ft-deep pit in the rock in the center of the room. They then covered it with a thin wooden cover. The entire floor is routinely covered in a layer of dust (stored in the burlap sacks) to obscure any footprints and conceal the pit. The ogres simply walk around the edges of the room to avoid the pit, but unless players specifically say they are avoiding the center of the room, the first character to step on the pit causes its cover to collapse and drops him onto poisoned spikes far below. The underside of the pit's cover is strung with a number of strips of mail torn from suits of armor. When the pit is triggered, these rattle loudly to draw the occupants of **H19** in 3 rounds ready for battle. Anyone falling into the pit takes 5d6 points of damage from the fall, and lands on 1d4 spikes (1d6 points of damage each plus poison, save or –2 to attacks and saves until healed).

H17. Abandoned Workface

This tunnel shows the marks of digging along its length where many work faces were abandoned even though veins of ore can still be seen within them. The reason for the abandonment is evident, however, as the ceiling of the tunnel sags downward alarmingly ever lower as the tunnel proceeds east. Near the far end of the tunnel, the ceiling is no more than a foot high.

Though the ceiling is stable now, during the days when the mine was active it began to subside and risked collapsing the mine. The mine was ultimately abandoned, even with these promising veins of tin untapped. It is possible that the mine could be reopened, but successfully doing so would require 400 man-hours of labor to dig out and shore up the collapsing ceiling to allow further digging. If a dwarf assists with the work, the tunnel can be made safe again and won't collapse. Otherwise, there is a 20% chance the tunnel begins to collapse again in 1d4 days. At that point, there is a 5% chance that entire shaft collapses, potentially trapping or killing anyone caught within the the length of this tunnel.

Treasure: If the trouble and expense is taken to reopen the mine, it can produce 1d6hs/per man-hour (50 man-hour maximum on the current vein) worth of tin each day. Of course, means will have to be provided to move the hundreds of pounds of ore to a suitable market, the nearest of which is Trotheim, which would present a considerable expense itself.

H18. Tight Squeeze

The tunnel here leads to the back door of the ogre sisters' lair. The corridor narrows considerably where only a single creature can squeeze through at a time. The ogre sisters are too large to fit through the gap easily, so they have strung a string of bells across it at ankle level. The bells are painted a flat black so that they are difficult to see (1-in-6 chance without a light source or darkvision; automatic detection if searching with a light source or darkvision). If the string of bells is not found, then they ring loudly when someone catches them. The sisters will hear the bells and respond to them in 3 rounds.

H19. Ogres' Lair

The wooden supports in this large chamber are festooned with dozens of shields and mail hauberks hanging as if on display, many showing signs of damage or bloodstains. A curtain made of crudely stitched hides closes off one exit. The room itself is occupied by a dozen crude bunks, piles of bedding, benches, and rough supplies. A fire pit in the room's center gives off smoke that fills the room with an eye-watering haze.

This chamber is the lair of a band of ogres that serve the ogre sisters in **H20**. At any given time, **1d4+4 ogres** are in here tending to the fire, butchering an elk, or napping. The remainder of the 8 ogres (if any) who live here are out hunting and will return in 1d4 hours. These ogres are awake and alert if the characgters activated any of the alarms or traps in **H13**, **H14**, or **H16**, or fought the sisters in **H20**. They are fearless as long as the sisters live and fight to the death. If they see the sisters fall, they attempt to flee at the earliest opportunity. If fighting occurs here, the sisters do not come to reinforce but rather prepare for battle in **H20** as described in that area.

Ogres (1d4+4): **HD** 4+1; **AC** 6[14]; **Atk** huge club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.

Treasure: In a hole near the corner of the lair lies the ogres' treasure. It is covered by a bundle of uncured and stinking deer hides. It contains 6500hs, 28 arm-rings (worth 100hs each), a suit of *+1 platemail* (sized for a dwarf), and a *bronze horn of Valhalla*.

H20. Sisters' Parlor

Approaching this chamber, the odor of livestock and the sound of swine can be detected coming from within.

This chamber reeks with the smell of swine, and a large alcove to one side is fenced off as a pigsty with more than a foot of manure and foul muck covering its puddled floor. The rest of the chamber is decorated with an assortment of animal and humanoid skulls suspended from the roof supports by thick rope threaded through eye sockets. In the center of the room is a large mound of filthy bedding next to a stack of ale barrels. A shallow fire pit gives off a charred stench from the multitude of bones that lie among its glowing coals.

This chamber is occupied by the **3 ogre sisters** Ræk, Stræk and Irontæt and their herd of **4 dire boars**. Five years these monstrous brutes led their tribe of ogres onto Donar's Peak and began to lay waste to anything living there. They soon encountered the wyverns inhabiting these mines and started a war for control of the mountain. Months later with several wyverns and a dozen ogres dead, they were able to reach an agreement. The wyverns would allow the ogres to dwell in the deeper mines and provide poison to them for their hunts. In exchange, the ogres would contribute to the defense of the lair and share the game from their hunts with the wyverns. Since the ogre sisters are excellent huntresses and brought down several wyverns with their deadly bows during the mountain war, this peace agreement has been mutually beneficial to all. When they encountered Jarl Cnut, they launched several devastating attacks before he was able to make peace with a combination of threats from his hill giant allies and gifts of a large portion of the treasures he had carried with him from Østfold.

The sisters see themselves as three parts of a greater whole and seek to be as identical as possible. They each wear a *ring of regeneration* they found in a frost giant king's burial cairn and each of them wears a decapitated head around their neck, the sad remains of three of Jarl Cnut's men from their initial encounters with the Northlanders.

Ogre Sisters (3): **HD** 9+1; **HP** 70x3; **AC** 6[14]; **Atk** spear (1d6+4 plus lethal poison) or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: none.
Equipment: leather armor, spear, longbow, 12 *arrows +1/+4 vs. humans*, 8 poisoned arrows (save or die), 22 arrows, *ring of regeneration*, 12 doses of wyvern poison.

Boars, Wild (4): **HD** 3+3; **HP** 25, 23, 22, 20; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** gore (3d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: continue to attack for 2 rounds after reaching 0hp. (***Monstrosities*** 48)

Tactics: The sisters captured the wild boars over a month ago and have been fattening them up to eat, but in the meantime, they have incorporated them into the defense of their lair. If they detect intruders in the mines, they open the boar pen and herd them toward the interlopers. The boars are very aggressive and attack any creature they see other than the ogre sisters. The sisters always keep their spears, the first 8 normal arrows they fire, and all their *arrows +1/+4 vs. humans* poisoned. They keep additional poison in small flasks on bandoliers that they wear. They prefer to target human spellcasters first while their boars and ogre underlings soften up other characters. Any combat in here attracts the attention of the ogres in **H19**, and brings them to reinforce the sisters.

Development: If the characters leave the mines but leave one or more of the sisters alive, they rally any surviving ogres and begin to hunt the party. They always attack at night, taking full advantage of their superior darkvision. They never engage in melee unless forced to, preferring guerilla-style hit-and-run ranged attacks, fleeing if in danger, but returning for more mayhem later the same night. They try to prevent spellcasters from getting sufficient rest to recover their spells — especially clerics.

Treasure: One of the ale barrels is untapped and the other is half-full with a foul swill with a distinctly metallic taste. The taste is a clue to anyone who drinks it. The top of the barrel has been removed and wedged back into place. Anyone breaking open the barrel finds that the sisters have deposited their treasure in the foul-tasting ale within. The treasure consists of 6300hs and a stinking leather bag containing a small diamond (1100hs), 3 black pearls (250hs each), 7 tourmalines (130hs, 115hs, 110hs [x3], and 70hs [x2]), and 17 pieces of malachite (8hs each), a *+1 dagger*, and a *luckstone* whose function the sisters never discerned.

H21. Tower Shaft

This chilly chamber lies at the base of a 30-foot shaft in the earth. A crudely made wooden ladder of obviously recent construction from the sap that still beads on its wood is bolted to the north wall and ascends the entire length of the shaft. Rough stairs cut into the native stone descend to the southwest and the dull glow of a brazier comes from an opening to the east. The faint smell of pipe smoke hangs in the air here.

This room is ordinarily empty. If anyone entering here makes a great deal of noise, then the occupants of **H22** come to see who has entered.

H22. Lower Guards

The ceiling of this side chamber rises 20 feet above with two levels of wooden supports providing stability. The lower set of wooden supports holds up a timber landing built into the wall upon which are based wooden supports that extend to the ceiling above. In the southwest corner stands a copper brazier filled with glowing coals and giving the chamber a cozy warmth. Next to it rest a pair of short, split-log benches providing a comfortable seat near the fire. Across the room, old support timbers have been laid under large burlap bags filled with pine needles to make a pair of mattresses complete with blankets to provide bedding for two. A backpack lies open in the center of the room with a wheel of cheese and loaf of hard bread lying next to it. The warm fragrance of pipe smoke fills the chamber.

Cnut Anglison trusts the ogre sisters no farther than he can throw them, and as a result he has stationed two of his most trusted huscarls to maintain friendly relations with them but to keep an eye on them as well. **Skorrbín Dankbeard** is one of Cnut's most-trusted followers and a renowned sailor. He has traveled far in his voyages for Cnut, not only raiding but trading as well, and has picked up the language and some of the customs of the Southlanders. With him is **Starkathr Bloodhair**, as ferocious a barbarian as the North has ever seen. The long-bearded, wild-eyed Starkathr keeps his blond hair and beard painted with blood from hunting game, enemies, or whatever source he can find (he recently traded the ogre sisters for the blood of a boar they slaughtered). The hair is crusty and brown and stinks horribly, but Skorrbín's fragrant pipe smoke keeps it from becoming overpowering in the cavern.

Skorrbín Dankbeard (Thf10): HP 37; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 dancing short sword* (1d6+1), *+2 dagger* (1d4+2), dart x3 (1d3) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4 (cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** backstab (x4), +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 94%, Tasks/Traps 70%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 75%, Silent 80%, Locks 75%.

Equipment: *cloak of protection +2*, *+3 leather armor*, *+1 dancing short sword*, *+2 dagger*, 6 darts, shortbow, quiver of 22 arrows, 6 *+1 arrows*, *potion of fire resistance*, *potion of treasure finding*, clay pipe, pouch of Horum's Greenleaf tobacco (50hs), backpack with thieves' tools, a pouch with 25hs and a small lead chest holding 5 sapphires (1000hs each).

Starkathr Bloodhair (Ftr11): HP 71; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** *+1/+4 vs. giants battleaxe* (1d8+4 [1d8+7 vs. giants]); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** multiple attacks (11) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and +3 damage strength bonus, rage (22 rounds/day, +1 to hit and damage).

Equipment: *+2 ring mail*, *+2 wooden shield*, *+1/+4 vs. giants battleaxe*, *potion of growth*, *potion of invulnerability*, *ring of protection +1*, pouch with 6 broken ivory boar tusks (60hs each) and 75hs.

Tactics: If the men in this chamber become aware of the characters, they prepare for battle as follows: Starkathr drinks his *potion of growth* before raging and his *potion of invulnerability* as well, if he has time. He charges past the front rank of warriors to try to reach spellcasters or archers in the back if he can. Skorrbín climbs to reach the wooden ledge 10ft above. From there, he uses his shortbow against the intruders. After Starkathr engages the characters, Skorrbín runs around the edge of the room along the ledge and tries to leap down behind the characters. He then unleashes his *+1 dancing short sword* and backstabs with his dagger to whittle down the rear ranks of the party.

Treasure: The backpack in the center of the room holds foodstuffs to last the pair 3 days along with a pair of full waterskins. Beneath these items is a pouch holding 130hs.

Disposing of Cnut

After the characters have cleared the tower and captured or killed Cnut (the conclusion of the adventure assumes that he is captured), they must make preparations to return him (or his head) to Trotheim to receive their reward. This portion of the adventure is covered in its concluding section, **Chapter 3**.

Chapter Three: The Return to Trotheim

The Road Home

When the party finally leaves the tower and mines, presumably with Cnut Anglison as their prisoner, they must still make the long journey back across Storstrøm Vale to bring the hall burner to justice and collect their rightful reward. However, before they leave the mountaintop, they have an unexpected encounter as the first of a series of events that lead to the conclusion of the adventure.

Event 1: The Deception

This encounter occurs in a clearing either at the ruined tower (if the characters have successfully cleared it) or not far away as they pick their way down the mountainside. The description assumes that the characters have not killed the Ravensons. If they have, then adjust the text and challenge rating accordingly to account for which ones might not be present.

A jingle of harness and clopping of horses' hooves on the stony ground alerts you to the fact that you are not alone. Soon the source becomes evident as out of the tree line ahead emerges a small column of mounted warriors riding sturdy Trondheim ponies. There are a dozen at least, and if they seem a bit surprised by your appearance here they are not overly so. Their leader wears several gold arm rings showing him to be a man of some substance and likely importance in the Vale. They do not have the look of brigands. With this troop are a few familiar faces. Near the rear of their column, holding the reins of a string of remounts, rides the honorless curs that you know as the Ravensons. The beautiful Vigdís Snowfox, the hulking Silent Tor, and the Seagestrelander Grondi ride with these warriors, though they seem subdued — almost sheepish — as if they are not in charge and have been made well aware of it much to their chagrin.

Heinnrig Erikson has dispatched his own men along the roads leading back to the Vale on the lookout for the characters' approach. This band ran into the battered remains of the Ravensons (if the characters have allowed them to live) after the storm over the Vale broke and have been following the characters' trail ever since. In addition to the **Ravensons** (if they are present and probably somewhat battered if they had a run-in with the Mongat raiders), the group consists of their leader **Harald Haraldson** and **12 warriors**. The men are warriors from Roskilde — Jarl Heinnrig's men, and Harald is one of Jarl Heinnrig's chief huscarls.

Harald Haraldson, Huscarl (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 spear*, gold arm-ring (250hs), pouch containing 140hs and 4 carved ivory tusks (75hs each).

Roskilde Warriors (Ftr5) (12): HP 38, 37, 35x2, 33, 30x3, 29, 27, 25, 23; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** spear (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, spear, dagger, shortbow, 12 arrows, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 3d20hs.

Grondi, Seagestrelander Warrior (Ftr8): HP 58; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** *+1 hand axe* (1d6+6) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: *+1 ring mail*, *+1 hand axe*, shortbow, quiver with 15 arrows, *gauntlets of ogre power*, thrall collar, pouch with a gold-coated boar tusk (175hs) and 112hs.

Vigdís Snowfox (Drd6): HP 30; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6) or *+1 sling* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** +2 saves vs. fire, immune to fey charms, shape change, spells (3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *faerie fire*, *purify water*; 2nd—*cure light wounds, obscuring mist*; 3rd—*call lightning*, *protection against fire*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *+2 wooden shield*, *cloak of protection +1*, shortspear, *+1 sling*, 30 sling bullets, *potion of animal control*, 50ft hemp rope, pouch with ceremonial obsidian knife (100hs), bloodstained necklace (250hs), and 37hs.

*See Sidebox

Silent Tor (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+2 longsword* (1d8+4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, steel shield, *+2 longsword*, shortbow, quiver of 22 arrows, *potion of gaseous form*, *potion of slipperiness*, pouch with a whetstone, 7 small opals (50hs each), and 72hs.

Development: When the group sees the characters, their leader hails them respectfully, identifying himself. He explains that they come from Runa Gundrikswif. She grew impatient of the wait for the head of Cnut Anglison and had her brother send out his own huscarls to bring it back swiftly so that she might see the coward in Hel before she dies. He assures the characters that he comes in honor and does not wish to take credit for their deeds. In fact, he carries a sack holding 1750hs for each of the seven conspirators' heads, as agreed, plus a writ giving over ownership of the longship *Wave Sword* to the characters for Cnut's head in particular. All of this is on the up-and-up, and the look of sullen anger in the eyes of the Ravensons should further confirm that the characters won the competition and are the true heroes who brought Cnut Anglison and his scum to justice. Runa is just impatient and wishes to return the guilty to Trotheim faster than the tired and footsore heroes are likely to be able to make the trip.

Harald was honestly hoping to find Cnut and his compatriots all dead and just to claim their heads. In this eventuality, he intended to pay the

characters their due, claim the heads, and then, while the characters' guard was down, give his men the prearranged signal to attack with surprise — something that the Ravensons were unaware of but only too happy to join in. The characters are likely battle-worn and depleted in resources after their foray into the tower, so a retreat might be their best bet at this point. Harald orders the Ravensons to hunt and kill the party in exchange for the reward that was just given to them while he and his men hurry back to Trotheim with the hall burners' heads. Harald does not expect the characters to survive, and if they do, he does not expect their appearance in Trotheim later to cause any trouble as they have proof of nothing and likely only expect that Harald was trying to secure the reward and reputation for the hall burners' elimination for himself. He is not aware, however, that Vigdís managed to piece together that Heinnrig was behind the hallburning. If this eventuality occurs, Vigdís surrenders before being slain and offers this information to the characters in exchange for her life. Likewise, if the whole troop is in danger of defeat, Harald himself surrenders and offers up the same information. It should also be noted that if the characters befriended Javik earlier, then he and his wolf companion are likely in the woods nearby watching the goings-on and come to the defense of the characters when the betrayal occurs.

It is more likely, however, that the characters have Cnut and perhaps one or two of his huscarls as captives. Cnut recognizes that Harald is from Heinnrig and assumes that his salvation is at hand, so he makes no trouble during any prisoner exchange. Likewise, Harald does not execute Cnut on the spot (as he would like to do) because he needs to get him alone to question him to make sure he did not reveal any information to the characters when he was captured (he should not have; even if charmed he would not give up his boss, Heinnrig, to his new friends). In this case, he has the prisoners bound and saddled behind his warriors. He does not allow the characters to keep the prisoners as he says they must travel quickly and their mounts are fresh since they brought remounts along on the journey. The prisoners are rotated between the fresh mounts to keep them from being overly tired out by the additional burden. The characters are free to keep all of their equipment and treasures that they have recovered.

The characters' own mounts have undergone their arduous journey without remounts and attempting to keep up with Harald's group causes them to become exhausted and move at only half speed. Likewise, the remounts that the troop is leading are the horses that they rode here on and are likewise fatigued. If forced to carry a burden (like a mounted character) they too become exhausted. As a result, the characters have no means of keeping up with Harald's band and are soon left behind with their reward money to keep them comfort on the long journey home. If the characters have some means to refresh their mounts and wish to do so, then Harald has no ready excuse to take custody of the prisoners and orders his men to attack as described above.

If Harald does manage to take custody of the prisoners, he informs the characters as he rides away with the fallen jarl that Cnut will face justice at the Althing gathering in Trotheim in a week's time. The sneers of derision upon the faces of the departing Ravensons should be sufficient to warn the characters that they will do everything they can to try to take credit for Cnut's capture and will have a considerable head start in the streets and mead halls of making their version of the story known. This should provide the characters with sufficient misgivings to want to hurry their own journey.

Referee Note: At this point, if the characters befriended Javik, he parts ways with them to make his own course back to the valley, his quest for vengeance completed with the death or capture of Cnut Anglison. He does not remain with the characters unless their numbers were so severely depleted that you deem it necessary for him to do so in order for them to complete the adventure.

Event 2: My Jarldom for a Horse

The characters' return journey should bring them back to the Hall of Eiderlec some 15 miles down the mountain. If they managed to save Jarl Luthr, then he and his householders are still here in the process of rebuilding their burned hall. He is happy to see the characters and considers himself deeply indebted to them for their heroics. As the characters make their way off the mountain, no doubt exhausted from their journey, they immediately notice the jarl's full paddock of fresh horses. If the characters ask, the grateful jarl gladly trades them his fresh Trondheim ponies for their own tired mounts. If the characters are particularly attached to their mounts, they can always come back to Eiderlec in the spring and trade them back, not at all an unusual custom in the Northlands.

Making the trade for fresh mounts puts the characters on the trail of Harald's group much sooner than he had anticipated as discussed under the following encounter, **Event 3: Treachery on the Road**. If the characters were not able to save the jarl, then Eiderlec has been abandoned; all of his surviving householders have moved on to seek better prospects in the Vale, and the paddock is empty of mounts. In this case, the characters do not arrive at **Event 3** earlier than expected as discussed in that encounter.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters are able to obtain remounts from Jarl Luthr, award them 1400 XP.

Event 3: Treachery on the Road

The winter storm that shrouded Storstrøm Vale on the characters' initial journey has passed, and the weather is cold but clear. Snow is still on the roads, but travel is much smoother and easier. This event occurs midway between **Areas C** and **D** of the initial journey. This event occurs only if Harald was able to take Cnut prisoner and leave the characters behind on the mountain. How this event plays out depends on whether the characters obtained remounts in Eiderlec.

The Characters Obtained Remounts

With fresh mounts, the characters followed Harald's trail much faster than he anticipated. However, their progress does not entirely surprise



him, so he left an ambush to deal with interlopers just in case.

> The road travels through a copse of snow-laden trees just ahead, their boughs like sparkling crystals beneath the weight of long icicles. The tracks of many horses, no doubt Harald Haraldson's band, enter the copse but you see that in the midst of the trees, they turn aside and leave the road, heading south into the rolling, snow-covered fields beyond.

At this point Harald deviated from the road to find a secluded place where he could interrogate and execute Cnut and any other surviving conspirators. He left the Ravensons, **Vigdís Snowfox**, **Grondi**, and **Silent Tor**, behind here to lay an ambush for anyone who comes along and takes too much interest in the tracks leaving the road. They are under orders to leave no survivors and to hide any evidence of battle. The characters happen to be the first to come along. The Ravensons are hidden among the tree trunks to the north of the road (having brushed away their tracks behind them). They wait until the characters examine the tracks heading south (and thus have their backs turned) before they attack.

Grondi, Seagestrelander Warrior (Ftr8): HP 58; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** *+1 hand axe* (1d6+6) or shortbow x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.

Equipment: *+1 ring mail*, *+1 hand axe*, shortbow, quiver with 15 arrows, *gauntlets of ogre power*, thrall collar, pouch with a gold-coated boar tusk (175hs) and 112hs.

Vigdís Snowfox (Drd6): HP 30; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6) or *+1 sling* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** +2 saves vs. fire, immune to fey charms, shape change, spells (3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *faerie fire*, *purify water*; 2nd—*cure light wounds, obscuring mist*; 3rd—*call lightning*, *protection against fire*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *+2 wooden shield*, *cloak of protection +1*, shortspear, *+1 sling*, 30 sling bullets, *potion of animal control*, 50ft hemp rope, pouch with ceremonial obsidian knife (100hs), bloodstained necklace (250hs), and 37hs.
*See Sidebox

Silent Tor (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+2 longsword* (1d8+4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, steel shield, *+2 longsword*, shortbow, quiver of 22 arrows, *potion of gaseous form*, *potion of slipperiness*, pouch with a whetstone, 7 small opals (50hs each), and 72hs.

Tactics: Vigdís hides among the ice-covered trees (60ft from the road), and the two warriors stand behind trunks at ground level with bows drawn 40ft from the road. Vigdís casts *call lightning* (the wintery weather is sufficient to allow the bolts to deal 3d8 points of damage) as the characters approach the copse. When the characters are examining the tracks heading south, the warriors fire their bows as Vigdís unleashes the first bolt of lightning. The Ravensons planted sharpened spears before them and covered them with snow, so anyone attempting to close for melee with her group must pass through those (attack as a 4HD monster, 1d4 spears, 1d6 points of damage each). Once characters close for melee, the warriors draw their melee weapons. Grondi and Tor concentrate their attacks on a single individual to bring him down before moving on to the next. Tor and Grondi fight to the death, but Vigdís attempts to escape back to Harald if both of the others fall.

Development: If the Ravensons have already been killed, then Harald instead left behind **6 Roskilde warriors** to deal with any travelers. They use essentially the same tactics as above, minus the spellcasting, of course. If Vigdís or one of the Roskilde warriors is captured, they admit that Harald was taking Cnut off road to execute him. They do not know why.

Roskilde Warriors (Ftr5) (6): HP 39, 35, 33x2, 30x2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** spear (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, spear, dagger, shortbow, 12 arrows, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 3d20hs.

The Characters Did Not Obtain Remounts

If the characters were unable to obtain fresh mounts and thus made their way here slowly, it is a different scene altogether.

> The road travels through a copse of snow-laden trees just ahead, their boughs like sparkling crystals beneath the weight of long icicles. The old tracks of many horses, no doubt Harald Haraldson's band, enters the copse, but you see that in the midst of the trees they turn aside and leave the road, heading south into the rolling, snow-covered fields beyond. The ground there is stained with large patches of red, and the bobbing forms of numerous ravens perch upon several dark shapes that lie unmoving in the snow.

The ravens scatter at the approach of the characters. The dark shapes are the bodies of the Ravensons, obviously slain by violence a few days previously. When Harald turned aside from the road to take Cnut for questioning, he had his men surprise attack the Ravensons and left their corpses here to feed their namesakes. The corpses of Grondi and Silent Tor are stiff and covered with a thin patina of ice. **Vigdís Snowfox** still lives, however, though she is at 1 hp and is unconscious (she fell from her mount in battle and was knocked out). Harald thought she was dead and left her behind, but she remained out here slowly succumbing to the cold. If the characters revive her, she whispers, "Cnut is one of them," before lapsing back into unconsciousness. She saw Cnut being unbound and laughing as the group headed south before she passed out. If healed, she attempts to flee at the earliest opportunity.

Vigdís Snowfox (Drd6): HP 30 (currently 1); **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** shortspear (1d6) or *+1 sling* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** +2 saves vs. fire, immune to fey charms, shape change, spells (3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *faerie fire*, *purify water*; 2nd—*cure light wounds, obscuring mist*; 3rd—*call lightning*, *protection against fire*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *+2 wooden shield*, *cloak of protection +1*, shortspear, *+1 sling*, 30 sling bullets, *potion of animal control*, 50ft hemp rope, pouch with ceremonial obsidian knife (100hs), bloodstained necklace (250hs), and 37hs.
*See Sidebox

If the Ravensons were previously slain by the characters, then it is Javik and his animal companion whose bodies lie here. They had been shadowing the group and saw Harald release Cnut, which prompted him to move in to attack the traitors. Fenris is dead, but **Javik** is unconscious at 1 hp as described above. He says the same thing if revived. If healed, he joins the characters in taking his vengeance.

Javik Wolfsblood (Rgr10): HP 74 (currently 1); **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8+6), *+1 silver dagger* (1d4+7) or *+1 longbow* x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 3 (ring); **AL** L; **CL/XP** 10/1400;

Special: +10 damage vs. giants and goblin-types, spells (Clr 2/1; MU 1), tracking.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *light*; 2nd—*find traps*.

Equipment: *polar bear hide armor**, *gauntlets of ogre power*, battleaxe, *+1 silver dagger*, *+1 longbow*, quiver with 20 arrows, *potion of extra healing*, *ring of protection* +2, 2 gold arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 25hs and a dog whistle.

*See Sidebox

Development: Regardless of which version of this encounter is run, if Javik is alive he finds them at this point and joins them in tracking Cnut to bring him to justice.

Event 4: Outlaws' Fate

Like **Event 3** above, the nature of this encounter depends on whether or not the characters obtained remounts at Eiderlec.

The Characters Obtained Remounts

With fresh mounts, the characters were able to catch up in time to see Harald's trail back at the road and fight through the ambush he left behind. This event occurs 6 miles south of the road in a region of rolling hills and fields, all covered in a light layer of snow that does not impede movement but does show tracks well. This encounter occurs as evening is falling.

> The long shadows of a winter evening are setting in across the chill, snow-covered field. The slushy trail of many horses still guides you on through the dwindling light, though now you can see, not far ahead, the glow of a campfire. By its distant light, you can make out the shadowy movements of a number of persons. It looks like your quarry has stopped to camp.

Harald Haraldson and his troop of **12 Roskilde warriors** have stopped to camp here. If he had to leave 6 behind as an ambush on the road, then there were 6 more awaiting him here at a prearranged camp site, so that there are still 12 present. However, there will not be more than 12 even if he did not leave any behind. They have hobbled their horses and set up a camp with a roaring fire. Two of the warriors are on guard duty 50ft south of the camp, but they are absorbed in what is going on within the camp. Since night is falling, the light is already dim, allowing the characters to sneak close to the campsite if they wish.

Kneeling near the fire in the center of camp are the bound forms of Cnut and any of the other prisoners taken by the characters. Each has a Roskilde warrior standing behind him who is firmly holding him by the collar of his shirt. Harald stands before them, arms crossed before his chest. Another warrior stands next to him, a wood axe in hand. As the characters approach, they hear Cnut yelling, "But he promised! I did as he asked and burned them out. He promised me freedom and payment!"

Harald's reply is, "You are a hall burner, cursed by gods and men, and Jarl Heinnrig has no more use for the likes of you. But your head will fetch a pretty penny from the widow." He then signals to the man nearby who steps forward with his axe while the other guards force the prisoners so that their faces are on the ground with their necks exposed. If the characters have approached undetected, then they can be as close as 50ft when this occurs and must act fast to prevent the execution in order to learn more. If the characters were not successful in a stealthy approach, then this is the point when they are discovered and the alarm is raised. Either way, the discovery of the presence of the characters puts a halt to the execution as warriors respond to the intruders.

Harald Haraldson, Huscarl (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 spear*, gold arm-ring (250hs), pouch containing 140hs and 4 carved ivory tusks (75hs each).

Roskilde Warriors (Ftr5) (12): HP 38, 37, 35x2, 33, 30x3, 29, 27, 25, 23; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** spear (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, spear, dagger, shortbow, 12 arrows, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 3d20hs.

Tactics: The warriors use little in the way of tactics, merely charging en masse toward the intruders. Harald hangs back near the prisoner(s) with sword in hand. If the characters are clever, they may think to use the initial assault as a diversion to tie up the charging warriors while one or more sneaks around to get at the prisoners from behind. If so, it may be fun to have them arrive just as Harald is raising his sword to execute Cnut so that the characters can dramatically rescue him at the last minute. Harald fights to the death. Once he falls, the remaining warriors make for their horses and scatter in all directions. Knowing what they know about their jarl's involvement in the hallburning puts them to flight. They will not show themselves in the vicinity of Trotheim again.

Development: Assuming the characters rescue Cnut (which should not be hard since the Roskilders focus more on the characters than finishing the executions), the former jarl now realizes that his wyrd has caught up to him. His last chance at freedom involved the patronage of Jarl Heinnrig, and that is obviously gone now. He realizes he is a patsy for the ambitions of Heinnrig Erikson. He is willing to cooperate fully with the characters and to testify before the Althing of Jarl Heinnrig's culpability. All he asks in return is that when the time comes for his sentence to be fulfilled, that the characters let him die with a sword in his hand. The characters may balk at this kindness due to Cnut's prior cowardly acts, but the realization that he is now willing to show his mind's-worth and accept his wyrd as a true Northlander should appeal to their honor. It is an unusual request, but if the characters vouchsafe their oath to Cnut, the Althing allows a sword to be placed in Cnut's bound hands before he is executed.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters rescue Cnut and any of his huscarls, they receive XP as if they had defeated them in battle again. If they also agree to the honorable terms of his execution described above, their own mind's-worth shows like a golden thread in the hands of wyrd and they get XP as if they had defeated them in battle yet again.

The Characters Did Not Obtain Remounts

If the characters were unable to obtain fresh mounts and thus made their way here slowly, then they have arrived after the executions. As before, evening is falling when they arrive.

> The long shadows of a winter evening are setting in across the chill, snow-covered field. The old trail of many horses in the crusty snow still guides you on through the dwindling light, though now you can see, not far ahead, the glow of a campfire. By its distant light you can make out the shadowy movements of a number of persons. It looks like your quarry has made a camp.

In this instance, **Harald** and the **12 Roskilde warriors** have been camped here for a day or two, depending on what kind of speed the characters were able to make. Cnut and any other prisoners have been executed, and their headless bodies feed the crows at the edge of camp. Harald has their heads in a bag tied to the saddle of his horse. Now he and his crew are taking time for a short celebration with a load of mead that they stole from a farmstead not far away. They are not drunk, but

they are unwary. Only the 2 warriors on guard duty are alert. The rest are armored but do not have weapons out and are unprepared for battle. When the characters attack or an alarm is raised, Harald and the remaining warriors spend 2 rounds scrambling for weapons before they can launch an effective defense. Their tactics are the same as above except Harald joins them in their charge.

Harald Haraldson, Huscarl (Ftr9): HP 64; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 spear* (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, wooden shield, *+1 spear*, gold arm-ring (250hs), pouch containing 140hs and 4 carved ivory tusks (75hs each).

Roskilde Warriors (Ftr5) (12): HP 38, 37, 35x2, 33, 30x3, 29, 27, 25, 23; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** spear (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, spear, dagger, shortbow, 12 arrows, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each), pouch with 3d20hs.

Development: Whoever is last standing among the groups immediately drops his weapons and surrenders when the last of his comrades fall. Their awareness of the dishonorable acts of their jarl has put them on edge, causing them to see a defeat here as a sign of their wyrd. The characters must take at least one alive who will gladly confess everything about Jarl Heinnrig's plot as described under the fourth paragraph of the **Adventure Background**. If necessary, have a warrior that the characters dropped in battle make a final confession with his last breath to go to his fate unburdened by his guilt. However, taking one alive allows for someone to testify before the Althing and bring Jarl Heinnrig to justice.

Ad Hoc XP Award: For every prisoner that the characters take alive, award double the normal XP (once for beating them in battle and once for taking them alive to testify as a witness before the Althing).

Between the Hazel Rods

The characters should now have plenty of remounts in order to make their journey back to Trotheim relatively swiftly. Harald and his warriors each had two mounts, so the characters can switch frequently to keep their mounts fresh. In addition, the fair weather over the Vale holds, allowing the party to make it to the Saudb Ferry crossing in record time and then the short jaunt to Trotheim itself.

Event 5: The Triumphant Return

As the characters reach Trotheim with Cnut as prisoner or his head in tow, they cause quite a stir. As soon as the people identify them, a crowd begins to form, calling for Cnut's head to be struck from his body (if it has not already been done so). The fallen jarl has committed one of the most heinous crimes a Northlander can imagine, and the people want justice to be done. The farther the characters go, the more agitated the crowd becomes. Any significant show of force by the characters disperses the crowd, but it damages their cause if they call for the Althing (see below).

Before long, Jarl Heinnrig and a dozen of his retainers come pushing through the crowd. Two of them bear a litter, upon which sits the blanket-shrouded form of Runa Gundrikswif. Jarl Heinnrig looks overjoyed to see that the characters were successful in bringing in their quarry, but he appears nervous at their presence; Harald was supposed to bring the outlaws' heads in, not the characters. If the characters have a live Cnut, Harald, or other prisoner that can reveal Jarl Heinnrig's treachery, then his unease is written across his face.

If Cnut still lives, Runa pushes back the hood of her cloak, her face pale with rage. She demands to know why the coward's head still stands atop his body. At this outburst, Heinnrig himself looks outraged, though this is due more to fear of discovery than true anger as mentioned above. As much as they might like to, the characters cannot just ride into town, accuse Heinnrig Erikson of treachery and simply lop off his head. The entire Vale (Runa included) would rise against them for this perceived crime and kill them. For the true villain to be discovered, the characters must have the Althing called together and present their evidence. Since the Althing already passed judgment on Cnut and any of his surviving huscarls, Heinnrig demands that they be brought forward for immediate execution.

While the characters have custody of any prisoners, they can demand an Althing be called before sentence is passed. Likewise, if they have no prisoners but still want the Althing called (the only way to implicate Heinnrig's treachery), then they can demand it before they will turn over the heads of the hall burners. To call for the Althing, they need simply announce their demand publicly. The publicity over the hallburning and word of the characters' success is sufficient to insure that all of the necessary parties are present for it to be convened. However, there are those present who fight against it being called.

Jarl Heinnrig, for one, states that there is no need for the Althing. Judgment has been passed, and the sentence must be carried out (either execution or mounting of a previously executed Cnut's head on a pike). His retainers immediately take up his cry and try to shout down the characters. Worse, the hoarse croaking of Runa Gundrikswif joins their voices, calling the characters cowards and gut worms for trying to stand in the way of her justice and the vengeance of the shades of her family.

The arguments of Heinnrig and Runa, backed by the shouts of Heinnrig's retainers, will be very convincing, and the leading jarls of the Vale will be very reluctant to convene the assembly. To overcome this reluctance, the characters must make an impassioned plea calling upon the mind's-worth of the Northmen to bring true justice this day. Remind the player making this speech to remain in character and to mention the things that speak to the minds and honor of Northlanders, which will likely assist their attempt. After the plea, the character should roll d% to determine the result (unless as the Referee, you thought their plea was worth an automatic success). The following modifiers apply to the roll.

Modifier	Result
–10%	If the characters have one or more of Jarl Heinnrig's men captive, or display one of their heads.
–2%	For each member of Cnut's band (including Cnut) that the characters brought back alive.
+5%	For proof of each giant defeated during their quest. This proof can be a severed head, a weapon taken from it, or some other clearly identifying proof. Only if the characters kept something from each giant can they gain credit for each giant.
+5%	For each wyvern head or the dragon head of Kiferex defeated during the quest.
+20%	If the characters recount the tale of saving Jarl Luthr from a hallburning (only if they actually did). Survivors from that raid have already spread the tale in Trotheim, but the characters mentioning it brings it fresh to the crowd's minds.
+15%	If the characters display the *Regalia of Gunnlaugr* (this can also be used as proof of the slaying of the crag giant Norgrun).
+0–+20%	Based on the Referee's judgment of the player roleplaying this plea. The more kennings included, the better.
10%	If the characters befriended Javik, and he lives to assist them, adding his voice to the plea causes Runa to pause and ultimately change her mind and add her voice to the call for the Althing.

d%	Result
01–10%	The crowd rushes the characters, grabbing any prisoners (or their heads) and rushing away through the streets. The characters are run out of the city at the front of a screaming crowd of angry residents. They won't be welcome back for a long while.
11%–45%	The crowd taunts and belittles the characters, likening them to the murderers they are protecting. But the impassioned plea has moved a few hearts and minds, and the characters are welcome to call for another Althing on the morrow when representatives of the town arrive at dawn to take the outlaws or their heads into custody. This new check in the morning receives an automatic –10% penalty because of the lingering anger and doubts the character could not erase.
46–75%	The crowd remains angry, but the characters convince just enough of them of their claims that no angry mob develops. The characters are not wholly believed, but they will at least have another opportunity to raise the issue when the representatives of the town arrive at the head of a crowd at dawn to take the outlaws or their heads into custody.
76–00	The characters convince a majority of the crowd, and an Althing will be called immediately.

If the characters get a second chance to make a plea but still fail, then they must decide if they wish to fight the whole city of Trotheim and become outlaws themselves or turn the current outlaws over for justice. If the latter course is chosen, any prisoners they have taken of Jarl Heinnrig's men must be released, and the characters can raise their accusations against the jarl at the normally scheduled Thing of Trotheim in the spring.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters succeed in having the Althing convened, award them 2000 XP.

Event 6: House Arrest

After the Althing is called, it takes a day for the meeting to be organized. Cnut and any prisoners that the characters have taken (including Jarl Heinnrig's own men) must be turned over into the keeping of the city of Trotheim. Prisoners are stripped to their underclothes and each placed in a separate small, wooden house near the center of town. The 20ft-by-20ft houses are empty of all furniture, and are cold and comfortless. They have one door and a small window at the rear. Both can be secured with a heavy chain. **Three guards** are posted at all times: two at the locked door and one at the back of the house. The guards are replaced after shifts of 6 hours.

Trotheim Guards (3): **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

Development: Of course, this imprisonment gives Jarl Heinnrig many opportunities to have Cnut Anglison and any others assassinated, so the characters may want to take care to keep the criminal(s) safeguarded at all times. They cannot enter the houses, but they can stand post with the guards outside. Likewise, if they think of it, they can search anyone or anything taken inside to the prisoners (a *neutralize poison* could be needed here as explained below).

To prevent any of these prisoners from living to testify, Jarl Heinnrig engages the services of a professional assassin to end the life of his hapless tools. This slayer's name is **Alût**, a Seagestrelander who masterfully poses as an unremarkable thrall. Alût pretends to be a thrall who works in the kitchen preparing the prisoners' meal of gruel. While in the kitchen, the assassin merely slips a generous amount of hemlock in the gruel, trusting that the poison can do its work. He waits until the next day to discover if his plot worked. If he sees that it did not work, then he uses more direct means.

As Cnut is led from the house toward the Althing gathering in the morning, Alût climbs atop a roof 40ft away and attacks with his shortbow. He has 10 arrows coated with wyvern poison that he fires at the prisoners (starting with Cnut). After he sees the prisoners fall or if his position is surrounded, he drinks his *potion of gaseous form* to try to escape through the thatch roof into the building below (the kitchen where the meals were prepared) and blends in with the other Northlanders and thralls within. He does not make another attempt, counting himself lucky to escape with his life at this point.

Alût, Seagetrelander Assassin (Asn8): **HP** 43; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** +2 *short sword* (1d6+2) or shortbow x2 (1d6 plus lethal poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 6 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: backstab (x3), disguise, poison use, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 90%, Tasks/Traps 40%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 35%, Silent 45%, Locks 35%.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, shortbow, *ring of protection +2*, quiver of 22 arrows, 2 vials of wyvern poison, pouch containing 145hs.

Event 7: The Althing of Storstrøm Vale

With the dawning of the morning of the Althing, all of Trotheim turns out for the event. The only order of business for this special session of the Althing is whatever accusations or testimony the characters wish to raise before the Althing, and everyone is waiting to hear what these legendary heroes of the Northlands have to say. The crowd gathers outside the city's Hall of the Køenig while the jarls and prominent merchants and landowners march inside to hear the case that the characters bring before them. Jarl Heinnrig and his retainers attend in numbers with the Widow Gundrikswif on a litter among them. The characters are able to come before the assembled Althing, and Javik joins them if he is able. Any prisoners they returned with, and who still live, are brought forward under guard to give testimony.

The characters may have spent some time considering what evidence to present and what they want their witnesses to confess. However, despite all their preparations, Jarl Heinnrig has no intention of letting any of the witnesses (especially Cnut) testify. If the characters did not bring back any prisoners but just demanded the Althing on the basis of their evidence, he also has no intention of letting them speak their peace. As the assembled group settles down and the Jarl of Trotheim, Gyrthyr the Even-handed (the honorary speaker of the Althing), calls the Althing to order, Jarl Heinnrig makes his move.

The assembly has come to order, and the crowd of more than one hundred jarls, landowners, and leading citizens of the Vale rest their gazes upon you, eager to hear what the heroes who have traveled to the Waldron Mountains and back in search of vile outlaws have to say. You clear your throat to address the assembly when suddenly a voice rings throughout the hall.

"Well, the heroes are here and ready to weave their tale of adventure and bravery for us. No doubt their words will lift our hearts and enspell our minds with their courage and derring-do."

It is Jarl Heinnrig.

"Yes, I'm sure they'll have quite the story to tell, one worthy of the fireside in the dead of winter when the birch logs burn high and the drinking horns run low. The drunken ramblings of boastful braggarts. I'm sure we'll all be highly entertained, and the skalds will sing of it

for years to come.

"Unfortunately, what I see is a group of foreigners who come to us for a very simple task. Capture a band of outlaws and bring them to justice. Do they do it because they love the Vale and its hard-working people? Do they do it for love of the aggrieved widow who is my sister? No, they do it for silver and a fighting ship in its prime, the last vestiges of wealth from an old woman who has lost everything else.

"Ask them. See if they did not already collect the hacksilver promised for the heads of the outlaws. See if they did not already claim the writ of my sister's hand for title to the longship *Wave Sword*. The truth of it is in their eyes even now. No, I know what this is about. They seek to get at the golden goose. Where the wealth of one jarl has been tapped, the wealth of another can be claimed. I've had my own men looking into this crew of so-called heroes; I've had young lads listening at their doors at night as they went about their chores.

"These cowards wish to finish the ruin of my beloved sister, from whom they have already taken the last of her worldly wealth, and they wish to implicate me in order to get at mine. It is not enough that Runa Eriksdottir must forfeit the work of our father's hands, no, in their eyes Heinnrig Erikson must as well. And will their bellies for gold be full then? I think not. Then which of you will they lay their greed-filled eyes upon? Nay, these are not heroes of the Vale, they are leeches of the swamp, come to the Vale to bleed us dry in our hour of need.

"You there, heroes! You would name me false before the assembly of my own people. I say to you that this will not stand before gods or men. I challenge your champion to the holmgang where the All-Father and his brood can declare the truth of our grievances."

The assembled Althing is stunned to silence by Jarl Heinnrig's bold — even brash — words. The silence stretches as low murmurs begin to grow and all eyes turn toward you.

Jarl Heinnrig has neatly trapped the characters. Now, no matter what they or any witnesses that they have brought say, it only seems to fulfill the truth of Heinnrig's accusation against them. Further, he has already invoked the judgment of the gods, so any opinion or ruling of the Althing is nullified. The holmgang determines the guilt or innocence of the characters and Jarl Heinnrig. The characters can choose to refuse Heinnrig's challenge to duel, but they lose all honor in the face of the entire Althing and stand no chance in pursuing their case against the jarl before this assembly.

Event 8: The Holmgang

Assuming the characters accept Heinnrig's challenge, the details of the holmgang can be found in **Chapter 4** of the ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. When one of the characters accepts the challenge, the duel between the hazel posts will be between **Heinnrig Erikson** and that character at sunset of this very day. The chosen character can use any weapon he has access to (magical or not). He must have three shields. If he cannot provide his own, the city provides him with up to three wooden shields. No other characters may provide assistance or cast spells for the character during the duel (though if some are cast in private before the fight, no one is likely to be the wiser). The two combatants must remain within the 15ft-square ring marked off by the hazel rods, and anyone who steps out is deemed to have forfeited the duel. Otherwise, the duel continues until one of the opponents is dead or all three of his shields have been broken (cumulative 5% chance per successful attack). When a shield is broken, the battle pauses while the opponent is handed another shield by his second. No healing or other aid can be given during this pause. As soon as he has his shield, initiative is rolled, and the duel begins anew. Both duelists must fight with weapon and shield at all times and cannot choose to drop a shield in order to fight with two hands. Doing so is considered a disqualification, and the duel is forfeit. Forfeiture is considered the same as a victory for the other duelist, and the case before the Althing will be considered won by him before gods and men. If the characters lose or forfeit to Jarl Heinnrig, they never have another opportunity to present their case against him and are considered honorless curs and scalawags in the Vale. Their stay after that is short and unfriendly until they are finally run out of the Vale altogether and told never to return.

Heinnrig Erikson, Jarl (Ftr7/Thf6): HP 73; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** +2 *longsword* (1d8+3, 1d8+5 with *strength* spell); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** N (evil tendencies); **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** backstab (x3), multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, read languages, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 90%, Tasks/Traps 40%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 40%, Silent 50%, Locks 40%.

Equipment: *+2 chainmail*, steel shield, *+2 longsword*, *ring of protection +2*, fox-lined cloak (100hs), silver-adorned boots (75hs), gold Donar's hammer amulet (150hs).

Tactics: Jarl Heinnrig receives a *strength* spell from an allied magic-user before presenting himself for the duel. He doesn't seek to kill the character, preferring instead to try to sunder his shields with his longsword. If he appears to be in danger of losing the match, on a subtle prearranged signal to an ally outside the ring, a druid ally quietly casts *warp wood* on the character's shield, giving it a 50% chance to spring apart and be destroyed instantly, or automatically with Heinnrig's next successful strike. Before anyone can cry foul at the strange occurrence, Jarl Heinnrig loudly declares it the will of the gods, causing a great deal of murmuring and nodding heads among the assembled witnesses. A non-thief character has a 15% chance of hearing the whispered spell from among the ranks of Heinnrig's followers and continued scrutiny prevents any further interference from the spellcaster for fear of being caught. However, the characters will not be able to prove the initial spellcasting sufficiently to the judges of the duel for them to declare a forfeiture. If the character is fighting with a steel shield, the druid casts *heat metal* instead, with the same declaration by Heinnrig.

Development: It is possible that righteousness prevails and that the chosen character defeats Jarl Heinnrig in honorable combat, proving his guilt to all present. However, Heinnrig is a formidable opponent with many resources at his behest that work against the character, so if the dice fall the wrong way it is very possible that the character comes out on the wrong end of the duel. As mentioned, Heinnrig's strategy is to sunder his opponent's shields, so it is unlikely that the character loses his life to such circumstances. However, if Heinnrig's attacks prove unable to sunder his opponent's shields he switches to lethal attacks if necessary to stay in the fight. Regardless, if Heinnrig manages to sunder all three of the characters' shields or is about to land a killing blow, wyrd does indeed step in.



The gods hate a hall burner, and Dorna was correct when she said that the outlaws lay within the domain of Hel. The Goddess of Death and Pestilence demands her due, and since the matter has been brought before the judgment of the gods, it is within her purview to act. Read the following only if Heinnrig has broken all three of the character's shields or is about to land a killing blow. Likewise, if the character was victorious and broke three of Heinnrig's shield or has rolled the killing blow himself, read the following, but in this case leave out the italicized portion of the text.

A chill wind blows across the field of honor, and a dark cloud rolls across the setting sun, turning its slanted red rays to shadow and causing the temperature to drop dramatically. *Jarl Heinnrig stands with his sword raised, the flush of victory on his face. It is all over, all for naught. Wyrd has chosen that a hall burner and kinslayer should know glory and honor and the heads of those who fight for their mind's-*

worth should know shame and defeat.

The final blow never falls, though. A cry rises up above the crowd of onlookers, like the call of some lone seabird. It starts hoarse and low but rises to a shrill scream that causes many to clutch amulets of Donar or Wotan in fear and superstition. The crooked form of Widow Gundrikswif rises slowly from her litter, the inhuman shriek sounding from her own smoke-ravaged throat.

The scream slowly dies and is replaced by her voice, strong and loud, like it should never be after the damage it has suffered. The truth of this is seen in the blood that flecks her lips and tongue as she speaks; she is literally tearing her own throat apart with the effort as her eyes take on a faraway cast and she calls forth to the assembly.

"My husband! My husband stands before me!" She looks toward Heinnrig ... through Heinnrig toward something her eyes alone can see. "It is he! His flesh is blackened and split, and blood runs from the cracks in the charred skin, from his broken hollow of a mouth. Even his teeth are blackened and burst from the heat. He speaks to me! Oh, what sounds of Hel issue from his dead lips! Make it stop! Speak to me no more, husband! I cannot bear the voice of the Crowfeeder!"

Then a new look enters her eyes. Her face pales as some sort of realization dawns on her and she turns her eyes toward Heinnrig, saying in a hoarse-but-clearly audible whisper, "You ..." A shift in the dim evening light from the swiftly flying clouds causes a change in her face. The pale cheeks and jaw of the unscarred side of her face seem to pale even further until it almost glows white in the quickly gathering gloom, while the other side of her face, blackened with burn and scarring seems to sink deeper into shadow until only a vague dark shape remains — her face has become the biform black and white of the goddess herself, the face of Hel.

Grown men curse quietly as they behold her and take a reflexive step back, faces blanched with fear. She looks to Heinnrig, whose own face is pale and slick with sweat, his eyes wide points of white in the gloom. "You did this to me," she whispers. "You did this to them! My husband! My son!" With a shriek of rage, she plucks the spear from the hand of a man standing aghast next to her and hurls it with a strength that her frail body should not possess. The spear sinks to the shaft in her brother's throat, and he falls quietly in a spurt of bright red blood.

The cloud finishes passing before the sun, allowing its last rays to shine upon the field and coat everything in a bloody glow. Heinnrig lies on his back, gurgling his last in a spreading pool of crimson. The Widow Runa lies in a crumpled heap on the ground at the edge of the holmgang, her features back to normal in the failing light, though perhaps they are softer than before, maybe with a trace of a smile on her still, lifeless face. It seems the gods have spoken this day. The last red rays depart, and darkness comes.

Concluding the Adventure

Regardless of whether the character won or lost the holmgang duel, the end result is the same. Jarl Heinnrig was struck down by the judgment of the goddess Hel herself, and there can be no doubt that he was behind the burning of Jarl Gundrik's hall. That his own sister would slay him is proof enough, but as they discuss it further, the members of the Althing recollect, did he not confess to the deed himself before the assembly before ever the heroes even brought it up? It seems clear indeed that justice was done this day, and the honor of the Vale returned.

The characters are hailed as heroes, of course. Any prisoners that they brought back who participated in the hall burning are scheduled for execution the next morning, but such is the reputation of the heroes that if they made an accord with Cnut that he could hold his sword when the axe falls then the Althing is willing to abide by their agreement and allow it. When the last of the pikes outside the Hall of the Køenig are filled and a new one erected for the head of Heinnrig Erikson, the Althing convenes one more time to look into the matter of the estates that have been left behind.

The jarldoms of Østfold, Roskilde, Vestfelmarken, and possibly even Eiderlec have lost their jarls. Normally at the fall of a jarl, his heir steps into his place if he can command the loyalty of the former jarl's men, or perhaps one of his huscarls does so if popular enough and no worthy heir exists. Otherwise, the jarl's householders typically wander away to join a new household, for there is protection and benefit in serving a strong jarl. Those who do not take oath with a new jarl are subject to raids by brigands and at the mercy of anyone who feels that he can take what they have by force, since there is no jarl with a household of warriors to defend them.

In this case, both Jarl Cnut's household and Jarl Heinnrig's household are declared anathema so no heir or huscarl can rise in their place. Likewise, Runa Gundrikswif has no heir and Jarl Luthr, if he was killed, has no suitable heir for Eiderlec. The Althing would normally be inclined to liquidate the properties of the different households and have the assets revert to the Vale, though this would likely lead to endless bickering between the Althing and the various local Things as to who gets what. But in this case, there are worthy heroes on hand who might be able to command the loyalty of the fallen households and maintain the jarldoms as they currently exist, a result that is of benefit not only to the individual households but to peace of the Vale itself.

Rules for becoming a jarl are provided in the **Appendix** of the previous adventure ***NS7: The Return of Hallbjorn***. Because of the situation and the fact that the Althing and much of the population is already gathered in Trotheim, the character needs not wait until summer to attempt the check to attract householders. In addition, the result of the roll brings in double the number of huscarls and householders than usual due to the number of itinerate folk currently without a jarl in Storstrøm Vale.

A character cannot try to become jarl of more than one of the vacant jarldoms, but a character who is a jarl in Nieuland can attempt to be recognized as a jarl here as well. However, the costs of a jarldom must be met in both locations and a longship must be associated with each.

The character that vies to become jarl of Roskilde need not build a hall, but he must still spend 25,000hs in upgrades and refurbishments to the hall to erase the marks and memory of the former jarl. The other three jarldoms in question have suffered hallburnings, so the construction of a new hall will be in order for each.

Only one character can claim ownership of the *Wave Sword*, so other characters who wish to become a jarl and do not already own a longship will have to purchase one. Fortunately, Trotheim in winter is an excellent time to find a longship for sale for the standard price of 10,000hs.

Of final note, if a character tries to become jarl of one of the vacant jarldoms and fails to do so, due to the unusual circumstances surrounding this situation, he can attempt to do so once more in the spring. After that, some other candidate steps in and succeeds where he has failed.

NS9: Daughter of Thunder and Storm

By Greg A. Vaughan and Kevin Wright
Based on Material by Kenneth Spencer



Daughter of Thunder and Storm is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for *The Northlands Saga Complete*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 8–9. If using this adventure as part of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, the events described here take place after the events in *NS8: The Hallburning*. In that adventure, the characters likely became jarls and powerful folk of Storstrøm Vale. If so, allow them time to settle in to their duties and responsibilities as leaders of Northlanders. It is also likely that one or more of them is a jarl in distant Nieuland. This adventure takes place in late summer 3 years after the events of that adventure.

Daughter of Thunder and Storm

This adventure assumes that Hengrid Donarsdottir survived the events of ***NS4: Blood on the Snow***. If she did not, then replace her character in this adventure with Astra Thunderswif, a distant cousin of Hengrid's who also bears the spark of divine from Donar and whose reputation arose in Estenfird as a hero of legend after the untimely death of her cousin. Under those circumstances, it is she who ultimately defeated the thanatotic titan called forth by the blood of Hengrid and the will of Shibauroth at the end of that adventure if the characters failed to save Donarsdottir.

Adventure Background

Hengrid Donarsdottir is a great hero of the North, a legend in her generation. The Protector of the frontier land of Estenfird, Hengrid from her hold in Estenfird has proven time and time again to be a true scion of her father and, other than one incident 8 years back when she fell victim to the Beast Cult of Shibauroth until rescued by another group of heroes (see ***NS4: Blood on the Snow***), she has proven to be more than a match for the forces of evil that have threatened her or those lands under her protection.

Hengrid of Frægr Farm

The daughter of the thunder god Donar and a beautiful-but-simple milkmaid of rugged Estenfird named Adís, Hengrid inherited her mother's beauty and her father's temperament. At the age of 14, she discovered that which her father had always intended for her to know, that her mother was not truly simple but under a powerful curse by a godi dedicated to Loptr when Adís' grandfather (a devout follower of Donar) refused to sell her to the godi for marriage. The godi struck Adís' grandfather down through treachery but found that the girl had already fled before he could return to claim her. Though the now twice-orphaned girl (her parents had died in a fire shortly after her birth) was able to evade the foul clutches of the evil godi, she could not evade the curse that he called down upon her in the name of his wicked patron. Struck simple, the girl could only wander the forest mutely until eventually discovered and taken in by a kindly farmer and his wife. There she remained as a simple milkmaid until her wyrd brought her to the attention of her deceased grandfather's god to whom she had long ago been promised.

When Hengrid learned the truth of her mother's past, she snuck aboard a longship bound for Hrolfland where she hunted down the godi at a godshouse of Loptr. There she struck down not only him but several other godi at the godshouse and a powerful champion of Loptr. With the champion's death, Hengrid claimed his mithral greathammer, forged by mystical Dvergar of the Andøvan Mountains, and started down the path of heroism that would define the rest of her life. By the time she made it back to her home in the far reaches of Estenfird after several heroic adventures, she found her mother alert and cognizant for the first time she had ever seen. Unfortunately, her mother had also fallen ill and was even then on her deathbed. The newly lucid Adís told Hengrid not to mourn, for she was destined to see her lost love in Valhalla where she was promised a new and full life to make up for the one she had lost to the godi's curse. Before dying, she gave Hengrid the iron hammer amulet of Donar that her grandfather had given her, and Hendrid's wyrd was sealed, being no longer known as Hengrid of Frægr Farm but instead as Hengrid Donarsdottir.

However, being the daughter of Donar and holder of his divine spark as well as his unbridled passion and ambition isn't always a boon. These qualities and her own close call with the shadow of evil during her captivity by the Shibauroth cultists has made her uniquely susceptible to certain attacks by the Ginnvaettir, and the demon lord Althunak is willing to make one final, desperate attempt at possessing a mortal host before his divine existence is forever destroyed by his recent defeats (see ***NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains***). The touch of Althunak has fallen heavily upon Hengrid Donarsdottir and has drastically changed her.

The Touch of Darkness

Rumors speak of Hengrid's hall of Eskerelde to the north of Hörby being destroyed in a great conflagration after it was struck by two weeks of heavy, unseasonal snowfall. Those few householders that made it out during that time tell of how a black mood fell over Hengrid as the icy winds whipped outside her hall and brought a distinctive pall over the house. The fire broke out in the night and consumed the hall in minutes — there was no time for anyone to escape. Some witnesses whisper that it was struck by a mighty thunderbolt. When the rubble had cooled, only the bones of the servants and animals were found within. Neither the remains of Hengrid nor any of her huscarls was found.

A week later, Hengrid's longship *Mjolnir* disappeared in the night from where it was moored in Vöss. The night was dark and moonless, and no one saw it go or who took it. A charcoal burner crossing the bridge of Trotheim in the early morning hours three days later reported that the *Mjolnir* sailed under heading up the Storm River, even though it is at least a seven-day voyage to sail the 500 miles from Vöss.

Traveling swiftly and unseen, the *Mjolnir* traveled up the Storm until it reached the Hall of the Hearth Stone in central Storstrøm Vale. There, in a swift night raid, they attacked the hall and slaughtered many godi, setting fire to several portions of the bridging hall. The attack ended as swiftly as it began, and the *Mjolnir* withdrew back down the river under cover of darkness. By this time, though, folk along the river had caught word of the dragonheaded ship so stealthily slipping up the stream and now back down. When the *Mjolnir* arrived at Trotheim two days later, magical communication from clerics of the Hearthsons had alerted the city to the ship's attack and subsequent escape.

Longships were deployed at the river entrance to block access to the sea, and a defensive screen of archers and spearmen was arrayed along the bridge. When the *Mjolnir* sailed into sight of the heavily defended position, the defenders prepared to sink the renegade dragonship, but a sudden winter storm punctuated by terrific strokes of lightning sank the blocking ships and destroyed a large portion of the bridge. The *Mjolnir* quietly slid past the stunned defenders and out to sea, its crewman standing grim and silent at its gunwales as it slipped by. Clearly visible at the steering oar for all to see stood Hengrid Donarsdottir, her greathammer glowing with the power of the storm that raged above and filled the longship's sails. With portions of the bridge ablaze and dozens of defenders frozen beneath solid sheets of ice, the Valers watched helplessly as the *Mjolnir* disappeared into the North Sea. And Hengrid Donarsdottir was seen in the Northlands for the last time.

Adventure Summary

The party is summoned by the godi of the Hall of the Hearth Stone in the wake of Hengrid's destructive raid there. They learn from the godi that Hen-

grid stole the most sacred artifact of the Northlands, the blade *Kroenarck*, fabled Sword of the High Køenig. The chief godi believes that Hengrid has been possessed by the spirit of some foul Ginnvaettir and needs the sword to bring ruin to the Northlands. He beseeches the characters to hunt Hengrid down to kill her and recover the sword. However, while there, an old godi crippled in Hengrid's attack is possessed by a spirit of prophecy. He states that Hengrid still battles the possessing spirit and is exhibiting the Nine Virtues of Donar. He says if she can be recovered and redeemed, she must be, and that the future of all Northlanders hangs in the balance.

Using divination magic to follow Hengrid's trail, the characters trace her ship to the Virlik Cliffs. There they discover that it is the lost Ginnvaettir Althunak who has appeared once again and wishes to bring about the Fimbulwinter to usher in the beginning of Ragnarök, the end of the world. They continue to follow Hengrid's trail, facing the dangers of the tundra and snow-laden forests of Nûkland as well as the surprises and traps left behind by Hengrid. Throughout this time, though, they continue to find evidence of Hengrid displaying the virtues of Donar, true to her lineage.

Finally, the trail leads the characters to legendary Mount Helgastervän and the lava tunnels that run beneath its ever-smoking peak. The trail leads them within, through giant-guarded halls to the very Gates of Hell where Hengrid has used the sword *Kroenarck* to open a portal into the Ginnungagap itself. Pursuing the warrior-maiden into the portal, the characters brave the dangers of the Ginnungagap and finally confront Hengrid as they attempt to thwart Althunak from forever possessing her as a new physical form through which to bring about the Fimbulwinter. Only by convincing Hengrid of her true identity as the daughter of Thunder and Storm and defeating Althunak can the characters stop Althunak and save the Northlands and all of the Nine Worlds from the destruction of Ragnarök.

Adventure Hooks

There are few heroes in the Northlands that command the reputation and respect as much as do the characters. In fact, Hengrid Donarsdottir is one of the few Northlanders that could outshine the characters. By this point in their careers, many of the characters are likely jarls in Storstrøm Vale, Hordaland, Estenfird, Nieuland, or possibly even other places if your campaign has so developed. If they possess halls in the vicinity of Storstrøm Vale, then they are at home when they hear word of the recent deeds of Hengrid Donarsdottir. It is possible that they are even present in Trotheim when the Valers attempt to stop the *Mjolnir* from escaping to sea, though if so, they were not present on the part of the bridge that was destroyed and, though possibly slightly wounded, were neither seriously harmed nor able to harm Hengrid as she made her escape. If the characters reside abroad, then they are visiting Halfstead, Trotheim, or the hall of one of their old friends such as Anud Cursespear or the widow of Olaf Henrikson when they hear word of the dark deeds. With one of the Northlands' greatest heroes apparently running amok, there can be little doubt that the characters, heroes as they are, will respond to help.

Beginning the Adventure

Regardless of where they may be, the characters receive a summons from the godi of the Hall of the Hearth Stone, the most sacred godshouse in all of the North. The summons is accompanied by a plea from the hastily assembled Althing of Storstrøm Vale, who likewise ask the characters to attend to the godi of the Hearth Stone with all possible haste. It seems that when a hero of legend such as Hengrid Donarsdottir goes rogue, it falls on other heroes of legend to put things aright.

If the characters wish, they can travel up the Storm River by ship or afoot, though the journey likely takes many days and gives Hengrid a precious lead over her pursuers. The characters are now of sufficient level where they may have magic to cut the travel time. Feel free to have the summons to the characters include a charm that provides the benefits of a *word of recall* attuned to the fabled Hall of the Hearth Stone, cradle of Northlander culture, to its wearer and anyone who has linked hands in a circle with the wearer. The charm works only once in this fashion, so the characters cannot use it again later to return to the Hearth Stone unless you wish to allow it (at the end of the adventure for instance).

If the characters travel overland to the hall, use the "Storstrøm Vale: Storm River Valley — Summer" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*** to determine encounters. Roll 1d4 each day for encounters; an encounter occurs on a roll of 1. Fully 50% of these encounters are with bands of outraged hirthmenn and huscarls combing the banks of the river looking for stragglers from Hengrid's band. They hail the passing of the characters, but do not hinder their journey. If the encounter is not with one of these groups, roll on the table normally.

To prepare for the summons, characters can gather information from the Adventure Background under the "Touch of Darkness" section. Anyone inquiring further into the history of Hengrid Donarsdottir has a 20% chance to discover the information under the first two paragraphs of "Hengrid of Frægr Farm."

When the characters arrive at the Hearth Stone in Storstrøm Vale, proceed with **Chapter 1**.

Chapter One: Hall of Hearth and Stone

If the characters arrive by land or ship, then they come upon the Hall of the Hearth Stone from Area **1** as described below. If they arrive by means of a magical charm, then they appear in **Area 2**. Regardless, as soon as the characters arrive, give them a moment to get a view of the exterior of the hall before the chief godi meets them as described under **Event 1** below.

Arrival at the Hall of the Hearth Stone

The Hall of the Hearth Stone, the most sacred shrine of the Northlands. If Storstrøm Vale is the heart and guardian of Northlands culture, then the Hall of the Hearth Stone is the heart and guardian of the Vale. It was here that the beginnings of Northlander culture took shelter as it fought off the troll-kin that inhabited the Vale, and from here that the first Køenig of the Vale and eventually the first and only High Køenig of the Northlands was acclaimed. It is said if there is ever to be a High Køenig again, then it will be when a worthy hand wields the sword of Kraki Haraldson, entombed only a few miles upstream from this hall. The wyrd of the Northlands has always centered upon this place.

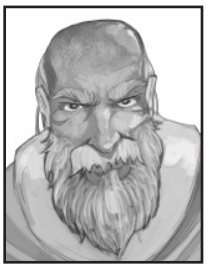
But now, the hall does not seem so sacred and impervious to time and change. Now it seems fragile and in danger of destruction as portions of its bridging length have collapsed into the river below, leaving gaping holes from which jut the charred ends of heavy timbers. The hall still stands as it has over the river below, but it looks now as if it could succumb to a strong wind and be forever lost. Even the great black edifice of the Hearth Stone, bobbing gently in the center of the river beneath the shattered hall, shows the marks of attack. The dock that once extended from its base and provided purchase for a visiting longship has been reduced to so much kindling now covered in a brilliant sheen of ice, making access to its lower gate by river problematic. Smoke still billows from the center of its turret, bathing portions of the ruined hall above in a dark shroud.

Give the characters a moment to look around and take in their surrounding before proceeding with **Event 1** below.

Event 1: The Godi's Plea

A group of white-robed men approaches you along the shore from the direction of the hall's still-standing northern structure. Their robes are stained with soot and blood, and many stagger with the limp of recent injuries. At their head is a formidable-looking, gray-bearded godi, though as he draws near you can see that his eyes are hollow with shock and lack of sleep. Even still, a fierce energy burns within them.

As he approaches, the leader says, "I am Kollsveinn Hearthson, Chief Godi of the Hall and leader of my clan. I thank you for coming so quickly to the Hall of the Hearth Stone. I but wish you could have been here before tragedy befell us. For one of our own has betrayed her people, and in doing so has ripped the very heart from the Northlands. But hurry, there is much to do and little time."



Kollsveinn Hearthson (Neutral male human Clr14 of Wotan, 48hp) is the leader of the Hearthsons clan, the extended family of godi that has tended to the Hall of the Hearth Stone since time immemorial. Not all of the godi are related by blood (they do accept adherents who travel to the hall to join their ranks and take on the clan name Hearthson), but surprisingly, most of them truly are part of the same extended family that goes back countless generations. Kollsveinn and others of the most influential among their ranks claim to trace their ancestry back to at least the legendary Eleven Godi of the Hearth Stone who slew the giant Gunnlaugr and threw the mountain down upon his hall of Deffelskr if not even farther to Swein Sigurdson himself.

He invites the characters into **Area 3** for a quick refreshment of mead and bread while he fills them in on the events of late, as related in the third paragraph of the Adventure Background under "The Touch of Darkness." The characters received their summons on the seventh day after Hengrid's raid plus however long it took them to reach the hall.

Kollsveinn can give the characters a rough idea of the situation. He relates that of the **47 godi** who serve as caretakers of the hall, 12 are confirmed dead and 14 are still missing and presumed dead, their corpses likely fallen into the Storm River and swept downstream. Of the remaining 21, several still bear serious wounds, though their brethren are tending to them and all are expected to recover. The godi themselves are unusual in the Northlands in that they are actually clerics of the various Northlander gods (primarily Æsir, though a few Vanir are worshipped, no Ginnvaettir though) of levels 1–5. A few higher-level clerics are more senior in the clan and include a sprinkling of oracles among their number.

Regarding the hall itself, it remains intact and structurally stable for now, though large portions of the Hall of the Æsir and Hall of War have fallen. Some fires still burn in these sections, but the godi are unable to get to them because foul and sorcerous creatures still roam the chambers, slaying any that they find. The godi describe creatures of frost and shadow and more than one whispers under his breath of sceadugenga, "shadow walkers." Because of these creatures, the godi have been unable to fully search the halls in order to put out fires, recover missing brothers, and begin repairs before the great bridge loses structural stability. Furthermore, Kollsveinn adds that as the characters likely saw, a supernatural iceberg smashed the docks of the Hearth Stone itself, and an unthawing wall of ice still blocks the lower gate of the Stone. Therefore, the only way to enter the Hearth Stone would be through the top. From the smoke billowing out of it, it is apparent that a fire still burns within as well.

Kollsveinn asks the characters to enter the Hall of the Hearth Stone, battle their way through any unnatural monstrosities that they find, and make their way with all haste to the Hearth Stone itself by lowering themselves or flying down from the remains of the Hall of the Æsir above. He is strangely insistent that they get to the Hearth Stone as quickly as possible, though if asked simply states it is because he is concerned about damage caused by the fire burning within it. He is hiding his motivation,

and an astute character would likely conclude that of all the wooden structures of the bridging hall, the stone structure of the Hearth Stone is least likely to be heavily damaged by fire. However, Kollsveinn will not admit to any other motivation, so there is nothing for the characters but to get on with the task at hand.

Hall of the Hearth Stone

The Hall of the Hearth Stone is a magnificent structure and one of the true wonders of the Northlands. It is a massive wooden bridge that rises high above and spans the waters of the Storm River where they split into two runs at the Hearth Stone itself. Other than the bridges at the city of Trotheim, where the river meets the sea, this is the only bridge over the Storm River by decree of the Althing of the Vale. The huge construction allows pilgrims from either side of the river to walk across and stand directly above the sacred Hearth Stone below. Over time, additional spans have been added until the whole actually consists of four bridges that meet over the river: one from the north bank, two from the south bank, and one from the central island. The base of each bridge rises from large halls appropriately named the North Hall, the Central Hall, the South Hall, and the Auxiliary Hall. The bridge climbs steeply from the halls to a peak height of 120ft over the center of the river. In addition to these large structures, the massive frame of the bridge itself supports eight additional halls. These are the central Hall of the Æsir directly above the Hearth Stone, the largest Hall of Memory with its radiating wings, the next-largest Hall of War, and then the smaller Hall of the Vanir, Hall of Tears, Hall of Glory, Hall of Shades, and the largely shunned Hall of the Ginnvaettir.

Traditionally, all of the halls except the Central Hall and Auxiliary Hall are open to visitors, and the characters — like thousands of pilgrims before them — have more than likely made the trip to view the amazing Hall of the Hearth Stone. Those who have made the appropriate donation to enter have been amazed by what they found. Every inch of the wooden halls atop the bridge are covered in carvings of køenigs, gods, monsters, villains, and heroes. The entire history of the Northlands can be seen here, with new wings added every few decades (particularly in the Hall of Memory) to update the deeds and events of that generation. In fact, it is more than likely that depictions of the party's own deeds are found in the Hall of Glory and possibly the Hall of War, and if any characters have fallen over the course of your campaign, their heroic deaths are likely to be depicted in the Hall of Shades.

As mentioned, the Hall of War and Hall of the Æsir have both been substantially damaged and have partially collapsed, though the bridging superstructure remains intact for now. Other halls have sustained damage of a more cosmetic nature. When the *Mjolnir* came, it landed at the Central Hall, and Hengrid and her crew entered and left from there. The godi secured and control the North Hall, South Hall, and Auxiliary Hall, as well as the Hall of Glory, Hall of the Ginnvaettir, and Hall of the Vanir. The creatures that the godi speak of still stalk the Hall of Memory, Hall of the Æsir, Hall of War, and Hall of Tears.

The characters may want to insist on sailing out to the Hearth Stone or flying directly to its top rather than working their way to it through the halls. But even a cursory glance shows that the fires in the Hall of the Æsir and Hall of War threaten the stability of the entire bridge and, despite, Kollsveinn's irrational insistence to the contrary, their primary task should be to secure those areas first before descending into the Hearth Stone to deal with its fires.

1. Beaching Ground

The road runs close to the edge of the Storm River here where a wide gravel beach allows numerous longships to be beached. Currently, only three longships are present, their crews searching the surrounding countryside for traces of Hengrid and her renegades. After a few would-be heroes attempted to enter the Hall of the Hearth Stone and quickly fell to its unnatural occupiers, the rest of the warriors wisely decided to focus their efforts elsewhere while waiting for true Heroes of the Northlands to arrive. If the characters come by foot or by boat, it is here that they get their first glimpse of the hall as described under "Arrival at the Hall of the Hearth Stone" above.

Structure of the Hall

The Hall of the Hearth Stone is a wondrous construction that took the Hearthsons clan more than 40 years to build and countless generations since to render the carvings that record Northlands' history. It is a miracle of engineering with flying spans that cross the river unsupported anywhere except the four foundation halls. Upon these flying spans are constructed additional halls — some of them quite extensive — so that the weight load upon the bridges is astronomical.

The basis of the supports themselves are the trunks of forest giants felled long ago from the depths of the Forest of Woe for their legendary connection to the Landvaettir that inhabit that wood. They were further enspelled by the godi of old to enhance their strength and to resist decay. It is still these massive tree trunks that serve as the primary backbone of the bridge. Upon these great trunks have been attached a chaotic webwork of countless supports and counter-supports to spread and distribute the load to the massive stone foundations that lie hidden beneath the four shore-bound halls. Though this jumble of supports may appear to be a mess, they are in fact architecturally ingenious at a level unrivalled anywhere else in the Northlands and perhaps the entire world. Their genius is further demonstrated by the fact that nowhere are metal nails or bindings used in the construction. The godi of old feared that they would weaken and rust over time and instead trusted in the strength of the ancient forests. Therefore, the entire construction is held together by tongue and groove construction and wooden pegs.

The halls built upon the bridge are solidly constructed with outer walls of stripped logs and floors and interior walls of fine cedar planks. It is these that bear the carved ministrations of hundreds of years of godi craftsmen. The halls are roofed with thick thatch that the godi replace every few years and are anchored to the great central beams of the roof that bear all manner of carved bas-reliefs and wooden idol images. Like the bridges themselves, no nails are used in the construction of the halls.

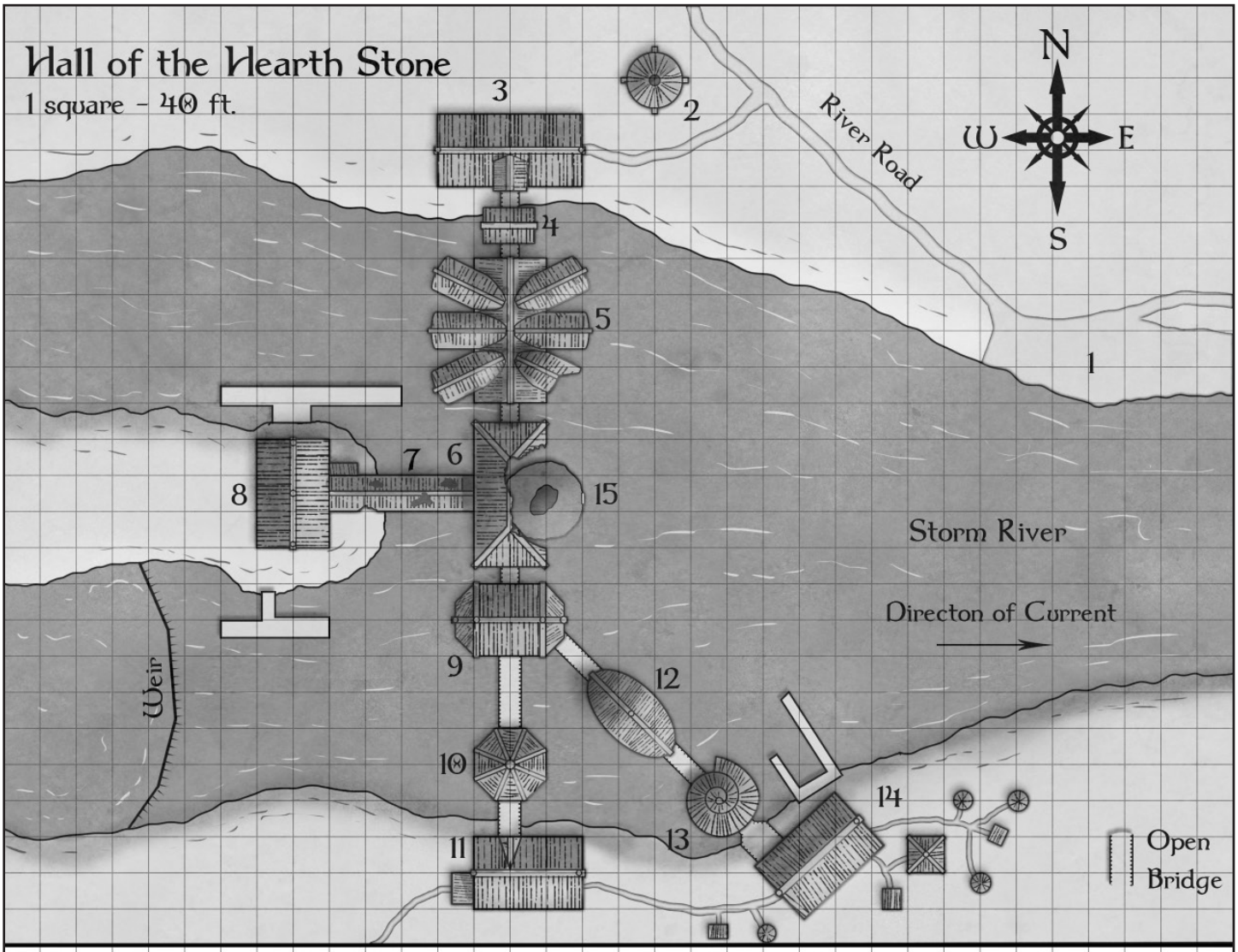
Between the halls are open-air bridges. These are wooden walkways ranging from 20–30ft wide. They have a wooden railing along their edges with the railing posts carved into the images of warriors, heroes, Alfar, Dvergar, Jötnar, and assorted spirits of the land and sea. In many places, these open walkways rise steeply. Here logs have been split in half and secured to the walkways so that their flat surfaces face upward and provide stair steps as necessary. They nevertheless remain very slick and precarious, especially when it is damp or icy, so the godi discourage (but do not totally prohibit) pilgrims from entering the bridge halls during inclement weather.

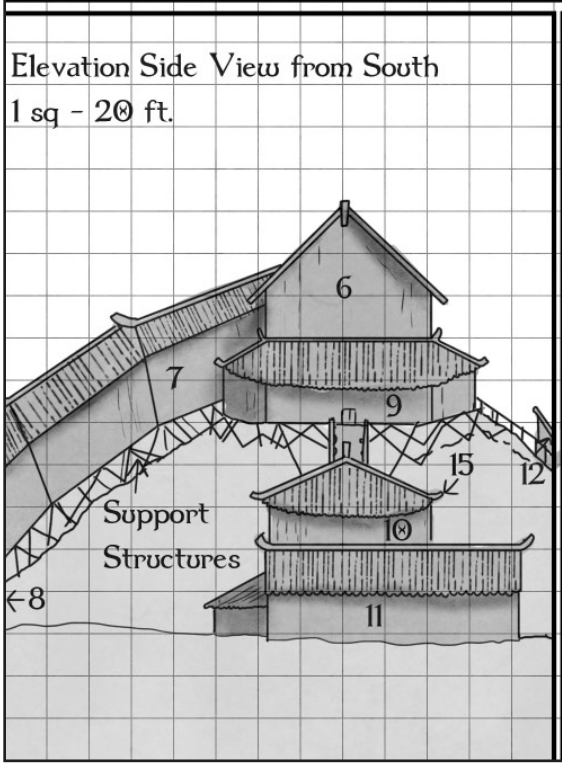
2. Hall of Bragr

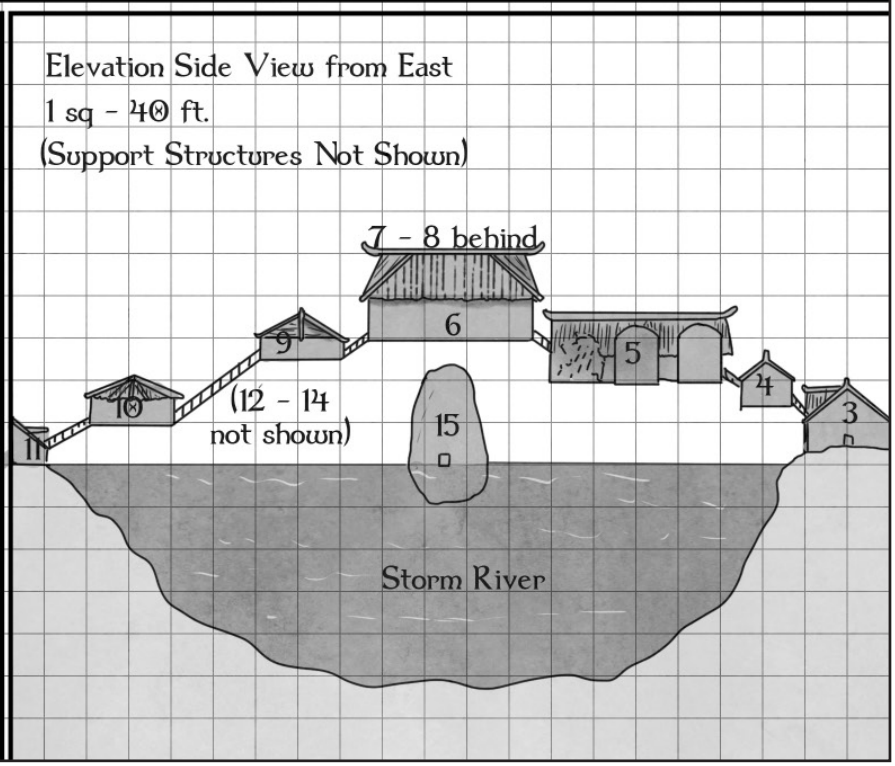
Set out some distance from the Hall of the Hearth Stone, this round, open-air hall is dedicated to Bragr, the God of Poetry and Song, as well as the travel necessary to spread these throughout the Northlands. Skalds often visit the Hall of the Hearth Stone to study the sagas and poems of the Northlands and frequently put on performances here for pilgrims in good weather. At the center of the hall is a raised wooden platform upon which the performing skald stands while surrounded by his audience. A small door at the base of the platform provides access to a room that serves as Bragr's shrine and also the sanctuary for any *word of recall* spells using the Hall of the Hearth Stone as its arrival point. If the characters arrive by magical means, this is where they get their first glimpse of the hall.

3. North Hall

Largest of the bridges' supporting halls, the vast great chamber of this hall serves as a place where pilgrims can gather to eat and, when the tables are moved aside, sleep when the weather is not conducive to camping out. The western end of the hall is turned over for use as a massive kitchen where godi initiates prepare meals for visiting pilgrims. Large bronze vessels beside the


Hall of the Hearth Stone
1 square - 40 ft.
N
W
E
S
River Road
Storm River
Directon of Current
Weir
Open Bridge
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15


Elevation Side View from South
1 sq - 20 ft.
Support Structures
←8
6
7
9
15
12
10
11


Elevation Side View from East
1 sq - 40 ft.
(Support Structures Not Shown)
7 - 8 behind
6
9
5
4
3
10
(12 - 14
not shown)
15
11
Storm River

front doors are where pilgrims deposit small donations for their room and board. At the south side of the hall, a wide staircase leads to a balcony built within a great dormer of the roof. A wooden gate at the end of this dormer leads out onto the bridge. A senior godi with multiple other godi are always present to take additional donations (1hs for freemen; 10–100hs for jarls and men of status depending upon their means) for those wishing to enter the Hall of the Hearth Stone itself. After a donation is given, the gates are opened and pilgrims are allowed to cross with a godi acting as docent for their tour. The gates are currently kept barred to all save senior godi and the characters.

4. Hall of the Vanir

This hall is 60ft above the river. This smaller hall celebrates the Vanir of the Northlander pantheon. The carvings in here principally depict these deities and their exploits. A small shrine is dedicated to each of the five primary Vanir venerated by the Northlanders with special attention paid to the centrally located shrine to the Norns. The door leading to the bridge toward **Area 5** is barred and guarded by **2 senior godi** and **12 veteran hirthmenn** gathered from the settlements in the area. They keep anyone from entering the areas occupied by the monsters and hope to contain those same creatures so that they spread no farther. They step aside for the arrival of the chief godi and the heroes, stating that all has been quiet from beyond for several hours. They open the doors to let characters back through if they give a special knock prepared in advance. They will not accompany the characters through the doors.

Senior Hearthson Godi (Clr5) (2): HP 27, 22; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (2/2), turn undead.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, *+1 heavy mace*, stone holy amulet of Donar, pouch of 2d10hs.

Veteran Hirthmenn (12): HD 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** handaxe (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe, dagger, shortbow, quiver of 15 arrows, 2d6hs.

5. Hall of Memory

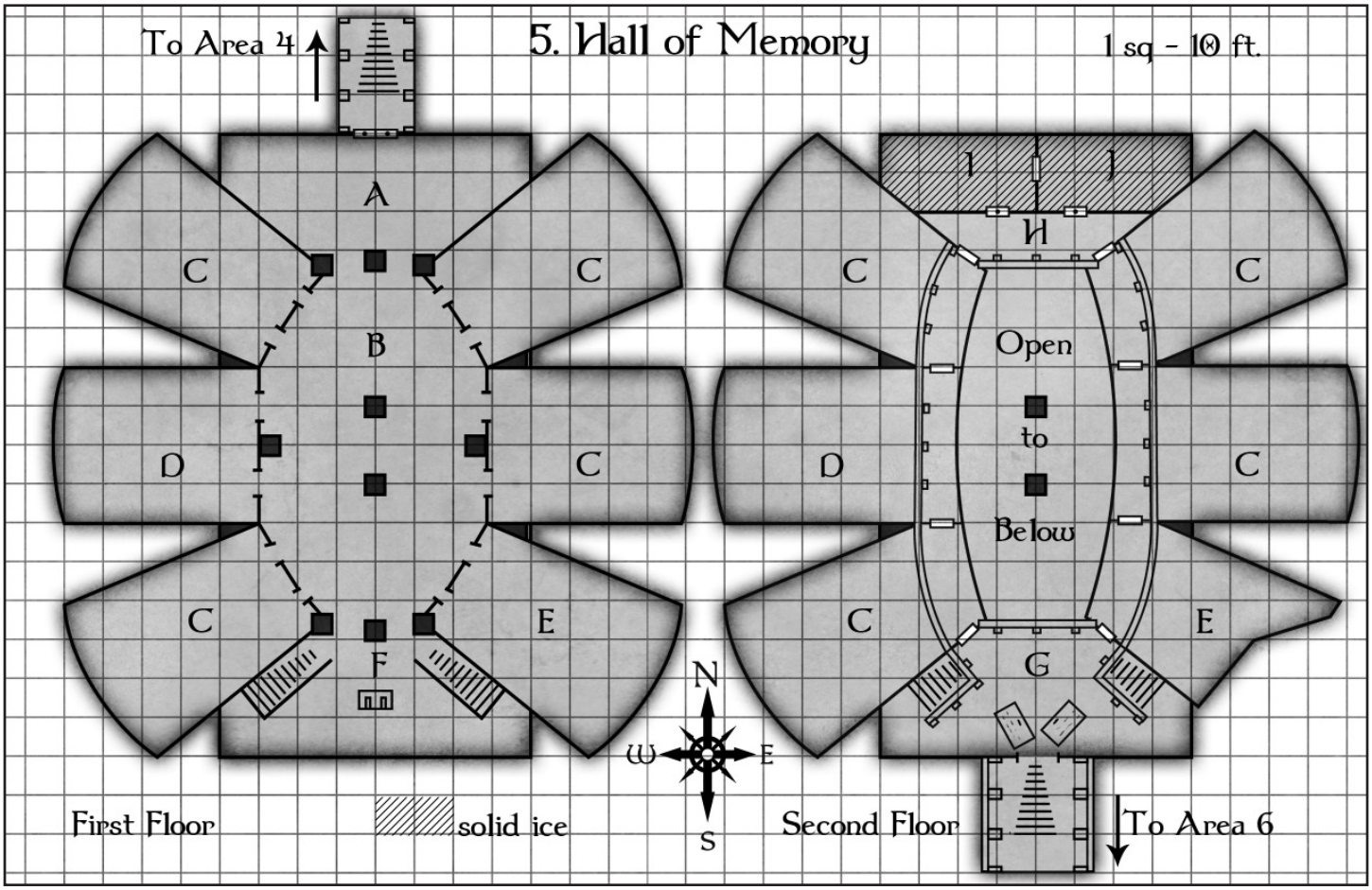
This hall hangs 80ft above the river. The Hall of Memory is the largest of the hanging halls and is the one that has grown the most over the years as new wings have been added. Construction has gone at a slower pace since many years ago one of the wings collapsed into the river below, forever losing many invaluable carvings of Northlands history. Currently, creatures left behind by Hengrid occupy this hall. They wait to attack anyone who dares to enter.

5A. Entry

The door to this chamber has been sealed on the inside with a thick layer of ice. From the outside, the door appears to be stuck and patches of frost have formed on its surface despite the warmth of the weather. To open the door, the characters need to either force them open or apply at least 40 points of fire damage to thaw the icy seal.

> Every inch of the walls and beams of this foyer are covered in intricate carvings from Northlands' history. A layer of ice covers the floor, and snow has drifted against the walls. A set of canine footprints, possibly a large wolf, leads from the room's southern archway, to the double doors and back again.

The icy floor of this chamber is slick and considered difficult terrain.



5B. Main Hall

A chill draft blows down into this large chamber from the balcony above, unseasonable for this time of year. Wan beams of sunlight illuminate the massive wooden columns that support the high peak of this chamber. The columns themselves are covered in bas-relief carvings of squat Dvergar stacked as if holding up the roof above. A sheen of ice adorns the carvings in places, giving the carvings a strange feral appearance, like hungry wolves.

This main hall has numerous archways leading to the various wings of the Hall of Memory. The sheen of ice is actually **3 8HD ice elementals** that have spread themselves out over the columns. They flow into their normal forms 1 round after the characters enter the chamber.

Ice Elemental (8HD) (3): **HD** 8; **HP** 61, 57, 53; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Development: If a battle breaks out in here, the devil dogs in **Area 5F** charge in to join the elementals after 3 rounds. Their howls attract the attention of the broken soul godi in area **5G**.

5C. Memory Halls

Each of these wings off the man hall is covered floor to ceiling in carvings depicting the history of the Northlands dating back centuries. Balconies on the second floor provide a better view of the carvings higher on the walls, and small square holes are spaced every 3ft throughout the surface of the carvings where pegs can be placed to allow truly diligent researchers to scale the walls and access the scenes that are particularly high up. Though these rooms are cold and have patches of frost here and there, they do not house anything of danger.

5D. Missing Godi

The cedar panels and beams of this chamber are completely covered with carvings of scenes from Northlander history. The air here is even colder than that of the hall outside, and a layer of ice covers the entire floor. In the center of the chamber sit the huddled forms of two of the hall's godi. They are covered in solid ice and frozen to the floor, their exposed skin blackened with frostbite.

The floor of the chamber is extremely slick (save each round if moving faster than half speed to avoid slipping and falling). The godi are dead, casualties of Hengrid's attack. However, the layer of ice over them is actually **2 12HD ice elementals**. The ice elementals pretend to be inert until the characters begin to examine the corpses or the carvings. They then try to attack with surprise. They are, or course, immune to the slickness of the ice.

Ice Elemental (12HD) (2): **HD** 12; **HP** 90, 86; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

5E. Fallen Wing

This wing broke free and fell into the Storm River long ago, the lore it contained carved into its walls lost. The godi have been more careful about building onto their hanging halls since. They sealed off the end where it broke free and added new carvings to the newly erected panels. Unfortunately, not all of the carvings that were lost could be recalled, so some of the lore has never been recovered. Of particular note, the reason for the ancient Gat-Hrolf feud was recorded on that section of wall, and now there are none left living who recall what started it.

5F. Balcony Access

Compared to the airy central chamber of the hall, this room feels small and cramped. A pair of wooden staircases climb to the balcony, and a large cedar chest with bronze fittings sits in the center of the room. The cedar panels of the chest are as covered in carvings as the cedar panels of the walls. Despite its closer atmosphere, the same chill pervades this room as the others you've seen in this hall.

The chest in the center of this room is filled with heavy wooden pegs, each approximately 2ft long. These fit in the holes on the walls of the wings of this hall to allow close inspection of hard-to-reach carvings. In addition, a pack of **8 devil dogs** left behind by Hengrid Donarsdottir occupy the room.

Devil Dogs (8): **HD** 6; **HP** 45, 41x2, 38, 35, 29; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 21; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: frightening howl (30ft, creatures less than 6HD suffer –1 to hit and save, save avoids), immune to cold, throat attack (double damage and stun for 2d4 rounds if hit target AC by 4 or greater, die at end of stun duration unless healed). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 192)



5G. Upper Egress

This balcony overlooks the main chamber of the hall below. A pair of stairways descend to the floor below. To the south, a wide doorway opens out onto the bridge. The heavy wooden doors that once stood there now lie on the floor, splintered from being blown into the room by some powerful force. Though the air outside is warm and the sun is bright, the breeze that blows in through the open door passes over a large mass of ice, like a great amorphous sculpture, and brings a chill into the chamber.

This overlook is currently inhabited by a **12HD ice elemental** (the ice mass standing before the door) and a **corrupted godi**, broken by Hengrid's power and left behind to cause as much misery and destruction as possible. When Hengrid's corrupting touch affected the godi, it stripped him of his humanity and conscience as an icy burning filled his body and tortured his mind. Strips of his flesh have blackened with frostbite and fallen away to reveal the muscle and bone beneath, and he has lost multiple fingers and toes as well as most of his nose. The pervading influence of Althunak that took control of him made him a cannibalistic monstrosity and infused him with that god's dark power, making him more powerful than he was before. He knows that his wail and baleful gaze are fairly ineffective, so he tries to sweep the party with his gaze before moving on to his spell and physical attacks. His tactics are explained in **Area 5B**.

Ice Elemental (12HD): **HD** 12; **HP** 82; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Corrupted Godi (Clr9 of Althunak): HP 50; **AC** 2[15]; **Atk** touch (2d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 6 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** control undead, gaze (60ft, save or paralyzed 1d4 rounds), +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (3/3/3/2/2), resistances (cold, fire), wail (120ft radius, save or–1 to hits and saves).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect good*; 2nd—*hold person (x2)*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*continual light*, *cause disease* (x2); 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2); 5th—*finger of death* (x2).

Equipment: *+1 chainmail, shield, ring of protection +1*.

5H. North Balcony

This balcony overlooks the hall below. Unlike the other rooms of this hall which bear a strangely unseasonable chill, this balcony is bitterly cold with a cold mist forming near the floor and tumbling over the balcony only to immediately disperse in the breeze of the larger hall. The northern wall has the intricate carvings typical of this hall, but they are completely buried under a sheet of ice several inches thick. Visible through this layer of ice are two doors frozen in place.

The intense cold of **Areas 5I** and **5J** cause the chill on this balcony. Before anyone can attempt to open the doors to the northern rooms, they will have to be freed from 3in of ice. Once the ice layer has been broken away from a door (they must both be cleared separately), the doors can be opened since they both open outward onto the balcony.

5I. Frozen Chamber

Opening the door to this chamber reveals a wall of solid ice. The room beyond appears to be completely filled by a massive block of the substance. However, the unblemished frozen obstacle is perfectly transparent, providing a clear view of the ice-filled room all the way to its intricately carved back wall. A single door exits to the east.

This room is entirely filled with a solid block of ice. It does not melt and quickly regenerates any damage it suffers. It will not begin to melt until the *snow crystal* at **Area 15A** is destroyed. It then begins to melt normally in the warm summer weather. Though the wooden planking is likely to warp somewhat from the subsequent deluge, the room's carvings otherwise will be left unharmed.

5J. Frozen Tomb

Beyond the door is a solid block of ice that fills the room. The transparent quality of the ice allows you to clearly see the contents of the room all the way to its carven walls. Three-quarters of the way back in the room is the white-robed figure of a godi. He hangs motionless, his feet a couple of inches off the floor where he has been captured by the encasing ice. His face is dark with frostbite and locked in a scowl of anguish as he died frozen in this chamber.

The ice in this room is magical and identical to that in **Area 5I**. The godi was killed when he was caught here by the flash freezing that the chamber underwent. Unfortunately, the horrific death and omnipresent



taint of Althunak that Hengrid left upon the hall has caused the godi's spirit to not rest easy. As soon as the door is opened, the godi's spirit manifests as an **icebound ekimmu**, an incorporeal image of the frozen godi, his face twisted with anguish and pain and blackened with frostbite. The ekimmu emerges and immediately attempts to possess one of the characters. If unsuccessful, it uses its paralyzing howl and then lashes out with its touch attacks. It pursues the characters as long as they remain on the bridge. The only way to truly put the ekimmu to rest is to destroy the *snow crystal* at **Area 15A** and end Althunak's curse over the Hall of the Hearth Stone.

Ekimmu (Icebound): HD 8; HP ; **AC** 3 [16]; **Atk** touch (3d4 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 0 (fly 12); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** cold (1d6 damage), malevolence (1/round, possess victim on failed save), paralyzing howl (30ft radius, paralysis for 1d4+1 rounds, save avoids). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 76)

6. Hall of the Æsir

The Hall of the Æsir serves as the keystone to the entire bridge and stands 120ft above the river. Its massive support beams distribute the weight of the bridge between the four different foundations. Unfortunately, several thunderbolts heavily damaged it, and parts of it still burn. Though the superstructure of the hall has largely been destroyed, the support structures remain precariously intact — for now. However, the fire even now burns into those crucial support beams. When the beams go, the entire Hall of the Hearth Stone collapses into the river. Once the characters see this, they realize they have to extinguish that fire or the entire hall and the recorded history of the Northlands will be lost.

This hall, built at the apex of the bridge, was constructed to honor the Æsir, the chief gods of the Northlanders. The hall was built with seven separate chambers, one to honor each of the Æsir, the central chamber devoted to Wotan the largest of them. Now, however, Hengrid's incursion and the subsequent fire have destroyed most of the hall.

6A. Ruined Entrance

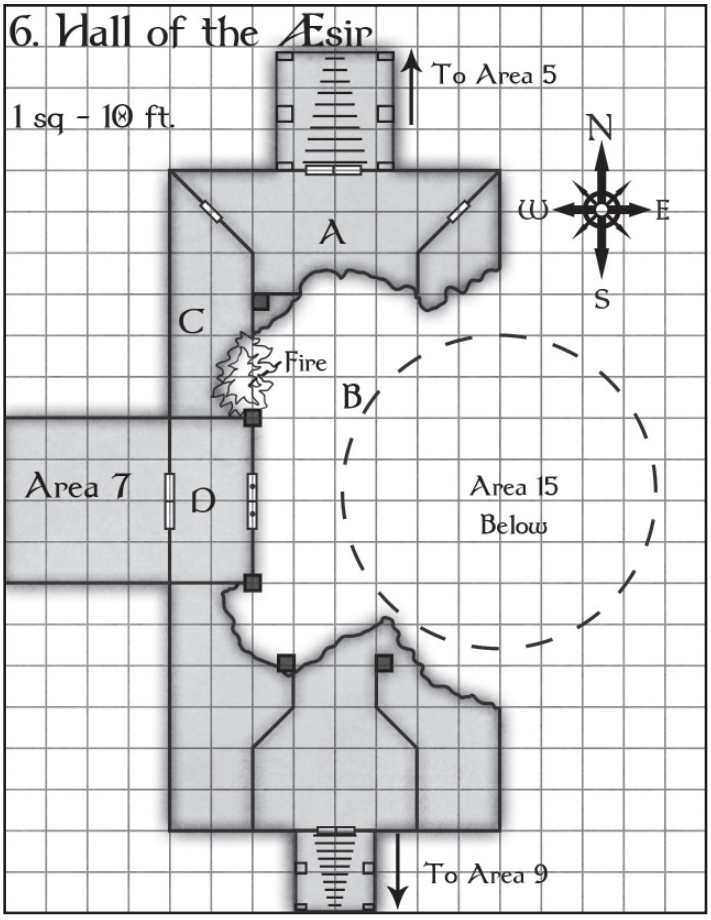
This chamber was once a grand foyer to the Hall of the Æsir. Now its far wall is gone, and the cedar floor ends at a jagged edge of broken beams and splintered planks that extends out over the river far below.

This room is currently empty, though if the characters remain here for more than 3 rounds, the occupants of **Area 6B** come to investigate.

6B. Broken Hall

What was once the crowning structure of the amazing Hall of the Hearth Stone is now a gaping void. The entire central portion of the hall is completely missing, the floors of the hall ending at jagged stumps of beams and planks scorched as if by some great heat. A fire still burns on a portion of the edge, and you can easily see that flames are spreading to the final great beam that provides support to the entire bridge. If the beam burns through, the whole hall will be lost. Below, you can see the top of the great block of stone that somehow mystically floats in the river. From the opening at the top of this great stone, thick black smoke still billows forth, revealing the flames that must still burn within.

It is clear that if the hall continues to burn here, the entire structure will be lost. However, it is also clear to the characters that the full extent of the fire can't be seen from this vantage point. They'll need to go into **Area 6C** to access the full extent of the flames to have an opportunity to put it out.



Perched atop the ragged edges of the roof of this area are **6 frost drakelings**. They are being careful to stay away from the flame, but are otherwise watching for intruders attempting to extinguish the flames or reach the Hearth Stone (**Area 15**).

Drakelings, Frost (6): HD 3; **HP** 23, 21x2, 20, 19x2; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 9 (burrow 9, fly 15); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: cold generation, icy breath (20ft, 3d8, save half), immune to cold, paralysis, and sleep, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 69)

6C. Shrine of Loptr

The carvings on the walls of this chamber depict the legends of the insidious Loptr, half-Jötnar god of trickery and strife. Perhaps appropriately, as a god of fire also, the southern end of this shrine is ablaze.

Though Loptr is much reviled by Northlanders, as a member of the Æsir he is entitled to a shrine in this hall. Besides, none dare risk incurring the wrath of the vengeful half-giant deity. Now the southern portion of the room is ablaze, and the fire is spreading to the great beams that lie under this room. The fire is not spreading so rapidly that the characters are in danger of being caught in it (though anyone so foolish to enter the area marked as fire takes 6d6 points of fire damage per round, no save). The fire can be extinguished by mundane means: buckets of water, beating it with cloaks, throwing dirt on it with 2 man-hours of concerted effort. Doing so saves the hall from collapse. Likewise, if the characters clear the hall of enemies up to this point, then the hirthmenn from **Area 4** can come in to do it for them. Additionally, any spells that generate water or cold can be used to extinguish the flames from here, reducing the flames by a quarter man-hour for each die of damage that the spell inflicts. A single use of a *pyrotechnics* spell is equivalent to 1 man-hour of work.



Unfortunately, before any work can be done to extinguish the flames, the room's occupant has to be dealt with. Currently occupying the room is a former member of Hengrid's crew. This warrior has been overcome by Althunak's cannibalistic curse. Oblivious to the fire, he is spending his time smearing blood from small gashes he has gnawed in his fingers over the chamber's many carvings. The draft from **Area 6B** draws the smoke outside, so he has not been affected at all by the fire burning nearby. He attacks maniacally the moment he sees the characters. He has lost all of his equipment except for the items he is wearing.

Cannabalistic Berserker (Ftr10): HP 68; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3+6), bite (1d4+6); **Move** 12 (30ft leap); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** immune to fire, multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, rage (20 rounds/day, +1 to attacks and damage).

Equipment: *boots of leaping*, *gauntlets of ogre power*, *ring of protection* +2.

6D. Guarded Way

The eastern doors to this chamber look out over **Area 6B** and are sealed from within by a layer of ice. Accessing these doors from the outside require either climbing among the wreckage or flight. To open the doors, the characters need to either force them open or apply at least 40 points of fire damage to thaw the icy seal.

The room beyond is covered in the carvings that are typical of the Hall of the Æsir. The chamber is guarded by **3 8HD ice elementals** left behind by Hengrid.

Ice Elemental (8HD) (3): HD 8; **HP** 61, 57, 53; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** slam (3d8 plus numbing cold); **Move** 9 (climb 9, burrow 12); **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** numbing cold (save or dazed for 1 round), +1 or better magic to hit. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

7. Hall of War

Built to connect the Hall of the Æsir to the Central Hall, this hall extends in a series of stairs that begin at a height of 120ft above the river and descend to only 20ft. This hall holds memorials and the recorded history of all of the major battles of the Northlands, starting with Swein Sigurdson and the conquering of Storstrøm Vale, and extending to the most recent Battle of Three Rivers in Estenfird. It is also used to display weapons and battle standards that played prominent roles or were captured in those wars.

7A. Wars of Vengeance

A large portion of the northern wall and ceiling has been broken out of this chamber, the edges charred and splintered by the impact of some powerful thunderbolt. The wide stair that descends to the west occupies most of the floor, and the paneled walls bear carvings of great battles and battles of the Northlands.

This chamber's carvings are dedicated to those battles undertaken in the name of vengeance. Almost all of the major clashes between the Gats and the Hrolfs are recorded here, as are other grudge wars that have taken place over the years. The room is currently empty of occupants, but there is a cumulative 25% chance per round that the characters spend here that a **frost drakeling** circling above the hall alights to sniff around for food.

Drakeling, Frost: **HD** 3; **HP** 22; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus 1d4 cold); **Move** 9 (burrow 9, fly 15); **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: cold generation, icy breath (20ft, 3d8, save half), immune to cold, paralysis, and sleep, vulnerable to fire. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 69)

7B. Wars of Honor

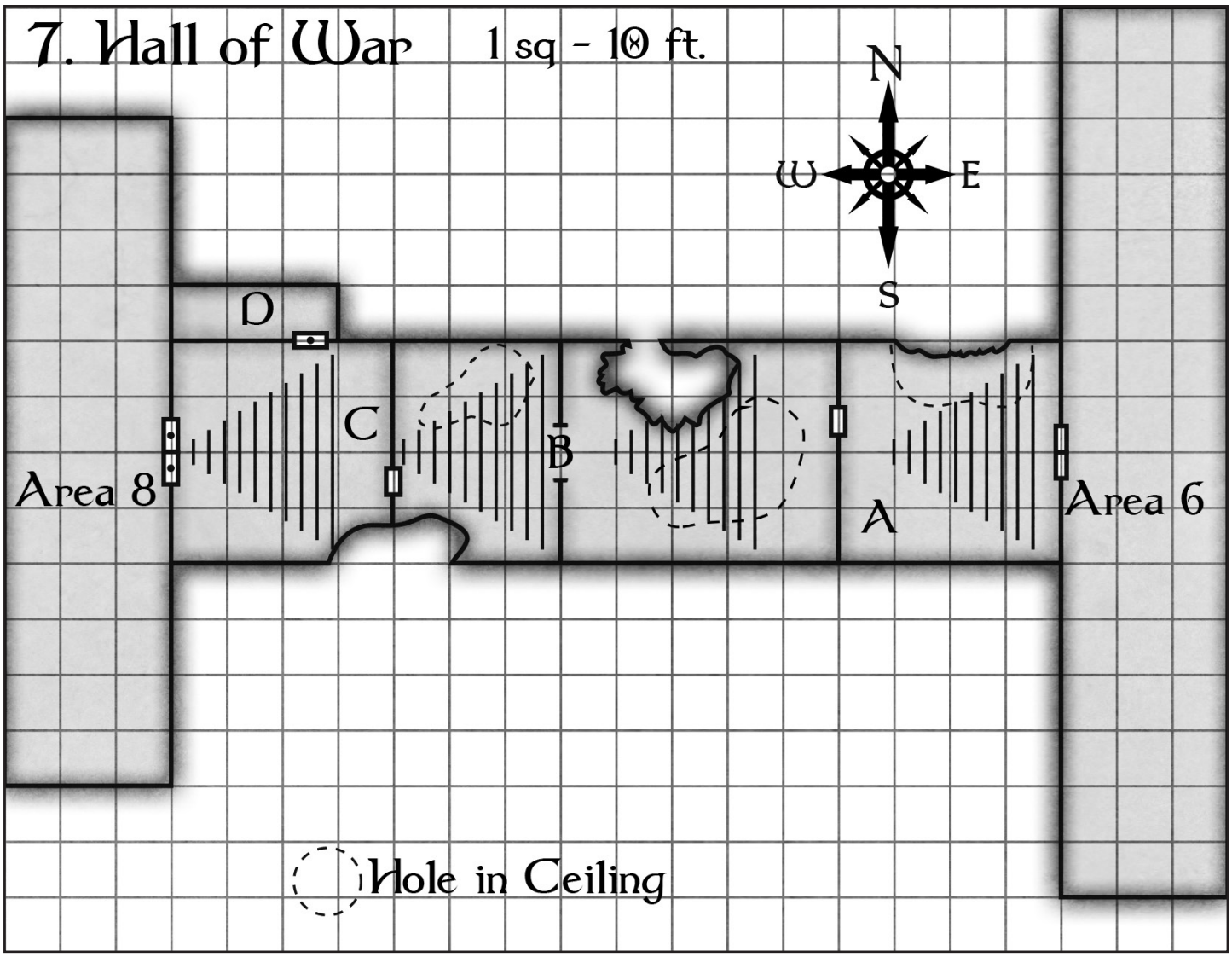
The largest of the chambers in this long hall, it is divided by a partition two-thirds of the way down its length with an ornate archway providing access beyond. Stairs descend steeply to this archway, and more can be seen beyond. The walls are carved with more great battles of the Northlands on even vaster scales than those seen elsewhere, with dozens showing fleets of dragonships descending upon coastal towns or meeting in combat upon the unforgiving waves of the North Sea.

Large sections of the roof of this hall have been blown out by powerful blasts, and a considerable portion of the floor has been burned through, creating a drop to the river below. Near the archway, someone has painted the image of a fanged maw upon the wooden floor in blood. In the center of this image lie the mangled remains of what was possibly once a godi of the Hall, though it is difficult to be sure due to the torn and dismembered state of the body.

This largest hall is devoted to the largest portion of the wars of the Northlands, wars of honor. Northlanders have a fairly liberal interpretation of what would be a war of honor, with considerable overlap with wars of vengeance and even including most major raids for wealth or conquest. The Gat and Hrolf clans have lobbied for years to have the conflicts of their feud included here, though the Hearthsons' clan has steadfastly refused much to the rival clans' continual consternation.

The hole in the floor drops 80ft down to the river.

In the western portion of the room beyond the archway are **2 corrupted godi**. They received an epiphany from Althunak that allowed them to perform a summoning ritual to call some foul beast from the Ginnungagap, its only cost being that they had to sacrifice a third corrupted godi that



formerly shared this chamber with them. Their first attempt was something of a flop (see **Area 7C**), but they did manage to finally call a **chaaor demon** from the Ginnungagap. They now hide in the western portion of the chamber and wait for some intruder to run afoul of their called monstrosity. For its part, the chaaor, resembling a giant, bear-headed ape with downward curving gray horns and blood-matted fur, lurks atop the roof of this hall, watching down through the hole in the ceiling. When it spots characters, it unleashes it roar before cloaking the chamber in *darkness*. It then *teleports* into their midst to attack, at which point, the corrupted godi assist the demon with their spells.



Corrupted Godi (Clr9 of Althunak) (2): HP 51, 47; **AC** 2[15]; **Atk** touch (2d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 6 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** control undead, gaze (60ft, save or paralyzed 1d4 rounds), +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (3/3/3/2/2), resistances (cold, fire), wail (120ft radius, save or–1 to hits and saves).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect good*; 2nd—*hold person (x2)*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*continual light*, *cause disease* (x2); 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2); 5th—*finger of death* (x2).

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, *shield*, *ring of protection +1*.

Demon, Chaaor: **HD** 11; **HP** 80; **AC** 1[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (2d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to electricity and poison, magical abilities, rend for automatic 2d8 if both claws hit, roar (3/day, 60ft, 3d6, save half), resistance to cold, fire, and acid. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 137)

Magical Abilities: at will—*darkness 15ft radius*, *teleport*.

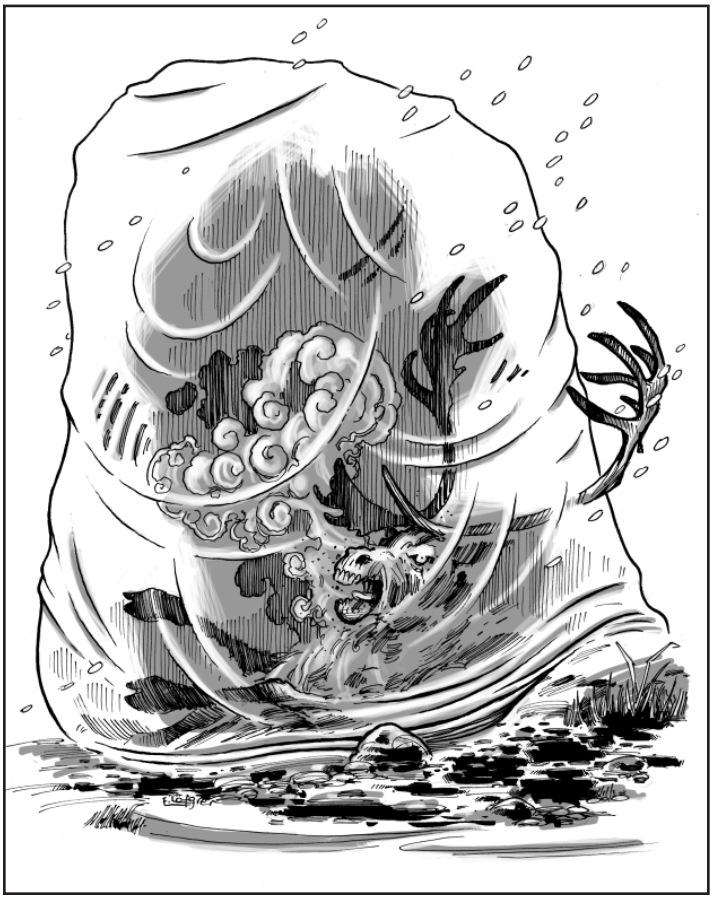
7C. Wars of Folly

This chamber is largely undamaged save for a section of the southeast corner that has been blown outward by some great force to expose a drop-off to the river 40 feet below. The room is strangely frigid, as if the open hole has let in a winter draft, but the weather outside is summer's warmth rather than winter's cold. The ubiquitous carvings of battles cover the walls of this chamber, and stairs descend steeply to the west to end at a large double door. A small side chamber sits at the northern edge of the room with a door exiting in that direction as well. A great drift of soot-streaked, slushy snow has collected against this door, completely blocking access.

This chamber is dedicated to the history of those ill-fated battles and wars that ended in ignoble defeat or that cost the victor twice as much to win as he gained from the victory, such as the infamous Hrolf raid on Volskøl or Jarl Roth "Firebeard" Sigurkin's unfortunate strategy at the Battle of Burning Stream. These have been dubbed as wars of folly by the godi of the Hall and are looked upon as a cautionary tale to those Northlanders who let their lust for battle and glory so overwhelm their senses that they lose everything in their efforts to gain it.

The door to **Area 7D** is locked from within (see that area for a description), and the doors to area **8** are barred from the far side and guarded by **2 senior godi** and **12 veteran hirthmenn** identical to those in **Area 4**. Unless the characters entered the hall from this direction, these guards will not know any knock signals they have arranged and will not open the barred doors under any circumstances.

The snow pile against the door is actually a **Ginnungagap ooze**. It was what the corrupted godi in **Area 7B** summoned on their first ritual attempt (before they were willing to sacrifice their comrade) and proved intractable to their attempts to control or coax it. They managed to lure it into **Area 7C** and shut it in there in order to keep it out of their way. It has since detected the presence of the godi hiding in **Area 7D** and is slowly attempting to cause its bulk to seep beneath that locked door in order to get at him. It automatically engulfs any characters that walk over to it without realizing it is anything more than an ordinary snowdrift.



Ginnungagap Ooze (Ooze, Glacial): HD 10; **HP** 76; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** slam (2d6 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 4 (swim 12); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** cold, engulf on next attack after slam (1d6 cold/round until freed, save avoids), transparent, immune to cold and blunt weapons. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 412)

7D. Storage Closet

The door to this chamber is a strong wooden door and is locked from within. This closet holds assorted weapons and memorabilia from dozens of battles and campaigns that have not been displayed in the Hall of War. It is currently occupied by a **Hearthson godi initiate** who fled to hide in this room when Hengrid attacked and then found himself trapped within by the Ginnungagap ooze in **Area 7C** outside. The ooze noticed him peaking under the door and has been trying to force its way under the door ever since. The godi has been stacking the various weapons and pieces of armor and equipment and holding it in place in front of this gap to keep the ooze out, but is rapidly losing the battle. Even though his hands are wrapped in the ragged remains of his woolen stockings, his fingertips are already blackening with frostbite from the ooze's relentless attempts to force its way through the pile of debris. The godi is exceedingly grateful if rescued and immediately attempts to flee to **Area 8**.

Hearthson Godi Initiative (Clr1): HP 3; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 15; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** banish undead, +2 save versus paralyzation and poison.

Equipment: robes, stone holy amulet of Donar, pouch of 1d4hs.

Treasure: Among the items stacked before the door is the *Warspear of Kein*, a legendary weapon of old that the godi had taken down for cleaning and then forgotten about. If the characters discover this weapon, the godi are unaware of the its magical properties but readily allow the characters to borrow it for use in their quest.

Weapon

Warspear of Kein

The *Warspear of Kein* is a *+3 flaming spear*. Once per day, the wielder of the spear can fire a ray of burning light that deals 3d8 points of damage (5d6 versus undead, 8d8 versus undead vulnerable to light). The wielder and any ally witnessing this ray strike and damage a foe is the immediate recipient of a *bless* spell that lasts for 10 minutes. The *Warspear of Kein* was carried into battle by Kein the Bearsarker during the Forgotten Wars when legions of the ancient dead arose from Andøvan graves all around the Northlands and threatened to wipe out humanity. It was in Kein's hands that the spear slew the Longnight King at the Battle of the Barrow Lands and defeated the forces of the sceadugenga once and for all, ending the war. It weighs 6 lbs.

8. Central Hall

The Central Hall is the principal storage for tools and supplies for the Hall of the Hearth Stone, as well as the workshops where skilled craftsmen are brought in to create more of the carven cedar panels. There are currently a half dozen under construction, though no craftsmen are currently present. Supplies for the Hall of the Hearth Stone are brought by river to the docks here and stored for later use by the godi.

Beyond the hall are the remains of the original Northlander settlement

when the Northlanders still used the Hearth Stone as their fortress and base of operations during their wars against the thrydreg of the Vale. These cottages and longhouses are little more than a few rings of rotten timbers embedded in the earth, and areas of discolored soil where halls once stood. Beside this, a weir has been constructed across the south channel of the river. It is here that the godi fish the salmon of the Storm River to supplement their foodstuffs.

The doors into **Area 7** are barred and guarded by **2 senior godi** and **12 veteran hirthmenn** who do not allow any to pass who is not accompanied by the chief godi.

Senior Hearthson Godi (Clr5) (2): HP 27, 22; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (2/2), turn undead.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, *+1 heavy mace*, stone holy amulet of Donar, pouch of 2d10hs.

Veteran Hirthmenn (12): **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** handaxe (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe, dagger, shortbow, quiver of 15 arrows, 2d6hs.

9. Hall of Tears

The Hall of Tears hangs 90ft above the river. This hall commemorates the defeats and tragedies suffered by the Northlanders during their centuries of occupation of the North. Events such as devastating floods, volcanic eruptions, famous ships lost at sea, and battles that ended in tragic defeat are recorded here. Included among these is the death of Jarl Henrikson in the Far North. A nearby panel showing the loss of Hallbjorn Bolverkson at sea has recently been partially sanded smooth for removal and replacement by some other tragic event. Anyone studying these descriptions notices a small carving that can only depict the taking of the daughter of Hvram Kalsong by the thrydreg of the Northlands centuries before the arrival of the Northlanders (see ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent*** for details). This prehistoric event came to a godi of the Hall in a dream and was dutifully recorded as a tragedy of the Northlands in the Hall of Tears.

The hall is currently empty and unlit. The only illumination comes from small apertures for ventilation near the peak of the roof, making the lighting within dim in the center and dark at the edges of the great room. The doors to **Areas 10** and 12 are barred and guarded like those in areas **4** and **8**. A single godi lies dead in the center of the floor, his face a mask of fear and grief. Lurking within the chambers shadows are **6 greater shadows**. They could easily slip past the doors and guards on the south end of the hall, but are enjoying flitting among the shadows and ambient sadness that lingers in this hall too much to bother exploring elsewhere yet. These shadows are sent back to the Ginnungagap if the *snow crystal* at **Area 15A** is destroyed.

Shadows, Greater (6): **HD** 4+4; **HP** 33, 30x2, 29, 27x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** touch (1d6 plus strength drain); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/600; **Special**: +1 or better to hit, drain 1d4 points of strength with hit. (See ***Quests of Doom*** from **Frog God Games**)

10. Hall of Glory

This hall, 40ft above the river, stands as a testament to the heroics of Northlanders through the years. From folk heroes and legends to actual heroic warriors and leaders who once walked the lands of the frigid North, all are recorded in the exquisite carvings of this hall. If the characters search, they find more than one cedar panel that documents their own exploits over the years. Like **Area 8**, the double doors leading to the north are barred and guarded by a group of **2 senior godi** and **12 veteran hirthmenn**.

Senior Hearthson Godi (Clr5) (2): HP 27, 22; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (2/2), turn undead.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, *+1 heavy mace*, stone holy amulet of Donar, pouch of 2d10hs.

Veteran Hirthmenn (12): **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** handaxe (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe, dagger, shortbow, quiver of 15 arrows, 2d6hs.

11. South Hall

The South Hall is much like a smaller version of the North Hall, though without the extensive kitchens. Fewer travelers tend to arrive at the Hall of the Hearth Stone from the south, and those who do must pay their admission and cross over the bridge in order to be fed by the Hearthson clan.

12. Hall of Shades

This hall 80ft above the river is built to resemble a funerary longship and represents the final voyage of the departed as they journey to the afterlife. Its walls are carved with images of great heroes, humble freemen, loyal thralls, and wise leaders who fell and were mourned by their fellow Northlanders. Among these are images of valkyries and einherjar bringing the dead to the halls of Valhalla and Fólkvangr and joining with their gods in timeless revelry. If the characters look closely, they likely find depictions of any of their own companions who died heroically during the course of the campaign. Like **Area 8**, the double doors leading to the north are barred and guarded by a group of **2 senior godi** and **12 veteran hirthmenn**.

Senior Hearthson Godi (Clr5) (2): HP 27, 22; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (2/2), turn undead.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, *+1 heavy mace*, stone holy amulet of Donar, pouch of 2d10hs.

Veteran Hirthmenn (12): **HD** 3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** handaxe (1d6), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe, dagger, shortbow, quiver of 15 arrows, 2d6hs.

13. Hall of the Ginnvaettir

This strangely conical-shaped hall stands a mere 10ft above the river. Though adjacent to the Auxiliary Hall and the Hall of Shades, its somber appearance and perpetual aura of gloom make it seem as if it stands by itself. This hall is dedicated to the horrific creatures and demons that inhabit the Ginnungagap — the Ginnvaettir. As opposed to having carvings dedicated to individual power of the Ginnvaettir, this hall instead has general images of creatures native to the Ginnungagap. The godi do not wish to draw the attention of any particular Ginnvaettir though they know if they refuse to acknowledge them as all, they are just as likely to incur their disfavor. This hall is their compromise. It is located next to the Auxiliary Hall to force the godi to pass through it each day as they go about their duties, but it is still largely neglected, dusty and seldom maintained.

Anyone making a careful search of the hall finds a new carving engraved in one wall, an image of Althunak, Lord of Ice and Cold.

14. Auxiliary Hall

This hall serves as the abode of the Hearthson clan when they are not attending to their duties in the Hall of the Hearth Stone. The hall consists of dormitories, dining halls, kitchens, and rooms for study of Northlands' history. The hall lets out onto a pair of docks from which small boats regularly moor to provide transportation up and down river as needed for the godi. In addition, behind the hall stands the personal house of the chief godi and cottages of the various senior godi.

15. Hearth Stone

If the Hall of the Hearth Stone is an architectural marvel of the Northlands, then the Hearth Stone is a wonder unto itself. The Hearth Stone is a great black stone tower that upon closer inspection is revealed to be a single piece of stone. In fact, upon truly close inspection, the stone of the tower proves to be of no stone seen anywhere else in the world; it has the metamorphic qualities of a calcite marble but also the crystalline igneous texture of a fine porphyry. Furthermore, the 100ft-tall stone tower seemingly floats upon the surface of the river. It never drifts or tilts, it merely bobs slightly in the current, providing a stable platform in the river from which the original Northlander clans built a dock and made a fortified home within its hollow interior while they battled for control of Storstrøm Vale. Since then, it has remained a point of sacred significance to the folk of the Northlands as the true cradle of their civilization here.

15A. Pinnacle

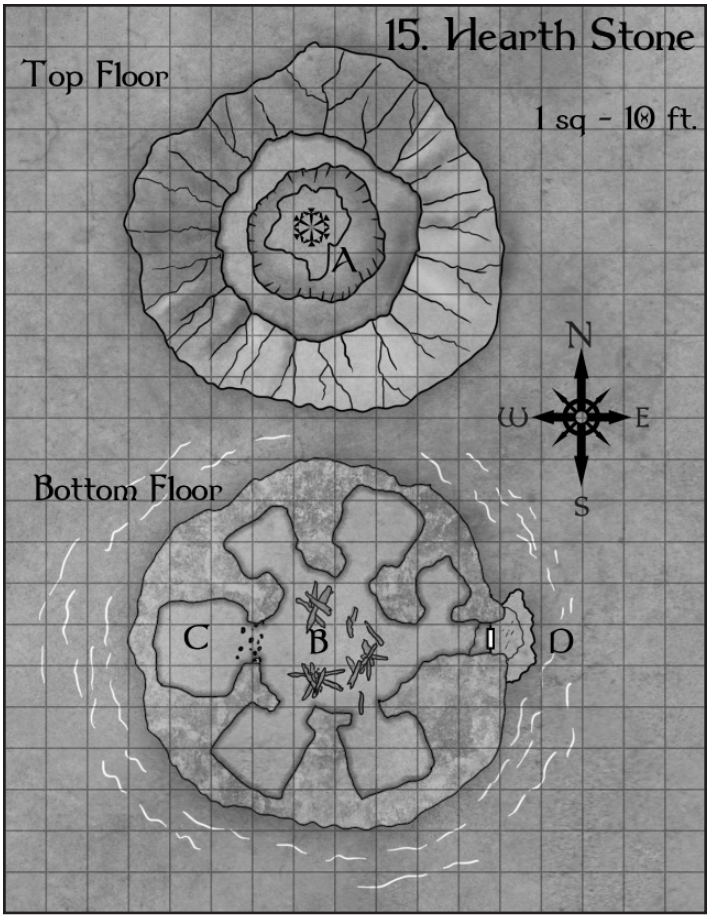
The peak of the black Hearth Stone is hollow, opening onto a fighting platform built within. Now the wooden platform from which watchers could once keep a lookout down the river toward troll lands has a gaping hole in its center and black smoke billows from within. A faint glimmer of something shines from within the smoke, but what it is cannot be discerned without closer examination.

The pinnacle of the Hearth Stone reaches to a point only 20ft below **Area 6** and can be reached by flying, jumping, or simply lowering a rope. The floor of the platform is 5ft below the top of the rock so that those standing upon it have cover from those outside the tower. A trapdoor once gave access to a wooden stair descending the hollow interior of the tower, but these have collapsed, leaving the hole from which smoke presently pours. The drop from the platform to the floor of **15B** is 90ft. The stair collapsed, so the characters will have to use magic or ropes to descend.



Floating in the air in the center platform, directly over the hole and concealed by the smoke, is the *snow crystal*. This resembles a giant snowflake, 18in in diameter, that floats vertically above the broken platform and spins slowly counterclockwise. The crystal gives off an intense aura of cold that deals 1d6 points of cold damage to anything coming with 10ft of it. It is what anchors the manifestation of Althunak's power here at the Hall of the Hearth Stone and detects as overwhelmingly evil. The snow crystal is immune to magic, is AC –1[20] and has 25hp. The *snow crystal* was left by Hengrid during her raid and must be destroyed to free the Hall from Althunak's influence. Remember to apply its cold damage to anyone that comes within its range to attack it.

If the snow crystal is destroyed, it unleashes one final trick left by Althuank. Fueling the crystal's cold aura is an **ancient white dragon** trapped within. Once the crystal is destroyed, the dragon bursts forth and immediately attacks. It fights to the death.



Dragon, White (Large Ancient): **HD** 7; **HP** 56; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: breathes frost (70ft long 30ft wide cone, 56 cold, save half).

15B. Courtyard

The gate to the east is blocked by ice as described in **Area 15D**.

This tall chamber rises from the floor of the Hearth Stone to the battlement platform high above. The floor is of stone worn smooth and the walls are rough cut, though they bear the mark of no chisel or pick. Six 10-foot-high passages open off of the main chamber, though the western opening until recently had a brick wall blocking it, though this wall now lies in rubble, and smoke billows forth from beyond. A wooden staircase once wound around the inside of this chamber to the battlement, but now the staircase and a good portion of the platform above have collapsed into a tangle of timbers and broken beams.

Once a courtyard in the center of the Hearth Stone before the Northlanders of old built the battlement above, this central chamber had passages to the Hearth Stone's gate as well as five side chambers that once served as abodes and storerooms for the original Northlander settlers in times of danger. The western chamber was bricked up and sealed long ago but was broken open by Hengrid.

The floor is cluttered with the fallen beams of the staircase, and it is clear that some of it has been dragged into **Area 15C** and burned. The interior of this chamber is hot and smoky from the remnants of that blaze, but the smoke is drawn up and out through **Area 15A** so it does not present an actual hazard.

A search of the chamber discovers an elderly godi partially buried under the collapsed wreckage. This godi is Ölvir Hearthson (Lawful male

human Clr7). He is alive but unconscious, and is pinned by the fallen timbers. An empty waterskin lies next to Ölvir's hand, and a small satchel holds the remains of a few crumbs of bread and cheese. It appears that Ölvir was given supplies to sustain him while he remained trapped. The godi can be freed with a combined 25 strength but he will not regain consciousness even if he receives healing due to the days of injury and deprivation that he has suffered. He is, however, stable and in no danger of dying if freed from the pinning rubble.

15C. Broken Seal

The floor of room beyond the broken wall is covered in the ash and charred remnants of the wooden debris that was brought in here and set alight. The fire has burned itself out, but many glowing embers remain visible, and the entire bed of ashes still smokes from the heat trapped within it. Barely visible through the smoke is a stone box at the back of the room. Its lid has been smashed in, though its interior is not visible from the doorway.

After stealing the contents of the stone chest, Hengrid piled this room with the broken debris from the stairs in **15B** and set it alight. It has recently burned itself out, though the room remains dangerously hot and smoky. Anyone entering the chamber takes 2d6 points of fire damage per round that they remain in the room until the coals are raked out, and the room is allowed to cool for 24 hours. In addition, the smoke is thick enough to prevent breathing, requiring anyone who enters to hold his breath or begin suffocation and suffer smoke effects.

When examined, the scorched interior of the stone chest is revealed to be empty, its contents either burned to ash in the fire or taken prior to the fire being set. The remains of some carved wooden panels that once adorned the interior of the chest are visible, but they too have been destroyed by the fire and their subject matter is no longer discernable.

Development: Once the characters breach this chamber and (hopefully) destroy the *snow crystal*, proceed with **Event 2** below.

15D. Hearth Stone Gate

It seems that a dock once extended from the front of the Hearth Stone, but only the splintered fragments of it still cling to the tower's base. A heavy wooden gate is built into the black rock here, but what appears to be the remains of an iceberg that smashed through the docks has now covered this portal in a layer of jagged ice several feet thick. Despite the warm temperature, the ice does not appear to be melting.

Hengrid did indeed use an iceberg to smash the docks and seal the lower entrance to the Hearth Stone. Like the other wintery effects over the Hall, this one is also tied to the *snow crystal* in **Area 15A** and begins to melt normally once that object has been destroyed. Until then, the ice sealing the gate remains impermeable, instantly regenerating any damage inflicted upon it.

Event 2: Chilling Aftermath

Once the party makes its way into the depths of the Hearth Stone (specifically **Area 15C**) and hopefully extinguish the fires on the bridge and destroy the *snow crystal* as well, the godi of the Hearthsons clan begin to move in to make repairs and recover as much as possible from the damaged sections. They chip their way in through the gate at **Area 15D** and carry the unconscious Ölvir to **Area 14** for recovery. They do not answer any further questions (and are noticeably evasive about any regarding the former contents of **Area 15C**), stating that the chief godi will talk to them presently. In the meantime, they are escorted back to **Area 3** for food and rest until Kollsveinn can see them. During this time, the godi provide magical healing of all their injuries and any ability damage they may have suffered.

After several hours, an escort of godi arrive to take you to see Kollsveinn again. You accompany the godi upon the great bridge once again, where you can see that repairs have already begun to shore up the supporting timbers. A newly suspended rope bridge extends from the Hall of the Æsir to the Hall of War, and you cross this before being led down to the Central Hall where Kollsveinn awaits you with a handful of his senior godi.

"What you have done here today is of inestimable worth, my friends," he says. "You have saved the Hall of the Hearth Stone and all of the Northlands' history it holds from destruction and rid it of the foul taint of the Ginnungagap that was upon it. But that is why I have called you here. Your service to the Northlands has not ended; this attack upon the Hall was merely the harbinger of a much-worse fate.

"When the traitor, Hengrid — I will not even say her former family name, she is a daughter of Donar no longer — came here with her foul crew, I believe her destruction of the Hall and the slaughter of godi was but a secondary concern. The true goal of her mission was to gain the secret chamber at the heart of the Hearth Stone and steal what was there, covering her theft by setting fire to the chamber before she left. I am sure that she hoped the Hall would collapse and destroy the Hearth Stone, sinking it all into the depths of the river to forever hide her true intentions.

"But now I must tell you the truth of the Hall, the most closely guarded secret in all the Northlands. For what Hengrid the Black has done is bring ruin upon our entire people. Everyone knows that the first and only High Køenig of the Northlands, Kraki Haraldson, lies entombed in his great barrow only a few miles from here. Buried with him was his fabled blade *Kroenarck*, the Sword of the High Køenig. It has long been foretold that there will be no new High Køenig of the Northlands until a worthy heir is found to wield *Kroenarck* once again who is able to take it up from its barrow guarded by spell and curse to protect it from the wrong hands. *Kroenarck* is a powerful symbol and has the power to bring war between all of the Northlands' peoples if its wielder be unworthy.

"The greatest secret, though, is that *Kroenarck* does not lie in the High Køenig's barrow. At the time of Kraki Haraldson's death, the godi of the Hall took a solemn oath to protect the sword until that rightful heir should be revealed. The sword was never placed in the barrow, a clever replica was used instead. In secrecy, *Kroenarck* was brought to the Hearth Stone and sealed inside, in the Northlands' most sacred shrine, and there it has lain undisturbed until now.

"Somehow Hengrid knew the truth of the sword's hiding place and went directly to it in her raid. Hengrid the Black has taken the Sword of the High Køenig, and now the peace of all the Northlands is in jeopardy. In the last few days I have been in discourse with the Æsir through my prayers to the All-Father. Through my queries I have learned that some displaced spirit of the Ginnvaettir roams the Ginnungagap and seeks escape. Because of Hengrid's past brush with the Ginnvaettir beast, Shibauroth, some dark power was able to gain a hold on her to try to take control of her and enter Midgard in its full power and physical form. Clearly this former hero of our people has gone mad with the influence of this Ginnvaettir spirit, and she must be stopped before she can cover the land in the raven harvest. You, who are also heroes, must do this thing."

Kollsveinn has now revealed all that he knows to the characters. He did not wish to reveal the secret of the sword earlier because he wasn't sure

if that was what Hengrid was after, but now that he knows, she must be stopped at all costs. He is willing to answer whatever questions the characters have to the best of his ability. The information he provided about Hengrid above is the result of several spells that he has cast. He is sure of Hengrid's absolute corruption and vehement that only the spilling of her blood can cleanse the corruption she has brought to the Northlands and save *Kroenarck* from her grasp.

The question that now remains is how to locate Hengrid, as she has at least a week's head start on the characters. However, before this discussion can begin in earnest, the characters and Kollsveinn are joined by a new arrival, the injured godi Ölvir Hearthson.

Your counsel is interrupted by the arrival of another group of godi. They bear between them a pallet upon which lies an elderly godi. He is clearly recovering from serious injuries, his face wan and drawn, his eyes hollow circles, and his blankets cover the twisted shapes of his legs that will clearly no longer bear him under their own power. With the soot and blood removed, though, you almost don't recognize him as the godi who was trapped beneath the wreckage in the Hearth Stone.

As he is carried in on his litter, his broad voice is strong despite his age and infirmities. "These ears are old, but not so old that I can no longer hear you, Kollsveinn. I know what you have told these younglings, and I fear that you seek the blood of the Thunderer's Daughter as much to heal your pride as to heal the wounds she brings to the land."

The chief godi seems annoyed at the elder's interruption and says, "Not so, Ölvir. I seek only that which brings good to the Northlands. Now, you are tired and injured; take you back to the Auxiliary Hall to rest and become well. We have no need of thy counsel today, oldling."

If Kollsveinn seemed irritated at Ölvir's interruption, Ölvir's eyes fairly blaze at the chief godi's use of the word "oldling."

"You speak as the voice of the Æsir, Kollsveinn, but your tongue carries a taint of the mead of Loptr. Sit you now and listen to the ramblings of this 'oldling,' for you do not alone have the ability to gain the ear of the gods or use the eyes of the head your mother gave you."

Taken aback by the elder's words, Kollsveinn nonetheless stands quietly in respect or perhaps stunned silence at the elder's impudence. With a second glance at the chief godi to ensure that his silence is going to continue, the crippled godi turns his attention to you.

"Kollsveinn speaks truth when he says that some powerful Ginnvaettir has taken hold of the Donarsdottir. In fact, that foul spirit is a demon of winter and cold that I think you may have some passing familiarity with. Althunak he is named, and his body has been destroyed too many times by the likes of folk like you so that he now risks ultimate dissolution into the chaos of the Ginnungagap. This is something that the Lord of Ice and Cold would very much like to avoid, but to do so, he requires a mortal body capable of withstanding the stress of him occupying it with his full might and being. The daughter of mighty Donar would be just such a vessel. If Althunak succeeds in manifesting in Hengrid, he would be fully present in our own Midgard, no longer constrained by the pits of the Ginnungagap, and would be more powerful here than ever before. I fear no hero could defeat him then.

"However, our chief godi overstates his case when he says that Hengrid Donarsdottir is past the point of salvation. I have seen with my own feeble eyes that she fights on against this spirit of cold and cannibalism that seeks to control her. When she first made her attack on the Hall, I immediately hurried to the Hearth Stone, fearing that the attack might be some attempt to gain the sword *Kroenarck*. My fear was proved to be only too true when Hengrid and her crew burst through the roof of the Hearth Stone's central hall, and the falling beams trapped me beneath them.

"As I lay helpless, she broke the seals of the sword's chamber and stole the blade. She then had her minions pack the chamber with much of the wreckage from the fallen stairs and set it alight to cover her crime. It is then that she noticed me among the ruin, trapped, helpless, and in danger of a horrible death from the rapidly spreading fire. She could have killed me then or let me lay as I was to die horribly in the flames, but a change came over her as I watched. She said, 'Here, take a sip of my water, Old Father,' and gave me her own waterskin to relieve my thirst. This she left in my hands along with a bag of food from her own pack. She had her crew clear part of the wreckage so that the fire in the sword's chamber would not spread to where I was trapped. She and her crew then left through the front gate of the tower that was then sealed behind her with a crushing sheet of ice.

"Yes, she left me to die there. But she did not slay me outright, and she gave me the means to stay alive on the chance that help might come. Those are not the actions of one wholly subsumed by demons. Those are the actions of one who fights against the unnatural instincts of an occupying spirit. Hengrid Donarsdottir lives on, I tell you, and she fights the inhabitation of Althunak. If you seek more proof that her father's blood lives still in her, did her offer of food and drink to me in my need not exhibit hospitality, one of the Nine Virtues of Donar? Hengrid still lives and must be saved, not slain, to prevent Althunak an even greater victory."

"Your story has been told to me, Ölvir," Kollsveinn finally interjects, "but what you call mercy and hospitality, I call the cruelty of allowing a slow death. She had no way of knowing that these heroes would arrive and free you in time. And what of the sword? What need would she have of the sword if Althunak simply needs a vessel? No, her own naked ambition is revealed in this demonic possession, and she seeks to raise her raven banner over all the Northlands and drown it in the slaughter-dew. You speak your truth, Ölvir, but your wits are slowed by your age and infirmity."

The old man's eyes fairly blaze with fury at the condescension, and he takes a deep breath to launch his own tirade when suddenly his eyes roll back in his head, his body goes as stiff as board, and the tendons of his neck stand out as if he pulls at an oar in the depths of a winter storm. His voice sounds odd and distant as he speaks.

"Three keys he needs to feed his fury;
Three keys to loose infernal gate.
Nine virtues hold the daughter's bloodright;
Thrice times three quell icy fate.
When King walks forth from frozen prison
The mountains quake, their stones shall knock.
Stopped must be the Fimbulwinter,
Lest come the war of Ragnarök."

A dead silence falls over the chamber as the words of prophecy fade to a quiet echo. All eyes look on with stunned dread at the magnitude of what was said. Before anyone can recover, however, a shrill scream fills the air. One of the battered and bruised godi who had carried Ölvir's litter has plunged a knife into the side of one of his companions. The stabbed godi looks upward in shock as his wail reverberates through the room but trails off as a wet tearing sound takes its place. The ragged, bloody remains of the godi's flesh fall away in patches as runes form across his blackening, mummified skin. A single swipe of a claw tears the still form of Ölvir asunder, and then it turns its baleful gaze on you.

As a final parting gift to the Hall, Althunak allowed Hengrid to implant the essence of a demon in one of the corrupted godi. This foul spirit of the Ginnungagap would remain contained with the godi until released at his death. Then he and one other **corrupted godi** less visibly mangled than their other cursed comrades pretended to merely have been injured in the attack and remained behind as a sleeper cell until they could attack at an opportune moment. Having heard the true prophecy just given by Ölvir, the corrupted godi realized now was the time, and he fatally stabbed his compatriot to bring forth a creature known as a **demonvessel**. The demonic undead and corrupted godi immediately attack.

Demonvessel: HD 6; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** control non-intelligent undead, immunities (charm, sleep), magic resistance (10%), +1 or better weapon to hit, resist (cold, fire, lightning). (***Monstrosities*** 115)

Corrupted Godi (Clr9 of Althunak): HP 51; **AC** 2[15]; **Atk** touch (2d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 6 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** control undead, gaze (60ft, save or paralyzed 1d4 rounds), +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (3/3/3/2/2), resistances (cold, fire), wail (120ft radius, save or–1 to hits and saves).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect good*; 2nd—*hold person (x2)*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*continual light*, *cause disease* (x2); 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2); 5th—*finger of death* (x2).

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, *shield*, *ring of protection +1*.

Tactics: The other godi rush to get Kollsveinn out of the hall for his protection, while the corrupted godi and demonvessel focus their attacks on the characters. If the characters are too battered from their battles in the Hall, then have **3 senior godi** stay and assist them in the battle, primarily focusing on their corrupted brother so the characters can focus on the demonvessel.



Senior Hearthson Godi (Clr5) (3): HP 28, 26, 23; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +2 save versus paralyzation and poison, spells (2/2), turn undead.

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds*, *detect evil*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, *+1 heavy mace*, stone holy amulet of Donar, pouch of 2d10hs.

Development: The demonvessel's initial attack slew the oracle Ölvir, but his prophecy and subsequent death are sufficient to convince Kollsveinn of the veracity of his words. He can reveal the details of the Nine Virtues of Donar, a list of virtues that the Thunder God is said to possess and that influence the actions and honor of most Northlander folk (see sidebox). Ragnarök refers to the epic battle at the end of the world when the Æsir will battle the Jötnar during which the world will be destroyed. Fimbulwinter is the three-year-long winter that is said to be a prelude to Ragnarök, during which much of the world's mortal population will die from starvation, the cold, and the innumerable wars that it sparks.

If any character wants to learn more about *Kroenarck*, have the player roll 1d20 once and check the results provided below. The character learns all of the information equal and below the number rolled.

1d20	Result
5	*Kroenarck* was the sword wielded by Kraki Haraldson. It is known as the Sword of the High Køenig and, according to legend, will signal the rise of next High Køenig of the Northlands by an heir of Kraki who is worthy to wield it.
8	*Kroenarck* was buried with Kraki Haraldson 200 years ago in his barrow next to the Storm River. It is said powerful spells and curses were laid over the mound to prevent anyone from stealing the sword. In all the years since, no would-be conqueror has successfully managed to acquire the sword for himself.
10	Kraki Haraldson recovered the sword from the depths of Mount Helgastervän after slaying the red wyrm Verthenstyr.
12	*Kroenarck* was forged in the fires of Mount Helgastervän by the deathless Dvergar smith Bvalin, guardian of the Gates of Hell. The sword was originally called *Icemelter*.
15	Bvalin was not supposed to craft *Kroenarck* and, after its creation, was tasked by the Jötnar giantess Gunnlöd, daughter of Suttungr, to guard his forge against the return of *Kreonarck* and the coming of Ragnarök, slaying any who dared carry it in his presence.
17	To atone for the creation of *Kroenarck*, Bvalin crafted a twin sword called *Magnarck* that could counter the powers of *Kroenarck* and nullify its ability to bring about Ragnarök.
19	The sword *Magnarck* was lost with the hero Ottár Márson when his longship the *Saltstrøm* went down while riding the Transborean Current.
20	*Kroenarck* is one of three keys necessary to open the Gates of Hell under Mount Helgastervän, opening a direct conduit to the Ginnungagap. The knowledge of what the other two keys are has been lost to time.

The Nine Virtues of Donar

The Nine Virtues are said to be aspects of Donar's very being that are demonstrated in his actions as he carries out the will of his father. They are regarded as character traits to strive for by most Northlanders, and feature heavily in the boasting and competitions of Northlanders and as the subject matter of songs and poems of the skalds. The complete list of virtues are courage, diligence, discipline, hospitality, loyalty, mind's-worth, perseverance, self-reliance, and truth.

It should be noted that these virtues are not meant to replicate or serve as commentary on the Nine Noble Virtues of modern Odinism. However, they are derived from the same Norse sagas and *Poetic Edda* source materials, so there are necessarily many similarities.

Event 3: The Wayward Hero

With Kollsveinn now believing that Hengrid Donarsdottir must be saved if possible to prevent the Fimbulwinter, he sets about assisting the characters in locating her.

Kollsveinn consults with the other priests to reveal that Hengrid has already crossed the North Sea (in record time) and wrecked her ship upon the Virlik Cliffs. The priests cannot determine the location of Hengrid, however, but their spells do reveal a vision of the rocks upon which the *Mjolnir* ran aground. The magic also reveals a boon: If the characters move quickly, they can take to the sea as a strong gale blows through. This fast-moving band of wind allows the 794-mile trip down to Trotheim and then across the sea to the Virlik Cliffs to be completed in 6 days, half the normal time of the journey.

The first day-and-a-half of this journey is spent traveling back down the Storm River. Use the "Storstrøm Vale: Storm River Valley — Summer" encounter table in the Appendix of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*** to determine encounters. Roll 1d4 each day for encounters; an encounter occurs on a roll of 1. As before, 50% of these encounters are with bands of hirthmenn. Once past Trotheim and out to sea, use the "North Sea — Summer" encounter table with an encounter occurring on a 1 in 6 each day. However, the will of the gods seems to be with the characters, and encounters with other ships are likely to be short-lived as they are unable to keep up.

As a final gift if you wish, Kollsveinn can provide the characters with another *word of recall* charm to allow them to return to the Hall of the Hearth Stone upon completion of their quest.

Chapter Two: The Virlik Cliffs

Following the divinations cast by Kollsveinn, the characters arrive at the point where Hengrid ran her ship, the *Mjolnir*, aground at the Virlik Cliffs.

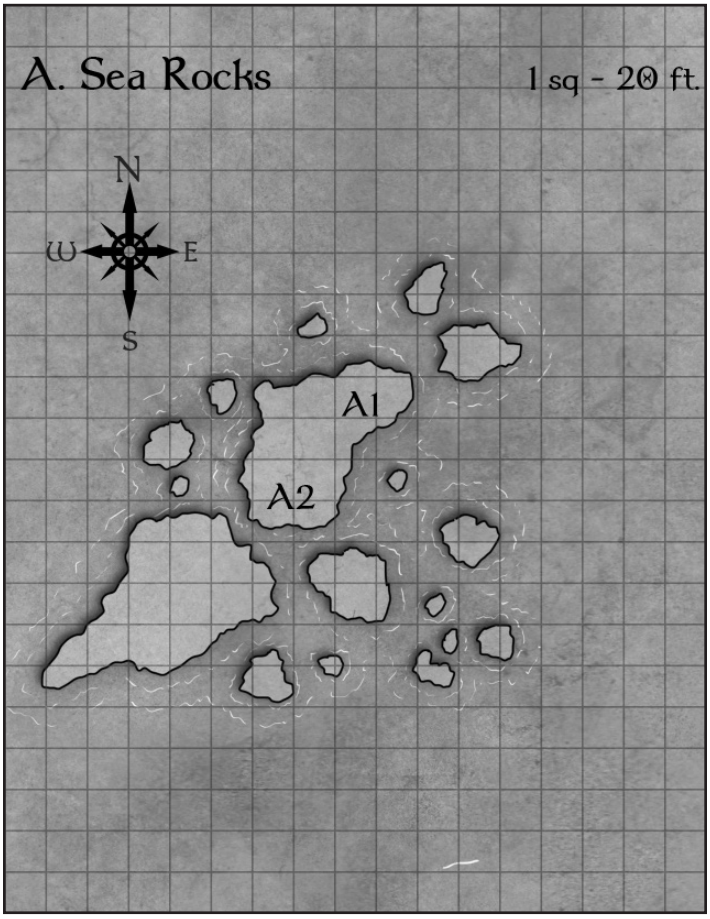
A. The Sea Rocks

This cluster of fog-shrouded rocks lies approximately 20 miles offshore. Hengrid ran her ship aground on one of the larger rocks, and the wreckage is still easily visible there even through the fog for anyone to see who has arrived by ship. However, the fog does provide concealment for anyone beyond 10ft.

Though the waters around the rocks are fairly treacherous, characters can to beach the ship on the gravel shingle. Have the group roll d% once (with a 5% bonus for every character who states how he is helping, such as grabbing an oar, rowing, helping steer, tending the sail, etc.; those who don't state a task cannot assist the landing). Check the results against the table below:

d%	Result
01%–25%	The ship strikes the sharp rocks hard, which causes the beam to snap, much as what happened to the *Mjolnir*, and the ship breaks apart and sinks. The characters have time to abandon ship and clamber onto the rock before the ship goes under. The waters around the rocks are 200ft deep and rough. Anyone in the water must make a saving throw each round to avoid taking 2d6 points of damage. Three failed saves in a row mean the character has been pulled under and drowns.
26%–50%	The ship strikes the rocks, but remains intact. All characters on the vessel take 3d6 points of damage from the violent impact. The ship beachs on the larger gravel shingle, where it will have to be repaired before setting sail again.
51%–75%	The ship glances off the rocks, but remains intact. All characters take 1d6 points of damage, but the ship can be guided safely onto the gravel shingle with little damage. It can sail whenever needed.
76%–00%	The ship slides safely through the treacherous rocks without damage and lands where the characters decide.

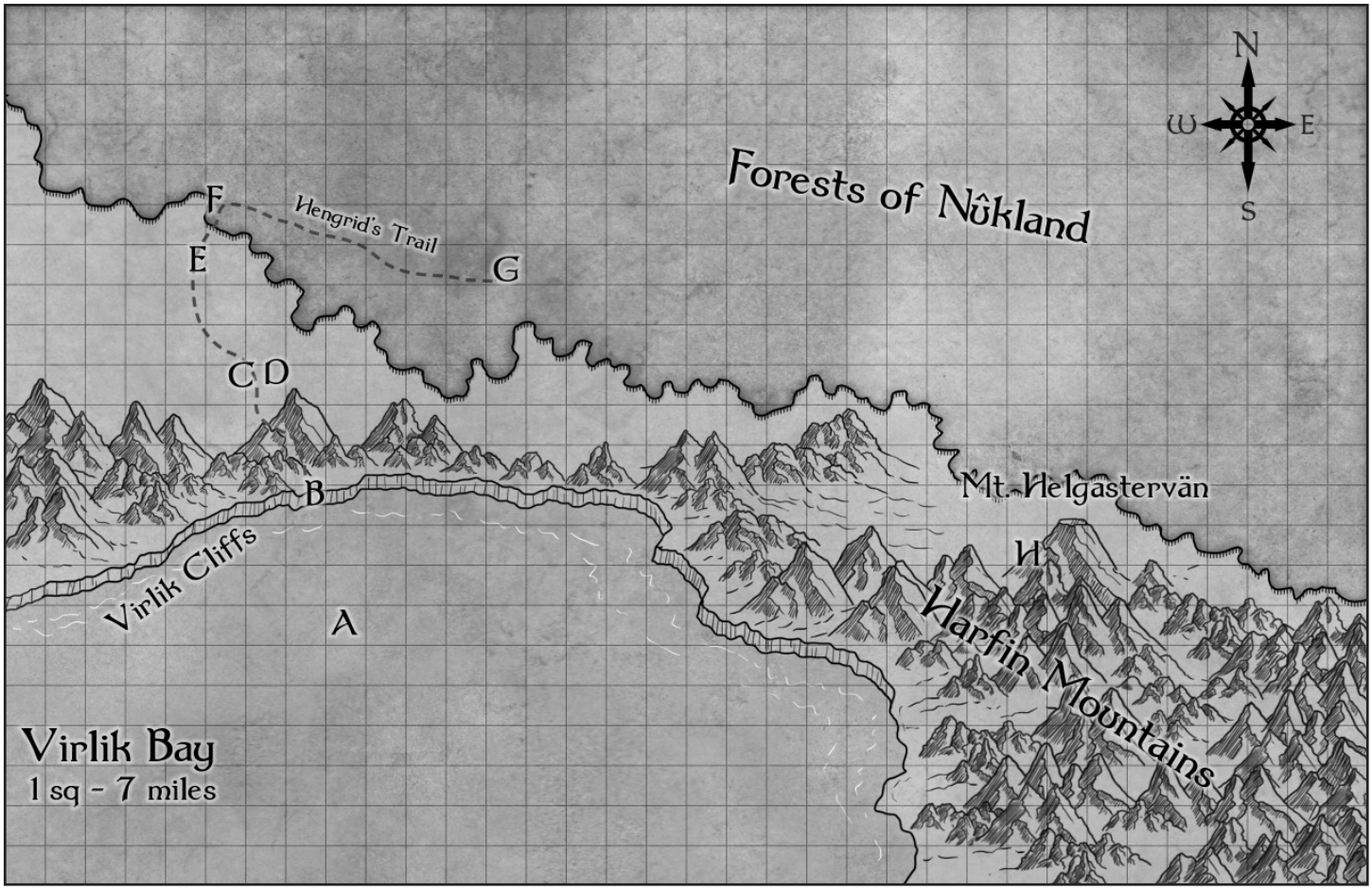
Despite the summer season, the northern waters of Virlik Bay are extremely cold, and the weather remains brisk. This is not unusual here, though paranoid characters may think it is a harbinger of Althunak's influence. While traveling in the area of the Virlik Cliffs, the tundra, or Nûkland, the characters must wear cold-weather gear or suffer 1d6 points of damage every hour. Furthermore, anyone falling in the water or getting excessively wet regardless of the type of clothing they wear takes 1d6 points of damage every 10 minutes until dry.



A1. Wreck of the Mjolnir

A cluster of jagged sea rocks lurches up from the water in a great spray as the waves break upon them. Seagulls gather on their highest points, creating a grayish-green coat over the tops of them from their long years of accumulated droppings. A dismal fog shrouds these rocks making them a true navigational hazard for one not aware of their presence. A gravel shingle on the edge of one of the rocks provides a precarious landing upon which a longship can be beached. Partially beached upon the shingle is the recent wreckage of a dragonheaded ship recognizable as Hengrid Donarsdottir's *Mjolnir*. The remainder of the wreckage has been washed up on the surrounding rocks.

The wreckage of Hengrid's ship is not alone, as the bleached planks of numerous ships are washed up on the rocks, testimony to the treacherous nature of the seas here. As is the multitude of bones stripped bare, no doubt the remains of many sailors lost over the years to meet their fate upon this desolate shore.



Hengrid was heedless of the danger when she arrived here during a storm and drove her ship straight into the beach, causing its beam to snap and many of her crewman to be thrown overboard to drown in the lashing seas. These dead crewman now exist under the waves as **8 brykolakases**. These horrific undead creatures still look as they did in life, as hard-bitten Northlander warriors, though now their skin is bluish-gray and covered in black splotches as well as ragged patches where fish attempted to feed on them. They rise from the waters 2 rounds after the characters begin examining the wreckage of the *Mjolnir* and attack until destroyed.

Brykolakases (8): **HD** 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6 plus infection); **Move** 6 (swim 24); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: create spawn—lacedon (aquatic ghoul), change shape (dolphin or manta ray), death throes (change to poison pool, 10ft, 2d4), lethal infection (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 74)

Development: The brykolakases are newcomers in guarding these sea rocks. In fact, the rocks are the domain of a scylla that has long been tasked with guarding the shrine at **Area A2**. The Scylla, however, is perfectly content to let the brykolakases spearhead the attack on any intruders. While the characters deal with the brykolakases, she pulverize any ship that the characters may have arrived in, blasting its hull with blasts of steam, her primary concern to trap the characters and prevent them from leaving. If the characters arrived by magic rather than by boat, then she attacks the characters directly once half of the brykolakases have fallen.

Scylla: **HD** 12; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 6 bites (1d10+3); **Move** 6 (swim 18); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: boil water (10ft, 3d6 damage), scalding blast (1/round, 30ft line, 3d6 damage). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 476)



A2. Secret Shrine

This small cave lies down by the waterline and is difficult to find (1-in-6 chance). The fog is thickest down by the waterline and seems to be issuing from this cave mouth. The cave within is thick with fog.

The entrance to this small, fog-filled cave is almost invisible at the waterline, and the waves wash directly into its half-flooded entrance. Driftwood has collected over the years, clogging the cave mouth though you can see where someone has hacked their way through and pushed it aside to create an entry passage. Within, the water is only a foot deep on the stone floor, which is worn smooth by countless years of wave action. Light sources barely pierce the fog to reflect off the glistening wet walls, revealing a series of crude carvings made in the stone. These depict a great fanged beast that is feeding upon the bodies of men prostrate in worship around it. It is clear from the carvings that many of the worshippers are still alive as the beast consumes them. In other portions, the worshippers appear to be turning on each other in a cannibalistic orgy. Above these scenes of carnage and cannibalism have been carved heavy clouds laden with snow from which storm winds and icy rain fall, freezing everything they touch. At the back of the shallow cave, a crude altar has been carved with a niche above it. The niche is empty.

The carvings indicate this is a shrine to Althunak, the Demon Lord of Ice and Cold. No record exists of a cult of Althunak occupying this area, so the crude renderings must be ancient indeed. The altar carries a faint aura of magic, and continually produces an *obscuring mist*. A *dispel magic* suppresses the *obscuring mist* only for 1d4 rounds. Shattering the altar (80hp, AC 5[14]) dispels the mist permanently and makes the waters around the sea rocks much safer for navigation.

An examination of the stone altar shows a depression with scratches in it where something once stood and was recently removed. It was, in fact, a prehistoric idol of Althunak that Hengrid claimed as the second key to the Gates of Hell.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters break the altar of Althunak, award them 5000 XP.

Event 4: Old Sea Mother

This event occurs on the Sea Rocks either after the characters locate the shrine at **A2** or if they are about to leave the rocks to look elsewhere for Hengrid's trail.

The sound of waves breaking on rocks continues but now you can hear it from out to sea as well. Looking in that direction, you see a white hillock looming in the waters with waves beating at its shores. It is an iceberg, and it is moving against the current toward your position. Among the jagged ice shelves and pinnacles that make up its upper surface, you can see a single humanoid figure, shrouded in furs and sitting unmoving as the great icy bulk approaches. The figure moves occasionally, proving that it is alive — or at least animate — but it does not seem to be making any overtly hostile actions.

The iceberg approaching the Sea Rocks is controlled by **Old Sea Mother** (elderly hag Drd12, 45hp), a fish-faced hag with blue scaly skin and long white hair that hangs raggedly to her knees. She wears robes of crudely stitched seal skins and wears a necklace that consists of a number of severed fingers in various stages of decay from fairly fresh to little more than tendons holding bones together. She does not come with hostile intent and will not attack the characters. If the characters attack from



range, she quickly dives beneath the surface of the ocean and then calls out to them in Nørsk from cover behind part of the iceberg. If they continue to attack, she dives deep and swims away never to return, leaving the characters to their own devices. If the characters do not attack, then she rises as the iceberg grounds itself on the beach at **1A** next to the wreck of the *Mjolnir* and hails the characters. She identifies herself and states that the voice of the Norns have sent her this day to make parley with the Northlander heroes.

If the characters respond peacefully, she states that before she holds this parley with them, though, she must determine if they are indeed true heroes of the Northlands. In order to do that, they must prove themselves; one of the characters must best one of her children in a game of hnútukast. The characters are familiar with hnútukast, so feel free to provide them with the information in the sidebox. Assuming the characters agree to this challenge (and any Northlander worth his salt would do so), **16 trow**

Hnútukast

Hnútukast is a game commonly played among the fiercely competitive Northlanders. It typically starts after a feast when Northlanders are sitting around exchanging boasts and one feels slighted or wants to challenge another. In hnútukast, the parties involved stand or sit an agreed upon distance apart (usually 10ft) and throw bones at each other from the remains of the feast. They throw these bones as hard as they can in an attempt to draw blood or even put out the opponent's eye. There are many variations on what constitutes a winner that the participants must agree to beforehand, but it usually involves the winner being the first to draw blood or cause major injury or the loser to be the first person to flinch in the face of the projectiles. The opponents do not actively attempt to block or otherwise deflect the thrown objects.

clamber onto shore from underneath the iceberg. Old Sea Mother introduces these as her "children." The largest of the children (a massive trow with maximum hp) singles out the most formidable-looking character and issues the hnútukast challenge in broken Nørsk.

Trow: **HD** 6+3; **HP** 51; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (3hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

The trow takes positon 10ft from the challenged character. The bones of past shipwrecks serve as the thrown objects. Bones deal 1d6 points of damage. The goal of the game is to fling the bones at each other to cause as much injury as possible after 10 throws. The winner is whoever has suffered fewer points of damage. Unfortunately, the trow's regeneration allows it to recover 3hp each round unless the character thinks to set his missiles on fire or apply acid to them. The character can use healing on himself (though doing so may forego dealing damage in that round), but anyone else helping will be considered cheating. If the character is deemed to have cheated, refuses the contest, or fails to defeat the trow (a tie counts as a loss by the character in the trows' minds), Old Sea Mother clucks her tongue and declares that the characters must not be the heroes she seeks. At that point, all the trow attack, as do Old Sea Mother's "sisters," **5 dertesha** that also climb from beneath the iceberg. Old Sea Mother does not take part in this battle, diving for cover beneath the iceberg if necessary. If the characters defeat all of Old Sea Mother's "children" and "sisters," she chuckles and states they must be the heroes after all and provides them the information under "Development."

Dertesha (5): HD 6; **HP** 45, 44, 41, 39, 34; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 1 (special); **Move** 12 (swim 12, fly 12); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** create tentacles (1/round within 60ft radius, save or held), *magic missile* (at will), paralysis touch (save or paralyzed 1d6 rounds). (***Monstrosities*** 118)

Trow (16): **HD** 6+3; **HP** 51, 48x2, 46, 44x2, 40x2, 38, 35, 34, 33x3, 30x2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 9/12 (swimming); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: breathing skin (–2 penalty on saves vs. gases or poisons), regenerate (3hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Development: Once the characters have won the contest or defeated the trow and dertesha, Old Sea Mother relates the information that she was given by the Norns. First, she shows the characters the shrine at **A2** if they have not already discovered it. She confirms that it was a shrine to Althunak and that an ancient idol of the Demon Lord of Ice and Cold once stood upon its altar. She tells them that Hengrid took the idol, as it is the second key that she needs to open the Gates of Hell. She does not know what the third and final key is but tells the characters that they must stop Hengrid from recovering it if they wish to prevent the coming of the Fimbulwinter. She also does not know how to find the gates if asked.

If the characters do not think to do so themselves, Old Sea Mother offers to help them determine where they next must go in their quest. Hengrid left the Sea Rocks by summoning an iceberg from the sea and riding it to the nearby cliffs. Old Sea Mother gives them the location where she made landfall. The characters can either use their own magic to reach the point where the iceberg landed, or Old Sea Mother says she will allow them to ride her iceberg and carry them to that location for a price. Her price is the nominal fee of a magical item worth at least 10,000hs or a single severed finger from one of the characters. Severing a finger deals 1d6 points of damage, 1d2 dexterity drain, and causes an inability to use that hand until the damage is healed. The dexterity drain cannot be restored unless the finger is regenerated. Old Sea Mother would clearly prefer a finger to add to her necklace as payment, but reluctantly accepts the magical item instead.

Once the characters have determined how to reach that location, from there they can try to pick up Hengrid's trail. If the characters have been battered from their encounters at the Sea Rocks, Old Sea Mother suggests that they rest to recover their strength before proceeding; she waits until the morning to ferry them ashore if need be.

B. Caves in the Cliffs

The northern shore of Virlik Bay is hundreds of miles of knife-edged rocks and ragged, sometimes-sheer cliffs, constantly pounded by the icy spray of the North Sea. It is as inhospitable as any location to be found in the Northlands, seldom spoken of by Northlanders and even more seldom visited. The bay is rumored to be the home of sea monsters normally found only the depths of the Great Ocean Ûthaf, which only adds to its dire reputation. But to this remote location Hengrid has gone, and to it the characters must follow.

The Old Sea Mother guides the characters to the point in the cliffs where Hengrid's iceberg made landfall. When the characters approach the shore through the wind-lashed seas or otherwise appear through magic of their own, read the following.

> The Virlik Cliffs — said by many a Northlander to be the ends of the earth. But you know that the edge of the world lies much farther on in the Far North, beyond icy wastes and wailing mountains. Nevertheless, spying the Virlik Cliffs through the cold sea mist makes it seem near enough the ends of the earth to you.
>
> The cliff rising from the sea is a sheer wall of stone painted with black ice. A narrow cleft not far to the east drops a tumultuous waterfall into the sea, and numerous caves and overhangs dot the face of the cliff. Your destination, however, is clear. A sea cave opens at the base of the cliff not far from the waterfall. Rather than the black rime of ice that coats the rocks everywhere else, the opening to this cave is partially blocked by a large blue-white mass of ice, like an iceberg attempted to smash its way inside and became wedged in place.

The cave where Hengrid landed does provide access to the top of the cliffs above, but the tunnels were inhabited by a tribe of wikkawaks, vicious arctic bugbears with stark albino fur and dead white eyes. Hengrid and her band battled these brutes and eventually subdued the tribe before incorporating several of their warriors into her band and leaving the remnant to fend for themselves here. Now this remnant guards these caves and is not amenable to further visitors, having begun to become horribly twisted by Hengrid's influence upon them.

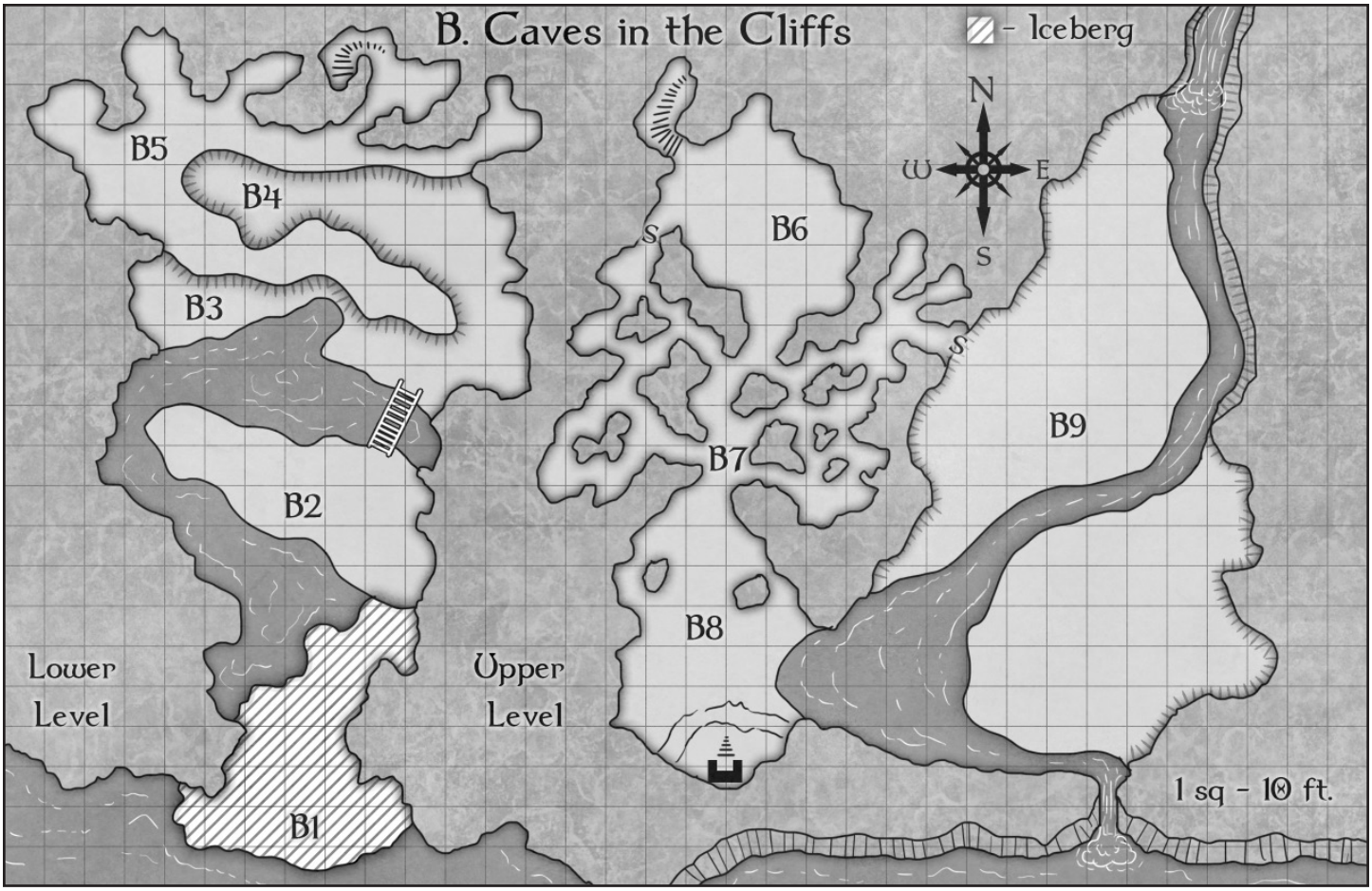
B1. Cave Opening

> The remains of the iceberg fill much of the cave opening, requiring you to duck down to enter. The slushy surface of the iceberg still holds footprints, refrozen in the cavern's cool interior, showing where dozens of booted feet passed this way and onto the cave's sandy beach.

The sea cave's opening is 15ft, and then the rough ceiling quickly rises to a height between 40ft and 50ft. The bulk of the iceberg fills the opening to a height of 11ft requiring characters to duck under the overhang to enter. Though the sea is cold, it is above freezing and the unnatural iceberg has begun to melt at the waterline. It is still stable to walk on for now.

B2. Cavern Beach

> The inlet from the sea is interrupted here by a large sandbar that extends out into the cavern and channels the water into large cavern pool. The sand here is churned by the prints of many feet that passed through here recently. At the eastern end of the sandbar, a wooden bridge built long ago passes over the tidal pool and onto a sandy beach extending deeper into the cavern.



This sandbar serves as the bait to a trap that the cave system's occupants have set against invaders. With darkvision or a light source, the characters have a 3-in-6 chance to see that the cave's northern wall does not extend all the way to the ceiling. Instead, it rises 20ft to an apparent plateau, the top of which cannot be seen from the sandbar. The darkness of the cave just gives the illusion that it is, in fact, a solid, floor-to-ceiling wall. The bridge, despite its obvious age, is still clearly sturdy and could support the weight of large creatures crossing it. The cave's occupants use the bridge and the appearance of a few decoys to draw intruders into the ambush at **Area B4**.

The cavern pool is 20ft deep and extremely cold. It is also crystal clear if anyone puts a light source into it. At the western end of the sandbar, a natural dike makes a walkway only 1ft deep. However, due to the refractive qualities of the water, the dike's presence is noticeable only by actively testing the water depth at that point or with a light source in the water. The pool itself is occupied by a cluster of **8 arctic crystal oozes** that gathered in this pool to hibernate for the summer. They were dormant at the bottom of the pool when Hengrid came through days ago, but the disturbance caused them to awaken. They attack anyone who enters the water or slither onto shore to attack those who cross the bridge.

Oozes, Crystal (8): **HD** 4; **HP** 30, 28, 27x2, 25, 23x3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** strike (2d6 plus paralysis); **Move** 3 (swim 6); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: acid dissolves organic only, paralysis (3d6 rounds, save avoids), immune to acid, cold, and fire, transparent, water dependent. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 410)

Development: Anyone wishing to examine the footprints in the sand can tell that though they approach the bridge, they do not actually cross it. Rather, they head over to the submerged dike at the western end of the pool. Hengrid took this path when she and her crew assaulted the wikkiwak cavern beyond.

B3. Hengrid's Assault

The characters do not gain a view of the contents of this area until they cross the pool and approach within 5ft due to the obscuring folds and rock formations in the walls and floor.

> A rope dangles against the rock wall here, and the rough stone shows the scuff marks where booted feet scaled it. The skeletal corpse of a human lies sprawled near the end of the rope. From the extent of the tissue loss, it appears to have been here for years, but the bones look polished and fresh as if only recently exposed. A section of the ribcage is broken open with a clean cut, as if by the blow of an axe, which seems to have been the cause of death, and both of its lower legs bear fractures to the bones.

Hengrid did not fall for the wikkawaks' trap at **Area B4** and instead assaulted them from behind, defeating them in a rout. A wikkawak killed one of her huscarls with an axe and he fell from the plateau above, causing the leg fractures. Since then, the crystal oozes have consumed all of the dead man's flesh and metal, wooden, or leather items, leaving only his polished bones. The oozes will come back and finish dissolving them later.

Any non-thieves wishing to use the rope to scale the wall here have an 80% chance. Otherwise, non-thief characters climbing the wall have a 60% chance.

Treasure: The remaining contents of the huscarl's dissolved pouch are here. The pouch itself and all his hacksilver and metal coinage were dissolved by the oozes, but a scattering of 5 small gemstones (75hs each) remains behind.

B4. Ambush Site

> The sandy beach curves around the rock walls and reaches a dead end here. The walls climb 20 feet to where they form a

wide ledge beneath the vaulting cavern roof 50 feet overhead. The sandy cave floor here is littered with the bones of scores of humanoids of all different ages. Some of them are so rotten and picked over by scavenger crabs that they are little more than broken, brown fragments, while other still bear the tattered remnants of armor and clothing. None of them appears to be fresh, however.

Despite the remote location, various parties have surprisingly invaded the caves many times over the centuries because of the easy access they provide between the sea and the cliffs above. As long as the wikkawak tribe has controlled these caves, they have used an ambush defense to defeat all invaders. By placing a small force to feign retreat across the bridge at **B2** to draw attackers into this box canyon, the rest of the tribe could hide atop the ledges and then lob volley after volley of javelins into the massed attackers below. All the while, a secondary force descended the plateau from the south side and maneuvered to trap them within for the slaughter. None of the equipment remaining here is useable, and none of the corpses has anything of value.

With the typical overly aggressive battle tactics of most men and creatures of the Northlands, this strategy always worked well in the past. Hengrid, however, sniffed out the ambush from the obvious feint and the apparent convenience of the terrain (including the bridge), and instead reversed the ambush by scaling the wall at **Area B3** and attacking the ambushers from the rear. See **Area B5** for details.

B5. Guard Caves

This wide ledge runs around almost the entire circumference of the cavern, creating an easy point of ambush for those trapped on the bone-covered box canyon floor 20 feet below. Likewise, the uneven surface of the ledge provides easy concealment from those who are below. Currently the ledge itself is tacky with pools of old blood that have not quite dried in the frigid cave, showing where a battle was recently fought atop the ledge. A series of five tunnel mouths open off this ledge.

The rough surface of the ledge is difficult to climb on, though this does not impede the cavern's regular occupants significantly. The side tunnels lead to small caves that once served as quarters for many of the tribe's warriors. When Hengrid's group came, they managed to counter-ambush these warriors and killed most of them before pursuing the rest upstairs. All of the fresh bodies have been removed to the feast at **Area B6**. Currently, only **11 wikkawak warriors** defend this cave, and they are heavily demoralized by Hengrid's crushing victory and the state that their tribe is currently in. Their distance from **Area B8** has spared them the worst of Hengrid's corruption. In battle, they try to extinguish the party's light sources first and then fling javelins down upon their heads or, if the characters have reached the level of the ledge, engage the characters at a narrow part with axes while others throw javelins at the rear ranks. They fight until half of their number are killed, but then attempt to surrender. They do not attempt to flee upstairs, because they don't trust their tribesmen. See "Development" below if any are captured alive.

Wikkawak Warriors (Arctic Bugbear) (11): **HD** 5+1; **HP** 35, 32x3, 30, 29, 26, 24x2, 22x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4), battleaxe (1d8+1) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: immune to cold, surprise opponents on 1–3 on a 1d6.

Equipment: battleaxe, 8 javelins.

Development: Any captured warriors can be questioned. The warrior reveals the basics of Hengrid and her crew's arrival on an iceberg days ago, and how they defeated the wikkawaks' ambush. They refer to Hengrid as the "Biting Wind Lady" for her mastery of cold and the subsequent effects she has had on the tribe. The warriors don't know how (they didn't see it after their own defeat), but claim that somehow she managed to subdue the wikkawak chief and took control of the tribe. The tribe killed only two of the Lady's followers, and the remaining 22 of them lorded it over the surviving tribe members while the Lady sequestered herself with the chief. When the Biting Wind Lady finally left and headed inland 5 days ago, she took with her almost 40 of the tribe's warriors, leaving very few behind to occupy the cavern.

If asked specifics about their tribe or the "effects" the Biting Wind Lady had on it, the wikkawak shudders and says only that the Lady's crew had the "hungers of the wendigo" and now the tribesmen and the chief have it as well. These warriors have been stationed down here and have not experienced the same transformation, but they fear their fellow tribesmen and will not go to the upper level under any circumstances. They can give the general layout of the upper level and its occupants, but they do not know about the secret door between **Areas B7** and **B9**.

Treasure: The treasures of the dozens of warriors who once occupied this chamber remain scattered through their dwelling caves, but the remaining warriors have refused to gather it up, fearing it bears some sort of curse left by the Biting Wind Lady. An hour of searching has a 20% chance to turn up the following: assorted coins, gems, and bits of hacksilver worth a total of 6670hs, a fine ermine cloak covered in white wikkawak hairs (300hs), a a *potion of fire resistance*, a *potion of extra healing*, a *scroll of dispel magic*, and a *girdle of giant strength*.

B6. Feasting Chamber

The sounds of raucous feasting going on in this chamber can be heard before the room itself comes into sight. The description assumes that the characters have a light source or the ability to see in the dark.

The large chamber echoes with the howls and grunts of what sounds like a major melee. However, once you have the chamber's occupants in view, you realize that these white-furred creatures are not in battle, they are in the midst of a feast. The substance of their meal appears to be the tattered and torn remnants of members of their own race. The crazed, gore-spattered beasts fight and tear at the corpses like wild animals and appear to be completely oblivious to anything other than satisfying their hunger.

Once the main gathering chamber of the wikkawak tribe, the chamber is now occupied by **15 cannibalistic wikkawaks**. These tribe members fell under Althunak's influence and turned into cannibalistic caricatures of their former selves. The other tribe members avoid these individuals, horrified by their transformation but afraid to try to drive them out. The ravenous wikkawaks feast on the dead members of their tribe who fell during the battle with Hengrid's huscarls. The body of one of Hengrid's men was also included in this feast but was reduced to bloody splinters of bone quickly.

The secret door to the southwest can be discovered with a DC 20 Perception check and leads into the rear portions of **Area B7**.

Cannibalistic Wikkawak Warriors (Arctic Bugbear) (15): **HD** 5+1; **HP** 37, 34, 33x3, 31x2, 30, 28, 26x3, 24x2, 20; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1dbite (2d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: immune to cold, rage (+1 attacks and damage), surprise opponents on 1–3 on a 1d6.

Tactics: The occupants of the chamber are distracted by their repast and are unlikely to notice the characters unless the characters bear a light source, giving the characters the opportunity to pass through the chamber unmolested if they are careful. A light source captures the occupants' attention immediately. If the characters gain the attention of the cannibal feasters, they all immediately attack in a rush for the opportunity to feast on fresh flesh.

Treasure: Discarded and forgotten among the torn and gnawed corpses is what remains of their treasures and equipment, ignored by the feasting cannibals. The following treasures can be gathered if the characters search

through the gory remains for 20 minutes: 3246hs in assorted bits of hacksilver and small gems, a scrimshaw comb (75hs), a *+2 handaxe*, a quiver of 12 *+3 arrows*, and a *ring of protection +1*.

B7. Wikkiwak Warrens

If the characters become involved in a combat in **Area B6** that lasts more than 3 rounds or uses explosive magic, then the inhabitants of this area are alerted and set up their ambush. Otherwise, they assume any noises in **B6** are just a continuation of the cannibalistic feast and ignore it.

A wide tunnel twists to the south. Numerous side tunnels open off from it. The air here is thick with the smell of a sharp musk.

The majority of the wikkawak tribe dwelled in this series of crowded tunnels and warrens. Most were killed, or recruited and taken away when Hengrid came through. Now, the remaining **11 wikkawaks,** the only remaining adult members of the tribe who have not succumbed to the illness spread by Hengrid, huddle in these warrens listening to the sounds of their blood-maddened tribesmen. There are also 22 wikkawak young hiding in these warrens, but they are noncombatants and avoid the characters. If the wikkawaks become aware of the characters, they prepare an ambush here. As soon as the characters reach the midpoint of the central corridor, they charge from all directions. In the past, their sheer numbers would have been sufficient to overcome any invaders. Now, their depleted numbers actually make their ambush attempt rather pathetic. If half are slain, the rest break and scatter, hiding in the depths of their warrens. If any are captured, they know the same information as the warriors in **Area B5**. Fighting in here alerts the occupants of **Area B8**.

A secret door leads to **Area B9**. A small, torn strip of a white cloak is caught in it from when Hengrid passed through. The strip is made of winter wolf fur that Hengrid Donarsdottir is known to wear.

Wikkawak Warriors (Arctic Bugbear) (11): **HD** 5+1; **HP** 37, 34, 32x2, 31, 29, 28x2, 24x3; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4), battleaxe (1d8+1) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: immune to cold, surprise opponents on 1–3 on a 1d6.
Equipment: battleaxe, 8 javelins.

Treasure: Most of the tribe's treasure is represented by what is on the floor in **Area B6**. With an hour of searching, another 353hs worth of small gemstones can be found in these caverns.

B8. Throne of the Corrupted Chieftain

The foul smell of this chamber is the first thing you notice. It is a long cavern with two large natural columns flanking the tunnel entrance to the north. To the east, sunlight streams in through a wide cave opening that looks out upon a meadow high atop the Virlik Cliffs. The frothing waters of a turbulent river lap against the floor of the cavern where it courses down the meadow and creates a wide pool at this cave entrance. At the far end of the chamber, a natural rise in the cavern's floor supports a massive throne-like chair. This throne is sized for a giant, but a stack of stones before it creates a stair-like pile to make it accessible to a smaller creature. The chamber's worst feature, however, and the source of the pungent odor, are the walls of the chamber. They are painted reddish-black with blood to a height of 6 or 7 feet, and rivulets of it have dried into brown pools on the floor. The blood is fairly fresh, no more than a few days old as it continues to remain somewhat tacky and causes sticky tracks to crisscross the cavern floor.

The chamber serves as the throne room and personal quarters of the wikkawak tribe's chieftain, **Agunga Throatbiter** and his jotun consort, the giantess **Griseld**. When the tribe fell to Hengrid's invasion, she used her corrupting touch to torture and transform Agunga into a shell of what he was before, totally in thrall to the foul will of Althunak. Griseld has not succumbed to the influence of Althunak yet and so far remains true to her mate, but her faith in the rightness of that decision is wavering and it is only a matter of time before she turns on the insane Agunga.

Agunga is a wikkawak who has lost much of his white fur, the flesh beneath ragged and scarred. His lips are flayed from his face, leaving his fangs exposed in a constant snarl. His armor is still coated in the blood spilled during his torture at Hengrid's hand. Griseld stands 15ft tall with flawless frost-white skin, blue hair, and eyes like blue diamonds. She is the picture of a prototypical frost giant.

Agunga Throatbiter, Wikkawak Chieftain (Arctic Bugbear): **HD** 8+1; **HP** 57; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4), *+2 halberd* (1d8+3) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: immune to cold, rage (+1 to attacks and damage), surprise opponents on 1–3 on a 1d6.
Equipment: *+2 halberd*, 10 javelins, *potion of invulnerability*, large emerald (5000hs).

Griseld, Giant, Jotun: **HD** 16; **HP** 101; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** two-handed axe (4d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; CL/XP 19/4100; **Special**: double damage from fire spells, immune to cold, magical abilities, throw and catch rocks. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 100)
Magical abilities: 1/day—*phantasmal force*, enlarge (double size, +4 to attacks, extra dice of damage); 3/day—alter appearance.
Equipment: two-handed axe, cloak of fire resistance (made of polar bear fur), sack with a frozen haunch of elk, a twisted and battered platinum crown with 3 large opals (9600hs), and assorted gemstones worth 2200hs.



Tactics: If the chieftain and his consort have been alerted by fighting in **B8**, they stand in front of the water at **B9**. Agunga enters a rage, while Griseld at her normal size flings rocks that she picks up from the ground near the water. When the characters come within range, the **akhlut** uses its shore storming to attack from the water and Agunga leaps up to mount the creature. The akhlut then retreats to the water and Agunga fights with his javelins from its back.

If the characters surprise Agunga and Griseld, Agunga sits upon his throne, while Griseld in reduced form sits at his feet. When the characters enter, Agunga uses his agonized wail while he retreats to the water's edge. The wail alerts the akhlut, which responds as described above while Agunga waits for the characters to close enough for the akhlut's attack. Griseld, meanwhile, assumes her normal size and uses the stones of the throne's stair steps as throwing rocks. As soon as Agunga makes it onto the akhlut's back, Griseld enlarges herself and ties to retreat across the water.

Development: If Agunga falls or she is reduced below 50hp, Griseld surrenders and cowers before the characters, begging for mercy. This enrages Agunga if he still lives, and he directs his further attacks toward her. If this occurs, she begins throwing rocks at her former mate in self-defense and assists the characters in defeating him. The akhlut enters a frenzy and charges up on shore to attack the characters if Agunga is slain.

If Griseld is captured alive, she can provide the characters with the same information provided by the warriors in **Area B5**, going into even greater detail about the surprise that the tribe experienced when the Northlander crew refused to be drawn into the ambush that had been set for them. She states that she has never seen a Northlander warband show such discipline in the face of an apparent easy victory. A canny player might recall (or a 20% chance) that discipline is one of the Nine Virtues of Donar, perhaps again demonstrating that she has not fully fallen to the influence of Althunak and can yet be saved. Griseld can also confirm that the wikkawak tribe had never practiced cannibalism before. This unwelcome development occurred only after Hengrid tortured and corrupted Chief Agunga. It seemed that those who were nearby when this occurred were struck the hardest by the cannibalistic urge, while those farther away (like the warriors in the lower level) were less affected. Griseld attributes her own resistance to the influence to her Jötnar heritage, and stronger will and physical constitution. If the giantess is spared, she seeks to return to her people in the Harfin Mountains and will not willingly accompany the characters under any circumstances.

Treasure: The seat of the throne is a slab of stone that covers a hollow beneath. Within the hollow is collected the tribe's treasure and the dowry paid by Griseld when she became the mate of the fearsome Agunga. The hoard consists of 5080hs; a silver statuette of a beautiful giantess (250hs); a skald's lap harp composed of narwhal ivory and gold filigree with strings of spun silver (2800hs); an ornamental mithral helm etched with scenes from the *Saga of Örn* and set with 5 emeralds (additional settings show where 3 more are missing) worth a total of 9500hs (the emeralds are worth 1000hs each if removed); 3 *potions of extra healing*; a *ring of spell storing* (*dimension door*, *fly*, *wall of fire*, *wall of ice*); and a *wand of magic missile* (8 charges).

Ad Hoc XP Award: If a player recalls discipline as one of the Nine Virtues without resorting to the dice roll (a 20% chance), award that character a bonus of 500 XP.

B9. Meadow

A break in the cliffs forms a pleasant sheltered meadow here. A waterfall tumbles 30 feet at the rear of the meadow and flows across the meadow, forming a pool before a wide cave mouth before tumbling over the edge of the cliff to the sea below. The meadow is fairly sheltered from the wind here, and a sward of green grass is even able to grow along the banks of the little river.

The cliffs along the edges of the meadow are 30ft high and crumbling (35% chance to climb for non-thieves). The southern end drops off 80ft to the sea below. The river is cold and fast flowing, though only 5ft deep. Anyone wading into the water must make a saving throw or be swept 20ft downstream. The pool, however, is 30ft deep and much calmer except for where it empties into the south falls (save or swimmer swept 20ft toward the falls). The southern outlet of the pool requires a save with a –4 penalty where the current picks up. The pool is occupied by a **young akhlut** that serves as a loyal mount to Agunga Throatbiter and attacks any who enter its pool other than the chieftain or his mate. The akhlut looks like a normal orca while in the water, but once it comes up on land, four furred legs and a wolf-like head appear on its body as a result of its eye-blink transformation ability. It eats the fish of the river and is allowed to go to sea through **Area B1** to feed upon the whales of Virlik Bay once a week.

A secret door leads to **Area B7**, though the tracks of more than a dozen warriors in the grass lead from it. Hengrid and her crew took this route when they assaulted the throne room. An iceberg — long since carried over the falls — served to keep the akhlut at bay and bear Hengrid's band into **Area B8** with surprise. The tracks of this band near the shore of the lake can be followed to the secret door, as mentioned above, or to a secret stair that ascends the cliff behind the northern waterfall. Hengrid took this route when she left the meadow 5 days ago with her crew and the added wikkawak warriors.

Akhlut: HD 13; **HP** 93; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (3d10); **Move** 12 (Swim 24); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** shapechange (instant change), shore charge (+4 to attack when leaving water), swallow whole (natural 20, automatic 3d10 damage), vulnerable to fire. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Chapter Three: The Tundra and Nûkland

After the characters complete their raid on the Caves in the Cliffs, regardless of how far behind Hengrid they were before, they find that they are now only 5 days behind their quarry due to the time she spent among the wikkawaks. In addition, though she remains elusive to magical attempts to locate her, she has now headed out onto the tundra with an entourage of more than 60 hurscarls and wikkawak warriors. As her group descends from the mountainous region of the Virlik Cliffs onto the tundra beyond, the characters can easily follow her trail on the moist ground of the summer tundra.

As the characters follow Hengrid's trail, every few miles they come upon evidence of the unrest that must exist within her ranks. This takes the form of a dead wikkawak warrior or human huscarl, clearly the victim of violence and possible cannibalism, with choice cuts of flesh removed from their necks and backs, and occasional gnaw marks on their faces and fingers. These cast-off corpses have nothing of value or use on them.

As the characters travel across the tundra, roll 1d6 each day for encounters; an encounter occurs on a roll of 1 or 2 due to the relative fecundity of the flora and fauna of the tundra in the summer months. If an encounter is rolled, use the "Tundra — Summer" encounter table to determine the result.

C. A Man Named Geirolf

After following Hengrid's trail for 28 miles across the tundra, the characters come upon this lone traveler.

A lone figure stands upon a low rise in the flat terrain of the tundra ahead. The ground is particularly moist here, so the muddy footprints of the band you follow on the trampled tundra sedge are clearly visible as they head directly toward this figure. As you draw nearer, you can make out some details of the man, for a man he clearly is. Long blond hair flows free to his shoulders and blows wild in the wind. His face is lined and morose, with a forked moustache of the same shade as his hair, and eyes of piercing blue. He wears a chain hauberk and a travel-worn bearskin cloak. He leans upon his spear as if exhausted and eyes you warily. At his feet lies a man-shaped bundle, wrapped from head to toe in a gray wolf hide cloak bound with cords as if for burial.



Behind the man can be seen the profile of a low tent, weathered and tattered but still serviceable. Before it are the smoking coals of a cooking fire with a pile of cut peat turves stacked next to it for fuel.

When the characters draw within 60ft, the figure raises one hand and hails them in Nørsk. He is initially indifferent and cautious, but he talks to the characters if they approach in a nonthreatening manner. The man identifies himself as **Geirolf**, a freeman of Gatland. He tells how he and his sword-brother Hauk traveled around Virlik Bay in the spring to hunt monsters upon the tundra and in the Alfar wood of Nûkland. He states that they traveled for several months with some modest success when an unnatural wolf-beast of the tundra attacked them. Hauk was slain in battle. Geirolf has prepared his companion for burial, but agreed to the man's dying request and gave his oath that he would stand guard over the body for 9 days before he consigned it to the lonely earth here at the world's edge.

Geirolf has stood his vigil now for 8 days, and every other night the wolf-beast returns and he must fend it off with fire and spear. Tonight will be the last night of his vigil, but he is wounded and battered to the point of exhaustion. He asks that if the characters be Northlanders of mind's-worth, might they sit his vigil with him this last night and then help him bury his sword-brother on the morrow. If so, he promises to serve them as thrall for a year and day. Geirolf gives a resigned sigh if the characters refuse (and will be found mauled and dead if they return a day later), but resorts to violence only if attacked. If the characters ask him about Hengrid's war party that clearly passed by this way, he confirms that they did 5 days ago, but gives no other information about them unless the characters agree to stand vigil with him for the night.

Geirolf (Ftr9): HP 60 (currently 22); **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1) or *+1 spear* (1d6+2) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5 (ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** multiple attacks (9) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, cold-weather outfit, *+1 spear*, longsword, shortbow, quiver with 7 arrows, *ring of protection +1*, iron hammer Donar amulet (2hs), 2 silver arm-rings (100hs each), pouch with 14hs.

Geirolf was never the most cheerful man, but his friend's death has made him positively morose. He is not known to smile, and though he understands humor, he takes jokes and pranks only as a weighty burden to be borne. If the characters agree to stand vigil, Geirolf builds up his peat fire and begins to heat water in a cauldron to make hot tea. While he does so, he relates the tale of Hengrid's visit as described below.

"It is true, the White Lady did come by this way only 5 days ago. She led a band of ruffians and beasts such as are described only in the tales by the hall fire on a winter's eve. I thought at first that she and her company meant to murder and devour me; many of the white-furred beasts whined and slavered as they pointed at me — as did more than a few of the men — but the Lady refused to allow them to approach. One of the white beasts tried, and she struck him down with such a blow of her greathammer that his body fell seemingly boneless to the ground. I'd show you where he fell, but his fellows butchered and packed him away in their food satchels in only moments, leaving nothing behind.

"The White Lady did approach, though, and asked me my purpose here. At first I thought she looked like that legendary hero of Estenfird, Hengrid Donarsdottir, with her mighty height and girth, her winter wolf cloak, greathammer, and hauberk of golden mail, but I thought there was no way this dirty and disheveled she-beast could be her. But when she drew abreast of me, and I clutched my spear harder to keep my hands from trembling before her blue-eyed stare, I realized it was her, for she reached into her hauberk and pulled forth an amulet that she wore around her neck. It was made of iron and grimed with rust and old blood but was very clearly a hammer of Donar amulet.

"I'll never forget what she said to me. She said, 'Such a symbol requires a loyal neck to bear it, a neck like yours as you have shown by your oath. Take this amulet and bear it better than I.' Then after I took the amulet, she signaled to her company and they continued on to the north. The wolf-beast did not come that night, so I counted it good fortune to have met her, even if it should be as she fell from the favor of the gods."

After telling the party his tale, Geirolf pulls forth the amulet from his own hauberk, and it is clearly an iron hammer amulet of Donar like that known to be worn by Hengrid, though now cleaned and polished. An astute player recalls loyalty as one of the Nine Virtues of Donar, and that even if Hengrid no longer holds to her oaths to Donar, she refused to be disloyal to his symbol and showed honor to one who did demonstrate loyalty. It should be becoming clear that Ölvir's assertion that Hengrid fights the influence of Althunak is at least partially true, and that perhaps more instances of her demonstrating the Nine Virtues should be watched for.

Development: If the characters agree to stay with Geirolf for the night, they discover the beast that torments him is a **hróðvitnisson**, the foul offspring of the Jötnar Fenrir himself. This vile, demonic beast — which resembles a massive wolf with paws resembling hands — has been toying with Geirolf for several days after slaying his companion. It kept its distance when Hengrid came through, smelling the stink of Althunak on her, but is much more interested in devouring the party if they decide to stop and help the lone warrior. It attacks with **3 winter wolves** after nightfall, using its spell-like abilities from the darkness to whittle down anyone visible near the campfire. Though it travels on all fours, it is capable of standing on its hind legs in order to throw rocks plucked from the turf. It attempts to drag fallen characters away to devour and fights to the death.

Hróðvitnisson: HD 11; **HP** 82; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (2d6), 2 claws (1d8), rock (2d6); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** regenerate (1hp/round), spell-like abilities, throw rocks (150ft), shapechange (goblin or wolf).

Spell-like abilities: at will—*invisibility 10ft radius*, *levitate*; 1/day—*charm monster*, *dimension door*, *invisibility*,

Wolves, Winter (3): **HD** 5; **HP** 36, 32, 31; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe frost (once per turn, 10ft, 4d6 cold, save half). (***Monstrosities*** 514)

Ad Hoc XP Award/Penalty: If the characters aid Geirolf in keeping his oath, award them XP as if they had defeated him in battle. If they refuse, then they have stained their mind's-worth before the gods, and each character loses a like number of XP. If a player recalls loyalty as one of the Nine Virtues without resorting to a dice roll (a 20% chance), award that character a bonus of 500 XP. This will be the last instance where XP are awarded for simply remembering and applying the Nine Virtues to Hengrid's actions. The characters can seek to recall the Nine Virtues at any time, but it is up to them to think to do so when they are considering Hengrid's actions.

D. The Walkers on the Wind

Regardless of whether the characters stop to help Geirolf or not, this point marks the time at which a wendigo created by Althunak's influence takes notice of the characters and begins to hunt them. This does not occur until after any battle with the hróðvitnisson. During the night while the characters camp (whether at Geirolf's campsite or not), a wendigo comes within a mile of the campsite and unleashes its howl. If the characters

battled the hróðvitnisson, they may think it comes from another of these monstrosities hunting them, though the truth is perhaps worse.

The campfire burns low on the cold watches of the night. A chill wind from the northern tundra has picked up and sweeps through the campsite, bearing with it the promise of a winter not far off and something else — perhaps a sense of hunger or death, maybe both. It is enough to disturb the slumber of even the soundest sleeper, and for a moment, everyone huddles just a little closer to the fire. Any comfort brought by the fire's meager warmth is short-lived, however, for a forlorn cry from some unknown distance across the plains suddenly joins the wind. It is a high wavering cry, something like that of a wolf but no wolf that has ever lived in this world. On its notes, you know it is the source of the hunger and death you sensed earlier. Something hunts on the night winds.

The **wendigo** is almost a mile away, so everyone in the camp must make a saving throw or be shaken for 1 hour (–1 to attacks and saves). Interestingly, Geirolf, or anyone else bearing the iron hammer amulet of Donar given by Hengrid, is immune to this effect. This occurs only after the battle with the hróðvitnisson, so the characters will not have to contend with these effects during that conflict. Furthermore, an hour later the wendigo flies 200ft above the camp and uses its nightmare ability on one of the sleeping characters, giving him dreams of starvation, cold and cannibalism to survive.

A half moon is out, and the Dark Sister rides low in the sky so lighting is extremely dim. As a result, the wendigo is nearly impossible to spot. However, any character sleeping within 40ft of the campfire is discernable to the flying creature from above. If the wendigo can see the character in question, the character receives a –2 penalty to his saving throw against the nightmare. If all the sleeping characters are concealed or in tents, then the wendigo has no connection, granting the target a +5 bonus to the saving throw. Regardless of whether the target saves or not, he is exposed to wendigo psychosis and must make a saving throw (none of the above-mentioned modifiers apply) this night and each subsequent night to avoid its terrible effects. Be sure and keep track of the progress of this disease as the characters progress through the adventure.

If the characters manage to detect the wendigo, it foregoes a battle and instead streaks out of sight into the night sky; it will not directly confront the characters until later. Whether detected or not, the wendigo returns each subsequent night to use its howl followed by its nightmare ability on a different character in an attempt to ensnare one or more of them with its insidious disease.

Wendigo: **HD** 14; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** bite (3d8 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis), 2 claws (2d6 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis); **Move** 24 (flying); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: *control weather* (1/day as spell), dream haunting (1/day, save avoids [–2 if wendigo can see victim; +5 if not]), howl (–1 to attacks and saves, save avoids), immune to cold, magic resistance (15%), vulnerable to fire, wendigo psychosis (see sidebar), wind walk. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Wendigo Psychosis

A victim exposed to the curse of the wendigo must make a saving throw each day after meeting the wendigo. If the victim fails a save, he loses 1d4 points of wisdom. If the save is successful, the victim successfully staves off any changes that day. It takes three consecutive successful saves to fully overcome the effects of the curse. If a victim is reduced to 1 point of wisdom, he immediately seeks out a member of his own race to kill and devour. The victim then begins to run, sprinting into the sky in 1d4 rounds as the psychosis takes hold. The victim's legs catch fire and burn away as the being races into the sky. Only blackened stumps remain. The complete transformation into a wendigo takes 2d6 rounds. The character is essentially dead, replaced by a wendigo that flies away to find new victims. If a wendigo is captured, the effects can be reversed with a *limited wish* or a *resurrection* spell.

A victim struck or bitten by a wendigo, pulled aloft, or that has its dreams invaded is at risk of contracting wendigo psychosis.

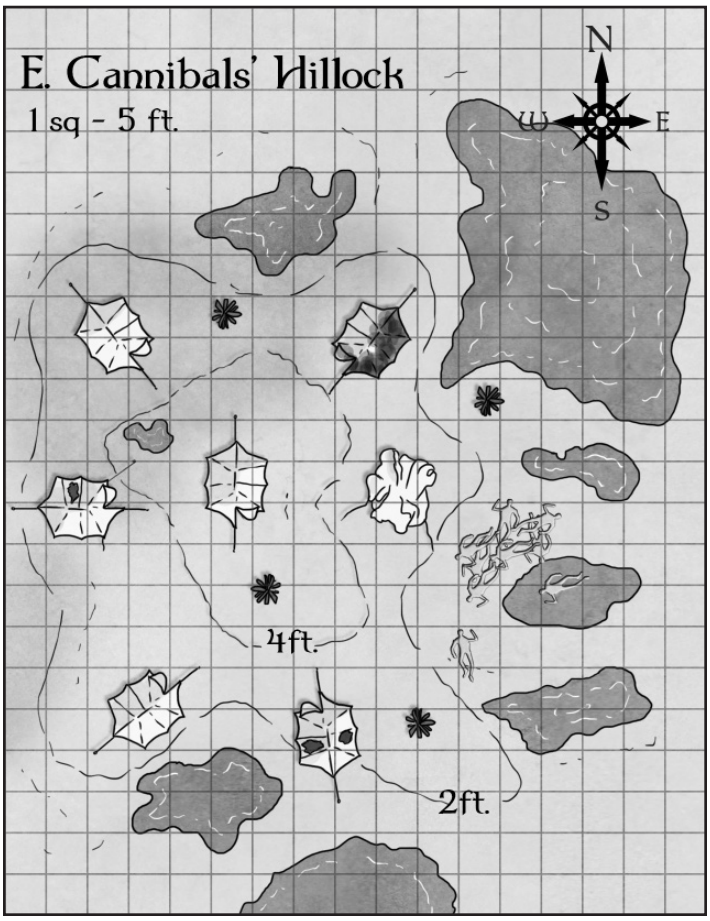
E. Cannibals' Hillock

This location lies another 22 miles across the tundra.

The tundra has become soggy in this low-lying area where the ice of the previous winter has thawed and collected. Ahead, smudges of smoke rise from a low hillock where an encampment has been made, and the trail you have been following leads directly to it. However, the camp itself has seen better days. A handful of small cooking fires among a cluster of tents have been allowed to burn down to charcoals, and it appears that at least one of the tents caught fire from a nearby campfire and half burned itself. Of the remaining tents, most show signs of having been torn through and are partially collapsed. Only two of the tents stand entirely intact.

The tents themselves are typical sailcloth canvas affairs common to Northlander seafarers, and a few Northlanders wander among their remains listlessly as if they have lost their direction. Several more squat in the mud at the base of the hillock near a pile of what appears to be corpses. All of their gear is tattered and torn, and none even seems to be carrying weapons. To all appearances, something terrible happened to this camp.

Most of the surviving members of Hengrid's crew, in fact, occupy this camp. The camp was set here 5 days ago, minus any days that the characters



shaved off their lead by traveling quickly. Hengrid felt like the main group was slowing her too much and took only a dozen handpicked huscarls to continue on with her. The remaining crewmembers and all of the wikkawak warriors were left here to await her return. The cannibalistic influence had already embedded itself deep within the psyche of this company, though, and many of them transformed into ravenous creatures. The wikkawaks succumbed first since the bestial transformation was closer to their nature. As a melee free-for-all broke out between ravenous wikkawaks and those wikkawaks who had not transformed, the Northlanders stood aside and formed a shieldwall to beat back any attacks upon them. The feral wikkawaks went for easier targets and had soon slaughtered all of the untransformed wikkawaks before turning on each other. As they began to reduce their own numbers, the Northlander shieldwall charged forward and slaughtered the rest before they had a chance to respond. The surviving crewman and two surviving untransformed wikkawaks piled the corpses near the base of the hillock and prepared to await Hengrid's return.

Unfortunately for them, they were not immune to Althunak's cannibalistic effect, and it began to transform them as well. Just the previous evening, the crewmembers and final wikkawak warriors became **9 ravenous berserkers** and **2 ravenous wikkawak warriors**. Two of the berserkers wander camp aimlessly, while four more are down at the pile of corpses feasting on their putrid flesh. The remaining three berserkers are inside the centermost tent feeding upon a partial wikkawak corpse that they dragged within. The ravenous wikkawak warriors are hiding from the berserkers in the northwestern tent, who have forgotten about them. As soon as the characters are spotted, the bersekers let forth primal screams and charge to attack (see "Development" below). The ravenous wikkawaks wait until the characters begin searching the camp, and then attempt to capture and devour a character who has split up from the rest.

Cannabalistic Berserker (Ftr10) (9): HP 68; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3+1), bite (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** immune to fire, multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, rage (20 rounds/day, +1 to attacks and damage).

Cannibalistic Wikkawak Warriors (Arctic Bugbear) (2): HD 5+1; **HP** 31, 26; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), 1dbite (2d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: immune to cold, rage (+1 attacks and damage), surprise opponents on 1–3 on a 1d6.

Development: The ravenous creatures are all in the thrall of wendigo psychosis, and during the second round combat, one of the berserkers undergoes his transformation. He suddenly breaks off combat and begins to run across the moor, picking up speed at an impossible rate until he suddenly sprints directly up into the sky, his feet burning away to charred stumps from the friction created. He then flies into the distance as he completes his transformation into a wendigo and departs into the distance, not returning for this encounter. This process is likely to startle the characters. One of the berserkers likewise seems to regain a touch of sanity when he sees it as he gurgles something that sounds like "please," and bares his neck for an obvious coup de grace stroke. The rest of the ravenous creatures appear to take no notice to their comrade's sudden and strange departure.

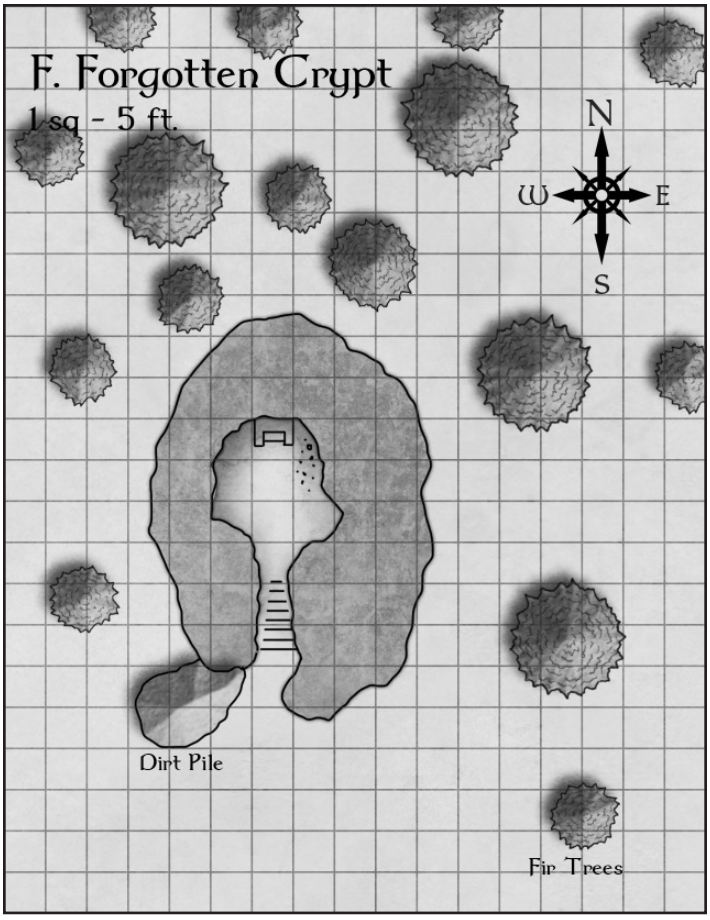
Treasure: The ravenous creatures discarded their weapons and equipment, and destroyed or lost most of it, but anyone spending 2 hours searching the camp and has a 1-in-6 chance to find the following items among the refuse: a suit of *+1 chainmail*, a *+1 longsword*, two battleaxes, 9 gold arm-rings (250hs each), and pouches holding a total of 985hs.

Ad Hoc XP Adjustment: Do not award XP for the berserker who transformed and fled.

F. Forgotten Crypt

The evergreen forest of Nûkland has been looming on the flat horizon ahead for several hours. It is a fey realm of the Alfar, the Nûk tribe of elves. So far, you have seen no sign of these elusive hunters, and Hengrid's trail continues straight on toward the distant trees.

As you draw near the trees, you can see where the trail you follow leads. At the very edge of the tree line, a low mound of earth, well covered in a thick layer of pine needles, stands in the shadows of the forest. A few low stones adorn the top of this low mound and would be barely worth noticing if they did not bring to mind the appearance of truly ancient standing stones worn down to bare stubs by countless winters. Further, excavation has marred the southern face of the mound, and a fresh pile of dirt stands next to it. Someone has recently dug a tunnel into this mound.



The spirit of Althunak upon her led Hengrid and her band to this forgotten spot upon her, where she ordered her men to dig into the mound. They broke through into the crypt of an ancient king of the Far North who preceded even the coming of the Uln. Known as the First Winter King, this man was also the first apostate of Althunak. After a tumultuous reign, he was driven out and forced to wander alone across the tundra. He made it this far before finally expiring of deprivation. When the ancient fey found his corpse, they recognized it for the cursed thing that it was and built him a barrow mound to forever contain his loathsome evil and to be forever forgotten by the rest of the world. Unfortunately, Althunak never forgot, and the crown of the First Winter King serves as the third key to the Gates of Hell. This Hengrid claimed before continuing on her way.

Hengrid spent a full day at the mound for the excavation, and the remains of their camp are visible nearby. Then she and her band left and turned east into the forest, their lead now reduced by 1 day plus however much ground the characters managed to gain on her if they have been traveling at a faster pace. The characters will want to pursue her, as they sense their quarry getting closer, but are unlikely to pass up the opportunity to see what exactly the possessed Donarsdottir was digging for in this lost and lonely barrow mound. Read the following if the characters choose to explore the mound. They will need their own light source.

The unearthed entrance to a tunnel leads into darkness. The tunnel itself is low, the walls obviously dug long ago with stacked stones used to shore them up. The ceiling is wide slabs of stone set across the walls, though the earth is visible in the creases between these slabs. They seem precarious after the endless cycles of freeze and thaw that the mound has experienced, so you proceed with caution to avoid dislodging any of them. The floor itself is hard-packed earth and cut into shallow steps. The stair descends only 5 or 6 feet, but the air grows noticeably colder until you can see a sheen of frost on the stones of the walls and ceiling.

The stairs open into a small chamber where the air is cold and still like an arctic cave. The stacked stones of the rear corner have crumbled, causing a long-ago cave-in that encroaches into the room, but the collapse appears to have stabilized. In the center of the back wall, a throne of the same stacked stones and slabs has been constructed. The skeletal form of a man sits upon it. Whatever regalia this ancient man wore long since rotted away, leaving only bones stained brown by long years in the earth, now buried under a layer of crystalline ice that glitters like the royal robes of a køenig. The ancient skeleton has been disturbed though. Someone recently hacked through the layer of ice and removed the thing's skull from its shoulders. Now its spine ends at a broken stump just above the collarbones.

The crown of the First Winter King was part of his power but also his curse. When he was driven forth from his lands into exile, his usurpers used wooden screws to secure his hated coronet upon his brow. He survived the injuries to make it this far before dying. When Hengrid saw that the crown was firmly attached, she decided to take the entire skull rather than risk damaging the crown, leaving his headless skeleton to occupy the desecrated tomb.

Other than the footprints and other signs of Hengrid having been here and taken the skull, there are no other clues as to what this place was. The skeleton is clearly inanimate and does not respond in any way to the characters' presence, nor is there any burial treasure to loot. However, before the characters decide to leave or attempt to harm the skeleton, proceed with "Development" below.

Development: The wendigo that has been haunting the characters has followed them to this place. However, once it gets close, the draw of the ancient Winter King and his close ties to the wendigo's master, Althunak, proves too much of a pull. The wendigo suddenly dives toward the tomb, flying at its full speed. Anyone outside has the opportunity to see the wendigo as it suddenly swoops from the sky but will be unable to act due to surprise. The wendigo unleashes a single howl from a distance of 120ft, requiring those inside and outside the mound to make a save or be panicked for 1d4+4 rounds. It then swoops into the mound, past the startled characters, and sinks directly into the seated skeleton. This animates the headless First Winter King as a **winterwight**. Any non-panicked characters have 1 round as the skeleton breaks itself free from the encasing ice. The wight is unhindered by its headless state and attacks the characters until destroyed, relentlessly following them if they flee.

Winterwight: **HD** 13; **HP** 94; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6 plus blightfire), 2 claws (1d8 plus blightfire); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: blightfire (5 rounds, save or 1d6 damage, winterwight gains 10 hit points with failed save), cold aura (10ft radius, 2d8 damage, save for half), freezing bolt (at will, 3d6 damage, save for half), rend (2 claws, additional 1d8 damage), spell-like abilities, vulnerable to fire (double damage). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Spell-like abilities: at will—*dimension door*, *dispel magic*, *wall of ice*; 3/day—*ice storm*; 1/day—*control weather*.

The Taiga Forest

The forests of Nûkland are evergreen taiga, frozen much of the year but relatively warm during the short summers. The Nûklander elves have called these forests home for 2500 years. They are relatively few in number, living in small nomadic bands, and are seldom seen. Scouts have seen the abomination that is Hengrid and her band, and the Nûk have chosen actively to avoid them.

While the characters travel through the forest, they can make 12 miles a day if unencumbered, 8 if encumbered. However, tracking at half speed reduces those totals to 6 and 4 miles per day. Hengrid's group traveled 12 miles per day, so you will need to calculate the lead that she maintains over the characters as they follow through the forest. Tracking Hengrid's small band becomes more difficult on the firmer ground of the forest floor.

At a couple of places along the way, the characters can find the bloody and gnawed remnants where her increasingly bestial huscarls turned on one of their own, and murdered and consumed him before moving on. Even stranger still, every day of travel the tracks of Hengrid's band diminish in number, moreso than could be accounted for by the couple of murders. Hengrid's band must be about a dozen strong, but for every day the characters travel, this number seems to diminish until finally the footprints are only those of Hengrid herself. There is no sign of what has become of the rest of her party.

Roll 1d4 each day that the characters travel through the taiga. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1. If an encounter is rolled, use the "Taiga Forest" encounter table to determine the result. If a manitou is called for by the roll, roll again as he will be encountered in **Area G** below. If the characters are able to make peaceful contact with an intelligent encounter, the creature can confirm that a band of Northlanders passed through in recent days, but something seemed wrong about them so the forest inhabitants have been giving them a wide berth. They can confirm that Hengrid's band is less than a dozen (and apparently diminishing in number) and states only that there are "others" in the trees that are following her. They do not know what these "others" are, having not gotten a good look at them, and characters searching among the trees find no trace left by these so-called "others." None of the forest's inhabitants knows anything further about Hengrid or her route, but they know she still travels through the forest, so there is some chance that she is still looking for something in Nûkland that may be of importance later, and the characters may not want to miss the chance to find out what it is.

At this point, their best course is to continue to follow Hengrid's trail and try to gain on her while hoping some clue as to how to overtake her presents itself.

G. Guardian of the Forest

Hengrid's trail travels 56 miles into the forest by the time it reaches this point, and her trail has been reduced to only her footprints by now.

The fading trail ends ahead in a small clearing among a copse of spruce trees. Some large object lies in a pile on the forest floor. Closer examination reveals it to be a green-scaled dragon, a 2-legged species with a spiked tail measuring approximately 20 feet from snout to tail tip. It is likely some sort of forest drake, and it is quite dead, its head crushed brutally by a powerful hammer blow. The insects that crawl upon it and buzz about indicate that it has been here only for a few days at most. The mossy floor of the rest of the clearing is torn as if by combat, but you don't see any sign of Hengrid's trail exiting the clearing.

"It is because she flew when she left here," says a voice from seemingly thin air beside you. The air where the voice emanated shimmers briefly, and before you stands a long-haired giant who must be close to 20 feet in height. His skin is rough like tree bark, and has sloughed off in places

to reveal rose quartz beneath. His face shows the lines of the wisdom of countless winters. His voice sounds like the chirping of birds in flight or perhaps the wind through the trees. It is difficult to tell, as it seems to blend with the sounds of nature around you.

"Forgive me for startling you," the strange giant says, "I am Manidoowag, protector of the taiga, and I, too, have been watching the creature you seek as she has passed through my realm."

Manidoowag is a powerful manitou, the nature spirit who safeguards the forests of Nûkland. He has been observing Hengrid from afar, content to let her pass through his realm as long as she caused no great harm. He is also aware of the characters following her, and has been watching them to learn their intent as well. He has decided that the characters seem to be goodly folk of the Northlands and are likely hunting the abomination that Hengrid has become. If the characters remain peaceful with him, he is willing to share what he has learned with them.

Manidoowag tells the characters that Hengrid came upon a pair of forest drakes in this clearing. They took the lone human to be easy prey and attacked. She quickly killed this one and captured the other by wrestling it to the ground with her tremendous strength. He heard her tell the drake to carry her to the lair of Rethryvimar, and the drake seemed to understand. It then allowed her to mount it, and she flew off on the back of the beast heading southeast. The manitou does not know much of the world beyond its forest, but it does know that Rethryvimar is a legendary linnorm that lairs at the base of Mount Helgastervän and is said to guard the entrance to the Dungeons of Helgastervän. If they mention seeking the Gates of Hell or the Forge of Bvalin, Manidoowag does impart one final bit of knowledge. He states that he does not know the location of the Gates of Hell but has heard that the Forge of Bvalin is hidden behind a temple to the fire giant god Surtr. The fire giant temple near the Forge of Bvalin would probably be prominent enough for a spell such as *find the path* to work once the characters are close enough to use that spell.

If the characters ask about the rest of Hengrid's followers, the manitou can provide more insight. He says that the men who were with her are no longer men but rather have succumbed to the unnatural appetites that they have partaken of. One by one as they fell to their feral tastes, they took flight and followed Hengrid by air among the trees. If asked if they became wendigo, the manitou says that they did not; their appetites moved beyond a mere craving for forbidden flesh and instead began to crave the very souls of those that they devoured. They turned into flying horrors of some type other than the cannibal wendigo.

Development: After the characters have had time to converse with Manidoowag and obtain the information provided above, the manitou suddenly cocks its head as if listening and says, "They're coming now," before fading once again from sight. As he disappears, Hengrid's followers suddenly swoop from the trees to the east as **10 baykoks**, foul flying undead corpses with unnaturally elongated features, howls of endless hunger, and great bows seemingly crafted from their own bones. The baykoks remain 60ft in the air to fire their bows, with some splitting off to use their howls against any who are able to approach for melee while the rest continue to pepper targets below.

Baykoks (10): HD 7; **HP** 54, 51x2, 50, 48, 47, 45x2, 44, 40; **AC** 5 [14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6+1) or longbow x2 (2d6+1 plus paralysis); **Move** 12 (fly 24); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** bone arrows (+1 to hit and damage, 20% chance of paralysis for 1d3 rounds, save avoids), howl (30ft radius, save or paralyzed 1 round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Manidoowag appears after the battle to heal the characters. If accused of not intervening, he merely states he is a guardian of the land, not of visitors. However, he remains helpful as he has more information to relate and aid to give. For their bravery in defending the forest, he awards the characters with a magical pinecone. The pinecone grants its bearer and any allies within 10ft a +2 bonus on saving throws. He imbues it with an extra part of his essence so it remains active even in the dungeons below Mount Helgastervän, but once the characters pass farther away than that (including into the Ginnungagap), it loses its magic.

In addition to providing the pinecone, Manidoowag goes on to say that he thought the baykoks had accompanied Hengrid to the mountains, but he finds it interesting that they stayed. Apparently, she left them behind in order to complete her quest without their help. This statement might prove useful to the characters if they recall that self-reliance is one of the Nine Virtues.

Finally, in order to speed the characters on their way, Manidoowag calls an elder air elemental that appears nearby. He tasks the creature with carrying the characters to the base of Mount Helgastervän. It carries the characters within its whirlwind but does so carefully so that they remain stationary within it upon currents of air and are not thrown about. With the elemental as a conveyance, the characters will not lose any more time in their pursuit of Hengrid and remain the same number of days behind her that they currently are. They will also not have any more encounters before reaching the mountain while accompanied by the elemental.

Chapter Four: Mount Helgastervän

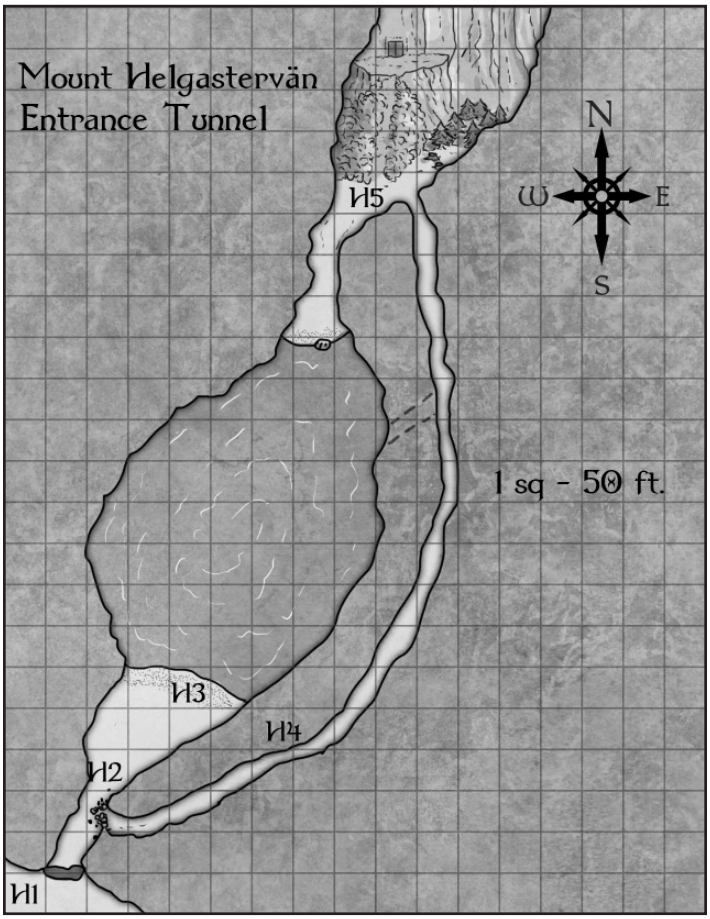
Mount Helgastervän stands at the northern edge of the Harfin Mountains, its lower slopes descending precipitously into the taiga forest of Nûkland. This massive volcano is the second-highest mountain in the Northlands. It has remained active with intermittent eruptions for all of the recorded human history of the region. It also features prominently in legends as the abode of the Great Serpent, the Wyrm of Wyrms and Scourge of the North. This legendary dragon has preyed upon the shipping lanes of the North Sea for generations, and is said to have amassed a great treasure. It is also said that the Gates of Hell lie within the mountain, and that the Great Serpent is the guardian of this portal. Many such legends surround this semi-mythical peak, including that Kraki Haraldson recovered *Kroenarck* from its depths after slaying Verthenstyr, the offspring of the Great Serpent. How many of the legends are true is anyone's guess, perhaps not even the skalds truly know, but there is certainly no more fabled location in all of the Northlands.

The truth of Mount Helgastervän is, of course, a little bit of all of the above. The mountain truly is the home of the ancient red wyrm known as the Great Serpent, but the slopes of the mountain — not to mention the tunnels beneath — cover hundreds of square miles. So while it can be said that the Great Serpent truly is the King of the Mountain, he is a king unrecognized by his subjects. The Dvergar have long been held in legend to reside beneath the mountain with their enchanted smithies, and it is from the forge of Bvalin the Ageless that the Great Serpent is said to have stolen the sword *Kroenarck*. Furthermore, a kingdom of fire giants is rumored to reside within the mountain, ruled over by a Jötnar king who lords it over many other tribes of giants that live in and upon the slopes. Finally, there is no shortage of dragons associated with the legendary peak, from the aforementioned Verthenstyr to the linnorm Rethryvimar. If there is a more inhospitable and deadly locale in the Northlands, one would be hard pressed to name it.

While the inhabitants of Mount Helgastervän are many, they are far from a monolithic kingdom. The Great Serpent does indeed occupy the top of the food chain, with many of its offspring inhabiting a slightly lower niche, but there are many other dragons, drakes, and linnorms that mainly compete with each other for food and treasure, though the Great Serpent's presence keeps a full draconic war from breaking out. Furthermore, the fire giants of the mountain occupy many of its internal tunnels and caves. However, they are actually the labor caste for a tribe of jotuns that rule over the giant-kin of the mountain, and all swear fealty — to some extent — to the jotun king. The deepest caverns hold an ancient clan of dwarves, the Dvergar of legend. The dwarf-folk mainly keep to themselves or fight any giants that they meet, though they have on occasion served in like causes, the legendary smith Bvalin being perhaps the most famous example. Finally, the Gates of Hell do lie within the great massif, though not in the lair of the Great Serpent as the legends portray. Rather, the gates lie in a secluded location guarded by secrecy and the enchantments of centuries to prevent their ill-advised use by mere mortals. It is up to the characters to find this elusive goal — or at least follow Hengrid's trail to it.

Entrance Tunnel

The flight of the characters upon the elemental called by Manidoowag or the magical transportation of their own doing bring the characters to the same location, the entrance to the lair of Rethryvimar. Regardless of how they arrive, after the elemental deposits them and departs, or upon their appearance through their own powers, read the following.



The cold of the arctic forest is a thing of memory as you stand before the slopes of Helgastervän the Great. Truly, this mountain is a fitting monument to the gods towering over the Northlands. Its sides are steep and uneven slopes of jagged black rock, and slow-moving lava flows and cover hundreds of square miles as it folds its way around the mountain's circumference. Its peak miles above is lost in the dark clouds that hover about it like an eternal crown of shadows, and the fiery glow of magma shines like jewels hanging in the darkness as minor eruptions occur within the haze and shake the mountain to its roots.

Looking upon the daunting landscape, it is easy to believe every tale that the skalds tell, and nowhere seems more fitting for the legendary Gates of Hell than the very bowels of this place. And it is here that your path has brought you. A wide cavern yawns at the base of the mountain before you. It seems that your quarry has gone within.

Depending on how the characters arrived here, Hengrid entered the mountain anywhere from a few days to a single day ahead of them. Regardless, she is no longer here, having moved on through the Gates of

Hell within the last few hours. The characters are in luck, though, for the path of Hengrid is clear. She sought to enter the Lair of Rethryvimar, and it now stands before them. They are closer to reaching the renegade hero than they have ever been.

H1. Mountain Entrance

The wide cave opening creates a dark passage into the heart of this hellish mountain. The cave itself is roughly circular in cross-section, at least 40 feet in diameter, and its walls of a rough, striated and layered, volcanic rock. In fact, the tunnel seems like it would be almost perfectly circular if the floor was not flattened and composed of dark sand and gravel.

The entrance to Rethryvimar's lair is in fact an ancient lava tube, the bottom third of which has filled with sediment and debris to create a stable and fairly flat floor. The tunnel is an average of 40ft wide and 30ft high at its apex. It does not have any stalactites or stalagmites, and its volcanic origin is evident. It is obviously very old, however, without any recent volcanic activity and is very stable. A single set of footprints (Hengrid's) leads into the cave, and a ranger has an 80% chance of noting the presence of older dragging tracks in the sandy soil, the trail of a legless dragon of some sort. They are obviously old and from frequent passage, showing that the dragon probably resides within, but are too muddled to be successfully tracked.

H2. Detour

The eastern wall of the lava tube here is a jumble of rubble from an old collapse. The partial cave-in appears to have happened a long time ago and is in no danger of further collapse. A small opening leads through the collapse that a creature could crawl through. This opening leads to a secondary lava tube beyond the collapse as described under **Area H4**.

H3. The Lair of Rethryvimar

The tunnel you have been following opens into a massive cyst in the earth. It appears to have once been a great magma chamber from a secondary vent of Mount Helgastervän. The walls and roof bulge out into a giant stone bubble that formed within the rock. The cavern roof high overhead has a great fissure running down the middle exposing a glimpse of the red sky glowing above the mountain. This fissure has also apparently allowed centuries of snow and rain to enter the cavern, because most of it is taken up by a silent dark lake. The water is perfectly smooth and still save for the ripples from an occasional drip falling from the damp rock above. The tunnel ends at a wide beach of black sand, churned with signs of epic violence. The far side of this subterranean pool is barely visible in the dim light of the cavern, but you can just make out the details of a tunnel exiting from another black sand beach. Interestingly, the white mound of a melting iceberg can be seen grounded on that far beach, a sure sign that Hengrid has been here.

This was indeed a magma chamber of old that eventually became dormant. It formed a thin stone crust over its top, a crust that eventually partially collapsed to create the fissured cavern roof 100ft above. The lake itself is more than 700ft deep, its depths murky with thickly silted waters. The depths of this lake serve as the abode of the legendary Rethryvimar.

Characters examining the black sands find the trail of Hengrid entering this cavern. They are then muddled by the thrashing and tumult where she battled some linnorm. Beyond that, little can be learned as the tracks are too chaotic to determine more. There are, however, no bodies present, leaving an even greater mystery.

If the characters linger in this cavern for more than 10 minutes or make any attempt to cross the tarn — whether by swimming, floating, or flying — they are confronted by the wounded linnorm **Rethryvimar**. The waters of the lake begin to bubble and roil as something quickly rises from its depths. Rethryvimar rises from the waters, her snakelike body 120ft long, but in many patches her scales are scorched, scarred, or missing altogether, marking locations of recent wounds that are only slowly healing. In places, there are obvious signs of damage to the skeleton beneath her scales where her back is unnaturally kinked and obviously painful and difficult to move. In addition, at the point where her body bifurcates into two serpentine necks, only one of them ends in the requisite dragon head. The other ends at a ragged stump from which a short length of broken spine extends, the flesh around it raw and blackened with necrotic damage and frostbite. Rethryvimar is still weary from her battle with Hengrid and does not immediately attack. See "Development" below.

Rethryvimar, Adult Linnorm (14HD): HD 14; **HP** 112; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (3d6 plus poison) and constrict (3d4); **Move** 12 (swim 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** breath weapon (30ft long, 20ft wide, 10ft high poisonous gas cloud, 112 damage, save for half), constrict, immune to poison, poison (save or die), swallow whole (bite attack that hits by 4 or more, 2d4 damage/round), unaffected by *invisibility* or *silence*. (***Monstrosities*** 296)

Development: When Hengrid came through here recently, she entered Rethryvimar's lair and was confronted by the linnorm. An epic battle ensued that lasted for hours. The greatest hero of the Northlands further imbued with the power of a demon lord faced off against one of the most powerful dragons of the North. However, after a great length of time, it became apparent that Hengrid could not defeat the linnorm. Despite having maimed it, the creature's natural regeneration and resistances proved to be too much for even Hengrid's demon-given powers to overcome. Rethryvimar also realized this and, at a pause in the battle, offered Hengrid a parley. She slithered to **Area H2** and knocked down a part of the rockfall, exposing the secret passage beyond and offered Hengrid free passage to go around her lair and end the pointless fight. Though tempted with the offer, something within the Donarsdottir refused to accept the accommodation, and the battle resumed. Though Rethryvimar believed she could ultimately defeat the upstart human hero, she was also aware of just how much damage Hengrid was inflicting. Realizing that Hengrid was just wanting to pass through and was not after the linnorm's heads or her hoard, Rethryvimar ultimately chose to retreat from the battle. She dove deep into the lake and let Hengrid pass through her lair. Hengrid, for her part, called upon her Althunak-given powers to summon an iceberg and, though badly battered and bruised, passed over the lake on the berg and continued on her way, leaving the ice formation to slowly melt on the far shore.

When Rethryvimar confronts the characters, she is still weary and wounded from her recent battle and does not want another fight. But she also does not want the indignity of more humans trespassing through her lair. Assuming the characters don't immediately attack, Rethryvimar emerges from the water a wary distance from the party and demands to know their business and why they dare encroach upon the territory of the mighty Rethryvimar. If they are civil and ask her about what happened, she wearily relates the events of her recent encounter with Hengrid. However, she adds, she will not be bested by mortals again by allowing them to pass through her lair. If they wish to do so, she will destroy them. If not, she points out the tunnel at **Area H4** that bypasses her lair entirely and offers them the same option Hengrid was given. Otherwise, she fights to the death to defend her territory. If Rethryvimar is defeated, it should be a fairly simple matter to cross the still waters of her lake even if the characters must travel back out of the mountain and fell a few small trees to create a raft.

Even if the characters wisely choose to take the side tunnel and avoid the linnorm, it is to no avail. The knowledge of her own humiliation is too great, and Rethryvimar decides that the mortals must die for even knowing of it. She follows a flooded tunnel from her lake that travels under **Area H4** (as shown by the dashed line of the map) and waits below

the thin stone of the floor there for the sounds of the characters passing overhead. She then bursts forth through the floor in the party's midst and attempts to kill them all in a raging frenzy. She will not retreat from this battle and fights to the death.

In addition to the challenge of facing a legendary linnorm and possibly gaining her treasure hoard, the characters may obtain one other benefit here. Rethryvimar's telling of how her encounter with Hengrid played out revealed an important clue. When presented with the option of taking a safer pass and avoiding battle with the linnorm, she refused to back down before the deadly foe and showed great courage even when she didn't have to. Courage, of course, is one of the Nine Virtues.

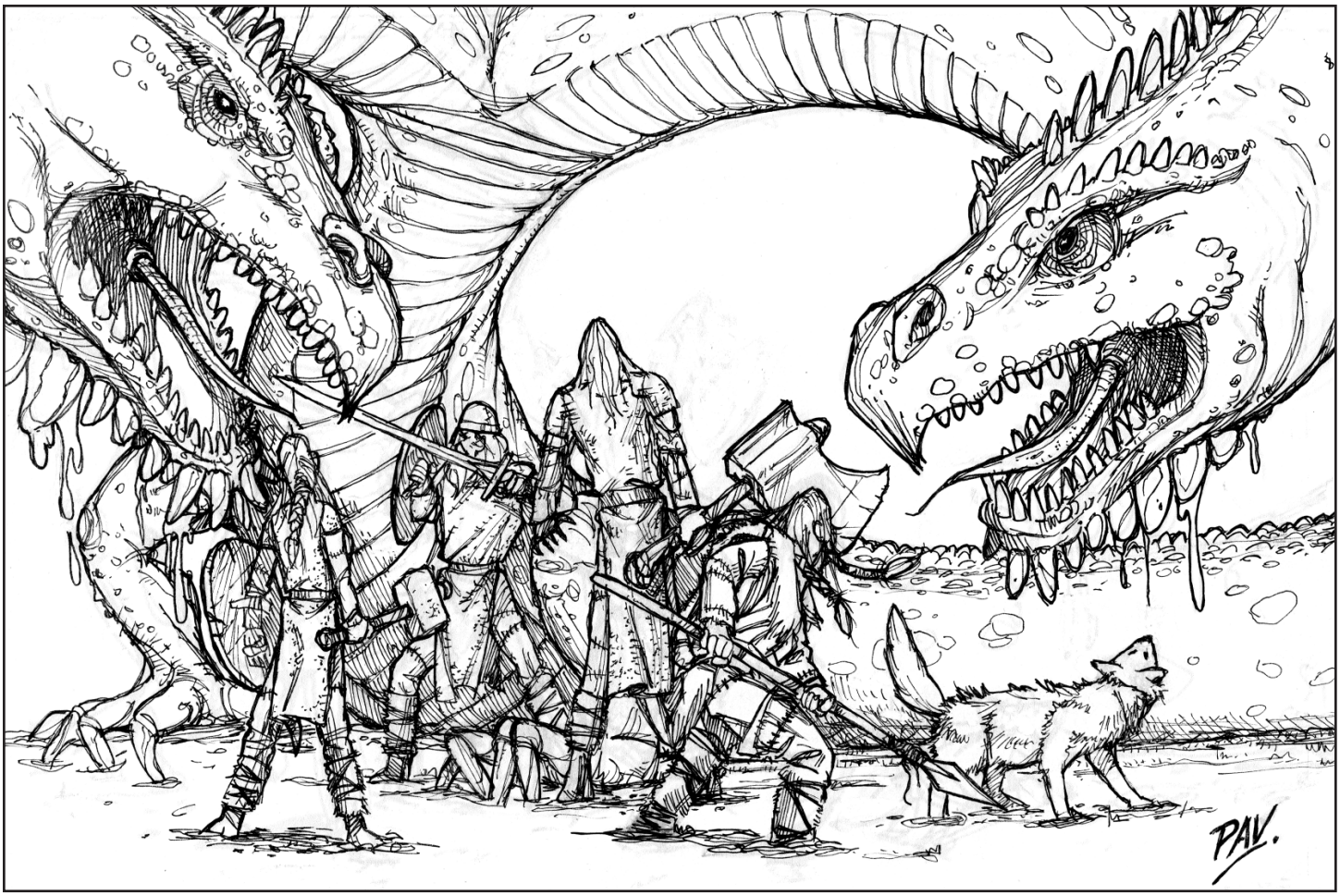
Treasure: Anyone daring to dive the deep, dark waters of Rethryvimar's lair has the opportunity to find her treasure hoard. The waters themselves are surprisingly warm (about 80º) and get warmer as the depth increases. At a depth of 170ft, the water is 110º and small bubbles rise from below where it achieves boiling temperatures below 250ft. Anyone diving below 200ft takes 2d6 points of fire damage each round for each 10ft they descend below that level to a maximum of 10d6 points of damage per round at 250ft. Even Rethryvimar avoids going to those depths. However, anyone able to make the dive to the 170ft mark who brings a light source (or possesses darkvision) can locate a large side cave. The cave extends back 70ft, and its floor is covered with a layer of muck and the chewed bones of many of the linnorm's past victims. At the rear of the cave is the treasure hoard that the linnorm would curl up on to sleep. This hoard consists of 5 waterlogged and rotten wooden chests set around a 12ft wooden idol crudely carved to resemble some goddess of long ago squatting with pendulous breasts and a crown of antlers. The wood of the idol is also waterlogged and cracked from countless years submerged in the lake, and covered in growths of algae. One of the idol's eyes has been pried out and taken, but the other still holds a large blue sapphire the size of a thumb (1500hs). Three thick golden chains have been draped over the idol's antlers, and one bears a teardrop fire opal pendant (worth 400hs, 400hs, and 1400hs). A torc of hammered platinum hangs around the idol's neck, and has been engraved with the crude image of some kind of giant lizard, clearly not a dragon but rather some other kind of giant reptile (3500hs). Massive rings of gold and onyx adorn the idol's 12 fingers, each the size of a bracelet on a human (150hs each).

The wooden chests are all of different ages but are similar in that all are also encrusted with algae and can easily be forced open with minimal effort. None of them is trapped. Their contents are as follows:

Chest #1: A bronze breastplate engraved to look like dragon scales. Each of the scales is inset with a small pearl while the pteruges at its shoulders are studded with obsidian fangs. As a work of art, the entire ensemble is worth 9000hs or 4500hs for the value of its gemstones. It functions as a breastplate (AC –1[+1]), but if worn in combat its value (either as an artwork or for its gemstones) is reduced by 10% for each battle it endures, to a minimum of 1000hs. Lying beneath the breastplate is a *+2 wooden shield* that provides fire resistance to its bearer. Its face is painted with an ancient rendering of Jörmungandr, the World Serpent, and it is undamaged by its submersion due to its magical nature.

Chest #2: A 75ft coil of leather rope from the rigging of a ship. It is now rotten and useless. Beneath it is an ivory box still secured by a lock of bronze and gold worth 500hs. Inside this box is a collection of treasures consisting of pile of gold and silver coins of ancient Andøvan mintage (1833hs), 13 small platinum strips shaped like shields (100hs each), a heavy gold chain (100hs) upon which are threaded 25 silver keys — one of which fits the lock on the ivory box — (15hs each), a square-cut emerald (750hs), and a green-tinged diamond the size of a small marble (4500hs).

Chest #3: Three leather bags, the bottoms of which have long since rotted out so that they dump their contents in the chest if lifted. The first bag holds 17 silver arm-rings (20hs each) and 8 gold arm-rings (100hs each), a double arm-ring of silver and electrum (125hs), and an extremely thick gold arm-ring shaped like the waving coils of a sea serpent (250hs). The second bag holds 4023hs. The third bag holds a drinking cup made from the skull of a yeti lined with gold (220hs) packed in a bundle of rotten straw.



Chest #4: A pile of 6 steel longswords, now rusted and brittle to the point of worthlessness, a bronze coffer holding 2600sp (260hs) and 634gp (634hs) minted in the Duchy of Monrovia, and a collection of 23 azurites (10hs each), a hollow 3ft ivory tusk capped with bronze at each end (550hs) holding a *wand of the monster summoning II* (8 charges), and a still-usable *+1 warhammer* wrapped in a piece of sailcloth and in need of a polish.

Chest #5: The water in the last chest is cloudy with the pulp of a number of magical scrolls that have disintegrated in the water over the years. Lying at the bottom is a tin and electrum scroll case worth 75hs that also holds the pulpy ruined remains of a scroll and a *wand of detection, traps & secret doors* (30 charges) that is warped from water exposure and has a 10% chance of spell failure with each use. If it fails, the wand shatters, dealing 1 point of damage per charge remaining to the wielder. It is easy to miss the wand in the murky water unless a character actually feels along the bottom of the chest with a hand (or a 1-in-6 chance while searching the chest).

H4 Side Tunnel

A wide, circular tunnel extends into the distance, its walls frozen into ripples by the flow of ancient lava. Condensation forms on the rounded ceiling above, dripping to form small puddles that then drain through cracks that score the floor of the tunnel.

This lava tube formed centuries years ago and now connects **Areas H2** and **H5**. In places, the floor is a cracked stone crust with the remains of older lava tubes beneath it, but it is stable and not in danger of collapse. One such lava tube connects the pool at **Area H3** to a point just below the floor of this tunnel (as shown on the map). The floor here is stable and does not give any indication of this, but it is actually very thin and easily broken with a concerted effort. If the characters chose to take this course rather than face Rethryvimar (see **Area H3**), then this is the point where she ambushes the party. She lies here quietly and listens for the approaching footsteps of the party. When she hears the party passing above her, she bursts through the stone into their midst and attacks, fighting to the death.

Rethryvimar, Adult Linnorm (14HD): HD 14; **HP** 112; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (3d6 plus poison) and constrict (3d4); **Move** 12 (swim 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** breath weapon (30ft long, 20ft wide, 10ft high poisonous gas cloud, 112 damage, save for half), constrict, immune to poison, poison (save or die), swallow whole (bite attack that hits by 4 or more, 2d4 damage/round), unaffected by *invisibility* or *silence*. (***Monstrosities*** 296)

Area H5. Lower Gates

Emerging from the tunnels around the linnorm's lair brings you into a steep-but-narrow valley that separates those tunnels from the actual mountain's base that rises as a precipitous cliff before you. Here at one time was the Lower Gate to the halls beneath Mount Helgastervän. You can still see the pair of ancient bronze portals that open out of the mountain's face 200 feet above. The broken remains of a ledge jut out from the threshold of these doors and end suddenly where a stone stair that once rose to them broke away and fell in some long ago earthquake in the mountain's many eruptions. Interestingly, a more recent rock fall from the west side of this vale has piled up against the base of the cliff, creating a treacherous causeway that climbs all the way to the bronze doors above. It is certainly too precise to be mere chance that has created this fortuitous ramp. The eastern side of the valley ascends in a gentler slope around the flank of the mountain. Here stands a small copse of spruce trees, though the jagged stumps of one or two that were recently felled can be seen.

Built in a long ago age by the Jotünn masters of the mountain, this Lower Gate fell out of use after its access stair collapsed in an eruption and the main settlements of giants moved into tunnels higher in the mountain. It has been largely abandoned ever since — until the arrival of Hengrid. When Hengrid arrived, she found the bronze portals inaccessible to her. However, a large outcrop of stone on the western face of the valley was precariously positioned, and she deemed that with enough effort it could be collapsed. Hengrid felled a pair of spruces with her handaxe and then laboriously carried their stripped trunks up the vale's western slope to the outcrop. There she created a lever to overbalance the outcropping and cause it to collapse. The subsequent rock fall piled against the cliff face and allowed her with some stacking to create the precarious causeway to reach the bronze doors and gain access to the dungeons beneath the mountain. Regardless of how far ahead of the party Hengrid was, her efforts here reduced her lead to a single day.

Unfortunately, Hengrid's activity in this lonely vale has not gone unnoticed. A gang of **4 fire giants** is among the copse of spruces, investigating the stumps of the trees Hengrid felled. As soon as they notice the characters, they roar and charge. Their roar attracts the attention of **2 lava lizards** sunning in a small lava vent up the mountain slope. They arrive after 3 rounds and join in the battle, ignoring the giants in hopes of finding an easy meal among the smaller characters. If one lava lizard is killed, the other flees.

Giants, Fire (4): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 86, 82, 79, 72; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed sword (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Lizards, Lava (2): **HD** 9; **HP** 69, 62; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** bite (3d8 plus 2d6 fire); **Move** 12 (climb 9, swim 9); **Save** 6; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** heat aura (10ft, 1d4 fire, save avoids), heated flesh destroys normal weapons, immune to fire, lava affinity, resists cold. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 140)



Development: Examining the floor of the vale allows the characters to track (40% chance, 90% for rangers and elves) Hengrid's movements from the chopping of the trees in the copse (where a badly dulled and broken-hafted handaxe can be found) to the dragging of them to the base of the western slope. It can likewise find the traces where she mounted the stone causeway to work on piling and then climbing it. Hengrid used the felled trees to break away a portion of the cliff face to make the causeway and access the doors. Characters who think of it can recall that industriousness is one of the Nine Virtues.

Non-thief characters climbing the precarious ramp have a 20% chance of slipping, which results in the character sliding 1d10x10ft, taking 1d4 points of damage per 10ft of the slide. In addition, the slide causes a rockslide and any party members below that character takes 6d6 points of damage from the tumbling stones (save for half).

The narrow ledge at the top of the ramp gives way to the threshold of the great portals. They are sheathed in hammered bronze and stand 17ft tall, studded with giant rivets and bearing some inscription in the runic tongue of Giant that has long since worn away to the point of illegibility. They stand ajar where they were recently opened, and characters can easily locate Hengrid's trail going within.

Treasure: Among them, the giants carry 5500hs and 6 amethysts (120hs each).

Mount Helgastervän Dungeon, Lower Level

Beyond the great bronze doors, a roughly hewn tunnel scaled for a giant, 20ft wide and 30ft high, stretches into the mountain. It once led to the halls and abodes of giants, but when this portion of the mountain became more volcanically active and the Lower Gates' stair collapsed, the area was largely abandoned. Now it serves as home for little more than a small community of fire giants that operate one of the famed forges of Mount Helgastervän. None of the members of this community knows anything about Hengrid or her mission (she did not pass through their territory) and, while they have heard of Bvalin's forge and the Gates of Hell, they are not aware that they lie nearby.

The tunnel that the characters follow travels 150ft and then emerges into a large lava-formed chamber (**Area H6**) that erased the fire giant halls and tunnels that once stood there.

The giants' tunnels within the mountain are rough-hewn with uneven ceilings crudely chiseled out from the basalt. These ceilings average 25ft high. Small jets of flame from natural gas vents and runnels of lava oozing down the walls provide dim light throughout the complex, though a creature with low-light vision is able to see normally due to the numerous sources of this dim glow. Doors are made of flame-hardened planks scorched black and banded in black iron with great rivets and are not locked, though they can be barred from the inside with heavy iron bars (combined 24 strength needed to lift).

The temperature in the tunnels is 105º unless otherwise noted, so characters not acclimated to the environment must make a saving throw each hour (–1 for each prior check) or take 1d4 points of damage and become fatigued from heatstroke (–1 to hit and damage).

In addition, some areas of the dungeons are extremely smoky. The inhabitants are all well adapted to the conditions and are unaffected by it. For anyone else, they must make a saving throw each round they remain in the smoke or spend that round coughing and choking. Choking for 2 consecutive rounds deals 1d6 points of damage. In addition, the smoke conceals anyone within it (20% miss chance).

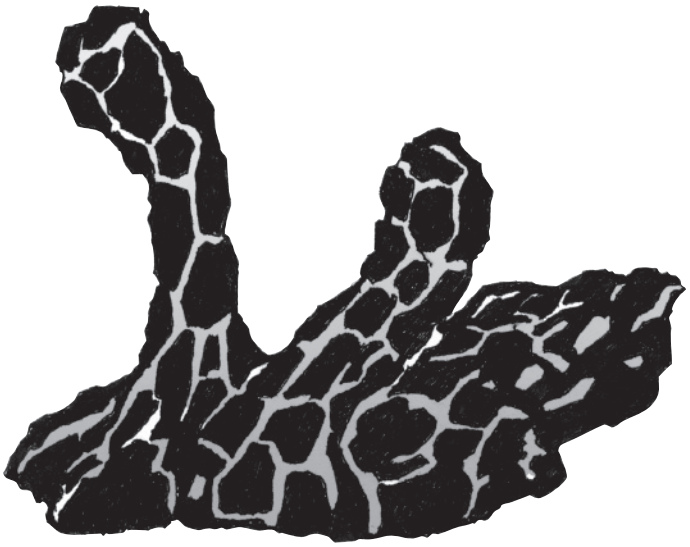
H6. Lava Flow Cavern

The tunnel ends in a vast cavern that stretches out into the darkness, though the ceiling remains only 20 to 30 feet in height and very rugged, with many stalactite-like formations that appear to have been dripping lava that cooled in that formation to form columns here and there through the chamber. The air is very warm with the smell sulfur, and the glow of red shows where streams of lava slowly crawl across the floor in places.

The chamber stretches more than 200ft north to south with an undulating floor formed from ancient lava flows (only the northern end of it is shown on the map). This is an area of a great deal of volcanic activity. As a result, lava flows are constantly melting through the walls and running across the chamber before either cooling sufficiently to stop, or melting an exit through another wall or the floor. After they cool, these leave new tunnels going into and out of the chamber and blocking off old ones. A multitude of circular tunnels enters and exits around the periphery of the chamber, though most of them lead to dead-ends and blind alleys as they have formed and reformed over the years. The floor is rough basalt gravel, but it is possible to track Hengrid's progress through here (20% chance, 80% for rangers and dwarves).

Hengrid's trail leads to the northern end of the cavern where it enters an old lava tube that ascends steeply. Unfortunately, this tunnel ends at solid wall of cooling magma where a lava flow filled it recently after Hengrid already passed this way. Hundreds of feet of semi-molten rock block the tunnel, so there is no way for the characters to follow Hengrid's route. However, with the coming of this recent magma flow have come **4 magma oozes** that still linger at the end of the tunnel and attack any who approach. They pursue until destroyed.

Oozes, Magma (4): **HD** 7; **HP** 52, 48, 43, 40; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (2d6 plus 2d6 fire); **Move** 6; **Save** 9; **AL** N; CL/XP 8/800; **Special**: double damage from cold, lava does 1d6 fire for 1d3 rounds after strike, split into two with half hp if hit with slashing or piercing causing no damage (10hp or less cannot further split). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 413)



Searching the chamber reveals only two passable tunnels for exiting it in (leading to **Areas H7** and **H10**). The characters have to take one of those and find another way to reach Hengrid and the Gates of Hell. If the characters make use of a *find the path* spell to locate a temple of Surtr near the Forge of Bvalin, then the spell reveals the path as indicated on the map as the most direct route.


N
W
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H16
H18
H15
H17
H9
H13
H14
H8
H12
H11
Mount Helgastervän Dungeon
Lower Level
1 square = 10 ft.
H7
H10
UP
H6

H7. Lava Overlook

The tunnel ends here at a sudden drop as it opens into a vast natural cavern. The air is oppressively hot and creates a strong thermal draft that blows to the west. The whole area is filled with a dull red glow. The cavern stretches to the east and west as far as you can see, and the ceiling hangs 30 feet above you with an assortment of stalactites of all sizes hanging down. Twenty feet below, a river of molten lava that sluggishly flows to the west fills the entire cavern floor. Its glow reveals the existence of a rocky shelf across the river, just above the level of the lava with a tunnel exiting at the back. There does not appear to be any means to cross, however.

The vast lava river cavern formed eons ago by the natural processes of water and only later came to serve as a major conduit for the magma beneath Mount Helgastervän. The lava here is 30ft deep. Anyone falling takes normal falling damage (due to the stony crust that continually forms across its surface) plus 20d6 points of damage per round of immersion. Just touching the lava deals 2d6 points of damage and requires a saving throw to avoid catching fire. Even coming within 5ft of its surface deals 1d6 points of damage unless a save is made. In addition, the temperature in this cavern is more than 130º, requiring a saving throw every 10 minutes (–1 per previous save) to avoid 1d4 points of damage and fatigue due to heatstroke (–1 to hit and damage).

There is no obvious means of crossing this lava without flight. However, a character examining the ceiling realizes that a pair of sturdy-looking stalactites line up almost perfectly with this tunnel and the river's far shore. The southern stalactite hangs down 30ft from the ceiling so that the end of it is level with the tunnel, and the northern stalactite hands down nearly 50ft so that it almost touches the lava river below. Examining the stalactites closely also reveals that it appears as if handholds have been cut into the stone of the stalactites to allow them to be clambered upon and used as a means of crossing the river.

To cross the river by the stalactites, a character has to leap from the ledge to the first stalactite 8ft away. With a running start, a character has a 10% chance of slipping and falling as he tries to catch the handhold (the character slips on a roll of 1–2 on 1d20). Clambering around the stalactite to reach the other side is fairly easy for giants since it was made for them, but a smaller creature has a 5% chance of slipping (1 on 1d20). Reaching from the southern stalactite to the northern stalactite is a distance of 6ft, an easy feat for a giant but requiring a leap for a smaller creature. No running start is possible for this jump, and the chance of slipping rises to 40% (1–8 on 1d20) to catch the handholds on the next stalactite since the leaper must turn his body around in midair. Finally, climbing down the handholds on the northern stalactite to reach the shore leaves the character with a 10% chance of falling (1–2 on 1d20). A character has a 15% chance of falling (1–3 on 1d20) during the final leap of 5ft to shore from the stalactite. Fire damage within 5ft of the lava occurs even when a character is on a stalactite or on the northern shore. When climbing down the northern stalactite and making the leap to shore, characters will be within that range for at least 1 round.

H8. Back Stair (varies)

This irregular chamber is empty of occupants. The cooled remains of an old lava tunnel dead-end to the northwest, while another tunnel exits to a cave to the north illuminated by the red glow of lava pools. To the east, a stair has been roughly cut into the rock of an ascending tunnel.

This chamber serves as the back door for the tribe of volcano giants that occupy **Area H19**. Their lair can be accessed by the stairs. The risers of the stairs have been cut for giants, so each step is approximately 3ft high. For every round the characters spend in here, there is a 25% chance that **1d2 volcano giants** come down from **Area H19**. They do not immediately attack unless surprised, but their initial attitude is unfriendly. Any fighting here attracts the attention of the occupants of **Area H9** after 2 rounds.

Giants, Volcano (1d2): **HD** 14+1d6; **HP** 111, 96; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** two-handed longspear (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 30ft cone of sulfuric gas, coughing and choking, save avoids), immune to fire, throw boulders (2d8). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 280)

H9. Lava Pools

The temperature rises in this room due to its enclosed nature and the two large pools of lava that bubble sluggishly. The eastern pool has a crust of black stone over it that slowly sinks and melts as a new layer cools and forms over the top. The larger western pool, though, is a bright molten glow with steam and gases rising from its bubbling.

The temperature of the entire cave is more than 150º, so anyone even breathing the air here takes 1d6 points of damage per minute (no save). In addition, a saving throw must be made every 5 minutes (–1 per previous save) to avoid 1d4 points of damage and fatigue due to heatstroke (–1 to hit and damage).

The volcano giants use this chamber as a sauna to relax in. They enjoy sitting in the western pool until the heat of the molten rock overcomes even their fire immunity and begins to get uncomfortable, and then they use the eastern lava as a cooling pool. When they're done with a good soak, their bodies are covered in a thin layer of hardened stone much like a mud bath to a lesser race. As a result, the floor is covered in a great deal of gritty dust as this layer cracks and falls away. Currently, a **volcano giant** relaxes in the western pool. This 18ft brute has reddish brown skin with the toughness of copper and resembles a barrel-chested caveman of giant proportions. Reclining on the ground next to him is a pet **fire lizard**, a 10ft-long stone-colored lizard with a bony crest on its flat head. The giant is not immediately hostile (he is initially indifferent to the character), and his gear is piled on the floor nearby, so he is not in a mood for a fight. However, several rocks are within reach for him to throw, and he ducks below the surface of the lava for cover after each throw if a fight begins. If made friendly, he wants to escort the characters to talk to his chief in **Area H19**.

Giant, Volcano: **HD** 14+1d6; **HP** 99; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** two-handed longspear (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 30ft cone of sulfuric gas, coughing and choking, save avoids), immune to fire, throw boulders (2d8). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 280)

Lizard, Fire: **HD** 10+1; **HP** 72; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: breathe fire (once every 1d4 rounds, 20ft cone, 2d6 fire, save half), immunity to fire, double damage from cold. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 364)

H10. Long Tunnel

This lava tube extends for 180ft before crossing another tunnel. This second tunnel runs north and south and is a fire giant tunnel clearly hewn from the black stone. The lava tube runs for another quarter mile to the northeast before ending at an old collapse. The giant tunnel to the south extends for 3 miles of winding passage before reaching another iron mine worked by fire giants and is beyond the scope of this adventure.

H11. Lava River

A wide river of lava flowing slowly to the west dominates this cavern. Barely visible upriver to the east is a flowing fall of lava that joins the river from some unseen heights above. To the west, a narrow bridge of black stone vaults over the lava flow. Here, however, the river is widest and the ceiling is 80 feet high. The river is interrupted by several narrow islands of scorched stone. Giants with skin like charred meat and flaming red hair stand on these islets and use heavy, black iron scoops to shovel the glowing magma into great iron buckets suspended from a chain network that extends all the way across the river.

The temperature and lava effects here are identical to those in **Area H7**. The fire giants of Helgastervän pan the lava flow for useful ores. A series of chains 30ft above the river runs between pulleys at either end. Great iron ore buckets dangle down 10ft from this chain, into which scoops of molten rock or loads of ore brought in from the mines can be dumped. They can be advanced across the river and back by pulling chains at either end (requires a minimum combined strength of 20 to advance at a speed of 10ft, +5ft for each 5 by which the minimum is exceeded). Giants have no problem leaping from island to island to cross the river, though it is likely more difficult for smaller creatures. Anyone seeking to cross by crawling along the pulley chains can do so (5% chance of falling for non-thief characters). However, the chains are extremely hot and deal 1d6 points of damage per round to any exposed flesh that touches them.

Hard at work in this hellish environment are **6 fire giants**. Four of the giants stand on the islets and shovel promising ribbons of molten ore out of the magma with their long-handled scoops. Two more of the giants stand by the chain at the south end and operate the pulley system to carry the molten ore to the furnace at **Area H14**. When mined ore is brought in from the south, these two giants likewise shovel it into the buckets for transport across the river. These giants wear no armor and are armed only with their scoops, though those on the island can throw scoopfuls of magma up to 40ft. Plenty of rocks are also on the shore that the giants can pick up and throw. If a fight erupts here, the giants at **Area H14** run to **Area H17** to summon the overseers. These arrive in 6 rounds.

Giants, Fire (6): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 90, 86, 80, 79, 75, 70; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** iron scoop (3d6) or molten slag (1d6 plus 2d6 fire); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.
Equipment: iron scoop

H12. High Bridge

A narrow ribbon of black stone vaults over the lava here.

The bridge is 30ft above the lava, and the ceiling is 30ft above that. The bridge is only 5ft wide. The heat and lava effects are the same in here as in **Area H7**.

H13. Lava Fall

A constant fall of lava flows from a large crevasse in the cavern ceiling 80 feet above like a thick, glowing waterfall. The thunderous crash of the impact is almost deafening as you get closer. The lava fall itself is not a uniform cherry glow. Mixed in with it are threads of color like golds, silvers, and the occasional crystalline sheen.

The temperature and lava effects here are identical to those in **Area H7**. This lava fall flows from **Area H21** above. A character could use flight to reach this upper cavern, but doing so would require traveling up 100ft within 5ft of the molten lava and taking damage accordingly. Anyone flying also must make a saving throw each round of this flight to avoid actually coming in contact with this lava fall for 2d6 points of bludgeoning damage in addition to the normal fire damage for touching lava. The threads of color are ribbons of molten precious metals and occasional clusters of diamonds or other hardy gems that fall from above and are actively panned by the giants in **Area H11**.

H14. Blast Furnace

The system of chains that span the lava river end at a pulley here where a pull chain allows the ore buckets to be dumped into a collection bin. This bin feeds directly into the top of a roaring furnace made of thick black stone.

The environment here is identical to that in **Area H7**. Anyone coming within 10ft of the blast furnace is subjected to 2d6 points of fire damage per round. Actually touching it deals 6d6 points of fire damage. Anyone foolish enough to enter it takes 20d6 points of fire damage per round.

The fire giants use this blast furnace to smelt the ore collected from their mines and from the lava river itself. Most of the ore extracted is iron from the mines, but a small amount of precious metals is gleaned from the mines and the lava. The heat within the furnace is provided by a **fire elemental** bound in it by powerful enchantments long ago, and a continuous blast of air is drawn in through pipes called tuyeres at the base of the furnace. These pipes draw air from somewhere deeper in the mountain, though nobody knows exactly where. There are always **2 fire giants** working at this furnace to pour the ore buckets into its top. They use long iron paddles to scoop out slag and to make sure the separated ores drain to the north. Slag waste is dumped back into the lava flow for disposal. Like the giants in **Area H11**, these wear no armor. They run to summon help from **Area H17** if a fight breaks out. Every 10 minutes, **2 fire giants** bearing a large bucket of charcoal from **Area H15** come to feed it into the blast furnace to chemically reduce the ore. There is a cumulative 10% chance per minute that the characters spend in this area that these additional giants arrive. The elemental is confined to the furnace and cannot attack anyone unless they actually enter the furnace.

Giants, Fire (2): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 84, 76; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** iron paddle (3d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.
Equipment: iron paddle

Elemental, Fire: **HD** 12; **HP** 87; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** strike (3d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, ignite materials.

H15. Finery Forge

This long, smoke-filled chamber is dominated by a massive furnace near the center of the room. The southern wall consists of the base of a larger furnace from which a sluice drains molten ore into a heavy iron cart. Tracks then allow this cart to be pushed and dumped into the central furnace. To the north of the central furnace stand two large anvils. To the east, a side alcove is filled to near overflowing with piled charcoal.

This chamber is actually 20ft lower than the rest of the level, but its ceiling remains constant. As a result, it has a 50ft ceiling and despite having a large furnace in it, is somewhat cooler than elsewhere. The temperature is only 110º and only deals damage as the normal tunnels. It is filled

with smoke from the charcoal-burning furnace, however, as described at the beginning of this section.

The fire giants use this forge to fine the pig iron smelted in **Area H14**. More valuable ores are set aside in small stone barrels for consolidation and later refining. The molten iron ore is dumped into the finery forge where a charcoal blaze is used to create blooms that are then hammered on the nearby anvils to beat out any remaining slag and produce bar iron. Stacks of bar iron stand against the north wall awaiting transport to **Area H15**. The charcoal supply drops from a chute in the ceiling 50ft overhead where it is provided by the volcano giants in **Area H21**. There are always **5 fire giant fining smiths** in here. They alternate between hammering the iron blooms, ferrying carts of ore to the fining furnace, feeding charcoal into the furnace (and transporting buckets of it to **Area H14** every 10 minutes), and providing general maintenance tasks. Once a day, two overseers come from **Area H17** to collect any precious metal ores that collected in the stone barrels. The fire giants in here do not wear armor, standing bare-chested at their forge.

Giants, Fire (Fining Smiths) (5): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 90, 83, 80, 77, 71; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** forge hammer (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.
Equipment: forge hammer

Treasure: Six stone barrels stand along the west wall. They hold precious metal ores in various stages of cooling. Each barrel weighs 200 lbs. (not including its contents), and the ores must be allowed to fully cool (requiring 1 full day) to safely extract the metals. The valuable metals consist of the following: 13 lbs. of gold ore (650hs), 27 lbs. of silver ore (135hs), 88 lbs. of copper ore (44hs), 1/2 lb. of platinum ore (250hs), 12 lbs. of mithral (1000hs), and 17 uncut diamonds (150hs each). In addition, stacked against the north wall are 285 bars of refined iron. Each bar weighs 10 lbs. and is worth 1hs if the characters manage to transport and sell it.

H16. Forges

The characters hear the din of hammer on steel before entering this chamber.

A hellish glow fills this chamber. The entire northern wall is lined by a bubbling pool of magma. A series of four heavy anvils are spaced along the floor surrounded by the soot and tiny metal slivers of the smith's trade.

The environment here is the same as described in **Area H7**. There are **4 fire giant smiths** hard at work here shaping bars of iron into weapons and implements for their clan. They do not wear armor. If attacked, they defend themselves to the best of their ability but attempt to retreat to **Area H17**.

Giants, Fire (Smiths) (4): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 86, 80, 77x2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** forge hammer (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.
Equipment: forge hammer

Treasure: A total of 105 iron bars are here waiting to be worked. Each weighs 10 lbs. and is worth 1hs.

H17. Overseers' Hall

Unless otherwise noted, from here forward the dungeons conform to the normal environmental conditions described at the beginning of this section rather than the more extreme conditions found near the lava river and forges.

A long table dominates the center of this short hall. Banners on the wall depict the anvil and bone symbol of a fire giant clan. Assorted broken weapons and armor from defeated foes hang among these tattered banners.

This hall serves as the abode of **7 fire giant overseers**. These warriors are members of the Jarl Kagarath's household guard and oversee the production of the ore extraction and smithy facilities on this level of this dungeon. They are responsible for a quota of production and take their charge very seriously. Intruders are dealt with harshly, and they fight to the death rather than retreat and report failure.

Giants, Fire (Overseers) (7): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 90, 88x2, 84, 81, 79, 74; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed sword (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Treasure: Each giant wears a heavy gold arm-ring (worth 750hs each). A large bag rests under the table and holds the giants' combined treasures. This consists of 8075hs, assorted small gemstones worth a total of 3300hs, a *+2 crossbow*, 75 crossbow bolts, a *+1 shield*, and a *wand of wall of fire* (9 charges) made of wrought iron.

H18. Guard Post

This smallish chamber (for a giant) is outfitted as a bedroom complete with a heavy bunk of blackened iron, a stone table and bench, and a wall rack made of dragon horns from which hang cloaks and assorted articles of clothing.

This is the chamber of a **fire giant huscarl** that serves Jarl Kagarath. He is the commander of the overseers in **Area H17** and resides in this chamber with his pet **hell hound**. If no alarm has been raised, there is a 35% chance that the characters catch him here asleep. His hell hound awakens him when anyone approaches the door, but he will not have his armor on



in that case. If reduced to fewer than 35 hp, he attempts to retreat to **Area H24** to alert his jarl.

Giant, Fire (Huscarl): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 91; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 flaming battleaxe* (5d6 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.
Equipment: *+2 half-plate armor*, *+1 flaming battleaxe*, gold and platinum arm-ring (1500hs).

Hell Hound: **HD** 6: **HP** 41; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: breathe fire each round (10ft, 12 fire, save half).

Treasure: The hanging rack made of dragon horns weighs 215 lbs. but is worth 2500hs to anyone that manages to salvage it. One charred leather cloak hanging on it is a *cloak of displacement*. Against one wall is a locked heavy iron chest. It weighs 500 lbs. (not including its contents), making it difficult to move, but the huscarl holds the key. Within the chest are the cooled bits of precious ore collected in **Area H15**. It consists of 37 lbs. of gold ore (1850hs), 82 lbs. of silver ore (410hs), 60 lbs. of copper ore (30hs), and 3-1/2 lbs. of platinum ore (1750hs). Beneath the bed is a smaller iron chest that is also locked, holding the huscarl's personal treasures. He has the key to it as well. These consist of 1785hs and 2 deep blue spinels (110hs each). This chest has a false bottom that holds ore that the huscarl has skimmed from his jarl's finery. It consists of 1 lb. of platinum ore (250hs) and 3 lbs. of gold ore (150hs).

Mount Helgastervän Dungeon, Upper Level

Like the lower dungeon, this level makes up a portion of the halls of the fire giants who mine the river and operate their forges. Unless otherwise specified, the tunnels are still rough-hewn with 25ft ceilings. They have the same gas vent illumination as the halls below. As before, doors are made of flame-hardened planks scorched black and banded in black iron with great rivets and are not locked, though they can be barred from the inside with heavy iron bars.

The temperature in the tunnels is 105º unless otherwise noted, so characters not acclimated to the environment must make a saving throw each hour (–1 for each prior check) or take 1d4 points of damage and become fatigued from heatstroke (–1 to hit and damage).

In addition, some areas of the dungeons are extremely smoky. The inhabitants are all well adapted to the conditions and are unaffected by it. For anyone else, they must make a saving throw each round they remain in the smoke or spend that round coughing and choking. Choking for 2 consecutive rounds deals 1d6 points of damage. In addition, the smoke conceals anyone within it (20% miss chance).

H19. Tribal Caverns

The stairs from **Area H8** lead to the southern end of this chamber.

> This cavern was formed naturally by the movement of magma in the past as evidenced by the fluid contours of rough black rock and the lack of stalactites of stalagmites. The ceiling rises unevenly with a height as low as 12 feet near the edges and up to 50 feet in the chamber's center. A smoky haze fills the room and chokes your breath, and the dim glow of a pool of lava can be seen near the cavern's center.

This cavern serves as the home of a small tribe of volcano giants that have long occupied this area. The fire giants use them as charcoal burners and believe them to be their servants, but they have actually served the dragon Eskvrcar for far longer, though she allows them to continue their duties for the fire giants for the time being.

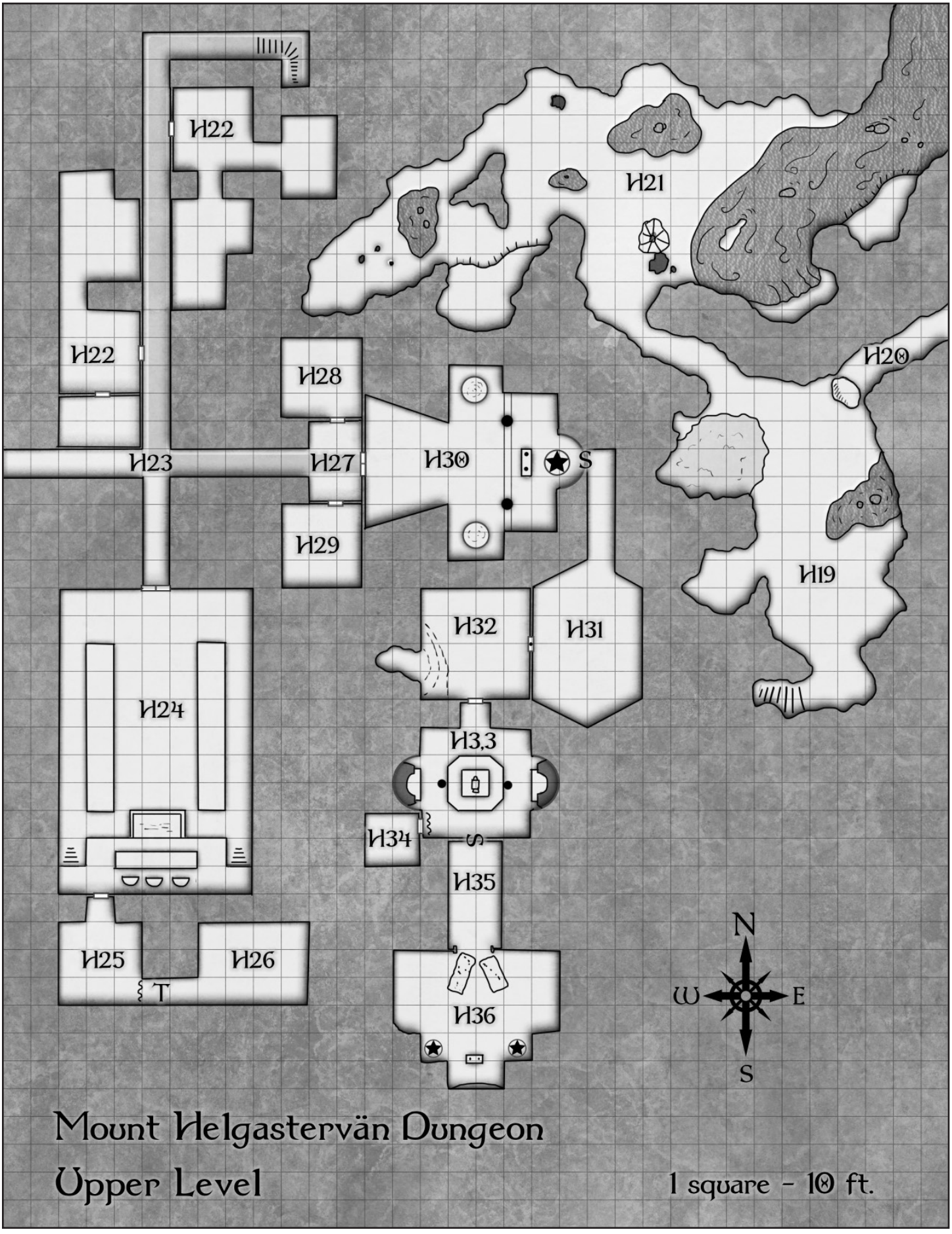
The air in here is extremely smoky as described at the beginning of this section. The volcano giants gather wood from the slopes of the mountain and nearby forests to produce charcoal that the fire giants need for their finery forge. The western side of the room is occupied by a huge mound of black earth and ash. It radiates intense heat from the fire sealed beneath it, and a hole at its apex billows smoke. This is the giants' charcoal clamp where they burn the wood they have gathered into charcoal. The lava pool to the east is fairly cool (for lava) with a thin coat of rock over most of it. If a giant knocks a character into the pool in battle, however, he easily breaks through and sustains lava damage as described in **Area H7**. A large boulder blocks a tunnel leaving the cavern to the northeast. The boulder can be rolled aside with a combined 27 strength. Behind this boulder is **Area H20**.

The cavern is occupied at any given time by **1d3+1 volcano giants**, **2d4 noncombatant old or young volcano giants**, **1d6+2 fire lizards** that they have trained as pets and guard beasts, and their chief, the shaman **Vurthsla**.

Giants, Volcano (1d3+1): **HD** 14+1d6; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** two-handed longspear (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 30ft cone of sulfuric gas, coughing and choking, save avoids), immune to fire, throw boulders (2d8). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 280)
Equipment: longspear

Lizard, Fire (1d6+2): **HD** 10+1; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: breathe fire (once every 1d4 rounds, 20ft cone, 2d6 fire,




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1 square = 10 ft.

save half), immunity to fire, double damage from cold. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 364)

Vurthsla, Volcano Giant Shaman: **HD** 14+1d6; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 morningstar (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 30ft cone of sulfuric gas, coughing and choking, save avoids), immune to fire, spells (3/3/3/2/2), throw boulders (2d8). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 280)

Spells: 1st—*cure light wounds* (x2), *detect magic*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*continual light*, *cure disease*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cure serious wounds*, *protection from good 10ft radius*; 5th—*finger of death*, *raise dead*.

Equipment: +2 *morningstar*, *potion of extra healing*, *potion of fly*, gold arm-ring worn as a ring (750hs), necklace of obsidian naturally embedded with tiny diamonds (5500hs).

Development: The Black Glass tribe has existed peacefully within the slopes of Mount Helgastervän for longer than living memory. Though they originally lived free on its lower slopes, for the last 75 years they have lived in this cavern and served the red dragon Eskvrcar. For the last 20 years they have served as wood gatherers and charcoal burners for the forges of Jarl Kagarath. The jarl is only vaguely aware of the dragon's presence and does not realize that the volcano giants actually consider her their totem god. For now, the volcano giants serve the weaker fire giants peacefully and willingly, but if Eskvrcar ever decides to put them on the warpath, the fire giants are likely to find their docile servitors to be more than they had bargained for.

As a result of this situation, though the volcano giants are ostensibly allied to the fire giants, they hold no particular loyalty to them. As long as the characters do not antagonize Eskvrcar, the volcano giants are not initially hostile. The volcano giants are indifferent toward the characters, and any who encounter them will wish to bring them to see Vurthsla the shaman. Vurthsla leads her tribe in devout devotion to the fire spirits of the mountain, which she believes are embodied in Eskvrcar. She questions characters closely about whom they are and what brings them to the mountain. She knows nothing of Hengrid or the Gates of Hell but is fascinated by tales of the characters' quest. If the characters answer her questions truthfully, she becomes friendlier toward them and sees the characters as legendary figures like from her people's own oral traditions. She encourages them to seek audience with the Mighty Eskvrcar, Spirit of the Mountain, who will surely bless them in their quest. See **Area H21** for details if the characters agree to this meeting.

Treasure: The treasures of the tribe are stored in a stone box beneath the tribe's charcoal clamp. There is no way to locate it without using magic or digging down into the vast pile of burning coals. Digging into the clamp deals 6d6 points of fire damage and requires a saving throw to avoid catching fire each round to anyone within 5ft of it once its earthen cover is removed. The chest itself holds a collection of gemstones including zircons, spinels, rubies, and emeralds. The entire cache consists of more than 5000 gems, weighs 75 lbs. and is worth 65,000hs. If only the most valuable gems are taken, it consists of only about 100 gems and is worth 22,500hs.

H20. Forgotten Tunnel

Beyond the boulder in **Area H19** is an abandoned tunnel, dusty and forgotten. An inscription in Runic is carved into the south wall. The inscription reads:

53 days out of the Vale entered the din of spears with the Red Beast Verthenstyr in its cave. 4 good men soaked in battle-dew to stand upon the banks of the Storm nevermore. A sword for kings as a prize. K.H.

This inscription was carved by Kraki Haraldson, the future High Køenig of the Northlands, more than 200 years ago after he defeated the red dragon Verthenstyr and recovered the sword *Kroenarck* from its lair. It is of interest to note that he used the word "king" in his description of



Kroenarck rather than the more normal Nørsk word "køenig," but no clue is left as explanation of why he made this unusual word choice. It is also noteworthy to see that companions or huscarls apparently accompanied the legendary køenig in his quest, a fact not included in the legends.

Following this winding tunnel through a maze of caverns for more than 2 miles indeed leads to the long-abandoned lair of Verthenstyr. What treasures or dangers might remain there is up to the Referee but is beyond the scope of this adventure.

H21. Lair of the Mountain Spirit

The glow of fire and magma fills this cave, and the thundering roar of a cataract of lava fills the air. A river of molten rock flows by swiftly to the right where it disappears over a ledge to tumble into a river of lava far below. The bank of this lava river gleams with the sheen of gold and silver. A large lava pool bubbles near the far wall, and closer at hand smoke billows forth from a pit that opens in the floor. To the west, the cavern extends into a series of tunnels and ledges.

This cavern serves as the home of the **red dragon Eskvrcar**, called the Spirit of the Mountain by the superstitious volcano giants of the Black Glass tribe. The cavern is hot from the lava river and lava pools with the same environmental effects as described in **Area H7**. The pit drops 70ft before opening up into the ceiling of the alcove in **Area H15**. It is here that the volcano giants dump the loads of charcoal that they prepare in **Area H19**. There are always 1d3 volcano giants at work here either dumping loads of charcoal or using shallow stone bowls to pan promising strands of metallic ore from the lava river. Anyone looking closely at the lava river notices a large number of these metallic threads running through the magma. This lava flow in fact runs down from the lair of the Great Serpent in the mountain's core and, as a result, carries molten fragments of that wyrm's legendary hoard. Eskvrcar is aware of this and has created her lair here for this reason. She knows that the fire giants seek this treasure as well but makes sure that her volcano giants take the lion's share as the lava flows past her lair. After the molten metals have been dumped onto the shore to cool, the volcano giants separate the igneous rock from the metals so that they can be deposited in the dragon's treasure hoard. The lava fall drops 100ft to the lava river below at **Area H13**. Due to the constant haze of steam and fumes rising off the lava river and the smoke rising from the charcoal pit, the characters have a 1-in-6 chance to notice the ledge that lies across the river. It is 20ft above the level of the lava, and anything on the ledge is totally concealed from anything on the western shore.

Eskvrcar, Dragon, Red (Very Old): **HD** 11; **HP** 66; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (3d10); **Move** 9 (fly 24); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special**: breathes fire (90ft long 30ft wide cone, 66 fire, save half), spells (3/3/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *magic missile*, *sleep*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *phantasmal force*, *pyrotechnics*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*, *suggestion*; 4th—*dimension door*.

Giants, Volcano (1d3): **HD** 14+1d6; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** two-handed longspear (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **Special**: breath weapon (3/day, 30ft cone of sulfuric gas, coughing and choking, save avoids), immune to fire, throw boulders (2d8). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 280)

Tactics: Eskvrcar prefers to oversee her minions from the comfort of the 20ft-high ledges in her lair to the south and to the east across the lava river (50% chance of either when the characters arrive). If combat ensues, the dragon sends her volcano giant minions to attack immediately and roars to summon any tribesmen present in **Area H19**, who arrive for battle at a rate of 1d3 every 2 rounds. She prefers to remain upon the relative safety of the ledges and attack with *lightning bolt* and *magic missile*, and her breath weapon. She retreats to the eastern ledge as a last resort if hard pressed, and if reduced below 20 hp with her giant allies seemingly in the process of defeat, she uses *dimension door* to travel to the lava river at **Area H13** where she flies down the river until she reaches a fumarole through which she can escape the mountain. Her pride is not so great that she wishes to die at the hands of Northlander mortals. However, she then devotes all of her resources to exacting a painful and permanent vengeance.

Development: Eskvrcar suffers the presence of the fire giants and their jotun masters but would prefer to rule this portion of the mountain's tunnels and claim all of its treasures and resources for herself. If the characters are introduced to the dragon through an audience arranged by Vurthsla, they are brought before the Spirit of the Mountain, who receives them from atop the southern ledge (where the characters can just get a glimpse of her fabulous hoard). She demands to know their business in her domain and their intentions. If the characters are suitably obsequious and don't offend the dragon, she offers them a deal. If they bring her the head of the fire giants' jarl (see **Area H26**), she not only grants them safe passage through her domain but allows each of them to choose an item of their choice from her impressive treasure hoard. Eskvrcar does not wish to provoke a war with the Jotun King of the Mountain but wishes to send him a message through the destruction of one of his fairly unimportant servants so he will deal with her with respect and (hopefully) rich bribes. If the characters make the mistake of admitting to killing the jotun high priest at **Area H29** to Eskvrcar, the dragon panics, fearing the ire of the Jotun King. She then attempts to slay the characters in hopes of assuaging the jotun's anger over the murder of a member of his court.

Treasure: The cooling metals mixed in the rock along the shore of the river are worth a total of 250hs but weigh more than 500 lbs. and must be refined to remove the metals from the rock itself. Eskvrcar's hoard tucked into the western cave of the dragon's lair is impressive, consisting of the remnants of Verthenstyr's hoard, the precious metals her giants have gleaned from the lava river, and the treasures that she has managed to gather on her own. The hoard consists of arm-rings, hacksilver, and gemstones worth a total of 17,800hs scattered across the floor, two large bronze chests that hold 1626 giant gold coins minted by the jotun of the mountain (worth 15hs each), and piles consisting of lumps of precious metals that have been harvested from the lava river and allowed to cool into misshapen nuggets of the pure metals. There are 225 lbs. of gold nuggets (worth 11,250hs), 707 lbs. of silver (worth 3535hs), 314 lbs. of copper (worth 157hs), and 86 lbs. of platinum (worth 21,500hs). Finally, a great stone sarcophagus leans against the back wall. Its lid is carved in the shape of an ancient giant warrior. The inside is used to store and protect the dragon's most precious items. These are the items that Eskvrcar allows the characters to each choose from if they complete the task she desires (see "Development" above).

- a *crystal ball*
- a *helm of fiery brilliance*
- a *helm of teleportation*
- *bracers of defense AC 2[17]*
- a *girdle of giant strength*
- a *portable hole*
- a *figurine of the golden lion*
- a *beaker of potions*
- a *manual of beneficial exercise*
- a *+2 warhammer that returns to hand*
- a *+3 longbow*
- a suit of +3 *platemail armor*
- an *iron horn of Valhalla* (marked with symbols of the Æsir)

H22. Giant Families

Each of these series of chambers serves as the home for a family of fire giants that are members of Jarl Kagarath's household. They labor as miners, work the forges, or serve in his household guard. The women of the household are often in charge of domestic duties such as keeping house and raising their giantish brood, but they are by no means limited to this, with many serving in all of the above-mentioned roles. The giant abodes consist of a main family area that includes a gas jet cooking fire (usually issuing from a vent in the floor) that also serves as a sleeping chamber for

the family and any slaves, a bedroom for the master of the household and spouse, and another spacious room that serves as storage and additional sleeping space. During the day, these chambers hold **1d2 male fire giants**, **1d4 female fire giants**, and **1d3 fire giant children**. At night, the number of adult males and females double. Each household also has a 50% chance of having **1d4 dwarf slaves**. If attacked, occupants of these chambers attempt to flee to **Area H24** to raise the alarm. Huscarls from there come to investigate in 2d6 minutes.

Giants, Fire (Males and Females): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed sword (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Dwarf Slaves: HD 1; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 6; **Save** 17; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** detect attributes of stonework.

Treasure: The following treasures can be located in any given household: 1d6x100hs, 2d8 assorted gems worth 2d4x100hs each, and a 15% chance of a magic item (Referee's choice, but usually either a weapon or something practical for use in the home or job of the giants).

H23. Tunnel Intersection

Two giant-sized tunnels intersect here. One extends to the south and ends at a massive door of black iron. To the east, one enters a room. To the west, the tunnel is lost in the distance. The south wall of the western tunnel bears an inscription in gigantic runes with an arrow underneath it pointing west.

The inscription is written in Giant. It reads, "Tivar, House of Jarl Kagarath." The inscription directly above the westward pointing arrow reads, "To the Realm of the Mountain King." The tunnel extends to the west and then wraps around to the north as it follows the shape of the mountain. After several miles, it reaches the court of the Jotun King. Within the first mile it passes another two dozen fire giant dwellings like those at **Area H22**. These areas are beyond the scope of this adventure. For every minute spent at this intersection, there is a cumulative 10% chance of a random encounter from the table below. All fire giants (and Phrushprag) retreat to **Area H24** to raise the alarm. All others attempt to flee in a random direction.

1d10	Encounter
1	**1d2 adult fire giants** and **1d3+2 fire giant children** (see **Area H22**)
2	**2d3 fire giant smiths** (see **Area H16**)
3	**1d4+1 fire giant overseers** (see **Area H17**)
4	**Fire giant huscarl** with **1d3+2 hell hounds** (see **Area H18**)
5	**Fire giant overseer** and **2d4 dwarf miner slaves** (see **Areas H17** and **H22**)
5	**1d2 volcano giant** (see **Area H19**)
6	**2d4 hell hounds** (see below) or **1d3+1 fire lizards** (see **Area H19**)
7	**Mressa** and **Melana** (see **Area H26**)
8	**1d2 fire giant acolytes** (see **Area H30**)
9	**Phrushprag** (see **Area H29**)
10	**Jarl Kagarath** (see **Area H26**)

Hell Hound: **HD** 6: **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: breathe fire each round (10ft, 12 fire, save half).

H24. Hall of Jarl Kagarath

A wide hall, its ceiling vaulting 100 feet overhead, stretches to a 10-foot dais to the south. A massive stone table with three high seats sits upon this platform set with the skull of some hideous draconic creature, its horns now capped with gold and hung with jewels. Before the dais is a bubbling pit of lava outfitted with cooking spits and hanging cauldrons for cooking. Two long tables of scarred, scorched planks lined with benches extend northward for the members of the household to feast together. The walls of the chamber are hung with tapestries composed of rusty iron chain woven into patterns of different-sized links. An ironbound door stands at the back of the dais.

This is the hall of the fire giant jarl. Normally, it is occupied by only **1d4 fire giants** cleaning or preparing the next meal, along with **3 fire giant huscarls** and **2 hell hounds**. At feast times (10% chance at any given time during the day), the number of occupants swells to include **3d6+12 male** and **female fire giants**, **2d6+5 fire giant children**, **8 fire giant huscarls** (minus any previously slain), **2d4+3 hell hounds** (minus any previously slain), and the **2 fire giant acolytes** (see **Area H30**). Seated at the high table are **Jarl Kagarath**, **Mressa**, and **Phrushprag**.

Giants, Fire (Males and Females) (1d4): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed sword (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Giants, Fire (Huscarls) (3): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 89, 84, 80; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *+1 flaming battleaxe* (5d6 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Equipment: *+2 half-plate armor*, *+1 flaming battleaxe*, gold and platinum arm-ring (1500hs).

Hell Hounds (2): **HD** 6: **HP** 41, 38; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: breathe fire each round (10ft, 12 fire, save half).

Development: If an alarm is sounded here, one of the huscarls hurries to **Area H25** to alert the other huscarls and their jarl. The common fire giants and children attempt to flee to **Area H30** to alert the temple. After 2 minutes, all surviving huscarls, Jarl Kagarath, and (if possible) Phrushprag and his acolytes gather in the hall. A huscarl is then sent to summon the rest of the household so that 1d6 additional fire giants and 1d2 hell hounds arrive every 10 minutes for the next 2 hours. After that if still no attack has occurred, Jarl Kagarath sends out three scouting parties consisting of 5 fire giants and 2 hell hounds led by a huscarl to try to locate intruders in order to bring the strength of the household down upon them. The initial gathering is of sufficient strength that the characters are unlikely to prevail against it. Their best bet if this occurs is to use the time as the giants gather to complete their exploration of the giants' halls and locate Hengrid's route.

Treasure: The fire giant tapestries of iron chain are unique and valuable as exotic art objects (500hs each) but each of the 10 chain tapestries weighs 350 lbs. The skull on the table can be identified as that of an adult red dragon. Its horns have been dipped in gold to create a metallic casing inset with red and orange gemstones, with fine gold chains running between them dangling with small rubies and yellow topazes. The entire centerpiece weighs 150 lbs. and is worth 8800hs. If the precious metals and stones are instead stripped from it, these are worth only 5100hs.

H25. Household Guard

This chamber is outfitted with a number of heavy bunks composed of welded black iron. The walls are likewise lined with armor and weapon racks of the same construction. To the east, a curtain of shimmering gold blocks a passage extending beyond.

Jarl Kagarath's huscarls reside in this chamber. Unless an alarm has been sounded, there are always **4 fire giant huscarls** in this chamber — 2 of them asleep without armor or weapons. The armor and weapon racks hold not only the gear of the sleeping huscarls but also 6 bastard swords, 3 longswords, 4 suits of chainmail, 5 steel shields, and a suit of platemail, all sized for giants. A battle here alerts the occupants of **Area H26**, who prepare for battle but will not come to assist the huscarls here.

Giants, Fire (Huscarls) (4): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 83, 81, 75x2; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** +*1 flaming battleaxe* (5d6 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Equipment: +*2 half-plate armor*, +*1 flaming battleaxe*, gold and platinum arm-ring (1500hs).

Treasure: Chests beneath the bunks hold the combined wealth of the huscarls. This consists of 2300hs, 280 massive, giant-minted gold coins worth 15hs each, 17 heavy silver arm-rings (100hs each), 4 heavy gold arm-rings (750hs each), a collection of assorted gems worth 4000hs, and nuggets of gold ore gifted by their jarl that weigh 56 lbs. and are worth a total of 2800hs. In addition, a secret panel behind one of the weapon racks holds a collection of potions consisting of: 7 *potions of healing*, 2 *potions of extra healing*, a *potion of invisibility*, and 3 *potions of animal control*. The gold curtain is actually composed of fine links of gold chain woven together. Though not very sturdy, as long as it remains intact its finely woven mesh provides cover and conceals anyone behind it (AC –1[+1]). It is 15ft high by 10ft wide and weighs 250 lbs. Its crafting technique is far beyond anything that a fire giant is capable of. It was, in fact, gifted to the jarl by the Jotun King. It is worth 20,000hs.

H26. Bedchamber of Jarl Kagarath

Just beyond the golden curtain, in the short corridor is a **trap** created by Phrushprag for the jarl. It activates if anyone passes over it without first saying the password "Surtr." Once the password is spoken, the trap deactivates for 10 seconds, so that multiple individuals can safely pass with a single saying of the password. If the password is not spoken, the trap explodes in a blast of ice that deals 8d8 points of damage to anyone within a 5ft radius (save for half).

This chamber has been opulently decorated. A massive, wheel-shaped iron grillwork dangles from the 30-foot ceiling with dozens of blue-flamed gas jets covering it. The far wall is dominated by an iron-framed bed with a thick mattress and covered in blankets covered in black-furred hides. The walls hang with curtains made from the scaled hides of draconic beasts, though some are scorched and battered from their time in this harsh environment. The north wall of the room has an iron armor stand and weapons rack next to a large table and bench. At the foot of the bed are two large chests bound in brass.

The gas-fueled chandelier in this chamber provides bright light, and a small metal valve-wheel on the east wall can reduce the gas flow to darken the room. If the chandelier is broken, it explodes in a fireball that fills the room (10d8 points of fire damage, save for half) and then creates a powerful jet of flame that extends from the ceiling to the floor and filling an entire 10ft area. Anyone entering that square or coming within 5ft of it takes an additional 4d8 points of fire damage per round and has a 60% chance of catching fire). This jet of flame can be stopped by using the wall valve-wheel to cut off the gas flow (which removes the room's illumination). If it is extinguished in any other way, it causes the flame to go out but also causes the room to begin to fill with odorless natural gas. After 10 rounds of this, any open flame in the room causes an explosion and flame jet as described above. If the gas is not ignited, then after 5 minutes of accumulation, any living creature in the room must make a saving throw or begin to suffocate.

This is the bedchamber of the fire giant **Jarl Kagarath** and his wife, **Mressa**. Kagarath is a typical fire giant, heavily muscled, with dusky black skin, and hair and beard of a shocking orange. Mressa is a surprising beauty for a fire giant with a shapely figure, large coal black eyes, and long hair of a more auburn cast. Jarl Kagarath is well aware of the rare treasure he has in his wife and is exceedingly jealous of any contact she has with his huscarls. She is actually having an affair with Phrushprag, but Jagarath is not yet aware of this. To guard Mressa's spousal virtue, Kagarath has given her a pet **stymphalidies**, Melana. It has been trained to attack any fire giant other than the couple that enters their chamber or that gets too close to Mressa in public. This, of course, fails to inhibit the jotun's illicit affair with Mressa in any way, and the pious giantess's frequent private religious consultations with the high priest have gone unmarked to date. Unless an alarm has been sounded or they have been encountered elsewhere, the jarl, his wife, and her pet are present in this chamber.

The mattress of the bed is stuffed with black gravel, as are the four pillows that rest under its blankets. These pillows can be thrown as a rock with half range and normal damage by a giant. The blankets are made of sewn hell-hound hides. The armor stand and weapons rack hold the jarl's armor and weapons when he sleeps, but otherwise stand empty. The scaly tapestries are made from the hides of various kinds of drakes hunted around the mountain and nearby forest and have no value.

Jarl Kagarath Bloodburn (Giant, Fire): **HD** 15+1d4hp; **HP** 116; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** +*2 greataxe* (5d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Equipment: +*2 greataxe*, 4 heavy gold arm-rings (750hs), gold ring set with a diamond and 5 rubies (6700hs), copper brooch shaped like a linnorm (150hs)

Mressa, Jarl's Wife (Giant, Fire): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 81; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** +*2 spear* (2d6) or +*1 freezing dagger* (1d8 plus 1d6 cold); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

Equipment: +*2 spear*, +*1 freezing dagger*, gold necklace (1500hs), gold and platinum ring-brooch (4000hs).

Melana, Mressa's Pet Stymphalian Bird (Bronze Beak): HD 4; **HP** 28; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), beak (1d8) and wing slashes (1d6), or 4 feathers (1d4); **Move** 15 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** double damage (any attack roll of natural 20), throw feathers (60ft range, targets must be within 30ft of each other, 4 feathers/volley, 12 maximum/day). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 526)

Tactics: In battle in this chamber, Jarl Kagarath begins by hurling gravel-filled pillows at the chandelier until it explodes as described above (55% chance). He then stands in the resulting jet of flame to battle the characters, forcing them to come within range of its heat damage if they wish to engage him in melee. Mressa take cover behind the bed and hurls additional pillows at the characters, only using her spear if they attempt to approach her. Melana swoops at anyone attempting to reach the giantess. If Mressa is reduced below half her hp, Jarl Kagarath enters a berserk rage (+1 to hit and damage) and fights until either all of the characters are dead or he is killed. If the jarl falls, Mressa attempts to flee to Phrushprag for protection.

Treasure: The two chests at the foot of the bed hold the couple's valuables. The right chest is filled with clothing for Mressa (stylish and fine for a fire giant but of little value to the characters). The left chest holds the jarl's

treasures. This consists of 5250 of the giant-sized gold coins minted by the Jotun King (15hs each), 7 heavy gold arm-rings (750hs each), a bag of 17 rubies (700hs each), 6 large diamonds (5000hs each), a giant-sized platter and pitcher set of solid gold (2000hs for the set), and a suit of *+2 platemail*.

H27. Antechamber

The corridor ends at a wide room. Opposite the entrance is a massive set of double doors encased in hammered copper and etched with scenes of mountains, raging fires, and giants destroying men and other lesser creatures before them. A bronze gong hangs to the left of the door with a heavy mallet propped next to it. Doors of blackened wood open on either side of this chamber.

This serves as the antechamber to the Temple of Surtr and is always guarded by **2 fire giants**. They stop anyone they do not recognize and will not allow anyone to enter **Areas H29** or **H30** unless accompanied by Phrushprag or the acolytes. If attacked, one of the giants sounds the gong to alert the occupants of **Areas H24**, **H29**, and **H30**. The occupants of **Area H24** respond to an alarm as described in that area. Phrushprag orders his acolytes to defend the temple with their lives and flees to **Area H24** to gather reinforcements.

Giants, Fire (2): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 89, 84; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed sword (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire.

H28. Guest Chamber

This chamber is plushly appointed with a bed (large even for a giant), a fine stone table with three sturdy wooden chairs with carvings of dragons on their backs, and a large iron-banded chest that stands open. Illumination is provided by a large oil lamp that stands unlit in the corner. Overall, the room is considerably cooler than those elsewhere in these tunnels.

This chamber is kept for visiting dignitaries of the Jotun King's court and is kept clean and in readiness for such a guest. There is nothing of value here.

H29. High Priest's Quarters

The smell of rancid mildew is almost overpowering in this chamber. This source is obviously the massive troll, roughly 10 feet tall and bearing two grotesque heads that squats in the northwest corner. Its eyes bear a glazed, confused look but they quickly gain focus as they turn toward you and its fanged maws curl up in snarls. A thick chain extends from the beast's ankle to a ring set in the stone wall. The opposite corner of the chamber holds a large, four-poster bed. Thick white curtains between the posts block the bed itself from view, but a fresh, cool breeze blows across your faces as it rustles the bed curtains.

This is the chamber of the high priest **Phrushprag**, a jotun who serves not only as the spiritual leader of Jarl Kagarath's domain but as liaison with the Jotun King as well. As such, he wields considerable power within the jarldom. The jotun shares the room with a guardian **two-headed troll**. This nightmare is a simpleton among its kind (Int 3) and was given to Phrushprag as a gift by the Jotun King. The troll understands Giant, though it cannot speak. It responds only to the simple commands of Phrushprag or any other jotun giant. Otherwise, it simply attacks any who enter the chamber without Phrushprag's permission. The chain around the troll's ankle allows it to move anywhere within the chamber but not outside its door. The troll could easily snap the iron chain, but it has never had the idea to do so.

Phrushprag (Giant, Jotun): **HD** 16; **HP** 101; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** +2 *mace* (4d6+2); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; CL/XP 19/4100; **Special**: double damage from fire spells, immune to cold, magical abilities, spells (3/3/2/2), throw and catch rocks. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 100)

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect magic*, *light*; 2nd—*hold person*, *dispel magic*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*dispel magic*, *fireball*; 4th—*cure serious wounds*, *wall of fire*.

Equipment: +2 *mace*, *ring of protection +1*, *potion of fly*, gold holy symbol of Surtr (150hs), silver necklace set with amethysts and quartz (3900hs).

Troll, Two-Headed: **HD** 10; **HP** 67; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: regenerate 1hp/round, rend for 2d6 if both claws hit. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 570)

Tactics: If aware of intruders, Phrushprag tries to gain reinforcements in **Area H24** to bring to defend the temple. He leaves the troll here to protect his room under these circumstances. He prefers to do battle with spells from a distance.

Treasure: Opening the curtains on the bed reveals a glowing crystal the size of a human head suspended from the center of the bed's canopy frame. It is covered in frost and gives off a constant chill breeze. Though Phrushprag is well adapted to the sweltering conditions in Kagarath's realm, this crystal was gifted to him by the Jotun King to remind him of the colder jotun realms high atop Mount Helgastervän. The crystal bears a permanent *control weather* effect that reduces the temperature in a 5ft radius by 40 degrees. The crystal is worth 10,000hs; if the enchantment is removed it is worth 2400hs as a gemstone alone. Hidden within the bed's straw mattress are Phrushprag's personal treasures. These consist of a bag holding 220 giant gold coins (15hs each), 3 heavy gold arm-rings (750hs each), and a platinum necklace upon which have been strung dozens of small diamonds (15,000hs).

H30. Temple of Surtr

The copper-sheathed doors to this temple can be barred from within with a heavy oak beam. The acolytes do so if the alarm is raised and will not open it until Phrushprag gives a special knock.

This elaborate chamber truly feels like the heart of the mountain. A ruddy glow fills the room, and the dual stenches of hot iron and charred flesh wrinkle your nose. The walls slant inward to give the feeling of being trapped and funneled, and focus the attention on a massive wooden statue of a fire giant god standing upon a dais at the far end. Before this statue stands an old altar-stone, flaking gold leaf still decorating the four horns at its corners. Flanking this is a pair of rune-carved basalt columns, the seams of the runes stained a rusty color with old blood. An alcove opens on either side of the dais, and each holds a pool of bubbling magma giving the room its glow and the air its stench.

This chamber is a temple to the fire giant god Surtr. If the characters used a *find the path* spell to find a temple of Surtr near Bvalin's Forge, then the spell leads them here (though no farther). The altar appears to be a solid piece of stone, but the top can actually be slid aside if the northwestern and southeastern horns are simultaneously twisted. The hollow within

holds the temple treasury, described under "Treasure" below. The back wall of the temple holds a secret door constructed by dwarven builders long before the giants inhabited this part of the mountain. However, no means can be seen to open it, and it is impervious to magical attempts to breach it or to cause physical damage. See below for details on opening this door.

The northern alcove serves as a secondary shrine. The wall behind the lava pool bears a painted mural showing a giant drowning a group of bound dwarves in the sea while one offers him a goblet of an amber liquid, and the image of an eagle flying out of a mountain cave with the same giant pursuing him. A close look notices drops of amber liquid dropping from the eagle's beak and splashing at the mountain's base. On the floor at the base of the mural are the melted remains of several candles, gold and bronze candleholders, and several charred bones. This mural depicts the legendary giant, Suttungr, son of Gilling. The pool and mural serve as a shrine to this Jötnar of legend for his role in gaining the *Mead of Poetry* from the Dvergar as well as the incident where he was tricked by Wotan, who then stole the mead from Suttungr's guardianship.

The wooden idol of Surtr is actually hollow, though it is cemented to the floor so it seems solid and heavy. The clerics of the temple are aware of it but have never thought to try to move it. It takes 50 points of damage to break the statue away from its base and tip it over. Set in the floor beneath the hollow idol is a stone lever of cunning dwarven construction. The lever is old and stuck in place but can be moved with a combined 30 strength (up to 3 characters) or loosed by a careful thief (delicate tasks and and traps check). If the characters manage to move the lever, then the secret door in the east wall opens.

Religious services are lorded over here by the jotun high priest Phrushprag, though he is not present except under circumstances as explained in **Area H29**. The holy chamber is guarded at all times by **2 fire giant acolytes** that serve under Phrushprag and who bed down at the western end of the temple entry and **2 char shamblers** — seemingly undead humanoids with charred and cracked skin revealing raw flesh beneath — that reside within the shallow pools of lava. They rise from their pools to attack at the command of Phrushprag or the acolytes.



Giants, Fire (Acolytes of Surtr) (2): **HD** 11+1d4hp; **HP** 85, 77; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** heavy mace (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: hurl boulders (5d6), immune to fire, spells (2/1).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect magic*; 2nd—*hold person*.
Equipment: shield, heavy mace, *potion of healing*.

Char Shamblers (2): **HD** 14; **HP** 105, 96; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus 1d6 plus grab), bite (1d6 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special**: burning touch, darkvision 60ft, immune to fire, smoke cloud (conceals –1 to hit, cough & choke, save avoids), stench (10ft, sickened for –1 to hit and saves, save avoids), vulnerable to cold. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 32)

Tactics: In battle, the acolytes send the char shamblers into melee while they hurl heated rocks that have been stockpiled in the lava pools. They fight to the death to defend the temple.

Treasure: Hidden within the altar stone is the cache of precious metals gleaned by the fire giants from their forge operations. Once a month these are gathered and transported to the Jotun King as tribute. Within this hollow are 80 lbs. of gold ore (4000hs), 110 lbs. of silver ore (550hs), 232 lbs. of copper ore (116hs), 17 lbs. of platinum ore (8500hs), 50 lbs. of mithral — enough for a single heavy armor; 9000hs), and 3 large uncut diamonds (500hs each). There is also a platinum scrollcase (900hs) holding a *divine scroll* (*raise dead*, *resurrection*).

The candleholders before the Suttungr mural are worth a total of 175hs. If the mural is examined closely, a secret panel can be found in the stone floor just below where the amber drops were painted. If this panel is opened, inside can be found a gold-plated drinking horn (300hs) whose top has been sealed with a heavy layer of wax. Breaking the seal on the wax reveals a single draught of *Mead of Poetry* within the horn.

Greater Miscellaneous Magical Item

Mead of Poetry

This golden mead was first brewed by the dwarves of legend known as the Dvergar in Northlands mythology from the spittle of the gods after the Æsir-Vanir War. It was obtained by the giant Suttungr when he threatened the dwarven brothers Fjalar and Galar with drowning. Suttungr placed the mead within Hnitbjörn Mountain guarded by his daughter, the giantess witch Gunnlöd. The mead was in turn stolen from her through trickery by the god Wotan. In his escape with the legendary draught, Wotan spilled much of it on the ground where it was later recovered and can occasionally be found in Northlands hoards.

Anyone who drinks a draught of *Mead of Poetry* instantly gains 1 point of intelligence and charisma (maximum 18) and instantly knows how to play any chosen instrument (or read poetry, or perform a play) for 1 week. His singing (or playing or acting) grants any companions within 30ft a +1 to attacks and saves during the performance. An imbiber can receive the attribute bonus of a draught of this mead only once.

H31. Guardian's Hall

Beyond the secret door from **Area H30**, the temperature is noticeably cooler. There are no longer any environmental effects from heat, and the ubiquitous gas jets providing illumination are no longer present. In addition, the tunnels are now only 10ft high with room ceilings 20ft high unless otherwise stated. The smooth, expertly crafted walls are obviously ancient dwarven work. Doors are constructed from skillfully cast plates of iron that miraculously do not bear a spot of rust.

This chamber is dark, its walls rising into darkness above. In the center of the room stands a horse, its hide as black as night, flames flickering around its hooves and from its eyes. Astride this hell beast is a man in the full plate armor of the Southlanders. The iron plates are charred black, and the glow of hot coals gleams through the seams in the armor. He bears a steel shield on one arm and a sword, its blade aglow with heat, in the other hand. An iron door stands in the west wall.

The ceiling is 80ft overhead, lost in the darkness. This chamber is the domain of the guardian **cinder knight**, an elemental creature confined within and given humanoid form by its armor, sitting astride a **nightmare**. The elemental was stationed here an age ago as guardian of the way lead-

ing to the Gates of Hell. It is tasked with allowing no one to pass, and fights to the death to prevent anyone leaving by the west door. That door is locked, and its key long since lost.

Cinder Knight: **HD** 15; **HP** 111; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** two-handed sword (1d10 plus 1d6 fire) or 2 slams (1d4 plus 1d6 fire) or javelin (1d6 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N: **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: heat aura (10ft, 1d6 fire/round, save avoids), immune to fire, magic resistance (20%), vulnerable to cold. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 38)

Equipment: two-handed sword, 18 javelins.

Nightmare: **HD** 7; **HP** 47; **AC** –4[23]; **Atk** bite (1d8), 2 hoofs (2d6); **Move** 18 (fly 35); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: breathe smoke (–2 to hit, save avoids), ride between planes/realities. (***Monstrosities*** 348)

Development: As soon as the characters enter the chamber, the cinder knight addresses them in Nørsk in a hollow, otherworldly voice that crackles with the sound of burning embers. It says, "Know, mortals, that I am bound by my oath to defend this portal until Ragnarök itself opens the Gates of Hell and unleashes its boundless hordes upon the world of Men. But before you spill your life's blood needlessly on the stones, I will tell you that you have come too late. My guardianship is in vain. No intruder has passed my station, but I sense that the gate has already been opened. Think carefully how you spend your short mortal existence; waste it not on a fool's errand when the prize is already lost."

The cinder knight says no more and truly knows no more. It can sense that Hengrid has already breached the Gates of Hell, though it does not know how this happened since she did not pass through his chamber. If the characters do not leave within 2 rounds, the nightmare takes flight and circles 40ft above the floor while the cinder knight pelts them with javelins. When it has exhausted its supply of missiles, the nightmare swoops in for melee attacks.



H32. Defiled Defenses

Despite the relative cool and dark of this chamber, its air still faintly bears the sharp, metallic smell of magma. The source of this is obvious. A hole gapes in the ceiling near the western wall where a lava flow melted through the stone and fell to the floor. It then continued its course as it melted through the western wall and created a steeply sloping tunnel in that direction. These tunnels are obviously recent but have now cooled, and each is sealed, blocked in solid stone by the action of some other lava flow. The scattered remnants of giant suits of armor similar to that worn by the swordsman in the previous room are scattered on the floor, some of them embedded in the cooled stone near the western wall. There are no traces of who or what actually wore the armor, though. A single iron door stands in the south wall. It appears to be slightly ajar.

A lava flow recently melted its way into this chamber and out again to the west before descending all the way to **Area H6**. It was this still-cooling lava tunnel that Hengrid Donarsdottir used to access this chamber. Other lava flows sealed off this route after she passed, preventing the characters from following this way. If the characters examine the cooled stone of the western tunnel, they discover shallow footprints permanently etched into it where Hengrid walked upon the cooling stone. These footprints head toward the south door after apparently battling the armored guards before they are lost on the chamber's stone floor. Hengrid came this way 1 day before the characters arrived at the mountain and passed into **Area H33** after destroying the guardian suits of giant phantom armor that had been stationed here. Characters have a 10% chance (70% rangers) to notice the tracks of some much larger draconic creatures passing this way as well. These are actually the trails of lava drakes that followed after Hengrid when the lava was much cooler, making their tracks much harder to see. The tunnels were sealed just moments after these beasts passed through.

H33. Forge of Bvalin

This chamber has an otherworldly feel to it, as if you have left the realms of Midgard and entered the depths of Nidavellir, home of the Dvergar. The stones of the walls and floor are tightly fitted, almost seamless, and the ceiling rises to an elaborate double vault 30 feet overhead, supported by two sturdy stone columns carved in the image of heroic dwarven warriors stacked rank upon rank in eternal vigilance. Between these columns is a raised marble dais upon which sits a shining anvil of some silvery metal, and on either hand is a large forge, their fires banked to low coals that give off a soft reddish gleam. A beautifully worked tapestry hangs in the southwest corner depicting dwarven craftsmen hard at work shaping stone and metal deep underground. The only thing that breaks the mystical aura of this place are the signs of recent battle — chips in the rock walls, scars on the flagstones, and spatters of blood.

This is the fabled Forge of Bvalin, the deathless Dvergar tasked by the giantess Gunnlöd, daughter of Suttungr, to forever guard the Gates of Hell after his creation of the sword *Kroenarck* with its fate to bring about Ragnarök. However, despite his undying guardianship, something has obviously gone terribly wrong as the fabled smith is not present and the marks of mortal combat are. Hengrid bested Bvalin in battle and slew him when she came through here recently. She took the body with here to avoid the traps when she proceeded to **Area H36**.

The anvil on the dais is made of pure mithral, but it is permanently affixed to the marble plinth and can be removed only by the Æsir or one of the giant gods of the Ginnvaettir. The forges remain eternally at the appropriate temperature for metalworking (Bvalin could adjust the heat levels with a thought) and cannot be extinguished by any mortal means. The tapestry (a true masterpiece of craftsmanship from a time before humans strode upon Midgard) is worth 25,000hs to a køenig or someone with the means to appreciate and afford it. Despite its bulk and size (10ft by 15ft), it weighs only 20 lbs. Behind it is a simple iron door only 5ft high.

Characters have a 1-in-6 chance to locate the secret door to the south. If someone thinks to check the floor, however, he notices streaks of blood leading to the wall where Hengrid dragged the dying dwarven smith (3-in-6 chance to find secret door). If the characters open the door, they discover that it bears a powerful **trap**. Because Hengrid had Bvalin with her when she opened it, the trap did not activate. She left it open after passing through, so the lava drakes were able to pass through as well without activating the trap. However, one of the drakes accidentally struck the door with its tail, knocking it shut and trapping them beyond. The trap activates if anyone not accompanied by Bvalin opens the door. When this occurs, the door and the surrounding wall and floor on the north side of it suddenly turn to magma. Anyone standing within 10ft of the door finds themselves in the molten rock taking 20d6 points of fire damage per round and sinking in it as if it was a *transmute rock to mud* spell. Flying does not prevent this damage because the door and walls collapse forward into the area of effect, swamping anything in the air before them if they fail a save. Remember that lava continues to deal damage for 1d3 rounds after exposure ceases and can cause exposed creatures to catch fire (90% chance). After 2 rounds, the trap effect ends, and the door and wall reform as they were before and the floor solidifies. Anyone sunk into the floor must make a save to pull themselves to the surface before it completely solidifies or be trapped in the stone. The spell resets after 1 hour.

Referee Note: This is an extremely devastating trap and could easily destroy a careless party. Let the characters get an idea of the dangers involved in dabbling with the forces of Fate that created the very world of Men.

H34. Bvalin's Chamber

This chamber's low ceiling is only 6 feet high. It is simply, but comfortably furnished with a small bed bearing worn-but-still-thick furs, a table bearing an oil lamp and a single chair, and a small chest at the foot of the bed.

Bvalin lived simply here, spending his time in design of items to craft and then crafting them upon his legendary forge. The chest is filled with sheaves of parchment showing incomplete notes on a whole host of metalworking projects. These plans and the accompanying concept sketches are worth 50,000hs to a smith of sufficient skill and means.

A false bottom in the chest hides a set of platinum artisan's tools that can be sold for 305hs.

Anyone moving aside the straw mattress on the bed finds one end of a special *gate* resting on the bed frame beneath. This *gate* connects to the dwarven realm of Nidavellir and can be used only with the proper command word (that only Bvalin knew). He used it to obtain supplies and raw materials from his kin and to return finished works that he completed upon his forge. This gate should be largely useless to the characters since even if they do discover the means of its functioning, the Dvergar at the other end will not deal with anyone other than Bvalin.

H35. Trap Corridor

Beyond the secret door lies a 40-foot corridor, its ceiling arching to 40 feet overhead. The far end was once blocked by massive iron portals, but these appear to have been blasted down by the blows of some powerful force. Between you and these doors are three draconic, winged beasts. They stand upon two legs and have scales of thick volcanic stone.

These **4 fire drakes** followed Hengrid's route into here after entering **Area H32** through the lava tunnel in its ceiling. They encountered the ghost in **Area H36**, and fear advancing into that area. They have been unable to locate the opening mechanism for the secret door back to **Area H33** (the mechanism does not trigger the trap if used). They are desperate and angry after having been trapped here for the last 24 hours and vent their anger upon the characters.

Drakes, Fire (4): **HD** 4; **HP** 29, 27x2, 23; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 13; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breath weapon (5/day, 40ft, 2d8 fire, save half), pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 213)

H36. The Gates of Hell

The great iron doors of this chamber have been battered down by multiple blows from some powerful force and lie bent on the floor with hinges broken. The room beyond is as much different from the corridors you have just traveled as they were from the fire giant tunnels before. The stonework here is ancient, unlike any you have ever seen before, and seems as old as the roots of the mountains themselves. The walls rise rough and seamless to a flat ceiling 50 above. Across the room, an alcove extends backward in a series of shrinking arches so that the ceiling of its back wall is only 20 feet high. Almost that entire wall is occupied by a great, black, circular void. Stone sconces protrude from the wall on either side of the void, and one hangs on the wall directly above it. These sconces bear different items, though what they are is unclear from this distance.

Before the void is a low altarstone. The floor and altar bear a layer of frost, and a chill breeze flows outward from the void. Flanking the altar are two wooden statues depicting humanoid figures, though they are so worm-eaten and aged that their features are no longer discernable. The rightmost statue has one other feature of note, however, the battered and bloody body of an aged dwarf stands propped against it, sword in hand, eyes closed and unmoving.

This chamber is the oldest in all of Mount Helgastervän and serves as the antechamber to the Gates of Hell. What sort of shrine once stood here in honor of these gates is long since lost to history, and there is no clue as to who or what the altar and statues once served to honor. Since the forging of *Kroenarck*, guardianship of this gate has fallen to Bvalin the Ageless. Anyone examining the dwarf finds that he is recently deceased and has been pinned to the wooden statue by a long steel spike probably taken from the forge and driven through his gut into the wood behind. From the cinder-scarred skin and thickly calloused hands, it is easy to guess that he was a smith. From the deeply wrinkled brow and thick gray beard, it is not hard to imagine that he was the fabled Bvalin. An examination also reveals that a shining short sword has been tied into the corpse's hand by a long strip of torn fabric recognizable as having been torn from the edge of a cloak of winter wolf fur that may be recognizable as having come from Hengrid's cloak (like that found at **Area B7** in **Chapter 2**).



Any character should know by now that dying with your weapon in hand is what assures you a place as a warrior at the table of Wotan in Valhalla. Dying without your weapon in hand sentences you to an ignoble existence as a defenseless shade outside the camaraderie of the heroes of old. Since it is evident Bvalin did not tie his weapon in his hand, and Hengrid's cloak implies she did so, an astute character may note this as an example of mind's-worth, the Northlands' concept akin to honor such as is demonstrated when ensuring that a worthy foe dies with weapon in hand, or fulfilling a sworn duty to lord or a host's duty to a guest. Mind's-worth is also one of the Nine Virtues and yet another demonstration of Hengrid's continued adherence to those ways.

Though Hengrid dragged the dying Bvalin into this chamber and tied his blade in hand before killing him by nailing him to the statue, the guardian's duties did not end with his death. Bvalin's oath to Gunnlöd to guard the Gates of Hell until Ragnarök prevents him from departing the mortal world. He remains here guarding the gate as a **ghost**. He manifests as soon as someone examines his corpse or approaches the gate (see "Development" below).

Bvalin the Ageless (Ghost): HD 12; **HP** 85; AC 0[19]; **Atk** +3 *short sword* (1d8+3), corrupting touch (2d6, save for half), or draining touch (1d4 strength drain); **Move** 12 (flying); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special:** corrupting touch (2d6 damage, save for half), draining touch (1d4 strength drain), frightful moan (save or panicked, –1 to hit and saves, flee for 1d4 rounds), magic resistance (50%), +1 magic weapons to hit.

Equipment: *+3 short sword*.

Development: As described above, the ghost of Bvalin appears when his body or the gate is approached. He manifests as a ghostly image of himself, his body battered and broken by Hengrid's attacks, his blade still tied into his hand. However, rather than attacking, he hails the characters in a sepulchral voice. If they do not immediately attack when he does so, read the following.

"Well met, heroes of the North. I know why you have come and what you seek. The Donarsdottir is already gone, passed through the Gates of Hell to the Ginnungagap. She slew me even as I fulfilled my own oath to stop her. Three keys the Donarsdottir brought with her, and those three keys even now hold open the gate to that land beyond where Althunak reigns yet. If you are not too late, she can yet be stopped and the Fimbulwinter passed by once again.

"Know this: The Donarsdottir yet fights the fate that assails her. She wants to be stopped; I can sense it upon her. She yet struggles against the beast. But stop her you must, whether by skill of tongue or spill of blood, the Master of Cannibals must not be allowed to fully gain a new vessel. Your path leads through the gate, I fear. Though *Kroenarck*, the blade of mine own hearth hangs upon the threshold, you must leave it behind to keep the gate open for your passage. I will guard the passage from here and ensure that none removes the keys and locks you within. You have the word of my mind's-worth on it.

"But alas, all is not as simple as that. For I am sworn to guard the Gates of Hell against all comers, even those I would let pass if I could. So first you must best me to pass. Fear not of destroying me, for that lies beyond your means, but you can disperse me for a short time — time enough to make it through the gate. After that I will guard it against closing on you as I have said. There is a little time yet, it passes not in the Ginnungagap as it does here. The Donarsdottir yet fights. If you would rest and recuperate before facing me, you have some hours here that will not matter beyond the portal. Take your ease as you need and let me know when you are ready to cross steel with Bvalin the Ageless."

As Bvalin has stated, he was able to sense the turmoil in Hengrid as she battled him and can tell she has yet to be fully consumed by Althunak. The characters can spend up to 10 hours outside the gate before they must pass through to pursue her, and Bvalin suggests they rest to regain hp and spells if needed. Once they attempt to pass through the gate, he appears before it to do battle. As long as his ghost remains, the gate is impervious to passage (i.e. the characters cannot attempt to sneak through). Only once the ghost has been destroyed can the gate be used (See **Chapter 5**). To the characters' benefit, the ghost will not use his corrupting or draining touches, or frightful moan. He instead fights in a straightforward manner with his short sword. Even if the characters remove it from the corpse, it still manifests in the ghost's hand for use. In fact, since he died with sword in hand Bvalin's afterlife is secure. The characters can take the corpse's sword and use it against the ghost (very effectively) without fear of condemning the dwarf's soul. If the ghost is destroyed, it immediately disappears. However, it rejuvenates in only 1d4 hours and Bvalin takes up watch over the gate behind the characters as he promised. The only way to permanently lay him to rest is explained in the "Concluding the Adventure" section.

Treasure: Three stone sconces are built into the wall around the round portal of the open gate, one on either side at head height, and one over the top of the gate 20ft above. The top sconce can be seen to hold an ancient, brown-stained skull wearing a lead crown (the crown of the First Winter King from **Area F**). The crown has been firmly attached to the skull by wooden screws that pierce into the cranial cavity. The left sconce holds a stone idol crudely carved from petrified wood. It has a stooped, apelike posture, and lines in its surface seem to indicate fur. Its head is featureless except for a wooden, fanged maw. This is a truly ancient idol of Althunak (taken from **Area A2**). Lying on the right sconce is a sword with a handle wrapped in dragonhide and a shining blade. It is *Kroenarck*, the Sword of the High Køenig. As Bvalin mentioned, the sword and other items cannot be removed or the gate closes and the characters will be unable to reach Hengrid in time. If they are removed later, the ancient lead crown and attached skull are worth 1000hs as a historical curiosity, while the petrified idol of Althunak is worth 2000hs as a piece of prehistoric religious art. The sword *Kroenarck* is described under "Concluding the Adventure."

Chapter Five: The Ginnungagap

Ginnungagap, the Yawning Void. Before Creation there was the Void, and after the advent of Asgard and Midgard, there was the Ginnungagap below. The void of the Ginnungagap is sometimes synonymous with the standard Lower Planes recognized in Southlands' pantheons and cosmology, realms with names such as the Abyss, Tarterus, Hades, Gehenna, and the Nine Hells, but that is not entirely true. The Ginnungagap does indeed touch and intrude upon these infernal domains, but it also occupies the nothingness that lies beyond their bounds. It lies between the cold fury of Niflheim and the fiery wrath of Muspelheim. The Ginnungagap is the Great Emptiness, the Void Below and Between. It is a realm where unclaimed mortal souls howl in eternal torment and abandonment — or until they are encountered (and often devoured) by something worse — and where the spirits of the wendigos roam before they lay claim to a mortal host.

The Gates of Hell under Mount Helgastervän are not entirely accurately named. They open not into the lower region known as the Nine Hells but rather into the Ginnungagap. Where into the Ginnungagap they open depends on the keys that are used. Hengrid used keys as prescribed by the spirit of Althunak and opened the gates into a portion of the void near the icy reaches of Niflheim. This region of the Ginnungagap corresponds cosmologically to the waters and lakebed below the Lake of Frozen Screams in the Far North, where after he was cast down and slain, the corpse of Althunak was thrown to be forever encased in hundreds of feet of solid ice. The demon lord's remains did not remain on the Material Plane but rather touched once again upon the Ginnvaettir's home in the Ginnungagap. Though his body was slain, the consciousness of Althunak has remained free to roam this portion of the Ginnungagap until it managed to find a crease through which to break free and descend upon Hengrid Donarsdottir, where it found a handhold it could cling to.

I. Perlious Passage

Before the characters actually make it into the Ginnungagap, they must first pass through a short planar passage that opens from the Gates of Hell. The view beyond the gates is not visible until the characters step through. Once they do so, read the following.

> A chill passes over you like a graveyard wind as you move through the opaque, black film of the Gates of Hell. Beyond you find yourself in a darkened cave. Despite no apparent light source and an overall pervading gloom, for some reason you are still able to see dimly. The cavern roof overhead has a few stalactites that seem to curve slightly, like fangs, and scattered across the floor of the cave are a number of puckered stone craters, no more than a foot or two across. From the random eruptions of a black liquid from these rifts that fills the cavern with an odd gray mist, it is apparent that they are some sort of geyser in this hellish place. Some distance away is a cave opening from which a brighter light can be seen. It appears to be the only exit from this cavern other than back the way you came through the black disk-like portal.

The light here is considered dim. This cavern contains dozens of geysers that are connected not only to the Ginnungagap but to the Plane of Negative Energy as well. Every round, several of these geysers erupt and saturate the atmosphere here with their foul effluvia. These is no way to avoid the black, mist-like presence that permeates the cavern, and it is resistant to magical attempts to displace it. Short of using teleportation to completely avoid the cave, those passing through it are exposed to the caustic substance. For every round spent in the cave, a total of 20d6 points of damage is dealt (save for half). Half of this damage is acid damage and half is negative energy damage. However, the damage dealt by this mist is divided evenly (before saving throws) between all living creatures that enter its confines. A single creature passing through the cave takes 20d6 points of damage per round, but 5 creatures passing through would take 4d6 points of damage each per round. It is 180ft from the portal entry to the cave's exit, so creatures take damage for however many rounds or parts of rounds that it takes them to pass through. Remember: If some creatures pass through faster than others, those that exit early stop sharing the damage with the slower creatures, and the slower creatures begin taking a larger portion of the damage once the faster creatures exit. The floor is uneven (10% chance of falling for anyone running), with the occasional geyser blocking the path (touching a geyser deals an additional 6d6 points of damage, no save, to that creature).

Development: As the characters pass through the chamber, they notice that the damage they sustain causes the surface of their flesh to degrade and fall away in small black flakes that expose the raw skin, muscle, and even bone underneath. This damage heals normally with cure spells but leaves a light trail of this flaky black dust along the path that a character takes. Such a trail already passes across the floor and out the far exit — the path of Hengrid. Since she came through here alone, the characters know that she had to have absorbed horrific amounts of damage herself to make it all the way through without turning back. An astute player might correctly note that this exhibits perseverance, also one of the Nine Virtues.

The Depths of the Ginnungagap

Once the characters leave the geyser cave behind, they find themselves in the depths of the Ginnungagap as described at the beginning of this chapter. This portion of the Ginnungagap lies metaphysically beneath the frozen waters of the Lake of Frozen Screams in the Material Plane and touches upon both Niflheim and the Abyss. It is where Althunak's spirit has been imprisoned and now seeks release through a mortal host.

While in this region of the Ginnungagap, the following planar traits are in affect:

- **Normal Gravity**
- **Flowing Time:** 1 day on the Material Plane is 1 hour in this region of the Ginnungagap.
- **Self-Contained Shape:** The area below the Lake of Frozen Screams is finite, and its edges wrap around onto themselves.
- **Divinely Morphic:** Deities and powers with domains in the Ginnungagap can alter their domains within the Ginnungagap at will. Though Althunak is a demon lord from the Ginnungagap, this portion of the Ginnungagap is not his domain but rather the prison where his corpse has been entombed. As a result, the Ginnungagap here does not respond to his morphic will.
- **Strongly Chaotic and Evil:** Lawful and Neutral characters suffer a –1 to attacks and saves. Chaotic creatures gain a +1 bonus to attacks and saves.

The weather in this region of the Ginnungagap is influenced strongly by Niflheim. As a result, it is always extremely cold. The temperature is below 0º, so unprotected characters must make a saving throw every 10 minutes or take 1d4 points of nonlethal damage from the cold. Characters with cold-weather outfits need check only once an hour. Those taking damage are beset by hypothermia and fatigued (–2 to attacks and saves).

In addition, lighting here is dim, concealing those within it and causing a 20% miss chance to attacks. Creatures native to this plane are unaffected by this concealment, so only the characters risk this miss chance if they don't have darkvision or provide their own light source.

Once the characters leave the entry cave, read the following.

The air here is cold, causing your breath to fog before your face. The Ginnungagap stretches before you. It is a bleak, black wasteland that defies description. You get the sense of hills, mountains, and valleys, but details are difficult to make out as the features seem smoky or smudged like a fresco painted on plaster that is too wet. In addition, these indistinct features seem to shift and move when you're not looking, so you are not able to get a good lay of the land. The sky is dark and featureless, as if you are looking up from the bottom of a deep well. At the very top is an irregularly shaped patch of bluish light, though its color is partially obscured by opaque whiteness that seems to flow and shift occasionally. It gives you the impression of a frozen lake surface as if looking at it from below. The one feature that stands out in your dismal surroundings is a distant hillock. The form of some gigantic, humanoid creature lies sprawled atop it with a shiny figure of light holding a massive hammer upraised before it. A greenish column of flame seems to descend from the frozen sky far above and upon this figure, bathing it and the corpse-like giant in a nimbus of green fire.

The geography of the Ginnungagap is unlike the mortal realms of Midgard. No matter how high a creature flies, it can never reach the frozen lake surface high above. In addition, the terrain melts and reforms chaotically, so there is no true geography to describe. The hillock upon what is surely Hengrid Donarsdottir and the corpse of Althunak sometimes seems as if only a few hundred yards away and sometimes seems like it might be many hundreds of miles distant, but its appearance never varies regardless from where the characters view it. As a result, whether flying, walking, or attempting to teleport, the chance of the characters actually reaching the hillock (**Area J7**) depends upon their ability to focus their mind and concentrate upon their goal. Otherwise, the plane misguides them and leads them into other dangers. If characters are airborne, they find that it is strangely easy to lose sight of the hillock. Each time an encounter is rolled below, they find that they need to land to get their bearings before they can begin to fly in the direction of the hillock again. After the encounter, they can take off and fly in the hillock's direction again.

One character must be designated as the guide who is attempting to lead their party to their destination. This character has a 20% base chance to reach the hill (40% for rangers). For each point of intelligence above 12, the character adds 5% to the check (so a character with a 17 intelligence has a 45% chance, or 65% chance for a ranger with the same ability score). The plane leads the characters to 1d3+1 encounters before they reach the hillock. This number increases by +1 for each failed check the guide makes. Consult the table below for the encounters that occur en route to the hillock. Encounters marked with an asterisk can occur only once, and should be re-rolled if called for a second time.

1d12	Encounter
1	**Stake of the Shadow Demons*** (see **Area J1**)
2	**The Spiders' Web*** (see **Area J2**)
3	**The Sled of Kimrach Ulnslayer*** (see **Area J3**)
4	**The Icy Fury*** (see **Area J4**)
5	**Cold Harvest*** (see **Area J5**)
6	**Frozen Waters*** (see **Area J6**)
7	**1d4+1 polar bear demons**
8	**1d2 walrus demons**
9	**Gibbering abomination**
10	**2 banshees**
11	**Eyeless filcher**
12	**1d3+2 frost giants** with **1d4 winter wolves**

Eyeless Filcher: This skeletal creature shows signs of recent injuries it sustained in battle. It is an assassin employed by certain fey lords and extraplanar powers, who promised the former criminal that they could prove his innocence (they can't). It hunts the Ginnungagap looking for mortals who seek to awaken Althunak. Hengrid proved to be too powerful for it, but it assumes that the characters are reinforcements she has brought from the Material Plane. If the characters can somehow convince the creature that they are chasing Hengrid, it can help them in their battle against her.

Eyeless Filcher: HD 9; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/1700; **Special:** half damage from non-blunt weapons, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, strangle (2d6 automatic damage per round if both claws hit). (***Monstrosities*** 167)

Frost Giants: This group of frost giants is fiercely loyal to Althunak. They patrol the Ginnungagap accompanied by a pack of allied winter wolves keeping watch over the Winter King's corpse and his promise to bring about Ragnarök and unleash them upon Midgard.

Giant, Frost (1d3+2): HD 10+1d4hp; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** two-handed axe (4d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** hurl boulders (4d6), immune to cold.

Winter Wolves (Worgs) (1d4): HD 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none.

Gibbering Abomination: This pile of sentient ooze, faces, and screaming mouths has escaped to here from another part of the Ginnungagap. It attacks anything it sees and fights to the death.

Gibbering Abomination: HD 13; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** 6 bites (1d8); **Move** 6 (climb 6); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 25/5900; **Special:** amorphous, blood drain, cannot be surprised, disruptive



cacophony, immune to nausea, pain and sickness, magical abilities, regenerate 1d6 hit points per round, resists electricity. (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 103)

Banshees: These two spectral women are the undead remains of two of Althunak's brides from an age ago. They look like women of Ancient Uln and have been trapped within the icy confines of the Ginnungagap for a thousand years. These cursed spirits do not have the ability to create spawn like normal lesser banshees. It is always considered night for the purposes of their wail.

Banshees (2): HD 7; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** claw (1d8); **Move** (fly 12); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** Magic or silver to hit; magic resistance 49%; shriek of death; immune to enchantments.

Polar Bear Demons: These hideous beast demons devoutly serve the incarnate spirit of Althunak. Unlike usual chaaor, their apelike bodies and horned bear heads have white fur like a polar bear rather than the red-dish-black that they are normally found with. In addition, their snouts are longer and slimmer, like a polar bear's. However, their white fur is still matted with blood like that of an ordinary chaaor. They prowl across the wastes of the Ginnungagap and attack all they see.

Demon, Chaaor (1d4+1): **HD** 11; **HP** 80; **AC** 1[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (2d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to electricity and poison, magical abilities, rend for automatic 2d8 if both claws hit, roar (3/day, 60ft, 3d6, save half), resistance to cold, fire, and acid. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 137)

Walrus Demons: These hideous beasts are glabrezu demons with walrus-like heads and fangs. They are like normal glabrezu except for their enhanced bite attack and swim speed. Like the polar bear demons, these creatures skulk throughout this region of the Ginnungagap and hunt for interlopers to devour.



Demon, Glabrezu (Category III) (1d2): **HD** 10; **AC** –4[23]; **Atk** 2 pincers (2d6), 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (swim 18); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: immune to fire, magic resistance (60%), magical abilities.

Magical Abilities: at will—*darkness 10ft radius*, *fear*, *levitate*, *polymorph self*; 1/day—*gate* 30% (roll 1d4 for category).

J1. Stake of the Shadow Demons

The landscape has become forested, though you don't remember approaching any trees. At one moment it was the shadowy plane, and the next you were among even darker tree trunks. They seem to resemble pine trees and even leak an inky sap but somehow feel wrong in this tainted environment. A break appears in the trees ahead, revealing a small clearing, perhaps 30 paces across. Near its center, a large wooden stake made from the sharpened trunk of one of the trees protrudes from the ground at a slight angle above a small mound in the dark turf.

The stake is what it appears to be, the sawn trunk of one of the trees approximately 8ft long that has one sharpened end that has been hammered into the ground. The top of the stake is flattened and split as if by powerful blows. Any character touching the stake hears the hiss of a long indrawn breath and then these words: "*If thou wilt but pull*," the voice whispers, "*we shall push*."

A century ago, a powerful cunning woman who had entered the Ginnungagap under the Lake of Frozen Screams bound several demons with the stake, trapping them within the earth. If the characters are foolish enough to pull up or destroy the stake, they release **6 shadow demons**. These demons immediately attempt to use *magic jar* to possess one or more of the characters. Failing that, they attack and attempt to slay the characters, though after their long imprisonment, they have no desire to be destroyed and each demon flees if reduced to fewer than 15 hp.

Demons, Shadow (6): **HD** 7; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** claws (1d6), bite (1d8); **Move** 0 (fly 15); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: immunity to electricity and poison, incorporeal, magical abilities, shadow blend (surprise on 1–5 on d6), sunlight powerlessness, telepathy 100ft. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 151)

Magical Abilities: 1/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *fear*; 1/week—*magic jar*.

J2. The Spiders' Web

Rocky crags of black stone rise from the benighted plain. They form a narrow canyon of sorts from which many small side branches diverge. The occasional skull or bone of some deformed demonic creature lies in the black sand at the base of these canyons.

As the characters proceed down the canyon, they risk running into an expansive web that covers the width and height of the canyon (40ft by 60ft). The web has a dark gray coloration that blends with the gloomy surroundings and requires a character to roll below his Wisdom on 3d6 to avoid stumbling into it. It is otherwise identical to the webs of giant spiders. As soon as the web is discovered, its makers launch their attack. This is the lair of **3 spider liches**. Two spider liches rise from shallow sand pits at the base of the web to attack. A third hiding atop the canyon



walls 60ft above begins to climb down toward them. This attack exposes the characters to the fear auras of all 3 of the spiders. These creatures resemble ghostly white spiders, their chitin carapaces having the appearance of bleached bones. The two spiders on the ground attempt to quickly bite and paralyze two spellcasters while the third uses spells from 40ft above, targeting fighter types. It starts with *lightning bolt*, and follows up with *charm person* and *fear*. If one of the liches is killed, the other two attempt to flee in opposite directions rather than risking their own demise.

Spider Liches (3): **HD** 12; **HP** 92, 84, 81; **AC** 0[20]; **Atk** bite (2d8 plus paralysis and poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: +2 or better weapon to hit, fear aura (60ft, as *fear* except 5HD or greater creatures suffer –1 to attacks and saves for 1d6+6 rounds, save avoids), caustic web (stuck as *web* but take 1d4 acid per round until freed), immune to cold and electricity, rejuvenation in 1d10 days, spells MU14 (5/5/5/4/4/3/1). (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 205)

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *detect magic*, *magic missile* (x2), *sleep*; 2nd—*detect invisibility*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*dispel magic*, *haste*, *lightning bolt* (x2), *slow*; 4th—*confusion*, *dimension door*, *fear*, *wall of ice*; 5th—*feeblemind*, *passwall*, *transmute rock to mud*, *wall of stone*; 6th—*anti-magic shell*, *death spell*, *disintegrate*; 7th—*reverse gravity*.

Treasure: Each of the spider liches has a large red ruby (5000hs) embedded in one of its 8 eye sockets. These are actually the spider liches' phylacteries and, unless destroyed, they begin to rebuild the liches' bodies at some location near the characters. This process takes 1d10 days, after which the characters have to deal with a rejuvenated and vengeful spider lich.

J3. The Sled of Kimrach Ulnslayer

The plain here is covered in snow and ice, the snow being up to a foot deep and a dingy gray in color. At this point, you come across two parallel depressions in the snow 12 feet apart. Each has crisp edges, is 18 inches wide, and at least 10 inches deep, crushing the snow in them down into a densely packed layer over the earth. The ground between the tracks is churned into a slushy morass. These depressions run perfectly parallel over the low undulations of the ground until they are lost among low hills in both directions.

The characters have stumbled upon the tracks of one of the Ginnungagap's fiercest occupants, a near-immortal frost giant named **Kimrach Ulnslayer**. This beast served Althunak a thousand years ago in his submission of the ancient Uln and, after the demon lord's first defeat in the Far North, was banished to the Ginnungagap to await his lord's full rebirth in Midgard. Hengrid brings just such an opportunity, so Kimrach patrols the area around the hillock seeking out anyone who might wish to interfere with Althunak's plans.

Any ranger can instantly recognize the parallel grooves as the tracks of runners from a sled of giant-sized proportions and the churned slush as the overlapping tracks of its unidentified beasts of burden. Non-thief characters have a 1-in-6 chance of making out the faint jingling of a harness somewhere far to the right among the obscuring hills. Kimrach came through an hour earlier in his patrol. Traveling along the tracks to the left leads in an ever larger circle until encountering Kimrach coming toward them after 2d10+4 hours. Traveling along the tracks to the right allows the characters to catch up to Kimrach and his team in less than an hour. If the characters ignore the trail and continue on, Kimrach manages to spy them and changes course to intercept them. His approach is given away by the charging stampede of the **3 mammoths** pulling his massive sled.

Tactics: When the sled is first seen, it is revealed to by a massive affair, 12ft wide and 32ft long, loaded down with bundles of furs, traveling equipment, and cut timbers. Its harness traces have small bells hung along their lengths, and the length of the sled itself is decorated with dozens of human skulls that are strung along cords like ornaments. Kimrach wears a coat of hide with long leather fringes along its sleeves and a fur cap that appears to have been made from an entire sabre-tooth tiger, its fangs overshadowing the giant's brow and its tail at the nape of his neck. The mammoths are trained to charge without guidance, so Kimrach can stand atop the rear runners and fire his bow without penalty as the sled approaches. When the sled reaches the party, the mammoths tear into the characters' ranks while Kimrach leaps free and charges into the fray with axes in hand. He fights to the death. The mammoths flee (pulling the sled with them) if Kimrach falls.

Kimrach Ulnslayer (Giant, Frost): **HD** 10+1d4hp; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** +2 *two-handed axe* (4d6+2) or +2 *longbow* (2d6+2); **Move** 12 (30ft leap); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special**: hurl boulders (4d6), immune to cold, spells (Clr 2/1; MU 2/1).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *cure light wounds* (x2), *magic missile*; 2nd—*hold person*, *invisibility*.
Equipment: +2 *two-handed axe*, +2 *longbow*, 2 quivers of 20 arrows each, *boots of leaping*.

Mammoths (3): **HD** 12; **HP** 91, 86, 80; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** trunk (1d10); 2 gore (1d10+4), 2 trample (2d6+4); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 315)

Treasure: Kimrach slew thousands of the inhabitants of ancient Uln and collected many of their treasures before his banishment. These treasures now lie tied in the fur bundles upon his sled. Each bag listed below can be located among the bundles. A series of heavy bags tucked in among the many mangy furs hold a total of 11,230gp, all minted in ancient Uln with a distinctive hole through their centers (each worth 1hs). A smaller bag holds jewelry of gold and silver also crafted in ancient Uln (worth 8020hs). Tucked into a partially frozen haunch of elk is a *girdle of giant strength*. In a rough leather pouch tied to one of the handles of Kimrach's sled are 11 lapis lazuli (10hs each), 4 peridots (60hs each), 2 deep blue spinels (100hs each), and a bright blue topaz (500hs).

J4. The Icy Fury

A vast snowfield stretches before you. The crystalline haze rising off it as even the slightest breeze obscures your view more than a quarter mile. The snow appears to have a strange series of long, serpentine drifts that run unbroken for hundreds of feet and more.



The characters are at the very edge of a snowfield of deep powder that runs for miles in all directions. Where they stand is only a foot or two deep and counts as difficult terrain but is otherwise harmless. However, 50ft ahead, the snow quickly becomes 30ft deep and is treated as quicksand for anyone without some kind of affinity for travel through snow. Dwelling within the snowfield is an **ice linnorm** that is able to swim through the loose snow as if it was water. The strange, serpentine drifts of snow are actually the wake the ice linnorm leaves after it burrows through underneath the snow's surface. The linnorm notices the characters 1 round after they arrive at the snowfield. The first sight the characters have of it is a snowdrift forming 100ft away and quickly extending in a straight line as it plows toward them. The linnorm prefers to fight in the safety of the snowfield, but it is equally comfortable fighting in the shallow snow beyond the edge of the snowfield. If the linnorm is reduced below 50 hp, it retreats into the depths of the snowfield for safety and is not seen again by the characters. If the characters spend an hour looking, they can pick a safe path across the deep snowfield where they can walk and continue toward the hillock.

Old Ice Linnorm (11HD): HD 11; **HP** 55; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (3d6) and constrict (3d4); **Move** 12 (burrow 12); **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** breath weapon (60ft long, 30ft wide, 10ft high cone of freezing ooze, 55 damage, save for half; failed save allows ooze to harden into ice for 1d6 damage each round until freed), constrict, swallow whole (bite attack that hits by 4 or more, 2d4 damage/round), unaffected by *invisibility* or *silence*. (***Monstrosities*** 296)

Js. Cold Harvest

A steep hillock of gray stone and patchy snow lies ahead, perhaps 40 feet tall. It a hillock but not the hillotck. It appears to be undergoing some sort of earth tremor as it trembles and shifts slightly, and a large crevice is beginning to form in its summit. However, you feel no vibration or movement through the ground, so you're not sure how a quake could be shaking it as it is and yet remain unfelt by you. The horrific truth of the matter becomes clear momentarily as the cracking summit finishes opening to reveal that it is actually a great maw of grinding teeth. Tentacles that extend from the side of the hillock opposite of you that had been concealed from your perspective a moment before now rise into the air, each grasping a writhing struggling humanoid of some sort taken from a shimmering portal in the air before dropping them one by one into the death pit of its mouth. The entire hillock is actually some gigantic, gray-fleshed creature that is somehow extending tentacles through gaps in reality and drawing victims back into its waiting maw.

The abomination before the characters is an **abyssal harvester** that dwells here in the Ginnungagap. It sends its tentacles through small planar gates that form in the air before it to snare creatures on other planes (currently the Material Plane of the characters) and draws them back through to feed. The characters are 100ft away when they notice this activity. If they choose to try to sneak around the creature and avoid it, the harvester has a 1-in-6 chance of noticing them. If it does, it takes notice of them and immediately withdraws all of its planar-spanning tentacles in order to feed on something closer at hand. Once it becomes aware of the characters, it will not stop following them as long as it is able to track them.

Demon, Abyssal Harvester (Category IV): HD 15; **HP** 109; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** 6 tentacles (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** constrict for automatic 2d6 after initial hit, harvest. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 12)



Treasure: If the harvester is defeated, the characters will be able to check on any of the humanoids captured by the harvester and then dropped as it chose to pursue the characters instead. These creatures are all orcs (a type of humanoid that the characters are very likely to be unfamiliar with due to their relative scarcity in the Northlands) taken from an Under Realms region of Lloegyr (the characters' home world). All of them are already dead from damage they sustained when being captured by the abyssal harvester, but one of them still wears a *+2 flaming/freezing battleaxe* slung across its back, a true oddity in the Northlands.

J6. Frozen Waters

The snowy plain you travel is bisected here by a wide frozen river that wends into the distance in both directions. The ice appears to be thick enough to support your weight but is a dingy gray color, as if the water beneath bore some foul taint mercifully concealed by the thick ice layer.

A tributary of the River Styx crosses the Ginnungagap here, but the frigidity of the realm has frozen its surface solid to a thickness of 1ft — more than enough for the characters and even much heavier creatures to safely cross without breaking through. Anyone purposefully breaking through the ice finds the dark sluggish waters below retain all of the normal qualities of the River Styx (save per round of contact or suffer total amnesia as *feeblemind* spell, save still causes loss of all memory of the last 8 hours). The river is 130ft wide, and walking on its surface requires a character to move at half speed to avoid falling. Anyone trying to run or move at their normal rate must roll below their dexterity on 3d6 or fall prone.

Fortunately for the characters, despite its appearance the river is fairly easy to cross safely. Unfortunately, the river is not the only danger. Hibernating in the mud at the river's banks are **3 Stygian spawn**. They are completely indiscernible, buried as they are unless characters actively dig around in the mud, or use magic to detect their presence. These creatures resemble monstrous amphibians, like frogs that never shed their tadpole tails, with hideous, mucus-using lesions all over their hide. Two of the creatures are on the near bank where the characters cross, and one is on the far bank. One round after the characters begin to cross, the two closest spawn notice their presence and burst forth from their cocoons of icy mud. This action requires 1 round during which the characters can make their own actions as well. They then charge out on the ice to attack the characters. One round after the first two attack, the spawn on the far shore of the river notices and bursts forth as well. It then moves out onto the ice to try to cut the characters off. The creatures are ravenous and pursue the characters as long as they can locate them.

Stygian Spawn (3): **HD** 13; **HP** 100, 96, 91; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8), bite (1d10), tail slap (1d8 plus grab) or tongue (1d6 plus grab); **Move** 15 (swim 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special**: breath of steam (1 per 1d4 rounds, 90ft long 30ft wide cone, full hp damage), magic resistance (25%), magical abilities, resist acid, cold, and fire, swallow whole (on 4 or more required or natural 20), tongue (grab and hold, save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 209)

Magical abilities: at will—*detect good*, *detect magic*; 3/day—*protection from good 10ft radius*.

Treasure: If the characters think to search the muddy hollows in which the Stygian spawn had been concealed, they find a *rod of paralyzing* (22 charges) pressed into the mud of the hollow on the far side of the river that the spawn laid on and forgot about after a past meal.

J7. The Hillock of Althunak

Regardless of how long it takes the party to reach this point, they arrive just before Hengrid completes the ritual necessary to fully rejuvenate Althunak in her own body.

At last you have found your quarry. The low hillock lies before you, its entire summit now awash in the green flames that pour from the sky like a waterfall of the brightest Northern Lights. The great humanoid figure lying atop the hill is now clearly visible. It looks to be more than 100 feet long and in the form of some cyclopean white-furred beast such as a yeti or a Southlands' ape. The fur is matted and stained with old blood, and it bears the rents of great wounds from of old. The chest does not move with breath, yet the whole seems to have the air of something still conscious with a malevolent will — the living corpse, or perhaps deathly essence, of Althunak, Demon Lord of Ice and Cold, Master of Cannibals, and Winter King. The shape of a figure, no longer familiar, stands before this great corpse with hammer raised to the sky. The green fire rushes down and envelops this figure in a nimbus of green light, and it appears that smaller tendrils of the green flame extend either to or from the giant corpse.

You have found Donarsdottir, but she appears to be no longer herself. Her once-shining armor is battered and corroded, her white wolf fur cloak torn and stained. Her face is split unnaturally by a great fanged mouth, and her helmet is dislodged by an enormous rack of elk antlers that extend from her forehead. Her feet appear to be on fire as they slowly char and disintegrate before your eyes, reducing her lower legs to ragged stumps. Only her greathammer remains pristine, raised toward the sky and drawing in the green energy that ravages her form.

A wendigo spirit has possessed Hengrid's body, though her own essence remains as well, as this is what Althunak clings to as he works to subsume her body as his own. This process is in its final stages right now. As it stands, **Hengrid Donarsdottir** is currently a wendigo. She does not immediately attack the characters, as entering battle with them only delays the outcome of the ritual she is seeking to finish. Instead, as the characters arrive, she looks down at them and sneers, challenging them with an unearthly voice that says, "You are too late. This one is mine. Prepare yourself for the coming cold embrace of my Fimbulwinter." However, even as the words leave her mouth, her eyes remain clear and seem distraught at the words that pour forth from her mouth. Anyone making this observation knows that something of Hengrid herself still remains within the body.



Development: The characters control the pace of this encounter as Hengrid will not attack unless she is first attacked, as she does not wish to interrupt the ritual. The ritual itself has another couple of hours until completion and the full subsumption of Hendrid's body by Althunak, but the demon lord is impatient to be free and instead chooses to engage the characters in a verbal confrontation for as long as he can as a delaying tactic.

Once the characters realize that something of Hengrid still exists inside the body, they have the key they need to defeat Althunak's plan. Because of the many clues that Hengrid left behind that she still fights the demon's influence and clings to the Nine Virtues of her immortal father, the characters should be aware that they still have a chance as long as a bit of her will clings to her body. The characters must fan the flames of that will to fight in order to reduce Althunak's influence if they hope to thwart his coming. If the players do not think of this on their own, a 1-in-6 chance brings this idea to the character's mind. In order to effectively do this, the characters must remind Hengrid of her devotion to those virtues and how she has continued to exhibit them even as she fell under Althunak's possession; these examples have been sprinkled throughout this adventure. The more examples that the characters bring up, the greater effect it has in combating Althunak's foul influence. The table below reflects the change that Hengrid undergoes from using this tactic.

Do not let the players off the hook here by reminding them of her actions or mentioning examples that they may have missed. They should have been paying attention for these since the concept was specifically mentioned to them back at Hearth Stone. Alternately, if the players think of legitimate examples exhibited by Hengrid that the adventure has not specifically called out but that do work as instances where she might have practiced the Nine Virtues, allow those in your final calculation as well.

Finally, by this point, the players have been involved in a Northlands' campaign through at least the 10 adventures so far in this adventure path. They should by now have a good understanding of honor, courage, mind's-worth, and the role that playing their character has in it. Make then actually roleplay these pleas to Hengrid, bringing up the examples in heroic terms and orations of typical Northlander boasts and eloquence. Just as the Northlands setting provides for a greater-than-mortal level of heroism up to and including death speeches and the acceptance as a victim of fate (see **Chapter 4** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***), they also sometimes give the opportunity to do and cause great things with the power of heroic words alone — but this requires player buy-in and a willingness to participate at a roleplaying level rather than just as a game mechanic.

The characters can reduce the level of power by which Athunak possesses Hengrid by the number of examples of the Nine Virtues that they bring up. This results in the possessing spirit taking the form of a less-powerful creature that the characters must battle. If the players give these examples in suitably heroic oration, give a +1 bonus to the number as it they had brought up one additional example. If they, in your opinion, use kennings (see the **Introduction** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***) impressively in this speech, give an additional +1 on top of that.

The examples of the Nine Virtues exhibited by Hengrid Donarsdottir during the adventure include:

- Hospitality to Ölvir Hearthson at the Hearth Stone (**Area 15D**)
- Discipline in her assault upon the wikkawak lair (**Area B3**)
- Loyalty to her Donar's hammer amulet (**Area C**)
- Self-reliance in continuing without her huscarls (**Area G**)
- Courage in refusing to back down from Rethryvimar (**Area H3**)
- Industriousness in gaining entry to the Mount Helgastervän Dungeon (**Area H5**)
- Mind's-worth in placing a weapon in the hand of Bvalin as he died (**Area H36**)
- Perseverance in passing through the negative energy geysers (**Area I**)

Number of Examples	Hengrid's Form
0–2	Wendigo
3–5	Jotun
6–8	Grendel
9–10	Chaos Knight
11	Yeti

After the characters use all of their examples (set a reasonable amount of time for them to make their impassioned pleas to the fallen hero) and the final form that she will take has been determined, Althunak's patience finally ends and he attacks in an effort to destroy the heroes before they can weaken him any further. Read the appropriate section under "Althunak Attacks" below based on the form he takes. After the characters defeat the demon-possessed Hengrid, proceed with "Althunak Defeated."

Althunak Attacks

Althunak's patience has reached its end, and he fears that the characters may further weaken his hold on Hengrid's body, so he chooses to end the ritual and eliminate them before its completion. When he does this (or when he is attacked by the characgters), Hengrid lowers her hammer and the green fire no longer falls from the sky, though it continues to course around her to a distance of 30ft for 1 round. Any character touching this glowing green flame or entering its area before it dissipates must make a save with a –1 penalty or temporarily lose 1 level. Every 24 hours the character can make a new save to regain the lost level.

Hengrid as a Wendigo

Your actions seem to have enraged the beast. She turns her attention from the firefall and directs her baleful gaze toward you. The stream of green fire stops its cascade from above, but continues to glow and swirl about her form as it slowly diminishes.

Hengrid has retained her wendigo form and now turns her ire upon the characters.

Hengrid Donarsdottir (Wendigo): HD 16; **HP** 123; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** *Thundersurge* (2d6+3 plus 1d6 electrical), bite (3d8 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis), 2 claws (2d6 plus 1d6 cold plus wendigo psychosis); **Move** 24 (flying); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 20/4400; **Special:** *control weather* (1/day as spell), create iceberg (1/day, within 100ft as berg or ice wall; if cast in air, it forms as a double-strength *ice storm*), dream haunting (1/day, save avoids [–2 if wendigo can see victim; +5 if not]), howl (–1 to attacks and saves, save avoids), immune to cold, magic resistance (15%), regenerate (1hp/round), touch of corruption (touch, save or move one step closer to Chaotic, at which time he serves Althunak as cannibal), vulnerable to fire, wendigo psychosis, wind walk. (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: *Thundersurge* (*+3 shocking greathammer that returns to hand*) (see **Sidebox**)

Tactics: She begins her attack with a howl from within the protection of the green fire before it dissipates and takes to the air once it has subsided. From the air, she creates an iceberg to shatter and fall upon the characters' position and alternates it with hurling *Thundersurge*, and unleashing *call lightning* from the hammer. If engaged in melee, she concentrates on her greathammer and bite attacks, using thunderclap if she seems in danger of being overwhelmed. She fights to the death to defend the hillock, but does not pursue if the characters withdraw, choosing instead to restart the ritual.

Hengrid as sa Jotun

Your words are having an effect. The green nimbus around the beast begins to fade somewhat. The thing that was once Hengrid Donarsdottir twists malignantly in form again. The elk antlers corrode and drop from her forehead, and her charred feet reform and become whole. Her skin lightens to the pale tone she knew in life but then continues past that to a colorless cast with an almost bluish tint, and her blond hair fades to a similar shade. Her limbs become knotted with

muscle as, if anything, she grows taller, and her eyes become like two blue crystals in her colorless face. Your actions seem to have enraged the Jötnar that now stands before you. She turns her attention from the firefall and directs her baleful gaze toward you. The stream of green fire stops its cascade from above but continues to glow and swirl about her form as it slowly diminishes.

The characters' actions caused a portion of Althunak's spirit to loose its hold on Hengrid. As a result she has transformed from the powerful wendigo form she had attained to the less-powerful form of a jotun, one of the great giants of Jötunheimr. In her new form, she turns her ire upon the characters.

Hengrid Donarsdottir (Giant, Jotun): **HD** 16; HP 119; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** *Thundersurge* (2d6+6 plus 1d6 electrical); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; CL/XP 19/4100; **Special**: create iceberg (1/day, within 100ft as berg or ice wall; if cast in air, it forms as a double-strength *ice storm*), double damage from fire spells, immune to cold, magical abilities, throw and catch rocks, touch of corruption (touch, save or move one step closer to Chaotic, at which time he serves Althunak as cannibal). (***The Tome of Horrors 4*** 100)

Equipment: *Thundersurge* (*+3 shocking warhammer that returns to hand*) (see **Sidebox**).

Tactics: She begins her attack from within the protection of the green fire before it dissipates by creating an iceberg to shatter and fall upon the characters' position. After this, she alternates with hurling *Thundersurge*, and unleashing *call lightning* from the hammer. If engaged in melee, she concentrates on her greathammer, using thunderclap if she seems in danger of being overwhelmed. She fights to the death to defend the hillock, but does not pursue if the characters withdraw, choosing instead to restart the ritual.

Hengrid as a Grendel

Your words are having an effect. The green nimbus around the beast begins to fade ever so slightly. The thing that was once Hengrid Donarsdottir twists malignantly in form again. The elk antlers corrode and drop from her forehead, and her charred feet reform and become whole. Massive fangs erupt from her jaw as knotted muscles ripple and bulge under her skin. Her hair becomes thick and greasy, and spreads down her face, neck and arms. Your actions seem to have enraged the beast. She turns her attention from the firefall and directs her baleful gaze toward you. The stream of green fire stops its cascade from above, but continues to glow and swirl about her form as it slowly diminishes.

The characters' actions caused a portion of Althunak's spirit to loose its hold on Hengrid. As a result, she has transformed from the powerful wendigo form she had attained to the less-powerful form of a grendel. In her new form, she turns her ire upon the characters.

Hengrid Donarsdottir (Grendel): HD 14; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** *Thundersurge* (2d6+5 plus 1d6 electrical) or bite (2d6+2), 2 claws (1d8+2); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: create iceberg (1/day, within 100ft as berg or ice wall; if cast in air, it forms as a double-strength *ice storm*), immune to poison, magic resistance (20%), regenerate (3hp/round), rend (1d8 damage after both claws hit), sound mimicry (any creature it slays), touch of corruption (touch, save or move one step closer to Chaotic, at which time he serves Althunak as cannibal). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

Equipment: *Thundersurge* (*+3 shocking warhammer that returns to hand*) (see **Sidebox**).

Tactics: She begins her attack within the protection of the green fire before it dissipates by creating an iceberg to shatter and fall upon the characters' position. She then hurling *Thundersurge* and unleashing *call lightning* from the hammer. If engaged in melee, she concentrates on her greathammer or claw attacks, using thunderclap if she seems in danger of being overwhelmed. She fights to the death to defend the hillock, but does not pursue if the characters withdraw, choosing instead to restart the ritual.

Hengrid as a Chaos Knight

Your words are having an effect. The green nimbus around the beast begins to fade. The thing that was once Hengrid Donarsdottir twists malignantly in form again, shrinking in size and taking on a more insubstantial appearance. The elk antlers fall away, however, as a dim blue glow seems to radiate out of the seams of her armor. An icy rime begins to form over Hengrid's mail hauberk as well. She turns her attention from the firefall and directs her baleful gaze toward you. The stream of green fire stops its cascade from above, but continues to glow and swirl about her form as it slowly diminishes.

The characters' actions caused a portion of Althunak's spirit to loose its hold on Hengrid. As a result, she transformed from the powerful wendigo form she had attained to the less-powerful form of a chaos knight, a foul warrior of the icy wastes. In her new form, she turns her ire upon the characters.

Hengrid Donarsdottir (Chaos Knight): HD 13; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** touch (1d6), or *Thundersurge* (2d6+3 plus 1d6 electrical); **Move** 12 (flying 4); **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** create iceberg (1/day, within 100ft as berg or ice wall; if cast in air, it forms as a double-strength *ice storm*), +1 magical weapons to hit, random spell effect (2/day), spell-like abilities, touch of corruption (touch, save or move one step closer to Chaotic, at which time he serves Althunak as cannibal). (***Monstrosities*** 65)

Spell-like abilities: 3/day—*dimension door*, *passwall*, *wall of ice*, ice spikes (erupt from ground, 1d6 damage to creatures in 10ft area, save for half); 1/day—*telekinesis*.

Equipment: *Thundersurge* (*+3 shocking warhammer that returns to hand*) (see **Sidebox**).

Tactics: She begins her attack from within the protection of the green fire before it dissipates by creating an iceberg to shatter and fall upon the characters' position. She then alternates hurling *Thundersurge* and unleashing *call lightning* from the hammer. If engaged in melee, she concentrates on her greathammer, using thunderclap if she seems in danger of being overwhelmed. If reduced below 60 hp, she uses *dimension door* to try to escape until she can regenerate. She fights to the death to defend the hillock, but does not pursue if the characters withdraw, choosing instead to restart the ritual.

Hengrid as a Yeti

Your words are having an effect. The green nimbus around the beast begins to fade dramatically. The thing that was once Hengrid Donarsdottir twists malignantly in form again. The elk antlers corrode and drop from her forehead, and her charred feet reform and become whole. Thick white hair grows from her body until she is swathed in a layer of the stuff barely constrained by her mail hauberk. Her limbs seem to elongate and become more simian, while her face darkens

into a leathery, bestial mask. She turns her attention from the firefall and directs her baleful gaze toward you. The stream of green fire stops its cascade from above, but continues to glow and swirl about her form as it slowly diminishes.

The characters' actions caused a portion of Althunak's spirit to loose its hold on Hengrid. As a result she has transformed from the powerful wendigo form she had attained to the less-powerful form of a yeti. The loss of much of Althunak's grip on her allows more of her former paladin levels to manifest. In her new form, she turns her ire upon the characters.

Yeti: **HD** 12; **HP** 88; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** *Thundersurge* (2d6+3 plus 1d6 electrical) or 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: create iceberg (1/day, within 100ft as berg or ice wall; if cast in air, it forms as a double-strength *ice storm*), hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), touch of corruption (touch, save or move one step closer to Chaotic, at which time he serves Althunak as cannibal).

Equipment: *Thundersurge* (*+3 shocking warhammer that returns to hand*) (see **Sidebox**).

Tactics: She begins her attack from within the protection of the green fire before it dissipates by creating an iceberg to shatter and fall upon the characters' position. After this, she alternates with hurling *Thundersurge*, and unleashing *call lightning* from the hammer. If engaged in melee, she concentrates on her greathammer, using thunderclap if she seems in danger of being overwhelmed. She fights to the death to defend the hillock, but does not pursue if the characters withdraw, choosing instead to restart the ritual.

Ad Hoc XP Award: Regardless of what form Hengrid takes when the characters battle her, award XP for a CL 20 encounter to account for the fact that any reduction in power she experiences is due to the actions of the characters and roleplaying of the players.

Althunak Defeated

Regardless of the form Hengrid takes, when she is defeated in battle read the following.

Your unflinching determination and the nobility of your cause have brought you the victory. As you land the final blow upon the beast that was Hengrid Donarsdottir, she crumples before your onslaught and slumps to the churned snow of the ground. Even as you watch, the green nimbus reignites around her broken body and springs away toward the great behemoth corpse atop the hill. With the nimbus's passing, the body of Hengrid shrinks and reforms into the shape that you are familiar with. Once again, she is the maiden of Estenfird, tall of body, fair of skin, and golden of hair. But now her muscles are wasted and her cheeks pale and hollow as if ravaged by starvation or long illness.

The green fire over the hill begins to swirl faster and faster and seems to be taking on a form, the shape of a great furred creature of prodigious proportions with a massive fanged maw. With each passing second it grows more substantial, and you can feel the evil presence of Althunak exuding from it. It seems that the demon's habitation within Hengrid was long enough, and now it takes only a moment to gather its strength before it manifests in its full power once again and ushers in the horrors of the Fimbulwinter and Ragnarök to follow. In your minds you can hear its fell voice.

"She is no more. She is nothing. Althunak is all. There is no truth but Althunak. Althunak is here!"

Tendrils of green flame continue to stream from the maiden's still form and cause her cheeks to grow hollower, her eye sockets to sink deeper. The demon is drawing the last bit of the essence it needs as it feeds off of her to reach its full might. The sunken eye sockets flicker, and you catch a glimpse of clear blue eyes. The maiden yet lives if only for a moment more. She struggles to speak, "Who? ... Is that me? Am I Althunak?"

The characters have finally freed Hengrid from Althunak's possession, but they are indeed too late. His long occupation of her mortal form has given it claim on her half-divine soul, and now its draws off the last of that essence to fuel its apotheosis. Even now it pummels the last shreds of Hengrid's resistance to this expropriation so that she lacks even the will to prevent it.

If the characters have kept careful track throughout the adventure, then they have found examples of Hengrid exhibiting eight of the Nine Virtues of Donar, her subconscious rebellion against the possessing spirit of Althunak. The last virtue is truth. It is this final virtue that Hengrid can use to undo the demon lord's schemes. Hengrid must simultaneously exhibit the virtue of truth while affirming her own identity against the subsumption of Althunak; Hengrid must invoke her own divine spirit by identifying herself as the Donarsdottir. The players may come to this conclusion on their own after listening to the interchange spoken by Althunak and Hengrid above. However, if they do not arrive at the conclusion on their own, you may allow the characters a 1-in-6 chance to think of it. If they do, the characters can convince Hengrid of who she is and coax her to say it aloud. If the players bring Hengrid to this point through appropriate roleplaying (rather than a simple die roll), award XP as if they had defeated a CL 15 encounter. When Hengrid makes this declaration, proceed with the following.

Weapon

Thundersurge

This massive greathammer is crafted with images of thunderbolts and storm winds wrapping around its haft and converging on its double heads where it is engraved with the likeness of Donar, the Thunderer. It is a *+3 shocking mithral greathammer that returns to hand*. Even though a greathammer is not normally a throwing weapon, this weapon allows its user to hurl it with its returning ability as if it were designed to be thrown and without penalty. Three times per day, the wielder of the hammer can call forth one of the following abilities. It does not matter which ability is used or in what combination, the hammer can be used in this capacity only three times per day.

- *call lightning* (8d6 points of damage, save for half)
- *control winds*
- *wind walk*

In addition, once per day the wielder can strike the hammer on the ground or any other hard surface to create a thunderclap. This thunderclap affects every creature within a 30ft radius other than the wielder, dealing 4d8 points of sonic damage and stunning each affected creature for 1 round. A save causes only half damage and prevents the victim from being stunned.

Greathammer

A greathammer is a two-handed warhammer with a double head. It has an iron haft or an extremely thick wooden one to support the extra weight of its head.

Weapon	Damage	Weight (pounds)	Cost
Greathammer	2d6	20 lbs.	24gp

As the utterance leaves the broken spear maiden's lips, her eyes roll back in her head and she breathes her last as if the declaration of her identity — a final act of defiance against the corruption of Althunak — cost her the last of her spirit. The green tendrils of flame feeding from her to the image of the demon atop the hill are severed, and her battered corpse knows peace at last. However, the great form of Althunak seems to have nearly achieved a solid form, and you fear that it may be too late to stop him now.

A sudden crash, like a clap of thunder, interrupts the scene and sends you all sprawling to the ground. Surprisingly, even the coalescing form of the demon seems to flinch. High above, where the shadowy sky meets the icy barrier of the frozen lake, a crack has formed in the ice sheet, and with a sudden burst it explodes into a thousand glasslike shards. Immediately on the heels of this explosion comes a rumbling thunder as a golden chariot drawn by two black goats soars down through this fracture. At the reins of the chariot stands a being that can only be described as a Northlander incarnate. Red hair and beard stream wildly from beneath his battle helm, his teeth are gritted in rage, and his eyes burn with fury as he swoops.

Atop the hillock, the great green inferno completes taking form and becomes a white-furred fanged monstrosity like the corpse that lies upon the crown. Even as it raises its own head in fury to challenge the newcomer, with a mighty heave the driver of the chariot unleashes a warhammer that tumbles end over end to smash into the glowering beast. The impact is terrific, like the explosive and sudden eruption of a long-dormant volcano, and when your vision clears, the beast is no more.

The characters are privileged — and should be overawed — to witness the arrival of the Thunderer himself, Donar, the son of Wotan and father of Hengrid. His daughter's final proclamation allowed him to pierce the boundaries of Althunak's realm and finally rid the Nine Worlds of his malevolence once and for all. Althunak is dead, slain in his own plane by a divine being. There is no coming back for the Demon Lord of Ice and Cold. The characters were successful in defeating Althunak's plot, and integral in summoning Donar forth to complete the demon's final destruction. They have done well, but Donar's time in the Ginnungagap is short.

Donar lands his chariot near to the body of his daughter and reverently places something in her hand as all true warriors should die with their weapon in hand. However, a quick glance shows that Hengrid's greathammer still lies on the ground nearby. Instead, in her hand Donar has placed a hammer amulet — Hengrid's faith was always her truest weapon. With a final kiss upon her cold brow, Donar mounts his chariot, though not without a look and nod of approval toward the characters — and a look of recognition in the Thunderer's eyes as this is not the characters' first time to grace his presence (see ***NS4: Blood on the Snow*** for further details). Then, at a quick command, the goats spring into the air and draw the chariot through the sky where it once again disappears into the fractured ice high above.

With Donar no longer in their presence, the characters feel as if they can breathe again, unaware that they had been holding their breath the entire time. It is Hengrid's voice that once again brings them back to the present circumstances. Her voice rings clear and strong but now carries a tone of sublime majesty. They turn to see Hengrid standing in the place where her corpse was a moment before. Her mail shines and her white fur cloak is whole and spotless. The hammer *Thundersurge* rests easily in her hands. Her frame nearly tops 7ft as it did in life, her skin has the glow of health, and her eyes the fire of devotion. Donar's hammer hangs at her breast. Hengrid has assumed her birthright in Asgard and risen as a valkyrie in service to her father.

Hengrid greets the characters as heroes and thanks them for their service, telling them that because of them, she is spared being devoured by a demon and Fimbulwinter is fended off until such time as the Norns decree. She states that it is the duty of the valkyrie to find the greatest of heroes upon the battlefield and to bring them home. She says she can think of no greater heroes than the characters and no more worthy battlefield to have contested than the Ginnungagap itself. So to home they must go. With a wave of *Thundersurge*, she transports herself and the characters back to **Area H36** from whence they can make their way home (with Kollsvein's *word of recall* charm, for instance). With a final word of thanks and an assurance that she will see the heroes again, Hengrid departs to take up her duties for Asgard. See "Concluding the Adventure" below for more details.

Rewards: The favor of Donar brought on by his glance and recognition once again rewards the heroes. Any injuries they suffered are healed, including ability damage and negative levels. Their waterskins hold *Donar's Mead* (equal to 3 *potions of heroism*), and each character has a new magic item of particular interest to that character in his possession. They do not receive the boon where they may call upon the gods (a *limited wish* as described in ***NS4: Blood on the Snow***) because a mortal may be given that honor only once in a lifetime.

Concluding the Adventure

Hengrid returns the characters to the Gates of Hell in the Mount Helgastervän Dungeon (**Area H36**). The portal is now closed. Adorning two of the sconces are the now-smashed skull and lead crown and the molten remains of the idol of Althunak. *Kroenarck* still rests in its sconce, however. The ghost of Bvalin remains and appears to the characters. He tells them that he will continue to guard this gate until he can permanently be lain to rest. He also tells them the means for that to happen: Bvalin's soul will rest and move on to his rightful place in Valhalla only when the sword *Kroenarck* is placed in the hand of the rightful High Køenig of the Northlands. As for whom that might be, Bvalin says only that the rightful ruler will be revealed in the blood and dust of the spear-din, but it will be up to the characters to make sure that this ruler survives to come into his inheritance as the Norns have decreed.

Bvalin provides the characters with no further details in regards to this mysterious High Køenig, stating that the will of the Norns will be revealed in time. But in the meantime, the characters may take *Kroenarck* to wield in their own heroics as long as they bring it to the rightful køenig at the appointed time. However, the characters cannot simply travel thoughout the lands openly wielding *Kroenarck*, or they will attract every sort of aspiring conquerer, sycophant, hanger-on, and an endless string of unnecessary conflicts and complications. Therefore, with a wave of his hand, Bvalin changes the appearance of *Kroenarck* so that it instead appears as its sister blade, *Magnarck*, a longsword with a golden blade, quillons that undulate like the waves of the whale road, and a pommel inscribed with the symbol of the *valknut* (a knot of three intertwined triangles), that was actually lost at sea long ago. Thus, the characters are not cheated of their exploits as they can still claim to have recovered a similar legendary blade, and no one will recognize *Kroenarck* for what it truly is until placed in the hand of the true High Køenig.

Weapon

Kroenarck (aka Icemelter), Sword of the High Koenig

Symbol of the rightful High Køenig of the Northlands, this is a *+3 iron longsword , +4 vs. giants* that severs a victim's head on a roll of a natural 20. Its blade has the sheen of polished silver and is never tarnished, its quillons are thick with interlocking runes, its hilt wrapped in red dragonhide, and its pommel is an image of the head of the wolf Garmr biting its own leash chain.

In the hands of a native Northlander the wielder gains the ability to cast *mass charm* (1/day) and *suggestion* (3/day) on humanoid creatures that are also of Northlander descent.

Kroenarck is destroyed if used, along with two other unknown keys, in the Gates of Hell to open a portal to the domain of Hel and then used to break the chain that binds the hound Garmr at the cave of Gnipahellir in order to trigger the events of Ragnarök. In addition, if successfully sundered by its sister-blade *Magnarck*, *Kroenarck* will lose its enchantment.

NS10: The Broken Shieldwall

By Greg A. Vaughan
Based on material by Kenneth Spencer



The Broken Shieldwall is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for *The Northlands Saga*. It is designed for a party of 5 characters of levels 8–9. A spellcaster is highly recommended for this adventure due to the types of challenges that they will face. This adventure is the finale of *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, and it works best if the characters have played through some or all of the previous adventures in order to fully appreciate the momentous events that take place herein. Furthermore, at least one character must possess the sword Kroenarck, recovered in the previous adventure, *NS9: Daughter of Thunder and Storm*. This adventure follows 6 years after the events of *NS9: Daughter of Thunder and Storm* and, importantly, 13 years after the events of *NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland*. The characters should be recognized as legendary heroes of the Northlands before the beginning of this adventure, so if they have not played through the adventure path, you will have to devise some other means for them to have obtained this status.

The Broken Shieldwall

This adventure assumes that Njal Magnuson and Sveni Ljotsdottir survived the events of ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland*** and married as described in that adventure's conclusion. If that did not occur, then other heirs of the respective Hrolf and Gat bloodlines ultimately married and cemented the peace between the two Northlander feuding clans. More importantly, they received the "gifts" of Old Meg that propel the fates of the various personages and lands involved in this adventure.

Adventure Background

"Oh, dearies, you failed to invite me, your grandmothers' grandmother to this wedding feast, yet you both sprang, many generations back, from this shriveled womb. You, who have not just the blood of heroes, but the blood of gods in your veins, yes, and the child that already grows in fair Sveni's womb — for they were not as chaste as they should be on that long trip across the whale road from the Jomsburg, now were they? — will one day be not just Køenig, but High Køenig and ruler of all the Northlands. That is a tale for other days, though, a tale of battle-dew and bone-white ribs basking on foreign shores. No, I bring you not fire and pain, though that is your wyrd and future; I bring you three gifts, yet you still have not offered me mead nor bread at this feast.

"The first gift is happiness, for you will know three times three years of joy in wedded bliss. The second is glory, for you will both earn much in your lives, one beneath the raven's wing, the other in the birthing bed, for that is where many women battle and die. Your last gift is courage, for you will need it in the days to come. As I speak death stalks this very hall and a man lies dying in this city as his life's blood fills his lungs. Plague has come to Trotheim, and both the high and low will feel its hand."

— Old Meg at the close of the wedding feast for Njal Magnuson and Sveni Ljotsdottir, ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland***

Wyrd bið ful aræd.
(Fate is inexorable)

— "The Wanderer," from the *Exeter Book*

The old men say *"wyrd bið ful aræd"* as they gaze into hearth fires, shadows of loss and regret on their lined faces. *"Wyrd bið ful aræd."* The Norns choose the course of our destiny, and it is but for us to endure the trials they have prepared, trials that continue until they cut the thread of our lives short with their golden shears and move on to the next mortal's fate. Three times three years, she told Njal and Sveni, three times three years of joy. Three times three years is what she gave them, and not a moment more. But that is the tale to be told.

The Saga of Njal and Sveni

The marriage of Njal One-Ear, son of Magnus, and Sveni Ljotsdottir brought peace to the Hrolf and Gat clans after more than 200 years of feud. The moment the son of Magnus Hrolfsblood and daughter of Ljot Gatson were wed was the moment that this simmering blood feud — often only occasional raids and petty acts of destruction, sometimes outright war — was finally extinguished. Even the godi of the Hearth Stone could no longer say why they feuded, but for whatever reason with the alliance of their clans, the feud was over. The moment they wed was also the moment that plague came to Trotheim and the moment that one of the daughters of the Norn Skuld foretold the trials and glory that awaited the couple. It was a moment of fate, and it changed the Northlands forever.

As Old Meg revealed at the wedding, Sveni already carried the child of Njal in her womb, and nine months later Eymund Njalson was born. Njal and Sveni knew the peace and the joy that the sorcerous galdricge had promised. As Magnus Hrolfsblood began to feel his age, he made his son Njal his master of ships, and Njal took the initiative to open up direct trade with the Northlander colony of Nieuland on the distant Oestryn Islands. The trade proved lucrative for Hrolfland and began to transform Osløn into a port to rival Halfstead. Four years after the wedding, Sveni gave birth to a daughter, Frítha, and their joy only became more complete.

Five years after he and Sveni wed, Njal established the colony of Hrolfsberg on the Villr Shore, controlling the route of the return voyage from Nieuland as well as serving as a strategic port for ships making use of the Mulstabhin Passage, the only means for ships to pass between the Great Ocean Ûthaf and the Gulf of Akados and Sinnar Ocean beyond. If a Northlander longship wished to take part in the trading or raiding to be had with the fat Southlander ports beyond the Isthmus of Irkaina, then the Mulstabhin Passage was the only feasible means of making the trip by sea. With a friendly Northlander colony established along the route, the voyage became less arduous and provided even more opportunities for trade by Northlander and Nieulander alike. This influx of merchants and raiders seeking a place to resupply and spend their gold brought ever-greater rewards and filled the coffers of the Hrolf clan ever fuller.

In the seventh year of the marriage, old Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood the Bold suffered an apoplexy at his high table. He lay speechless in his bed for 8 days with Njal, Sveni, and his grandchildren at his side. Njal himself placed his father's sword in the old man's hand and held it firmly in place until Jarl Magnus went on to be with his ancestors in Wotan's corpse-hall of Valhalla. With the death of Magnus, Njal Magnuson became Njal Hrolfsblood and was raised as Jarl of Osløn in his father's place. Though shadowed by the passing of his father, Njal's and Sveni's joy remained intact as he stepped into Magnus' shoes and became the most powerful jarl of Hrolfland like his father before him. Despite the protests of his Southlander-born mother, Jarl Njal set about undoing many of the Southlander ways adopted by his father. The Thing of Osløn was reinstated with its powers of old, and traditional powers of the jarls were returned to them. The ways of the Southlanders ebbed in Hrolfland, and Njal Hrolfsblood became even more beloved by the folk of the Jarvik Peninsula. Njal's mother retired to her own quarters in their Southlander-style castle in Osløn, and Njal and Sveni continued to know joy and ever more prosperity as new accords reached with the rulers of Mulstabha improved the profitability of the already-prosperous Hrolfsberg.

But three times three years came, and though the worry of the old prophecy no longer lay on the hearts of Njal Hrolfsblood One-Ear and Sveni Njalswif, long-forgotten in their decade of peace, the words of the old woman were not forgotten by their wyrd. In this ninth year Sveni took to bed for the birth of her second son, Grímr Njalson, and though the boy was born healthy and whole, Sveni Njalswif did die upon the birthing bed, bringing the shadow of grief finally to the mind of Jarl Njal. While the folk of Osløn grieved with their jarl over the loss of his wife, news came of raids on farms and highland steadings in the foothills of the mountains. Some survivors claimed the raiders were the strange mountain tribes that were thought of as little more than children's tales in Hrolfland, and others claimed it was the troll-kin thrydregs, the ancient enemy of the Northlanders, emerging from their hidden caves after centuries of hiding.

Rise of a Køenig

Ripped from his grieving period, Jarl Njal immediately set about gathering a war band from among the jarls and sent scouts among the farms and stealdas to discover the truth of these raids. Within a matter of weeks, Njal learned that the raids were perpetrated by the savage human tribes and the thrydregs, apparently working in cooperation with each other to make war upon the lowlands. Jarl Njal sent raiding parties to find and engage these foes wherever they could be found, but to always quickly fall back shortly after battle was joined. In this way, he occupied these

raiders, preventing further raids upon the farms and homes of his people, and drew the elusive foe forth with a false sense of confidence. Weeks of these hit-and-run skirmishes produced only light casualties on both sides but in the end caused the tribal barbarians and troll-kin to gather into a single host and march upon the lowlands. This host Jarl Njal was able to trap against the banks of the River Tynseid with the army that he had managed to raise, and he brought great slaughter upon them. Not a single thrydreg survived that field, such was the Hrolflanders' hate for them, and very few of the mountain savages made it back to their hidden fastnesses among the high rocks.

With the decisive victory at Tynseid, Njal One-Ear had saved the Hrolf from these raiders of old and cemented his place as a hero of the people. So great was his acclaim that the jarls of Hrolfland who had gathered in Njal's army bent the knee and raised him as their king. For the first time since Hrolf Gunlaakson, Hrolfland had a køenig, bringing to three the number of Northlander nations with a Køenig alongside Hordaland and Vastavikland. Godi from all over Hrolfland gathered to bless the official coronation that took place weeks later in Osløn — now officially the capital of Hrolfland — and beseeched the gods of Æsir and Vanir that the reign of Njal Hrolfsblood might be longer and more auspicious than his distant forebear.

Despite the tragedy of Sveni's death and the war that had come to Hrolfland, it seemed that peace and joy might once again be achieved for Njal and his reign. But this was not to be, for far to the east, Northlander longships began to disappear in the Mulstabhin Passage.

The rumor of ships disappearing in the Passage began to trickle in over the next two years, but some ships are always lost at sea and not all the missing ships were from Hrolfland, so no concentration of losses occurred to a single country or town and they largely went unremarked. If the losses at sea were a bit higher than usual, the profitability from Hrolfsberg more than made up for any shortfalls in Hrolfland, and Køenig Njal seemed to have weathered the prophecy of Old Meg and come out the other side intact.

War in the North

Everything changed, however, when word came to Osløn of the destruction of Hrolfsberg. A ship from the Oestryn Islands had stopped by Hrolfsberg on its way to the Northlands. There it had found the settlement destroyed and its entire population — every man, woman, and child — staked out on the shore and ritually sacrificed. The ship then made haste to Osløn to advise the Køenig of the fate of his colony. Despite the recent peace and prosperity, it became very clear in the mind of Njal One-Ear that someone was secretly making war on his kingdom; they just hadn't revealed themselves yet.

When word came from the southern reaches of Hrolfland that raids were once again coming from the mountains, this time joined sometimes by Southlander mercenaries, Njal's suspicions were confirmed. Njal led a war band once again, this time taking ship and landing at Ceaster Pool to catch the marauders unware. He managed to capture a large force of mountain savages and Southlander mercenaries against the rugged foothills of the mountains, and utterly destroyed them. Among the baggage looted from these raiders, he found coins minted in distant Mulstabha and knew he had found the source of his woes. His erstwhile allies on distant Krivcycek (*KRIV-i-check*) Island had been playing him for a fool while secretly working against his kingdom.

Finally with a name to give his foes, the Køenig raised the largest army Hrolfland had ever seen and built ships to carry it. In the spring of the twelfth year since the marriage of Njal and Sveni, the great fleet set sail for the Mulstabhin Passage, to invade Krivcycek Island and bring Mulstabha to its knees. Alongside the Koenig at the steering oar of the lead ship, *Gelflsheale*, stood his oldest son Eymund. Njal felt it was time for Eymund to learn of leadership and to taste the danger of the shieldwall if he was to become a Køenig himself one day. At Osløn, he left his wife's father, Ljot Gatson, to watch over his younger children and his mother, while Njal turned his prow into the sunrise and sailed for vengeance against Mulstabha.

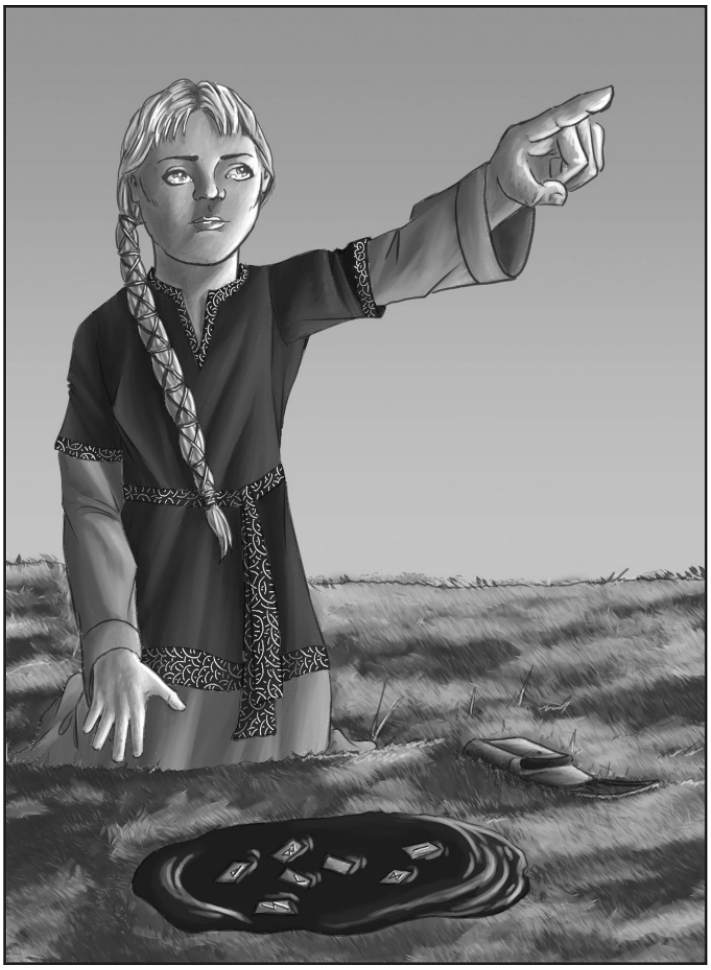
With the coming of autumn, word reached Osløn of the expedition's fate, brought by traders out of Kasternack and those few brave enough to try the now-hostile Mulstabhin Passage. The traders spoke of the Køenig's initial success in landing at Mulstabha and routing the Mulstabhin army sent to meet him. Njal enjoyed several victories as his warriors marched inland and made for the Mulstabhin capital at the citadel of Jem Karteis.

However, as his forces neared the citadel, a new player entered the game board of war. Armies of foreign mercenaries — secretly brought in by the Mulstabhin masters — appeared on Njal's flank and attempted to entrap him and overlap the end of his shieldwall to bring his army to a route. Seeing the trap for what it was, Njal ordered his army's withdrawal. The shieldwall broke, and most of his warriors were able to escape the field of battle. Those who could not disengage quickly enough to retreat held their place long enough for the rest to get away but were cut down where they stood as the price they paid for their valor. Those few who were captured were sacrificed in horrible rituals right there on the battlefield.

Who or what these vile newcomers were was unknown, but they had turned the tide of battle in Mulstabha. Njal One-Ear made for his ships to withdraw and regroup, but found that a second army had already beaten him there and fired his ships. Trapped between hostile forces and with no means of escape, Njal maneuvered his ever-dwindling Northlander army masterfully to preserve his strength and to not be forced to engage in an unwinnable battle. The coming of winter to Mulstabha bought him a reprieve as the enemy armies settled into winter camps to wait out the weather, forcing Njal and his freezing men to scrounge among the hills of Mulstabha, barely able to survive the cold and privation, and unable to escape. But with spring, the armies will be on the march again, and Njal's options are running out. If the Køenig of Hrolfland is to survive this carefully laid trap, he will have to receive succor — and soon.

Mót of the Soothsayers

Jarl Ljot and many of the leaders of Hrolfland refused to stand for the loss of the Køenig and so many of his jarls, householders, and warriors. The loss of so many fighters threatens to expose Hrolfland to incursions from the south or the mountains or both, and Njal and Eymund hold blood-



ties to both Gatland and Storstrøm Vale; their loss to Hrolfland would also be a loss to much of the Northlands. With that threat hovering in the air, there were gathered together at Trotheim all the seiðmaðr — the seers and soothsayers of Hrolfland, Gatland, and the Vale. With them was the 8-year-old Frítha Njalsdottir, who had insisted that her grandfather take her along to this mót. Already appearing wise in the ways of a cunning woman, Jarl Ljot assented to his granddaughter's request and brought her with him to Trotheim.

Beseeching the gods for aid and wisdom, the seiðmaðr cast the rune sticks and read the omens and the entrails. They determined that to save the Køenig and his army from utter destruction, and indeed to save the Northlands themselves from the inevitable decline that would follow such a disaster, a new army must be raised, the greatest army ever seen in the Northlands, surpassing even that raised by Njal for his expedition. This Great Northern Army must comprise warriors of all the Northlands, take ship in a mighty fleet with the summer tides to rescue the trapped army of Njal, and carry the vengeance of the Northlands against the duplicity of the Mulstabhins and their barbaric allies. The seers came to agreement as to this reading of the runes and were about to break their company to give their interpretation to Ljot and the assembled jarls when young Frítha spoke up, her tone too mature by far for her years.

"Distinguished seiðmaðr, you have missed one rune," she said, pointing to a rune stick lying at the edge of their casting. "It says that the omens will favor this Great Army only if it is raised and led by the greatest heroes of the Northlands. The expedition to rescue my father and brother is doomed to fail unless you can find these heroes and sway them to our cause."

Adventure Summary

Jarl Ljot Gatson contacts the characters and asks them to raise a Great Northern Army and fleet to sail to distant Mulstabha to save his son and grandson. They have until the Summer Blót — the fourth week after the spring equinox — to gather this fleet at Halfstead when they must depart for war. In order to raise this army, the characters must travel to Storstrøm Vale, Estenfird, and Vastavikland and convince the folk of those lands to join in the Great Northern Army. The heroes must brave the wintery North Sea as they go to these disparate locations to plead their case.

In Trotheim, the characters appear before the Althing of Storstrøm Vale and have the opportunity to convince that body to vote for war and join the cause. However, to do so they must face dissenters and jarls who stand to gain from a weakened Hrolf clan. To face these opponents in the Althing, the characters can turn to influential people of the Vale that they have helped over the years to add weight to their argument and sway the assembly. In Estenfird, the characters must meet with the leading citizens of that freedom-loving nation upon a desolate hilltop only to find that the leaders have been murdered and a deadly trap set by the Jomsvikings, currently employed by the Mulstabhins to prevent attempts to reinforce Njal One-Ear. By defeating the Jomsvikings and avenging the slain Estenfirders, the characters gain the support of that people. In distant Vastavikland, the characters are led by the Køenig and his Thing to a sacred hill where they must prove their worth by defeating an ancient death naga. If they are victorious, the characters will have the support of the Vastaviklanders for their Great Army.

With the spring, the characters gather with the followers they have raised along with loyal Hrolflanders, Gatlanders, and allied Hordalanders. With their Great Army finally assembled, they set sail with hundreds of longships for the Mulstabhin Passage to brave the daring crossing of the Great Ocean Ûthaf.

Upon arriving at the Mulstabhin Passage, the characters must first scout ahead to find safe landing for their fleet, and they take a small boat into the salt swamps and waterways of the treacherous Passage. Finding a hidden outpost of monstrous Mulstabhin scouts, the characters must destroy it to allow their fleet its beachhead. Shortly thereafter, the Great Northern Army meets its first test as a Mulstabhin army arrives to drive them back into the sea as they make their landing. The characters must take charge as war leaders and strategists to lead their forces to victory and secure their foothold on the island.

The Great Army then begins its march across Mulstabha to find the Køenig and rescue his beleaguered force. A series of small battles between elements of the Great Northern Army and forces defending the island ensue as scouts seek the location of Njal's army. During the course of this campaign, the characters learn that dark forces are in control of the Mulstabhin citadel of Jem Karteis, and for a time they part ways from the Great Army to infiltrate the fortress and find out for themselves. In the course of their investigation, they discover that the Mulstabhins are, in fact, the pawns of the mysterious Nergal-worshipping Huun who have control of the citadel and have brought their own armies of faceless spearmen from distant Libynos. In the course of battling these vile daemon-worshippers, the characters learn of an assassination attempt being made against Njal's children back in Osløn being carried out by extraplanar assassins.

Using the magic available to them, the characters *teleport* back to the castle at Osløn to stop the assassination attempt. While there, the enigmatic child-seer Frítha Njalsdottir predicts the rise of a High Køenig. The characters must then *teleport* back to Mulstabha and rejoin the Great Northern Army in time to bring it to bear against the mighty Huun host that has surrounded and threatens to annihilate the warriors of Njal Hrolfsblood. In the course of the battle, the Koenig falls and events predicted by Frítha come to pass. If the characters are truly heroes of the Northlands, then they have the opportunity to rout the Huun forces, save young Eymund Njalson, and bring about the ascension of a new High Køenig over all the Northlands as fated by the daughter of the Norns 13 years ago.

Adventure Hooks

By this time in their career, there are no heroes in the Northlands that surpass the characters in reputation. The one possible contender who could have, Hengrid Donarsdottir, was laid to rest 6 years earlier, leaving no other suitable candidates. Other heroes of the Northlands do exist — folk such as Hallbjorn Bolverkson, Javik Wolfsblood, Anud Cursespear, or even Njal Hrolfsblood the One-Eared himself — for their bravery or cunning or both, but none has achieved the level of legendary notoriety attained by the characters across their adventuring careers. Therefore, the characters are the natural conclusion to whom Frítha Njalsdottir refers in her prophecy of who must lead the Great Northern Army. As a result, regardless of where the characters may be located at the beginning of this adventure, they are sure to receive a desperate summons to Trotheim by Jarl Ljot Gatson.

It is likely that the characters already possess jarldoms in Storstrøm Vale or elsewhere where they are probably well aware of current events and can easily make the trip to Trotheim. If some of the characters reside in Nieuland, it should be assumed that they are visiting the Northlands at Halfstead or Trotheim when the adventure begins. It is likewise possible in such a case, that it was the characters' own ship voyaging from Nieuland to Northlands that discovered the destruction of Hrolfsberg and brought word of it to the Køenig, though their own responsibilities at the time would have kept them from joining Njal's initial expedition.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins with the characters arriving in Trotheim. They have been called to a meeting at the hall of Tormund, a minor jarl owing allegiance to Jarl Ljot Gatson through distant relations. In attendance at this meeting are Jarl Ljot of Gatland, Køenig Leif Ragison of Hordaland, Jarl Jorund of Tallsinki (acting as regent of Hrolfland in Njal's absence), and Kollsveinn Hearthson, Chief Godi of the Hall of the Hearth Stone — a truly awe-inspiring collection of the most powerful men of the Northlands.

The characters should know the information in the **Adventure Background** under the heading "War in the North" and under "Rise of a Køenig." If the characters did not play ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland***, they have a 2-in-6 chance of having overheard the quote from Old Meg in the introduction and the information under "The Saga of Njal and Sveni." If the characters successfully completed ***NS5***, allowing the marriage of Njal and Sveni to occur as described in that adventure, then they already know the Old Meg quote and have a 2-in-6 chance of knowing the rest of the information on Njal and Sveni. Finally, the characters have a 1-in-6 chance to become privy to the mystical events described under "Mót of the Soothsayers."

When the characters arrive at the hall, they are greeted warmly by Ljot — who well remembers their heroics in saving his daughter — and Kollsveinn, whom they helped after Hengrid's invasion of the Hearth Stone in years past. It is also possible that they met Koenig Leif Ragison through their past associations with Hallbjorn Bolverkson and Jarl Olaf Henrikson (see ***NS0: Spears in the Ice***; ***NS1: Vengeance of the Long Serpent***; ***NS2: Beyond the Wailing Mountains***; and ***NS7: The Return of Hallbjorn***). They are greeted with raised horns of ale by those who know them and are introduced to those who do not. After introductions are made, Kollsveinn Hearthson takes charge of the meeting. He first fills them in on any parts of the **Adventure Background** that they do not already know. He then goes on to explain the reason for summoning them.

"So you see it is the will of the Norns that you should be the ones," the chief godi concludes. "The girl was right, the final rune stick did predict that the deed must be done by the greatest heroes of the Northlands, and none here know of any man or woman living who carries a wound-hoe that can lay greater claim to that title than you good folk."

The assembled lords nod their silent assent to Kollsveinn's words. Tales of your deeds have spread far and wide across the Northlands and beyond. Though many a brave warrior rides the froth of the whale road and faces off in spear-din against the wolf-hearted, none living can lay claim to the glories you have reached — none since the death of Hengrid Donarsdottir certainly. You can see why they would have to call you and why, if you would remain who you be, you must accept. *Wyrd bið ful aræd**; fate is inexorable.

Seeing these thoughts play across your faces, Kollsveinn nods in approval at you and takes his seat. At this Jarl Ljot, old now in years beyond counting, stands to address you, his back bowed with age but unbent. "You've known me near 15 winters now, since I first laid eyes on your faces in that darkened backroom of a farm not 10 miles from here, when we still stood in blood-feud with the Hrolfs." A glance toward Jarl Jorund brings a grim nod before Ljot continues, "And you sailed into the teeth of the Jomsburg to rescue my daughter and her husband-to-be. I know of no men or women of greater mind's-worth than those that stand before, and if the Norns say that it must be you to lead our Great Army against those purveyors of Loptr's mead, then I believe it.

"Jarl Jorund and I will raise the warriors of Gatland and Hrolfland, and Køenig Leif Ragison has promised to raise his own warriors of Hordaland." Here the young ruler nods his own assent. "But the seers said the Great Army must be made of warriors from all of the Northlands. Though we collectively have some influence here in the Vale, we have no standing to raise an army under their laws and are even less welcome elsewhere. That means it is up to you heroes to create the rest of this Great Northern Army. You must raise warriors not only here in Storstrøm Vale, but also in distant Estenfird and dark Vastavikland. I think your chances will be good here and in Estenfird, as I know that you have done great deeds for both of those lands, but the barbaric folk of Vastavikland honor no one, not even their own. I would say we do not need the likes of them to make this Great Army of the Northlands if the Norns had not decreed it so.

"We will depart from here and make our way back to our own lands to raise the warriors and stockpile weapons and supplies. You must convince the Althing here in Trotheim to muster an army and let you lead it, as well as travel across the gray winter sea to both Estenfird and Vastavikland and do the same. What order you undertake these in is up to you, but all three must be completed in time for our gathering. With the first thaw, all ships must depart their lands and come together in Halfstead. Køenig Leif has promised to have the port prepared to accommodate this many vessels and crews before the end of winter. When all have gathered there, with the dawn after Summer Blót we must sail for the Mulstabhin Passage and our vengeance that awaits us there!"

The other lords bang their ale horns upon the table trestles to show their support at this.

"Unfortunately," Ljot continues, "the winter is upon us, making the seas treacherous. I know not how you will make the passages to Estenfird and Vastavikland, though I have faith that you surely will, but we must not tarry as the day is soon upon us. In five months' time, the first thaw will come and all must take ship for Halfstead. This is our accord, our solemn vow. For your mind's-worth and the sake of my grandson and son-in-law, be you true heroes of the Northlands? Do you join us before the gods in taking oath to bathe in the wound-sea of the wolf-hearted Mulstabhins upon that far shore?"

By now, all of the other lords have risen and run the edge of a knife across their palms. They have entered into blood-oath on this war. The fate of their honor and that of their households — and perhaps all the Northlands — rests on the fulfillment of their oath. The blood running from their clenched fists collects on the floor of the hall as Ljot holds out the dripping blade to you.

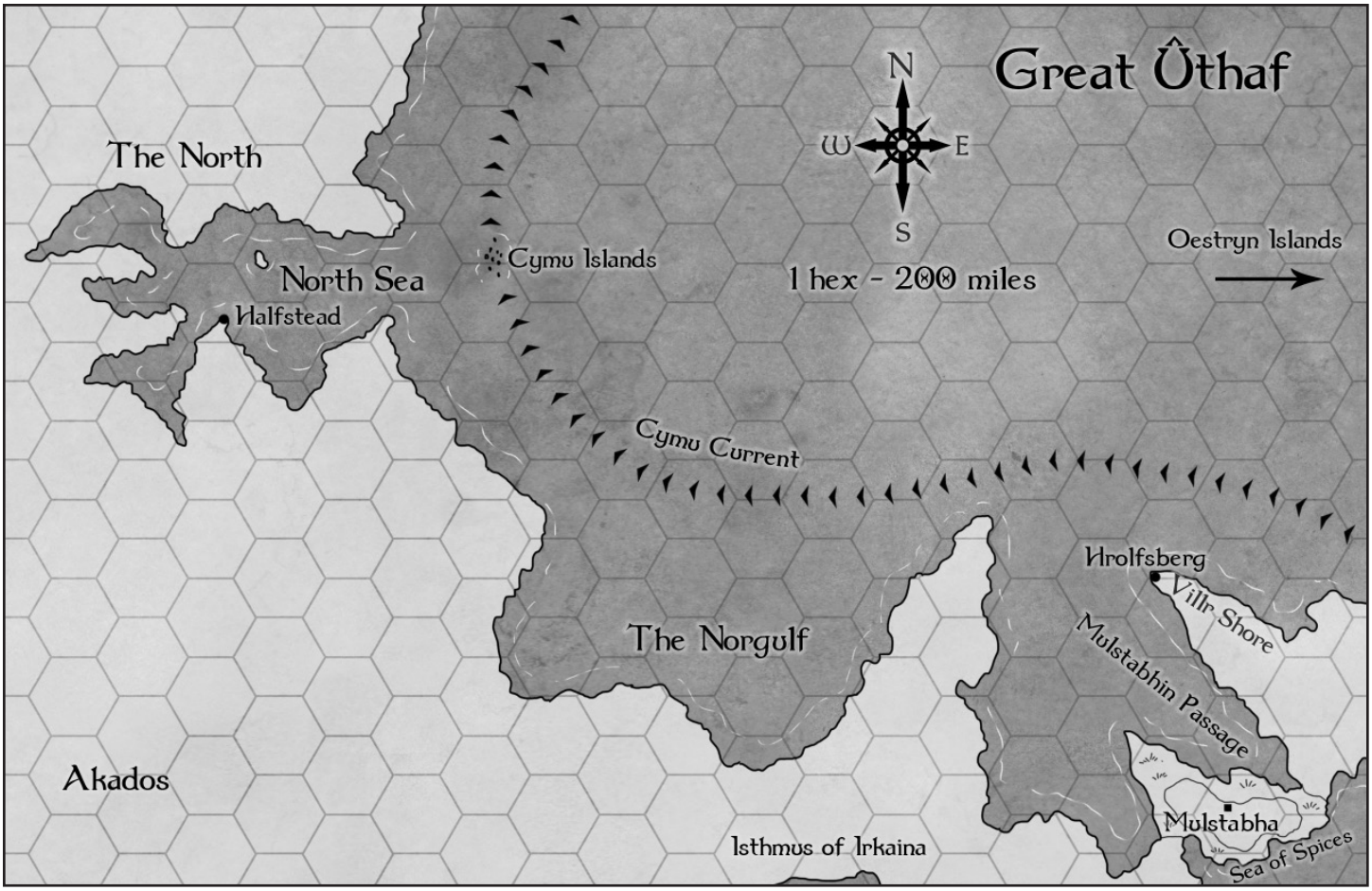
* Wyrd bið ful aræd (pronunciation: *WOOHRDT - PBITH - FEWL - aw-REYEDT*)

The assembled lords have taken a blood-oath to commit to the venture they have revealed to the party. The characters can choose to participate in this oath or not. However, at this point in their careers as heroes of the Northlands and folk of mind's-worth, there should be no hesitation on their part. Refusing to do so is likely to bring ill fortune and bad omens upon all that they undertake in the future (no game effect, but the Referee should use this to reinforce the ways of the Northlands upon the players). If the characters do take the oath, the knife slash deals 1 point of damage and all present swear before Donar and Wotan that they shall not rest in their efforts until they have seen their kinsmen rescued or avenged and the treacherous Mulstabhins thrown down. Kollsveinn does not participate in this oath (his is not actually a lord), but bears witness to it and will record it for posterity in a wood-carving at the Hearth Stone.

Once the oath has been taken, the meeting adjourns as each lord prepares for his own upcoming travels. Ljot tells the characters that he has already requested a gathering of the Althing of Storstrøm Vale, and they have agreed to assemble it in one week's time. The characters have until then to prepare their arguments for the raising of an army of Valers (see **Chapter 1**). After that, they can depart for Estenfird of Vastavikland, whichever they choose to travel to first. Ljot wishes the characters luck and then departs to prepare his own ship for a return to Gatland.

Before the characters can leave the hall to begin their own plans, Kollsveinn draws them aside. He says that though passage across the winter-blown North Sea is a dangerous and uncertain proposition (many a Northlander of great courage and skill has been lost upon those gray waves), he is sure that the heroic characters are up to the task. However, just to provide any small assistance that might benefit them, he says, he has brought them a gift that may prove helpful in their coming voyage.

Taking them into the unoccupied kitchen beside the main hall, he removes the tarp covering an ornate cedar coffer. Within the coffer lies *Skíðblaðnir*. Kollsveinn states that it has been safely stored within the Hall of the Hearth Stone as an important relic of Northlands history for generations, ever since **Östen** Skilfingar bequeathed it to the Hearthson clan upon his deathbed. He can think of no better purpose for it now, however, than to play a part in fulfilling the wyrd of all the Northlands. He provides the characters with all of the information on it, including the full use of its powers. All he asks is that they once again bequeath it to the Hall when the last surviving party member has reached the end of his days.



Northlands Artifact

Skíðblaðnir

Built by the fabled Dvergar known only as the sons of Ivaldi, the ship *Skíðblaðnir* was commissioned by Loptr to avoid the wrath of Donar over a prank. The dwarves gifted the ship to Freyr who, after many years, bequeathed it upon the Northlander jarl Ongenþeow for the purpose of avenging attacks upon his lands by raiders from the sea and rescuing his wife from their clutches. The ship was then passed down through the family of the Skilfings until Jarl **Östen** left it to the Hearthsons.

To all appearances, *Skíðblaðnir* is a typical — if exceedingly well-made — longship of the Northlands, complete with oars, mast, and sail. However, it is ingeniously crafted with hidden joints so that with a command word it will fold up like a piece of cloth in the space of a single round (but only when unoccupied) into a size that can easily be stowed in a pocket or pack. The same command causes it to unfold again into ship form. While in ship form, *Skíðblaðnir* can be loaded down with whatever amount of gear or cargo that can be fit within its hull (up to 75 tons if loaded carefully) without danger of capsizing or affecting its speed. However, a maximum of 100 humanoid creatures can functionally fit aboard (i.e. not stacked like cord wood). Though it appears to be made of oak planks, it is effectively indestructible and cannot be damaged by any normal means. When in longship form, it weighs 30 tons; in cloth form, it is less than a pound.

Skíðblaðnir

	Rowing Speeds	Wind Directly Behind	Wind Indirectly Behind	Wind Directly Ahead	Wind Indirectly Ahead	Hexes Between Course Adjustments
Longship	12/18/25	Light wind: 30 Strong wind: 35	+5	Light wind: 0* Strong wind: 0*	No effect	8

* If under sail. If ordered to row itself, the ship moves at listed speeds.
See the ***Swords & Wizardry Complete Rulebook*** for more on ships and sailing.

The ship has benches and oars for 40 rowers, but if someone stands at the steering oar, he can order the boat to row itself at a maximum speed of 25. If the ship is sailing with the wind, then the maximum speed increases to 30. Likewise, if the ship's master commands the ship to stop, it will hold its position without moving regardless of wind or current.

In addition, the ship's master can use *lower water*, *control weather*, or *control winds* at will.

If the ship in its cloth form is tied in thread spun of gold and returned to the sons of Ivaldi, the dwarves will destroy the craft, their agreement with Loptr fulfilled.

What if the Players Don't Want to Play by the Rules

By this point in their careers, the characters should be at least 8th level. They are doubtlessly proven in battle against impossible odds, are unlikely to be intimidated by the thought of an army of low-level soldiers, and quite possibly have the means to locate Njal's forces and travel to them in an eye blink. So why not just pop on over to Mulstabha, rescue the missing Northlanders, crush their enemies, and be back by the end of the week? As this is an adventure designed around an epic gathering of armies and battles on foreign shores using the Mass Combat rules, then the players doing so eliminates much of the purpose of the adventure. You could allow it and just cobble something together for the characters using some of the pieces, but that is not really the point. However, using that as an excuse to prevent your players from doing what is within their means to do is selling them short on what their characters have accomplished through their careers in earning such power levels. It is unlikely to be greeted magnanimously by your players, and tends to have at least the subtle stench of Referee fiat.

Rather, the answer to this conundrum lies in the very nature of who the player characters are and where they come from. This is not some vapid Southlander adventure where so-called heroes battle evil simply for profit or diversion, and the means to the ends are no more important than the ends themselves. No, this is a Northlands' adventure, and its heroes are Northlanders for whom concepts such as courage, striving against hardship, and mind's-worth stand as greater reward than a king's ransom in hacksilver. As such, a Northlander has no qualms about going at it the hard way rather than finding the easiest route. That's not to say that they won't take the easier route if there's no good reason not to; Northlanders are lusty and often larger-than-life, but they're not stupid. Rather, in this case the Norns have spoken through the runecasting of the soothsayers and Frítha. Though it may well be within the capabilities of the characters to quickly travel to Mulstabha on their own and singlehandedly defeat the enemy and rescue Njal, as Northlanders they would not because the fates have decreed it so. The runes said that the venture of the Great Northern Army would be successful only if it the characters led it personally. For whatever reason, that is what the gods stipulated to prevent failure in the rescue of Køenig Njal, and as true Northlanders, the characters know it is not the place of mortals to question the will of gods. Instead, it is their place to bear up under whatever hardships the gods have placed before them and prove their mettle so that they may brag about it to legendary heroes of old over drinking horns filled with mead in the corpse-hall of Valhalla. That is the stuff that makes a Northlander. *Wyrd bið ful aræd*.

Chapter One: The Great Army of the Northlands

This chapter involves the characters traveling between Storstrøm Vale, Estenfird, and Vastavikland to rally an army, and then gathering at Halfstead to launch the invasion fleet. It does not matter in which order the characters choose to visit these disparate lands, though the Althing of Storstrøm Vale gathers in a week, and the characters need to be present for that occasion. Beyond that, the characters can choose their own course of action. Attaining the levels that the characters have means that traveling across the North Sea — even in the depths of winter — is of little consequence for them. If they even resort to sailing (as opposed to some other form of magical travel), there are few encounters that would pose much of a challenge for them. And if they make use of *Skíðblaðnir*, even the harsh weather is largely removed as a hazard. Travel times by ship to the various locations is provided in the individual sections, but other than a way to keep track of the passage of the season (the characters have 140 days to have the forces they have raised rally in Halfstead), feel free to gloss over the details of these trips. If you do want to roleplay through these voyages, then use the "North Sea — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*** with an encounter occurring on a 1 in 8 each day.

Before the Althing

This event occurs in Trotheim one week after the characters' meeting with Jarl Ljot and the others. During this time, the characters have the opportunity to prepare their comments and gather any witnesses whom they would like to speak on their behalf. A list of possible witnesses and their present location is included below. The results of calling these various witnesses are described later in this event. If the characters think of other relevant witnesses of the Vale to call that might reasonably be found in time for the Althing, determine on your own if the characters have a chance to successfully locate them.

Witness	Location
Gyrthyr the Even-handed, Jarl of Trotheim	Present in Trotheim
Kollsveinn Hearthson	Present in Trotheim
Jarl Luthr Eider	Eiderlec, western Storstrøm Vale
Jarl Anud Cursespear	Traveling to Trotheim for the Althing

On the appointed day, the members of the Althing of the Vale, who have spent the week traveling from their homes and halls within Trotheim and throughout the rest of the Vale, trudge into the Hall of the Koenig so that the proceedings may begin. If the characters participated in ***NS8: The Hall-burning***, then they have appeared before this assembly before and many faces among the crowd are familiar to them, though in the 9 years since then, a number of the faces have changed and new ones have been added.

With the banging of his rowan stave upon the hall's hard-packed earthen floor, Gyrthyr the Even-handed, Jarl of Trotheim, in his role as honorary speaker of the Althing, calls the assembly to order. His voice rings out clearly.

"The Men of the Vale are come!" he thunders. The staff thumps loudly again, "The Men of the Vale are come, by Donar and Wotan!" he adds. "By Donar and Wotan," the crowd intones.

"The Men of the Vale are come, e'en if blood or battle, they come!" he shouts. "They come!" roars the assembly in response, and the hall is filled with rustling as men take seats upon the floor, benches or chests they have brought, or just remain standing, shifting their cloaks and shuffling their feet to find a comfortable position in this close-packed hall.

Now that the Althing has been called to order, Jarl Gyrthyr quickly gets down to business. All present know the reason that the Althing was called a year earlier than usual. Rumors of the fate of Køenig Njal and the Great Army to be raised have been circulating for some time, and all already know what the characters are going to ask of them. So instead of spending much time on this, Jarl Gyrthyr gives only a quick run-down on the situation and instead spends a full 30 minutes on introducing the characters as the first speakers before the Althing. He waxes poetic on their many deeds (several times mentioning the salvation of Trotheim from the plague) and paints them both honorably and, indeed, realistically for the heroes they are and the deeds they have accomplished.

Before the characters are given leave to speak, he does lay down a few ground rules:

- The vote will be held in 3 days. That means that the characters have 6 half-day sessions to argue their point and try to persuade the factions in their favor.
- No magic may be used in the hall by the characters or anyone else present. Heroes of legend are known to have silver tongues and honeyed words, but no influence from the gods or from magic can be brought into the debate.
- Everyone present is well aware of the characters' stature as heroes and favored in the eyes of the gods, and none questions it (at least not openly). As a result, no man present considers the proposition of winning their argument in the holmgang to be a realistic possibility — the characters are simply unequaled in martial valor. As such, the characters are not allowed to use the holmgang challenge as a means of swaying the assembly. This is a matter for careful consideration over the fate of Storstrøm Vale itself and requires more than proof that the characters can beat anyone present in a fight. Only if the characters are actually challenged to the holmgang may they respond in kind and, if victorious, they gain only the vote of that party's faction, not the automatic assent of the entire Althing.

In addition to the stipulations laid out above, there is one more limitation applied to the characters in this Althing. The characters are already recognized heroes; this is part of the reason why the early Althing was even called to allow them to address it. As a result, their heroic deed cannot be relied upon to win favor or votes. The assembly is already well aware of these deeds to reach the point that they are now. Instead, specific deeds have been listed with specific factions that, if the characters mention them, will garner votes. These details are explained with the specific factions below.

Factions

The Althing is grown to the point that even though this is a winter session called out of its normal schedule and, therefore, not as heavily

attended as it might otherwise be, there are still 142 members of the assembly present. Because the matter being brought before them regards the decision for the entire Vale to go to war in a foreign venture, it has been decided that a two-thirds majority must be attained to carry the vote. Therefore, the characters must obtain 95 votes.

During each half-day session of the Althing, the characters can address one faction and attempt to sway it. If the faction is swayed, then the characters are able to pick up votes from that faction. The characters will know if they have swayed a faction or not but not how many votes they will receive. Each faction has an Influence rating listed. Players need to roll above this number on 1d20 to gain a minimum number of votes; the higher they roll, the more votes they garner. In addition, the characters' pleas to the factions can sway the results in their favor by adding bonuses to their roll. Also, if the player roleplays the oration for that faction well, feel free to award a bonus of +1 to +3 to the roll. If the characters fail to sway a faction, they may attempt to do so again with another half-day check (with a cumulative +1 to each successive day's check because of the time paid talking to the faction). If they do sway the faction, they may not address that faction again in order to try to gain additional votes (unless otherwise noted). After the last day session is completed, the vote of the Althing is held and the votes tallied. The characters should have a good idea ahead of time if they have gained sufficient votes or not, and be given the opportunity to prepare additional orations if necessary in any half-day sessions remaining before the vote.

Gat-Hrolf Faction

Influence: — (the faction is already casting its votes with the characters)

This faction is composed of those jarls and households that are loyal to the Gat or Hrolf clans through blood, marriage, or bribery. They hold 27 votes, and all of them are already committed to supporting the characters' proposal. The characters are aware of the number of votes they will receive from this faction and need not address them in the assembly. If any of the characters are jarls in the Vale (having obtained jarldoms in previous adventures), then each can add his own vote to this faction as a voting member of the Althing.

Householders Faction

Influence: 13

This faction is composed primarily of the largest farmers and raisers of cattle in the Vale. They hold 24 votes. It is they who provide most of the provisions that feed Storstrøm Vale (particularly Trotheim) above and beyond the small fields and herds that most householders keep. As a result, they require more laborers than a typical household to work these lands and tend these herds. They are concerned that with the raising of an army from the entire Vale the manpower needed to work their fields and tend their herds will be reduced and result in famine. Famine hurts not only them economically, but of course also endangers the entire populace (so their concern is not actually entirely self-serving). Their primary concern is whether the omens are for a good harvest and plenty even with the reduced manpower, or a bad harvest and the risk of famine. A religious response might help assuage their fears.

A successful roll sways the faction and brings the party 12 votes. Every 2 by which they beat the faction's Influence brings an additional vote. None of the party's deeds resonates with this faction enough to bring further votes, but if the characters think to bring Kollsveinn Hearthson before them as a witness to assure them that the omens for the Great Army indicate overall success for the Northlands (to include a prosperous harvest and no famine), they receive a +10 bonus to the roll. If the characters propose a half-muster solution (as explained under the "Vale Defense Faction" below) to allow the fields to continue to be worked, they receive a +10 bonus and a successful roll sways the entire faction and receives its full 24 votes.

Separatist Faction

Influence: 18

This faction is a hodgepodge of jarls mainly from the eastern reaches of the Vale. They hold 17 votes. These jarls are no friends of the Hrolfs, having been raided by them in the past, and fear that if Njal Hrolfsblood grows in power any more, he will attempt to become Køenig over Storstrøm Vale and all of the Northlands as well. They are against a Hrolf rise in power and are ambivalent to the fate of Hrolfland's Køenig on a foreign shore. Their primary concern is based on generations of animosity toward Hrolflanders and a Hrolfland Køenig in general. They are unlikely to change their attitude toward these centuries of aggression, but some could possibly be swayed if one of their own was to show a willingness to set aside old grudges for the greater good.

A successful roll sways the faction and brings the party 9 votes. Every 2 by which they beat the faction's Influence brings 1 additional vote. If the characters make the logical argument that these jarls are just as guilty of raids against the Hrolflanders over the years and should therefore let bygones be bygones, they gain a +2 to the roll. The party's past deeds on behalf of Storstrøm Vale over the years do influence these jarls if they are reminded of them by the characters. Each of the following deeds brings an additional +1 to the roll if mentioned during the oration: rescuing Jarl Anud Cursespear from the wrath of Sven Oakenfist's wight, being instrumental in battling the plague that struck Trotheim nearly 13 years earlier, and bringing the hall burner and kinslayer Heinnrig Erikson to justice in the holmgang. Additionally, though the now-venerable Jarl Anud Cursespear would normally be a member of this faction, if he still lives due to the efforts of the characters in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist***, then his vote is included among those in the Gat-Hrolf Faction. However, if the characters call him to bear witness on their behalf before the Separatist Faction, then the words of one of their own does sway some and lends a +5 bonus to the roll.

Traders Faction

Influence: 15

This faction consists of the jarls and men-of-means that control most of the trade and shipping to and from the Vale. They mainly reside in and around Trotheim, and hold 41 votes. These are primarily the ship owners of the Vale who participate in trading expeditions abroad rather than raiding. They are also among the wealthiest men in the Vale. Jarl Gyrthyr the Even-handed is one of their number. They know that with the enlistment of so many of their ships to carry the Great Northern Army to distant Mulstabha that their trade for that year will suffer accordingly. While they are not overly greedy men, they do naturally look to their coffers from which their power and influence spring. They also fear that if the invasion is unsuccessful or the cost in men and ships too high, then their trading fleets will be decimated accordingly, from which they may not recover financially for years (some of them might never recover and lose their wealth and status entirely). The only way to truly assuage their concern is to be able to guarantee them financial security in the venture or show them the possible consequences should they not participate.

A successful roll sways the faction but brings the party only 20 votes (these merchants are too independent-minded to simply follow the faction). Every 1 by which they beat the faction's Influence brings 1 additional vote. If the characters remind these folk that with the Mulstabhin Passage closed by the current occupation of a hostile power then all sea trade with the Southlands is effectively halted, they gain a +1 to the roll. If reminded that with the fall of Hrolfsberg, the Mulstabhins have shown the ability to disrupt trade even with Nieuland, they gain another +2. If the characters have jarldoms and influence in Nieuland (especially with someone like the famous Jarl Hallbjorn Bolverkson) and takes an oath that the ships of the colonies will be made available to help limit losses of ships to the Vale, then this faction is suitably impressed and the check gains a +5 bonus.

The deeds of the characters do mean something to this group, and they grudgingly give ground if reminded once again of their indebtedness to the party. Bringing up the party's role in stopping the plague in Trotheim brings a +5 bonus to the roll. Reminding them of bringing justice to their own after the hallburning of Gundrik Arison grants an additional +2. Finally, if Jarl Gyrthyr is called forth as a witness to speak on their behalf, he cannot honorably refuse due to their past service to Trotheim and the Vale. While he himself is not overly enthused with the whole venture being proposed, the fact that he would still speak for the characters does impact the faction and gives a +3 bonus to the roll.

If the characters propose some method of profit sharing for the expedition where the faction stands to make a substantial gain with victory, they

can gain additional ground. A minimum agreement would be their oath that every ship that the characters command (this would include those from not only the Vale but Estenfird and Vastavikland as well) would give an additional share of any booty taken to the ship's owner. This would be a tough sell to ships raised in Estenfird and Vastavikland, but as commanders of those vessels, the party would be entitled to a share of any loot gained, so if they are willing to give up their commander share of each of these ships and swear it to the Traders Faction, it can be easily accomplished. Making this agreement does not provide a bonus but ensures that if the roll is successful they gain a base 30 votes from the faction rather than 15 plus however many they garner by beating the faction's Influence. Judge any other financial agreements that the players may come up with against this arrangement to determine what benefits it may provide in the voting.

Vale Defense Faction

Influence: 17

This faction consists of the jarls and lesser householders that dwell more distant from Trotheim, at the farthest reaches of the Vale. They hold 33 votes (though normally more, many could not make the trip to Trotheim on such short notice). These folk are less concerned with matters of trade or pride. They live at the edges of civilization in the Northlands and have seen firsthand the ravages of attacks by giants, troll-kin, and Mongat raiders in the not-too-distant past. They fear that if the main strength of the Vale is drained to form this army, then it will leave their homes, villages, and families exposed to raiders who may see the situation as a ripe opportunity to attack. Talking with the householders easily susses out their very real concerns with this external threat to their homes and families. This also reveals that some sort of guarantee of security would go a long way toward alleviating their fears.

A successful roll sways this faction and brings the party 17 votes. Every 2 by which they beat the faction's Influence brings an additional vote. The party's past deeds do not particularly sway these men, as what the characters have done in the past does not help their families today. One thing can provide some assurance to them, though. If the characters mention defeating Mongat raiders in the Dnipir Delta (in ***NS3: The Death Curse of Sven Oakenfist***) or otherwise besting them in the Vale (the characters' discovery of the raiding band in ***NS8: The Hallburning*** ultimately led to it being hunted down and destroyed), each of these provides a +5 bonus to the check. Additionally, if the characters bring forth Jarl Luthr Eider (or some member of his family) as a witness, his testimony of the party protecting his household and avenging its burning brings another +10 bonus to the roll.

However, the best way to sway this faction is if the characters come up with a half-muster solution. Basically, it would be something along the lines of instead of all the able-bodied warriors from these various holds joining the Great Northern Army, half of them would be required to stay at home. This would be determined by casting lots so that there is no loss of honor for these warriors, and the warriors who do go would divide the spoils of their expedition equally with those remaining behind. This way, the warriors behind do not miss out on the profit of joining the expedition and keep the glory of defending their homes against potential incursions, while the warriors who do join the Great Army share their booty with those that remain behind and can rest assured that they will still have a home to return to. Such an arrangement would reduce the muster of Storstrøm Vale by a third but still allow it to field a sizable force. If the characters propose this, the characters gain a +10 on their roll and, if successful, they gain the votes of the entire 33 members of the Vale Defense Faction regardless of how much they beat the check by. In addition, this solution works seamlessly with the labor demands of the Householders faction as described above.

Results of the Althing

Give the players a good idea if they are coming up short on the votes needed so they can take the extra time to redress any factions that have yet to come on board. The outcome of the adventure will be highly affected by the characters' success in raising the army, so give them plenty of opportunity to take the necessary actions to do so.

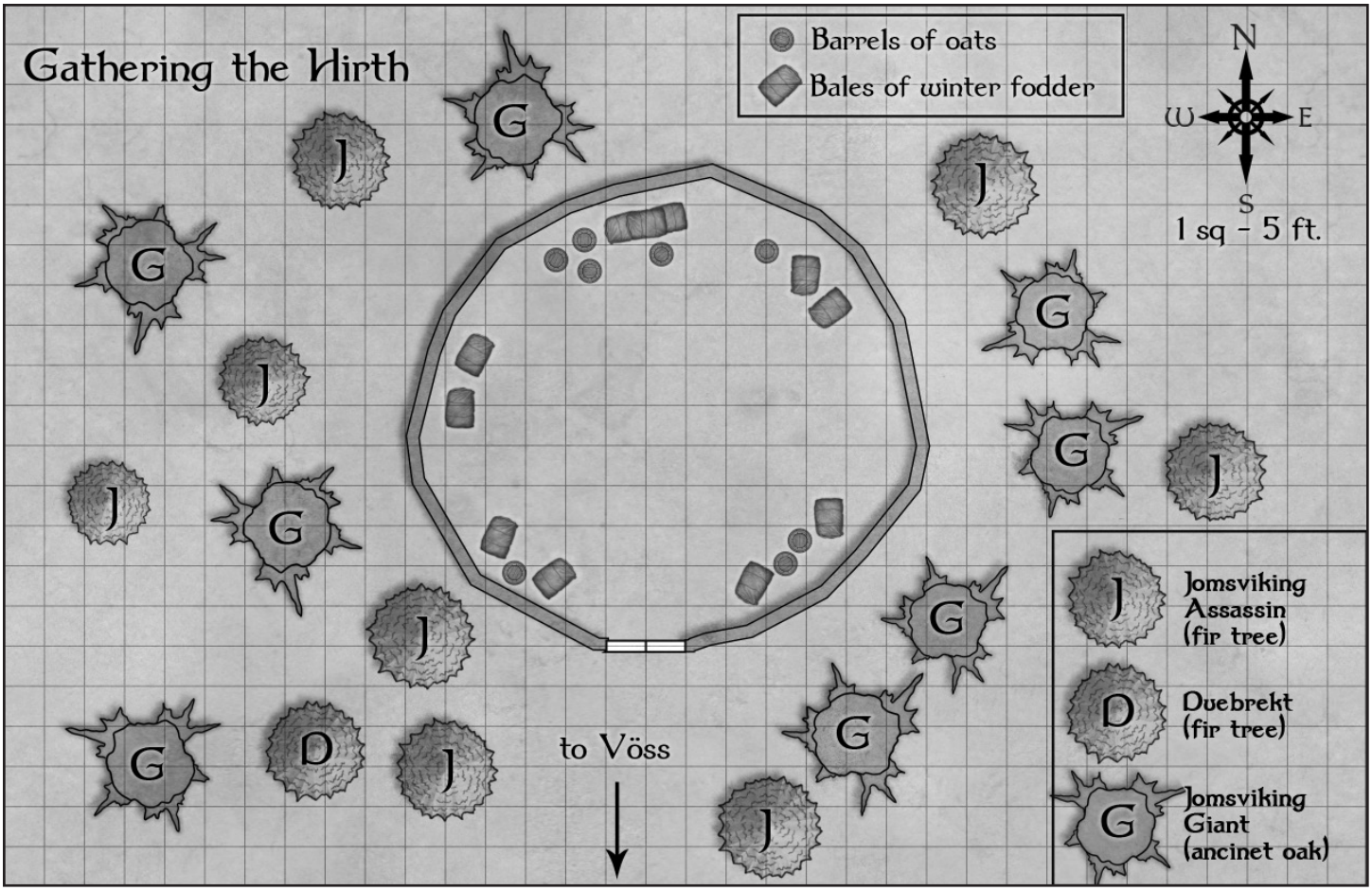
On the morning after the final half-day session of the Althing, the assembly gathers and Jarl Gyrthyr calls them to order. He then places the question before the group: Does Storstrøm Vale go to war with the Heroes of the Northlands at its head? He then calls for affirmation of all those in favor and counts the votes before calling for those against. Assuming the party has collected at least 95 votes, then the motion is carried and the Vale joins the Hrolfs and Gats in their war effort. The characters are acknowledged to be the overall commanders of the Vale forces in battle, though individual crews and households will follow their jarls under the characters' leadership. The assembly adjourns, and its members travel back to their own homes to begin their preparations for the summer campaign; they will embark for Halfstead at the first thaw to gather the fleet. If the characters were for some reason unsuccessful in gaining the support of the Althing, then they will have to make do without Vale warriors come the summer.

Gathering the Hirth

The characters can travel to Estenfird either before or after they have visited Vastavikland. From Trotheim, it is 500 miles to Vöss by sea. For a sailing vessel, it takes 7 days to make the trip. Aboard the *Skíðblaðnir*, which can row with favorable wind 24 hours a day, the trip is cut to 4 days. From Smølsünd, it is 600 miles to Vöss by sea, requiring 8-1/2 days or 5 days aboard the *Skíðblaðnir*. If you wish to roll for encounters on this trip, use the "North Sea — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 in 8 each day. However, the characters may well have the means to magically travel and make the trip virtually instantaneously.

Regardless of the method of travel, the characters first arrive at Vöss where word of their mission has preceded them. There they find that the Althing of Estenfird has already gathered to hear the characters' proposal. Because of the winter weather, the Althing is composed mostly of those members that reside in or near Vöss, as very few were able to travel down the frozen Ice River from farther inland. As a result, the Althing is a much smaller collection than is customary, but the rest of the Estenfirders have agreed to by-and-large (nothing is ever 100% among the independent-minded folk of Estenfird) abide by the Althing's decision. The meeting place for this Althing is at a large barn in the hills just north of Vöss. When the characters arrive in Vöss, the Althing has already convened at the barn for discussion of the appeal they are expecting to hear from the characters. It is but an hour's ride through the snow to reach the aforementioned meeting place, and the characters can set out for it as soon as they arrive (they can borrow horses for the trip if they did not bring any with them). Adjust the description below as necessary if the characters use magic to travel to the barn, and provide them with information as called for if they think to use magic to investigate what lies ahead.

> The meeting of the Althing lies just ahead beyond the snow-covered valley through which you currently ride. The top of the low hill you seek can be seen just past the ridge ahead. Its height is crowned by a copse of old-growth trees (some of the hoary old oaks with trunks as thick as an ox), and in their midst stands the barn you seek. It is a distinctive round structure with a conical thatched roof, and has been kept in good repair over the years, the plank walls even bearing a faded coat of whitewash. You have heard that its owner keeps winter fodder for his herds within, but it is also one of the largest structures in the region and so serves as the meeting place of the Althing when it gathers in Vöss. As you top the rise, you see the mounts of the Althing members grazing peacefully in the trampled snow, and the muddled tracks of their many riders ascending the hill to the meeting place. Based on the number of horses present, you would guess that no more than two dozen freeholders make up this gathering of the Althing. With such a small number of folk to convince and less peer pressure to apply to the argumentative and independent Estenfirders, you are not sure whether that bodes well for your mission or ill.



It is only a short walk to reach the summit of the hill and enter the barn. If the characters take the time to listen first, they hear no sounds of conversation coming from within, which might seem strange for a gathering whose purpose is to debate a declaration of war. In addition, if any character specifically asked in town about details of the meeting place and its location, rolling below their intelligence on 4d6 allows them to recall that no one mentioned a copse of trees standing around the summit. In fact, the meeting place was usually described as a "barn on a bald hill." These are the only overt clues that something is amiss as the characters arrive for the Althing.

Opening the wide doors of the barn, the characters find its interior dark, lit only by the wan shafts of light coming from between the building's plank walls. However, with low-light or darkvision, or once their eyesight adjusts to the gloom, the reason for the silence is obvious. Hanging from the rafters of the barn by nooses tight around their necks are the two dozen members of the Estenfird Althing. Their eyes bulge and blackened tongues protrude between blue lips from the strangulation they experienced. All are dead, and it can be determined that it occurred sometime within the last few hours.

The truth of the matter is that a troop of Jomsvikings secretly landed north of Vöss and made their way to this barn where they prepared an ambush for the Althing. These Jomsvikings now stand around the periphery of the barn disguised as trees by the spell *massmorph*. They are indistinguishable from normal trees unless magic is used to detect them. The trees are arrayed around the barn, and the raiding party consists of **8 Jomsviking warriors**, **8 Jomsviking giants**, and their leader **Duebrekt**.

Jomsvikings Warriors (Ftr5) (8): **HP** 38, 36x2, 34, 33, 30, 27x2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+1) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 9 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special**: rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day).

Equipment: black hooded cloak with silver serpent brooch (150hs), *+2 leather armor*, *+1 longsword*, shortbow with 20 arrows, *potion of healing*, *ring of protection +1*, 3 gold arm-rings (200hs each), pouch with 5d20hs.

Giants, Common (8): HD 5; **HP** 39, 35, 34x3, 33, 31, 30; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hurl rocks (80ft).

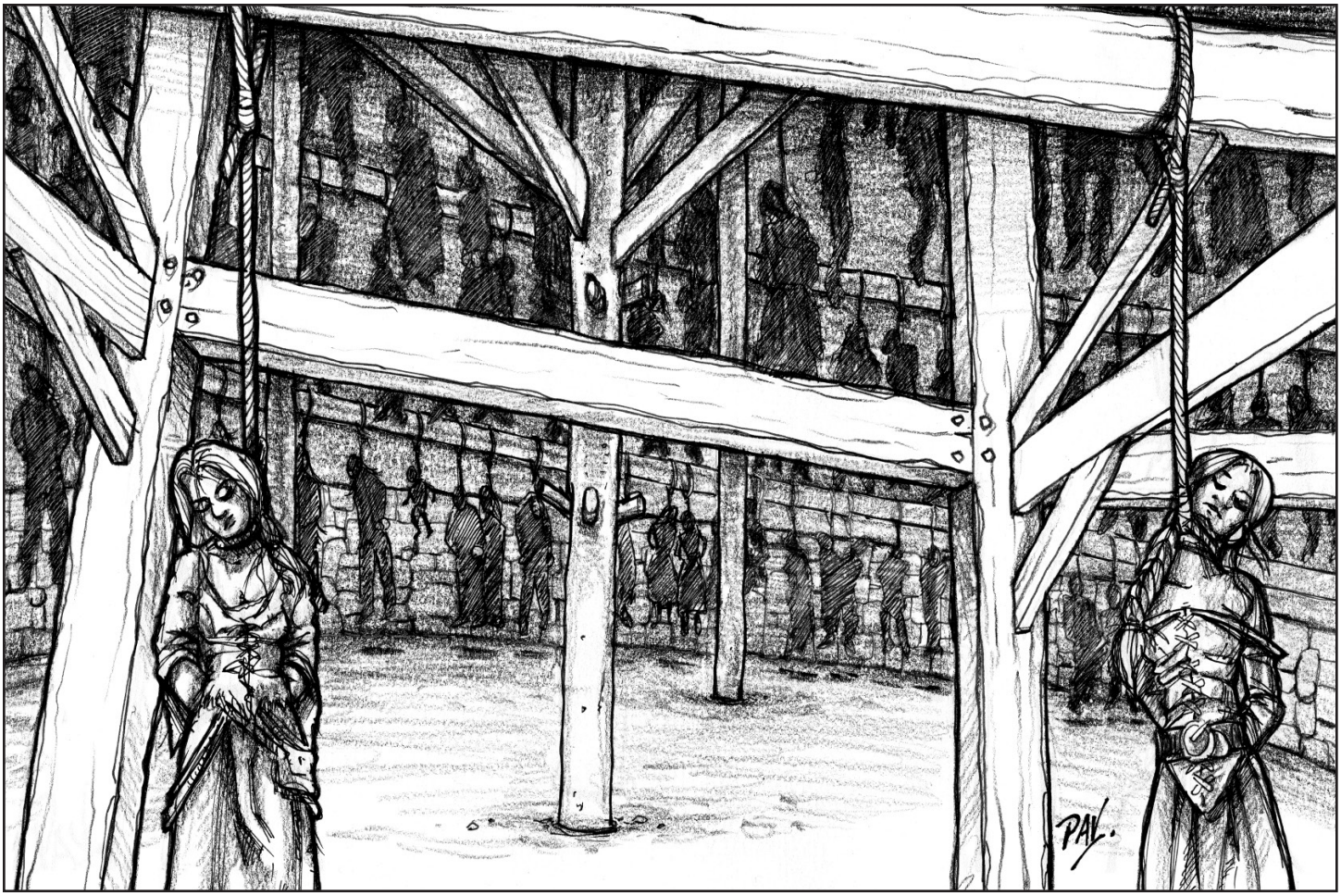
Equipment: black cloak with silver serpent brooch (150hs), iron helm, longsword, potion of healing (x2), 2 gold arm-rings (200 hs each), pouch with 4d20 hs.

Duebrekt (Ftr8/MU4): HP 62; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 *electrical battleaxe* (1d8+3 plus 1d6 electricity); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, spells (3/2).

Spells: 1st—*light*, *magic missile* (x2); 2nd—darkness 15ft radius, *invisibility*.

Equipment: black hooded cloak with silver serpent brooch (150hs), *+2 electrical battleaxe*, *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *potion of healing*, *ring of protection +2*, *wand of massmorph* (2 charges), *wand of fireballs* (3 charges), spell component pouch, mistletoe, 6 gold arm-rings (200hs each), pouch with 45hs and 312 Mulstabhin staters (gp).

Tactics: The group prefers to wait until the characters enter the barn, at which point they break their cover and attempt to bar the doors with crowbars. Duebrekt then uses his wand to cast a *fireball* on the barn to burn it down with the characters inside. It instantly burns through the roof, but the characters cannot leave its area of effect without first breaking through the barred doors or the walls of the barn. Meanwhile, the giants and warriors array themselves around the barn to try to prevent any breakouts. Duebrekt covers the doors and blasts any visible characters with his most powerful spells until forced into melee. If half of their number and Duebrekt are killed, the rest of the Jomsvikings attempt to retreat back to their ship (see below). As long as Duebrekt lives, however, they continue to fight.



If the characters do not all enter or appear to be about to discover the ruse, the Jomsvikings attack rather than let the characters escape.

Development: If any of the Jomsvikings are captured, none of them know any details of why the murders were committed; they were just following orders. If Duebrekt is captured and successfully interrogated, he can reveal that strange foreigners arrived at the Jomsburg some months ago to hire the Jomsvikings for this mission. How they knew the gathering would be here and when, he does not know (they used their own powerful divinations to determine the timing and nature of the meeting), and he does not know any specific details about the foreigners themselves — they have long since departed for home. However, the coins in Duebrekt's pouch tell the true tale as they are from the payment made by the foreigners for the Jomsvikings' aid. The coins were minted in Mulstabha, giving a clear indication of the whom and why behind the assassinations. Duebrekt can likewise confirm that there were no other Jomsviking missions hired by these strangers. They seemed to think that the successful destruction of the Estenfirders and characters here would be sufficient for their purposes.

Treasure: If the characters spend the time to find the trail of the Jomsvikings in the lightly wooded area behind the hill (35% chance for non-rangers; rangers 80%) and track it back to the shore 7 miles away, the characters find the dragon-headed ship on which the Jomsvikings arrived. Likewise, any captured members of the Jomsvikings' party can lead the characters to it if appropriately intimidated. The ship itself is a typical longship with the World Serpent symbol of the Jomsvikings upon its sail. It holds the mundane supplies and equipment of the raiders. In addition, stowed beneath the steering oar deck can be found the stashed wealth of the crew. It is in a waterproof sealskin bag and consists of 428 hs, 2500 Mulstabhin staters (gp), 3 large pieces of amber (45hs each), a bolt of fine cloth (120hs), 7 silver arm-rings (100hs each), and a *jug of alchemy*.

Results of the Assassinations

Word of the murder of the Althing soon reaches Vöss and rapidly spreads across Estenfird. If the Jomsvikings hoped to break the will of the Estenfirders and keep them out of the coming fight, they calculated wrong. The assassination inflames the passion of the Estenfirders and unites them in a way that the characters never could have. Assuming the characters discover the connection to Mulstabha with the coins that were used to pay the Jomsviking mercenaries, folk of Estenfird begin coming to the characters in droves to take oath for their Great Army and its coming campaign. If the characters did not discover the coins, they will have to somehow steer the wrath of the Estenfirders away from the Jomsvikings and toward Mulstabha. Once the Estenfirders are committed, within a week messengers are dispatched across the winter-clad peninsula to begin gathering the hirth to converge on Vöss at the first thaw. From there they sail for Halfstead to join the characters and their Great Northern Army.

The Testing at Skirnyth Crull

The characters can travel to Vastavikland either before or after they visit Estenfird. From Trotheim, it is 363 miles by sea to Smølsünd. Sailing there requires 5 days or 3 days aboard the *Skíðblaðnir*. From Vöss, it is 600 miles to Smølsünd by sea, requiring 8-1/2 days or 5 days aboard the *Skíðblaðnir*. If you wish to roll for encounters on this trip, use the "North Sea — Winter" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 in 8 each day. However, as mentioned before, the characters may well have the means to magically travel and make the trip virtually instantaneously.

Unless you have determined that the characters have come there on their own in the past, it is likely that they have never been to Vastavikland before. It has not been featured in any of the previous adventures in ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path***. When the characters approach the coast at Smølsünd, read the following description.

If there is a grimmer land than Vastavikland, you have not seen it in your long travels. The smoke from the peninsula's many volcanoes hangs over the mountaintops in a perpetual haze, lending the sky a smoky, smudged quality tinged with the red of the earth's fires reflected from the many mountain calderas below. The black mountain cliffs drop precipitously to the churning gray seas except where the few fjords break their ramparts.

It is into one of these fjords that your ship turns. At its head, visible against the glowing lava flow in the hills behind it is the small, walled town of Smølsünd. Built entirely atop an ancient Andøvan mound and completely encircled by a stout palisade, this small burgh is the seat of Kol the Redhanded, Køenig of this grim realm, and is the chief city of Vastavikland — such as it is.

The characters' ship beaches on the slush-covered, black gravel beach below the city-mound of Smølsünd and is greeted by a group of a dozen hardened warriors under Gilmr, Kol's chief huscarl. As elsewhere, the Vastaviklanders have learned of the party's coming and await their arrival. Gilmr gruffly invites the characters to enjoy the hospitality of his lord's hall where matters of blood and oaths can be discussed properly over charred meat and cold ale.

In the dirty city (really no more than a small fortified town), the party is brought before Kol in his mead hall of Hlethyrskeld. The Køenig of Vastavikland is a taciturn beast of a man, his tangled black hair streaked with the gray of many a year and battle, and his thick beard streaked with the grease of many a meal. He broods silently as he watches the characters over the feast of tough, sinewy oxen charred black and strong ale served in dinted golden goblets stolen from some southern land, speaking little and gruffly when he does, but never saying anything to overtly give offense to his guests.

When the feast concludes, Kol drains his goblet and crushes the golden cup in his hand before tossing it to the floor. He addresses the characters and demands they make their purpose for coming to his hall plain. He then listens intently to their appeal, his face an unreadable mask of lines from years spent upon the seas and more than one stroke of a blade (the characters can detect a sullen hostility toward them, however).

When the characters finish, the Kol pushes back his bench and stands to address all in attendance.

"I am Kol the Redhanded, who killed Hermund Giantson on the mountain and drank the blood of Óleifr's wife before his very eyes — just before I plucked them from his skull. I am the deadliest raider of the North Sea and the Scourge of the Southlands. I am Køenig of Vastavikland by right of the might in my sword arm, and my blood-worm drinks deep of any who dare challenge. I will rule until I am too old to fight and some other comes to challenge and wets the floor of my hall in my battle-dew. This is the way of the true Northlander; this is the way of Vastavikland. None question my right to rule, yet even still my word reaches only the length of my sword. Beyond the walls of Smølsünd other Vastaviklanders may say unto me 'Køenig,' but it is not worth a piss in the sea if my sword cannot reach them. They know this, and I know this. This is a land of free men, and it is the way of Vastavikland!

"You 'Heroes of the Northlands' come and wish to dictate terms to the Køenig and call together all of Vastavikland beneath your banner. You wish to sail on the reputations you have gained among the soft nations across the gray sea and think to blind us with your glory. There is only one glory in Vastavikland, and it is the glory earned in the spill of blood and the stink of offal in the shieldwall. Your reputation means not a dripping goat turd in Vastavikland. You wish to rule as Køenig? Then you slay me, Kol the Redhanded, in combat, but even then your rule will reach not beyond the end of your sword. You wish your reputation to command all of Vastavikland? Then you must do that which has not been attempted since the Skjálgr Brothers in the days of my grandfather's father."

There is a sudden intake of breath among the silent assembly in the hall as the import of the Køenig's words hit home.

"At tomorrow's setting sun you must climb Skirnyth Crull and take the Test of Hlundel before the Althing of Vastavikland. If you live and are victorious, then you will lead the armies of Vastavikland, and I will hold your banner at its head. If you fail? Your bones will join the fate of the Skjálgr Brothers and all who went before them to their doom on the Hill of Bones. Sleep well tonight, and whore and feast tomorrow, for at the setting of the sun you will surely die."

The hall is suddenly filled with a babble of voices as all in attendance begin to speak at once. Women swoon, young men make hacking gestures with imaginary swords, and old gray-beards lean their heads together in quiet council and nod their approval at the Køenig's words.

The characters are given lodging on the floor of the mead hall, at a place of honor near the central fire since, despite Kol's harsh words to the contrary, their reputation as heroes does precede them even here. They are in no danger from the køenig or any of his people and have the rest of the night and the following day to learn what they can about their coming test. Each character trying to coerce information from the normally tight-lipped locals rolls 1d20 once on the table below. Give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled.

1d20	Result
5	Skirnyth Crull, usually called the "Hill of Bones" is a tall hill that lies a few miles northwest of Smølsünd. It is considered an accursed place, and few go there.
10	Skirnyth Crull is an ancient Andøvan mound. It is so old that even the stone ring that stood atop is little more than a small rock protruding from the earth here and there around its perimeter.
13	It is rumored that the gods of old still gather upon the Hill of Bones, and trolls and giants dance among the sceadugenga on some blót nights. Anyone who sees them is eaten, and their bones left to litter its peak. That is how the hill got its name.
15	The Things and Althing of Vastavikland follow the old ways and meet upon the summits of ancient hills sacred to the old gods. The Althing of Vastavikland meets every 5 years atop the summit of Skirnyth Crull. It only meets during the daylight hours to avoid the spirits that are said to haunt its peak.
17	The Skjálgr Brothers were powerful warriors from deep in the Olf Mountains that lived generations ago. It was said that they had the blood of trolls and stood as giants among men. They sought the power that could be had at the testing upon Skirnyth Crull and climbed the hill to claim it. They were never seen again. None has attempted the testing since.

Likewise, characters researching the history of the region can discover relevant details about the matters at hand. Each character can learn 1d4 results from the table below. One item is randomly selected from the appropriate table by rolling 1d8 (re-roll duplicates). A character will

not learn duplicate information; re-roll the result instead. Checks by other characters can learn duplicate information that was learned by other characters, however.

1d8	Result
1	The hill at Skirnyth Crull has been recognized as a place of power since long before the coming of the Northlanders. It once had a ring of stones built by the Andøvan upon its brow, though it is now little more than a crumbling remnant.
2	When the first Northlanders came to the Seydiford Peninsula, they discovered the ancient ring at Skirnyth Crull. They called it the heart of the peninsula and built Smølsünd at its feet. The hilltop has served as the meeting place of the Althing of Vastavikland for as long as anyone can remember.
3	None has ever dared build atop Skirnyth Crull ever since the early Vastaviklander Køenig, Jósten Fireblood, attempted to build his hall atop it. One night as it neared completion, the earth shook, and the night was filled with smoke and the sound of screams. The next morning, the summit of the hill was torn asunder with few traces of the newly constructed hall remaining. The corpses of Jósten and his men were in clear evidence, however, having been brutally mauled by some unknown beast. The corpses were left to rot undisturbed, and the hill became known as the Hill of Bones.
4	When the last-surviving member of the Eleven Godi came to Smølsünd at over 200 years of age and gazed upon Skirnyth Crull, he prophesied that only he who could pass the Test of Hlundel could lay claim upon the hearts of the Vastaviklanders. The godi then fell dead on the spot. Since then, there has been no godi among the Hearthsons clan to have power like that of the Eleven.
5	A great beast from the Ginnungagap called Hlundel challenged Wotan to battle for control of the mead hall of Valhalla. If Hlundel won, he would devour the souls of the warriors found within Valhalla like the serpent Nidhogg feasts on the corpses of adulterers, murders, and oath-breakers. Wotan defeated the beast in battle and cast it down to the Middle World where it was buried under a hill called Skirnyth Crull.
6	A primordial creature known only as Hlundel was buried beneath Skirnyth Crull. The accursed creature longs to escape the prison imposed upon it by Wotan. A mortal who dares can ascend the hill to challenge Hlundel to a battle called the Test of Hlundel. Great glory awaits the victor. Those who are defeated join Hlundel in his cursed corpse-hall beneath the hill. With every victory over its challengers, Hlundel grows closer to breaking free from its earthly prison.
7	The troll-kin brothers, Hróarr and Örn Skjálgr came to Skirnyth Crull to take the Test of Hlundel nearly two centuries ago. They climbed the hill at sunset and were never seen again.
8	The folk of Vastavikland are a fractured and feuding people united under their Køenig in name only. Because of the words of an ancient godi, one who was able to take the Test of Hlundel and emerge victorious would undoubtedly be able to unite the Vastaviklanders to common cause, though.

Upon the Hill of Bones

The last red rays of the sun bleed across the crags of the Olf Mountains as you reach the top of the Hill of Bones. The wide summit is fairly flat with the sporadic appearance of large rocks protruding from the frosted turf — perhaps the remnant of the long-lost stone ring. Strangely, no snow blankets this high place even though the shore-bound plain below still rests under several inches of it, nearly black with dirt and soot. The fast-fading light glints here and there off a shard of white among the dark soil, perhaps the bone of some past climber who dared to undergo the trial you are about to face.

The Althing of Vastavikland, only a few dozen in number, gathers around the slopes several yards down from the summit. They wish to witness the coming fracas, not accidentally become a participant in it. Køenig Kol stands at the far side of the summit between two godi, both stooped old men clad in tattered furs and the rattling bones of animals suspended from their hair and sleeves on leather cords. They are as filthy as any humans you have ever seen, and one has a hacking cough whose sound carries on the wind all the way to where you stand. The two decrepit old bone-readers begin a drawn-out chant and heathen dance calling upon the gods to bear witness and the filth of Hel to punish the heretical. As their spastic gesticulations die down in a fit of poorly stifled coughing, Kol calls out simply, "Let the testing begin!" and the three move off of the summit to join the Althing.

The characters are left alone on the hilltop, a flat area approximately 80ft in diameter with no features save a few broken rocks. The Althing is another 40ft below. The characters have 3 rounds to prepare themselves for the coming test. On the third round, the hilltop begins to shake, causing dust to rise and requiring a concentration check for any spellcasting. A full winter moon emerges from behind the thick cloudbank above, illuminating the Hill of Bones in a surreal light. The trembling ceases after 1 round and two mounds of earth begin to form near the center of the summit 30ft from the party. Crawling forth from these mounds come two horrifically disfigured walking corpses. They are massive and stooped with the warty skin and greenish tinge of the troll-blooded, but their lank hair is missing in patches and their eyes glow red with the hate of undeath. These are the **Skjálgr Brothers**, the last-known victims of Hlundel, and they howl in rage at the living and charge the characters to attack. After 1 round of dealing with the troll-blooded juju zombies, the hilltop shakes again and reveals the true secret of its horror as **Hlundel** emerges at the far end of the mound. Hlundel is an accursed death naga, its scaled, serpentine body covered in diseased flesh with great swaths of skin peeling away to reveal rotten muscle and bone, oozing pockets of pus, and falling gobbets of maggots. The stench of the beast is almost overwhelming as it unleashes its breath weapon upon the party.

Hlundel (Death Naga): HD 12; **HP** 91; **AC** 2 [17]; **Atk** bite (1d8), sting (2d4 plus lethal poison), tail slap (2d4 plus constrict); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special:** atrophic breath (60ft cone of negative energy every 1d4 rounds, 8d6 damage and lose 1 level, save for half and to resist level drain), constrict (save after tail slap or held, automatic 2d4 damage), immune to cold, charm and sleep, magic resistance (25%), poison (save or die), spells (4/3/3/2/1), vulnerable to fire. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 153)

Spells: 1st—*charm person* (x2), *magic missile* (x2); 2nd—*ESP, mirror image* (x2); 3rd—*hold person* (x2), *lightning bolt*; 4th—*charm monster, polymorph other*; 5th—*hold monster*.

The Skjálgr Brothers (Zombies, Juju): **HD** 10; **HP** 77, 72; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 *warhammer* (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Specia**l: +1 or better magic weapon to hit,

immunity to cold, electricity, and *magic missile*, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 616)

Equipment: *+2 warhammer, +1 wooden shield*, 2 copper arm-rings (30hs each)

Tactics: The Skjálgr Brothers immediately charge to attack, attempting to beat the characters down with brute strength. They fight until destroyed. Hlundel uses its breath weapon and spells to attack from afar. It is not worried about the brothers getting into the area of effect of any of its attacks. In fact, if they get hit by the death naga's breath weapon, it heals them for 2d4x5 temporary hit points for an hour. If Hlundel is slain, its body immediately deteriorates and sinks back into its accursed existence in the mound as a filthy sludge to reform for the next time the testing is undertaken.

Results of the Testing

If Hlundel and the brothers are beaten, there is a moment of silence as the onlookers take in the moment of what has just occurred. Never in living memory has anyone ever succeeded in the Test of the Hill of Bones. The crowd is filled with jubilation at the prowess of the characters and soon begins a chanting war song of approbation. Even Kol seems stunned and awed at what the party has accomplished. Kol and each member of the Althing present kneels and takes oath to the players to follow them in their war to Mulstabha. By the next morning, every warrior in Smølsünd seeks the characters out to do the same. Ships depart within a week to carry the news to the other settlements along Vastavikland's coast while messengers carry it to the few steadings inland. Kol promises that the fleet of Vastavikland will depart for Halfstead with the spring thaw. The characters have their army.

With the coming of the first thaw, longships are launched from gravel beaches, arms and armor are stacked aboard between the benches, and doughty northmen take to banks of oars as warriors from all over the Northlands make voyage for Halfstead. Køenig Leif Ragison has not been idle throughout the winter, and long stretches of beach have been cleared of boulders and debris to create a harbor accessible to longships more than 3 miles long and capable of handling as many as 300 vessels. Supplies have been put in storehouses for the coming campaign, and household women have been at the distaff all winter spinning thread to make sails.

The characters should have arrived from their own excursions long before this gathering of the fleet, and Køenig Leif has put them up in the old hall of Jarl Olaf Henrikson, long reverted to the possession of the Køenig after the death of Olaf's widow. From there, they are able to oversee the gathering assembly and its outfitting while at the same time allowing themselves to see and be seen by the warriors that they will be leading. For the length of their stay in Halfstead they are interchangeably cheered by crowds of boasting warriors of Hordaland or sellswords that have been drawn to the great mustering or they are the subject of whispered conversations by those that they pass by. By spring, not a soul in Halfstead does not know them by sight or raise a horn of ale in their presence.

The Great Northern Army

No army in the history of the Northlands has ever been raised that is so vast as that which the characters have called together and united in common cause in Halfstead. This force will have achieved its full strength a week before the Summer Blót — the beginning of the Northlander season of war. The size of this force, however, varies depending on the success of the characters in **Chapter 1**. A portion of the army is set; the portion that arises from Gatland, Hrolfland, and Hordaland which were raised by their respective jarls and Køenigs. But the forces gathered from Storstrøm Vale, Estenfird, and Vastavikland depend upon how well the characters did in their role as emissaries to those respective lands. Though each army is led by its own jarls and commanders, all defer to the characters in their role as high commanders of the expedition.

The composition of the Great Northern Army by nation is as follows. It is broken down by army from each kingdom or nation, and a sample of a single longship crew (averaging 50 warriors) from each army.

Even though these armies are combined in a single Great Northern Army, it is composed of multiple units. Though a character can be the overall com-



mander of this force, he can be the specific commander of only one individual army at a time, though this can change from battle to battle if the characters wish. Also, in battle these smaller armies are not constrained to remain as one large force, and some of them instead divide into smaller armies as allowed by their total numbers to gain the full benefit of their numbers. These divisions are all considered a part of the same army and under the same commander as long as they remain upon the same battlefield where this commander can exercise control over them. As the armies sustain casualties, they have to reorganize as smaller armies as necessary.

Hrolfland

Jarl Jorund has been busy, but his task has not been difficult. The folk of Hrolfland see Køenig Njal Hrolfsblood and his son as the true hope for the future of their nation and have determined to bring them back at whatever cost. The greatest challenge faced by Jarl Jorund in his mustering was that so many Hrolf warriors had already accompanied their Køenig to Mulstabha. Nevertheless, hundreds of huscarls, spear maidens, and householders have rallied to his call — including many who had settled into retirement in their twilight years or those barely old enough to wear a hauberk and heft a shield. The result is that Jarl Jorund leads an army that is fairly inexperienced for the most part but second to none in the zeal for their mission. The secondary result of this scouring of the kingdom for warriors is that many a hall and farmstead is now guarded by milkmaids and young boys who have never before held a spear, but the Hrolflanders feel that no price is too high for the sake of their Køenig They just pray to the gods that the thrydregs or mountain folk or Southlander raiders do not return in their absence. They know that if it should happen, though, by the grace and fury of all the gods, they will avenge any such attack upon their return tenfold until the Jarvik Peninsula weeps bloody tears of vengeance. Such is the grim mindset of the Hrolflanders, and woe to any who dare seek a blood price from them.

The Hrolflander army is an army of 4100 Hrolflanders in 82 longships. As with any Northlander army, few members have any real training or experience in a formal army beyond the forming of a shieldwall, and this army perhaps has even less than usual. As a result, they have fewer tactics available than would be found in a more formally trained force.

Hrolflander Army (4100 human commoners, 5hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 20,500; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Jorund of Tallsinki
Equipment: wooden shield, longspear, shortbow.

Typical Hrolflander Crew (50 human commoners, 5hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 250; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **Commander**: Individual warrior or jarl.
Equipment: wooden shield, longspear, shortbow.

The 4100 Hrolflanders divide into two army divisions of 2050 Hrolflanders each.

Hordaland Army

Køenig Leif Ragison owes a great deal to the Køenig Njal. When Njal and Sveni wed, the newly united Hrolf and Gat factions ended their maneuvering to put a sympathetic pawn on the throne of Hordaland and needed a Køenig there that they could both support and ensure would keep the peace over the central Northlands and its greatest port city. Their logical choice was the young Køenig Leif Ragison himself. So by burying the hatchet between their two families and nations, they both got behind Køenig Leif and effectively cemented his rulership over the Hord Peninsula. (If in your campaign, Køenig Leif was overthrown by the bastard Amundi the Blond or some other candidate for the throne, then assume it was that ruler that the Hrolfs and Gats supported and replace all references to Leif Ragison with that ruler.)

The Hordalander army is an army of 3650 warriors in 73 longships consisting of Hordalanders and a fair mix of mercenaries and sellswords who have made their way north in anticipation of the great summer campaign to come. They are led by Køenig Leif Ragison himself and are one of the more experienced fighting forces in the Northlands, having participated in many raids and mercenary campaigns abroad.

Hordalander Army (3650 humans Ftr2, 12hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 43,800; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **Commander**: Køenig Leif Ragison
Equipment: chainmail, shield, short sword, javelins.

Typical Hordalander Crew (50 humans Ftr2, 12hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 600; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **Commander**: local jarl
Equipment: chainmail, shield, shortsword, javelins.

The 3650 Hordalanders divide into an army division of 2100 Hordalanders, an army division of 1050 Hordalanders, and an army division of 500 Hordalanders.

Gatland Army

Once the bitter enemies of the Hrolf clan, with the combination of their families at Njal and Sveni's wedding, the attitude of Gat toward Hrolf has slowly changed over the years. With Sveni's death, many Gats likely changed their attitudes back toward their natural inclination of churlishness toward their former rivals. However, any animosity they might have had is more than overcome by the fact that Jarl Ljot Gatson's own grandson, Eymund Njalson is also missing on the expedition to Mulstabha. The result of this is that no one has worked harder in the mustering of an army than Ljot Gatson, and his efforts have been successful. While perhaps reluctant to fight on behalf of the Hrolfs, the Gats have no compunction about fighting for the grandson of their jarl.

The Gatlander army is an army of 1700 warriors in 34 longships. They are led by the elderly Jarl Ljot Gatson and are ferocious in defense of him and their clan.

Gatlander Army (1700 humans Ftr2, 13hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 22,100; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **Commander**: Jarl Ljot Gatson
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longsword, longbow.

Typical Gatlander Crew (50 humans Ftr2, 13hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 650; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **Commander**: local jarl
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longsword, longbow.

The 1700 Gatlanders divide into an army division of 1100 Gatlanders and an army division of 600 Gatlanders.

Storstrøm Vale Army

The size of the Storstrøm Vale army depends upon the success that the characters had before the Althing. If the characters were successful in gaining enough votes, then they were able to raise an army of Valers. However, the number of warriors raised depends upon any agreements that they may have come to during the deliberations. It is possible that they may have reached a half-muster agreement in order to sway the Householder and/or Vale Defense factions. If so, the size of the army raised is affected as noted below.

If no half-muster agreement was reached, then the Valer army is an army of 2250 warriors in 45 longships. If a half-muster agreement was reached, then the army is reduced by a third and becomes an army of 1500 Valers in 30 longships. Both options are represented below. In either case, the army is led by Jarl Gyrthyr the Even-handed of Trotheim, with individual crews led by local jarls and huscarls.

Valer Army, Full Muster (2250 humans Ftr1, 6hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 13,500; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Gyrthyr the Even-handed
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longspear.

Valer Army, Half Muster (1500 humans Ftr1, 6hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 9000; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Gyrthyr the Even-handed
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longspear.

Typical Valer Crew (50 humans Ftr1, 6hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 300; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: local jarl or huscarl
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longspear.

Estenfird Army

If the characters successfully uncovered the Jomsviking murder of the Althing outside of Vöss, then the outraged Estenfirders march to join their cause. If so, then the Estenfirder army is an army of 850 hirthmenn in 17 longships. With Hengrid Donarsdottir long dead, there is no specific commander of the entire Estenfirder army. One of the characters will have to assume personal command of this force. Individual boat crews are commanded by local hirthmenn leaders.

Estenfirder Army (850 humans Ftr1, 7hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 5950; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Any character
Equipment: ring mail, shield, longsword.

Typical Estenfirder Crew (50 humans Ftr1, 7hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 350; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: local hirthmenn leader
Equipment: ring mail, shield, longsword.

These armies do not subdivide into smaller divisions.

Vastavikland Army

If the characters successfully passed the Test of Hlundel, then they have an army of vicious berserkers and vikings answering their call to seek glory and wealth behind these legendary heroes. The Vastaviklander army is an army of 1450 Vastaviklanders in 29 longships, an unheard-of gathering of Vastaviklanders. These bloodthirsty and brutal vikings are ostensibly led by Køenig Kol the Redhanded; however, every Vastaviklander crew jostles and competes to serve under a specific character or, at the very least, to serve as the personal guard of one or more of the characters. In the absence of a character commander, these crews serve under local jarls or strongmen. How the characters wish to use these zealous warriors is up to them.

Vastaviklander Army (1450 humans Ftr3, 20hp each): **HD** 3; **HP** 29,000; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** *+1 battle axe* (1d8+2, raging); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **Commander**: Køenig Kol the Redhanded
Equipment: leather armor, *+1 battle axe*.

Typical Vastaviklander Crew (50 humans Ftr3, 20hp each): **HD** 3; **HP** 1000; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** *+1 battle axe* (1d8+2, raging); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **Commander**: local jarl or strongman
Equipment: leather armor, *+1 battle axe*.

These armies do not subdivide into smaller divisions.

Great Northern Army Totals

Combining the above totals, if the characters were successful in all their missions in **Chapter 1**, then the Great Northern Army that they command can consist of as many as 14,000 Northlander warriors in a fleet of 280 longships — truly an unbelievable and historic mustering of the strength of the Northlands, unheard of before now.

Summer Blót

The night before the departure of the fleet is the Summer Blót, the sacred sacrificial feast dedicated to Wotan. This gathering for the blót is much too large for the traditional hov in Halfstead, so instead the city's occupants and



the entire host of warriors gathers on the shore above the fleet of beached longships. Kollsveinn and several of his brother godi from the Hall of the Hearth Stone are present to declare a special blessing at this blót. To honor the All-Father and beseech his blessing on the coming war, Køenig Njal's own warhorse, the Southlander-bred stallion Thunderhead is led onto the beach by Ljot Gatson himself and slaughtered, his blood drained and sprinkled upon 12 wooden statues of Wotan brought forth for this occasion. Then the horse and hundreds of slaughtered hogs are boiled in steaming cauldrons before being served to the gathered host along with copious amounts of beer and mead shipped in from all over the Northlands — likely the last of these libations in any quantity that most of the warriors will enjoy for some time. Throughout the entire affair, there is much boasting, singing of war songs, and blessing of overflowing drinking horns by godi that walk among the celebrants encouraging them in the name of Wotan.

By midnight, the fires have burned low, and thousands of Northlanders lie sprawled along the shore in drunken stupor or in quiet conversation. Here and there a jarl walks among his men ensuring that they have all they need, and the squeal of some young lass saying farewell to her man can be heard in shadowed corners. All know that they must rise before the dawn and depart for far shores and so try to get what sleep they can.

On Waters Gray, 'Neath Skies of Blue

Before dawn lights the sky, jarls stalk among drunken huscarls and warriors, kicking them awake to gather their gear and board their ships. Shipmasters are already on their decks assuring that supplies are stowed, and sail and line are ready and in good repair. Within an hour, the heaves and grunts of thousands of men sound as hundreds of ships are pushed into the ebb tide and sweeps first dip into the salt foam.

Whatever method the characters choose to travel with their fleet, at the launching of the ships they are required by tradition and the expectations of their followers to take point and lead the way either in *Skíðblaðnir* or some other ship of their choice. As they take the lead in pulling away from shore, the following event occurs.

The shouts of steersmen bring order to the beat of the sweeps on the water as hundreds of ships begin to pull away from the beaches of Halfstead — it is a fleet unmatched in the history of the Northlands that now follows you to war upon the gray waves, 'neath skies of blue, into war and an uncertain future. Only the Norns know the wyrd that awaits you and your Great Army.

As your own vessel leads the way into the deep waters of the North Sea and prepares to make the turn toward the distant Straits of Half where the sea lets out in the Great Ocean Ûthaf, you pass a series of sea rocks that serves as a natural breakwater for the harbor of Halfstead. As you round these rocks in the early nautical twilight gloom, you are greeted by an unusual sight. Thousands upon thousands of resting seabirds float in their lee, so thick that they form an undulating faerie landscape of bobbing heads, glittering eyes, and dark plumage upon the shadowed waters.

Unfortunately, the approach of your ship disturbs them, and as other vessels of your fleet begin to round the rocks, the birds explode in panicked flight. The sound of beating wings is thunderous as the sky is filled with the cacophony and maelstrom of thousands of great black cormorants. It is as if the shadowed domain of Hel has opened its gates and released the shades of the deathly host that dwells in its ignoble darkness and silence to sudden freedom. One cormorant that flies low over your bow has a recently caught eel dangling from its beak that drops past the bow of your ship into the sea.

Otherwise stalwart men give pause at their oars to clutch at Donar's hammer amulets or give sidelong looks and muttered imprecations to one another. For the start of such a grand venture the omens are bad, and you fear that your cause is lost before it has even begun. Perhaps the fickle gods do not favor the outcome, and even now you ride the whale road to spear-din where you yourselves will meet Corpseripper.

These very thoughts spread quickly through the entire fleet in a mounting murmur of anguish as the pandemonium of the fleeing birds begins to subside overhead. But then one of the steersmen in a vessel nearby gives a cry and points to the east. Your gaze follows his outstretched hand only to be nearly blinded by the first light of true day as the dawn begins its ascent over the horizon. The rising sun, aflame with the fires of Muspelheim, paints its reflection upon the waves in a golden road stretching to the east. Above this the formerly chaotic frenzy of the departing flocks has organized into massive flights of the glossy black-feathered great cormorants as they speed eastward above this golden road of fire and light, paving the way for your fleet and bringing swift word of your coming and the death that will follow for your enemies. You hear the cheers of the men and feel the moisture of tears on your cheeks as you realize the omen is not of doom but rather of glory. The gods speak this day for your Great Northern Army, and the word they cry is "victory."

Once the great fleet departs Halfstead, the nearly 300 ships face a long and harrowing voyage to reach their destination. The fleet's initial destination is the Villr Shore, where the colony of Hrolfsberg once stood (though now it lies in ruins according to the reports from last year). For those intending to travel all the way to the Oestryn Islands, the shipmaster would steer due east past the Cymu Islands to catch the Transborean Current to travel east through the Northern Passage. However, the Transborean Current flows far to the north of the Villr Shore and Mulstabha, and has been used only in modern times since the voyages of Hallbjorn more than a decade ago, so it avails the fleet little in its journey. Rather the daring sailors of the Northlands have been crossing Ûthaf for many generations to take the Mulstabhin Passage for raiding and trading in the Southlands. For these folk, they must avoid the Cymu Current that flows westward along the northern shore of the Isthmus of Irkaina and sail through the very heart of the Great Ocean. Fortunately, in the spring and summer, a fair west wind blows such ships before it, and when fall arrives bringing the end of the trading and raiding seasons, the wind shifts from the east to bring these dauntless travelers home. The greatest difficulty for the outbound journey is that the steersman must read the stars to know when to turn south to make for the Villr Shore and Mulstabhin Passage and avoid overshooting to the distant Ammuyad Caliphate lands. This journey, if successfully navigated, covers 2600 miles. The fleet must regroup at the Villr Shore, and from there it is but a voyage of some 500 miles to Mulstabha.

The helmsmen among the fleet (and perhaps the characters themselves) will be aware of the location of the Mulstabhin Passage and the port of Hrolfsberg, so provide the party with **Player Handout B**, showing the way to their distant destination.

Because of the prevailing westerly wind, the initial 2000 miles of the voyage before the ships must turn south can be accomplished in 19 days with good weather. After turning south and sailing broad reach to the wind, it is another 6 days to Hrolfsberg. During the early summer months, the weather is usually fair with only occasional summer storms, and with the presence of the characters and the vast number of ships upon the water, it is safe to assume that no major encounters of note occur during the voyage. However if you do wish to play out the events of this voyage, you can use the "Great Ocean Ûthaf — Summer" encounter table in the **Appendix** of ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*** to determine suitable encounters that can occur. You will need to arrange for them to be relevant to the characters rather than just occur at the edge of the huge fleet that sprawls across hundreds of miles of ocean before all is said and done. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 in 6 each day, or whenever you deem it appropriate.



Mulstabha

The remainder of this chapter consists of a series of set encounters that occur while the characters are with the Great Army or away from it, and culminates in the first battle of the war as the fleet lands on Krivcycek Island. These encounters begin as the fleet arrives at the ruins of Hrolfsberg.

A. Ruins of Hrolfsberg

The settlement of Hrolfsberg stands at the extreme northwestern tip of the peninsula known as the Villr Shore to the folk of the Northlands, meaning the "wild shore" in Nørsk. A part of the Isthmus of Irkaina where it connects to the continent of Libynos, the peninsula is a wild region of stony soil, scouring north winds, harsh winters, and parched summers. The soil is thin and sandy and does not support crops well. Few peoples have attempted to settle the region in past centuries, and the crumbled remains of ancient stone shelters are the only sign that the Ancient Folk had any truck with the region either, and these are few and far between — obvious evidence that even in that distant age few chose to try to live here. Considering the richer lands south and east, it is no surprise that Njal's colony was the first to survive and seemingly thrive.

Growing in a few years to a town with more than 500 inhabitants, the secret of Hrolfsberg's success lay in the lucrative trade and fees it exacted from the bounty of seasonal ships returning from their trading and raiding beyond the Mulstabhin Passage, and from the agriculturally rich lands discovered on the far Oestryn Islands that brought regular cargoes of foodstuffs by agreement between the Nieuland colonies and Hrolfland. In addition, for essentials lacking from trade with the shipping lanes, it was an easy voyage by boat down to the friendly inhabitants of Mulstabha where any necessities could be obtained.

As a whole, in its few short years the Hrolfsberg colony did very well for itself and prospered despite the harsh climate. Some five score cottages and halls were built in the Northlands manner and two deep wells

were sunk in the town's center to offset the lack of surface freshwater. No wall was ever built around the town due to the isolation of the region, the favorable relations with what neighbors there were, and the near constant traffic from friendly ships filled with Northlander warriors. Hrolfsberg's existence was a boon to all, and all had a vested interest in its continued success. It had no known threats and existed peacefully until the moment it was annihilated in an act of unforeseen atrocity.

Read the following as the characters' ship first approaches Hrolfsberg.

> The Villr Shore juts out into the Great Ocean like a giant finger poking into the sea and demanding its attention. At the tip of this barren landmass can be seen the huddle of halls and cottages perched on the stony soil above the waterline — the settlement of Hrolfsberg. No smoke rises from hearths long grown cold, and even the carrion birds have long since departed for better pickings. Once a prosperous trading town, Hrolfsberg is no more, and its destruction is one of the seeds from which this tree of vengeance has sprung.

The characters must land at Hrolfsberg to await the arrival of the rest of the fleet. There are a total of 70 ships that arrive within a few hours of the party, many of whom were in sight even as the characters landed, but the rest of the fleet takes an entire week to straggle into Hrolfsberg after having been separated over the long voyage. In total, all but 9 ships of the original fleet arrive safely in Hrolfsberg. Of those, 6 were blown so far off course in rough weather that they either had to turn back for the Northlands or make landfall elsewhere on the Isthmus of Irkaina, not to be seen until months later; in any case, they are unable to assist in the invasion of Mulstabha. The 3 remaining ships unaccounted for are never seen again, having been lost at sea to either nature, misadventure, or predation, and their crews are lost. Divide the 450 lost or dead crews from among the various armies so that none of them are reduced in strength to a smaller army. None of the main leaders of the armies are among the missing. In fact, with so few losses for such a large fleet on such a protracted voyage, the members of the Great Northern Army consider it a good omen and that the gods must still favor the invasion to preserve so many of its warriors from the treacherous realm of Rán.

While the characters are waiting for the fleet to arrive, they can take some time to explore the village and scout the area. In the many months since the villagers were massacred, many of the buildings have fallen to ruin — thatch roofs caved in, leather door hinges cracked and hang askew — from the harsh climate and lack of upkeep. Though the signs of the ritual sacrifices have long since been erased from the beach by wind and waves, the characters can easily locate the mass grave where the ship's crew that discovered the massacre took the time to inter its victims. Scavengers have been at this grave and have unearthed and dragged away some of the bodies, but most remain undisturbed.

If anyone takes the time to exhume and examine a body or two, they are found in an advanced stage of decomposition, having been left on the beach to rot for several weeks before their discovery, and then buried in the ground for the better part of a year since then. The full population of the village is present, and they all bear the same kinds of wounds: impalement wounds at wrists and feet where they were staked to the ground, and great lacerations of chest and abdomen where they were gutted. If a character wishes to cast *speak with dead* or use some other divinatory magic, he can learn that the attackers came from the sea by boat. They appeared to be Mulstabhin traders but all had hidden weapons under their robes. Their attack was swift and sudden, catching the entire settlement off guard, and they used foul magic and fell beasts summoned from the air to quickly subdue and capture the townspeople. The prisoners were led to the beach, bound and hobbled, and were forced to watch under guard as each was staked to the ground one by one. Only when the last was staked in place did the strange ritual begin that lasted all night and resulted in the disemboweling of each of the prisoners. None of the villagers understood any more of what was going on and cannot provide more detail than this.

B. Treacherous Passage

At low tide, Mulstabha sits at the center of a vast saltmarsh that connects the Isthmus of Irkaina to Akados in the west and Libynos in the east. But at high tide the waters of the Great Ocean Ûthaf and the Sinnar Ocean rush in and mingle to turn Mulstabha into a true island and create the legendary Mulstabhin Passage between those two oceans. Roads extending between the island and either end of the isthmus are virtually nonexistent due to constantly being washed out by the tides, though a rough stony path can be followed to skirt the worst parts of the salt flats — a road constructed long ago by the Hyperboreans to connect their eastern and western empires. Though it is much the worse for wear, this ancient roadbed is still passable.

The main means of travel between Mulstabha and the surrounding lands, however, is by boat. Primarily, this is done aboard the Mulstabhin flat-bottomed, decoratively festooned barges that are able to navigate the frequently shallow waters of the flooded salt swamp. For other kinds of ships, though, the ways are treacherous, and vessels frequently find themselves grounded on a mud bar. For this reason, the inhabitants of Mulstabha have marked passages with withies — long, flexible willow rods — for generations. These long rods are stuck upright in the mud on either side of the deeper-water channels, and when high tide comes, the tops of the rods remain visible above the surface of the water. These serve as guides so that ships can pass between them and avoid grounding themselves in the shallows. A whole series of these withy channels extend between the island and isthmus, and between the oceans to the north and south.

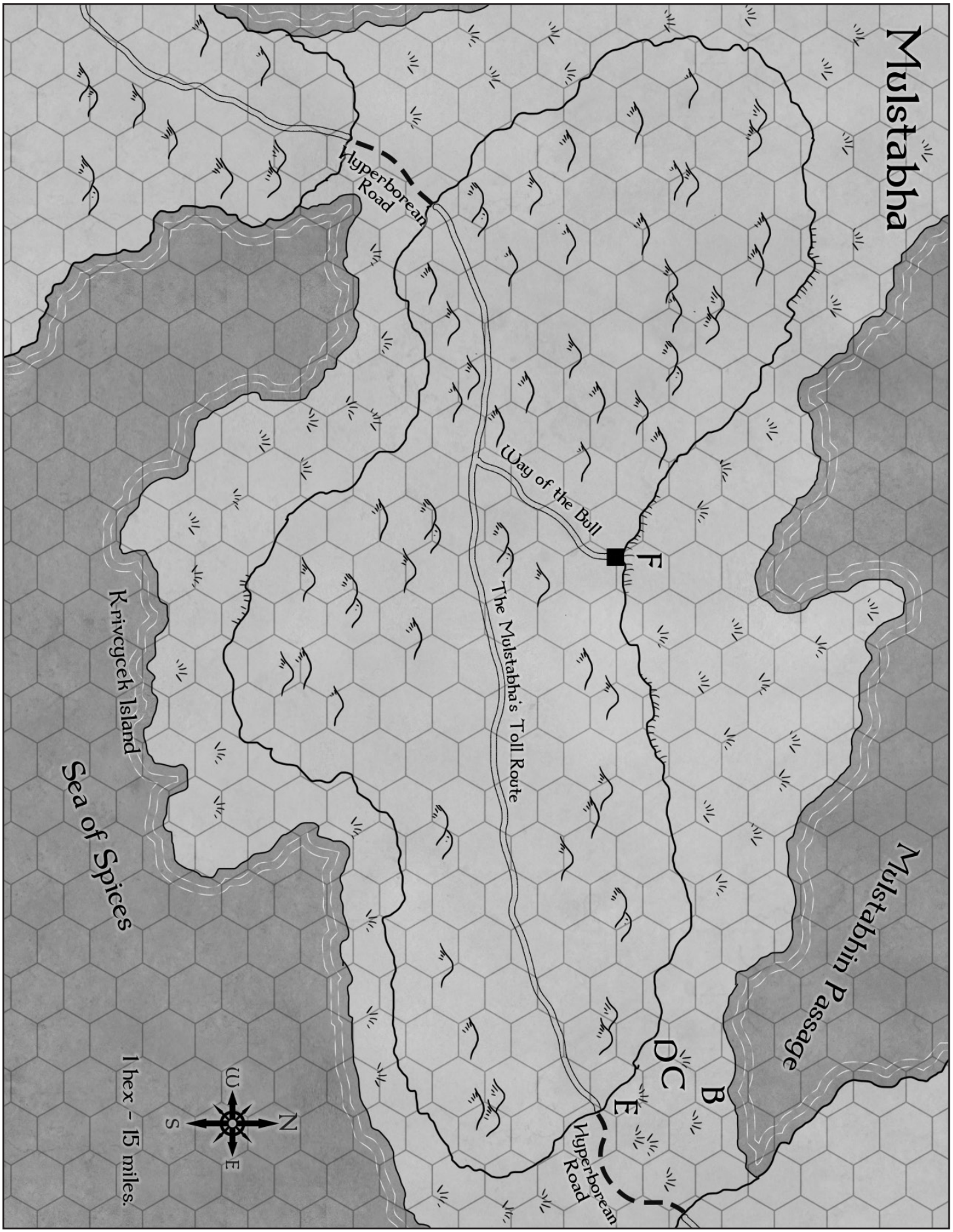
To reach the shore of Krivcycek Island, the fleet has to navigate through these withy channels, and they serve as one of the main defenses of the island. The only other alternative is to beach the ships in the swamps at low tide and hope to make it to shore before the tide comes in and drowns anyone still caught in the swamps. This arrangement limits invasion attempts to occur only at high tide and only along certain prescribed paths, and goes a long way toward explaining how Mulstabha has managed to remain an independent kingdom for many centuries despite lying at the lucrative crossroads of two continents.

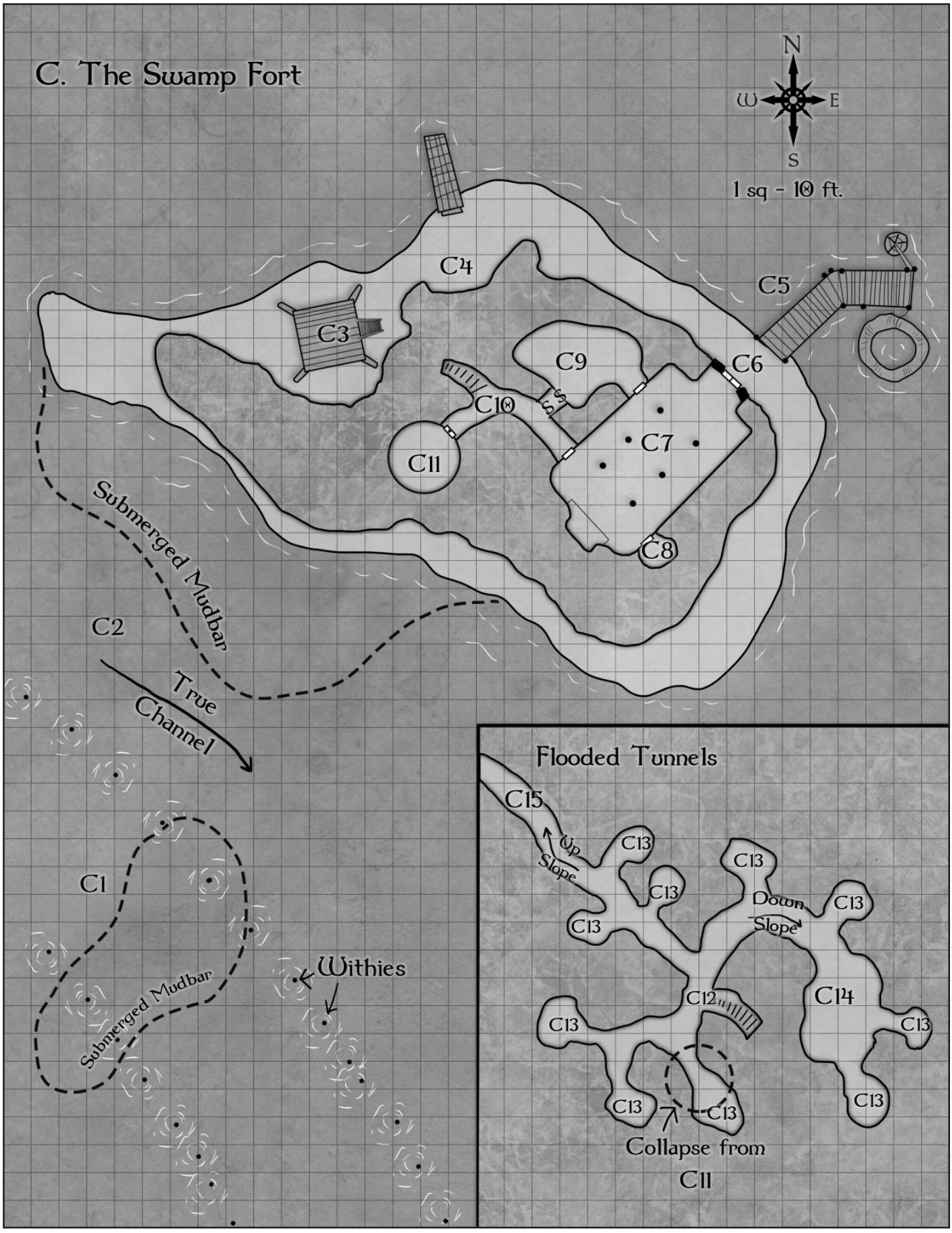
The characters' approach to the island is no different. The leaders and warriors in the Great Northern Army universally agree that their landing must occur at high tide when the ships can be brought directly to the island. However, shortly after entering the channels, the lead longship becomes stuck on a mud bar and it quickly becomes apparent that the treacherous Mulstabhins have moved the withies to hide the true channels and cause ships to become stranded. Fortunately for the Northlanders, the characters have the ship *Skíðblaðnir* which can be folded up and carried off if it becomes grounded. After conferring with the other leaders of the army, it is agreed that the characters should proceed ahead in *Skíðblaðnir* while a pair of longships float along behind and mark the route of the true channel with new withies as the *Skíðblaðnir* discovers it. The rest of the fleet will remain at sea until one of the trailing longships is dispatched to let them know that the way is clear to proceed with the invasion. Should the tide go out while the characters and other two longships are marking the channel, they will simply camp in place until the tide returns to float them free again.

Feel free to throw whatever random encounters you like for the characters as they make their slow progress through the false channel. No encounters are provided in this adventure because swamplands near the channels are largely uninhabited by predators, and the Mulstabhins did not feel the need to post additional guards beyond those described at **Area C** below. The Mulstabhins' hope is that any attacking ships become grounded, at which point the guards at **Area C** raise the alarm, allowing a flotilla of rafts to deploy and attack the helpless vessels. The characters' ability to magically circumnavigate this hazard has revealed a flaw in the island's defenses.

C. The Swamp Fort

Built along the edge of the true channel, this "fort" is little more than an excavated earthen mound reinforced with timbers and a tower. It is manned by hill giants loyal to Mulstabha, and flooded tunnels beneath


Mulstabha
Hyperborean Road
Way of the Bull
F
The Mulstabha's Toll Route
Krivcycek Island
Sea of Spices
Mulstabhin Passage
B
DC
E
Hyperborean Road
W
N
S
E
1 hex = 15 miles.


C. The Swamp Fort
N
W
E
S
1 sq - 10 ft.
C1
C2
C3
C4
C5
C6
C7
C8
C9
C10
C11
Submerged Mudbar
True Channel
Withies
Submerged Mudbar
Flooded Tunnels
C12
C13
C14
C15
Up Slope
Down Slope
Collapse from C11

serve as home to lizardfolk skirmishers. When the characters reach this location, they arrive alone. The trailing longships are a few hundred yards back planting withies, and when they see the characters disembark to explore the fort, they hold position to await their return.

The swamp fort is actually little more than a few tunnels burrowed into the side of a low hill that stands next to the true withy channel. This outpost has been garrisoned with hill giants and lizardfolk loyal to the masters of Mulstabha. They are commanded by a green hag witch. The outpost appears as nothing more than a hill overgrown with marsh grasses and small scrub plants (1in-6 chance to spot). Once the characters reach **Areas C1** or **C2,** they have a 3-in-6 chance of spotting the fort. When the swamp fort is actually recognized for what it is, read the following.

> Rising from the waters of the swamp, one of the many hummocks of land that dot this region stands near the withy channel. Surrounded by a thick fringe of cordgrass where its muddy slopes meet the water, and covered in black rushes and a few stunted shrubs higher up, the hill is of little note until you catch sight of something strange. A bit of movement along the top of the hill's western arm seems like nothing more than a rustle of wind until you spy its source. A large, oddly misshapen head is just visible above the rushes, it appears to be some sort of giant and seems to be keeping watch.

When the characters recognize the fort, they spot one of the hill giants at **Area C3**. It has already noticed them (unless they somehow approach invisibly), and has already spread the alarm to its companions at **Area C4**. See **Areas C3** and **C4** for more information as to how the giant responds.

If the characters climb the main hill to explore, its top is 40ft high and provides an excellent view of the surrounding swamp lands for miles in every direction. The main island can be seen only a few miles to the west. One hollow stump near the summit bears old soot stains. Examining it reveals a chimney that leads down into **Area 7**. See that area for details.

C1. False Withies

The channel of false withies leads in this direction and passes over a hidden mud bar only 2ft below the surface. The rest of the water is 20ft deep. If a ship is rowed through here, it becomes stuck on the mud bar until dislodged. With *Skíðblaðnir*, the characters should have little trouble doing so. However, the danger is not in becoming grounded but rather what such an occurrence attracts. Lurking in the deeper waters around this area is a **vorin**, an elephantine, wormlike mass of pulpy flesh and gills. It has a trunk like an elephant at its front end, and its skin is covered in an oily sheen. This beast hunts the waters around the fort, and has learned not to molest the giants and lizardfolk. It has become something of a mascot to the fort's inhabitants.

From here, the characters have a 3-in-6 chance to detect the swamp fort.

Vorin: **HD** 8; **HP** 57; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** sting (2d6 plus poison), bite (2d6 plus poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: breathes water, immune to acid, paralytic poison (save avoids), spit poison (50ft, save avoids), resists fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 587)

Tactics: As soon as a ship is grounded or otherwise stops to maneuver around the mud bar, the vorin rises to the surface and unleashes it spit attack at an exposed target before submerging again. If the target is standing near the edge of the boat and fails its save against the paralysis caused by the poison, then he has a 50% chance of falling out of the boat. If a target falls outside the boat, the vorin immediately rushes forward to attack that individual, ignoring everyone else. If no one enters the water, the vorin makes two more spitting and submerging attacks. It is able to move at its normal speed as it slithers through the muck along the bottom of the channel and knocks down any withies in its way with no problem. It makes these attacks from different locations to confuse its foes and to allow it to get close to the vessel. Then it tries to attack any characters on deck that it can reach. If reduced below 20 hp, it submerges and retreats into the swamp.

C2. True Channel

The true channel runs through here at a depth of 30ft between the mud bar at **Area C1** and the lower edge of the small island that lies hidden beneath the water at a depth of 3ft, though it no longer has any withies marking it. The characters can pass through here freely in their boat, but the **vorin** guards this area as well. If it sees the characters approaching in a boat, it begins its hit-and-run tactics as described under **Area C1** and tries to force the boat to run aground on the submerged edge of the island. It otherwise uses the tactics described in **Area C1** above.

The characters have a 3-in-6 chance to detect the swamp fort from here.

Vorin: **HD** 8; **HP** 57; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** sting (2d6 plus poison), bite (2d6 plus poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: breathes water, immune to acid, paralytic poison (save avoids), spit poison (50ft, save avoids), resists fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 587)

C3. Watch Platform

A 20ft platform supported by massive hewn logs, their bases already showing extensive decay where they have been sunk into the marshy soil, stands here, a crude ladder ascending its eastern face. It rises to within 10ft of the grass-covered ridge top of the nearby hill so that a a giant can stand upon it and see over the hill to the channel beyond without being overly exposed. Stacked upon the platform are a dozen rocks for throwing.

There are **2 hill giants** standing guard here at all times keeping watch on the channel. If attacked with surprise, they attack with their throwing rocks. If they spot approaching enemies first, one of them leaps to the ground below to warn the camp at **Area C4**, while the other continues to keep watch. See **Area C4** for further tactics.

Giants, Hill (2): HD 8; **HP** 61, 58; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Treasure: Each giant has a bag containing disgusting odds and ends as well as 1d6+8 assorted gems worth 1d4x100 hs each.

C4. Guard Camp

> A trail runs through the thick rushes that line the shore here and leads to a large clearing of flattened grasses and churned mud. To the south it appears that part of the hill's slope has been dug out into a hollow where a camp has been set. To the north, a long, low cage composed of thick wooden staves bound together with strong vines extends from the shore into the water. The thick moss that grows upon its bars makes it difficult to determine if it is occupied or not.

This is the main camp of the hill giants on guard duty. They rotate with the giants stationed on the tower at **Area C3**. There are always **5 hill giants** in this encampment sleeping on reed mats or in the mud, fishing, taunting their pet, devouring raw fish they have caught, or simply sitting listlessly in the mud and mumbling to themselves in their own strange way. In addition to the giants, they have managed to capture a **giant saltwater crocodile** in their crocodile trap. It has eaten recently and is lethargic, so it has not tried to escape. However, whenever it does, it undoubtedly makes short work of the wooden cage.

Giants, Hill (5): HD 8; **HP** 62, 57, 56x2, 50; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Giant Saltwater Crocodile: HD 10; **HP** 74; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** bite (3d6), tail (1d6); **Move** 9 (swim 12); **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities*** 78)

Tactics: If the characters manage to surprise the encampment, the giants require 1 round to rouse themselves from their stupor and fight. After 3 rounds of fighting, the saltwater crocodile begins thrashing about in its cage and tries to break free. If freed or if it manages to break out, it immediately attacks the characters, preferring to feel hot blood between its teeth rather than the tepid fare that the swamp-dwelling giants offer. If the encampment is alerted by the sentries at **Area C3**, then they are ready for battle. They are joined by one of the sentries from there and have prepared an ambush. They also alert **6 lizardfolk skirmishers** that patrol the nearby waters.

The giants crouch in the muck around the camp under mats of woven rushes. When the characters enter the clearing, they emerge to attack the fighter types. The lizardfolk hide under the water nearby and wait for the giants to signal the attack before drinking their *potions of heroism* (reflected in the stats below). They then rise from the shallows and fire their bows at spellcasters. In addition, the lizardfolk release the crocodile, who follows their scaly influence and attacks the characters as well. If all but two of the giants are killed, these last two attempt to retreat to **Area C7** to alert the occupants of the fort. Otherwise, these opponents fight to the death.

Lizardfolk Skirmishers (6) (+2 to hit and damage from *potion of heroism*): **HD** 6+1; **HP** 45, 42x2, 41, 39x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+3), or 2 claws (1d3+2), bite (1d6+2); **Move** 6 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe underwater.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, *+1 heavy mace*, shortbow with 25 arrows, *potion of healing*, *potion of heroism*.

Treasure: Each giant has a bag containing disgusting odds and ends as well as 1d6+8 assorted gems worth 1d4x100 hs each. The lizardfolk carry 1d4+2 of these gems each. In addition, they have buried more treasure at the center of the camp (1-in-6 chance to notice the marks of digging; 3-in-6 for rangers and druids). Digging down through 4ft of muck creates a hole that quickly fills with murky waters, but which holds a large rotten leather sack. The sack is filled with Mulstabhin-minted coins totaling 2370 staters (gp), 3380 shekels (sp), and 5700 drachmas (cp). In addition, it holds seven mismatched and slightly battered gold goblets (25hs each), and a tarnished silver platter (70hs).

C5. Battered Dock

A dock of crudely hewn timber, overgrown with moss and vines stretches out over the water. At the far end of it, one of its piers rises at least 12 feet above the water and leans at an awkward angle. A crossbeam extends outward, with a rusty iron cage dangling from it. Moss and swamp muck dangles from this as well, obscuring its contents but not enough to hide the bones of its last captive that still lie crumpled in the bottom. In the water beside the dock floats a wide round boat of some sort.

Those taken prisoner by the giants at this outpost and not immediately devoured are locked in the cage and left to die. It still holds the remains of a Northlander captured from a beached longship months ago. In the humid swamp air, he is little more than stained and deteriorated bones, though his braided blond beard and hair are still apparent. Anyone looking inside the cage can find the name "Sigwylf" scratched into the rust in Runic — the identity of this nameless warrior's woman.

The strange boat beside the dock is called a quffa and is a craft common to the straits of Mulstabha. It is a craft woven of reeds and then covered over in a layer of tar and mud. Though it rides high in the water, the craft is actually quite sturdy and can hold a great deal of cargo or even several giants. It is an excellent craft for navigating the flooded salt swamps and has a pair of poles in it to allow its occupants to propel themselves. Despite its rugged durability, it would fare poorly in a fight and is of little use to the characters unless they wish to use it as some sort of disguise to approach the coast undetected.

C6. Banded Gates

A pair of enormous gates open into the side of the mound here. They are made of rough-hewn planks reinforced with heavy bands of rusted iron and appear to remain quite sound despite the damp environment. Heavy wooden columns crafted from great tree trunks serve as the jamb to these gates, with a third trunk lying across the top of them as a lintel. The bark has been stripped from each of these tree trunks and the pale heartwood carved with images of savage animals and strange beasts entwined with ivy and strange otherworldly sigils and runes. The lintel has been carved with the realistic likeness of a ferocious great cat that glares down at any who stand before the doors.

Anyone looking around outside the doors can find a hollow log lying on its side in the undergrowth next to the doorway. A heavy wooden staff is propped against it, and closer inspection reveals that the top of the log is scarred and dented from being struck repeatedly by some blunt object. The staff likewise bears the marks of having been struck against the log. If *detect magic* is cast, the log bears a faint aura of magic. The sigils are involved in summoning spells. The posts and lintel also have a strong aura of magic. The doors themselves bear a *wizard lock* (8th-level caster) that can be overcome by striking the staff against the log. If this is done, it makes a loud hollow thump, and the doors can easily be opened. Otherwise, the characters will have to use magic or brute force to get through. However, opening the door by any means other than striking the hollow log activates a **trap** set by the swamp witch.

When the doors are opened, the carven image upon the lintel lets loose with an unearthly roar that affects anyone within 30ft as a *fear* spell. In the next round, a **cave lion** leaps forth from the carven image to attack the intruders as the trap summons its first monster. In the following round, **1d3 sabre-tooth tigers** leap forth from one of the carvings on the side posts. This continues each round for the next 4 rounds as another creature is called forth from the carved posts. The following creatures appear in order after the sabre-tooth tigers: **1d4+1 hell hounds**, **1d4+1 giant constrictor snakes**, **1d4+1 winter wolves**, and **1d8+1 stirges**. The trap can be stopped prematurely with a successful *dispel magic* (8th-level Magic-User). These creatures fight to the death or until 12 rounds pass and they disappear. They pursue the characters anywhere they go. As each summoning occurs, the corresponding carving disappears from the wood, so that when the entire cycle is complete, the posts are bare of carvings except for the ivy and sigils. The trap resets itself every 24 hours as the carvings reappear in the wooden posts and lintel.

Lion, Cave: **HD** 7+2; **HP** 52; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: none. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 634)

Tigers, Sabre-tooth (1d3): HD 7; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (2d6); **Move** 12 (swim 6); **Save** 10; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** rear claws (if both claws hit, rake with 2 rear claws). (***Monstrosities*** 473)

Hell Hounds (1d4+1): HD 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** breathe fire (12hp).

Giant Constrictors (1d4+1): HD 6; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d3), constrict (2d4); **Move** 10; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** constrict. (***Monstrosities*** 440)

Wolves, Winter (1d4+1): **HD** 5; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe frost (once per turn, 10ft, 4d6 cold, save half). (***Monstrosities*** 514)

Stirges (1d8+1): HD 1+1; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** proboscis (1d3); **Move** 3 (fly 18); **Save** 17; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** +2 to hit bonus, blood drain (1d4).



Development: While this trap is unlikely to present any real threat to the party, it does serve to alert the occupants of the swamp fort. They are accustomed to the sound of the log being thumped before the gates open and take no notice of it. However, the sound of the doors being forced, the roar of the carving, and the pitched battle that follows surely get their attention. The giants in **Area 7** do not join in on any fight they hear, but they do take cover behind the pillars with a supply of rocks handy for throwing while one runs to warn the swamp witch in **Area 11**. See **Area 7** for details of their tactics if alerted. Likewise, if the giants at **Areas 3** or **4** still live, the sounds of the trap bring them running in 1d3+1 rounds.

C7. Main Hall

The doors open into a wide, long hall dug into the earth of the hill. Rough flagstones cover the floor, and dry-stacked stones serve to shore up the bottommost 10 feet of the walls. Above them, the walls rise another 10 feet as hard-packed earth and then ascend to a peak 10 feet higher supported by heavy cedar beams. Great cedar trunks set in the floor support this vaulted 30-foot ceiling. Lighting here is dim and barely reveals a large hearth in the far wall and assorted clusters of garbage and questionable debris. The entire chamber is permeated by the musty reek of mildew from the dripping, moss-grown walls and puddled floor.

This is the main gathering hall of the fort and is currently occupied by **8 hill giants** who throw down crude bedrolls wherever they find a space. They exchange guard duty with those outside every few days but otherwise remain in here most of the time scrounging for scraps from prior meals, stocking the larder with game brought in by the lizardfolk hunters, and generally lazing about in their own filth. The hearth in the far wall is covered in old soot from prior occupants of the fort but now holds only rotting, well-gnawed bones thrown there by the giants. The hearth opening is 5ft high and within, 3ft above is an iron flue rusted shut. If forced open, it gives way to a rough chimney 2ft in diameter that opens into a hollow tree stump atop the hill 40ft above. This shaft can be climbed by a small creature (40% non-thieves) and provides a possible entrance to the chamber that would catch the giants by surprise if the flue is dealt with fairly quietly.

Giants, Hill (8): HD 8; **HP** 60, 58, 55, 52x2, 50, 49, 45; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longspear (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Tactics: If the giants have been alerted by the trap at **Area C6**, then they are ready for intruders. The swamp witch has been alerted and has taken up position in **Area C9** with the door to that chamber barely ajar so that she can see but is concealed herself (–2[+2] AC bonus). She casts *invisibility* on herself to further conceal her position. Each of the giants stands behind one of the pillars, giving them cover (–1[+1] AC bonus) against the characters when they enter, and has collected a pile of a half dozen stones for throwing. They attempt to pin the characters down in the doorway with their rock throwing until the witch can destroy them with her spells. If the characters attack the witch directly, she withdraws into the shadows of **Area C9** before retreating to her own chamber through the secret doors. She will not stay to fight the characters in this chamber. The giants have longspears from **Area C9** in hand to fend off the characters if they attempt to approach for melee.

C8. Larder Pit

The terrible odor of decomposition emanates from beyond this door before it is even opened.

Beyond the worm-eaten plank door is a small chamber with an eye-watering stench. The earthen walls ooze with

moisture and foul slimes. The floor is absent, instead opening into a watery pit dug into the muddy foundation of the hill. Visible within this disgusting brew are a number of haunches and cuts of meat of questionable origin that float in the vile slurry while they slowly rot and add to the overall miasma. Other rotting hunks of raw meat have been pressed into muddy niches in the wall, apparently to allow them to age. One of these still clearly wears the tattered remains of a Northlander's boot, revealing the horrific origin of some of this larder's contents.

The hill giants use this chamber to store the foodstuffs brought to them by the lizardfolk hunters — often prisoners and refugees that have been hunted down in the marshes. The swamp witch only allows the giants to access this larder once every three days under pain of torture and death, or it would have been stripped bare long ago. As it is, more than one giant can frequently be found just outside the door licking the floor along its base hoping for some stray trickle of juices from within.

Unbeknownst to the giants, their larder has been invaded. Two days ago, a **star-mouthed worm** tunneled its way in through the mud at the bottom of the 12ft-deep, water-filled pit and began to feast on the slurry from below. It has now consumed all but the uppermost reaches of the larder's stores and was taking a short nap before finishing those off and departing through its small exit tunnel. However, when the door is opened, it wakens hungry for fresher game and decides the characters will do just fine. The hideous old creature is more than 25ft long, though it will not fully emerge from the watery pit to reveal its true length. The three heads of the creature are filled with needle-like teeth. It lurks with its head just below the surface of the murky water. As soon as someone looks into the water, it lunges forth to try to bite that victim.

Star-Mouthed Worm: HD 10; **HP** 74; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 3 mouths (1d10); **Move** 9; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** swallow whole on 19 or 20. (***Monstrosities*** 460)

Treasure: A search of the wall niches above the waterline reveals one with four stoppered gourds. These gourds hold 2 *potions of extra healing*, a *potion of fly*, and a *potion of heroism*.

C9. Armory

A door of crudely tied together thin tree trunks opens onto a darkened chamber. The walls are supported by dry-stacked stones to shoulder height and become rough and uneven earth dug out into a dome 20 feet above. Heavy wooden beams set into this ceiling and braced on the stone wall serve to provide some support, but there are numerous small mounds of dirt where tiny collapses have taken place. The entire room is uncomfortably damp and has a foul odor of mildew and excrement. Stacked haphazardly against the walls and on the floor are a number of longspears, many of them warped beyond usefulness, several shields and other unidentifiable pieces, and a large wooden chest, its lid crushed and partially caved in from some heavy weight upon it at some time in the past. Toward the rear of the room are a number of large mounds, unidentifiable in the chamber's gloomy interior. A soft wheezing sound reaches your ears from somewhere within the darkened room.

This chamber serves as the armory for the fort. While the giants typically fight with hook, fist, or thrown rock, a number of longspears are kept in here if needed for a coordinated defense. There are normally 13 longspears in decent shape and another 16 too warped or rusted to use. In addition, there are four heavy wooden shields, a light wooden shield, and a battleaxe, but the rivets and leather straps on the shields are too deteriorated for them to be useful, and the battleaxe's haft has a deep split in it from an unlucky blow long ago. If the occupants of **Area C8** were alerted, then eight of the usable longspears have been removed. Two of the mysterious mounds near the rear of the chamber are tarp-covered suits of half-plate, but once again they have been overcome by rust and rot of their straps, rendering them valueless. The damaged chest, crushed from having been sat upon by innumerable marsh giants, has a hole cut in the center of the lid, and a foul smell issues forth. The wood of the lid around this hole is likewise foully stained and bears a distinct odorous taint. At the swamp witch's orders, the hill giants were forced to stop relieving themselves anywhere they liked within the fort and, being too lazy to simply walk out to the edge of the island, converted this large chest into a latrine by sawing a hole through its lid. Now one unfortunate fellow gets to shovel out the contents once a week into a sack and hurl them into the swamp. Opening the chest reveals the horrific results of the last week of the giants' gastrointestinal output.

The last unidentified mound at the rear of the chamber is actually a **hill giant**. If the characters did not cause an alert to be raised in the fort, then this fellow is sound asleep, a nearly empty flask of powerful raw cattail sour mash lying nearby. This fellow is quite drunk. If woken, he takes 3 rounds to come to his senses during which he is unable to act before finally rising from prone and attacking (–2 to hit and damage). If the alarm was raised previously, then the other hill giants found and attempted to wake him. When they were unable to do so, one of them skewered him with one of the longspears, and he is now quite dead. If the giant is alive, then the wheezing sound is his liquor-soaked breathing. If he has been killed by his fellows, then the wheezing are the last gasps of his pierced lungs as he expires.

The secret door in the south wall can be found among the dry-stacked stones.

Giant, Hill: HD 8; **HP** 51; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longspear (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** hurl boulders.

Treasure: The chest/privy used by the giants is actually the chest that they use to store their treasures. They think nothing of digging into the foul stuff to retrieve a few handfuls. The only way to discover this treasure cache without magic is to dump out the entire chest or purposely dig through its contents. Hidden within the foul, fishy muck is a total of 2110 staters (gp), 13,500 shekels (sp), 6050 drachmas (cp), and a hooded lantern buried at the very bottom and forgotten long ago. If the lantern is lit and carried, it reveals all invisible objects or creatures within 25ft of it.

C10. Inner Corridor

The floor and walls of this corridor are lined with mud-spattered, rotten wooden planks. Heavy wooden beams, also beginning to succumb to rot, crisscross the ceiling 12 feet above. The corridor curves to the left and ends at a solidly built wooden door with many sinister and mystical symbols painted on it in some brown-colored stain. Where the corridor bends, a side stair descends into brown, murky water.

A secret door in the corridor leads to **Area C9**. The stairs descend into the flooded lizardfolk tunnels that lie beneath the island (see **Area C12**). The door is locked and leads to the swamp witch's room. The symbols are traditional hexes and curses associated with witchcraft but hold no power in and of themselves.

C11. Swamp Witch's Chamber

If the witch was alerted to the characters previously, then she has prepared a reception for them as described under "Tactics" below.

This circular chamber is like stepping inside a tower. The floor is lined with wooden planks, swept fairly clean of the omnipresent mud. The walls are a mixture of rough wooden wainscoting and dry-stacked stones rising to more than

10 feet in height. Above them, the ceiling rises to a conical point nearly 20 feet above. A series of circular wooden rings — you realize that they are wagon wheels of various sizes — have been set into the conical ceiling at its highest levels to support it, while netting has been strung between and below the levels of these wheels to prevent minor cave-ins. All manner of skulls, bones, feathers, and fetishes have been woven into and dangle from these nets and the wheel spokes above.

In the center of the room, the wooden floor has had a hole sawn through it to create a fire pit in the dirt floor beneath with a heavy black cauldron suspended from a rusty iron framework above it. Shelves and benches piled high with drying herbs, glass and earthenware bottles and jars, and bones of assorted species occupy all but the far side of the room where a wooden screen hung with burlap curtains hides a portion of the room from view.

This is the chamber of **Iskarfa**, the annis hag swamp witch and commander of this outlying fort. The marsh giants fear her greatly and follow her orders unquestioningly. The lizardfolk respect her immense power and serve her willingly for the appropriate bribes from the rulers of Mulstabha. Iskarfa not only lives in this chamber, but she uses it for her witchcraft and concoctions as well. The smoke of her fire diffuses though the earth at the peak of the room, slowly seeping out of the mound above, though the room does become quite smoky when the fire pit is in use. Currently, the ashes in the pit are cold as she has not brewed anything in several days.

Behind the curtained off area is Iskarfa's sleeping pallet and small chest of belongings, including a few changes of the rough-spun smocks she wears, a pair of worn leather slippers for when she travels outside the swamp, and a number of personal knickknacks. Her familiar **Krymus**, a king crab, sleeps curled up in an old sodden eagles' nest that she found long ago. It is still lined with molted feathers as well as a thick layer of mud.

Iskarfa the Swamp Witch (Hag, Annis): HD 8; **HP** 59; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (2d8), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 7 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** call mists, hug and rend (automatic bite and claw damage after 2 claws hit target), polymorph, spells (4/3/3/2).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *magic missile* (x2), *sleep*; 2nd—*invisibility*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*fly*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*; 4th—*dimension door*, *fear*.

Equipment: *ring of protection +1*, *potions of healing* (x3), 3 gold arm-rings (200hs each), pouch with 6 tourmalines (350hs each). (***Monstrosities*** 237)

Krymus (Crab, Giant): **HD** 3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 pincers (1d6+2); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: none. (***Monstrosities*** 74)

Tactics: If the witch is aware of the characters' presence within the fort, she casts *invisibility* on herself when they near her chamber and then *fly* to ascend to the apex of the ceiling with Krymus lurking under the floorboards of the room near the cold fire pit. Once in position, she waits until the characters enter and then unleashes *lightning bolt* against the strongest-looking character and *magic missiles* if possible. She then drops among the characters to attack and rend their flesh. Krymus sneaks out from under the floor to attack. If Krymus becomes seriously threatened, Iskarfa enters a maddened rage to drive the characters back from her familiar.

Development: Once Iskarfa enters melee combat, she attacks with reckless abandon, feeling a foolhardy sense of invulnerability. She has entered a special pact with her mysterious patron who has promised to allow her to seek vengeance on those who would strike her down. She has taken that to mean that if slain, she will be resurrected or possibly arise as some powerful form of undead to enact her revenge. Her malicious patron had other intentions and doesn't even wait for her to die before activating the pact. If Iskarfa is reduced to 0 hp, read the following:

The hideous green-skinned witch falls with a final shriek. You're not even sure she's dead, her body having barely grown still before her sickly, mottled flesh begins to roil and contort. The broken form twitches and jerks as the sounds of bones snapping and muscle tearing grows loud, and her body begins to swell hideously, growing to a prodigious size and unnatural shape. Where mere moments before the foul crone had lain, there now rests a massive beast with a long reptilian neck and a lashing, spiny tail. Its body is scaled in the same color as the former witch's flesh, and sharp black quills extend like a forest from the creature's back. Its eyes open to reveal serpentine pupils and a sudden sense of horror as its dull mind grasps what it has become.

The creature begins to howl in rage, whether from your presence or its accursed transformation, you do not know. But before it can rise to attack you, the creaking wooden floor beneath its bulk suddenly gives way, and the entire collection of broken planking and sodden earth collapses into a pool of murky swamp water below.

The curse of Iskarfa's patron has transformed her into a **fire drake**. The dull creature has enough self-awareness to grasp what has occurred to it before the knowledge swiftly fades away, leaving behind the burning anger of betrayal. Before anyone can act, though, the weight of the drake causes the chamber's sodden earth floor beneath the wooden planks to give way and drop the drake and anyone else in the room into **Area C12**, 5ft below. The drake panics and seeks to escape, quickly swimming away to the north. It does not know the way out and ends up in **Area C14** where it can be cornered if the characters pursue. If they choose to leave it be and climb out of the collapsed tunnel, they encounter it later as it attacks them as they board their own ship. The fire drake has gone mad with outrage and fights to the death once battle is begun. If Krymus still lives, he is crushed beneath the thrashing beast as it falls into the swamp pool and will bother the characters no more.

Iskarfa (Drake, Fire): **HD** 7; **HP** 48; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: breath weapon (5/day, 40ft, 2d8 fire, save half), pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 213)

Treasure: When Iskarfa transforms into a fire drake, all of her valuables and gear sink to the floor of **Area C12**. Along with them fall the assorted valuables stashed in **Area C11**. Swimming to the floor of **Area C12** after this happens locates a single item of Iskarfa's gear or one of the treasures below. Use of magic can greatly hasten this process. The treasures from this room include an earthen vase (miraculously intact after the fire drake's thrashing) that holds 528 dekastaters (pp), 581 staters (gp), 1071 shekels (sp), 865 drachmas (cp), 740 electrum staters (ep), four wax-sealed gourds with three holding a *potion of clairvoyance*, a *potion of plant control*, and a *potion of animal control*, and the fourth holding a papyrus scroll (extension II, *monster summoning III*), and a *wand of fireballs* (36 charges).

C12. Flooded Passage

These tunnels have been dug beneath the swamp fort by the lizardfolk skirmishers that serve as scouts and hunters for the outpost. The tunnels are 8–10ft wide and average around 7ft high, though once the fire drake pushes its way through the soft mud of their construction, the gouged ceiling of the passage from its back quills is easily followed by anyone able to see through the unlit passages. The tunnels are entirely filled with murky swamp brine, allowing only 5ft of visibility. Characters will have to hold their breath. Fortunately, there is an air pocket at the ceiling of the tunnels every 1d3x10ft where swimmers can pause to catch their breath.

If the characters enter these tunnels before facing Iskarfa in **Area C11**, then the lizardfolk skirmishers are still in residence. There is a cumulative 33% chance of encountering **1d6+2 lizardfolk skirmishers** for each

round spent in these tunnels. Once a group of skirmishers is encountered, one retreats to raise the alarm and, if successful in escaping, another 1d3 lizardfolk skirmishers join the fight every other round until a total of 16 have arrived.

If the characters enter this area after Iskarfa's transformation into a fire drake and subsequent rampage through these tunnels, then the situation is very different. In this case, the lizardfolk are in a panic and have fled the tunnels. The characters are able to see evidence of the drake's passage in the form of the sporadic appearance of a fresh lizardfolk corpse with a large bite wound or the fractures from a tail slap to show the handiwork of the enraged beast. There is a cumulative 10% chance of encountering **1d2 lizardfolk skirmishers** each round, but these attempt to flee to **Area C15** when encountered.

Lizardfolk Skirmishers (varies): **HD** 6+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 6 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe underwater.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, *+1 heavy mace*, shortbow with 25 arrows.

C13. Lizardfolk Setts

Each of these areas is a small conical chamber dug out of the mud beneath the swamp fort where lizardfolk skirmishers reside when not out on patrol. The domed ceiling of these chambers is an air pocket that slowly replenishes itself by slow diffusion through the mud above. There is not enough air in one of these to sustain a typical land dweller long term, but for the slow-breathing lizardfolk it is sufficient. The lizardfolk of the fort do not dwell here permanently but serve in rotations of a few months each before returning to their own tribal lairs, so there are no young or noncombatants present. When no alarm has been sounded, each of these setts has a 75% chance to hold **1d4–1 lizardfolk skirmishers**, each with a 30% chance to be asleep. If an alarm has been sounded, these setts have a 50% chance to hold **1d3–1 lizardfolk skirmishers**, though all are awake and preparing for battle. If the fire drake has rampaged through the tunnel, then each sett has only a 20% chance to have a single **lizardfolk skirmisher** either hiding or looting the cache of one of his fellow. In this case, the lizardfolk attempts to flee unless cornered.

Lizardfolk Skirmishers (varies): **HD** 6+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 6 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe underwater.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, *+1 heavy mace*, shortbow with 25 arrows.

Development: If any lizardfolk are captured and successfully interrogated, they know nothing of developments in Mulstabha. They know that the swamp witch serves human masters on the island, and she hires the lizardfolk with the humans' coins, but they have no awareness of the current political situation beyond that there seems to be a war between the land dwellers and the sea riders. The lizardfolks' home tribes dwell in lairs scattered throughout the salt swamps, and they will not reveal the location of these under pain of death (as they lie beyond the scope of this adventure).

Treasure: The lizardfolk like to bury their personal treasures in the mud of the floor of their setts. There is a 50% chance of any sett having such a treasure cache. If so, it can be found by someone digging through the muck of the floor. If a cache is found, it contains 3d6x10 staters (gp), 4d4 dekastaters (pp), 1d3 gems worth 50hs each, and 1d2–1 gems worth 250hs.

C14. Gathering Hall

This dug-out chamber is much larger than the cramped mud tunnels leading to it. Its walls are fairly even and lined with smooth stones to prevent collapses and erosion. The ceiling arches to a height of 12 feet overhead, with a full 3 feet of that space occupied by an air pocket. The ceiling itself is lined by rough-hewn cedar planks to support its bulk. Dozens of long, rusty iron stakes have been driven into this plank ceiling, their flattened heads extending down into or nearly to the water level.

This serves as a grand gathering hall for the lizardfolk of the fort and is where they meet for meals, to discuss plans and patrol routes, and to mend weapons and equipment. The air pocket is fed by a number of narrow bamboo shafts that protrude from the surface of the island above, so there is always an abundance of fresh air. The iron stakes were placed by the lizardfolk so they could cling to them and relax in this chamber in large numbers while easily floating at the surface of the water in the fresh air.

If no alarm has been sounded, then there are **1d4+1 lizardfolk skirmishers** in here lazing about while they eat raw shellfish, repair equipment, or engage in light banter. Any intrusion here will catch them by surprise. If an alarm has been sounded, then **2d4 lizardfolk skirmishers** gather here in preparation to go forth and repel the invaders. If Iskarfa's rampage has occurred, then the lizardfolk have already abandoned this chamber, and the **fire drake** has now arrived here and is making use of the air pocket. Maddened with rage and panic at being trapped in these twisting, flooded tunnels, the drake immediately lashes out at anyone it sees and fights to the death.

Lizardfolk Skirmishers (varies): **HD** 6+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move**

Mulstabhin Currency

Unlike the culture of the Northlands where coinage is rare and when found has been taken from raiding or trading in some foreign land, the inhabitants of Mulstabha have their own coinage minted in their city-state. Their currency uses denominations of gold, silver, copper, and platinum that conform to the normal coinage values in the game and also use an electrum coin made from naturally formed alloys of mixed gold and silver, usually in an approximately 1:2 ratio. An electrum coin is worth 5 silver pieces, and 2 electrum pieces make 1 gold piece. The Mulstabhin currencies are as follows:

stater = gp
shekel = sp
drachma = cp
dekastater = pp
electrum stater = ep

These currencies have the normal exchange rate with Northlands hacksilver.

1 stater (gp) = 1 hs
10 shekels (sp) = 1 hs
100 drachmas (cp) = 1 hs
1 dekastater (pp) = 10 hs
2 electrum staters (ep) = 1 hs



6 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe underwater.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, *+1 heavy mace*, shortbow with 25 arrows.

Iskarfa (Drake, Fire): **HD** 7; **HP** 48; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 30); **Save** 9; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: breath weapon (5/day, 40ft, 2d8 fire, save half), pyrophoric blood, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 213)

C15. Surface Tunnel

The lizardfolk tunnels emerge under the waters of the swamp here approximately 50ft north of **Area C3**. The water here is 8ft deep, and the tunnel entrance can be found only by someone searching through the water in this area. There are always **2 lizardfolk skirmishers** on guard duty here, concealed among the muck and reeds, unless Iskarfa's fire drake rampage has begun. If that has occurred, then these guards have abandoned their posts and fled into the swamp.

Lizardfolk Skirmishers (varies): **HD** 6+1; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1), or 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); **Move** 6 (swim 12); **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: breathe underwater.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, *+1 heavy mace*, shortbow with 25 arrows.

D. Burned Fleet

After passing by the swamp fort at **Area C** and finding the true channel beyond, the characters' route takes them to this large beach area at the edge of the island.

> Your slow progress through the mazelike waters of the swamp has finally brought you to the shore of Krivcycek Island, the land mass that lies in the midst of the swamps and serves as the lands of the city-state of Mulstabha. And you can see that you are not the first to arrive here. Rising from the sands of this shore are the half-buried ribs, planks, and masts of a great fleet of longships. You would guess that more than a hundred ships landed here — Køenig Njal's fleet. Unfortunately, that fleet is no more. The entire fleet was burned a year ago, and now only the blackened timbers lie half buried in the sand.

This is the first likely landing point that the characters come to, but it is readily apparent to them even from their own ship that it will not serve for landing the fleet of the Great Northern Army. It is questionable if the beach could have ever held their vast fleet, but now cluttered as it is with the wreckage of scores of longships there simply isn't room to disembark such a host; they will need to seek a more suitable landing site.

If the characters wish to go ashore here and have a look around, the previous year of winds and waves has erased any clues as to what happened beyond the obvious remains of the ship. In addition, the wreckage has been thoroughly picked over so that nothing of value remains. Scavengers and other swamp denizens have even dragged away the bodies of the Northlander force left behind to guard the ships after they were slaughtered and the fleet burned. Nothing remains of Njal One-Ear's grand flotilla except these empty, blackened skeletons of Northlander ships. However, the characters are not alone if they explore the beach; a **pair of grimmswine** has taken up occupancy among the wreckage. They happily attempt to eat any intruders that begin poking around their home. They have not yet accumulated any treasure.

Grimmswines (2): **HD** 6; **HP** 44, 41; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** 1 gore (4d4); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: bristles (save or additional 1d4 damage), fight after death (continues attacking for 2 rounds after reaching 0 hit points), regenerate (1hp/round). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide***, **Chapter 5**)

E. Beachhead

Seventeen miles down the coast from **Area D** the characters find a second likely landing spot, this one better than the first with room to accommodate the entire Northlander fleet and a defensible position from which to protect the vulnerable ships as they beach and offload their warriors. Upon sighting this location, one of the longships trailing the characters continues planting withies to safely guide the rest of the fleet to this location while the other longship comes about to return to the fleet and advise them of the landing point for their invasion. At a distance of approximately 50 miles from the rest of the fleet at the edge of the salt marsh, it should take the returning ship less than a day through the newly marked withy channel. Even with the ebb and flow of the tidal waters, the first of the Northlander fleet should begin arriving at the landing point the day after tomorrow. The characters have until then to scout ashore and ensure that no unexpected surprises await the landing, for surely the Mulstabhins are aware of the presence of the fleet and have made preparations for its arrival.

When the characters disembark to explore inland, read the following:

> The beach you have found will make an ideal landing spot, large enough to accommodate the entire Northlands fleet. A headland of high ground stands at the north end of this expanse of flat sand, and provides an overwatch position for the landing. To the west, as the shore extends away from the water, it undulates in a series of low, grass-covered sand hills — plenty of area for an unpleasant welcoming party to be hiding. It's up to you to make sure that no such welcome remains by the time the fleet begins to land in a day-and-a-half.

If the characters think tactically, their first priority should be to ascend the headland. It makes an excellent position from which to watch over the landing, but it could easily be used by the Mulstabhins for that same purpose. It stands only 120ft high, but its sides become fairly steep near the top and could conceal watchers even now. In addition, from its vantage point the characters would be able to observe the hills to the west and see if any ambush does await.

If the characters choose to climb the headland, they can do so with little difficulty. The slope is fairly steep but does not require a check until the last 40ft (50% chance for non-thieves, failure means they slide 1d4x10 feet taking 1d6 points of damage per 10ft sliding). If the characters ascend, regardless of whether they climb or use some other means to obtain the summit, nightfall is coming as they reach the top. They can easily discern that no watchers await them atop it. In the fading light of day they can spot the approaching force described under **The Assayers**, below. Unless they are themselves using flashy magic or being fairly obvious in their actions, it is unlikely that this group sees them in return, providing the characters with the opportunity to prepare an ambush of their own.

If the characters do not climb the headland or otherwise survey the hills to the west, they either encounter them unexpectedly or are ambushed by them if they do not make their precautions regarding a camp.

The Assayers

The Mulstabhins have been tracking the approach of the Northlander fleet through their astrological divination and extraplanar spies. However, their diligence has been somewhat lax, and they are not aware of the characters' approach past the swamp fort at **Area C**. Their divinations have determined that **Area E** is where the fleet will land in less than 2 days' time, so the Mulstabhins have dispatched their army to march to meet the Northlanders at the shore when they will be at their most vulnerable — caught between land and sea, the shore and their ships as they unload. While the Mulstabhin army on the march arrives at approximately the same time as the fleet, the Mulstabhins have sent ahead an advance force

of spellcasters to prepare the battlefield for the coming confrontation; they will plant traps and obstacles — magical and mundane — to place the Northlanders at a significant disadvantage. They hope to destroy the invaders in one fell blow and then turn their full attention to tracking down Njal and his army to permanently end the hope of the Northlands in rescuing their køenig and crippling them as a people for generations to come.

The advance force — called assayers — are all spellcasters specialized in preparing the field in some way for the coming battle. Some twist the very terrain to work against the invaders, while others merely set up in strategic positions to best use their magical powers to decimate the approaching Northlander army. The assayers consist of **Boabey Mhez**, **Ezkercia S'tinbxa** borne on a litter by **8 eunuch fanatics** and escorted by her **6 gnoll slave soldiers**, **Bolatehbu**, **Shith Kalhe** astride his "**war chariot"** and with his pack of **13 ghoul hunters**, and **Tbyx**. See below for details of these individuals. Accompanying them is a pack train of **23 slave porters** carrying the supplies and equipment the assayers required for the coming battle.

Boabey Mhez: Boabey Mhez is the leader of the assayer party, dispatched by the masters of the citadel of Jem Karteis to prepare the battlefield for the slaughter of the Northlanders. It is his intent to draw the Northlanders into the sand hills where the soft, sandy terrain will slow their advance. Most of the slaves accompanying the assayers carry large casks of lamp oil which he plans to spread over large areas of the dry grass and then light it from afar with a well-placed *fireball*. He will then summon a fire elemental and order it to descend from the headland to revel in the slaughter while he watches the hapless Northlanders burn alive. Boabey is very much insane and believes he possesses a fire elemental for a soul. He dresses in elaborate robes of shimmering thread-of-gold and fine red silk (1570hs) belted by a rope of delicate spun grig gossamer (250hs). He wears upon his head a tall, elaborate headdress consisting of vertical strips of gold that curl down at the top like stylized lotus petals (called a polos) inset with red gemstones at their peaks (symbolizing fire) and bearing a bronze medallion on its front of a bull emerging from the sea (8800hs). This medallion is the symbol of Mulstabha, and the bejeweled polos are the symbol of office for the Pyromancer of Jem Karteis, a position of great wealth and power within the ritualistic Mulstabhin government responsible for conducting the sacrifices on the most important religious holidays.

Boabey Mhez, Pyromancer of Jem Karteis (MU10): HP 36; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 flaming dagger* (1d4+1 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 12; **Save** 5 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** spells (4/4/3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*, *detect magic*, *magic missile* (x2); 2nd—*darkness 15ft radius*, *invisibility*, *pyrotechnics* (x2); 3rd—*fireball* (x2), *hold person*; 4th—*confusion*, *wall of fire*; 5th—*feeblemind*, *teleport*.

Equipment: robes of office, *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *+1 flaming dagger*, *necklace of firebaubles* (9 uses), *ring of fire resistance*, *ring of protection +1*, *brazier of controlling fire elementals*, Mulstabha bull medallion (8800hs).

Ezkercia S'tinbxa: Ezkercia S'tinbxa is the granddaughter of a former mulstabha of Jem Karteis. As such, she has grown up among the elite within that city and has been appointed as the Mistress of Chattels for the entire realm. She is in charge of the slave labor force of the Mulstabhins. Most of these slaves are not trusted by the rulers of the island, but some — including her eunuch fanatics and her gnoll slaves — are trusted not only to serve the city unquestionably but to fight for it as well. The gnoll slave soldiers all bear many scars of whip and manacle but have been trained into an unbendingly loyal and formidable force of scouts and skirmishers. Imported as slaves from the Painted Canyons region of the Ammuyad Caliphate, these bloodthirsty rangers get along equally well in the arid terrain of Krivcycek Island and the swampy morass of the miles of salt marshes that surround it.

Mistress Ezkercia is carried on a litter of gilt mahogany and silken pillows (1250hs). She is kept shaded by a large, fringed parasol of yellow silk



(185hs) and cooled by a wide fan of peacock feathers (300hs). Ezkercia's litter-bearers are all heavily-muscled eunuchs, their heads shaved bald and wearing only sandals and baggy yellow pantaloons secured by a red sash at their waist. Despite their humble (even comical in the eyes of a Northlander) appearance, these slaves are powerful warriors in their own right. Both the gnolls and eunuchs bear large brands of the Mulstabhin "bull emerging from the sea" on their cheek or forehead. Ezkercia herself wears a gown of diaphanous yellow lace (1200hs) over a form-fitting body sheath of fine linen of purest white (330hs). She goes unshod as a member of the Unbearing Caste of Mulstabha, who are never required to soil themselves by touching the humble ground. Instead, her feet are immaculately kept with pointed nails lacquered in sinuous layers of red and orange, and around her ankles are heavy bangles of platinum and pearl (3000hs each). Because she is descended from a former mulstabha of Jem Karteis, she is also of the Unseen Caste. As such, her face is completely obscured by a veil of tiny gold coins (500hs) so that only her black eyes and black, elaborately coifed hair held in a silver net (280hs) are visible. Anyone caught possessing such a veil in Mulstabha who is not a member of the Unseen Caste is subject to immediate execution under Mulstabhin law.

As the Mistress of Chattels, Ezkercia was to not only provide logistical support in the coming battle both through her slave porters and the tactical expertise of the gnoll slave soldiers, but as a powerful conjurer it was also her job to provide slave soldiers from the very depths of Hell to unleash upon the battlefield along with her own spell augmentation. The eunuchs were only intended to serve as her bearers and personal guard. The slave porters, trained to avoid combat, assume a deep bow with forehead pressed to the ground until the battle is past and they are bidden to rise by their mistress. They likewise bear the brand of Mulstabha on their chests, though their clothing covers these.

The eunuch's primary job in battle is to protect their mistress. Their first action to prepare for battle is to gently set their mistress's litter down. They then move to block any opponent from reaching the litter and enter a rage if anyone gets close. They keep themselves between her and enemies. The eunuchs gladly sacrifice their lives to protect their mistress, with one gently lifting her to run from the field of battle if the tide appears to be turning against them. If Mistress Ezkercia is in danger of being captured by invaders, the eunuchs' conditioning overcomes even this protectiveness, and they take any risks in order to try to reach her and slay her with a falchion (she will not resist such an attack) or poisoned kukri in order to prevent one of the Unseen from being defiled by the touch of foreign barbarians. Once they have successfully killed Ezkercia, any surviving eunuchs take their own lives with their poisoned kukris.

Ezkercia S'tinbxa, Mistress of Chattels (MU12): HP 39; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** none; **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 14/2600; **Special:** spells (4/4/4/4/4/1).

Spells: 1st—*charm person* (x2), *magic missile*, *read magic*; 2nd—*detect invisibility*, *ESP* (x2), *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*hold person (x2)*, *lightning bolt*, *suggestion*; 4th—*charm monster* (x2), *monster summoning II*, *wall of ice*; 5th—*monster summoning III*.

Equipment: *wand of paralyzing* (36 charges), *lenses of charming*, *potion of animal control* (x2), *potion of flying*, *ring of protection* +2, veil of tiny gold coins (500hs).

Eunuch Fanatics (Ftr5) (8): HP 38, 36x3, 35, 33x3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 falchion* (1d6+1) or kukri (1d4 plus lethal poison); **Move** 12 (24 outside) (30ft leap); **Save** 9 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, rage (+1 to hit and damage, 10 rounds/day)

Equipment: *boots of leaping*, *bracers of defense AC 4[15]*, *+1 falchion*, kukri (poisoned), *ring of protection +1*, 3 vials of lethal poison hidden in sash, thick gold slave's collar (80hs)

Gnoll Slave Soldiers (6): HD 2; **HP** 15, 13, 11x2, 10, 9; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4) or polearm (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Slave Porters (23): **HD** 1; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: none.

Equipment: 17 large casks of lamp oil.

Bolatehbu: The sorcerer Bolatehbu is a favored servant of the current Mulstabha of Jem Karteis. He has studied the mysteries of Mulstabhin astrology and embraced the Way of the Dragon as his destiny, undergoing the beginnings of transformation as a dragon disciple of the Hykadrion Temple of Jem Karteis. He is sent along on this mission to serve as the eyes and ears for the Mulstabha, as well as to represent the might of the Hykadrion Order. Like all Hykadrion zealots, he believes it is his destiny to return to the Flames of Eternity, purified by the trials of the mortal world, and as a result he will not retreat from battle, even if abandoned by his comrades. Bolatehbu is quiet and menacing in his demeanor. He usually wears a hooded full cloak, but when battle is joined, he immediately sheds it as a free action to reveal his naked body beneath. He is completely covered in ritual scars that emulate the scales of a dragon. His shaved head is scarred, bulbous, and misshapen from where actual dragon scales have been surgically implanted beneath the skin of his forehead and scalp to create a bony ridge running from his forehead to the base of his neck like that of a dragon.

Bolatehbu, Hykadrion Zealot (MU9): HP 31; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *staff of power* (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5 (+2 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** spells (4/3/3/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *light*, *magic missile*, *sleep*; 2nd—*detect good*, *mirror image*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*dispel magic*, *fireball*, *fly*; 4th—*dimension door*, *wall of fire*; 5th—*cloudkill*.

Equipment: hooded full cloak, *staff of power*, *ring of protection +2*, *wand of ESP* (4 charges), *wand of magic missiles* (6 charges), *potion of extra healing*, 3 gold lip plugs (20hs each), 11 gold earrings (30hs each), 2 diamond studs embedded in brow (500hs each).

Shith Kalhe: The city's Grand Necromancer is the rotting abomination Shith Kalhe. Though not well known to outsiders, the use of undead servitors has long been an integral part of the Mulstabhin economy. Primarily made up of mindless animated corpses, these are used as labor in the mines and caverns beneath the city, and given the hazardous duty of dredging and maintaining the waterways through the salt swamps that surround the island. Most inhabitants of Mulstabha are vaguely aware that these servitors exist and that one of the Unbearing is known as the Grand Necromancer, but few have any idea of the massive legion of such creatures that exist beneath their very feet or slave away out of sight and out of mind. As one of the Unbearing Caste, Shith Kalhe is borne upon the back of the animated remains of a hill giant with its head and upper part of its torso removed to create room for a gilt, cushioned chair that rests within this cavity. Shith Kalhe takes his ease upon this lumbering seat that he calls his "war chariot," and his feet rest upon an iron framework that extends from the corpse's waist like a skirt. Attached to this iron skirting are heavy 30ft chains that attach to the iron collar rings of his ghoul hunters. The Grand Necromancer himself wears a shimmering robe of purple silk that glows with an eerie radiance that somehow gives off no illumination (the robe is of the finest quality and this minor enchantment gives it a value of 6000hs). As an Unbearing, Shith Kalhe's feet are unshod and marked by neither dust nor callous, his nails lacquered a dark blue and studded with small chips of tourmaline (30hs each if the characters take the time to pry these loose). His face bears faint lines of age but remains handsome nonetheless with flawless skin and eyes of an almost crystalline blue, and a silver coronet with a great blue gemstone at its brow adorns his brow (15,000hs). The faint scent of dried blossoms and some indiscernible spice always seems to linger around Shith Kalhe's person. The source of this scent is revealed if the truth beneath his robes is ever revealed. While his head and feet are perfectly preserved, the rest of his body is diseased and covered in great swaths of rotting flesh. Small netting bags filled with dried herbs and flowers hang in numerous places to mask the stench of his rotten flesh, and he maintains a colony of maggots living on his person at all times to consume the rotting flesh and prevent it from be-

coming too malodorous or sloughing off onto the ground in great sheets. Despite his horrific, diseased appearance, Shith Kalhe's affliction bears no threat to the characters. It is not a contagious pestilence, being rather the result of working for more than a century with strange and dangerous radiations given off by powerful necromantic magic.

The ghoul hunters slaver and strain at the end of their chains, gnawing upon the metal and pawing at the ground, but know better than to try to escape or molest any of those who accompany their master without first receiving his command. Shith Kalhe can pull a lynch pin that releases all of these chains at once. The ghoul hunters know that once their chains fall slack, they can attack anyone present who has not been identified to them as off limits (e.g. the characters). They howl and attach en masse, attempting to gang up on one or two characters that they can corner and try to bear down and feed upon while Shith remains atop his charnel chariot and uses his spells to support them in battle.

Shith Kalhe, Grand Necromancer (MU11): HP 39; **AC** 7[12] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** spells (4/4/4/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*charm person* (x2), *magic missile*, *shield*; 2nd—*darkness 15ft radius*, *invisibility*, *phantasmal force, web*; 3rd—*dispel magic*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*, *slow*; 4th—*charm monster*, *dimension door*, *fear*; 5th—*animate dead*, *contact other plane, magic jar*.

Equipment: Purple silk robes, dagger, *ring of protection +2*, *wand of animate dead* (3 charges), 3 gold armrings (100hs each), silver coronet with blue gemstone (15,000hs).

Hill Giant Zombie "War Chariot": HD 8; **HP** 50; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm.

Ghouls (13): **HD** 2; HP 16, 15x2, 14, 12x4, 10x2; 9x3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm, touch causes paralysis for 3d6 turns (save avoids).

Tbyx: The final member of Mulstabha's motley assembly of assayers actually holds no place of authority within the city-state's hierarchy. Rather, he is simply a homicidal magic-user that decided to accompany the group when they left the city to meet the invading Northlanders. The others knew of the crazed wizard by reputation of his power and depravity, and allowed him to join their expedition if he agreed to accede to following their orders. More concerned with the opportunity to vent his wrath with unfettered zeal against enemies of the state, Tbyx gladly agreed to this arrangement. He is quiet with an unnerving stare, a mystery to even his own companions. He wears a cloak of green dragon scales that still has the twisted horns attached to the hood (2500hs). Beneath this hood, his face is hidden by two half-masks secured together by a steel clasp over the bridge of his nose. Beneath these masks, his face is a labyrinth of burn scars from acid inflicted long ago by the mother of the dragon whose skin he now wears as a cloak. Tbyx enters battle as quickly as possible and attempts to annihilate his enemies with his most powerful spells, focusing on one character at a time until that one is dead before moving on to the next. Only if the rest of the assayers have fled or been defeated will he begin to seriously consider the possibility of retreat. If it comes to that point, he flees but will not return to Mulstabha, electing instead to disappear among the grim cities of Irkaina. He will not, however, forget about the characters and spends the rest of his days seeking to avenge their defeat of him.

Tybx (MU8): HP 30; **AC** 8[11] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 7 (+1 cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** spells (4/3/3/2).

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *magic missile*, *protection from good*, *shield*; 2nd—*phantasmal force, pyrotechnics* (x2); 3rd—*fireball* (x3); 4th—*confusion*, *wall of fire*.

Equipment: *cloak of protection +1*, *wand of pyrotechnics* (6 charges).

Development: If the characters defeat the assayers, they can recover their baggage and supplies. Unless they used devastating area of effect spells or wantonly killed them all, the characters can also easily capture the slave porters that accompanied the assayers. They will not attempt to flee, having long ago been broken by their Mulstabhin masters and any such instincts removed. The slaves put up no resistance and, while they will not assist the characters, can easily be broken under questioning. If successfully questioned, these slaves relate to the characters that the Mulstabhin army approaches from the west and should be arriving on the morrow. They explain that the assayers were sent ahead by the master of Jem Karteis to prepare the field for battle and to use their power against the invading heathen barbarians (i.e. the Northlanders). They can also give as much general information about Mulstabha itself as you wish to reveal from **Citadel of Jem Karteis** in **Chapter 3**, but as worthless chattel to their former masters they know nothing of the Mulstabhins' plans, strengths, or strategies. They can easily be held as thralls or, if released, wander away and eventually make their way back to Jem Karteis, lacking the direction to do anything else with themselves. If the characters do manage to kill these slaves before they can be questioned, they can discover the same information about the approaching army from the various pieces of correspondence carried among the assayers.

From the information that they have gained, the characters can determine that the Mulstabhin army will be arriving tomorrow at about the same time that the Northlander fleet will be landing on this very beach. They can send warning to the fleet if they like, though this will not change the Northlanders' general strategy — they are already coming as fast as they can, and this is the only likely landing spot within days of travel. They can choose to prepare their own reception for the approaching Mulstabhin army if they like to help protect their own army's landing or even move ahead to try to slow the Mulstabhins' advance, but nothing they can do prevents tomorrow's looming battle (see **The Red Sands** in **Chapter 2**).

F. Jem Karteis

The Citadel of Jem Karteis is detailed in **Citadel of Jem Karteis** in **Chapter 3**.

Chapter Two: The Land of the Bull from the Sea

This chapter begins with a great battle as the Great Northern Army makes its daring landing on the beaches of Mulstabha. It then follows the course of the Northlands Army as it marches inland in search of the missing Køenig of Hrolfland and his remaining forces before the characters find themselves pulled away on their own course to save the royal family of Hrolfland back in the Northlands. As a result, much of this chapter is intended for use with the Mass Combat rules in the ***Swords & Wizardry Complete Rulebook*** with the information previously provided about the Great Army of the Northlands. If you do not wish to run a part of this adventure as a mass combat between armies or think that your players will not enjoy this aspect of gaming, feel free to substitute the provided Narrative Summary of the outcome of any of these battles. The key is to get the players to Jem Karteis to stop the greater plot there and then back to their own army for the grand finale in **Chapter 4**.

The Red Sands

As mentioned under **Area E** in **Chapter 1**, regardless of what actions the characters take they can neither prevent nor forestall the great battle destined by the wyrd of countless Northlander warriors to take place as the Northlander fleet lands on the beaches of Mulstabha. By the end of this day, the names of many a Northlander fighting man will be sung by the skalds as heroes, the shades of many of which will listen from the mead hall of Valhalla.

The Mulstabhin army dispatched from Jem Karteis to intercept the Northlander invaders arrives at the site of the beach landing shortly after the first of the longships makes landfall. This army is expecting the assayers (see **Area E** in **Chapter 1**) to have already arrived at the landing point and prepared the grounds for battle. They will, therefore, be surprised to find the Northlander forces deploying from their landing longships seemingly unopposed, giving the advantage to the invaders as the Mulstabhins had not fully prepared for battle. It is this advantage that permits the Northlanders the time needed to form some semblance of a shieldwall and protect the rest of those landing.

Player Character Disposition

Since the characters should be aware of the looming battle from information gained after defeating the assayers, they have multiple options as to how they wish to deploy in relation to the battle. An individual character can assume command of an army. In addition, some or all of the characters may want to assume an overwatch position on the elevated headland as described under **Area E** in **Chapter 1**. If they do this, they find that they are challenged by a special contingent of troops that were intended to scale the headland and join the assayers there in order to assist with their oversight of the battle. This group attacks any characters atop the headland. Whichever side gains control of the headland can use its strategic positioning to coordinate their troops' movements, and can also use it to rain destructive spells down upon the opposing forces. In addition, the characters might also use the resources brought by the assayers to prepare the battlefield and use it against the Mulstabhins (e.g. setting the oil-soaked grass dunes on fire).

Finally, it is possible that the characters may wish to reconnoiter ahead after their encounter with the assayers to scout out and possibly slow the advancing Mulstabhin force. This allows them to catch the enemy army by surprise on the march and possibly launch destructive area of effect spells against them. However, in doing so, they provoke the wrath of the special troop contingent as described above, who engage the characters in battle. However, even if ultimately forced to flee before the Mulstabhins, the characters' efforts are not for naught. Any casualties that the characters inflict on the special contingent will be removed from the contingent that attempts to gain the headland during the battle.

Mulstabhin Special Troop Contingent

This group accompanies the Mulstabhin army as advisors, magical support, and brute strength. They are intended to join the advance unit of assayers upon the headland above the landing beach to assist and coordinate the Mulstabhin forces from there. If the characters encounter the Mulstabhins on the march, they will be forced to deal with these troops. Likewise, if the characters hold the headland above the battlefield, any survivors among this special troop contingent will attack them there. If no character holds the headland, then the special troops will certainly do so.

The special troop contingent consists of the following personnel: an **elite unit commander**, a **Mulstabhin ephemeride**, **6 pit fighters**, **3 baru-priests**, **4 Hykadrion sorcerers**, a **jackal-runner** with her trained pack of **5 hell hounds**, and **7 hill giants**.

Elite Unit Commander (Ftr10): HP 69; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d8+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** multiple attacks (10) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage.

Equipment: chainmail, *+2 shield*, *+1 longsword* (25% chance to deflect arrows), 2 gold arm-rings (100hs each).

Mulstabhin Ephemeride, Female Halfling Clr 10 of Astrology: HP 45; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 war hammer* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** +4 saves vs. magic, spells (3/3/3/3/3).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds (x2)*, *detect magic*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person, snake charm*; 3rd—*cure disease, prayer, speak with dead*; 4th—*create water, cause serious wounds, sticks to snakes*; 5th—*dispel evil, finger of death*, *insect plague*.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, wooden shield, *+1 war hammer*, *potion of extra healing*.

Pit Fighter (Ftr5) (6): HP 37, 35x2, 34, 31, 29; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** heavy mace (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus.

Equipment: *+1 ring mail*, heavy mace, *potion of healing*, 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each).

Baru-Priests (Clr4) (3): HP 22, 20, 19; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** flail (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** control undead, +2 save vs. paralyzation or poison, spells (2/1).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds, detect good;* 2nd—*silence 15ft radius*.

Equipment: chainmail, flail, silver arm-rings (50hs each), holy symbol.

Hykadrion Sorcerers (MU5) (5): HP 18, 16x2, 14, 12; **AC** 8[11] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 10 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** spells (4/2/1).

Spells: 1st—*charm person, protection from good, shield, sleep*; 2nd—*invisibility, phantasmal force*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.

Equipment: staff, *ring of protection +1*, *wand of magic missile* (6 charges).

Jackal-Runner (Rgr8): HP 64; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8+6) or *+1 longbow* x2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** +10 damage vs. giants and goblin-types, tracking.

Equipment: ring mail, *gauntlets of ogre power*, battleaxe, *+1 longbow*, quiver with 20 arrows, *potion of healing*, 2 gold arm-rings (100hs each), dog whistle.

Hell Hound (5): **HD** 6: **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: breathe fire each round (10ft, 12 fire, save half).

Giants, Hill (7): HD 8; **HP** 51; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longspear (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

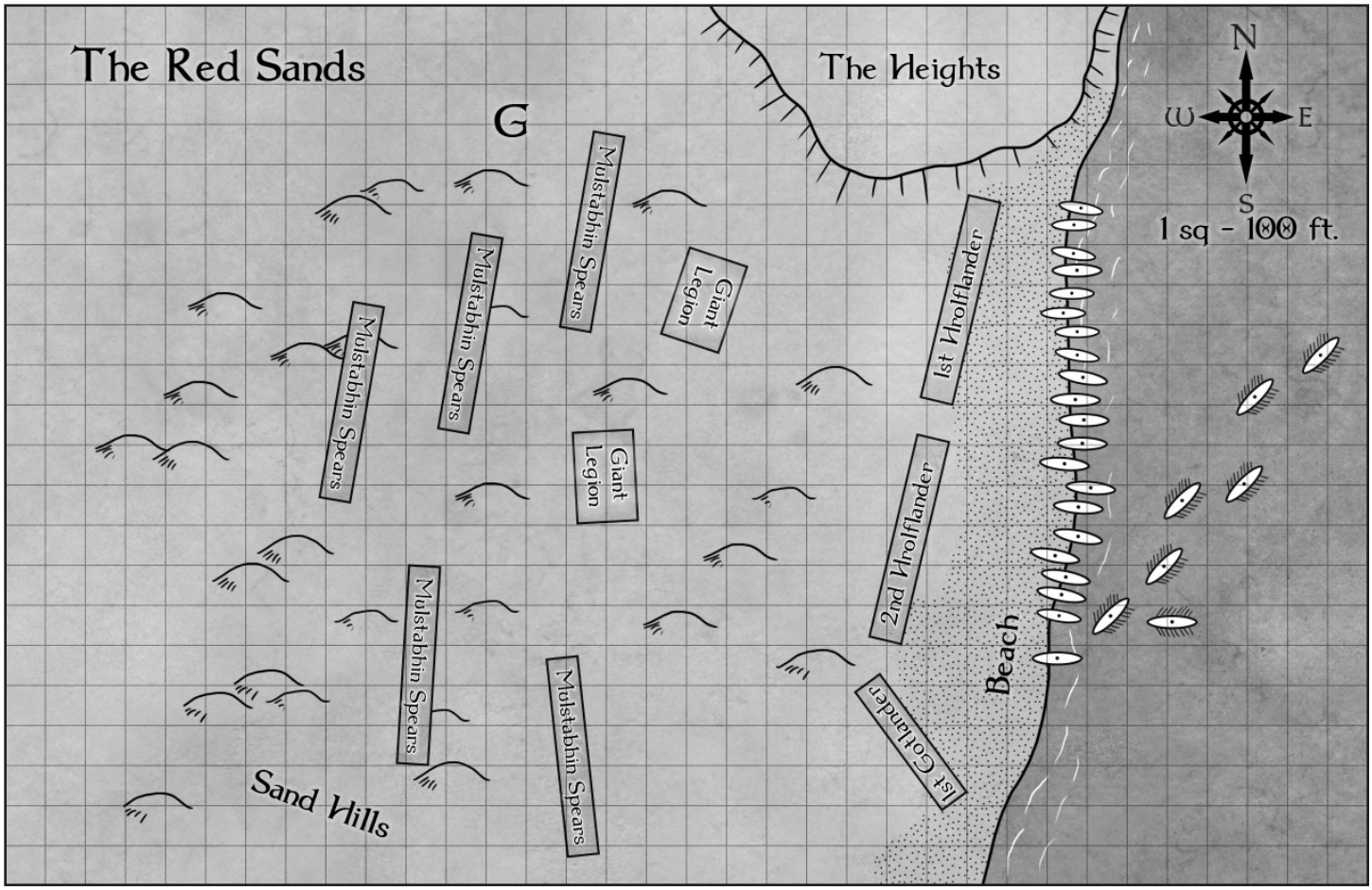
Field of Battle

As illustrated on the accompanying map, the field of battle that will be known as the Red Sands by nightfall consists of a stretch of beach more than 3 miles long that is capable of supporting the landing of the entire Northlands fleet. At its north end stands a grassy headland that will become known as The Heights that rises to an elevation of 120ft. The slope is fairly steep but gets much harder to climb during the last 40 feet (50% chance for non-thieves, failure means they slide 1d4x10 feet taking 1d6 points of damage per 10ft sliding). Provided some force (such as the characters) holds this prominence, it can serve as an effective anchor for the northern end of a battle line to protect the right flank. Stretching west from the beach are several miles of rolling low, grass-covered sand hills that could provide cover for a small force crouching within their troughs and hollows. The field is generally flat and smooth, providing no obstacles or hazards to either army.

Order of Battle

The Great NorthernArmy: The Great Northern Army will have begun landing by the time the Mulstabhin army arrives on the scene. The first army to land will be that of the Hrolflanders, holding the position of the most danger, yet the most honor and prestige as well, as they seek to rescue their Køenig and defend the mind's-worth of their entire nation. These armies land in the form of **2 Hrolflander army divisions** (both under the command of Jarl Jorund of Tallsinki as described in the sidebox under **The Great Northern Army** in **Chapter 2**). These divisions immediately disembark and form up into a shieldwall stretching from The Heights on their right flank and curving slightly back toward the surf on their left in order to create a pocket for more ships to land and disembark while they hold off the approaching Mulstabhins. The next army to land is the Gatlander army, holding this position of honor as their Jarl is the father-in-law of the Koenig and the grandfather of his son. The first to take up position on the Hrolflanders' left is a **Gatlander army division** that extends the shieldwall even farther along the beach to prevent the Mulstabhins from outflanking them on the left and rolling up their lines with an enveloping attack. It is at this point that the Mulstabhins arrive and the battle of the Red Sands begins.

Hrolflander Army (2050 human commoners, 5hp each) (2): **HD** 1; **HP** 10,250; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Jorund of Tallsinki



Equipment: wooden shield, spear, shortbow and 20 arrows.

Gatlander Army (1700 humans Ftr2, 13hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 22,100; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **Commander**: Jarl Ljot Gatson
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longsword, longbow with 20 arrows.

The Mulstabhin Army: The Mulstabhin army has been somewhat depleted in its fighting with the army of Njal Hrolfsblood over the last year. In fact, many of the Mulstabhin forces are still in the field, hunting the slippery Køenig of Hrolfland. As a result, the masters of Jem Karteis have sent much of the citadel's defensive forces along with the group of assayers as detailed in **Area E** in order to crush the invading Northlanders and drive them back into the sea. This attacking force consists of **5 Mulstabhin spearmen armies** and **2 Giant Legion divisions**, each consisting of 250 common giant troops personally loyal to the Mulstabha of Jem Karteis. These serve as the elite troops of this army and are deployed against the center and left flank of the Northlander shieldwall in an attempt to break through or outflank and roll up the invaders' lines.

Mulstabhin Spearmen Armies (1000 human Ftr2, 12hp each) (5): **HD** 2; **HP** 12,000; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders
Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, longspear.

Giant Legion Divisions (250 common giants, 31hp each) (2): **HD** 5; **HP** 7750; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Goolrah the Bloody
Equipment: longsword.

Battle Tactics

The battle is joined as the Mulstabhin forces advance into the Northlander shieldwall, the Giant Legion leading the way. As noted, any survivors of the Mulstabhin Special Troop Contingent attempt to gain control of the Heights in order to provide support for their own armies, and the characters will be forced to deal with them there if they wish to save their own armies from the devastating attacks of these special troops.

As the battle proceeds, the longer the Northlander shieldwall is able to hold up, the more of their forces they can land on the beach behind their lines.

Neither side possesses any significant ranged weapon to speak of (other than the Giant Legions who make their rock-throwing attacks), so the Northlanders merely hold their ground while the Mulstabhins advance as shown on the Battle Map.

The armies collide in a meeting of the shieldwalls. The Northlanders bend but do not break beneath the initial onslaught as the Mulstabhin troops are brought to bear. In addition to the forces mentioned above, the Gatlander army includes an extra 200 Gatlanders from recently landed ships. During each subsequent melee phase, another 2 Gatlander ships beach and disgorge 100 Gatlander warriors into the battle line. When a total of 500 Gatlanders have landed (3 melee phases after the battle is joined), these additional reinforcements form up into a **Gatlander army division** that joins with the leftmost flank of the Gatlander line to extend the shieldwall farther along the beach and allow more ships to land. In the following melee phase, another 100 Gatlanders land and join this throng, representing the sum total of the Gatlander forces.

Gatlander Army (1700 humans Ftr2, 13hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 22,100; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** N; **Commander**: Jarl Ljot Gatson
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longsword, longbow.

In following melee phases, Vastaviklander ships begin landing at the rate of 4 ships per melee phase behind the expanded shieldwall. After 4 more melee phases, this assembling force organizes into a **Vastaviklander army** that moves up to reinforce the center of the Hroflander line. The Hrolflanders move aside to let the Vastaviklanders through, and they begin battle trying to break through the enemy lines. If they manage to break through one of the Mulstabhin armies or Giant Legion, they attempt to turn and flank one of the other units. Another 9 Vastaviklander longships land over the next 2 melee phases and bring this army to full strength. After that, additional longships from other Northlander armies begin landing at the rate of 6 per melee phase. They come in the following order: Hordaland, Storstrøm Vale, and Estenfird until the Northland forces have landed in their entirety.

Vastaviklander Army (1450 humans Ftr3, 20hp each): **HD** 3; **HP** 29,000; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** *+1 battle axe* (1d8+2, raging); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **Commander**: Køenig Kol the Redhanded
Equipment: leather armor, *+1 battle axe*.

Hordalander Army (3650 humans Ftr2, 12hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 43,800; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **Commander**: Køenig Leif Ragison
Equipment: chainmail, shield, short sword, javelins.

Valer Army, Full Muster (2250 humans Ftr1, 6hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 13,500; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Gyrthyr the Even-handed
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longspear.

or

Valer Army, Half Muster (1500 humans Ftr1, 6hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 9000; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Gyrthyr the Even-handed
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longspear.

Estenfirder Army (850 humans Ftr1, 7hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 5950; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Any character
Equipment: ring mail, shield, longsword.

Development

As the battle progresses during the third melee phase, a force of **12 Hykadrion assassins** finish scaling the steeper northern face of the Heights. If any character is up there and keeping watch over the northern approach, he has a 3-in-6 chance to notice these assassins in the round before they reach the summit. If not specifically keeping watch to the north but still keeping watch overall, he has a 1-in-6 chance. If not keeping watch, then the assassins clamber up the slope and attack anyone atop the Heights with surprise. If no characters are present atop the Heights, these assassins make their way down the southern face of the Heights and launch a sneak attack against the right flank and rear of the rightmost Hrolflander army.

Hykadrion Assassins (Asn8) (12): HP 48, 46, 45x3, 41, 40x2, 39, 38x3; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+2 short sword* (1d6+2 plus lethal poison) or dagger (1d6 plus lethal poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 6 (+2 cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** backstab (x3), poison use, thieving skills.
Thieving Skills: Climb 90%, Tasks/Traps 40%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 35%, Silent 45%, Locks 35%.
Equipment: *+2 leather armor*, *+2 short sword*, dagger, *cloak of protection* +2, 2 vials of lethal poison.

Narrative Summary

If you are not playing out this battle using the Mass Combat rules, then you can relate the following outcome or modify as you see fit. It assumes the use of the Northlander pre-gens, but these references should be replaced as needed by the Referee.

The Hrolflanders beach their ships and pour out over their gunwales, hurriedly grabbing shield and axe. They are young and unseasoned, their best warriors having already crossed the whale road with their Køenig, but they are stalwart and show great bravery as they form up under the command of Jarl Jorund. They are joined by a division of Gatlanders as the Mulstabhin forces appear over the nearby sand hills and prepare for the clash. The Mulstabhins charge in against the shieldwall, their giant legions smashing against the ranks of wood and steel in a sudden rush. The shieldwall bows but the rearmost ranks push forward to check the advance, and the shieldwall holds beneath the giant onslaught, though Northlander warriors are felled left and right beneath the blows of their mighty clubs and maces. The characters from their position atop the Heights begin raining spells and destruction down into the giant ranks but are forced to desist in this attack as the Mulstabhin special troop contingent scales the headland's western slope and assaults their position while their own hill giant soldiers begin hurling boulders into the Northlander lines.

The situation grows perilous as the Mulstabhin lines attempt to stretch into the surf and wrap around the left flank of the Northlanders, common giants wading deep into the surf to get behind the Gatlanders' flank. Jarl Ljot is able to hold but just barely as more of his ships land and their crews rush out to join the ranks of their fellows. However, the pummeling of boulders from the Heights and the press of the common giants in the center proves to be too much as the center of the Hrolflander line begins to bow once again beneath the devastating attack. The characters are able to finish off the special troops on the Heights and disrupt the boulder-flinging hill giants, but it is not enough to save the badly damaged and demoralized Hrolflanders.

Only at the last minute as he sees his shieldwall about to break does Jarl Jorund, who was wounded earlier by a Mulstabhin's spear, leap from his pallet where he has been carried and rally the rest of the walking wounded that have been gathered back beside the ships. Forming a Swine's Head maneuver against the rear of his own line, Jarl Jorund takes the point of the charge and guides it straight toward the giant commander who lays about him with a massive double flail. The Swine's Head crashes against the rear of the disintegrating Hrolflander shieldwall even as the rapidly weakening Jarl Jorund drives the point of his cold iron spear beneath a gap in the giant's scale armor and deep into its armpit. In a sudden spasm of fury from the giant, the great flail smashes into the wounded Jarl driving him to the ground, but the spasm proves be the giant's last as he too falls, the spear still deep in his chest. The Swine Head, its momentum spent and many of the Hrolflanders' own trampled beneath its charge, falters before the enraged retaliation of the giants.

It is at this moment that the characters are able to once again turn their attacks against the giant ranks below while the leader of the party charges down the steep hill astride a magical horse summoned by the cunning woman, the group's bearsarker entering a divine fury as he runs and jumps down the steep slope. The huscarl and bearsarker charge into the left flank of the Mulstabhin lines and quickly rally the scattering Hrolflanders who still stand there. The magical might of the cunning woman and the godi of Donar begins to fall upon the massed giant forces, allowing a small reprieve for the collapsing Hrolflander center. At the commands of the mounted and rampaging huscarl, the warriors of the former Swine's Head swing its wings forward to form a new rank in the Hrolflander shieldwall even as the pressure of the assault is suddenly relieved by the characters' actions.

Seeing their commander go down in the battle's center, several of the giant subalterns order portions of their own forces to circle back to attack the weakened center, but these run into the newly rallied Hrolflander right flank led by the character huscarl and a massive free-for-all melee ensues in front of the reinforced Hrolflander center. While this is occurring and the pressure of the attack is momentarily relieved, the last of the Gatlander ships beach and unload their warriors. Jarl Ljot immediately forms these up into a new and fresh smaller division and sends them into the surf on the Northlanders' left to meet the weakened giant position there. The giants reel beneath this new and sudden onslaught and find themselves pushed back.

However, it seems that this temporary reprieve is too little and too late. The magical bombardment from the Heights ends as the characters remaining there are surprised by a force of Mulstabhin assassins who had climbed unseen up the headland's north face, and the characters find themselves in a fight for their lives. The momentum of his own charge spent and the reinforced Hrolflander shieldwall once again flagging, the character huscarl begins searching for the means to extract his forces in some semblance of order up the slopes of the Heights to preserve their strength and obtain a more defensible positon from which to make a last stand.

His search is interrupted, however, by a glorious sight. Even as the Gatlanders finished landing and entered the fight, the Northlander ships continued coming and beaching on the ever-crowded shore, some even anchoring in waters 10ft or 12ft deep. The push by the Gatlanders at the left end of the line created more beach space and allowed another group of ships to make landfall behind the frenzy of battle. It is from this lately amassed group that the huscarl spots the means of their salvation. The small-but-lethal army of brutal Vastaviklanders has assembled in the waist-deep surf and, with the scarred and vile Kol the Redhanded at their head, begins a slow but ever-accelerating charge of these honorless curs up and out of the blood-soaked surf and across the beach. The last of the Hrolflander line has been broken and pushed aside as the Vastaviklander let loose with their vile shouted oaths and frenzied battle cries to the surprise and chagrin of the Mulstabhin giants who had just finished breaching the Hrolflander shieldwall and believed the battle over, the victory assured.

The charge of the Vastaviklanders sweeps through the giants and nearby Mulstabhins before they even have a chance to regroup against this new threat, and the rugged warriors of the Seydiford Peninsula suddenly find themselves completely through the center of the Mulstabhin lines with a newly exposed flank on either side. Kol the Redhanded needs no encouragement and, seeing the weakness of the enemy, the Vastaviklanders turn both flanks and proceed to chop their way through the few remaining giants and the now-panicking Mulstabhin spearmen. To the right they soon meet the huscarl and his beleaguered forces, and to the left they are soon able to link up with Jarl Ljot and the Gatlanders who have now been able to turn the depleted Mulstabhin right flank. The characters on the Heights finish off the last of the assassins and once more turn their ferocity on the now-routed Mulstabhins as they retreat back across the sand hills in disarray.

Aftermath

The inexperienced-yet-eager Hrolflanders take the brunt of the casualties in this battle. As the Northlander ships land at the site for the rest of the day, many comment on the red sunset reflected on the foamy surf giving it the appearance of roiling blood. It is not until later that an astute observer notes that the sun setting in the west wouldn't shine its last rays upon the surf rolling against the eastern shore of the island. And upon the morrow's dawn, the red staining the sands of the beach all the way up to the edge of the sand hills where the shieldwall was formed is seen to be soaking in the life's blood of many a warrior to the point that a red sludge was created rather than any trick of the dying light. Though raw and green in the spear-din, many a Hrolflander warrior lies dead at his place in the line, having neither turned nor retreated, with the carrion of countless giants and Mulstabhin spearmen piled around them. Fully half of the Hrolflander army (or more or less depending on how the Referee's own running of the battle went) has taken flight with the valkyries to Wotan's hall, and lying in their midst, his spear still embedded in the chest of a dead giant, is the still, pale form of Jarl Jorund, loyal liegeman of his Køenig to the very end.

If any character showed particular valor in the battle, especially a character of a warrior-type class, the bloodied but unbroken Hrolflanders turn to him and acclaim him as their warleader. If the character accepts, he becomes the commander of the remaining Hrolflander forces and leads their army in battle as long as he is present and willing to do so.

Treasure: The victorious Northlanders are able to strip the dead of their enemies of salvageable armor and weapons as well as whatever coins, jewels, or valuable goods (including magic items) they might have carried. This process takes most of the night, but in the end they recover usable equipment and valuables adding up to spoils of war worth a total of 186,000hs. This does not include any magic items that the characters recovered off of opponents that they defeated in battle outside the combat (i.e. from the special contingent and the assassin team) but does include valuable items and coins which would be considered part of the army's spoils. (The assayers were faced outside of the battle entirely and so would not be considered a part of the spoils of war).

Calculating Treasure Shares

Shareholder Groups (5):
Ship's crew
Ship's commander
Ship's owner
Characters' commanders' share
Jarls' commanders' share

Total number of ships x 5 (to account for the Shareholder Groups listed above)
+1 for each Valer ship (if the characters reached such an agreement in Storstrøm Vale)
= Total number of shares

Divide total value of spoils of war by total number of shares
= Total value of each share (in hs)

If any character commands or owns a ship or ships, each of those counts as a share out of the spoils of war calculated above.

In addition the characters receive a share equal to the total number of ships as the characters' commanders' share, which is then divided between the characters and this amount added to any shares they receive as ships' commanders or owners.

Note: If the characters promised their commander shares of the Valer, Estenfirder, and Vastaviklander ships to a faction in Sotrstrøm Vale (see "Traders Faction" in **Chapter 1**), this will need to be calculated and removed from the characters' share as well.

Example Treasure Shares Calculation

The party consists of four chracters. Two of them own *and* command their own ships, and one of those two actually owns a second ship that he lets a third character command (the fourth character gets terrible seasickness and leaves all ship-related activities to his fellows and rides in the smooth comfort of *Skíðblaðnir* all by himself). The Northlands fleet for this example consists of exactly 100 ships, of which 20 are Valer ships, 20 are Estenfirder and Vastaviklander ships, and one is *Skíðblaðnir* (see below). The characters did reach the agreement to divide extra shares for Valer ships with the Althing in Storstrøm Vale and promised their commanders shares of the Valer, Estenfirder, and Vastaviklander ships to the Traders Faction of Storstrøm Vale as well. After victory in a modest engagement, the Northlander army recovers 50,000hs in spoils of war. The calculation equation is as follows:

100 ships x 5 = 500
+20 Valer ships = 520 total shares
50,000hs divided by 520 total shares = **96hs per share**

- Each ship divides 96hs among its crew (equaling roughly 2hs per crewmember, not bad for maybe an hour's work).
- The Valer ships each receive an additional 96hs to be divided among the warriors they left at home.
- Each ship's commander receives 96hs.
- Each ship's owner receives 96hs.
- The characters receive 9600hs to divide among themselves as their commanders' share over the whole army.
- The jarls (and Køenigs) receive 9600hs to divide among themselves as their commanders' share over the whole army.
- The characters who own ships receive 96hs for each ship they own.
- The characters who command ships receive 96hs for the ship they command.

The characters receive the following treasure shares:
9600hs divided by 4 characters = 2400hs each

Character #1 (owns and commands his ship) receives 1440hs (2400hs character commanders' share – 960hs for the shares payable to the Traders Faction) + 96hs (ship's owner share) + 96hs (ship's commander share) = **1632hs**.

Character #2 (owns two ships and commands one of them) receives 1440hs (2400hs character commanders' share – 960hs for the shares payable to the Traders Faction) + 192hs (ship's owner share x 2) + 96hs (ship's commander share) = **1728hs**.

Character #3 (commands a ship owned by character #2) receives 1440hs (2400hs character commanders' share – 960hs for the shares payable to the Traders Faction) + 96hs (ship's commander share) = **1536hs**.

Character #4 ("commands" *Skíðblaðnir*) receives 1440hs (2400hs character commanders' share – 960hs for the shares payable to the Traders Faction) but is a greedy son-of-a-gun and insists he is owner and commander of *Skíðblaðnir*. Since he is the party cleric, his compatriots are disinclined to argue. He, therefore, receives an additional 96hs (ship's owner share) + 96hs (ship's commander share) = **1632hs**.

Finally character #1, character #2, and character #3 each receive an additional 96hs to divide among the crew of the ships they command. Character #4 once again points out that he also commands a ship and receives 96hs to divide amongst the crew. Since character #4 just happens to be the only crewmember aboard *Skíðblaðnir*, he pockets the 96hs himself, bringing his new total to **1728hs** and matching the total of character #2. The rest of the characters feel it is a small price to pay for the many years of free magical healing they have received from character #4 and let the matter drop.

In the tradition of Northlands raiders, this plunder is divided into shares with a share going to each ship (to be divided among its living crew as well as the widows and families of those who fell in battle), a share going to the commander of each vessel, and a share to the owner of each vessel (many of whom remain back in the Northlands). Like those crewmen who fall in battle, any ships lost also retain their shares for any survivors (including the commander), the families of the lost, and the ship owner or his family (if he was lost with the ship). It is likewise possible that the characters may have reached an agreement at the Althing of Storstrøm Vale to include an additional share for each of its ships to be divided with the Valer warriors who remained behind to defend their homeland. Finally, on top of all this, the characters get an additional commanders' share for each ship in their army to divide among themselves, while the other commanders of the army collectively get a share for each ship to divide among themselves as well.

Therefore, to calculate the treasure gained from this battle by the characters, total up the number of ships that embarked on the voyage (whether they successfully reached Mulstabha or not). *Remember this number and use it in the "Calculating Treasure Shares" equation.*

Ill Partings

The evening following the Red Sands, the Northlander dead are hastily laid in barrows atop the Heights while the Mulstabhin dead are dragged into the sand hills to feed the carrion birds. In no time, countless crabs are swarming through the salt grass upon the corpses, creating a soft, scuttling susurrus that continues throughout the night like the shades of the recently fallen whispering dark secrets of the Ginnungagap to the living. Few Northlanders sleep this night. It is agreed that each Northlander army will provide 2 ship crews to remain behind to tend to the wounded who aren't fit to march and to guard the fleet in the Great Army's absence. Those warriors chosen create torches from the scrub brush they can find to light a ring of fires all along the perimeter of the beached ships in order to keep the unnerving crabs or worse carrion eaters away. When the tide goes out leaving the saltmarsh behind the ships exposed, forlorn cries of birds or stranger creatures can be heard upon the mires, but none of these mysterious callers ever show themselves.

During the night, the characters and other leaders of the Northlanders gather in a large tent set up among the ships. Godi stand at all four corners and chant prayers to the Æsir to block the magical spying of the enemy's sorcerers while the leaders and all of the seiðmaðr they have brought on the voyage meet inside. The Northlanders do not know exactly where Koenig Njal and his hunted army hide upon Krivcycek Island, a land mass almost 600 miles long and more than 100 miles wide. The few high-level spellcasters among the Northlander forces (the characters included) are unable to gain any clear indication of where Njal's army might be located — other than a general reassurance that it still lives and fights on — for the same reason the ephemerides and baru-priests of the Mulstabhins have been unable to do so: It is not the wyrd of Njal One-ear that he should be hunted like a dog and cornered; it is his wyrd that he should face his foes in open battle and there decide his fate. As a result, it is the will of the Wotan and the Æsir that blocks even the scrying of Mulstabhin astrologers and the diviners among their more sinister allies. As least one foreign deity struggles against the strictures placed by the All-Father and his children, though he has been unable as yet to break through its obscuring effects. However, this protective divine ward against scrying affects Njal's allies, too, and now they are relying on the wyrd of their lost Køenig and the omens that brought them all across the whale road to find him. Still, they cast the runes again and again, preferring to leave nothing to chance. Regardless of the number of times they cast the rune sticks or read the entrails, they keep receiving the same words, "The setting sun hides Køenig of the Northlands."

The response of crusty old Ljot Gatson rings throughout the tent and sums up the general mood, "A fine lot of good that does us. 'Head west to find Njal,' the sticks say. We're landed on the bloody eastern tip of the island. Everything lies west from here!" Old men murmur and young men scowl as the daunting task that lies before the Northlanders becomes clear. It seems that they are to wander across more than 60,000 square miles of hostile territory in hopes of stumbling upon those they seek without becoming hunted themselves by the Mulstabhins in the meantime. Young Køenig Ragi of Hordaland at least has not lost his wry humor as he remarks, "We could always just look for the dead bodies. There's sure to be a trail of 'em wherever Lord Njal's been." This brings a chorus of dry chuckles and more than a few pointed or thoughtful looks.

Before the discussion can go further, however, it is interrupted by a ruckus at the flap of the tent. Read the following.

Stumbling into the tent comes one of the young godi who accompanied you. A fair-haired Hrolflander by the name of Othurr whose mother was a cunning woman of the upper Siljøn River and from whom it has been said that he gained the Sight. He has spent the past few hours with your group in the casting of runes and discussing the results until a few minutes ago when he left the tent to go relieve himself. Now he returns, half supported by one of the huscarls who guards the entrance. His already pale skin is blanched to a bone-white hue, and his eyes are wide and haunted. He looks as if he has seen a ghost, or perhaps a whole ship full of them — most likely draugr.

He is trying to speak but cannot seem to form the words until a long pull from a Valer jarl's drinking horn calms his nerves. At last he looks around the gathering nervously before speaking.

"I walked off in the dark a ways to clear my head while I took a piss. I was thinking about the omens and what the will of the gods might be when I was startled by a warrior, badly wounded from the battle. He was bandaged and bloodied and walked with a stiff limp, but still held his spear in hand like a true Northlander. I could tell he was sore hurt and was about to protest his wandering. I figured he had snuck off the boats where the wounded are tended and had taken up the spear in order to join the march tomorrow. But he stopped me before I could speak.

"He would not answer a question or say anything but the same thing three times. Even when I asked what he meant, he would not say aught but the same thing — three times total he said it until it was burned into my heart like a brand.

"He said, 'The doom of the North lies where the Bull climbs from the sea. They that would stay the hand of darkness must go there and look for the mark of Donar, but they must go alone for the army marches to Ragnarök and not god nor man can say its fate while the Bull yet stands unbroken.'

"This he said three times and would say nothing more. I thought perhaps he was speaking in madness from a fever, but as I reached out for his shoulder to guide him back to the ships where he could receive succor, he turned more toward me and the light of the moons fell upon his face. By the hammer of Donar I wear, I swear 'struth was the shade of Lord Jorund himself, still bloody and hollow eyed from the sands below his raven's bed. Then a darkness came over me for a moment and I saw him no more. Nor could I find his boot prints on the sand where I stood.

"Am I mad, my lords. Has the spear-din proved me no feeder of ravens?"

The young man looks distraught as he considers the assembly before him, his hands still shaking slightly at his recent startlement.

The jarls and seiðmaðr are quick to reassure young Othurr that he is still of mind's-worth and that Wotan himself must have sent Jarl Jorund back from Valhalla to deliver his message to some worthy mortal. For there can be no doubt that Jorund's shade feasts among the einherjar as all present witnessed that his spear was still clasped in his hands even as he lay dead upon the sand. Indeed, the seiðmaðr soon agree, this visitation can only be in answer to their pleas for guidance from the gods. The citadel of Jem Karteis allegedly marks the spot where the mythical Bull of Mulstabha emerged from the sea and indeed is often referred to as the Bull from the Sea from its unusual shape and structure. The inference is clear, the Great Northlander Army must march west into the unknown, and the heroes of the Northlands — they upon whom the fate of the entire expedition rests — must travel to Jem Karteis and seek the mark of Donar, whatever that is. Jarl Ljot assumes overall command of the army in the characters' absence.

In the Absence of Heroes?

With the first major conflict in the invasion decided, the party goes on its way seeking the omens ordained by the gods, and the Great Northern Army marches forth in search of the missing Køenig, bringing to an end the initial use of the Mass Combat rules until the war's finale in **Chapter 4**. It is possible, however, that your players may particularly enjoy the mass combat of ***NS10: The Broken Shieldwall*** and want to make further use of the rules in their campaign against the treacherous Mulstabhins.

If this is the case, you may allow them to do so. Perhaps they choose to leave a character or two behind to the lead the armies, or they might prefer to assume the role of NPC commanders of the Northlands armies in order to continue this aspect of the adventure. Though the adventure itself doesn't include any formal mass combats until the end in **Chapter 4**, the Great Northern Army must march across more than 50 miles of the island nation of Mulstabha. While the largest parts of the Mulstabhin forces are either tied up in their pursuit of Njal's army or were defeated at the Red Sands, there are nonetheless many enemy battalions that remain at large that could engage the marching Northlanders.

Because of the distance of the march, the uncertainty of their destination, and the aridity of the climate, the Northlanders are forced to break their great army up into a number of smaller armies that will march in roughly parallel courses a handful of miles apart in order to find sufficient resources to supply themselves as well as prevent a particularly deadly ambush from threatening the entire army's success.

The probable division for the army on the march (unless the characters decide differently) is the Estenfirder army serving as vanguard and scouts approximately a mile ahead of the main column, the Hrolflander and Gatlander armies forming the main column behind the Estenfirders,

the Vastaviklander army forming a parallel column 5 miles to the left of the main column, and the Hordalander and Valer armies forming a parallel column 8 miles to the right of the main column. No major force awaits these marching armies en route, so there will be no individual engagements that last long enough or would otherwise require these columns to link up (other than the Estenfirder army falling back to the main body if they encounter enemy resistance).

Mass Combat Battles

Possible types of battles that you could present include the following:

• An ambush that the Estenfird vanguard must detect and either hold out until the main column arrives or beat a hasty retreat back to the main column for reinforcements. Alternately, the ambush could be a large ambush that lets the Estenfirders pass by uncontested in order to launch an attack on the unsuspecting main column. In this case, the Estenfirders must either detect the ambush and warn their fellows or hear the fighting after they have passed and make their way back to help the surprised main column.

• Light cavalry ride parallel to one of the Northlander columns and makes unopposed ranged attacks, hoping to draw angry Northlanders out a few crews at a time where they can be cut off and annihilated. If the column attacks en mass, they simply ride away only to return later and resume their sniping attacks. The Northlander column must maintain discipline until they can reach a defensible place or perhaps draw the riders into a trap of their own.

• The Mulstabhins have arrayed themselves in battle lines across the path of one of the columns. A dry riverbed crosses before them that the Northlanders must climb into and back out of in order to attack. This rough terrain gives the Mulstabhins a decided advantage in the battle.

• Soldiers of the Giant Legion hide in caves and crevices in a broken landscape and emerge to attack a single element of one of the columns in a stroke of bloody carnage. They attempt to retreat as other armies within the column are brought to bear.

• A Northlander column surprises a Mulstabhin camp at dawn and has the opportunity to attack, with the enemy losing its tactical phase, ranged phase, and first melee phase.

• A Northlander column comes upon a poorly defended Mulstabhin village (no more than one or two Mulstabhin units, and they cannot be of the Giant Legion or Hykadrion mameluks). Add a x2 modifier to the spoils of war roll (see below).

• A Northlander column comes upon a heavily defended Mulstabhin village used as a major staging area by the Mulstabhin forces. Add a x5 modifier to the spoils of war roll (see below).

• A Mulstabhin force feigns to be one of the Northlander columns in distress by sending up columns of smoke and dust in hopes of luring one of the columns away from the others and into a trap.

• At a point where the terrain bottlenecks into a wide valley between rugged plateaus, the Northlander columns all come together and run into a gathering of Mulstabhin forces. The Mulstabhins are outnumbered but hold the higher ground of the valley, giving them advantageous terrain.

For the enemy armies to be faced, draw from among the following options in numbers and combinations to provide some challenge to the marching armies but to not truly threaten them with destruction. It is entirely possible that you may need to allow a Northlander force to make an orderly withdraw in order to preserve their force and continue on their march by another route. These skirmishes are merely intended to provide additional opportunities for the players to make use of the Mass Combat rules; they still need to arrive at the final battles in **Chapter 4** largely intact. If the Northlander armies should suffer substantial casualties, reduce the enemy armies faced in **Chapter 4** by a number that the Northlander armies lost during the march west. However, it is best not to deplete the Northlander forces too badly so that the final battle of ***The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*** can maintain its grand scale.

Mulstabhin Spearmen Armies (1000 human Ftr2, 12hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 12,000; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders

Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, longspear.

Mulstabhin Light Cavalry Brigade (100 human Ftr4, 29hp each): **HD** 4; **HP** 290; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** lance (2d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders

Equipment: leather armor, lance, longbow, war horse.

Hykadrion Mameluks (200 hobgoblins, 17hp each): HD 3; HP 3400; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** hand axes (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **Commander:** Assorted mameluk commanders.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe.

Jem Karteis Slingers (100 human Ftr3, 16hp each): **HD** 3; **HP** 1600; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sling (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders

Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, sling.

Mulstabhin Conscripts (1000 human commoners, 5hp each) (2): **HD** 1; **HP** 5000; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.

Equipment: wooden shield, longspear, shortbow.

Giant Legion Divisions (250 common giants, 31hp each) (2): **HD** 5; **HP** 7750; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Goolrah the Bloody

Equipment: longsword.

The Road to Jem Karteis

While folk of many nations have used the Mulstabhin Passage for centuries, the people of Krivcycek Island are actually fairly insular and allow few to step foot on the island itself. At their great citadel at Jem Karteis, they maintain an oft-flooded wharf district outside the citadel walls where trade from scores of different ethnicities and countries rub shoulders in a melange of languages, styles of clothes, and skin tones. Yet, only very few outsiders are allowed to ever step foot within the walls of this sacred home of the Mulstabhins. In fact, though the island once served as the Great Crossroads between the East and West, since the advent of the current dynasty many centuries ago, such overland travel has been extremely restricted, and those few who make the journey pay a large toll and find themselves under constant guard as they make their way across the island from salt swamp track to salt swamp track. What overland traffic remains continues to dwindle over the years as few are willing to make the difficult journey through the harsh Isthmus of Irkaina to reach the even harsher terrain of the western ergs of the Caliphate to the east, especially when a much easier and faster route exists in simply sailing between Akados and Libynos across the Mulstabhin Passage or the Sea of Spices.

The result of this restricted land trade is that there are few major roads across the inland reaches of Mulstabha. One major road which receives regular upkeep, the Mulstabha's Toll Route, extends from the southwestern edge of the island where the route rises from the tidal marsh there and stretches to the island's eastern edge, where it extends once again into the flooded marshes connecting to Libynos. Branching off this road near its western end is a short, heavily guarded route called the Way of the Bull that leads to the gates of the Citadel of Jem Karteis. Other than these two routes, the only other routes exist as little more than winding cart paths that connect the many villages and city-state farms that dot the island. These paths are often washed out or covered by rains or blown sands, and rarely travel in a direct route to wherever they are going, causing those unfamiliar with the terrain to easily get lost. This necessitates that unless one wishes to travel straight across the island from one end to the other, to journey straight to the citadel from the island's western end it is much simpler to leave the twisting paths behind and simply head straight across country.

Since the characters are at the eastern end of the island and seek to reach Jem Karteis (**Area F**) as quickly as possible, they will be well advised to strike out across country and make straight for the citadel known to lie at the island's centermost point on its northern coast. This portion of the adventure concerns just such a journey. From **Area E**, the characters

must travel just north of due west (and largely paralleling the route of the Great Northern Army on the Toll Route for much of the trip). The area is a mix of country, sandy and arid in the summer months and inundated with rainfall and occasional snow and ice storms in the winter. The journey covers roughly 150 miles by the most direct route and requires about 10 days afoot or 5 days if mounted. The characters have a 20% chance each day (10% if a ranger is in the party) of getting off course and requiring an extra half day to get back on track once the navigational mistake has been discovered.

Because of the length and hardship of the voyage across the Great Ocean Ûthaf, the Northlanders did not bring any mounts with them unless the characters made their own arrangements. And unless any arrangements made by the characters included some extraordinary means of adequately caring for and exercising any mounts that were brought, these mounts will be in extremely poor shape, sickly and exhausted, unable to bear a burden until they have had weeks of good care and feed to rest and recover. Of course, high-level characters may well have created the means to bring mounts safely and effectively along, or they could just rely on magical healing and restoration to expedite their full recovery. Other than measures such as these, the characters will have to rely on their own resources (or feet) to reach the citadel or capture mounts from the local populace.

Encounters on Krivcycek Island

Because of the random route that the characters must take to reach the citadel and the generally haphazard manner in which settlements and trails crisscross the countryside, this portion of the adventure does not involve set locations. Rather, the characters will be faced with random encounters that they cross paths with. Each day of travel has a cumulative 50% chance of running across one of these encounters (so there will be a minimum of at least one encounter for every 2 days of travel). When an encounter is called for, roll on the table below to determine its result. Other than the two village encounters noted with an *, these are not intended to be used more than once, but if the characters are extremely slow to reach the citadel, feel free to change up the the details of one or more of the other encounters and reuse them as necessary.

1d6	Encounter
1	The Killing Fields
2	The Road of Souls
3	Abandoned Village
4	Occupied Village*
5	Looted Village*
6	The Titan of Mulstabha

The Killing Fields

As the characters travel, they come across an open field where the ground is littered with the scattered skeletal remains of scores of warriors, picked over by carrion birds and scavengers. A closer look shows that some of these wear the rusted remnants of mail and steel helms, while others wear the layered leather and bronze lamellar of the Mulstabhins. This is the site of one of the battles that occurred between Njal Hrolfsblood and the Mulstabhin foes he faced last year. A careful survey of the field reveals where Njal formed a double-sided shieldwall to face assaults from the front and the back and will be able to determine that he was ultimately victorious in the battle — there are far more Mulstabhin skeletons than Hrolflanders. However, he was already hard pressed and knew he had to move, so he was unable to pause and bury his dead, consecrating them instead to the care of the valkyries.

If the characters are willing to spend at least an hour searching this field for some clue as to the Køenig's fate, they can find out a few interesting pieces of information with the following skill checks. Roll 1d20 once on the table below. Give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled.

1d20	Clue Discovered
5	Many of the dead among the Mulstabhin forces are the remains of hobgoblins rather than humans.
10	Among the military forces of the Mulstabhins, perhaps their most famous are the Hykadrion mameluks, hobgoblin slave soldiers purchased by the Hykadrion Order at or near birth and raised to be fearless warriors with absolute loyalty to their Order and the masters of Mulstabha. Their reputation is fierce, so for Njal to have defeated a force of them here is impressive indeed.
13	Among the dead in the Mulstabhin lines can be found some remains wearing rusted scale mail and black robes and turbans unlike any clothing or armor seen among the Mulstabhins.
15	The scale armor and black turbans are consistent with legends of the fierce warriors of the Huun Imperium. The "black-eyed Huun," as they are known because of their habit of wearing thick kohl around their eyes and sometimes over the entire the upper half of their face in battle, are a powerful legendary nation-state said to lie hidden somewhere in far eastern Libynos — if they truly exist at all outside ancient fables. There has never been any known connection between Mulstabha and the sinister Huun Imperium in any of these stories.
17	A truly epic accomplishment and worthy of the information the success yields. Though it has been many months and a full winter has passed on this storm-wracked isle, in one slightly more-sheltered area the characters discover the barest remnant of some tracks. They are particularly interesting because they are neither humanoid in nature nor resemble the tracks of any other known man or monster.
19	It is impossible to tell for sure exactly what kind or glean any further information from them, but the tracks that have been discovered clearly belonged to some monstrous outsider or outsiders that was not only present at the battle last year but seemed to fight upon the side of the Mulstabhins.

Development: If the characters stay the full hour to learn the above information, their extended poking about stirs up the restless spirits of the battle's dead and the foul magic unleashed by some of the Mulstabhin baru-priests. This causes the hundreds of bones to begin rattling and scooting about in the dust. Soon, they are sliding toward each other at an alarming rate and accumulating at the center of the field in an ever-growing pile. The characters have 2 rounds to get away from the field before the bones finish forming into a **corpse orgy**, a conglomeration of hundreds of skeletal corpses, rusted weapons and armor, and the broken earth that they have rested in. If the characters have gotten at least 100ft from the field and are continuing to move away by the time the creature forms, then it fails to sense their presence and collapses back into its component parts. However, if they have lingered too long or stop in their flight to watch the colossus form, then it fixates upon them and pursues them relentlessly until either it or they are destroyed.

Corpse Orgy: **HD** 14; **HP** 105; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** 4 slams (2d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special**: absorb pain (gain 12hp from absorbed corpses), half damage from blunt weapons, pain shriek (8d6 damage, 40ft radius, save for half). (***The Tome of Horrors*** 107)



The Road of Souls

A stretch of road that leads more or less toward Jem Karteis — at least for a short way — has been used by the Mulstabhins to dispose of and make an example out of many Northlander prisoners that they were able to take in the fighting over the many months of Njal's invasion. The first hint that the characters will have of this abominable sight will be what appears to be rows of thin, dead, branchless trees growing along either side of the dirt track. As the characters get closer, they see that it is actually ranks of wooden poles ranging in height from 8ft to just over 15ft, and atop each of them is a single skull or the desiccated remains of a bearded Northlander head. Upon getting closer still, the characters see that at the base of each of these poles is the skeletal or desiccated corpse of a Northlander warrior, spread eagle on the ground and held in place by stakes before being ritually disemboweled. Afterward, each of the sacrificed corpses was beheaded and its head mounted on the pole that stands where the corpse's head should actually be. There are several hundred of these corpses lining either side of this road for almost a mile, fresher corpses lying closer to the city and older corpses lying farther away.

Anyone seeing this foul desecration can recall that this is similar to how the murdered citizens of Hrolfsberg were found. The staking to the ground and ritual disemboweling is a form of human sacrifice, likely to some evil deity or power (if the characters identified the footprints found at **The Killing Fields** above, then they may be starting to get some inkling of the true situation in Mulstabha). However, the beheading and mounting of the warriors' heads is something different entirely — like some sort of second religious tradition tacked onto the first. Some of Mulstabha's legendary diviners use the heads of their slain enemies as a sort of divinatory power. But the ritual sacrifice of the sort displayed here and previously in Hrolfsberg is not something typical of the Mulstabhins' religious practices.

The fact of the matter is that, like the citizens of Hrolfsberg, the reason and method of the sacrifice of these many Northlander prisoners is a part of the obeisance practiced by the vile Huun for their dark deity Nergal in order to bring them further victory in their conquest, though the characters do not yet have any way of knowing this. The decapitation and head mounting is a part of the Mulstabhin tradition of diviners known as deathspeakers, oracles who claim to receive divine revelation through consorting with the dead. The Grand Necromancer (see **Area E** in **Chapter 1**) is ostensibly the head of this tradition, though in truth the one who holds that position is often not a diviner at all (as in the case of Shith Kalhe) and holds only an honorary title as such with the deathspeakers. Like the astrology-based ephemerides, the deathspeakers use their divinatory powers for the masters of Mulstabha to further the interests of their city-state.

In regards to this particular display of the deathspeakers' practice, the Nergal-worshipping priests of the Huun didn't care where the sacrifices were carried out so long as they were conducted to honor their foul god. It was the prophecy of a deathspeaker who stated that if the Northlander prisoners were sacrificed along this particular road and their spirits made accessible to the death oracles of the city, then once the road of corpses had reached a certain length the war against the Northlanders would be won. Unfortunately, the deathspeakers and ephemerides couldn't agree on exactly what length the "Road of Souls" — as they called it — had to be to fulfill the oracle's prophecy, so for nearly a year a deathspeaker has remained at this site daily consulting the spirits of the dead to find the answer and the means to finally defeat the Northlanders. A **deathspeaker** remains at the site even now, walking among the poles and using a hooked staff to carefully bring down one skull after another to seek to gain its secret knowledge. It just so happens that the deathspeaker here today is the most powerful member of the order and second only to the Grand Necromancer in rank, so important are the current portents believed to be. When the characters arrive, he spots them unless they are particularly stealthy and attempts to hide among the ranks of poles. If spotted and attacked, he taps upon the necromantic power inherent to this site and calls forth the host of cursed spirits that have been trapped here by the foul work of the Huun and the deathspeakers. These spirits rise as a **devouring mist** composed of motes of negative energy that are equal parts necromancy and malice that fight for the deathspeaker.

Deathspeaker Artrais (Clr13): HP 52; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** +3 *heavy mace* (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 4; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special:** +2 save vs. paralysis or poison, spells (5/5/5/4/4/1).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x3), *detect good*, *detect magic*; 2nd—*bless*, *hold person* (x2), *silence 15ft radius, snake charm*; 3rd—*cure disease (x2)*, *speak with dead* (x3); 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2), *protection from good 10ft radius*, *sticks to snakes*; 5th—*finger of death (x3)*, *insect plague*; 6th—*blade barrier*.

Equipment: +2 *chainmail*, *cloak of protection* +2, +3 *heavy mace*, *ring of protection* +2, *potion of extra healing* (x6), white silk robe sewn with small pearls, amethysts, citrines, and small golden skulls (5200hs), silver coronet of three bands set with the faces of three skulls on the front, one facing forward, one upside down, and one facing to the left with each having inset emeralds as eyes (9900hs), bronze bracers engraved with images of skeletons and oracles smoking hookahs (360hs), pouch with 260 staters.

At the Road of Souls, Deathspeaker Artrais can call forth the spirits of the sacrificed Northlander dead. This takes a full round but cannot be disrupted by attacks or damage. On the following round, the spirits of the dead Northlanders rise as a devouring mist under the control of the deathspeaker.

Devouring Mist: HD 14; **HP** 102; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 2 slams (2d6); **Move** 0 (fly 15); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** blood drain (2d6 damage with attack, gain 1hp), create spawn (victims turn into devouring mist in 1d4 rounds), magic resistance (50%), +1 or better magic weapons to hit. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 56)

The deathspeaker uses his spells to the best of his ability, but if the mist is defeated, he attempts to flee back toward Jem Karteis on foot.

Development: If the deathspeaker is captured alive, the characters can interrogate him if they choose to do so. If successfully intimidated and the right questions are asked, he reveals that the black-eyed strangers appeared in the midst of the citadel one day more than 3 years ago and approached the Mulstabha of Jem Karteis about forming an alliance. Some of the city masters argued against such an alliance while others argued for it, and the Mulstabha himself remained thoughtfully quiet throughout. That night, hundreds more of the strangers appeared within the citadel and there was a great slaughter. The next morning, those masters who had spoken against the alliance were all dead, staked out in the city square and

ritually disemboweled. After that, the Mulstabha welcomed the newcomers, called the Huun, with open arms. The deathspeaker believes it was these Huun who put the idea into the Mulstabha's head to make war with the Northlanders, and they must have somehow affected the stars and the Land of the Dead because all of the omens since then have promised victory for the Mulstabha and the city-state of Jem Karteis. He does not know any further information about the Huun or the disposition of the war in the western portion of the island but can relate general information as you see fit about Mulstabha as described in **Citadel of Jem Karteis** in **Chapter 3**.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If Northlander characters defeat the devouring mist, then award 200% experience as they realize that they have released tormented Northlander souls condemned from reaching their final reward in Valhalla. With the creature destroyed, the valkyries can at last come and collect those heroes who fought for Njal and fell here.

Abandoned Village

A Mulstabhin village of domed huts consisting of mudbrick walls and roofs heavily plastered with a thick lacquer to resist the wet season stands here. It is a typical farming village established by the city-state consisting of a few dozen dwellings organized in concentric rings and surrounded by the fields of the city-state where villagers and slaves toil to grow crops of barley, gourds, melons, and grapes by season to feed their masters. This village is strangely quiet, the fields empty of laborers or draft animals. Dozens of large carrion birds circle above the village center.

If the characters move in to investigate, they discover the fate of the villagers. In the center circle of the village, all 173 of its inhabitants — men, women, and children — have been staked to the ground spread eagle and sacrificed by ritual disembowelment. From the stench and the decomposing state of the bodies, it is evident that this must have occurred within the last few days. The only clue as to what transpired are the complete absence of domestic animals and any wagons or carts, the fact that the fields of summer melon and barley crops have recently been harvested, and a large wooden scale set up in the village circle that still has a ripped open, spilled sack of barley sitting on one side. The tracks of dozens of shod humanoids, animals, and the wheel tracks of carts and wagons all heading on the road toward Jem Karteis, all several days old. Anyone searching the spilled barley sack notices that it has been partially filled with barley stalks as filler and that several large rocks have been hidden inside it. A search of the huts reveals that all have been thoroughly looted.

It is possible that the characters may piece together what occurred here through careful investigation or the use of magic. The city-state's farming villages owe a tithe of their crop to the masters of the city whenever it is harvested. In this trying times as the war with Njal's elusive army has dragged on and the addition of many extra mouths to feed for the Huun occupiers, that tithe has become more draconian. When this village completed its harvest, a contingent of Hykadrion mameluks led by Huun "advisors" arrived to weigh and collect the tithe. When the villagers attempted to hold back a portion of the tithe for themselves and it was discovered by the Huun, they ordered the entire village rounded up and sacrificed to Nergal. They then stripped the village of anything of use and marched back to Jem Karteis a couple of days before the party arrived. While there is nothing of material value to be gained by the characters here, if they make the effort to figure out what occurred they will have learned valuable information that it seems all is not well with the folk of Mulstabha.

Occupied Village

This encounter can be used multiple times.

These villages are much like that in the **Abandoned Village** encounter above in their physical description but are still occupied by their Mulstabhin inhabitants. There are 1d3x100 plus 5d20 inhabitants in these villages who are adult male or female Mulstabhins and another 50% of that amount in children, though there are an unusually high number of abandoned dwellings as well (due to the citadel's conscription for its armies). Of the adults, 90% are commoners of levels 1–3 with the remaining 10% consisting of experts of levels 1–2. These folk are simple farmers and herdsmen with a full range of alignments, though most tend toward Lawful or Neutrality. They do not order their own lives, and are accustomed to administrators and overseers coming from the citadel every week or so to give them their latest directives that are then disseminated to the populace through various shift bosses and heads of households. They are fearful of Northlanders, having heard rumors of them as barbaric warriors from the cold wastes and eaters of the dead. If the characters are spotted, the villagers attempt to flee and surrender if they are unable to do so. There is a 20% chance that these villages have a contingent of **50 Hykadrion mameluks** led by a **mameluk captain** who attacks the characters to cover the retreat of the villagers. Any mameluks fight to the death. If any villagers are captured, they can reveal the general information under **Citadel of Jem Karteis** in **Chapter 3** but do not know any details of the war or the leadership of the citadel.

Hykadrion Mameluks (50 Hobgoblins): HD 2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** spear (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** none.

Equipment: spear.

Mameluk Captain (Hobgoblin): HD 5; **HP** 37; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** *+1 battleaxe* (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** none.

Equipment: *+1 battleaxe*.

Treasure: If the characters take the time to loot the village (an unwise option considering it is a task requiring 4d6 man-hours), they can recover loot and valuable items worth a total of 1d6x500hs. However, of even more importance is the fact that the village livery has draft animals and livestock, including 3d8 horses that the characters could use to speed up their journey toward the citadel

Looted Village

These villages are similar in scope to the previously discussed villages except they are little more than a burned out ruin, and the fields around them grow wild and untended. Their mudbrick dwellings are scorched, and in many places have collapsed from the fires that raged within. There are no inhabitants, and nothing of value remains to be found. A careful search reveals a few damaged swords or rusty arrowheads and the occasional skeleton picked clean by scavengers, but it is clear no one has been here in a long time.

These are villages that lay in the path of Njal's Horderlander army as they marched across the breadth of Mulstabha to avenge the fallen at Hrolfsberg and the cowardly raids upon their own homes. When they encountered a village, they destroyed any resistance (there rarely was any as most Mulstabhins fled at the sight of the approaching horde) and thoroughly sacked the place for loot but mainly mounts and supplies. By taking from the Mulstabhins' own stores of crops and livestock, the Hrolflanders have been able to survive for most of the last year. There is nothing of value to be found, and any tracks have long since been erased by time.

The Titan of Mulstabha

As the characters cross a small valley, they stumble upon a legend of Mulstabha. Having spotted them from higher ground and coming toward them is the Titan of Mulstabha, a legendary figure said to live in an iron prison in the main gate of the citadel. The Titan is in fact a **jack-in-irons giant** captured years ago and brought back to replace a succession of giants and other titanic creatures that have served in the role as the citadel's Titan. In addition to the chains that normally adorn a jack-in-irons giant, this creature wears a special iron breastplate passed down from its predecessors with the Bull of Mulstabha stamped prominently upon it. Thick iron epaulettes set at its shoulders serve as mobile platforms for the **Titankeeper**, a scurvy one-legged dwarf bard who pounds a war drum on the giant's right shoulder to guide it in battle, and Nilharhu, the **Warden of the Gate**, a ranger who is in charge of the archer companies that defend the main gates of Jem Karteis, on the left epaulette. As long as they remain on these shoulder platforms, these two receive cover against any attacks

coming from the ground. Both wear leather harnesses that hold them in place, so they cannot be knocked off their platforms unless they unbuckle themselves or they are broken free. This creature and its handlers were sent forth from the gates of Jem Karteis to find and confront the new invaders when several Mulstabhin astrologers predicted that the battle of the beach landing would be lost by the Mulstabhin forces. Now, guided by the revelatory guidance of those diviners, the Titan has found the characters and attacks wildly to crush them before moving on to find the rest of the Great Northern Army.

The Titan of Mulstabha (Jack-in-Irons Giant): HD 16+1d6hp; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** club (7d6 plus stun); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 17/2300; **Special:** hurl boulders (7d6 damage), shake earth (stomp knocks down opponents with failed save), stun (save or stunned for 1 turn). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 276)

Equipment: breastplate, greatclub

In each round that the Titankeeper is playing his war drum during the Titan's turn, the Titan receives the benefits of a *haste* spell and a +2 bonus to hit and damage. In rounds that the drum is not played, the Titan loses these bonuses. This change is easily noticeable as the Titan suddenly moves faster and his physique visibly swells with the influx of magical energy or vice versa. The effects of the drum cannot be dispelled, though a *silence* spell ends the effects for as long as it remains in effect over the drum.

Titankeeper (Dwarf Ftr7): HP 50; **AC** 5[14] (3[16] while on Titan); **Atk** 2 warhammers (1d4+1); **Move** 3; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** detect stonework, drum magic, multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, +4 save vs. magic.

Equipment: chainmail, 2 warhammers, drum.

Warden of the Gate (Rgr6): HP 51; **AC** 4[15] (–2[+2] cover bonus while on Titan); **Atk** *+1 bastard sword* (1d8+1) or *+2 longbow* x2 (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** tracking, +6 vs. giants and goblin-types.

Equipment: *+1 leather armor*, bastard sword, *+2 longbow* with 20 arrows, *+1 arrows* (x5), 2 gold armrings (100hs each).



Chapter Three: The Mulstabha of Jem Karteis

Jem Karteis, Mulstabha of

Alignment: Chaotic
Capital: Jem Karteis (28,360)
Notable Settlements: none
Ruler: Mulstabha Oomarth Khahlethem (C male human MU9) and Masters of the Citadel; currently ruled by foreign military occupiers
Government: Oligarchy
Population: 120,200 (72,000 Mulstabhins; 16,000 foreign slaves; 14,700 Huun; 7200 common giants; 5500 hobgoblins; 2750 dwarves; 1600 lizardfolk, 450 other)
Humanoid: common giants (many), hobgoblins (some), lizardfolk (some), dwarves (few)
Monstrous: boars, camels, lions, ankhegs, dire boars, common giants, dire lions, harpies, stirges, fire drakes, gorgons, hill giants, hell hounds, ypottrylls (Krivcycek Island); venomous snakes, crab swarms, saltwater crocodiles, snake swarms, hippopotamuses, giant snakes, giant crayfish, lizardfolk, giant crabs, marsh giants, hags, rorkouns, black dragons (tidal swamps)
Languages: Semuric, Common, Goblin, Dwarven, Nørsk
Religion: Mulstabhin Astrology, The Hykadrion Prophecies, Nergal
Resources: tolls, trade hub, salt, pitch, pottery, horoscopes, slave-soldiers, glass, pit fighters
Technology Level: High Middle Ages

A settlement of some sort has stood on Krivcycek Island for as long as the humans of Lloegyr have known of the island's existence. Catching the cooling breezes off the Great Ocean Ûthaf during the sweltering summers and insulated somewhat from the winter cold by the warm waters flowing up from the Sea of Spices during the harsh winters, the different tribes of folk who occupied these lands have managed to eke out an existence on the Isthmus of Irkaina and sometimes have even managed to thrive. The earliest rock paintings of early Neolithic tribes of Libynos that had traversed the sometimes-flooded/sometimes-dry isthmus show scenes of trade and sometimes war with the inhabitants of the strange sometimes-island at its center. And as the only land link between the continents of Akados and Libynos, and as the only sea link between Great Ûthaf and the Sinnar Ocean and Mother Oceanus beyond, the importance of the land now usually referred to as Mulstabha cannot be overstated.

The secret of Mulstabha's importance lies in the unique intertwining of its geologic and hydrologic geography. In times before the recorded history of even the dragons after the Great Continent of Hyperboros had split into Boros, Akados, and Libynos and begun to drift apart, a land connection continued to exist between Akados and Libynos even as they drew farther and farther away. This connection was a much larger landmass of what is now the Isthmus of Irkaina, and served to effectively separate the frigid northern ocean from the relatively warmer waters of more southern climes. But over time as the planet's weather cycle changed and a period of warmth began to emerge after a long epoch of cold, a great melting of polar ice began and substantially increased the water level of the oceans. In addition, the two continents of Akados and Libynos continued their eons-long tug-of-war making the land connection between them ever narrower and ever lower in elevation as its foundational substrate thinned and separated with tectonic drift. Finally, the influx of the rising sea level was too much for the isthmus to withstand, and the central-most portion of it found itself as the bottom of a shallow sea that for the first time allowed the waters of the northern and southern oceans to meet and mix.

This new marine environment did not last for long, though, for a short time later (as such things are measured in geologic time), the mysterious interstellar mass known only as the Judgment of Xtu fell from the sky and crashed into the waters at the eastern edge of Libynos, blasting a massive hole in that fledgling continent and creating the still-extant Boiling Sea. The resulting impact created an atmospheric dust cloud that substantially cooled the planet for centuries (trapping more of the oceans in polar ice caps once again) and caused a short reversal of the Libynos tectonic drift. The sum of these changes was that the central portion of the land bridge found itself above water level again — at least for a time. With the eventual planetary warm up and rise in sea levels again, the relatively new land mass found the waters of Ûthaf and the Sinnar once again rushing over it — but only partially. Instead, at each low tide, the land connection remained intact between Akados and Libynos, allowing continued migration of animals and later humanoids between the two, but at each high tide the waters of the oceans once again mingled to create a sea connection between the continents and isolate a single promontory now known as Krivcycek Island.

Over the ages, the seas have risen and fallen, changing the timing and depth of the tidal inundations, but never since has Krivcycek Island become submerged. The region subjected to the inundations, on the other hand, has become a low, tidal swamp providing a land route between the continents at the ebb of the tide and sea route between the oceans at its height. This unique position at the crux of migration, exploration, and trade has allowed whoever controlled Krivcycek Island to profit greatly from its use. With the rise of the Hyperborean Empire and the formal establishment of maintained land routes and sea channels that opened alternately with the daily tides, the masters of the island truly were able to come into their own.

Centuries later when the Libynosi minotaur raider called Mulstabha landed his ship on the northern edge of the island and conquered the settlement that occupied the old Hyperborean fortifications, setting himself up as a pirate king, the beginnings of the modern city-state known as Mulstabha (for this semi-mythical founding father) truly began. Very little is remembered of the historical Mulstabha, beyond the current city's foundational myth of a titular bull rising from the sea and marking the beginning of the nation. Even the minotaur pirate's name of old is no

longer truly remembered. Rather, the word "mulstabha" has come to mean something like "homeland" or "city-state" and is likewise used to describe its rules, somewhat synonymously with "king." Thus, the Mulstabha (city-state) of Jem Karteis, which includes not only the citadel but all of Krivcycek Island and the surrounding swamps as well, is ruled by the Mulstabha (king) of Jem Karteis. The confusion that this generates is in no way relieved by the fact that most cartographers mistakenly label Krivcycek Island as a nation called Mulstabha and grant its legendary seaway the name of the Mulstabhin Passage. The Mulstabhins themselves are fairly ambivalent with this and, with their extreme limitations on how far an outsider can even penetrate into their affairs, remain largely untroubled by the thinking of foreigners.

While folk of many nations have used the Mulstabhin Passage for centuries, the people of Krivcycek Island are actually fairly insular and allow few to step foot on the island itself. At their great citadel at Jem Karteis, they maintain an oft-flooded wharf district outside the citadel walls where trade from scores of different ethnicities and countries rub shoulders in a mélange of languages, styles of clothes, and skin tones. Yet only a very few outsiders are allowed to ever step foot within the walls of this sacred home of the Mulstabhins. The one major exception to this prohibition are the nomadic bands of ghazaks that wander the island. These small family and clan groups of tall, pale-skinned, white-haired humans are as phenotypically different from the swarthy native Mulstabhins as could be imagined, yet they alone are able to move unhindered through Mulstabhin territory with impunity. Most folk think it is because there are so few of them and that they represent no threat or great burden to the city-state, while others claim it was because they inhabited the island long before the Mulstabhins and were the ones who first called the legendary Bull from the Sea to establish a new nation of people. Still others whisper that it was the ghazaks who first taught the secrets of Mulstabhin Astrology to the ephemerides. Whatever the reason, the ghazaks are few in number and are rarely seen in their wanderings upon the island. Only a very few actually reside in or visit the citadel.

Though the island once served as the Great Crossroads between the East and West, since the advent of the current dynasty many centuries ago, such overland travel has been extremely restricted, and those few who make the journey pay a large toll and find themselves under constant guard as they make their way across the island from salt swamp track to salt swamp track. What overland traffic remains continues to dwindle over the years as few are willing to make the difficult journey along the harsh Isthmus of Irkaina to reach the even harsher terrain of the western erg of the Caliphate in Libynos, especially when a much easier and faster route exists in simply sailing between Akados and Libynos across the Mulstabhin Passage or the Sea of Spices.

The result of this restricted land trade is that there are few major roads across the inland reaches of Mulstabha. One major road which receives regular upkeep, the Mulstabha's Toll Route, extends from the southwestern edge of the island where the route rises from the tidal marsh there and stretches to the island's eastern edge where it extends once again into the flooded marshes connecting to Libynos. Branching off this road near its western end is a short, heavily guarded route called the Way of the Bull that leads to the gates of the Citadel of Jem Karteis. Very few roads of any note exist elsewhere on the island other than small dirt tracks that wind between the city-state run farming communities that dot the fertile patches along the exposed ancient sea bed.

Citadel of Jem Karteis

Chaotic citadel
Qualities insular, magically attuned, prosperous, racially intolerant (Northlanders), strategic location, superstitious
Disadvantages occupied (as hunted)
Government council
Population 28,360 (23,530 humans [Mulstabhins]; 3090 humans [slaves]; 730 humans [Huun]; 450 hobgoblin [mameluks]; 305 common giants; 195 hill dwarves; 60 lizardfolk; unknown number of undead)
Notable NPCs
Oomarth Khahlethem, Mulstabha of Jem Karteis (C male human MU9)
Estimbhin Shaethe, High Querent of the Sidereal Sign (N male human Clr10 Mulstabhin Astrology)
Shith Kalhe, Grand Necromancer (C male human MU11, 39hp)
Boabey Mhez, Pyromancer of Jem Karteis (C male human MU10, 36hp)
Ezkercia S'tinbxa, Mistress of Chattels (C female human MU12, 39hp)
Zeuhez Koh, Master of the Hykadrion Order (C male human Mnk10, 32hp)
General Zurghaz, Commander of the Legion (N male human Ftr10, 71hp)
Nilharhu, Warden of the Gate (N male human Rgr6, 51hp)
Guillame Artreiye, Chief Actuary (N male human, 25hp)

Purchase Maximum 170,000 gp

The story of the citadel of Jem Karteis is the story of all of Mulstabha. Its foundations first laid millennia ago by the pirate lord Mulstabha, the Bull from the Sea, Jem Karteis began as a simple pirate fortress where the edge of the island met a particularly deep channel leading to the salt marsh and to the sea. As the legend of the Bull gained popularity and approval, the truth of Mulstabha was lost, and he was instead merely remembered as the first king of Jem Karteis, bequeathed his crown by the aforementioned mythical bull. Since that time, the citadel has continued to grow and expand to its current size and political arrangement.

At some point, an early architect of the citadel sought to give the gate of the fort a bull-like orientation. This concept has been repeated over and over again for centuries, with some areas looking more bull-like in their layout, and others merely roughly conforming to the proper shape. The great gatehouse that stands at the front of the building with its oversized upper works and twin spires somewhat resembles a horned bovine head and is known, appropriately enough, as the "Bull's Head" with the great seal of the city prominently displayed upon what would be the Bull's chest right next to a massive structure of iron and stone that has served as the prison of the Titan of Mulstabha for as long as anyone can remember. The bulk of the citadel lies behind this prominent gatehouse fortress and descends like the sloping neck and back of a bull to the very edge of the cliff where it seems to extend over the edge and into the water. The bottommost portion of the citadel is an island city area that lies out in the sometimes flooded, sometimes swampy area behind the island's edge and is known commonly as the "Hindquarters." It is here that foreign merchants can come and trade. They are not allowed to step foot on the main island without special permission, so most never come any farther inland than this. The warren of docks, warehouses, and shops of the Hindquarters is overseen by the Chief Actuary, the depressingly named but actually extremely powerful administrator who oversees the docks and trade, and is appointed by the Mulstabha.

The walls of the citadel itself stand 50ft tall with square-based, 60ft towers every 300ft and range from 14ft to 26ft thick, many with dark casements for storage, defense, or the imprisonment of criminals and other undesirables within their thickness. While the citadel is huge, there is no way it can hold its entire populace within its walls, not to mention the Huun invasion force. Therefore, the citadel walls are surrounded by a sprawling city of Mulstabhin stone dwellings, which are further surrounded by the round, steeply conical tents of the army of the Huun. Fortunately for the characters, despite the many tents present, most of the Huun are out in the field conducting their campaign against the wily Njal Hrolfsblood.

Governance of the citadel (and by extension the entire island nation) is a complex arrangement of administrators, castes, faction leaders, and acknowledged Master of the Citadel, ostensibly under the authority of the current ruling Mulstabha of Jem Karteis. The Mulstabha is selected from among the ranks of the Unbearing caste, and his or her family can only keep a hereditary hold on the seat for three generations. After that, it reverts to the Masters who must select a new Mulstabha from among the Unbearing. However, after recent events, a shadow government of administrators and military generals of the Huun Imperium rule the citadel from behind the

scenes as they prosecute their agenda to eradicate the power of the Northlanders and open entirely new territory in the North for the expansion of their home empire. Though most people are aware of the strangers that appeared in the citadel months ago and that more than a few of the city-state's Masters mysteriously died or disappeared shortly thereafter, virtually no one is aware of the extent to which the Huun now control their everyday lives.

Beyond the Mulstabha and the Masters (and now the secret Huun administrators), the city is effectively ruled by a system of strict castes. The castes are not permanently locked, so a citizen of the city-state can move up or down — down is much more common than up, but doing either is exceedingly rare (other than the exceptions mentioned below). There are five formal castes within Mulstabhin culture and two special groups that fall outside this hierarchy. The five castes are the Unseen, the Unbearing, the Unknown, the Unwritten, and the Uncasted.

The Unseen comprise the current and former mulstabhas of the city-state and their descendants to the fifth generation. Since the Mulstabha is chosen by the Masters and no family can hold the office for more than three generations, there are multiple families that are considered members of the Unseen. Members of the Unseen Caste must cover their faces with a veil at all times when in the presence of anyone who is not of at least the Unbearing Caste or a personal household slave. An exception is made when a member of the Unseen is in the presence of an Unbearing's household. Proper decorum would be for the Unbearing Caste member to blindfold or blind all of her own personal slaves to allow the Unseen guest to doff the veil. The Unseen are rarely seen in public (as much for safety from disgruntled members of lower castes as because of the hassle), but when they are, they are inevitably accompanied by a squad of dedicated bodyguards — free or slave. Most members of the Unseen wear elaborate veils of expensive materials and precious stones when seen in public to accentuate their separation from the masses.

The Unbearing are the caste that lies directly below the Unseen. This caste consists of the Masters of the city-state and their families, both direct and cadet branches. All members of the Unseen are members of the Unbearing Caste, but not all members of the Unbearing are of the Unseen. The Unbearing are considered to be the most-important citizens of the city-state and essential to its survival by the prophecies and predictions of the astrologers and Hykadrion zealots. The fact that most of the higher-ranking members of the faith of Mulstabhin Astrology and the Hykadrion Temple are Unbearing is not lost on certain dissenting minds within the city. The Unbearing are called such because they are not permitted to set foot on the ground outside their personal residences and other properties, or those of their equals. On all other occasions they must be borne by litter or palanquin on the shoulders of servants or slaves. To do so is to risk being stripped of caste and becoming one of the Unknown. How stringently this requirement is applied depends on the individuals ranking within the caste. Actual Masters of Jem Karteis and their first-degree relatives in their direct lineage (or a spouse) may set foot on the ground for no more than three breaths a day; what exactly a "breath" equals as a time interval has never been defined, though many traditional schools of thought have developed on the matter over the centuries. First-degree relatives of Masters who are not in their direct linage can set foot on the ground for no more than 1 hour a day. This pattern continues as relatives grow more distant until the lower echelons of the caste are relatives of greater than fifth-degree and members of cadet branches of the Masters' houses. These folk can step foot on the ground for as much as 6 hours a day without suffering social consequences. It should be noted that while riding animals and associated conveyances are fine, members of lower castes using litters or palanquins are subjected to summary execution if discovered by their betters.

The Unknown Caste comprises the common folk of Mulstabha. These are the workers and business owners, some of whom are quite wealthy but cannot claim close enough relation to one of the Masters' houses to gain entry into the Unbearing Caste. It is the Unknown who make the city work and bring the revenue of their labors into the city's coffers. Each year, one member of the Unknown may be raised to the Unbearing by the Mulstabha if he so chooses. This serves to inspire if not great loyalty, at least motivation to conform to the system. The more affluent members of the Unknown who believe they possess the favor of a patron of a higher caste often nails risers to the bottom of their sandals to elevate their height by as much as several inches in some cases in order to show their proximity to the Unbearing Caste.

Below the Unknown is the Unwritten Caste. This is by far the worst caste to be in and is composed of slaves, criminals, and the extremely poor and/or destitute. They are called the Unwritten based on the assumption by the astrologers of the city-state that their fate is of such little significance that it is not even determined by the stars, much less recorded. This group enjoys few freedoms and even fewer rights. It is upon their backs that the wealth of the city is made, for which they receive little to no compensation or recognition. It is to this caste that new members are most frequently banished as their fortunes change and leave them with no hope and no prospects in life beyond backbreaking labor and the disdain of former friends and peers.

The Uncasted lie outside the formal hierarchy of the caste system. They are universally considered to be below the Unbearing, but this has never been defined in Mustabhin law so that an extremely low-ranking member of the Unbearing might find himself at the mercy of a high-ranking Uncasted. Most members of the Uncasted are the baru-priests of the Hykadrion Order, though there are a few exceptions here and there. In addition, the nomadic ghazaks who roam the island are informally considered to be a part of the Uncasted.

Entirely outside the caste system are the Hykadrion mameluks and the undead. The mameluks command respect out of fear if nothing else but are also considered an instrument of the Master of the Hykadrion Order and are therefore afforded a greater respect than would be otherwise expected. Within the mameluk ranks, it possesses its own social order with the newest conscripted slave soldiers and recruits at the lower end all the way up to the Emir-General of the Mulstabha's household (sometimes referred to as the Household Guard).

The last group and probably least understood are the Unspeaking. These are the undead created by or under the direction of the Grand Necromancer and used as the secret backbone of the city-state's labor, handling jobs too dangerous even for valuable foreign slaves. The Unspeaking are almost exclusively zombies and other mindless undead that labor secretly beneath the very foundations of the citadel in its unstable bitumen mines or out in the salt marshes maintaining the trade roads and withy channels. Most Mulstabhins are aware that this caste exists — members of the Unspeaking are seen occasionally on the streets carrying out tasks for the deathspeakers — but few know the true numbers or extent of their presence within and beneath the citadel. Even more disturbing, among those few who do know the true extent of this undead horde there are whispered rumors that more powerful undead that are not mindless nor loyal to the city-state have infiltrated their ranks and await only the right moment to raise their own undying rebellion against the living.

Religion

Mulstabha is fairly unique in its religious practices, lying as it does where the conservative pantheism of ancient Hyperborea and, more recently, Foere meet the virtual monotheism of the Church of Fatimshan in the Ammuyad Caliphate and the far more extravagant and mysterious pantheism of the Libynosi lands beyond, where the rigid binity of the Alcaldrich Church Inquisitorial meets the lusty indifference of the Æsir and the Vanir. And this multiplicity of faiths can be found throughout the folk of Mulstabha, especially within the populace of the citadel, where two major religions have ascended supreme on the island: one reaching a higher position in the realm of political and spiritual influence, while the other has achieved greater status in the commanding of worldly might and martial power. As a result, both hold a very important and very different place in the war that currently wracks the nation-state. So far, these two major religions have never come openly into conflict, for the hearts and souls of the Mulstabhins, though no one can say exactly who the victor of such a conflict would be, or if there would be a victor at all. The fact that a third major religion has come in by the influence of foreign invaders to secretly hold power over the other two only adds a new layer of intrigue and complexity to the already bizarre interaction.

Mulstabhin Astrology

The astromancers of Jem Karteis practice astrology as the leading means to determine the fate of the city-state and its rulers and to make political decisions and appointments. Over the centuries, Mulstabhin astrology has become so prevalent that almost no decisions of any import are ever made

Astrology

Alignment: Neutral
Symbol: Constellation images of varying numbers and types surrounding a central solar disc
Garb: Rich robes embroidered with mystical symbols, signs, and formulae
Favored Weapon: Dagger
Form of Worship and Holidays: Days of the solistitium and the equilux, solar and lunar eclipses, important conjunctions and vertices of various celestial bodies
Typical Worshippers: Libynosi mystics, magi, Mulstabhins, diviners, hermits, nagas, sphinxes, mountain oni

The wise men of the East have long looked to the stars in search of signs and portents, and over long centuries, this practice has become an exacting science using the locations and movements of various celestial bodies in relation to each other to foretell the course of events, determine the fate of individuals, and predict calamities before they occur. They do not look to divinities or supernatural entities to provide them with answers or succor. Rather, their diligent perseverance is accomplished through the use of extensive charts and tables that are used to calculate the subtle nuances of these heavenly influences and determine horoscopes that reveal the secret truths of the universe hidden within. These practices come in many forms and means of interpretation, including the disciplines of natal astrology (determined by the exact time and circumstances of a person's birth), horary astrology (determined by when the question to be answered was received by the astrologer and based primarily on the positions of the moons), electional astrology (used to determine the most auspicious time at which to begin some undertaking), and mundus astrology (the application of astrology to politics and world affairs using astrological, geological, and sometimes even meteorological phenomena). They are further divided into two schools of astrology: tropical astrology, which bases its zodiacal year on the vernal equinox, and sidereal astrology, which bases its zodiacal year on certain fixed stars in the sky.

without first consulting the astrological signs, and oftentimes the city-state's Mulstabha and other leading citizens are skilled practitioners of astrology themselves. The astrologers of Mulstabha practice a sidereal-based astrology to primarily make electional and mundus astrology applications (see **Astrology** sidebox). Many of the city-state's influential leaders and astrologers are sorcerers. Mulstabhin clerical practitioners of astrology are referred to as ephemerides for the elaborate tables of astrological calculations they produce through their studies of the esoteric mysteries of the sky and earth. They combine a very naturalistic worldview into their practices based on the unique position their citadel home holds, caught between the land, the sea, and the sky. Furthermore, the use of burned sacrifices has taken on a major role in their religion and the propitiation of the forces of the universe, and the chief burner of sacrifices in the citadel, the Pyromancer of Jem Karteis, holds a place of major importance in society.

One additional aspect sets the astrologers of Mulstabha apart from others of their kind, and that is their belief that the spirits of the dead serve as guiding spirits and cosmic go-betweens in their search for celestial truths. This is reflected in the fact that many followers of Mulstabhin Astrology are not clerics at all but still gain divine powers and spellcasting abilities from some source. These individuals often practice haruspicy (reading of entrails) in addition to traditional astrology. These practitioners are known as baru-priests and hold a special place in society of equal parts respect and discomfort. Needless to say, baru-priests are usually given a wide berth by anyone who sees them.

The strange melding of the elements and death with traditional astrology grants Mulstabhin Astrology clerics a wide range of divine powers, and provides them with access to the Air, Earth, Fire, Repose, and Water domains as well as the traditional domains associated with Astrology.

The Hykadrion Prophecies

Alignment: Chaotic
Symbol: The silhouette of a man superimposed on the image of a dragon's head
Garb: Scale mail, dragonhide armor, rich garb in chromatic or metallic colors that imitate dragonhide
Favored Weapon: Khopesh (see **Sidebar**)
Form of Worship and Holidays: Burnt offering sacrifices on the High Holy Days, major sacrifices held at nautical dawn on morning of Dragon's Dawn (the morning after Midwinter). All lights are extinguished and followers symbolically bury themselves (usually under bed covers) throughout the duration of solar and lunar eclipses (called the Eater of the Light).
Typical Worshippers: The Hykadrion Order, dragon disciples, some half-dragons, kobolds, and wyvarans

Based on a series of ancient manuscripts of indeterminate age written in Draconic, with the author listed only as the seer Hykadros of Urm, these texts detail a coming Time of Darkness when the known world will end and only the most worthy and fit forms of life will survive to inherit the world. Hykadrions believe that this group of worthies is destined to be them. As a philosophy built off of the beliefs of the dragon deity Utechner, the Hykadrion Prophecies incorporates the view of dragons as the pinnacle of evolutionary selection so that emulation of dragonkind is a cornerstone of the faith. It is believed that only by embracing the majesty and wisdom of dragonkind do humanoids stand a chance in the coming Time of Darkness to enable them to come into their true inheritance.

The text of the Prophecies manuscript is extraordinarily detailed yet infuriatingly vague. The signs and omens said to herald the beginning of this new age have been identified as many different occurrences and the expected date applied to many different past and future occasions. In fact, for much of the faith's history, many of its adherents have clung to one prophet or another whose personal translation of the signs and omens resonated with the masses. When such a one's prophesied end time inevitably fails to come to fruition, these many adherents then drift to the next rising star within the ranks of the faith's seers. Not all followers of the Hykadrion Prophecies are clerics, but there are those granted divine spellcasting through some means not entirely understood among skeptics of the faith's veracity.

The Hykadrion Prophecies

The other major religion associated with Mulstabha is the esoteric philosophy known as the Hykadrion Prophecies. This religion is associated with the obscure dragon deity Utechner, God of the Rightful Ascendance of Dragonkind, as interpreted and recorded by the possibly apocryphal seer Hykadros of Urm. According to the ancient writings of Urm, the religion of Utechner serves merely to highlight the futility and unworthiness of the humanoid races in comparison to the majesty and near-immortality of dragons. The fact that this dovetails in many ways with the tenets of Utechner's own religion probably has a great deal to do with why the clerical followers of the Prophecies are granted spellcasting abilities given the shaky evidence that a seer named Hykadros ever lived, much less a city or land called Urm. Nevertheless, the true meat of the philosophy diverges far from its draconic forebear.

Followers of the Hykadrion Prophecies are found not only in Mulstabha, but nowhere are they more prevalent, and it is certainly where they hold the most influence. In fact, the leader of the Hykadrions is one of the most powerful Masters of Jem Karteis. The Hykadrion faith in Mulstabha is expressed in the form of the Hykadrion Order, a highly disciplined and rigidly organized monastic order. Frustrated with the Prophecies' failure to accu-

Weapon
Khopesh

This 2ft-long blade has a convex curve near the end, giving it the overall shape of a battleaxe. A skilled wielder of the blade has a 10% chance to trip an opponent by hooking the blade around limbs.

Weapon	Damage	Weight (pounds)	Cost
Khopesh	1d8	6	20gp

rately predict the end days over the centuries, the founder of the order, the half-dragon monk Shindou Yrem, developed the Way of the Dragon that seeks to create the true ascendance of human perfection through the strict adherence to a complex set of dietary requirements, mental exercises, and physical achievement. He founded the Hykadrion Temple in Jem Karteis after wandering for many years to find a likely home and there established his Hykadrion Order. Members of the Order in Mulstabha follow a particular sectarian belief in the Flames of Eternity wherein they believe that rather than inherit a physical world after the Time of Darkness, they will be returned to the undying Flames of Eternity upon their own deaths (the "Time of Darkness" as interpreted by this group) and, if properly purified and prepared by the trials of the mortal world, will arise from their own ashes as true dragons. To this end, they seek to become more like the creatures they venerate with surgical implantation of actual dragon scales or claws, or magical imitation of the abilities of dragons.

The Hykadrion Order believes that there are many paths to purification through life, and offer several avenues of faith for those who are not clerics with specific colleges of Hykadrion assassins and Hykadrion sorcerers. In addition, to spread their will and protect what they already hold, in the slave-friendly environs of Jem Karteis they have established an academy of slave-soldiers utterly loyal to the faith called mameluks. The ranks of the mameluks are open only to hobgoblins because of some interpretation of some obscure passage in the Prophecies, but the resulting military force is one to be reckoned with and considered by many to be the pride of Jem Karteis.

The Bull Rises

After covering the distance to Jem Karteis, the characters finally see the bulk of the citadel rising in the distance. Read the following:

> The journey over the sometimes barren, sometimes fertile land of Krivcycek Island must be nearing its end, because you can see gulls floating on the thermals ahead and smell the salt tang of the coastal marshes on the breeze. Then, as you top a low rise, you realize just how close you are, the topmost spires of the citadel loom ahead — squat twin spires that flank the sloping roof of a great stone keep. It is only then that you fully understand the symbols of this strange land. From this distance, the citadel of Jem Karteis that rises from the edge of the island where it trails off into wharves and manmade isles seems to pile upon itself in stone layer after stone layer of thick-built walls and bastions until it actually somewhat resembles a massive bull stepping up and out of the surf — truly the Bull of Mulstabha rises from the sea.

The great citadel is a massive construction of many sections added over millennia of construction and could be said to resemble the titular bull. Of more immediate interest to the characters, however, is the great sea of dun-colored, sharply conical tents, some with dark pennants flying from their peaks. There is a truly massive army encamped around the citadel, and no apparent means of entry.

Though Northlander characters are unlikely to be overly familiar with distant parts of the world of Lloegyr, at their levels they are probably somewhat well-traveled. The tents and the few visible banners are not of a typical Mulstabhin style, but still seeming vaguely Libynosi. They actually belong to the semi-legendary and greatly feared Huun Imperium of far-eastern Libynos. If the sight is to be believed, then it appears that the dread Huun have somehow marched to Mulstabha unnoticed by all of western Libynos in numbers perhaps as great as 10,000 based on the encampment.

There does not appear to be any obvious route to enter the huge citadel, for guards are readily visible upon its walls and towers, and its great gatehouse is stoutly sealed and surrounded by a sea of foreign warriors. At their level, the characters could undoubtedly find some means of entry with little trouble, but they would still have no idea where to go from within. They'd simply be inside a massive city, more armed camp than settlement. However, the gods have given them something to go on. If your players don't remember it, allow any character to roll below his intelligence on 4d6 to recall the words of the godi after the Red Sands:

"The doom of the North lies where the Bull climbs from the sea. They that would stay the hand of darkness must go there and look for the mark of Donar, but they must go alone, for the army marches to Ragnarök and neither god nor man can say its fate while the Bull yet stands unbroken."

From that, it would seem that they must seek the "Mark of Donar," whatever that might be, and find some way to break the great citadel in order to save Køenig Njal and the Northlands. The meaning of any of that isn't immediately obvious, but a slip ridge surrounds much of the citadel at a distance of a half mile or so, like the lip of a bowl, so if they are careful, they ought to be able to scout the perimeter for some clue as to the gods' meaning without too much trouble.

Scouting the Citadel

With the ability to turn invisible, don magical disguises, or just be incredibly stealthy, the characters should fairly easily evade the Huun patrols that scout around the citadel. However, if they fail to take such precautions, then they soon run afoul of a patrol of **7 Huun lancers**. These feared warriors wear steeply pitched conical helms of burnished steel that cover the back and sides of their neck with steel scales, and have bronze nasal guards that protect their face above veils of black silk. The small portion of their face that is visible (namely their eyes and cheeks) have been darkened with kohl, giving them a sinister, otherworldly appearance that has shaken more than one foe who has faced these feared warriors in battle. Their bodies are covered in armor made of overlapping steel plates covered in black lacquer and trimmed in polished brass. Their sinister ensemble is further augmented by the beasts that they ride instead of horses: **7 trained karkadann mounts**. These great, thick-hided, rhino-like creatures have a thick horn on their noses, short-but-swift, barrel-shaped legs, and the foul stench of death from their carrion-streaked maws. They are native to the distant desert lands of the Huun. Though intelligent and naturally savage creatures, these karkadanns have been thoroughly trained and obey their riders without question. The lancers and their mounts die before surrendering.

Huun Lancers (Ftr8): HP 60, 57x2, 56, 55x3, 50; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 *lance* (2d4+3) or short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: +1 *platemail*, +2 *lance*, short sword.

Trained Karkadann Mounts (Rhinoceros) (7): HD 8; HP 55; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus disease), horn (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** disease (save or –2 to hit and damage until cured), double damage on charge. (***Monstrosities*** 396)

Tactics: The Huun are not expecting Northlanders to dare to come so close to Jem Karteis, so when they spot the characters, they assume they are a patrol of Mulstabhin soldiers returning from the battles to the south

Who Are the Hunn?

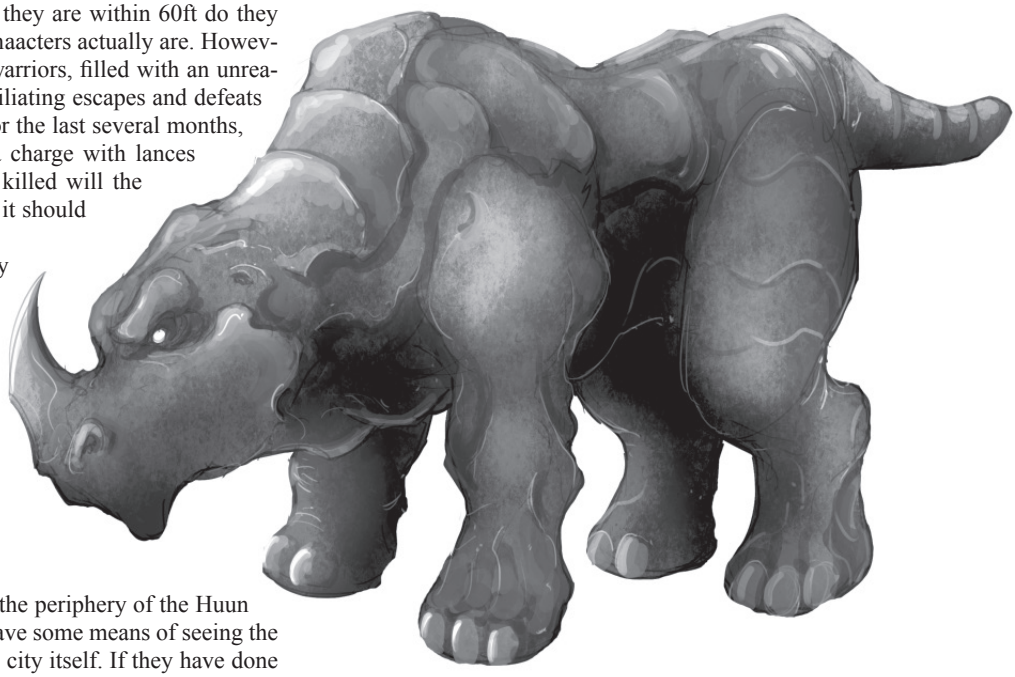
The Huun are one of the great bad guy groups of the **Lost Lands** campaign setting. Formally known as the Huun Imperium, the Huun are a mysterious people whose homeland lies somewhere in the far northeastern reaches of the continent of Libynos. For much of Hyperborean history, the Huun were entirely unknown to the folk of Akados and Libynos. Then suddenly 600 years ago, they appeared out of the mystery-shrouded mountains of northern Libynos in an attack on the Holy City of Tircople. They conquered the city and put to the sword both the Hyperborean Pontifex of Thyr, Muir, and the Legion Tutelary and the First High Lord of the Justicars of Muir. This led to the First Great Crusade launched from Akados to liberate the holy city from the new invaders and resulted into almost three centuries of warfare that culminated in the Fourth Great Crusade wherein the city of Tircople was once again liberated from Huun invaders, but Overking Oessum VII was also slain. It was with the death of Oessum that the direct line of overkings descended from Macobert himself ended, and rule of the Foerdewaith fell to an uncle related only by marriage — the much-maligned Graeltor — who sent his own great crusade against the Orcus stronghold of Tsar to its utter destruction, and brought about the beginning of the end of the supremacy held by the Kingdoms of Foere over Akados and Libynos.

Little was thought of the Huun Imperium until an army of these terrifying warriors inexplicably turned up at the very doorstep of the old Kingdoms of Foere when it appeared at the northern walls of the trade city of Bard's Gate 3 years ago. The great city of the Gulf of Akados region was able to mount a defense behind its formidable walls for more than a year until Foerdewaith king, Ovar, was able to bring a relief army from the central kingdoms, up through the Borderland Province of Aachen, and break the siege. King Ovar and his army pursued the defeated Huun army north for months, through the Pass of Hummaemidon and past the ancient city of Apothasalos, before both disappeared into the cold plains of the Vast Desert. No word has emerged from the desert of the king's army or the enemy Huun, and some in the Overking's Court in Courghais have begun to whisper of old Graeltor and the Forest of Hope all over again, but that story is beyond the scope of this adventure. For more information on the Huun and their attack on Bard's Gate, see the forthcoming ***Bard's Gate Complete*** by **Frog God Games**.

The Huun have been a malignant presence vaguely felt at the very edges of the civilizations of Akados for more than half a millennium, and a very real and terrifying opponent for those knights and soldiers of the western lands who have found themselves in battle facing these fierce desert dwellers. Consequently, they have become something of a bogeyman in the minds of the folk of Akados, low- and highborn alike. Most folk refer to these foreign invaders as "Black-Eyed Huun" for their habit of lining their eyes with kohl and sometimes covering their entire upper face with the cosmetic as a war paint. Little is known for sure of this much-feared and ruthless people, but it is generally agreed that theirs is a theocratic society dedicated to following the Anunnaki deity Nergal the Deathbringer, and that it is ruled by an immortal King of Kings who has reigned unchallenged since the dawn of their imperium. The Huun themselves claim to be a lost tribe of the ancient Hundaei Empire that somehow survived that people's utter destruction and came, somehow intact and entirely unnoticed, to the desolate northern coast of Libynos. From this real or imagined lineage, the Huun see the current people of Akados to be the descendants of their Hundaeis' ancient enemies, the Hyperborean Empire, and seeks to repay their 900-year-old grievance in blood.

and ride over to hear the news. Only when they are within 60ft do they get a really good look and realize who the chaacters actually are. However, rather than run for help, these haughty warriors, filled with an unreasonable hate for Northlanders after the humiliating escapes and defeats Køenig Njal has perpetrated against them for the last several months, they spur their powerful karkadanns into a charge with lances leveled. Only if all but 2 of the riders are killed will the survivors attempt to escape, though by then it should be too late.

Development: If the characters allow any of the Huun lancers to escape or are lingering too long outside the citadel, feel free to throw patrols at them in greater numbers. Make it clear that if they continue to loiter, it is only a matter of time before the entire camp is alerted and their chances of successfully locating the "Mark of Donar" drop significantly.



The Mark of Donar

As the characters make their way around the periphery of the Huun encampment, they should ensure that they have some means of seeing the surrounding terrain — especially toward the city itself. If they have done so, proceed with the following description as they round the southwestern corner of the citadel and turn north toward the coast.

Rounding the southwestern corner of the citadel and once again having a view of the flooded marshes beyond its northern wall, you are no less impressed by its size and scope. Nothing in all of the Northlands matches it for size, and the feeling of antiquity that hangs over it feels more like the barrows of the Andøvan than any hall or fortification of Northlanders. The stone of its walls are sandstone blocks on a massive scale in the bottommost courses, growing ever smaller as they rise to the heights. This change in scale of construction material and the many different hues of stone that it consists of speaks of many phases of building, destruction, and repairs over the centuries. Truly, the Bull

that rises from the Sea is a most-aged beast.

On the western facing of the citadel, the great encampment that has otherwise encircled it is broken for the first time, giving some hope of a means of entry. Instead, a wide field of trampled earth extends to the cliff edge and is dominated by a strange construction of wood and iron that is being made. It is a massive ring of wood, held together by intricate iron joinings, that somehow stands on its edge to create a great circle more than 30 feet in diameter. On closer inspection, it appears that the round wooden frame is actually a tube in cross-section, creating a hollow hoop that forms this freestanding ring. Upon the walls of the citadel behind this strange contraption, a row of giant wooden barrels have been built. From the moisture that drips from them, it appears that they are massive cisterns for collecting rainwater and must be nearly full. A series of wooden sluices have been built upon a grid of wooden supports to create a drain channel from each of the cistern barrels to an opening in the top of the hollow ring, apparently to fill it with water at some point. A small army of engineers and laborers scurry around the base of this construction and upon the network of scaffolding that surrounds it like an ant hill that has been kicked.

Despite the oddity of this entire scene, it is not what truly captures your attention because as you observe the construction head on, you can easily see through the standing ring to the citadel's western wall some 100 feet beyond. And what you see on that wall takes your breath away, for clearly visible as a great black scar against the pale stone is a jagged line extending from halfway up the wall all the way to the ground. Though it has been partially covered over by repair work and the weathering of many years has caused it to fade, there can be no doubt that it is the mark of some great bolt of lightning that once struck that wall many, many years ago. It is the mark of Donar, the Thunderer, the Lord of Thunder and Lightning, if you have ever seen one.

The great wooden ring is beyond the scope of anything that Northlander characters (or most anyone else for that matter) can imagine. And its magnitude is of such scale that attempts to sabotage or destroy it would take considerable time and effort beyond what the characters currently have. Of greater importance is the fact that its presence has caused the army encampment to be pulled back as far as a quarter mile, presenting a fairly open avenue to the citadel. Anyone getting closer to look notices that the repairs at the base of the wall damage appears to have crumbled, creating a tantalizingly large crack that disappears into darkness within. Standing on either side of this potential opening into the citadel are two dull-colored humanoid statues that stand close to 25ft tall, though no further details can be determined from this distance. None of the laborers toiling 100ft away go near the crack or seem to pay it any attention at all.

The crack is indeed the result of a titanic thunderbolt that struck the citadel centuries ago and partially undermined its western wall. Attempts to repair it over the years have been inadequate (it really needs to be torn down and built anew), but the Huun found the access that it created into some of the citadel's hidden subbasements useful and use it as a means for their command cadre to secretly access their headquarters. Everyone else is forbidden entry and don't even know for sure what it is; they know only that drawing too close risks facing the wrath of its guardians and leave it well enough alone, rarely even thinking about it.

Since the majority of the army encampment is blocked from view and the workers laboring on the great hollow ring are otherwise occupied, it is fairly easy to approach the crack even by mundane means, much less with the use of magic. Dawning the garb of any slain Huun is sufficient to gain passage by simply walking right up to it without garnering a second glance. Determine the likelihood of success for the characters to reach the crack unimpeded if necessary, but all but the most brazen actions is likely at most to draw only a patrol of Huun lancers (see **Scouting the Citadel** above). If a fight does break out between the characters and the Huun, it is so unexpected and the Huun and their slave laborers so unprepared, that an organized response from the encampment takes many minutes and gives the characters plenty of time to make it into the shelter of the interior of the wall breach. None of the Huun follows them within, fearing the consequences of disobeying the orders of their ağa (general).

Details of the opening in the wall and its guardians and occupants are described below.

Under the Wall

The area covered in this section consists of not only the unintentional opening that the wall damage caused to allow access into the subbasements of the citadel wherein the commanders of the Huun forces congregate and forward their insidious agenda, but also a portion of the bitumen mines that run beneath the city and surrounding plateau. For the most part, the leaders of the Huun to be found here reside elsewhere in the citadel, usually in the royal apartments of the Mulstabha, but most of the time they can be found here at work on the fulfillment of their Great King of King's plan.

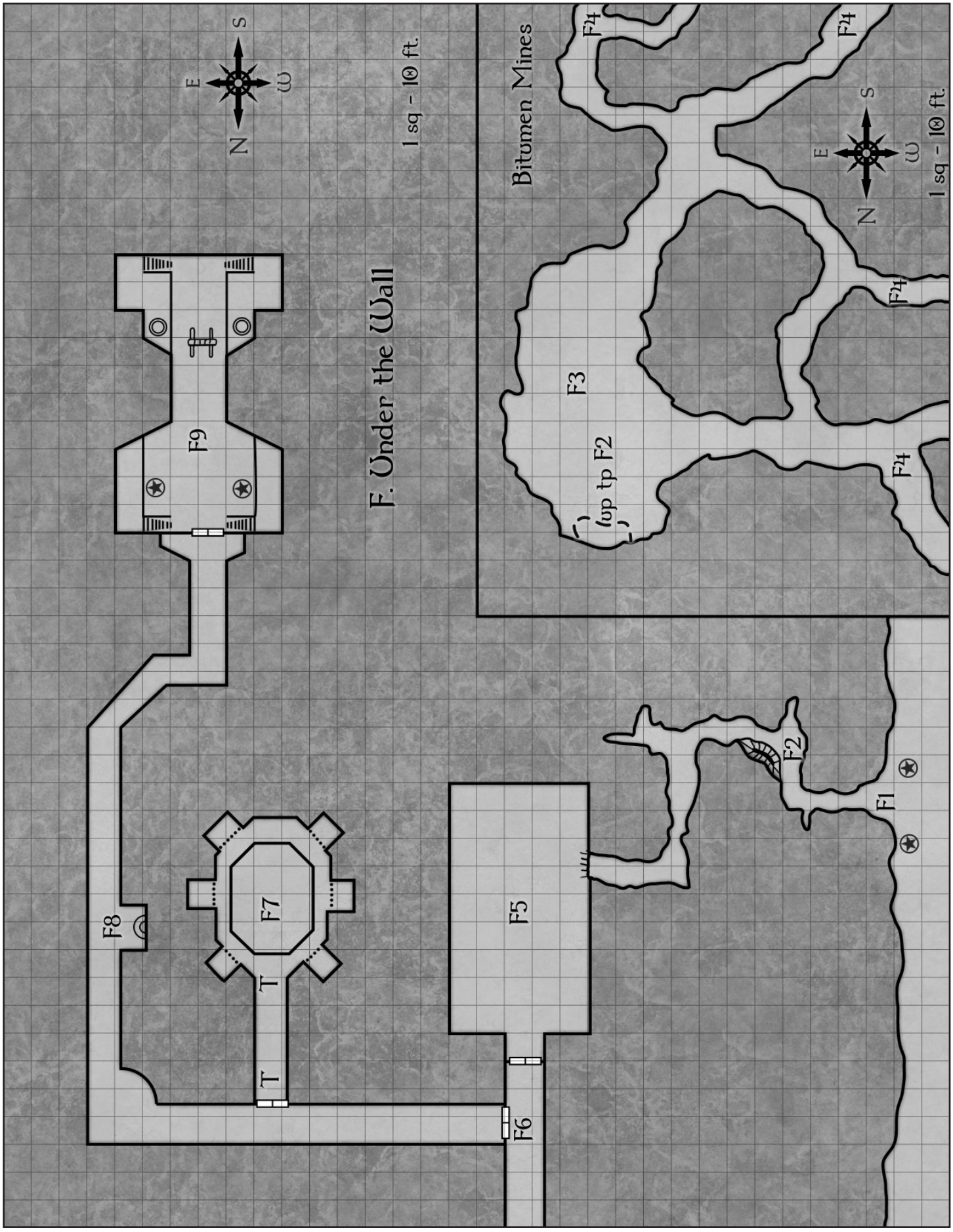
Fr. Donar's Fury

The great cleft in the wall where Donar's fury once smote widens as it nears the ground. The fissure follows the seams between the great blocks that compose the lower walls and has been filled over the years with smaller stones and mortar of lesser quality so that much of it has fallen away with weathering to create an opening at least 7 feet high and approximately 3 feet wide that extends into the wall's interior. Standing on either side of the fissure is a 24-foot-tall statue that appears to be made of dull, tarnished brass. They each hold the pommel of a massive brass sword, its tip resting on the ground. They appear to be skillfully constructed to resemble an ancient warrior, though where you would expect to see a molded face they have only an eerie blank plane of tarnished metal.

The crevice widens considerably after it penetrates beyond the thickness of the first course of stones but are a tight fit along its initial length. There are no light sources visible within, and a search of the surrounding dust shows no footprints coming or going; the Huun use this entrance only infrequently, its evidence quickly erased by the winds off the sea. Guarding this entrance are **2 brass men** brought by the Huun from their distant land. These constructs have been ordered to destroy anyone who approaches within 30ft of the crevice that has not been designated as a permitted visitor. As soon as a character comes within that range, the brass men stir into life with a grating grind from their dust-laden joints. One brass man steps in front of the crevice to prevent the passage of anyone, while the other advances to attack the interloper. The first will not leave its post until the intruders have gone more than 50ft from the entrance. The other pursues and attacks as long as the characters remain within 50ft or are directing attacks against either golem from farther away.

Brass Men (2): **HD** 10; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** slam (3d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** healed by fire, immune to spells, +1 or better magic weapon to hit, slowed by lighting, spit molten brass (30ft stream, 6d6 damage, save for half). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 72)

Development: A fight with the brass men surely attracts attention among the work crews, many of which gather at a safe, 100ft distance to watch. Luck (or perhaps wyrd) is with the characters, however, because a small group of slave laborers chooses this moment to attack their overseers and attempt to escape. The scuffle breaks out among the watching group while the characters battle the brass men, and the successful slaves make a run for it, heading west across the plain away from the citadel. The alarm of the battle spreads to the army encampment, but they mistaken-


F. Under the Wall
1 sq = 10 ft.
N
E
S
W
F1
F2
F3
F4
F5
F6
F7
F8
F9
T
T
Bitumen Mines
(up to F2)
1 sq = 10 ft.



ly assume that the alarm is the result of the escaping slaves and quickly pursue and overtake them, giving the characters ample time to disappear within the relative safety of the wall's tunnel. By the time the Huun figure out what originally started the alarm, the characters should already be inside and effectively out of their reach.

F2. A Sign from Below

When the characters reach this point in the rough tunnel, they have a 1-in-6 chance to gain valuable information. If unsuccessful or they choose not to investigate on a successful roll, proceed with the adventures; they will have another opportunity to gain this information in **Area F7**. If successful, proceed with the following.

> The narrow corridor extending between the great stones of the lower turns another corner here into a wider section. Your attention is attracted by the sound of metal striking stone that seems to faintly echo from the floor. Closer examination with a light reveals another crevice at the base of the block comprising the western tunnel wall, a tight squeeze to be sure but one that appears to lead to areas even lower beneath the citadel's foundations. As you consider this development and again catch the faintest echo of metal striking stone coming from this dark opening, you catch sight of something else. Directly above the opening, carved into the vast stone block, is the unmistakable image of a hammer. It is not quite the symbol of Donar, more likely the personal mark of some ancient mason, but its implication seems obvious as it seems to be pointing downward into this lower tunnel.

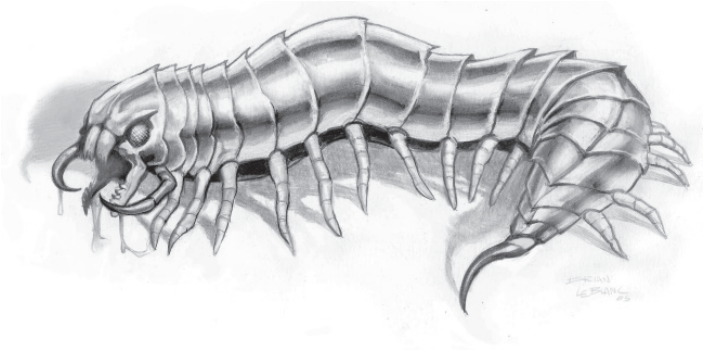
The mark is in fact an ancient builder's mark, but by the will of the gods or perhaps their own wyrd, the characters were destined to find it and gain entry into the subterranean areas below. Climbing down through this crevice descends 20ft to **Area F3**.

F3. Pit of the Worms

> You're not sure which is more overpowering as you descend into this rough-walled chamber, the stench of old carrion or the overpoweringly cloying odor of tar. The floor of the chamber is rough and even, apparently crudely cut from the native bedrock. Wide, low-ceilinged tunnels, perhaps 8 feet high, exit to the east and north. The floor of this chamber is littered with the dismembered bones of partially eaten humanoids. All have been stripped clean of flesh and bear the cracks and cuts of some crushing and cutting process. The rough walls, floor, and ceiling of this chamber are spotted by irregular deposits of black stones with irregular angular fractures and surfaces, and the odor of tar is especially strong here. Strangely, the smell of carrion seems to issue from the exit tunnels rather than from the skeletal remains here. The echo of iron on stone is much louder here.

This chamber exists as a side cavern dug into the bitumen mines beneath Jem Karteis by a nest of **4 chain worms**, 10ft-long creatures that resemble gigantic centipedes with silvery armored carapaces and legs, massive black mandibles, and vicious tail stingers. These creatures exist down here happily feeding on the near-endless supply of mindless undead that labors in the nearby mine tunnels. The necromancers of the citadel scarcely notice the missing laborers, and the sated chain worms are content to continue feasting on the plentiful fare without venturing higher up into chambers occupied by the citadel's living inhabitants. They will not, however, turn down the opportunity to feed on something fresher and pursue the characters as long as they can reach them.

Chain Worms (4): **HD** 12; **HP** 91, 88, 86, 81; **AC** 1[18]; **Atk** bite (2d6) and tail sting (2d6 plus poison); **Move** 9 (climb 6); **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: poison, trilling (stuns and deafens all within 30ft, save resists). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 92)



Treasure: The chain worms accumulated little in the way of treasure over the years. A search of the skeletal remains of their meals reveals only a single alexandrite (50hs) that had been swallowed by one of the slaves before being turned in a zombie. In addition, a slight glimmer of light emanates from beneath a pile of rubble in the corner. Removing the rubble reveals what appears to be an everburning torch made of electrumthat was lost down in the mine tunnels in the earliest days of the citadel.

F4. Bitumen Mines

Whichever tunnel the characters take, they all lead into the winding, ancient mine tunnels that wend beneath the plateau of the citadel. These areas are not mapped. None of these tunnels are lit.

The sandstone shelf beneath the citadel of Jem Karteis is rife with deposits of bitumen, and the tar pits that have existed at the site from the earliest days might have been what first attracted the attention of the pirate king Mulstabha in the first place in order to easily caulk his ships. The

Mulstabhins have long harvested the vast deposits of the dark, semi-plastic stone for use as mortar in their construction and for trade after being heated into pitch.

For the past several centuries, the mines have been dug by mindless undead created by the Grand Necromancer of the citadel and his apprentices. As a result, they are somewhat haphazard in construction and layout, in addition to being none-too-safe, with wooden supports holding the sometimes-sagging ceiling at odd and inadequate intervals. Everywhere the deposits of bitumen or voids that once held such deposits can be seen in the walls, a fine gravel of the black, sometimes sticky stone is scattered across the floor and has built up into small drifts against the walls and support posts. The tunnels themselves extend for miles, and no one is sure of the exact layout or how many undead exist down here, but there are clearly thousands. Most of them start as zombies that wield pickaxes to harvest the flammable stone, while skeletons, the long-decomposed remains of former zombies, gather up the bits of bitumen in baskets to carry them through long tunnels back up into the citadel

Between the slipshod nature of the delving that has occurred here and the poorly installed supports, if something were to cause a major fire and actually ignite the bitumen deposits, the effects could be catastrophic. A dwarf character can identify the bitumen and its quality as a flammable substance. Any catastrophic explosion in this part of the mine would likely cause its collapse and could well bring the damaged citadel wall above down with it.

An open flame is unlikely to be sufficient to cause ignition of any significant portion of the bitumen debris and deposits, but an extremely hot flash fire or a sustained hot flame might have a chance. Any fire spell such as *fireball* cast within the mine has a base 1% chance of causing a catastrophic explosion for each die of damage that it deals (e.g. a 5th-level *fireball* dealing 5d6 points of damage has a 5% chance of ignition). A sustained fire spell that lasts for more than 1 round, such as a *wall of fire*, has a 1% chance in the first round, but doubles every round thereafter (2% chance of ignition in the second round, 4% in the third round, 8% in the fourth round, 16% in the fifth round, 32% in the sixth round, etc.). If fire spells are launched in successive rounds, then their ignition chances accumulate just like a sustained fire spell would (e.g. launching *fireballs* from a *staff of power* [4d6 damage] in successive rounds has a 4% chance of ignition in the first round, 8% in the second, 16% in the third, 32% in the fourth, etc.)

If ignition causes a catastrophic explosion occurs, it deals 20d6 points of fire damage to anyone within 100ft (save for half) and must make another save or be buried. This section of tunnels continues to burn for 2d4 days and deals an additional 10d6 points of fire damage per round to anyone who remains within them. In addition, anyone in the tunnels (whether this section or any other) is affected by the deadly bitumen fumes. Anyone inhaling these poisonous fumes must make a saving throw every round or take 1d6 points of damage and suffer a cumulative –1 penalty to hit and damage. Three successful saves end the ongoing damage. Everyone in the citadel above is likewise affected by these fumes but to a much lesser extent. They will only take 1d4 points of damage a single time and, if a save is made, they do not even suffer this effect.

In addition to the dangers posed by the structural instability of the mines and the flammability of the bitumen, there are also dangers in the mines in the form of the undead laborers who work here. There are thousands of these, primarily consisting of mindless skeletons and zombies who ignore the characters to fulfill their last commands of mining bitumen unless actually attacked by the characters, in which case the characters find themselves confronted by **1d6+1 zombies** and **2d6+2 skeletons**. However, these are not the only undead that lurk within the mines. There have long been rumors in the city above of intelligent undead that lurk within the mines that are not controlled by the Grand Necromancer and who sneak out to prey upon the citizens of Jem Karteis at night. The semi-regular disappearances of those in the Unwritten Caste seem to bolster this rumor. The rumor is actually true, and for every minute that the characters spend in the mines, there is a cumulative 20% chance of running afoul of a wandering band of ghoul hunters consisting of **6 mohrgs**, a **flenser huntsmaster** with **3 ghoul dire wolves**, **2 hanged men**, and a **cadaver lord**. If the characters attempt to leave the mines before they encounter such a group, have one come upon them on their way and attack. If the characters defeat them, run **An Indecent Proposal** below before the characters can make it out. If the characters have not defeated the hunters after 3 rounds, then Islaug calls off their attack and then run **An Indecent Proposal** below.

Mohrgs (6): **HD** 10; HP ; 75, 72, 70, 68, 61, 60; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** fist (1d8 plus hold) or tongue (paralysis); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: first strike unless opponent is *hasted* or similar, hold for automatic tongue attack (save avoids), paralysis for 1d6 turns (save avoids). (***Monstrosities*** 334)

Flenser Huntmaster: HD 8; **HP** 53; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d6+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** paralysis (–4 penalty to save). (***Monstrosities*** 171)

Ghoul Dire Wolves (3): **HD** 12+1; **HP** 91, 89, 84; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** bite (2d6 plus paralysis); **Move** 18; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special:** paralysis, surprise on 1–2 on 1d6, undead. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 606)



Hanged Men (2): HD 3; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 6; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** hangman's rope (20ft, wraps around victim with hit). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 317)

Cadaver Lords (2): HD 5; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4 plus disease) and bite (1d6 plus disease); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** command undead, create spawn (slain creature awakens as cadaver in 1d4 rounds), disease (1d4 damage, save resists), magical abilities, +1 or better magic weapons to hit, reanimation (regenerates 1hp/round after death), spell resistance (20%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 80)

Magical abilities: 1/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *fear*.

An Indecent Proposal

When this occurs, it is because the secret master of the bitumen mines has learned of the presence of the characters and has come to investigate these intriguing strangers. The encounter begins as the characters catch sight of him as he peeks at them around a corner, purposely revealing

himself to them while his bodyguards position themselves in side tunnels surrounding the party.

A furtive movement catches your eye, and you see a pale bearded face peering at you from the shadows behind an old support column of bowing timber. Seeing that he has been spotted, he cautiously steps out into the open. His face is unnaturally pale, his lips purple, and his eyes an icy blue with great dark circles beneath and hollow, sunken cheeks lined from long years. His long tangled hair is stark white and descends in an unkempt moustache and beard that is set with a multitude of gold beads and small gemstones that rattle slightly as he walks. The ancient mail hauberk that he wears is rusted and stained but still surprisingly sound, and the axe at his belt still seems as sharp as ever. Most surprising, however, is the gold ring-brooch that secures his tattered cloak; it is the image of Jörumungandr the World Serpent — the wasted creature that stands before you is a Jomsviking.

In point of fact, the man that stands before the characters is Islaug, once the Jomsking and currently a powerful **death knight** that has taken up residence under Jem Karteis since he was ousted from the Jomsburg by a new Jomsking centuries ago. Islaug is accompanied by **2 skeleton warriors** (former Jomsviking officers among his crew) who step out from cover to take positons flanking him, while his subcommanders consisting of **4 crimson ghouls** quietly deploy an additional **12 ghouls** in side tunnels so that they can launch a surprise attack on the characters at a moment's notice if signaled with a whistle by Islaug.

Islaug the Breathless (Death Knight): HD 9; **HP** 70; **AC** –1 [20]; **Atk** *+1 battleaxe* (1d8+1); **Move** 9 (unarmored 12); **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 115/2900; **Special:** command undead, fear aura (as spell), immune to cold and electricity, infuse weapon (3/day, weapons does additional 5d6 damage), magic resistance (15%), magical abilities. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 48)

Magical abilities: at will—*darkness 15ft radius*, *detect good*, *detect magic*, *detect invisibility*; 1/day—*animate dead*, *protection from good 10ft radius*, *symbol of death* or *fear*.

Equipment: plate mail, shield, *+1 battleaxe*, tattered standard, 2 golden circlets (belonging to the skeleton warriors), diamond dust (50hs), gold serpent ring-brooch (400hs), 6 gold arm-rings (200hs each).

Skeleton Warriors (2): **HD** 12; **HP** 92, 88; **AC** –1[20]; **Atk** *+1 two-handed sword* (1d10+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special**: +1 or better weapon to hit, *fear* aura for those less than 5HD (save avoids), find circlet possessor, magic resistance (60%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 495)

Equipment: *+1 two-handed sword*, silver serpent brooch (150hs), 2 gold arm-rings (200hs each).

Crimson Ghouls (4): HD 4; **HP** 30, 27x2, 24; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3 plus paralysis), bite (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** half damage from non-magic weapons, +1 save vs. spells, paralysis (3d6 turns, save avoids). (***Monstrosities*** 193)

Ghouls (12): **HD** 2; **HP** 16, 14, 13x2, 12x4, 10, 9x3; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special**: immune to sleep and charm, touch causes paralysis for 3d6 turns (save avoids).

Development: If the characters hold their peace and do not immediately attack the undead monstrosity before them, he looks them over carefully — it has been a long time since he has seen a fellow Northlander — and speaks in a hollow voice, the creaking of his long-disused jaw tendons clearly audible. He introduces himself and explains that after he was ousted as an old man from the Jomsking's throne, he and his few loyal crewmen were set afloat from the Jomsburg in a leaky longship without sail, oar, food, or water. He tells how they drifted for 8 months upon the seas until their half-sunken boat came to rest in the swamps of Mulstabha. They should have long been dead but for the gift of the Dark God of the Jomsvikings who gave him and his officers the gift of immortality, and changed the strongest among his crew who were willing to do whatever was necessary to survive, including develop an appetite that could sustain them beyond the grave (here he gestures and the ghouls step from their side passages). Under cover of the swamp and darkness, he and his men made their way into the mines below the citadel. Since that time long centuries ago, he has dwelt here slowly consolidating his power to forge a new kingdom above, a kingdom of the dead to rival the Jomsvikings themselves.

But such things are for another day he says, because now new masters have come to Mulstabha and the fate of all the Northlands hangs in the balance. Here he looks at the character who bears *Kroenarck* (whether that character carries it openly or has it hidden away somewhere). To this character he gives a long look and says, "You bear the Kingmaker. It is for you that this task has been given. The foes you face are numerous, with numberless legions and a dark master who masters even the dead, and it will take more than even warriors of your might to stem their dark tide. It is only a matter of time before they create their hole through the walls of the universe and bring their accursed home from its own accursed land to here, the very crossroads of Midgard where they might spread their disease to all.

"I care not for the fate of men or gods. Let Ragnarök itself come for all it concerns me, but these black-eyed creatures stand in the way of my own plans. So I tell you this: Find the master of their dread faith who commands here. Destroy the black stone that he bears. If you do that, then I will provide you with the legion that you need to stop the black-eyes and give you the chance to meet your wyrd as true Northlanders. It may be that the Kingmaker among you has a task to fulfill; it may be that he is only to spill his wound sea upon the sand and realize the futility of all his works. I know not, but I will give you the chance to find out if you break the black stone."

If the characters agree to Islaug's parley, he has his underlings guide them back to the tunnels above (**Area 2**) and set them on the right path. He says that he will know when the black stone is destroyed and will then provide them the aid he has promised, as well as show them the way to find their missing Køenig. He will not reveal any more about these particular things, but if the characters question him about Mulstabha or the Huun in particular, he will answer their questions. The mines are quite extensive, with many secret entrances into the citadel, and he has many eyes and ears throughout. With these resources and his extremely high knowledge of the area, you can have him provide any information you wish about Mulstabha, its leaders, and the Huun occupation included in this chapter.

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters are able to reach a peaceful agreement for the aid of Islaug in their quest, award 10,000 XP to each character.

F5. "Precious"

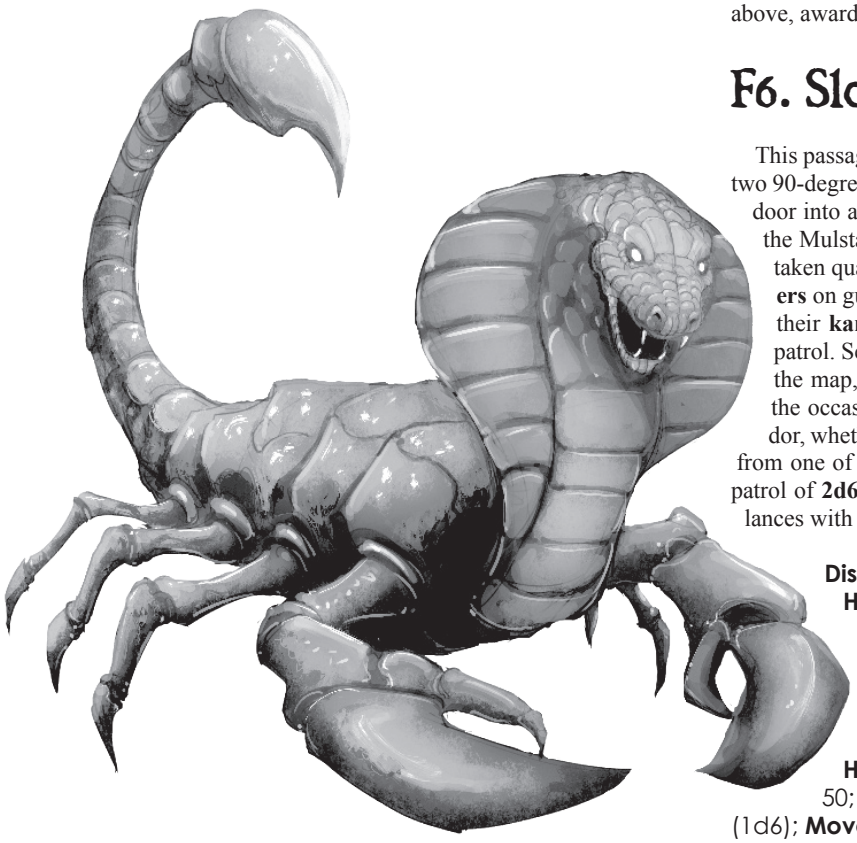
The path that the characters follows emerges from between massive foundation stones high on the wall of this area. It suddenly ends with a 30ft drop-off to the floor below.

You have reached a massive chamber of ancient masonry, the floor 30 feet below and the ceiling of massive sandstone blocks 20 feet above. Wall sconces set around the room's perimeter hold torches of burning rushes. The room's walls are carved in relief with images of nobles of Mulstabha bringing gifts of grain and wine to gods of Mulstabha. The pigments used to color it long ago are as fresh and bright as if they were aptplied yesterday ... except for the bottom 20 feet where the pigments have all been scraped away and the soft stone of the walls themselves bear deep gouges. You suspect that the source of this defacement is the strange beast that lies sleeping in the center of the room below. It appears to be a scorpion of colossal proportions, yet it bears the scaled, hooded head of a deadly cobra. Currently it sits quietly, its

legs folded beneath it, tail curled against its carapace, and scaled head tucked between its clawed pincers. A set of bronze double doors exit through one wall.

Once a temple storage of early Mulstabha, this chamber has stood empty for long years until recently. Now it serves as the lair of the special pet of Ali-Asssar, the leader of the Huun invasion. Always fascinated by these deadly beasts of the deserts of Huun, Ali-Ashkar had a **dune horror** captured several years ago and has had it transported at great expense on this expedition. He calls it "Precious" and feeds it prisoners and servants that displease him.

To reach the floor, the characters have to either fly or scale the bas-reliefs (35% for non-thieves). The bronze doors are barred from the other side (to keep the dune horror in). If the characters remain quiet and stay out of the room, they will not awake the creature. However, if they enter, it has a 60% chance to hear them and awake. If the characters do not wake it, there is a cumulative 10% chance each round that a **Huun docent** (see **Area 7** for a physical description) lifts the bar on the exit and opens the doors to bring in a **Mulstabhin prisoner** for the creature to feed on. These sounds automatically wake the dune horror, but once it spots the characters, it turns its attention to them and attacks while the servant flees and leaves the bound prisoner behind. It squeezes through passages as best it can to try to pursue characters that flee. Despite the 20ft mark of scratch marks on the wall, the dune horror can easily reach the entry ledge above, it has simply been too lazy before now to stretch out to its full reach to scratch the walls.



"Precious" (Dune Horror): HD 16; **AC** –2 [21]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8 plus constrict), bite (2d6 plus poison) and sting (1d8 plus poison); **Move** 15 (burrow 12); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 24/5600; **Special:** constrict (save after 2 claws hit or held for automatic damage each round), immune to mind-affecting effects, magic resistance (40%), +1 or better weapon to hit, poison (1d6 damage plus paralysis for 1d4 rounds, save avoids), resists fire. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 71)

Huun Docent: **HD** 4; **HP** 25; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.
Equipment: leather armor, dagger, *bag of holding* containing 2d20gp (Mulstabhin staters), a disguise kit, and assorted small valuables looted from the citadel (worth 1d6x50hs).

Mulstabhin Prisoner: **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 3; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special**: none.

Development: The docent is a high-ranking servant among the upper echelons of the Huun leadership who serves as both an aide-de-camp and an advisor as need dictates. They are renowned for their ability to memorize and recall the many volumes of regulations, traditions, and histories of importance to the Huun. If captured and successfully intimidated, he can be questioned about the Huun and their activities. The Referee should determine his chance to know information to be of a secret or sensitive nature depending on the nature of the information being asked. If the prisoner is rescued, he can provide general information about the Huun occupation, knows very little about the war, can describe **Area 7** where he was being held and tortured, and wishes for the characters to destroy the fiend that dwells there (though he does not know what kind of fiend it is). The prisoner has been mildly tortured, is scared witless, and merely wishes to return to his home in the citadel above where he was arrested for "heretical activities," though he has no idea what the charges referred to (he was actually just picked up at random to serve as a meal for "Precious."

Ad Hoc XP Award: If the characters rescue the prisoner from the dune horror and release him back up into the citadel, award them 1000 XP even though he quickly is recaptured and reports everything on the characters to his captors. If they escort him safely past the guards in the courtyard above, award them 2000 XP.

F6. Sloping Passage

This passage slopes upward to the west. Following it brings one around two 90-degree turns before it levels off and opens through a heavy double door into a courtyard at the base of the Palace of the Bull not far from the Mulstabha's Apartments where most of the Huun leadership have taken quarters. This courtyard holds **3d6+6 dismounted Huun lancers** on guard duty or drilling, as well as **1d4+2 Huun lancers** astride their **karkadann mounts** returning from or preparing to depart on patrol. Several minor passages open off of the passage off the edge of the map, mostly leading to storerooms, empty servant quarters, and the occasional guardroom. Each time the characters enter this corridor, whether from **Area F5**, returning from a foray above, or returning from one of the side corridors, there is a 20% chance of encountering a patrol of **2d6 dismounted Huun lancers**, though they do not have their lances with them, carrying *+1 spears* instead.

Dismounted Huun Lancers (Ftr8) (3d6+6 or 2d6): **HP** 60, 57x2, 56, 55x3, 50; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 spear* (1d6+2) or short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.
Equipment: *+1 platemail*, *+1 spear*, short sword.

Huun Lancers (Ftr8) (1d4+2): HP 60, 57x2, 56, 55x3, 50; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 *lance* (2d4+1) or short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** multiple attacks (8) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.
Equipment: *+1 platemail*, *+2 lance*, short sword.

Trained Karkadann Mounts (Rhinoceros) (As Lancers Above): **HD** 8; HP 55; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** bite (1d6 plus disease), horn (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** disease (save or –2 to hit and damage until cured), double damage on charge. (***Monstrosities*** 396)

F7. Converted Storeroom

Heavy wooden doors open into a short hallway that opens into an oddly shaped chamber with a 30-foot-high vaulted ceiling. The center of the floor is sunken and has a large bronze drain grate in its center that is wet with dark stains. An iron table has been set over this grate, and a brazier full of glowing coals and branding irons stands next to it. Thick-walled alcoves open off of the room's perimeter. Crudely forged iron bars have been hung at the openings to these alcoves to convert them into holding cells, and they each currently hold a handful of despondent folk. A wooden table sits against the far back wall with a trio of high stools behind it. Seated at these stools are Huun men who do not wear the black eyepaint of their warriors. Rather, they have saffron robes belted with braided red ropes and wear small caps of red felt on their heads. They pore over stacks of quills and parchments but look up as you enter.

Once a storeroom where wine barrels were stored for aging before being taken to the royal kitchens, it has now been converted for use as a torture chamber where a **crucifixion spirit** serves the Huun as a special gift from Nergal. Since it was not expecting any intrusions, the crucifixion spirit currently floats in the darkness 20ft in the air above the central table. The men at the table are **3 Huun docents** who are tasked with recording the confessions and information revealed under the crucifixion spirit's ministrations. Locked within the cells (the docents each carry a key) are a total of **23 Mulstabhin prisoners**, men and women who have had the misfortune to have been selected for arrest and questioning by the Huun. Each knows the same information as the prisoner in **Area F5**.

The crucifixion spirit keeps her lair trapped, and the docents all know to give a special knock before entering so she can disarm them. On the floor of the corridor just inside the double doors is a special symbol that causes all victims within 60ft who fail a save to suffer a –4 penalty to attacks and saves for the next hour. She is far enough away to be just outside its effects, though the prisoners in the two cells closest to the entrance are affected by it and immediately begin to scream in torment when it is activated. At the eastern end of the corridor on the wall above where it enters the main room is a magical glyph that conjures an acidic fog when anyone walks underneath it. Because it is above the corridor and out of sight of anyone in it until they have already passed beneath it, this trap cannot be detected without magical means. The acidic fog does 2d6 points of damage for 3 rounds to anyone within the 20ft area who fails a save.

If reduced below 30 hp, the crucifixion spirit flees to Ali-Ashkar's quarters in the Mulstabha's Apartments to warn him of the intruders.

Crucifixion Spirit: **HD** 12; **HP** 90; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** incorporeal touch (1d8 plus paralysis); **Move** 9 (fly 18); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: crucify soul (5/day, 2 levels/round, save avoids), paralysis (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 113)

Huun Docents (3): **HD** 4; **HP** 27, 25, 22; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special**: none.
Equipment: leather armor, dagger, *bag of holding* containing 2d20gp (Mulstabhin staters), a disguise kit, and assorted small valuables looted from the citadel (worth 1d6x50hs).

Mulstabhin Prisoners (23): **HD** 1d4hp; **HP** 3; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special**: none.

Development: If the characters did not encounter the dead Jomsking Islaug in **Area F4**, then refer to the sidebox **What about Islaug?**

Treasure: The documents recorded by the docents do not hold any information of interest or value. The docents have stored a small locked chest beneath their table. It is nearly filled to the top with 1800gp (staters), 5112sp (shekels), 2010ep (electrum staters), and 510pp (dekastaters). Hidden at the bottom of the chest and discovered only by magic or if someone digs to the bottom of the loose coins is a *wand of polymorph* (10 charges).

Ad Hoc XP Award: Award XP for freeing these prisoners, the same as indicated for the prisoner in **Area F5**. However, if the characters simply released that prisoner and he was recaptured by the guards in the courtyard, then the appearance of these prisoners as well causes half of the dismounted Huun lancers in that area to come down the sloping passage and investigate what is going on. If the characters have already killed the guards in the courtyard above, then there is a 50% chance that it is still clear, allowing the prisoners to escape. If it is not clear, then the alarm has been raised, and another 2d8 Huun lancers mounted on karkadanns have already arrived on the scene to investigate what occurred and will be present when the freed prisoners and/or the characters emerge from the sloping passage.

What about Islaug?

If the characters did not investigate the bitumen mines at **Area F4** and did not meet the graveknight Islaug, they are missing out on valuable information and part of the means to overcome the enemy army of the Huun. If you wish for the characters to proceed without this information, you can do so and simply modify the adventure accordingly. However, if you do want your players to obtain this information, a great opportunity occurs after the characters defeat the inhabitants of **Area F7**. After the crucifixion spirit is defeated, Islaug who has had watchers shadowing the party since they entered the foundations of the citadel by means of the drains (many of which empty into the mines below), becomes aware of it and acts. In this case, when the characters leave **Area F7** to continue their exploration of the dungeon, they are met by Islaug and his entourage as described under **An Indecent Proposal** in **Area F7**. Modify the description accordingly, but Islaug's actions mirror those described there..

F8. Shrine to Nergal

The characters detect the smell of decomposing carrion and the sound of buzzing flies as soon as they round the corner to the west.

An alcove opens in the wall of the corridor to reveal a disturbing sight. What was once a stone font holding a trickle of water that dribbles from a copper pipe protruding from the wall has been corrupted into something truly awful. The image of a locust has been crudely painted on the wall above the spout, and the copper spout itself has been draped with bloody entrails from which the trickle of water still runs. The stone basin of the font is filled to overflowing, its drain clogged by the clotted blood that fills it, and the top half of a severed human head can be seen above the crimson waters, its skin pale in death and scarred with fresh boils from some foul affliction that it suffered in life.

Cisterns on the roof of the palace provide a steady trickle to this font that once provided a fresh water supply to those who worked in these parts of the citadel, but now it has been converted into a foul shrine to a fouler deity. The white locust is the symbol of Nergal, the patron deity of the Huun. Nergal is a god of death, war, and plague. The entire font turns the room at the end of this hall (**Area F9**) into an unholy site where characters suffer –4 to attacks and saves. It would take hours to cleanse this font and destroy its shrine to Nergal, but doing so removes the unholy effects from **Area F9**.

F9. The Soul Gate

Regardless of what time of day the characters entered the tunnels beneath the citadel, by the time they reach this room it is midday, possibly because they have been able to move very quickly in their exploration or because they were hindered and moving slowly by the constant need for secrecy or delays caused by negotiations with Islaug. It is not important how the characters reach the room at this time, only that they do so as described under **Too Close to Home** below.

As mentioned, this entire room is under the unholy effects of the Shrine to Nergal (**Area F8**) if the characters haven't already removed these effects. The unholy effect also gives the clerics of Nergal a +2 bonus to attacks, damage and saves.

Like other rooms on these corridors, this large chamber appears to have been a storeroom from days of old, portions of it raised above the floor to keep perishables above the reach of rats and other vermin, and bronze drains cut into the floor to carry away any spillage or wastes from ruined foodstuffs. And like the others you have seen, it has been re-tasked to a new purpose. Eight-foot-high ledges made from baked clay bricks and accessible by narrow stairs rise in the four alcove corners of the room. The front ledges are a mess of tables, stools, sheaves of parchment, posted astrology tables, and assorted instruments of esoteric design and completely unguessable purpose. Beside the stairs to these ledges stand a pair of tall alabaster statues finely sculpted in the image of a Libynosi palace guard with a flail in one hand and a crook in the other. The ledges at the back half of the room hold large copper vats that appear to be water tanks fed from roof cisterns that coal burners could be placed underneath in order to heat them and create a supply of hot water when needed. The coal burners have been removed and now lie on the floor in the foreground where coals glow a cherry red and sticks of incense give off a foul-smelling haze that fills the room.

Between the ledges stands a great wheel of brass, 8 feet in diameter, with all manner of runes and symbols inscribed along its rim. Copper tubes run from the two flanking vats to the top of this wheel, and you suddenly realize it is not simply a wheel but rather a hollow hoop, like the giant one outside the citadel only on a smaller scale. The copper vats fill the brass hoop, and you can see perforations along the inside of the hoop that allow the water within to drain out. But you realize the water doesn't seem to drain normally. Instead, as your eyes focus through the haze you realize you are looking at a 15-foot-diameter pool of water, but it is standing on end within the brass ring. Though you stand at the opposite end of the room, it appears as if you were in the air above the pool and looking down on it, and this strange distortion of reality suddenly makes you disoriented and a bit dizzy for a moment. Standing around this brass ring, making adjustments to inscriptions and swaying back and forth in a slow chant are a number of black-robed men, their faces painted black with kohl, and their hair and beards held out stiff and straight with a thick coating of dried blood. Overseeing them is a 10-foot-tall creature also swathed in a robe of black. As it turns, you see that it is a hideous troll matron but one unlike the northern trolls you are accustomed to. Its hide, where visible, is a burnt red color. It also stands straighter, with less of a stoop then you are used to seeing.

The robed troll matron, her long hair also coated with dried blood and arranged upward into a spiky peak above its head, has just finished speaking to a masked Huun warrior armored for battle in black and reds, his eyes rimmed with the black kohl you have seen on these strange foreigners. Giving the troll witch a short bow, the Huun warrior turns and steps into the strange standing pool of water ... and disappears! Where he entered, there are now only ripples spreading to the edges of the upended pool. Then you catch sight of him, now somehow inside the pool. It appears that he is in a stone corridor and talking to more of his kind that are also in that realm beyond the strange pool.

The clergy of Huun has created a dread *soul gate* in this chamber, a foul magical effect powered by the siphoned soul of an innocent sacrifice victim to bore a hole through reality and create a channel between two points. Essentially, it is like a stable *dimension door* or *gate* spell that can be focused on a specific location anywhere in the same plane regardless of wardings or magical protections. It is held open with either one-way or two-way access for as long as 8 hours per day with the appropriate sacrifices. Once the *soul gate* is focused and opened, anyone can step through from the side of the gate and instantaneously appears on the other side at the intended destination, though the traveler may have to find his own way back if the gate has been opened as a one-way gate and, therefore, doesn't exist from the other side. In addition, the vertical pool of water within the *soul gate* acts as a scrying pool for the location on which it has been focused. The *soul gate* can be closed with the proper ritual, which takes 1 minute, or it can be refocused unerringly to a different location with a different ritual and by making changes to a few of the runes inscribed along its perimeter. When this model has been fully tested, then the larger gate being constructed outside the citadel will be activated and opened to bring the main army of the Huun from their distant home far across Libynos and establish a Huun military presence in the West unheard of in all of history and with total control of north-south and east-west access between seas and continents.

Overseeing this *soul gate* and its operation is the **rock troll witch** Tulga. Assisting her is a cadre of **5 clerics of Nergal**. In addition, the alabaster statues are **2 caryatid columns** provided from the main temple in far Huun to assist this military operation. When the characters enter, Tulga immediately shouts an alarm and retreats to one of the ledges at the back of the room from which she launches spell attacks. The necropolis guardians immediately lurch to life and move to block the characters as they attack. The clerics remain back by the *soul gate* to guard it.

Combat in the room is further inhibited by the effects of the miasma of incense that hangs in the air. It is made from certain rare plants found only in Huun that the priesthood of Nergal uses to illicit dream visions believed to be communications from their god. Its concentration in this room is not sufficient to cause this effect in the characters, but the fumes are caustic enough to cause their eyes to water and their noses to run with mucus from its effects. Any breathing creature that enters the room must make a saving throw or be sickened (–1 to hit and damage). Also on a failed save, the victim's eyes are so obscured by the copious lacrimation that all opponents farther than 5ft away are hard to see (20% miss chance). If this first save is failed, the individual must make a new save each round he remains in the room or be overcome by a coughing fit (no attack that round). A *neutralize poison* removes these effects, though a new save must be made each round that the individual remains in the room, and a *cure disease* allows a 1-round reprieve from the effects or from the need to make a new saving throw for that round. A *control winds* or similar spell can likewise push the fumes away and allow the characters to avoid the need for saving throws. Likewise, magic that prevents the wearer from needing to breathe the fumes prevents the need for a saving throw. Because of their long exposure to these chemical fumes, the troll and the clerics are immune to their effects. The constructs, of course, are not breathing creatures and are likewise not effected. The inhabitants of this room fight to the death.

Tulga the Witch (Troll, Rock): **HD** 8; **HP** 59; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d6); **Move** 12 (burrow 9); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special**: regenerate (3hp/round), rend for 2d6 if both claws hit, spells (4/2/1), turns to stone in sunlight (save avoids). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 571)

Spells: 1st—*detect magic*, *magic missile* (x2), *sleep*; 2nd—*darkness 15ft radius*, *invisibility*; 3rd—*lightning bolt*.



Clerics of Nergal (Clr7) (5): HP 40, 39x2, 37, 34; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** *+1 heavy mace* (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** +2 save vs. paralysis or poison, spells (2/2/2/1/1).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect good*; 2nd—*hold person*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds*; 5th—*finger of death*.

Equipment: *+1 chainmail*, shield, *+1 heavy mace*, *potion of extra healing* (x2).

Caryatid Column: **HD** 5; HP 35x2; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: immune to magic except *transmute rock to mud* and *stone to flesh*, resistance to normal weapons (50%), shatter weapons (save avoids, add bonus for magic weapons to save). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 83)

Development: After the battle is over and the characters have the opportunity to search the room, they can learn a number of things of interest. The copper vats on the rear ledges are open topped and are filled about a quarter full with water tinted a deep red. Hanging behind each of these open-tapped vats and not visible from the door is a human corpse suspended by its ankles from a chain set in the ceiling. The corpses have had their throats cut and are completely exsanguinated into an adjacent copper vat. From the tubing running from the vats to the brass ring, it is evident that this mixture of life's blood and water was used to fill the hoop.

An examination of the standing brass hoop reveals it is a magical gate. This can be further corroborated if the characters spend 2d10 minutes looking through the many sheaves of parchments stacked on the tables and use either *read languages* or have the ability to read Huun. If the character(s) examining these papers roll below their intelligence on 4d6, he can discover that the calculations they contain represent the attempts to determine the exact location of the Stone Keep in Osløn, the køenig's castle in Hrolfland, in an attempt to open the *soul gate* precisely there and assassinate the entire family of Køenig Njal Hrolfsblood. Furthermore, the notes seem to indicate that the *soul gate* is merely a prototype for a much larger such aperture, one capable of transporting an entire army instantly and unexpectedly all the way around the world, making no land safe from its reach. It is likely, however, that the characters will not have time to examine all of this evidence because of what they see when the look at the *soul gate* itself as described under **Too Close to Home** below.

Ad Hoc XP Award: Award the characters 110% XP for this encounter due to the extremely hostile environment that they are forced to operate in.

Too Close to Home

Having defeated the troll witch and Nergalites in **Area F9**, the characters are likely to want to investigate the strange *soul gate*, if not destroy it outright. However, whenever they first approach it, they see the following.

> The odd standing pool of water no longer ripples as it did when you first saw the masked warrior step through its vertical-yet-strangely-liquid surface. However, now that the ripples have calmed, the surface has attained a mirror-like smoothness and now clearly reveals the scene that lies beyond it. It still shows that same stone corridor that you saw previously where flickering torches hang on walls of rough-stacked masonry. The pool allows only a view of a short stretch of the corridor, but at the very edge that you had previously taken to be deep shadows in the stone corridor, a casement window is revealed, beyond which the very first light of dawn is beginning to touch the sky. Barely discernable from the window's view can be seen the calm predawn waters of a vast sea, over which the pinking of dawn has appeared and is touching the rooftops of a number of familiar wooden longhouses and cottages. The pool seems to be looking at some Northlander settlement by the sea. As the rising sun picks up its first reflections off the not-distant water, the light brightens a bit and reveals something else previously obscured by the darkness. The stone wall visible across from this window bears a wooden shield with two-crossed axes hanging over it. Now that the light of dawn is touching it, you can see that the shield is painted a deep red.

The characters do not have the ability to change the view shown in the water, even by examining the notes on the table. The best they could hope to do is destroy the ring to shut down the *soul gate*, but before they do that, they must first address what they have seen. There are many clues that the characters can pick up on in the image. It is a Northlander settlement by the sea that faces east and bears some tall building or tower made of stone. Since Northlanders build almost exclusively in wood, this is a true oddity. Characters can recall that the city of Osløn, the Køenig's seat in Hrolfland, has a castle built in the Southlander style that is known as Stone Keep. Osløn and Stone Keep stand on Sundvall Point at the very tip of the Jarvik Peninsula, where they face east out over the Great Ocean Ûthaf toward the rising sun. They can correctly assess that the time of day would be just about sunrise in the Northlands far to the west. Finally, the red shield is the well-known symbol of the Hrolf Clan, as the characters are likely to remember from early encounters with Njal in ***NS5: Raven Banners Over Gatland*** or simply from traveling these many weeks with the army out of Hrolfland. It should quickly become apparent that the Huun have opened a portal to the inside of the very home of Køenig Njal for reasons that are certain to be harmful to the Køenig if not all of the Northlands. It would take legendary heroes of the Northlands to stop such a plot.

If the characters touch the unnatural pool, it feels like cold springwater and yields to the touch just as water would; however, if a hand or object is withdrawn, it is not wet. Other than the scrying allowed by looking through the *soul gate*, attempting physically to peer through the watery barrier by sticking only a head through always fails, as only a watery blur can be seen beyond. However, once something enters this barrier and

passes at least halfway through, they are suddenly transported to Stone Keep in distant Osløn whether they wish to be or not. The current *soul gate* is a one-way portal and is not visible from the other side. The characters will have to find their own way back.

G. Stone Keep

Stone Keep, as the only true castle in the Northlands is called, was constructed by Njal's father Jarl Magnus Hrolfsblood as part of his "modernization" of Hrolfland, when he adopted many of the ways of his Southlander neighbors. After the death of Jarl Magnus and the rise of Njal not only as the most powerful Jarl of the Hrolfs but ultimately the Køenig of all Hrolfland, Njal undid many of his father's policies and returned the Hrolfs to the more traditional Northlander ways. However, Stone Keep still stood in Osløn and served as the residence of Njal's family and Southlander mother. Rather than abandon his mother in her dotage or force her to undergo a relocation from familiar halls, Njal made Stone Keep his official residence first as Jarl of Osløn and then as Køenig of Hrolfland, with Osløn formally becoming its capital city. Though many of the more traditional jarls of Hrolfland looked upon Njal's decision with murmurs of disapproval, many of them secretly approved and delighted in the grandest structure in all of the Northlands — excepting only the Hall of the Hearth Stone — as the official residence of the Lord of the Hrolfs. Thus it has continued to remain with Njal's aged mother Sanja, 9-year-old daughter Frítha Njalsdottir, and 4-year-old son Grímr Njalson living within the Køenig's apartments at the top of the keep's high tower. Many boasted there could be no safer place in all the Northlands save within the chariot of Donar himself, but that claim is about to be tested.

The assassination attempt on Njal's family takes place only in the topmost portion of the keep's tower, so the map of the entire castle is not provided here. Only the royal apartments are included. If you wish for the characters to explore beyond the scope of these chambers, feel free to add Northlander warriors and NPCs, as well as challenges worthy of the characters.

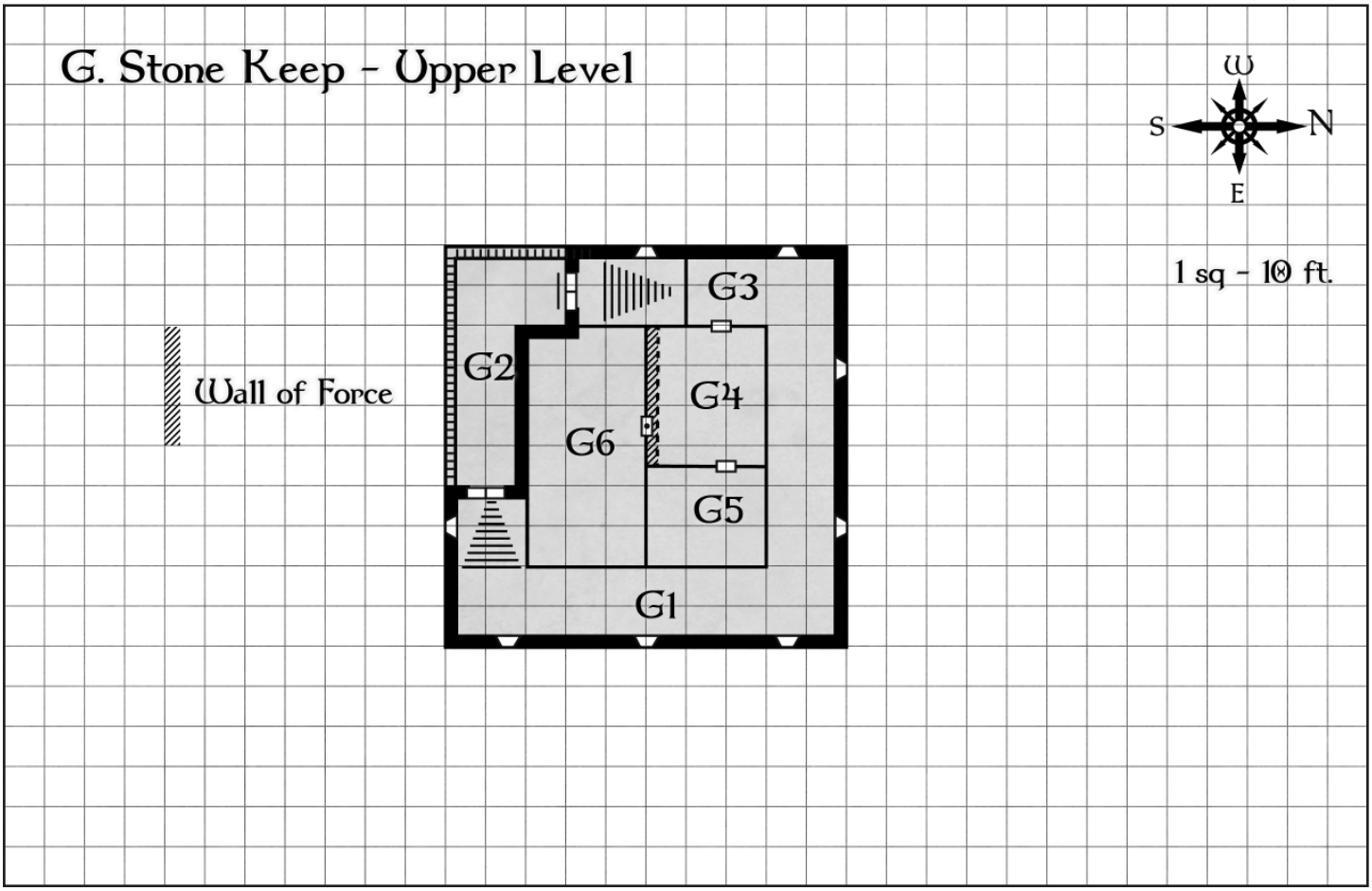
G1. The Tower Hall

The *soul gate* in **Area F9** deposits the characters in this hallway. There is no sign of the portal through which they have stepped, and no means to access it from this end.

> The sensation of swimming through a cold Estenfird river passes, and you find yourselves standing in the center of a chill stone corridor, your clothing and hair as dry as they were a moment ago. Turning around, you see no sign of the witch-pool you stepped into. Instead, you see the narrow window through which the shore and homes of Osløn continue to lighten in the growing light of dawn. Across from it hangs the red shield of the Hrolfs. Torches still gutter in their sconces as they begin to burn out with the end of night. All is quiet in the cold stone corridor, with no friend or foe in sight. The Huun murderer you saw stepping through the pool earlier is no longer in sight.

There is no sign of the Huun, and the swept floor of heavy oaken planks does not carry any footprints that can be located. If the characters wish to use magic to determine which way to go, they certainly can, however, if they stop and listen, they have a 3-in-6 chance to hear the sound of a door creaking and closing to the south with the faintest hint of the scrape of metal on stone suddenly ended by the door's closing. Unless the characters have been here before or use the aforementioned magic, they have no way of knowing which way the Køenig's apartments lie, though they can go either way they choose.

If the characters head south, when they round the corner they find the stairway going down shrouded in deep shadows since there are no windows along this stretch and the only torch smokes in its sconce, having only recently burned out. Only the faintest hint of light outlines the double door that stands at the bottom of the stairs 10ft below.



Standing concealed in the shadows next to this door is the Huun assassin that the characters saw back in **Area F9** in Jem Karteis. Having just checked to confirm the entrance to the apartment level at **Area G2** was secure, he had just come back in through the double door when he heard the abrupt arrival of the characters through the *soul gate*. Not expecting any reinforcements from there, he has hidden in the shadows, and carefully observes the characters in preparation if they come within range.

Huun Assassin (Asn9): HP 51; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** +2 *short sword* (1d6 plus lethal poison) or dagger (1d6 plus lethal poison); **Move** 12 (30ft leap); **Save** 6 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** backstab (x4), poison use, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 91%, Tasks/Traps 45%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 40%, Silent 50%, Locks 40%.

Equipment: *+2 leather armor*, *+2 short sword*, dagger, *boots of leaping*, *ring of protection +1*, *ring of fire resistance*, 2 vials of lethal poison.

G2. Battlement

The double doors open onto a battlement overlooking the castle 70 feet below, its bailey still shrouded in the darkness of predawn. Here, however, the first rays of sunlight have begun to seep in, though shadowed by the bulk of the tower behind you. In this shadowy light you behold a sight to sicken even the strongest stomach. Creatures of nightmare, bat-winged monstrosities barely visible in the shadowy gloom but for the red glow of their inhuman eyes and the glint of razor-sharp fangs and claws, are busily dragging the remains of stout Hrolflander warriors, their throats ripped out and the looks of shock and surprise still on their faces, into the deeper shadows where some have already begun to feast.

The Køenig's personal guard left behind to protect his family were ambushed by **6 nachtjägers**, foul creatures from the heights of the Andøvan Mountains secretly in league with the Huun and part of the raiders that began the covert attacks on Hrolfland more than 4 years ago. The double doors to the west lead to another stairway, which leads into the lower levels of the tower. The nachtjägers have barred this door from the outside to prevent reinforcements from coming up from below. Having eliminated the 6 guards and secured access against further reinforcements as per their agreement, they have begun to feast upon the fallen, though they happily turn their attention toward the characters. The battlement has dim illumination, providing concealment to anyone without darkvision or low-light vison. The nachtjägers are confident and full of bloodlust and fight to the death in their attempts to spill more Northlander blood.



Nachtjägers (6): HD 7; **HP** 53, 50x2, 49, 46, 41; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d4) or shortbow (1d6); **Move** 9 (fly 18); **Save** 7 (+2 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: cause fire (3/day, range 30ft, 1 target with 6+ on 1d20 to hit, 1d8 damage). (See ***The Northlands Saga Campaign Guide*, Chapter 5**)

Equipment: shortbow with 10 *+1 arrows*, *ring of protection +2*, *potion of healing*, thieves' tools.

Development: A search of the 4 Northlander warriors reveals that one of them still lives (currently at 1hp). If revived and the heroes assure him that they will see to the safety of the Køenig's family, he unbars the western double door and runs down into the keep to raise the alarm. Reinforcements will not arrive in time to help the characters though.

G3. All's Quiet . . . A Little Bit Too Quiet

With the doors at **Area G2** barred and no evidence that the Huun went that way, the characters should proceed to **Area G3** if they haven't already done so.

The flicker of torchlight reflects from the stone walls ahead. Rounding the corner, you come upon a door hung with the red shield of the Hrolfs. On either side stands a tall Hrolflander warrior in polished mail hauberk, full helm, and a long-handled poleaxe capable of dealing devastating wounds — members of the Køenig's personal guard standing faithfully at their posts. At your appearance, they startle and grip their greataxes tensely before recognition enters their eyes and they visibly relax.

Apparently all is well in the Køenig's apartments as evidenced by the presence of the live guard here. They seem to recognize the characters as the Northlands' heroes and question them as to how things go with the war in the East and the fate of their king. The guards are actually **2 cacodaemons,** ebony-skinned, featureless fiends sent from the infernal realm of Nergal to see to the death of the Northlander Køenig's family. They have used their alter self ability to assume the forms of two Northlander guards they recently killed and stashed in the room beyond. They try to convince the characters that all is well in hopes of causing them to drop their guard and allow them to attack with surprise. Their ignorance over matters Northlandish (for instance calling Njal a "king") likely gives them away. In addition, characters have a 1-in-6 chance to notice a pool of fresh blood slowly spreading from underneath the door. Once they are discovered, they attack and fight to the death. Any fighting here is sure to alert the occupants of **Area G4**.

Cacodaemons (2): **HD** 12; **HP** 90, 83; **AC** –3[22]; **Atk** longsword (2d6) or 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: harmed only by silver weapons, immunities (acid, poison), magical abilities, magic resistance (60%), shapechange, telepathy 100ft. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 117)

Magical abilities: 3/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *ESP*, *fear*, *hold person*.

G4. Antechamber

This room has been torn apart as if by some wild beast. Once an antechamber with sturdy Northlands tables and chairs as well as some of the more delicate cushioned seats seen in the soft Southlands. All have been smashed to splinters now, and amidst this wrack and ruin are an indeterminate number of Hrolflander warriors torn limb from limb, their blood splattered on the walls and pooling on the floor. A copper brazier lying on its side has spilled its coals on the floor, where they have begun to cause the hard wooden planks to smolder. The door to the east has been smashed open, but the one to south remains whole, strange golden runes glowing on its surface, which bears the marks of many attacks by axe, tooth, and fire.

The surprise attack by the assassins made short work of the guards in this antechamber to the Køenig's apartments, but they did not count on the strange, untapped powers possessed by the girl-child Frítha Njalsdottir. Now, a powerful shimmering wall of magic blocks the doorway, preventing the outsiders from teleporting within. Currently in the chamber and trying to figure out how to break through these barriers and get to the children within are another **Huun assassin**, a half-elf **mercenary mage** contracted by the Huun to assist in this mission, and another **2 cacodaemons**.

Huun Assassin (Asn9): HP 49; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** +2 *short sword* (1d6 plus lethal poison) or dagger (1d6 plus lethal poison); **Move** 12 (30ft leap); **Save** 6 (+1 ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** backstab (x4), poison use, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 91%, Tasks/Traps 45%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 40%, Silent 50%, Locks 40%.

Equipment: +2 *leather armor*, +2 *short sword*, dagger, *boots of leaping*, *ring of protection +1*, *ring of fire resistance*, 2 vials of lethal poison.

Mercenary Mage (Half-Elf MU8): HP 35; **AC** 8[11] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** +1 *dagger* (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** spells (4/3/3/2).

Spells: 1st—*magic missile (x2)*, *shield, sleep*; 2nd—*mirror image, phantasmal force*, *web*; 3rd—*dispel magic*, *lightning bolt, slow*; 4th—*dimension door*, *wall of fire*.

Equipment: +1 *dagger*, *wand of cold* (24 charges), *portable hole*, a gold pendant of Nergal (250hs), 2 silver arm-rings (50hs each).

Cacodaemons (2): **HD** 12; **HP** 88, 84; **AC** –3[22]; **Atk** longsword (2d6) or 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: harmed only by silver weapons, immunities (acid, poison), magical abilities, magic resistance (60%), shapechange, telepathy 100ft. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 117)

Magical abilities: 3/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *ESP*, *fear*, *hold person*.

Tactics: Having heard any battle at **Area G3**, they have prepared for the arrival of the characters. The assassin hides in the shadows near the door preparing to backstab a character after they enter. In desperation, the mage was about to hit the magical wall of energy with a *lightning bolt*, but instead prepares to cast it at whoever enters. The cacodaemons meanwhile make a plea to Nergal to summon **1d2 hydrodaemons** each (35% chance apiece) in anticipation of the battle to come. In the following round **3 derghodaemons** appear, having been sent as reinforcements from Nergal's underworld realm.

Derghodaemons (3): HD 10; **HP** 76, 68, 64; **AC** –2[21]; **Atk** 5 claws (1d4) or 2 claws (1d4); **Move** 15; **Save** 5; **AL** C; **CL/**



XP 16/3200; **Special**: feeblemind (2/day, 30ft, as spell, save resists), harmed only by silver weapons, immunities (acid, poison), magical abilities, magic resistance (50%), see invisible, telepathy 100ft. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 118)

Magical abilities: at will—*fear*, *darkness 15ft radius*, *sleep*.

Hydrodaemons (1d2): **HD** 7; **HP** 51, 49, 45; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6) or spit; **Move** 9 (swim 24, fly 12); **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 13/2300; **Special**: harmed only by silver weapons, immunities (acid, poison), magical abilities, magic resistance (35%), spells, spittle (5/day, 20ft line, save or fall asleep for 6 rounds), telepathy 100ft. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 120)

Magical abilities: 3/day—*fear*, *darkness 15ft radius*, *detect magic*, *dimension door*.

Development: The characters may be able to devise some way to penetrate into **Room G6** on their own, but if they defeat the occupants of this room as well as **Room G5**, the door suddenly swings open, revealing the too-serious face of the 9-year-old Frítha, who says, "We've been waiting for you." See **Area G6** for more details.

G5. The Late Sanja of Monrovia

Beyond the splintered door lies another room in shambles. This one, however, had a great deal of furniture in the Southlander style with a decidedly feminine touch. Colorful tapestries that once adorned the wall now lie crumpled in tatters on the floor, and the few intact pieces of furniture have been overturned and strewn about. A heavy bead of carved oak lies slightly askew on the floor, its legs broken off.

A slight whimper comes from behind the bed. Looking behind there finds an elderly human woman with long white hair and a tear-streaked face wearing a heavy nightgown of fine linen. Her face strongly favors her son Njal, making it evident that she is Lady Sanja, the Southlander wife of the late Jarl Magnus and mother of the Køenig. She seems to be in a state of shock and will not say a word to the characters, but can be led about by the hand if spoken to gently. Despite appearances, this is not Lady Sanja Magnuswif, but rather another **cacodaemon** that has assumed her form. The real Lady Sanja lies dead, crushed and half-eaten beneath the heavy wooden bed. The daemon attempts to keep up its ruse until it can find allies to use as reinforcements or catches the characters at a particularly vulnerable moment. Interestingly, young Frítha will not open the door to **Area G6** while this cacodaemon still leaves, even if it is disguised as her grandmother.

Cacodaemon: **HD** 12; **HP** 90; **AC** –3[22]; **Atk** longsword (2d6) or 2 claws (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 18/3800; **Special**: harmed only by silver weapons, immunities (acid, poison), magical abilities, magic resistance (60%), shapechange, telepathy 100ft. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 117)

Magical abilities: 3/day—*darkness 15ft radius*, *ESP*, *fear*, *hold person*.

G6. Køenig's Apartment

Once the characters have dealt with the assassins and daemons in the keep, the door to this room opens and the characters see a little girl with a serious expression on her face standing in the doorway. She holds the hand of a sleepy-eyed little boy. Both wear their sleeping gowns. Behind them stands a white-faced and wide-eyed older woman, also in her dressing gown and cap. She is Ingret, the children's nanny. The room beyond is the apartment once shared by Njal, Sveni, and the two younger children, Frítha and Grímr. Eymund was old enough that he had taken his own quarters lower in the tower, and the Køenig's own bed has been empty since the death of his beloved wife 4 years ago. The room is finely appointed and lit by multiple tapers but undisturbed; the assassins were unable to breach the protections unwittingly raised by the gifted little girl before the characters arrived.

Frítha greets the characters solemnly. If they were sorely wounded, she offers them access to her father's emergency cache, which holds 10 *potions of extra healing*, a *staff of healing* (36 charges), and a *scroll* (*cure serious wounds* x3). When the characters finish recuperating, the reinforcements from the castle below arrive and quickly secure the area, thanking the characters profusely for their intervention. While they search the apartment for other attackers, Frítha turns to the characters and addresses them.

"You have done great works this day and saved the lives of my brother and myself. Our wyrds were left to chance, the thread exposed for the shears while the Norns let fate decide itself. I had seen the future and knew that it could go either way: You could arrive and save us, or you could fail and we would die. It is not often that the Norns leave the fate of mortals in their own hands; you are truly special indeed. But your task is not done. Even now, my father bathes spear in the blood of the enemy and breaks their shield with his sword, but he is outnumbered and surrounded. I see the shieldwall, and it is broken by the darkness of the enemy. The Great Northern Army must aid him, and you must be there to lead them or all is lost for my father and all of the Northlands.

"The Black-Eyed Huun and their pustulent god seek to bring their pestilence across all of the lands around the North Sea. I see a great pool of water that will bring them to our very doorstep. They seek to use this pool even now to open the gates to their dread realm and descend upon the West like a plague of locusts, and at the head flies a white locust who eats the sun. All that remains are the proper sacrifices and this thing will come to pass. The All-Father has spoken to me and whispered his wisdom in my ear. He says to tell you:

"'The sun does set but also rises
'Gainst blackest wyrd of fiends and men
Call forth the dead the North despises
The sword that sleeps must wake again.'

"I know not your wyrds, heroes of the North, but I know that your place this day is not here but on the blood-soaked shore amid the spear-din. You must go; find your way back to my father. He needs you yet."

Having shared the sight and channeled the voice of the gods, Frítha is exhausted and soon collapses into a deep sleep. She is tired, but safe. The task for the characters now remains back at Mulstabha. With the *soul gate* inaccessible to the characters, they must engineer their own way back. It is possible that the characters have the means to magically return to Jem Karteis on their own. If so, allow them to use whichever method they want. However, if they do not or have not thought of any way, Frítha can take a last moment to show them to another cache in her father's room that contains pendants of Donar (enough for all of the characters) that allow the characters to *teleport* one time anywhere they like with great precision. If need be, some of them could climb into the mercenary mage's *portable hole* for the seconds-long trip to *teleport* everyone back to the distant island where the war for the fate of the Northlands rages.

As to where they wish to teleport, the characters have many options, however. Frítha's prophecy stated that the Huun were about to activate their giant *soul gate* once they had performed the proper sacrifices. From what they saw in **Area F9**, the characters should have a good idea that the sacrifice must be bled into the water supply for the aqueous gate, and they will remember seeing the massive cisterns atop the wall behind the newly constructed gate. So a likely destination would be the top of that wall to try to stop the sacrifices. When the characters head back to Mulstabha, this is covered under **Interlude: Warm Welcome** in **Chapter 4**.

Chapter Four: The Battle of Jem Karteis

The final chapter of ***The Broken Shieldwall*** places the fate of Mulstabha, Njal, and indeed all of the Northlands in the hands of your players. This chapter covers the epic Battle of Jem Karteis and the actions of the characters and the role they play in the events. However, unlike most adventures, not all of the chapter is centered on the actions of the characters. Part of the time, they have the opportunity to lead their armies into battle, and part of the time they have to act on their own as a party of adventurers. But some of the time, battles occur where characters are not present. The players will be placed in control of those armies as well, even in the absence of their player characters. As before, if you and your players do not wish to use the Mass Combat rules to play out the turn-by-turn events in these battles, you can skip that part and simply give a narrative description of what is occurring in the battle while the characters are busy doing their own heroics.

The chapter and its description of the Battle of Jem Karteis is broken down as follows:

• Part 1: Return of the Køenig

The initial stages of the final battle as it approaches the citadel of Jem Karteis. The characters are not present for this battle.

• Part 2: Wrath of the Northmen

As Njal's forces face utter annihilation on the plain below the citadel, the Great Northern Army arrives to turn the tide in the nick of time.

• Interlude: A Warm Welcome

The actions of the characters upon returning from their short jaunt to Osløn in **Chapter 3**.

• Part 3: The Despised Dead

Picks up at the events of the great battle raging on the plain outside the city as it nears the walls of the citadel. Finally, the characters can join the greater battle and command their armies if they wish.

• Finale: The Broken Shieldwall

The battle reaches a fevered pitch and the fate of the Køenig hangs in the balance, forcing the characters to abandon their commands and converge at the very center of the carnage and face their most powerful foe yet in order to win the day.

Part 1: Return of the Køenig

Since the first spring thaw came, Køenig Njal's wintering army has been on the move among the rugged hills of western Mulstabha. Moving by stealth and making lighting strikes, the Køenig has so far managed to outmaneuver his Mulstabhin and Huun pursuers, raiding villages and farms here and there for supplies, and even managing some successful attacks against the flanks of unsuspecting Mulstabhins. The key to Njal's success so far has been his own personal acumen in battle and the use of lightning strikes to hit his opponents and then disappear again amid the terrain before an effective response is mounted. It is a war of attrition that, even though it has gone heavily in his favor, Njal knows he will eventually lose. But he has no other choice; he does not know of the Great Northern Army and the unprecedented mission to rescue him and his troops mounted by the combined might of the North Sea nations.

Everything changed 7 days ago, however, when two large Northlands ravens alighted on Njal's sword where it sat propped against a small tree that the Køenig slept beneath. Waking to the sight of these two large, black birds, far out of place here in distant Mulstabha, Njal knew an omen when he saw one. Though no others who saw the birds could confirm it, Njal swears that each of the ravens was missing an eye, pecked out in some scuffle long ago — one its right eye, and the other its left. Right or wrong, Njal immediately took the birds to be Huginn and Muninn, the twin messengers of Wotan whose names mean "Thought" and "Memory" in the Nørsk language. The Hrolf Køenig addressed the ravens respectfully, asking them what message the Raven-god might have asked them to carry to him. In response, the ravens looked at Njal a moment longer and then took off in flight with a flurry of feathers and beating wings. The ravens circled the ragged encampment of the remaining Hrolflander army and then flew east in a direct line, straight toward the Citadel of Jem Karteis. Njal declared to his war chiefs that he had seen his fylgjur — his animal spirits that would guide him to his fate — and immediately ordered the army to break camp and march; it was time to bring the war to the Master of Jem Karteis. The warlords looked at each other askance but obeyed their lord. They did not argue with him the folly of attacking the massive citadel with only his small army, and none mentioned that the fylgjur were often considered to be the omen of one's impending death.

The Hrolflander army has made haste in its march for Jem Karteis, letting nothing stand in its way. Because the large Mulstabhin army had to break into smaller divisions to search for the elusive Hrolflanders, Njal was able to come upon several of these smaller forces and destroy them on his way to Jem Karteis. But now he has reached his destination, arriving this day on the plain below the great walls of the city. The pursuing Mulstabhins have finally come together into a cohesive force to pursue him, and the scouting Huun have spied him coming and begun to prepare their own welcomefor him.

Player Character Disposition

This portion of the battle occurs before the characters return from their sojourn to the Northlands. The characters will not, therefore, be present to take an active role in the battle. Allow the players to each take command of one or more of the Northlander units for this phase of the greater overall battle.

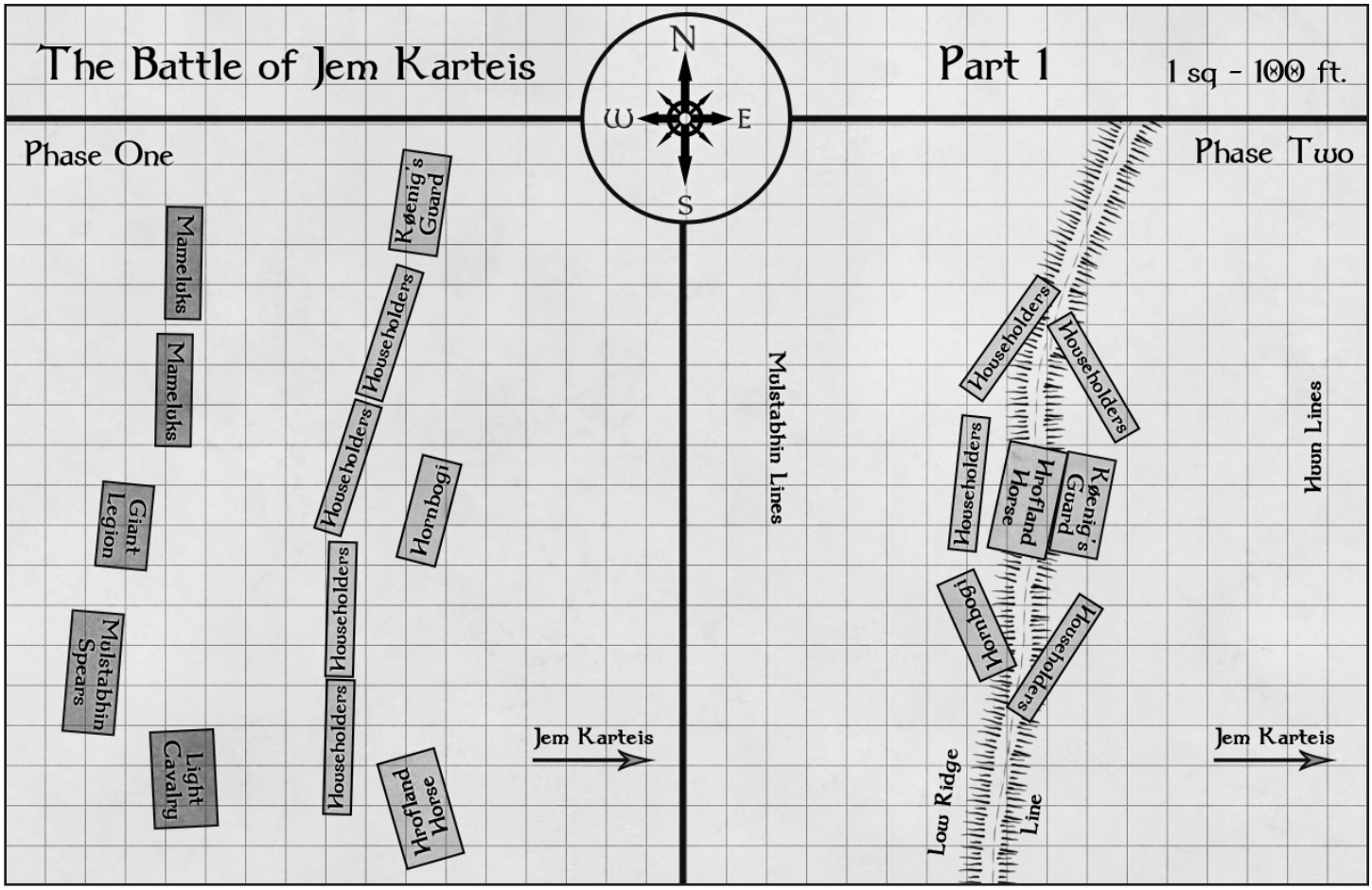
Field of Battle

The Battle of Jem Karteis takes place on the plain to the southwest of the Citadel of Jem Karteis, approximately 1 mile from its wall where the full might of the Huun encampment cannot yet be seen. The plain is a sparse grassland, relatively flat and dry, providing no advantage or disadvantage to any of the armies involved. The initial battle positions are shown on the Return of the Køenig: Phase One battle map and is then replaced by the Phase Two map as explained below under "Tactics."

Order of Battle

The Hrolflander Forces: Njal's Hrolflander army is reduced in number from the attrition of the war over the last year, but what they have lost in numbers they have gained in diversity. Njal has divided his army of 2900 warriors into seven commands. These consist of:

• The **Køenig's Guard command**, 500 of his heaviest infantry compromised of his most battle-tested huscarls and householders that he per-



sonally leads into the thickest part of any battle;

• **4 Jarl's Householder commands**, 500 warriors each, led by his four most-experienced surviving jarls that joined him in his invasion of Mulstabha;

• The **Hornbogi command,** named for the horn bow that many Northlanders use while hunting and sometimes at war (200 archers armed with bows taken from their fallen Mulstabhin foes);

• The **Hrolflander Horse**, a small cavalry of 100 Northlander warriors mounted on horses stolen from the Mulstabhins and commanded by the young but valiant Eymund Njalson.

In addition to the Hornbogi, many of the other Hrolflanders have collected bows, spears, and javelins from their fallen foes so that each one is capable of a single ranged phase. Even if their opponents withdraw to a distance where ranged attacks could be made, they would need to spend the time to gather suitable ammunition from the ground again before they could make use of it. The exceptions to this are the Køenig's Guard, which has no ranged attacks, and the Hrolflander Horse, which have sufficient ammunition for their stolen Huun recurve bows to make multiple ranged attacks in their hit-and-run strategy.

Køenig's Guard Command (500 humans Ftr6, 35hp each): **HD** 6; **HP** 17500; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** handaxes (1d6) or longspear (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** N; **Commander**: Køenig Njal Hrolfsblood
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longsword, longbow.

Jarl's Householder Commands (500 humans Ftr2, 12hp each) (4): **HD** 2; **HP** 6000; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **Commander**: Experienced Hrolflander jarls
Equipment: chainmail, shield, battleaxe.

Hornbogi Command (200 humans Rgr2, 18hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 3600; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **Commander**: Jarl Wolfrûm the Lanky.
Equipment: leather armor, shield, longspear, longbow.

Hrolflander Horse Command (100 humans Ftr4, 25hp each): **HD** 4; **HP** 2500; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** longspear (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **Commander**: Eymund Njalson.
Equipment: leather armor, lance, longbow.

The Mulstabhin Forces: The Mulstabhin army is an assortment of forces that have been pursuing the Hrolflanders across the length and breadth of Krivcycek Island for some time now. In the race back to Jem Karteis, these separated units have been rejoining into a somewhat haphazard army. As a result, these different units arrive at the battlefield at different times. In addition, some of them have run afoul of the Great Northern Army in its own western march, so some of the expected units never arrive at all, having already tasted the steel of the vengeful Northlander invaders. The initial force of the Mulstabhins to engage the Hrolflanders consists of:

• A **Huge Mulstabhin Spearmen army**;

• A battle-weary **Giant Legion division** that Njal ambushed only a few days ago;

• **2 Hykadrion Mameluks regiments**;

• A **Mulstabhin Light Cavalry brigade**.

Mulstabhin Spearmen Army (500 humans Ftr2, 10hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 5000; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longspear.

Giant Legion Divisions (150 common giants, 31hp each) (2): **HD** 5; **HP** 4650; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Goolrah the Bloody
Equipment: longsword.

Hykadrion Mameluks Regiment (200 hobgoblins, 17hp

each) (2): HD 3; HP 3400; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** hand axes (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **Commander:** Assorted mameluk commanders.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe.

Mulstabhin Light Cavalry Brigade (100 human Ftr4, 29hp each): **HD** 4; **HP** 290; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** lance (2d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders

Equipment: leather armor, lance, longbow, war horse.

Battle Tactics

As shown on the Phase One map, Køenig Njal deploys forces in a shieldwall, with his back to the citadel, the towers of which have just become visible over the lower rise ahead. Njal has not yet seen the giant *soul gate* or the Huun encampment. Njal places himself and his Køenig's Guard on the right end of the line to secure the flank and then arrays the 4 Jarl's Householder commands in a line to his left. At the far end, Eymund leads the Hrolflander Horse to secure the left flank and try to turn the enemies own flank back on itself. Behind this extended shieldwall, Njal deploys his Hornbogi in support.

In the face of the Hrolflanders' sudden turn and formation into a shieldwall, the Hykadrion mameluks form their own line and begin a cautious advance toward the Hrolflanders. The Giant Legion, wary from its previous disastrous encounter with Njal's army, approaches more cautiously rather than charging in the forefront as they usually would. They form up on the mameluks' right to allow the hobgoblins to face the might of the Køenig's Guard. The Mulstabhin cavalry circles to the right to try to outflank the shieldwall and the Hrolflander Horse, with the Mulstabhin spearmen forming up in support to try to approach obliquely at the leftmost edge of the Northlander shieldwall in hopes of turning it behind the brunt of the cavalry charge.

The Giant Legion hurls their rocks as they close. The Jarl's Householders all focus their ranged attacks on the Giant Legion. The Hrolflander Horse focuses its ranged attacks on the Mulstabhin cavalry, as does the Hornbogi.

Development

More Mulstabhin reinforcements arrive as this battle develops, with **1d2 Mulstabhin units** arriving approximately every third melee phase. Time these arrivals to come in after another Mulstabhin unit falls, so they should be delayed somewhat to clear the field of Mulstabhins if necessary. The Hornbogi shift their attacks to trying to whittle down these new arrivals. The idea should be that the Hrolflanders are winning this battle, not that they are being overwhelmed by an endless enemy. New units arrive in the following order: **Mulstabhin Light Cavalry brigade**, **Hykadrion Mameluks regiment**, **Mulstabhin conscripts**, and a **Mulstabhin Spearmen army**. With each successive arrival of reinforcements, the Hrolflanders give up just a bit of ground. They are never in full withdrawal but move back step by step as they fight. By the time the second Mulstabhin Spearmen army has arrived (or sooner if any of the Hrolflander shieldwall units is reduced below half its hp), the Hrolflanders' shieldwall has been backed up to the low ridge that surrounds the Citadel of Jem Karteis at a distance of a half mile. From here, they are finally able to see the strange construction that is the *soul gate*, but more importantly the vast Huun encampment that is busily forming up its own ranks into organized battalions and marching them toward the battle.

As soon as Njal sees the new masses of Huun spearmen marching toward him, he orders his armies into a new formation. Two of the Jarl's Householder commands as well as his own Køenig's Guard step back through the loosely formed Hornbogi and turn around to form a new shieldwall in an arcing formation facing the approaching Huun. The remaining Jarl's Householder commands and Hornbogi tighten up ranks to form a bowing shieldwall facing the opposite direction toward the straggling Mulstabhin forces that continue to approach from the west (as shown on the Phase Two map). The Hrolflander Horse remains within the elliptical shieldwall formation, ready to reinforce any part of the line as needed. By this time, the Hrolflanders are likely worn pretty ragged and facing seemingly insurmountable odds. Njal orders his men to grip their weapons tightly so that they will hold them even in death and gain entry to Wotan's feasting fall.

Mulstabhin Light Cavalry Brigade (100 human Ftr4, 29hp each): **HD** 4; **HP** 290; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** lance (2d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders

Equipment: leather armor, lance, longbow, war horse.

Hykadrion Mameluks Regiment (200 hobgoblins, 17hp each) (2): HD 3; HP 3400; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** hand axes (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **Commander:** Assorted mameluk commanders.

Equipment: chainmail, handaxe.

Mulstabhin Conscripts (1000 human commoners, 5hp each) (2): **HD** 1; **HP** 5000; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.

Equipment: wooden shield, longspear, shortbow.

Mulstabhin Spearmen Army (500 humans Ftr2, 10hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 5000; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.

Equipment: chainmail, shield, longspear.

Narrative Summary

The narrative of this battle closely follows the strategy as presented under the "Battle Tactics" and "Development" sections above.

Part 2: Wrath of the Northmen

This portion of the battle picks up immediately following **Part 1: Return of the Køenig**. There is a lull in the battle as the two sides catch their breath and prepare to close in melee once again.

Meanwhile, the Great Northern Army has continued its march to the west along the Toll Route, seeking Køenig Njal and his surviving forces. Marching blindly without any real idea of where to go, the Northlanders have kept their eyes open for whatever omens they might stumble upon in hopes of receiving guidance. After several small battles with Mulstabhin forces with no signs of the missing Hrolflanders, Jarl Ljot (who leads the army unless one or more of the characters has remained behind) had begun to despair of finding his beloved daughter's husband and his oldest grandson. But as the army stopped at a small lake to rest and get its bearings, one of the Gatlander jarls commented on the fire to the northwest. Jarl Ljot looked up to see a massive plume of smoke trailing off to the northeast. He was taken aback as he realized that the wind was not blowing in that direction and was amazed to realize that the smoke cloud was in fact a huge flock of crows flying toward something to the north of him. Looking about, he realized that several more of these flocks were all heading toward that same place. Jarl Ljot did not know what could cause so many carrion birds to madly converge on a single point, but he had a strong suspicion that the Great Northern Army was supposed to be there. Following these omens, the Great Northern Army marched northward toward Jem Karteis and the great battle soon to occur. This army arrives not long after battle between Njal and the Mulstabhins has been joined.

Player Character Disposition

As in **Part 1**, the characters are not present for this part of the battle unless one or more of the characters remained with the Great Northern Army to lead in battle. If no characters are present, allow your players to control

units in Njal's Hrolflander army or in the Great Northern Army. It is okay for a player to control more than one of these armies in this battle as some of them are likely to be destroyed as the battle progresses.

Field of Battle

The field remains the same as it was in **Part 1**, except now the Hrolflander army of Njal has taken position at the very peak of the low ridge surrounding the citadel's plateau. There is enough of a slope up on either side to give the Hrolflander forces the benefits of advantageous terrain (–2[+2] AC bonus). Other Northlander forces will not receive this advantage unless they too join the Hrolflander battle lines running along the top of the ridge. You can continue to use the Phase Two map, though new entries onto the field can be placed as you or the players wish. The Great Northern Army units enter from the south side of the battlefield.

Order of Battle

The Great Northern Army and Hrolflander Forces: The battle begins with whatever remnant is left of the Hrolflander forces form **Part 1**. They will then be joined by the Great Northern Army as it marches from the south. Any damages or attrition suffered by the Great Northern Army will still be present for this battle.

The Mulstabhin and Huun Armies: Any Mulstabhin units still surviving from **Part 1** will still be present during this portion of the battle. However, what enemies the Northlanders face in this part of the battle is variable. Build a combined Mulstabhin and Huun army from the options below that equals about 90% of the total Hrolflander-Great Northern Army. Its composition should be approximately 50% Mulstabhin forces and 50% Huun forces. You can use the same kinds of units multiple times in order to build your army.

Available Mulstabhin unit types include: standard **Mulstabhin Spearmen armies**, reduced-sized **Mulstabhin Spearmen armies**, **Giant Legion divisions**, **Mulstabhin Light Cavalry brigades**, **Hykadrion Mameluks regiments**, **Jem Karteis Slingers companies**, and ill-disciplined **Mulstabhin Conscripts**. The Huun military in the encampment is divided into regimental units called ortas that are led by an officer known as chorbadzhi. Types of these include **Huun Lancers ortas** (very powerful and should probably be used sparingly), **Huun Mounted Archers ortas**, **Huun Janissaries ortas**, and the **Great King's Solaks ortas**.

As mentioned previously, Huun Lancers are the elite heavy cavalry of the Imperium mounted on trained karkadanns, though they can dismount and serve as mobile infantry as well (see **Scouting the Citadel** in **Chapter 3** for more information on the Huun Lancers). The heavy, beast-mounted cavalry of the Lancers is augmented by the smaller, lighter Huun Mounted Archers Corp hearkening back the Huun's claimed origin as a lost tribe of the ancient Hundaei Empire. Lighter armed and armored, the Mounted Archers attack from the backs of their horses or camels (50% chance of either). The Huun Janissaries are the backbone of the Imperium's army. These infantry wear heavy chainmail armor and fight in ranks like spearmen except with the vicious tri-point double-edged sword, a deadly polearm with a point dividing into three scimitar-like stabbing blades capable of delivering devastating wounds from multiple angles when landing even a single blow. The final type of unit found in the Huun encampment are the Great King's Solaks, dismounted archers wielding massive longbows all sworn to the personal protection of the Great King of Kings of the Huun Imperium.

Mulstabhin Forces

Mulstabhin Spearmen Army (1000 humans Ftr2, 10hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 10,000; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longspear.

Mulstabhin Spearmen Army (500 humans Ftr2, 10hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 5000; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.
Equipment: chainmail, shield, longspear.

Giant Legion Divisions (250 common giants, 31hp each) (2): **HD** 5; **HP** 7750; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (2d4+3) or slam (2d6+3) or rock (1d6+3); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Goolrah the Bloody
Equipment: longsword.

Mulstabhin Light Cavalry Brigade (100 human Ftr4, 29hp each): **HD** 4; **HP** 290; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** lance (2d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders
Equipment: leather armor, lance, longbow, war horse.

Hykadrion Mameluks Regiment (200 hobgoblins, 17hp each) (2): HD 3; HP 3400; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** hand axes (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **Commander:** Assorted mameluk commanders.
Equipment: chainmail, handaxe.

Jem Karteis Slingers (100 human Ftr3, 16hp each): **HD** 3; **HP** 1600; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** sling (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders
Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, sling.

Mulstabhin Conscripts (1000 human commoners, 5hp each) (2): **HD** 1; **HP** 5000; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longspear (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **Commander**: Assorted Mulstabhin commanders.
Equipment: wooden shield, longspear, shortbow.

Huun Forces

Huun Lancers Orta (50 human Ftr8, 42hp each): **HD** 8; **HP** 2100; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** +2 *lance* (2d4+3) or short sword (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Chorbadzhi of Lancers
Equipment: leather armor, lance, longbow, karkadann.

Huun Mounted Archers Orta (500 human Ftr3, 21hp each): **HD** 3; **HP** 10,500; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** longbow (1d6); **Move** 18; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Chorbadzhi of Mounted Archers
Equipment: leather armor, longbow, horse or camel (50%).

Huun Janissaries Orta (500 humans Ftr1, 6hp each): **HD** 1; **HP** 3000; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** tri-point double-edged sword (1d8+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Chorbadzhi of Janissaries.
Equipment: leather armor, tri-point double-edged sword (polearm).

Great King's Solaks Orta (200 humans Ftr2, 12hp each): **HD** 2; **HP** 2400; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or longbow (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **Commander**: Assorted Chorbadzhi of the Great King's Solaks.
Equipment: chainmail, longsword, longspear.

Battle Tactics

The Huun close in on the Hrolflander double shieldwall from the east while the straggling Mulstabhin forces continue to arrive from the west (at your discretion, some of these units may already have damage suffered from earlier encounters with the Hrolflanders). The Great Northern Army meanwhile is approaching from the south. Your players can continue to run the Hrolflander forces if you like and should take control of some or all of the units in the Great Northern Army. They can choose their own tactics, but if you are controlling them, the Hrolflanders continue to hold their positions in their shieldwalls with fire support from their Hornbogi

and the mobile Hrolflander Horse providing support where needed. The arriving Gatlanders and Hrolflanders drive with reckless abandon directly toward the forces attacking the Hrolflander shieldwall, while the other Northlander armies divide to try to outflank those units.

Units closing for battle use their ranged attacks before entering melee. The Hornbogi maintain their ranged phase every turn during the melee phase until they are directly engaged in melee. Any Jem Karteis Slingers or Great King's Solaks do the same.

Development

In many ways, this battle is the climax of the adventure. Even though the characters are not present, this is the very situation they have spent most of the last year planning, striving, and fighting for. The Great Northern Army has successfully invaded Mulstabha and marched to the very gates of its citadel, has reunited with the missing Køenig Njal, and has finally brought its full strength to bear against the enemy, carrying with them the full wrath of the Northmen.

Unfortunately, the prophecy readings said that the characters must lead the Great Northern Army for it to be successful.

It is during the initial rush by the Gatlanders to relieve the Hrolflander shieldwall and reach his son-in-law and grandson that the first signs of this wyrd begin to appear. The aged Jarl Ljot Gatson leads his warriors at the forefront of their charge, his still-strong arm smashing his axe and shield into the ranks of Huun that threaten his own blood. Despite his near maniacal puissance, or perhaps because of it, the miraculous rage of the white-haired warrior long past his days of standing in the shieldwall cannot maintain its pace. As the Gatlander rush fragments into a score of smaller melees among the Huun, the old Jarl's own wyrd finally comes to pass, and he falls beneath the vicious blades of the Huun, bringing a pall to even warriors with the greatest battle lust upon them.

The battle should be chaotic and hard fought. The forces available to the Northlanders is limited to what is currently present, whereas you can always bring in more Mulstabhin or Huun forces as additional units arrive from the west or from the quickly assembled camp. Do not throw an overwhelming or devastating force at the Northlanders all at once, but the general feeling should be that though they are acquitting themselves well, the Northlanders are barely holding their own and are perhaps even losing ground. It is okay if the Northlander armies are taking major casualties during this process. An army losing all of its hp does not mean that everyone in it was slaughtered, merely that casualties were heavy enough that the unit has lost cohesion and its survivors scattered, no longer able to form up as an effective fighting force.

Allow Northlanders some moments of victory as they are able to gang up on and make mincemeat out of the enemy units closest to the Hrolflander shieldwall, only to see the tide slowly turning against them as more of the enemy converges on them. The Northlanders at full strength have the possibility of little more than 16,000 Northlanders. The Mulstabhins and their giant and hobgoblin allies can field perhaps 19,000, with another 8,000 or so Huun. Under these circumstances, it is a simple numbers game to see the battle's ultimate conclusion, though it is not impossible that particularly skilled and lucky players may have been able preserve their own strength while crushing their enemies, creating the slim hope of a Northlander victory. But fear not, Killer Referee, all will be revealed to have been in vain shortly. The wyrd of the North will not be denied.

At an appropriate moment in the battle, read the final two paragraphs under the "Narrative Summary" below (marked as boxed text) to bring this portion of the battle to its end and usher in the **Interlude**.

Narrative Summary

If you are not playing out this battle using the Mass Combat rules, then you can relate the following outcome or modify it as you see fit. It assumes the use of the Northlander pre-gens, but these references should be replaced as needed by the Referee.

Njal Hrolfsblood and his men look on without fear as the braying horns of the numberless Huun sound from beneath the walls of the city where they assemble. They are answered by the scattered trumpets and drums of the Mulstabhins to the west still coming down out of the hills to converge on the battle plain. These Huun have come in strength to this strange land and are undoubtedly the source behind the many troubles to plague Hrolfland in recent years. With a few short orders, the Hrolflander shieldwall facing west splits, every other man turning about and stepping forward to face east toward the citadel, with the Hornbogi stepping in to fill many of the gaps they have left. The two shieldwalls so formed then close ranks to create a double-sided shieldwall, its facing bowed outward to allow Young Eymund and his riders to stream through into the interior, pausing only long enough for the scion of Hrolfland to raise his sword in salute to his father in the wall's center. The Køenig raises his axe in reply and Eymund is gone, the Hrolflander Horse spurring into the pocket between the walls to enable them to strike over the heads of their comrades and spur out to engage the enemy suddenly in the field if necessary.

The Huun and Mulstabhins continue to close from the east and from the west, their battle drums and horns keeping cadence with the tread of their march. Huun spearmen, heavily armored and with nearly their entire faces painted black, march at the forefront, carrying strange, three-bladed spears. Meanwhile, light skirmishers astride light horses and camels gallop along their flanks and loose arrows into the raised shields of Njal's lines. The Huun Lancers on their vicious, armored karkadanns gallop close behind these skirmishers. To the west, companies of giants and the dread hobgoblin mameluks form up alongside Mulstabhin spearmen and move in at a steady and disciplined advance, tightening the vice on the Køenig of Hrolfland.

Huun arrows and Mulstabhin slingshot rattle against upraised shields as they release volleys to be shortly answered by the hurled axes, spears, and arrows of the Northlanders' own volley. The lines of Huun and Mulstabhin lack the defensive cohesion of the overlapping shields of the Northlander wall so that many more of the Northlander missiles find their home in flesh than did those of the enemy. The distance closes as cries and insults are hurled from Northlander throats hoarse from shouting, and the spear-din is just about to be met when new horns ring over the field — Northlander horns — the Great Northern Army has arrived.

Seeing the approaching Northlander horde to the south, the Huun and Mulstabhins desperately charge at the Hrolflander shieldwall, hoping to break it quickly and turn their attention toward this new threat. The opposing forces meet with a great clash that is echoed by the battle cries as the lead elements of the Great Northern Army shout oaths to Donar and Wotan and charge forward to relieve their kin. These lead elements, the Hrolflander and Gatlander armies, attempt to reach the rear ranks of those attackers, only to be brought up short by the sheer mass of these forces. The Hrolflanders grind to a halt against the heavy blades of hobgoblin mameluks, while the Gatlanders smash into the orderly ranks of Huun Janissaries, their momentum carrying them deep into their ranks. The Vastaviklanders, seeing the gap created by the Gatlanders, charge forward as well, seeking to exploit it. The Hordalanders instead turn left and try to maneuver around the mameluks battling the Hrolflanders in an attempt to turn their flank and open the route again for them to advance to help their kin. The Valers and Estenfirders, meanwhile, taking in the size of the Huun force marching out of the camp, move at the oblique to form their own combined wall behind the great melee of Gatlanders and Vastaviklander against Janissaries to prevent these reinforcements from taking them from the rear flank.

The Hordalanders are able to turn the mameluks enough that they are forced to address this new threat, which allows the fiercely desperate Hrolflanders to work past them to aid their kin in the western face of the double shieldwall as they face units of giants and Mulstabhin spearmen. When the Hrolflander irregulars that make up most of this new force find themselves stymied by the giants they face, it seems that they will fall beneath the massive mauls and heavy swords of these beasts. But the Hrolflander Horse suddenly charges forth through gaps opened in the shieldwall by every Hornbogi in the line (still interspersed with the other warriors) simultaneously stepping backward and to the left one step. With Eymund Njalson at their head, the Horse plows into the heart of the Giant Legion division, giving the newly arrived Hrolflanders a chance to recover and form up. At the welcoming calls of their kinsmen, these Hrolflanders move to take their positions in the shieldwall as well, battle-hardened father greeting newly blooded son, older brother months absent from the North clasping hands with younger brothers who have only now begun

to grow their beards but already know the stink of blood and fear in the shieldwall.

With the gaps in the wall filled by the new Hrolflanders, the Hornbogi are freed up in the protected center of the double walls and begin to pour a withering hail of arrows into the ranks of mameluks still fighting the Hordalanders and the giants battling the Hrolflander Horse. This sudden pressure is too much for the beleaguered mameluks, who break before the Hordalanders and scatter, many trampled by horsemen or their own giant allies running about in chaos themselves. Routing this hobgoblin force, the Hordalanders are able to move forward and join the western-facing shieldwall, forming a new rank in front of the stalwart Hrolflanders.

While Eymund's charge was sufficient to distract the giants and relieve the pressure on the wall, it is not enough to completely break the legion. Seeing his horsemen becoming scattered and his position getting precarious, Young Eymund calls for the withdrawal and gallops northward. The Hrolflander Horse spurs north after him, leaving the befuddled giants to themselves, their own ranks torn and broken by the onslaught of the horsemen. Seeing the mounted Northmen riding north in apparent retreat, the giants raise a cheer and a cacophony of taunts and jeers. Then they turn back toward the shambles of the shieldwall they had just been battling, only to find it reformed and with a brand-new rank of fresh Hordalanders at its front. Their pause of dismay is short-lived, however, as they discover that the Hornbogi — being no longer engaged in melee — can focus their fire, and volleys of their arrows suddenly begin to rip through the giants' ranks.

As the battle on the western side of the shieldwall rages, the Gatlanders' own charge carries them deep into the interior of an army of Huun Janissaries. With their momentum finally stalled against the sheer press of bodies, the Gatlander forces devolve into a series of isolated melees as pockets of them gather together to lash out at every Huun around. So fierce is their fury that, though they do not penetrate all the way through to the Hrolflander shieldwall, they nonetheless cause a check on the advance of the Huun from that direction. In the center of that clash, Njal standing alongside his Køenig's Guard notices the lull as the Huun press is momentarily relieved somewhat, Huun warriors stepping back to look toward the fresh conflict tearing through the rear of their own ranks.

From his positon atop the low ridge, Njal has a clear view and sees one of the Gatlander bubbles formed into the Swine's Head formation amid the Huun sea continue to slowly press forward toward the Hrolflanders. At the head of this group is an old man with long white moustaches with arms shrunken from long years, seemingly unable to feel the weight of shield and axe as they are raised again and again against the enemy. But even that group's momentum cannot sustain itself against the press of Huun Janissaries, and they soon press in against the shields and parrying axes at the tip of the Swine's Head from a dozen directions at once. Even a warrior in his prime would be heard-pressed to beat back these combined attacks, but the aged Jarl Ljot still manages to do it for more than a dozen heartbeats. But it eventually becomes too much as his linden shield begins to splinter under the heavy blows of the Janissaries' strange sword-spears, and first one and then another thrust of these triple-headed spears manage to reach Ljot's mail hauberk.

Though Eymund is occupied fighting giants on the west side of the shieldwall, Njal watches in recognition and dismay as the father of his beloved late wife is pierced in a half-dozen places and falls amid the press of the Huun spearmen. A true model of the old days in the North is no more, and more than one Gatlander axeman or shield maiden gives his or her life in the effort to make sure the well-notched axe remains in his hand as this legend breathes his last upon the bloody field.

The pause soon ends, though, and the Hrolflander shieldwall pushes forward once again into the Huun ranks, which are not quite as solid as they were mere moments earlier. The damage wrought by the Gatlanders' mad charge and the sudden surge causes the Black-Eyed Huun to crumple and break beneath the press. However, they manage to withdraw in an orderly manner as they disengage and turn to the north to escape the Gatlanders still tearing into their left flank. The cheer of the Hrolflander line is short-lived as they prepare to rush forward and make it a rout, only to be met by volley after volley of arrows from Huun skirmishers riding horse and camel and remaining out of melee range. With their protective wall broken, the Hrolflanders take many casualties as the arrows fall among them and force them back into the cover of their shieldwall. This allows the Huun Janissaries to complete their orderly withdraw to the north and east.

The Hrolflanders manage to reform their wall and crouch behind their shields to protect themselves from the onslaught of volleys, only to feel the ground tremble beneath them at the sound of Huun Lancers astride their vicious karkadanns charging straight toward them. Crouching behind their shields ensures that they will be overrun by the fast-approaching horned beasts and their riders, but those Hrolflanders who rise from cover to brace for impact are quickly cut down by the arrows that continue to fall, now from Huun bowmen far to the back wielding massive recurve bows as well as the horse archers to the north. With no choice, Hrolflander after Hrolflander rises to face the charging threat and dies seconds later with a half dozen shafts piercing his shield and mail, but the fateful charge never comes. The rumble of a second thunder comes from the north as the Hrolflander Horse, having disengaged from the giants on the west side of the shieldwall, gallops up and around the northern end of the wall and now comes charging back along the eastern side of the wall to pound into the exposed flank of the unsuspecting lancers.

The horses of the Hrolflanders are no match for the great armored karkadanns, and fully half of Eymund's Horse fall beneath the lances and piercing horns of their foe. But the karkadann charge is turned aside, and the Hrolflander wall saved. Then, as the lancers mill about seeking to destroy the Hrolflander force that dared attack them, they suddenly find themselves swarmed by enraged Gatlanders who, having disengaged from the retreating Janissaries, turn their full ire against this new target. The ferocious karkadanns and their deadly riders take a heavy toll on these Gatlanders, but the folk of Børnholm Peninsula are relentless when they have raised the Raven Banner, and very few of the Huun Lancers or their beast-mounts manage to break free from the Gatlander rush and withdraw to the east to regroup.

The badly mauled Gatlanders turn to encompass the grandson of their fallen jarl and his remaining riders, forming a circular shieldwall with spears facing outward. They are soon joined by the Vastaviklanders who expand their circle even larger as they make their way toward the Hrolflander lines. Behind them, the Estenfirders and Valers make a slow fighting retreat backward as well, with Njal's Hrolflanders and the entirety of the Great Northern Army taking position on their low ridge, while the Huun and Mulstabhin forces reorganize to begin a coordinated assault.

In preparation, the Northlanders reorganize as well in a series of arcing shieldwalls to form a great oval along the ridge. The relatively fresh Valers, Estenfirders, and Vastaviklanders form the arcing shieldwall ranks facing east toward the citadel, with the recuperating combined Hrolflanders — Njal's and the newcomers — standing in ranks behind them. The Hornbogi form up along the very top of the rise with the sole responsibility of firing upon any Huun cavalry forces (particularly Huun Lancers that come into range) to break up any charges. To the west, the Hordalanders form the front shieldwall ranks with the Gatlanders in reserve ranks behind them. With this arrangement as the front ranks of armies wear down from fighting and attrition, the reserve armies step through and relieve them, allowing the front-line warriors to move to the back to rest and recover, and then replace the others again when the time comes. The remaining half of the Hrolflander Horse likewise gathers in the center area between the two vast shieldwalls, waiting in reserve to charge downslope toward any breaches or to exploit any enemy weaknesses that appear.

With the combined might of the North in place and prepared to fight to the end, the Huun and Mulstabhin ranks begin the cadence of their war drums to signal the march toward a final clash. Outnumbered at least two-to-one, the Northlanders grip axe and spear, and look to the top of the rise upon which they stand. There, the Køenig of Hrolfland stands next to his fourteen-year-old son, who sits astride his stolen Mulstabhin horse, talking quietly as if on an outing on a fine summer day. As the enemy lines close in, they launch volleys of arrows and shot that fall among the Northlander ranks, but mainly rattle off the row of raised, overlapping shields that protect the Northmen.

Enemy horns sound, and the thunder of galloping hooves is once again heard as Huun light and heavy cavalry begin their charge toward the eastern arc of the shieldwall. All eyes remain on the Køenig as the charging war-beasts cover half of the distance, but still the Northlanders crouch with shields raised to ward off raining missile fire. At the three-quarter distance mark, Njal raises his axe above his head and the entire combined Northlander army begins to scream curses and war cries and beat axes and swords on shields. The sudden noise causes the Mulstabhin advance

from the west to stall and slow to a crawl. To the east, the Huun Mounted Archers peel off and send their own shafts into the Northlander lines along with those of the Solaks and slingers. Yet still the eyes of the Northlanders remain on the Køenig and his upraised axe, as if the charging Huun Lancers and falling arrows are but a nuisance.

The Lancers close to 100 yards. To 50 yards. The karkadanns are lumbering at full speed, lowering their horned snouts for their vicious gore attacks. They see the Hornbogi now and brace for the flight of arrows sure to come but encounter none. Still the Northlander line of Valers, Estenfirders, and Vastaviklanders watch the upraised axe, as do Hrolflanders, Gatlanders, and Hordalanders. Still they yell and curse and scream their insults, but at least the arrows have stopped falling among them because of the close proximity of the lancers.

At 10 yards, the Køenig's axe drops, and the entirety of the Northlander lines goes silent. Estenfirders, Valers, and Vastaviklanders lower shields and begin a mad sprint to the side to escape the path of the charging lancers. The sudden silence and shift in the shieldwall gives the lancers pause for just a moment, and that is when the readied bowstrings of the Hornbogi twang as one and send their seething deliveries deep into the hide of karkadann mounts. At such short range, even their thick armor is of little help.

Stumbling and slowing, the lancers pass through the former Northlander lines. Some of the retreating warriors are not fast enough to get out of the way and go down under trampling feet or razor-edged lance, but most manage to scramble to the side. Beyond them lies only clear ground, and the lancers believe they have broken through into the enemy's vulnerable interior. The lancers spur their mounts forward to begin the rout in earnest, only to find the gentle slope of the ground covered with fragments of armor and weapons — the ruined gear of the many fallen this day — strewn thickly about along with whatever rocks could be hastily dug up and assembled here.

Their charge slowed by the surprising lack of resistance by the shieldwall and now the more treacherous ground of sharp obstacles more debilitating to the leather-soled feet of the karkadanns than typical hooves, the lancers falter for just a moment before they realize that the interior of the formation isn't open and vulnerable; it has a second shieldwall of Hrolflander warriors arcing back behind the initial shieldwall to create a second pocket. This second pocket has Njal Hrolfsblood at its center, his ranks formed into a Swine's Head and charging down toward the stumbling karkadanns. At the same time, the Northlanders who had run to the side to get out of the way of the charging lancers turn and charge back in to close the pocket behind the riders to create a killing ground between the two ranks. With a second volley from the Hornbogi ripping into the ranks just moments before Njal's Swine's Head hits them at full charge, the lancers are completely befuddled. They turn to find their exit closed by the returning ranks of Northlanders and are unable to even put up that much of a fight because of the limited space and precarious footing. Long Northlander spears bring down karkadann after karkadann and allow axe-wielding warriors to finish off fallen riders. When the Huun Mounted Archers wheel about to rescue their comrades, they instead meet concentrated volleys from the Hornbogi and are forced to withdraw. Within minutes, the ortas of the Huun Lancer Corps and their bestial mounts are annihilated while the Huun watch helplessly. The Northlander lines then reform, now with the Northmen forming a concave arc to create a field of unstable footing covered in dead lancers and karkadanns before them that an attacking force must cross before it can reach their lines.

Køenig Njal now stands at the center of this newly reformed line and raises his voice in insult as he jeers the distant Huun lines. The entire Northlander army joins in this chorus of taunts. It seems to have the desired effect, as the entire Huun line blasts its trumpets and opens up into a full charge. Only moments later, the Mulstabhins to the west do the same, and Northlanders facing east and west brace themselves for the titanic impact.

Whether minutes or hours pass is difficult to tell when next Njal raises his eyes from slaying the man in front of him — perhaps the thirtieth such man he has faced. Eymund still sits astride his horse, leading his ever-shrinking cavalry corps about the field again and again against vulnerable enemy flanks. Looking about, Njal sees that the Northlander positions are much smaller, retracting in upon themselves as men fall and his fellows must step backward to close the gap. Though much reduced themselves, the enemy is still too many. The Northlanders grimly fight on so that any Mulstabhin claim to victory will be dearly bought indeed. If they can make it to nightfall, Njal thinks his Northlanders can perhaps withdraw to the north and find a path down the cliffs to the swamp. From there, perhaps they could steal boats from the trading wharves below, and some veterans of this accursed invasion live to see home again. But even those dim hopes are dashed a moment later.

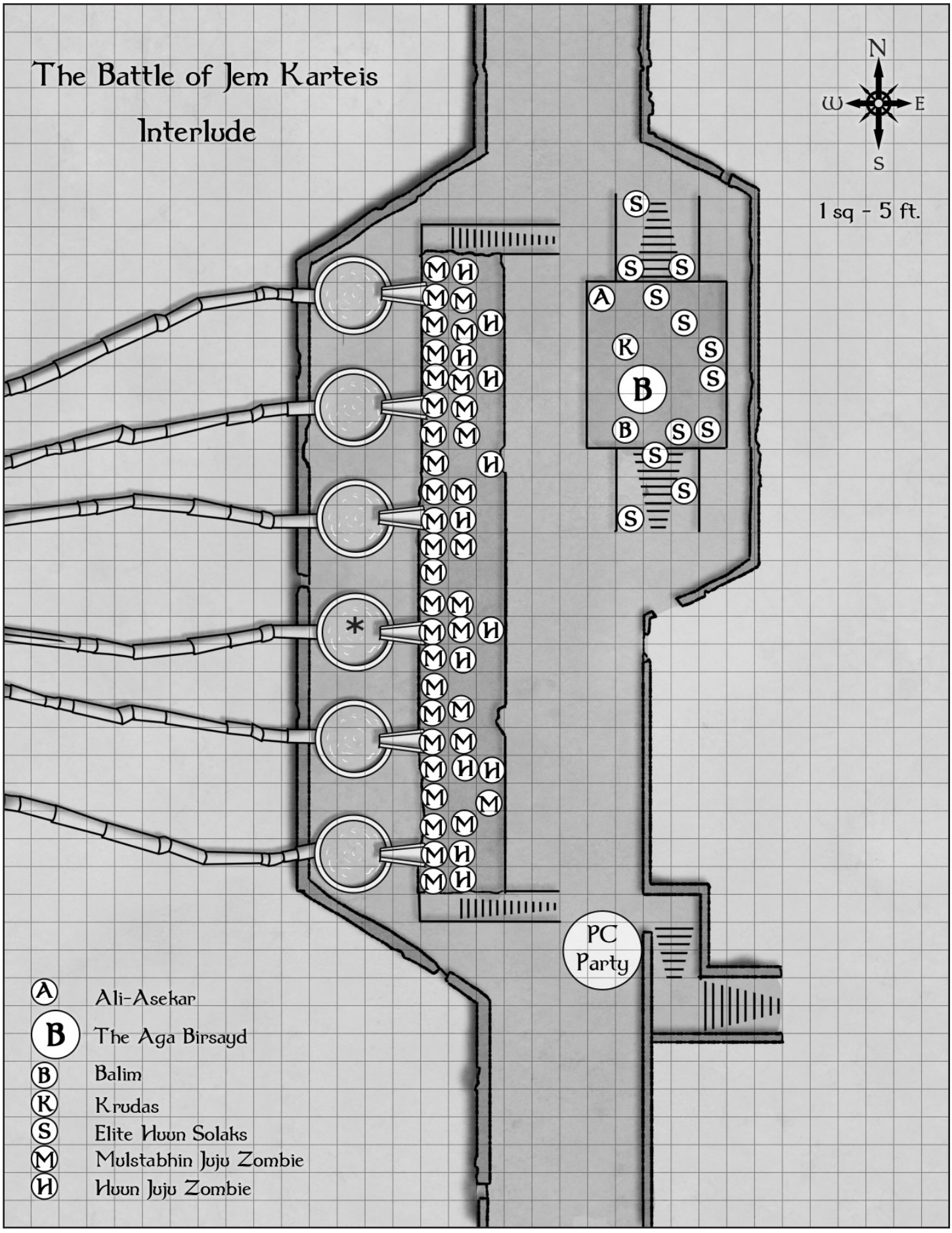
The sound of many trumpets brays from the walls of the citadel. The great barrels that have been visible lining the battlement since the battle began are suddenly emptying their contents into the sluice channels that extend to the strange circular construction standing on the ground before the city. Red-tinted water begins to pour out from holes on the inner side of this giant round frame. Instead of falling onto the ground as expected, the water somehow begins to pool inside the vertical bounds of the frame. It is as if a lake of blood forms sideways in the air, soon occluding the entire center of the ring. And when it does, everything changes.

Where moments before was a swirling flat vertical plane of blood-colored waters, now there is an image of a desert land under a white-hot sky. An odd, stepped pyramid stands in the background on the shore of a dark lake. In the foreground stand rank after rank of Huun warriors, files of massive giants garbed in desert robes, vast gatherings of Huun war chariots raising great clouds of dust as they roll forward, and even massive war beasts the like of which no Northlander has ever seen. Then the first of the war chariots rolls out of the strange ring of standing water and onto the plains below the walls of Jem Karteis. Many, many more follow close behind. The Northlanders' hearts sink, realizing they have faced only the smallest part of the military might of Huun and now the rest are, by some foul enchantment, here.

Interlude: A Warm Welcome

This interlude in the greater Battle of Jem Karteis occurs when the characters return from their sojourn to Osløn as detailed under **Too Close to Home** in **Chapter 3**. The means to magically return instantly to Mulstabha was provided in that section, but the characters can use their own means if they choose, as long as it provides them with instantaneous transportation back to Jem Karteis. The characters might choose to return to the same room they left from (**Area F9**), but if they do, they find the area abandoned with the small *soul gate* smashed. They know from talking to Frítha that the source of the danger is going to occur on the wall above the larger *soul gate*. They saw that wall and the cisterns collected on it when they entered the citadel, so they can easily use their magic to transport themselves directly to that spot if they wish. If they insist on returning to the vicinity of **Area F9**, they just have to find their way up to the top of the wall on their own. Fortunately, with the battle raging outside, the characters find that the courtyard beyond **Area F6** has been abandoned by the guards who once occupied it, and plentiful exterior stairs exist that can be used to mount the wall above.

Finally, it is possible that the characters may want to travel directly to the armies to assist in the clash or to some other location altogether. In attempting this, they are denying the wyrd that has been given them, and fate intervenes to guide them back on course. Magic used to travel anywhere but the vicinity of the wall in question causes them to feel a sensation as if fingers pull at golden threads connected to their souls. This tug alters their course and causes them to be transported instead to the aforementioned wall. Characters particularly astute in Northlands' lore can conclude that this might occur and cause even lower-level spells normally incapable of covering that much distance, such as *dimension door*, or imprecise spells, such as *plane shift*, to still deposit them on the walls of Jem Karteis. When the hands of fate pull, a Northlander knows any option but to follow is futile.


The Battle of Jem Karteis
Interlude
N
W
E
S
1 sq - 5 ft.
PC Party
A Ali-Asekar
B The Aga Birsayd
B Balim
K Krudas
S Elite Huun Solaks
M Mulstabhin Juju Zombie
H Huun Juju Zombie

When the characters reach the wall top either by a sudden magical appearance or by climbing from the courtyard below, proceed with the following.

The top of the wall here is wider than normal, as it appears to have been made as some sort of special ritual site. A stone crenellation runs along both the inner and outer edges of the wall top to create a wide, cobbled avenue between them. Here at the widening in the wall, a half-dozen huge wooden tuns are used as cisterns, their barrel staves wet with moisture. Long sluices run from these to the massive hollow standing wheel some 100 feet away on the ground below the castle wall — a wheel that you now recognize as a larger version of the pool-gate that you encountered in the dungeons below, though still as yet inactive.

The sight beyond this standing ring is shocking. It seems as if all the warriors of the North have been gathered into one place. Greater even than the Great Northern Army that you brought across the sea, a mighty legion of your kinfolk holds a shallow ridge some half mile distant in shieldwalls of concentric ranks while an even larger host — perhaps the rest of the world's gathered warriors — assails them on all sides. You cannot imagine that Ragnarök itself could bring any greater weather of weapons. But despite this almost-entrancing scene of unimaginable carnage, you are forced to consider the threats nearer at hand.

Standing behind the line of wooden vats is a hastily erected scaffold fully 20 feet tall. A line of Mulstabhin men and women kneel silently in a line atop this scaffold, a dozen masked Huun executioners walking behind them. Additional sluices have been built to carry their spilled blood into the great barrels and create the necessary bloody brew to fill and activate yon death-gate. And behind this scaffold stands a stepped platform of hard-packed clay standing 25 feet tall, apparently a ceremonial platform of the Mulstabhins. Atop it stands a cluster of figures. Surrounded by Huun officers in their characteristic black war paint stand two great captains, bestial ogres with blood spatters covering their skin. One wears the desert robes of the Huun, and the other wears armor of joined plates like that of the Southlander knights. Between them stands a massive giant clearly of another world than this. Twice the height of the captains, his hands rest on the quillons of a heavy sword, and his head and body are covered with dozens of wickedly curved horns. It appears that he is in fact the commander of the armies here because the two captains listen earnestly every time he bends his head to speak. They then relay the orders to the subalterns standing with them, some with tall banners that they raise and lower in sequences to signal their armies on the plain below.

Here lies the heart of the army, but they are not the heart of the enemy; that distinction lies with the lone figure standing slightly apart from them on the platform. He stands behind a tripod that holds a brass cylinder and occasionally bends down to look through the seemingly hollow cylinder. He is dressed much like the other Huun masters and sorcerers you have seen, with red and black robes over some sort of armor, but somehow the heavily lined skin of his face, baldhead, and the blood-tinged tint of his immaculately forked beard make him seem unhuman, more sinister and deadly than all the rest. Beside him stands a small pedestal upon which rests a cushion holding a large black rock. The rock has an irregular texture and is oddly shaped; it almost resembles the heart of a man if it was cut from his chest and grown to twice its normal size. The man's hand rests lightly on the stone, almost caressing it.

The wall where the characters stand is 50ft high and looks out over the turmoil of the battle plain without and the deserted streets of the citadel within. It is positioned directly above the great lightning scar in the outer wall left as the Mark of Donar. The characters have arrived at the southern end of the map and, unless well hidden, one of the Huun officers immediately spots them and quickly raises the alarm among his fellows. From what the characters have learned, they should wish to save the prisoners from sacrifice and prevent the opening of the *soul gate* with their blood. Unfortunately, though the wyrd of the Northlands and the will of its gods has kept much obscured from the Mulstabhin astrologers and Huun soothsayers, they and their gods are not without power. Having received warning from Nergal that the outcome of the battle would rest in what occurred atop the wall this day, the Huun commanders have prepared accordingly. The Mulstabhin sacrifices were killed and their blood drained earlier by an abominable undead known as a devouring mist that the Huun were able to create and control by means of *Mulstabha's Black Heart* (see sidebox).

Standing atop the 25ft platform of packed clay are **Servant Ali-Asekar, Death's Master and Herald of the Bringer of Peace**, the master of the entire strategy against Mulstabha and the North, appointed by and serving as spokesman for the Great King of Kings of the Huun Imperium. With him are his great general, **the Ağa Birsayd**, a **kytha demon** whose services as ağa (supreme general) were gifted to the Huun by Nergal himself. Birsayd serves as the military commander of this campaign in the West. Flanking him are his attachés, the ogre ocaks (corps commanders) **Balim** and **Krudas**. They are likewise accompanied by **12 Huun Elite Solaks** who serve as bodyguards and aides-de-camp. In addition to these commanders of the Huun are the 36 Mulstabhin prisoners and 12 Huun masked executioners that wait upon the nearby scaffold. Unfortunately, these are actually all Mulstabhin prisoners that have already been sacrificed and now exist as **48 juju zombies** created by the **devouring mist** that lurks within the barrel marked with an asterisk on the map.

Servant Ali-Asekar, Death's Master and Herald of the Bringer of Peace (Clr14): HP 53; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** +2 *flail* (1d8+2) or bleeding touch (2d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special:** bleeding touch (8/day, save or 2d6 damage), +2 save vs. paralysis or poison, spells (5/5/5/5/5/2).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds* (x2), *detect good*, *detect magic*, *protection from good*; 2nd—*bless*, *find traps*, *hold person* (x2), *snake charm*; 3rd—*cure disease (x2)*, *continual light*, *remove curse*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2), *create water, neutralize poison, protection from good 10ft radius*; 5th—*commune*, *finger of death (x2)*, *insect plague*, *raise dead*; 6th—*blade barrier*, *word of recall*.

Equipment: *+3 platemail*, *+2 flail*, *Mulstabha's Black Heart* (see sidebox), *ring of fire resistance*, spyglass (10,000hs), holy symbol of Nergal fashioned from white gold and amber (2300hs).

The Ağa Birsayd (Kytha Demon): HD 9; **HP** 65; **AC** –2 [21]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8) and tongue (1d6 plus poison); **Move** 15; **Save** 6; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 17/3500; **Special:** immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance (55%), magical abilities, +1 or better weapon to hit, poison (save of paralyzed for 1d6 rounds), resists acid, cold and fire, summon demon (40%, kytha demon). (***Tome of Horrors*** *4* 52)

Magical abilities: at will—*darkness 15ft radius*, *teleport*; 3/day—*hold person*, *silence 15ft radius*.

Balim, Ocak of Janissaries (Ogre): **HD** 8+1; **HP** 58; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** *+1 longsword* (1d10+2); **Move** 9 (30ft leap); **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: none.

Equipment: *boots of leaping*, *+1 longsword*.

Krudas, Ocak of Solaks (Ogre): **HD** 8+1; **HP** 60; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** huge club (1d10+1 plus 1d6 fire); **Move** 9; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special**: none.

Equipment: *helm of fiery brilliance*, *cloak of protection* +2, club.

Huun Elite Solaks (Ftr6) (12): HP 47, 45x3, 42, 40x2, 39, 37, 35x2, 34; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** *+1 spear* (1d6+2), longsword (1d8+1)

or longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** multiple attacks (6) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +1 to hit and damage.

Equipment: *+1 platemail*, *+1 spear*, longsword, longbow with 20 arrows.

Zombies, Juju (48): **HD** 3; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** weapon or fists (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Specia**l: +1 or better weapon to hit, immunity to cold, electricity, and *magic missile*, resistance to fire (50%). (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 616)

Devouring Mist: HD 14; **HP** 102; **AC** 6 [13]; **Atk** 2 slams (2d6); **Move** 0 (fly 15); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** blood drain (2d6 damage with attack, gain 1hp), create spawn (victims turn into devouring mist in 1d4 rounds), magic resistance (50%), +1 or better magic weapons to hit. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 56)

Tactics: When the characters are spotted, the Solaks move between them and the army commanders and begin to lay down a covering fire. Birsayd strikes out at the characters by teleporting into their midst. Ali-Asekar places both hands on the black stone and mentally commands all the juju zombies to attack the characters. These creatures then reveal their true colors as they swarm down from the scaffold and attack. Balim and Krudas prepare for battle while the juju zombies occupy the characters. In the next round, Ali-Asekar again focuses on the back stone and mentally orders 6 more juju zombies that already rest within the blood- and water-filled vats to lift the sluice gates. This causes a sudden rush of rust-red waters to pour down the sluiceways, carrying the hapless juju zombies with them. These creatures tumble from the edges of the sluices to the ground far below, but the bloody waters rush to fill and activate the *soul gate* as described at the end of **Part 2** above. In the following round, Ali-Asekar uses the black stone again to call forth the devouring mist from the vat it was waiting in and sends it against the characters. After that, Ali-Asekar focuses his spells on attacking the characters. When they have finished their preparations, Balim and Krudas move into battle in support of any surviving juju zombies and attempt to topple characters over the edge of the wall.

If the characters manage to destroy *Mulstabha's Black Heart*, all of the juju zombies and the devouring mist are instantly destroyed as undead that were created using the stone. Likewise, its destruction immediately inflicts 50 points of damage to Ali-Asekar (due to the connection he has fostered with it). If the destruction of the stone kills Ali-Asekar, then his body visible shrivels and pales as his soul is sucked into the black stone before it explodes into a million pieces (6d6 points of damage to anyone within 30ft, save for half). If the stone is destroyed before Ali-Asekar falls, then it merely splits in half and becomes inert. However, once the Huun commander is slain, his body does the same transformation as described above and then the stone explodes with his soul's absorption. If Ali-Asekar is killed before the stone is destroyed, his body still shrivels as his soul is absorbed, but the stone remains intact until it is destroyed by the characters. However, upon its destruction, it still explodes as described above due to the powerful soul of evil it contains. Once the Huun on the top of the wall are slain and the black stone is destroyed, proceed with **Part 3** below.

Mulstabha's Black Heart

This large chunk of obsidian-like rock appears to be a crude representation of a four-chambered heart sized for a large creature, and astute characters should recognize it as the "black stone" identified by Islaug as a thing that must be destroyed to gain his help. According to the powers of Mulstabha, it is the actual heart of the minotaur Mulstabha, the very literal "Bull from the Sea" who supposedly founded the citadel at Jem Karteis. The heart is a relic that holds great religious and political significance to the Masters of Mulstabha. In the hands of the Grand Necromancer of the Citadel or some other individual with a powerful affinity for death, it can influence undead within 1 mile to obey a single command per round unless they make a saving throw. While it is intact, Islaug cannot rally the undead to his cause in a general uprising. However, once destroyed, its influence is lost forever and the undead lords in the mines beneath the city are free to act (see **Part 3**).

Part 3: The Despised Dead

This portion of the battle picks up shortly after **Part 2: Wrath of the Northmen** left off and occurs just as the characters finally defeat the Huun leaders atop the citadel wall not far away and destroy *Mulstabha's Black Heart*. Begin with the following read-aloud text.

The rumble of spiked and bladed war chariots, the trumpeting roars of monstrous battle-beasts equipped with towers on them to carry giant Huun warriors, the thundering tread of giants marching, and the seemingly endless ranks of the Huun warriors with their black-painted eyes and strange triple-bladed spears all seem to drown out any sounds of fighting still going on at the shieldwall. The doom of the Northlands seems sure.

Then something changes. There is a small explosion atop the citadel wall behind the wooden cisterns, hardly loud enough to be heard above the din of armies below, but still somehow great enough to draw every eye, and thin cloud of smoke rises from that location. But there is nothing to explain the feeling of "different" that has descended on the field. Northlanders look up with a sense of renewed hope, and the indomitable Huun seem to be filled with a sense of dismay. There is no explanation for it, but it is nevertheless real.

Perhaps it was merely a premonition, because moments later a reason for such feelings becomes clear. A great, deep rumbling comes from beneath the earth, and the ground trembles. The high walls of the citadel magnify the quaking, and, in particular, the damaged wall sways precipitously. The repair work that has sealed the rent for years crumbles away like so much sand, and the tiny fissures left by the blast of Donar so long ago lengthen and expand as the swaying increases. In a matter of heartbeats, the once-nigh impregnable western wall of Jem Karteis crumbles in a rain of broken debris and a massive cloud of dust.

But the quaking and collapsing wall a half mile away is not the only thing of notice. The quaking of the ground extended not only up the wall but away from the wall as well. The ground trembles and raises a cloud of dust as a network of lines extends outward from the wall in all directions like strands of tangled web to rise slightly and then sink suddenly, the ground collapsing into trenches in a jagged array like a hundred thunderbolts. From these trembling dust-choked trenches, columns of fire and choking black smoke spout as if all the horrors of Muspelheim have erupted from the very land.

The sudden subsidence of the ground and the explosion of fire and caustic fumes wreaks havoc throughout the encampment that surrounds the citadel. Many tents and countless Huun warriors are swallowed by the sudden collapse of the ground beneath them, while the great gouts of fire that hurl skyward from these rents set much of the camp ablaze, sending many a foreign soldier screaming as he is engulfed in flames and overcome by the thick black smoke. But none of these earthshaking calamities reach as far as the Northlander lines, sparing them from the devastation engulfing their enemies.

Even still, this is not the greatest of unfolding events, though. For the trembling of the ground and collapsing of the land reaches even under the great wooden frame with its

oscillating gateway in the air. The standing wheel twists and buckles, pieces of its framework falling free, and the desert image within it distorts as well, becoming blurred and then dark until it looks not upon that arid plain but instead upon a great black nothingness that seems to draw all light and sound in upon itself. A vortex of air forms around this wheel of night that pulls in the dust and smoke as well as bodily lifting entire marching columns of soldiers from the newly arrived Huun army. Chariots, and even giants and the great war-beasts alike all tumble screaming into its empty embrace. It seems that thousands of these hapless creatures are swallowed in this way before the swaying wooden ring can take no more and collapses into a hundred pieces, spilling its deluge of blood-tinged waters onto the ground and causing the black hole in reality to close with a sudden ear-aching pop.

There is a lull as the land seems to right itself and settle. Smoke and flames still rise from the maze of collapsed trenches, but these remain contained, their smoke carried southward by a freshening sea breeze. Northlanders pick themselves up where they fell in the quakes and resume their shieldwall. The Huun and Mulstabhins, numbering not nearly as much as before, rise and regroup as well. The still outnumber the surrounded Northlanders, if by not quite so much as they did before. Northern men and women grip axes and spears grimly as they prepare to sell their lives dearly here at the end of the battle.

Then one more horn sounds, this one not the braying trumpets of the Mulstabhins or Huun, but rather the mournful tone of a horn of the North — the call to the hunt of the shieldwall. And this lone horn seems to rise from the depths of the fire and wind-blasted ground that covers the newly scorched plain between the Northlanders and the citadel. There is a moment's pause as all eyes look about for the source of this new sound, but the search is short-lived, for boiling from the still-smoking rents in the ground climb wave after wave of skeletal corpses and fire-blackened cadavers. An army of the dead has risen from the ground beneath Jem Karteis. At the sounding of the horn once more, they begin to tear into the ranks of the surprised Huun gathering into battle ranks nearby. At their head strides a pale Jomsviking with a flowing white beard and a blood-soaked axe.

With the opening of the great *soul gate*, the Huun began to march thousands of their soldiers, giants, and war-beasts into the battle, but with the destruction of the "black stone" by the characters, the former Jomsking Islaug stays true to his promise. With the powers at his command, he sends blast after blast of magical fire into the bitumen mines that run beneath the plain and citadel wall until they ignite and explode as described in **Area F4**. With the destruction of *Mulstabha's Black* Heart, Islaug finally exerted his will over the legion of undead in the bitumen mines, and though a great many of these mindless corpses were annihilated in the mine explosion, the rest have come pouring forth at the graveknight's command to gain vengeance on the living who have thwarted his power for so long.

Player Character Disposition

The characters are present for this portion of the battle, as it begins shortly after they complete their own battle upon the walls. They also see all of the events described above, but are able to move off the dangerous section of the wall to more stable areas before it collapses. Then by either magic or simply by climbing down the long rubble slope that remains where the wall once stood, they can make their way to the Northlanders where they still stand against the opposing forces. The characters can choose to travel to take control of the Great Northern Army (though the Hrolflanders and Gatlanders continue to follow the Køenig instead) or they can choose to remain as a cohesive group of adventurers and try to affect the battle that way. In the former case, they need to have some means to swiftly cross the half mile to the battle lines to take their place in the shieldwall. Islaug will not allow them to assume control of the undead, but it will be readily apparent that the undead are fighting against the Huun. In the latter case, they can make their way across the battlefield and use area-affecting spells and attacks to weaken the Huun and Mulstabhin forces. However, their actions as a separate group eventually attract the attention of a team of Huun champions.

Huun Champions

Though much of the force coming through the *soul gate* was destroyed by its own inversion and destruction, some of these deadly opponents did make it through and roam the battlefield seeking worthy opponents to face. If some or all of the characters are acting as individual heroes rather than leading armies in the mass combat, they eventually attract the attention of one of these groups. The group consists of a **Huun war-beast**, a gigantean desert-dwelling ankylosaurus with its shell clad in thick bronze plates with a squat tower affixed to its back and serving as a mobile battle platform for **7 hill giants**, and a **battle-priest of Nergal** riding atop a smaller version of a **battlehulk** accompanied by an **ossuary golem** created from the political prisoners of the Huun starved to death as punishment for their alleged crimes. The battle-priest remains atop the juggernaut until it is destroyed, and the characters are able to climb its bulk to face him. From there, he casts spells and directs the ossuary golem in battle. The Huun war-beast attempts to crush the characters while all but one of the giants hurl boulders at the characters from the cover of their wooden tower. The final hill giant sits inside the wooden tower out of sight and controls the ankylosaurus by chain reins that run through the side of the tower and to a bit in the dinosaur's mouth. He can see out of the tower by means of a small viewing slit in its side, but otherwise is concealed from the characters. The giants flee if the war-priest and the ankylosaurus are killed. If the war-beast driver is killed, the ankylosaurus flees, and the remaining giants must jump off to continue their fight with the characters. The war-priest fights to the death, and the juggernaut and ossuary golem battle until destroyed.

If all of the characters join Northlander army units as commanders, then they do not face these individuals.

Huun War-Beast (Giant Ankylosaurus): HD 16; **HP** 108; **AC** 0[19]; **Atk** clubbed tail (3d6); **Move** 6; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 16/3200; **Special:** none. (***Monstrosities*** 120)

Mounted on the back of the Huun war-beast's bronze-clad shell is a 40ft-tall wooden tower with a 20ft-by-20ft covered platform at the top. Ladders climb the front and back of the tower to the platform, and rope ladders can be lowered from the platform to allow access from the ground or the war-beast's back. The platform has a 5ft-high crenellation providing a –2[+2] AC bonus to any creature on the platform. At the center of the platform is a trapdoor with a ladder leading down the center of the tower where the controller of the beast sits, and uses chain reins that extend through loop holes to a bit in the war-beast's mouth in order to direct its movements. A narrow viewing slit provides the controller's only view. The wood of the tower is 6 inches thick and has heavy hides tacked over the outside to prevent it from easily catching fire.

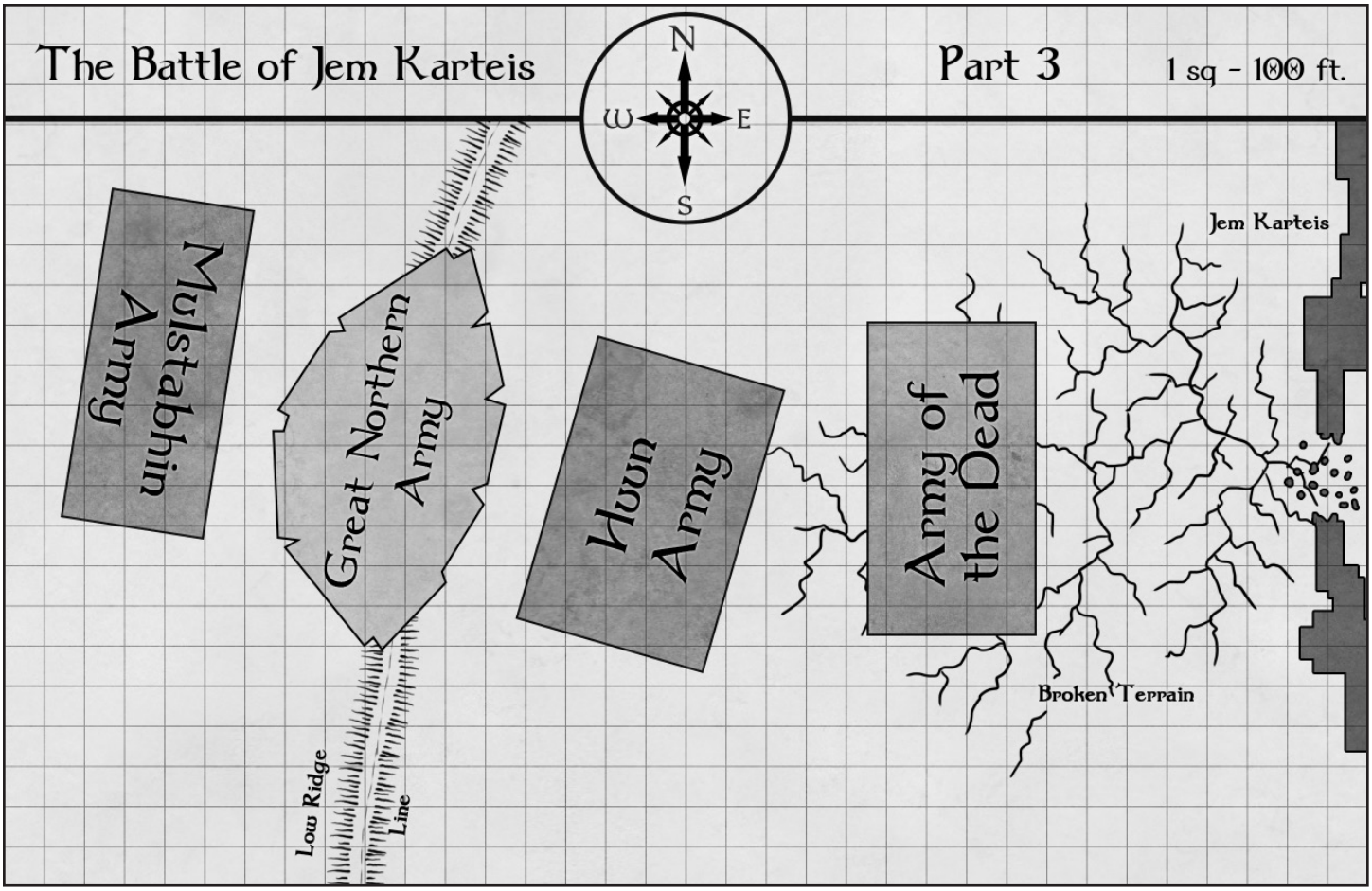
Giants, Hill (7): HD 8; **AC** 4[15] or 2[17] inside wooden tower; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** hurl boulders.

Battle-Priest of Nergal (Clr9): HP 41; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** warhammer (1d4+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 7; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** +2 save vs. paralysis or poison, spells (3/3/3/2/2).

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *detect magic*, *light*; 2nd—*hold person (x2)*, *silence 15ft radius*; 3rd—*cure disease*, *remove curse*, *speak with dead*; 4th—*cause serious wounds* (x2); 5th—*finger of death*, *insect plague*.

Equipment: chainmail, warhammer, *potion of extra healing* (x2).

Battlehulk (Lesser version)*: HD 12; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** ram (2d6), stone arm (1d6) and flail (1d6+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/**



XP 15/2900; **Special:** charge (2d6 damage), immune to acid and fire. (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 17)

* The Huun version of the battlehulk is a smaller, more-mobile version built for one passenger. It doesn't share all of the immunities or weapons of the larger types, but it usually gets the job done on the battlefield.

Golem, Ossuary: HD 12; **HP** 60; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 4 slams (2d10 plus wounding); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/ XP** 18/3800; **Special:** disassemble (separates into skeletons while at rest), immune to most spells, +1 or better weapon to hit, wounding (injuries bleeds for 1hp/round until healed). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 112)

Field of Battle

The field of battle remains the same as it has been, but all of the ground east of the Northlander positions is now considered difficult terrain.

The Northlander army continues to hold the slight high ground of the shallow ridge in the concentric formations it adopted earlier. The surviving Mulstabhin forces continue to attack from the west, and the Huun attack from the east. The army of the dead attacks the Huun from the east where they emerge from the collapsed mine tunnels.

Order of Battle

The Great Northern Army: This army consists of whatever remains of the original Great Northern Army and Njal's Hrolflander army.

The Mulstabhin and Huun Armies: The Mulstabhin army should consist of whatever units were left over from **Part 2** plus sufficient additional Mulstabhin units of your choice as presented in that section to equal 50% of the Northlanders' armies. The Huun army also consists of whatever units were left over from **Part 2** plus additional units of the types described in that section to equal 70% of the Northlanders. So the Mulstabhin and Huun forces should equal about 120% of the Northlander forces. There are additional units of other kinds that have come through the *soul gate* (hill giants, war chariots, etc.) but none in numbers sufficient to form a full army, so they represent only potential individual combatants for characters who go off on their own rather than join one of the Northlander armies.

With the death of Ağa Birsayd (see **Interlude**) and the resulting loss of their command structure, as well as the catastrophic destruction caused by the *soul gate*, the demoralized Huun and Mulstabhin armies all suffer a –2 to attacks and saves.

The Army of the Dead: This is the army brought forth by Islaug the Breathless from the now-exposed tunnels of the bitumen mines that ran underneath the field of battle. It is composed primarily of skeletons and zombies, all of which are stained black with long exposure to the bitumen mines, and more than a few of which are actually still on fire from the explosion. Assorted ghouls and more intelligent undead are mixed among these hordes, but not enough to constitute an army of their own or change the overall complexion of these armies.

Skeleton Horde (2000 skeletons, 6hp each): HD 1; **HP** 6000; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** handaxe (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** N; **Commander**: skeleton warrior.
Equipment: shield, handaxe.

Zombie Horde (2000 zombies, 12hp each): HD 2; **HP** 24000; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** strike (1d8); **Move** 6; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **Commander**: Islaug the Breathless.

Battle Tactics

The Northlanders hold position initially, while the Huun and Mulstabhins attempt to break through their ranks and reach the interior of their shieldwalls in order to wreak havoc against their vulnerable rear

flank. The players, of course, can change the tactics of the Northlander forces other than the Hrolflanders and Gatlanders, who continue to follow Njal's commands to hold the line and weather the assault. Njal is willing to adjust his tactics if the characters propose some strategy that seems promising without being overly foolhardy. As they emerge from the collapsed mine tunnels, the undead tear into the rear flanks of the Huun. The rear ranks of the Huun turn to face the newly arrived undead, but Mulstabhin units refuse to engage them, choosing to retreat before them instead. Savvy character commanders may be able to use this propensity to break particularly stubborn Mulstabhin positions.

The Northlanders continue to fight defensively to hold out as long as they can; they know that their best bet is to weather the storm and hope to hold out long enough for the enemy to lose heart. They literally have no place to go and are fighting for their survival. The Huun likewise use their most aggressive tactics to try to break the Northlanders. The undead attack the Huun indiscriminately, tearing through their ranks.

Development

If the Huun are defeated by the Northlanders and undead, the surviving Mulstabhin forces surrender after the rout. However, if it appears that this is about to happen, then run the **Finale** to allow the chaaracters to conclude the battle and fulfill the wyrd laid for them and Njal by Old Meg 14 years ago. Likewise, if the Huun and Mulstabhins are about to defeat the Northlanders, skip ahead to the **Finale**. If the undead manage to defeat the Huun, they withdraw into the smoking pits of the collapsed mine and disappear into the maze of tunnels beneath the citadel and surrounding area that remain intact. They will not attack the Northlanders out of Islaug's gratitude for the destruction of the black stone.

Narrative Summary

If you are not playing out this battle using the Mass Combat rules, then you can relate the following outcome or modify it as you see fit. It assumes the use of the Northlander pre-gens, but these references should be replaced as needed by the Referee.

The ragged Huun line crashes into the waiting Northlander shieldwall while the Mulstabhins gather uncertainly to the west. The devastation of their citadel, the gate, and the mines gives them pause, but soon Huun taskmasters among them whip them forward into battle anew. Even as hordes of skeletons and zombies emerge from the smoking ruin of the plain east of the battleground, the rear ranks of the strange Huun spearmen turn to face this new threat. Despite the catastrophic losses caused by the collapsing mines and destruction of the strange pool-gate, the Huun manage to hold their formations and remain effective on the field of battle, the remnants of units shattered in the devastation regrouping and forming into new units of disciplined soldiers. The deadly black-eyed warriors remain unbroken even amid the broken remains of their fellows.

Despite the reverses suffered by the enemy, they still outnumber the Great Northern Army, even reinforced as it is by the army of Njal Hrolfsblood. But the Northlanders continue to stand firm. The front line of the shieldwall is shin deep in blood-soaked mud by this point, but they still press forward with locked shields, their axes and swords swinging or stabbing underneath for vulnerable legs or groins, while spears from the rank behind stab at eyes or necks. In the center of the line facing the barbaric Huun stands Njal Hrolfsblood himself, Køenig of Hrolfsland, his shield battered and split, but his axe still keen as it weeps the battle-dew of his enemies. Behind the ranks of warriors in the shieldwall, a small band of Northlanders astride stolen mounts continues to ride, sweeping in to shore up a section of the wall buckling under enemy pressure here or rushing to fill a gap where a warrior has fallen there until someone from the second rank can step in to take his place. Occasionally, as opportunity presents itself, they leap through the wall to quickly engage enemy horse archers or charioteers, making devastating attacks, and then retreat into the safety of the shieldwall before the enemy can regroup and counter. Each time this intrepid troop makes one of these forays, the men of the shieldwall are visibly buoyed and give a cheer, their attacks renewed with a fresh fury. Always at the head of these sorties and in the midst of each fray is the slender form of a Northlands' youth, a fine cloak, now tattered, billowing from his shoulders, a blood-soaked blade in his hand. The men of Hrolfland clearly take heart at the bravery of the son of their Køenig, but it seems that the entire Great Northern Army draws inspiration from the dashing youth.

The battle grinds on for hours, the sun sinking lower and lower on the western horizon and casting long shadows across the death field. Though the clashing lines shift from time to time, neither is truly able to break the other. Occasionally, there are pauses as both sides disengage along one section of another in order to draw back a bit and rest or bring fresh warriors to the forefront, but even in these instances, attempts to exploit a possible weakness inevitably fail as new warriors rush to fill the gap. To the east, the undead continue to gnaw away at the flank of the Huun forces, preventing them from bringing their full might to bear upon the Northlanders' positions. But the giants, war-beasts, and chariots that did manage to make it through the pool-gate before its destruction provide enough of a tactical advantage that the undead are stymied in their advance as well.

Though it seems like a stalemate as the day advances toward evening, appearances can be deceiving. The Northlanders continue to stand firm, but their great encirclement grows slightly smaller with each passing hour as Northlander warriors fall but fewer and fewer are able to fill the ranks, causing those still in the wall to inch back to reduce the gaps. It is clear in Njal's eyes as he surveys the field at each lull, estimating the number of his people remaining versus the numbers of the enemies, and calculating the inevitable conclusion. The Great Northern Army cannot stand forever, and with the coming nightfall, no one knows how it will be able to effectively maintain its positions in the darkness.

Finale: The Broken Shieldwall

This event is the endgame of the Battle of Jem Karteis and is the culmination of not only the wyrd of Njal One-Ear and the characters, but also the entire ***Northlands Saga Adventure Path***. It is this moment that the Norns have been preparing the characters for, and this moment to which they must come to decide the fate of the Northlands. It occurs as the sun sets and twilight begins to settle over the field. The characters are either leading their respective armies or fighting on their own, but all happen to be nearby when this event unfolds. Read or paraphrase the following, but do not allow the characters to intervene until their wyrd allows it.

A red tint like the wash of spilled blood covers the great mass of struggling humanity as the sun begins to dip below the rugged terrain of the western hills. The day is done and with it, perhaps, all hope for the Great Northern Army. In the darkness, coordination of forces and the ability to see and respond to the enemies' movements is compromised, and even though the same will apply to the enemy, they are not in the same desperate situation where a single break in the line can spell doom for the entire army. Their mistakes in the dark can cost them hundreds of lives, but mistakes among the Northlanders in the dark can cost them the battle. Northlander warriors begin to look at those on either side with new concern in their eyes as they realize their predicament with the dying light. They have no way to withdraw and no way to fight free; they can only stand fast and hold for as long as they can in the darkness and hope for a swift arrival of the dawn.

It is at this crucial moment that the momentum of battle shifts. To the east where the Huun have been battling the undead hordes from the burning mines to a standstill, a change has been made. Two of the terrible Huun war-beasts, mighty turtle-like creatures with shells made of thick bronze holding tall towers manned by giants, have turned aside from their ravages of the undead army and headed through the Huun lines toward the Northlanders. It seems that someone among the enemy has recognized the Køenig in

the fray because these two war-beasts make their way across the battlefield directly toward the position in the shieldwall where Njal continues to hew at the enemy with his mighty axe. The thin shieldwall, no more than 3 ranks deep, stands no chance against these bronze-clad monstrosities.

It seems that you are not the only ones to reach this conclusion, because a sudden cry of havoc arises from the ranks to the right of Hrolf's position where the remnant of the Vastaviklander army has gathered. Brutal, experienced warriors all bred in one of the most hostile environments of the Northlands, the Vastaviklanders and their mighty Køenig Kol the Redhanded have proven their worth time and again in this battle as their channeled rage has broken more than one enemy unit. Now they have seen the approaching beasts and realized the jeopardy they represent.

The Vastaviklanders recently gathered in the third rank of the shieldwall to rest from their extended period on the front rank, but they are not so tired as to be unable to heed the commands of their Køenig. The blood-spattered Kol has formed his ranks into the familiar shape of Swine's Head, and at his command, the formation runs forward to gain momentum, the warriors shouting their own enraged battle cries. The shieldwall before them hears the cry of the Vastaviklanders and crouches low to allow them to charge over their backs, which they do to smash into and then through the Huun ranks facing them.

The force of the Vastaviklanders' charge carries them through the amassed Huun, unprepared for such a seemingly suicidal move as they leave their rear flank exposed to counterattack as they charge, but the Black-Eyed foreigners are unable to organize enough to press their advantage. With Kol screaming at its point, the Swine's Head drives a line straight toward the approaching monstrosities. Giants atop the lumbering war-beasts' towers launch massive arrows toward the charging Vastaviklanders, dropping dozens of them as the thick shafts pierce armor and bone, but it is too late to stop the charge.

In moments, the Vastaviklanders are upon them, and even as the ponderously moving war-beast crushes one warrior with the strike of the bony prominence of its heavily reinforced head, Kol sidesteps its lunge and brings the oversized axe he now carries down on the creature's neck just above where it enters the bronze-clad shell. A great gout of red erupts as the blow nearly severs the neck, and the war-beast gives a sudden spasmodic shudder as it dies, its shell lurching to the side. The extra weight of the bronze cladding and the tower constructed on its back causes it to overbalance, and the entire creature slowly but surely rolls over. Giants scream in terror and pain as the unstoppable bulk of the creature crushes them, and soon the last of the thing's death shudders pass and its corpse grows still, the forms of a dozen broken giants barely visible beneath it. A great shout rises from the Northlander lines at the sight of the beast's destruction, but it is muted among the dazed Vastaviklander survivors and those others close enough to see that the legendary Kol the Redhanded has been swallowed by its inexorable death roll; the Køenig of Vastavikland has fallen.

With the the Køenig of Vastavikland fallen and the charge of the Vastaviklanders spent, there is now nothing in the way of the second war-beast as it makes its way toward the shieldwall of the Køenig of Hrolfland. Huun soldiers clear a path, and the Northlanders ready spear and shield against the approaching monstrosity, though they look as though they have no chance of stopping it with their suddenly puny-seeming weapons. However, its approach falters as well with the sudden rumbling of a cavalry charge. With the packed ranks of the intervening Huun warriors pulled back to allow the war-beast to attack, the horsemen under Eymund Njalson have seized the initiative and rushed into the fray.

Wielding the three-pointed spear of a dead Huun warrior like some Southlander lance, Young Eymund charges at a full gallop toward the walking fortress. Arrows fired from the giants atop its tower rain down around the son of the Køenig and the horsemen riding with him, one even smashing through his shield and knocking it from his grasp. But Eymund rides undeterred, turning his mount at the last second to avoid the snapping bite of the war-beast and still ramming the tri-blade spear home in its eye. The beast stops in its tracks and slumps dead in an instant. The giants on its tower shout in rage and are soon clambering down with great curved swords drawn to attack the rider who killed their walking fortress. Seeing his son in jeopardy, Njal raises his horn to his lips and orders a charge of his shieldwall as he forms the tip of the Swine's Head himself.

At this point, the characters can make their way as well to assist Njal and Eymund. This involves leaving their armies, if they are commanding any, because it takes far too long to maneuver an entire army close enough to support the Køenig and his son. If the characters are approaching by foot or by mount, they will not arrive until after the following events occur. If arriving by flight or magic such as teleport, they arrive before the events below but find themselves in a fight for their lives against **2 hill giants** each. While they battle these foes, the following events occur. If the characters do not arrive more quickly by using magic, the hill giant foes they would have faced are already dead before they get there. If the characters do not attempt to join Njal and Eymund, then their wyrds begin to try to draw them there. Each character that has not already stated he is heading in that direction feels a strong tug from the very core of his being pulling him in that direction. Each round that this tug is ignored leaves the character sickened (–1 to hit and saves). Regardless of whether he stated he was going or not, whoever has possession of the sword *Kroenarck* likewise feels the pull toward the battle there.

Giants, Hill (varies): HD 8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** club (2d8) or boulder (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special**: hurl boulders.

Even as the last of Eymund's horsemen go down under a flurry of arrows and curved sword blades from the enraged giants, Njal and his charge arrive on the scene. But they are not alone, as the Huun also began their charge once they saw the Northlander line commit. The Northlanders and Huun meet in a sudden crashing clash like the sound of thunder, and a massive disorganized scrum soon forms with no identifiable lines. It is a battle with death on every side.

Eymund's horse is down, but you see the young prince rise as he father arrives and helps him to his feet before turning to slash the hamstring of one of the attacking desert giants. The press of the battle forces the father and son apart in the swirl of melee. A huge beast of a man dressed in the garb of a Huun champion and wielding a massive falchion in his hands presses the attack against Njal. One of the red-skinned rock trolls attacks Eymund less than a dozen feet away. Njal's axe is a blur of motion as he parries the great curved sword, his own shield long ago shattered in the press. Njal manages to knick the Huun champion several times and is about to deliver a killing blow when the outlander slips in a patch of bloodstained mud and slips to one knee. Njal's battleaxe, already swinging toward his enemy's head, pauses in flight and reverses course to miss the exposed head of the warrior.

Njal pauses a moment to watch as the champion regains his footing, and for just a moment, it is as if you can see three old women standing around the base of an ancient

and gnarled tree. They hold a skein of gold thread between them, while one holds a pair of sheers as if waiting for some sign. You have a vision of a much-younger Njal as he stood alone on a bloody beach in Storstrøm Vale as he battled Gatlander assassins, and you are struck by the similarity as he performed the same action and allowed an enemy to rise up rather than to strike with an unfair advantage. A golden glow seems to suffuse Njal Hrolfsblood in your mind's eye, and you can see him as a worthy High Køenig over all the Northlands.

Your vision changes suddenly as you see the three hags at the base of the tree once again. This time, though, it seems that whatever they were awaiting has come to pass as the crone with the shears suddenly closes it on the golden thread, severing it in one clean stroke. Your vision of this fades as you see the Huun champion for whom Njal has waited treacherously stab forward with his blade rather than rise to resume the battle. The great blade pierces Njal's gut and extends out from his back, clearly severing his spine. His eyes take on a shocked look for a single moment before he buries his axe in the skull of the black-hearted cur, and both slump to the ground together.

There is a momentary pause in the battle as if both sides just noticed that the great hero and Køenig Njal Hrolfsblood has fallen and wish to take a moment in his honor. The surprised pause is short-lived though. Eymund shouts and rushes to his father's side, but realizes too late that the rock troll used the momentary distraction to bring his heavy maul down on the blade of Eymund's sword and catch it on the bronze-clad shell of the dead war-beast. The sword blade shatters into a dozen shards, while the force of the blow causes Eymund to stumble backward. He regains his footing next to his father just in time to see the troll advancing, as well as a much-larger giant with the Huun invaders.

The youth bleeds from a half-dozen small wounds and wears more of his enemies' blood than his own. For a lad of no more than 14 winters, he has acquitted himself with great mind's-worth, but he seems suddenly very small as he stands unarmed save for the hilt of a broken sword in the face of the giant and the troll. He looks down at his father's corpse and the axe still clasped in this father's hand — an axe with which he could surely try to defend himself. But seeing the slight rise of his father's chest, he realizes that the Køenig has not yet breathed his last. From his wound, it is clear that he will depart for the afterlife at any moment, but should Eymund take the axe from his hand before the valkyries arrive to carry him away, then this brave hero of the Northlands will be denied a place among the heroes of Wotan's feasting hall.

Realizing this, Eymund pauses in reaching for the axe. He has his father's mind's-worth because he refuses to take the weapon and defend himself. The troll and giant descend upon him, but he merely looks on without expression, the very image of his father, a golden glowing halo surrounding him in your mind's eye.

The characters can arrive on the scene with Eymund in this round as he stands weaponless, his hand outstretched and empty for the axe that he will now not pick up. By this time, the player of a true Northlands' character should be thinking in terms of mind's-worth, and the workings of wyrd, and epic destiny. Even without the many visual clues and prophecies given, a character should want to put a sword in the unarmed prince's hand. But if he hasn't already thought of it on his own, whichever character carries *Kroenarck* feels the intensely strong urge to place the Sword of the High Køenig in Eymund's hand. A character that does so instantly receives 100,000 XP and a permanent +1 bonus to the attribute of his choice. Any characters that helped him to reach Eymund likewise receives 50,000 XP but no +1 attribute bonus.

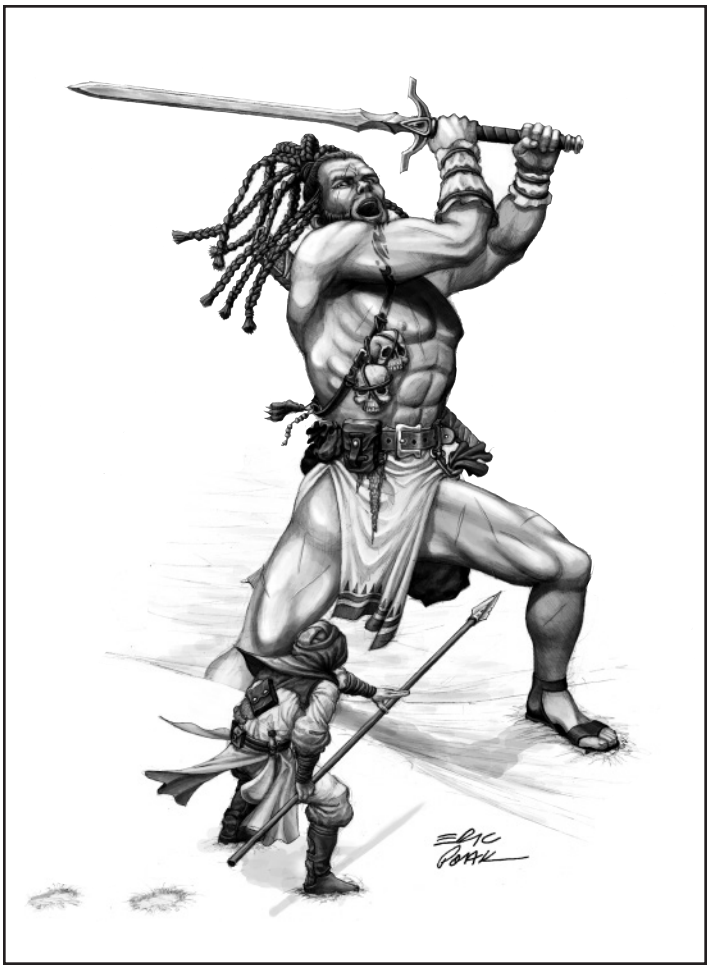
The rest of the adventure assumes that the characters follow their wyrd set in motion decades ago with a call to the mead hall of Jarl Olaf Henrikson and give Eymund the sword. If they choose to not do so, all is not lost. Continue the adventure as written with the modification to remove Eymund receiving the sword. It may just be that the character is destined to become the High Køenig of the Northlands, if the Referee wishes to develop that campaign ending.

If a character rushes to Eymund's side, he can get there just as the rock troll and sand giant reach him. The sword fits his grasp as if it was made for him, and he raises it high in a sweeping overhand strike against the troll. In that tiny moment as it was raised high, the sword blade flashes red as it catches the last gleaming of the setting sun, and the characters see that it no longer bears the glamor placed on it by Bvalin the Smith — it is no longer disguised as *Magnarck*, but is now clearly recognizable as the legendary *Kroenarck*. The moment quickly passes as the sword lops the arm from the attacking troll, who screams in pain and fear. Pandemonium then reigns once again as Eymund finishes the rock troll, and the characters find themselves facing a **sand giant**, a massive native of the Huun Imperium larger even than normal desert giants, with ebony hair and skin, and brilliant green eyes.

Giant, Sand: **HD** 17; **HP** 112; **AC** 2[17]; **Atk** two-handed sword (4d6) or 2 strikes (1d10); **Move** 15; **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 19/4100; **Special**: rock catching, shape earth (giant hand and arm 20ft long, AC 0[19], 30hp; attacks as 12HD creature, 1d10 damage, save or stunned for 1 round; arm collapses after 17 rounds), spells. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 277)

Spells: 2/day—*transmute rock to mud*, *move earth*; 1/day—*earthquake*.

Development: When the characters finish off the sand giant, they see that Eymund has finished off the rock troll and now battles amid a great throng of Huun warriors. At his side are dozens of Northlanders of all nationalities and clans that fight with a renewed vigor. The blade in his hand continues to glow red like a second setting sun, even though the first has already descended beyond the horizon and brought on the advent of



twilight. The sight of this glowing beacon is visible across the entire field and pours new hope into the exhausted Northlanders who attack with a renewed fury. However, the presence of this great artifact of destiny causes more stirring than just among the hearts of Northmen.

The battle continues as a chaotic free-for-all, all semblance of order or shieldwalls abandoned in the confused melee. But somehow, impossibly, the outnumbered and surrounded Northlanders seem to be winning — pushing their opponents back or trampling them underfoot. But this new vigor in the armies of the North is not alone. The fantastic light of this glowing sword has called forth more than just the mind's-worth of all Northmen. The trampled corpses of the Huun on the ground seem affected by it as well — or at least it is causing them to be affected by something.

Bloodied and crushed Huun bodies suddenly begin to twitch and then scoot together. More and more fly through the air in awkward leaps as they begin to form a mound not far from Eymund. But rather than accumulate into a pile of bodies, the corpses begin melting together and merging until they form a gargantuan amorphous column of flesh coated in a thick, bubbling slime. A number of expansive maws open and close on the sides of the column, each filled with countless sharpened teeth. Long tentacles protrude from this growing column and begin to whip about wildly, grabbing Northlander warriors within reach and stuffing them into awaiting toothed maws. As the column grows, it suddenly sloughs off its outer layer, which collapses into dozens of partially formed, twisted bodies covered in slime. The hideous creature-things slither or hop or crawl their way outward to attack more Northlanders.

The massive monolith of flesh seems to detect the presence of Eymund and focuses its attention on him, making its way toward him. Most disturbing of all in this fleshy prominence is the giant-sized twisted face present on the side of it. Despite its massive size and distorted proportions, it is clearly the face of the high priest of Nergal you faced atop the citadel wall. He has returned from the early grave you gave him to try to reclaim the dead of this field and the son of Njal as well if he is not stopped.

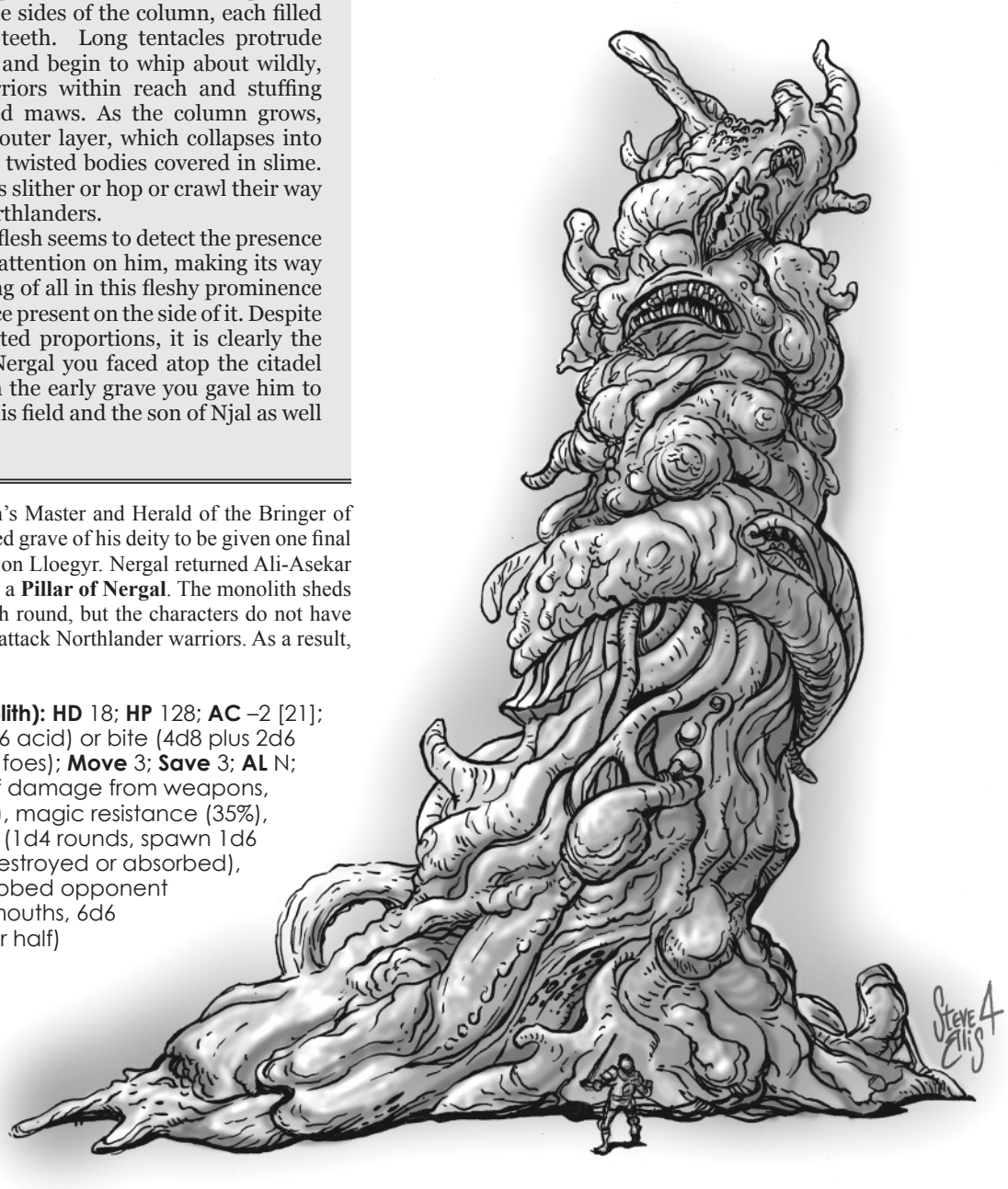
The Servant Ali-Asekar, Death's Master and Herald of the Bringer of Peace, has returned from the cursed grave of his deity to be given one final chance to complete Nergal's will on Lloegyr. Nergal returned Ali-Asekar to life as a type of ooze known as a **Pillar of Nergal**. The monolith sheds dozens of crawling offspring each round, but the characters do not have to deal with them as they instead attack Northlander warriors. As a result, their stats are not included here.

Pillar of Nergal (Living Monolith): HD 18; **HP** 128; **AC** –2 [21]; **Atk** 4 tentacles (2d6 plus 2d6 acid) or bite (4d8 plus 2d6 acid; only against grabbed foes); **Move** 3; **Save** 3; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 26/6200; **Special:** half damage from weapons, immunities (acid, electricity), magic resistance (35%), resists cold, spawn offspring (1d4 rounds, spawn 1d6 offspring but 1d6 instantly destroyed or absorbed), swallow whole (transfer grabbed opponent from tentacle to one of its mouths, 6d6 damage per round, save for half) (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 138)

Crawling Offspring: HD 8; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** slam (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** regenerate (3hp/round). (***Tome of Horrors 4*** 138)

As soon as the monolith is defeated, the wind is finally knocked from the sails of the Huun. Recognizing the defeat of one of their legendary divine messengers, they are overcome with fear and begin to turn and flee in panic. The Northlanders take advantage and press their attack, soon turning the retreat into a rout. The Mulstabhins, seeing the carnage inflicted upon their Huun masters, take the opportunity to surrender to the Northlander armies and beg forgiveness since the Huun had conquered them. Some even turn on the Huun and assist the Northlanders in attacking them. The undead return to their smoking mine tunnels and are seen no more. As nightfall fully arrives, the citadel has surrendered, and the Great Northern Army controls the city-state of Mulstabha.

Aftermath: With the final defeat of the Huun and Mulstabhin armies, and the capture of the citadel of Jem Karteis, the spoils of war obtained by the Northlanders is of truly epic proportion. A total of 1.7 million hs in coins and valuables is found for the army commanders to divide as stipulated in any prior agreements. It is truly a rich haul, and many a Northlander returns home a wealthy man.





Concluding the Adventure

If your players have completed this adventure path, then they truly have completed an epic saga, and the ramifications are of epic proportion accordingly through the actions of the characters.

After the victory at the Battle of Jem Karteis and the capitulation of Mulstabha, the Northlanders turn to the matter of their leadership. Many of the most powerful leaders of the Northlands, including Njal Hrolfsblood, Ljot Gatson, and Kol the Redhanded, fell in battle against the Mulstabhins. If the characters attempted to heal Njal or resurrect him, they discover their attempts are blocked by the weight of fate and are destined to fail. A great field of barrow mounds is erected on the plain outside of Jem Karteis to inter the many Northlanders who fell, with great stepped mounds of quasi-Huun construction (due to the many Mulstabhin and Huun thralls that are taken) erected for each of the great leaders.

With Njal killed in battle, Eymund inherits the crown of Hrolfland and is recognized as Køenig of Hrolfland by the surviving jarls shortly after the battle. He also inherits the Jarlsdom of Osløn. In addition, with the death of his maternal grandfather Ljot Gatson, whose only daughter (Eymund's mother) died in childbirth years ago, Eymund also stands to gain rulership over Gatland. With the leadership and valor he displayed in battle, Eymund has no problem gaining the support of the Gat Clan, who name him Jarl of Gatland. In addition, with the reappearance of the Sword of the High Køenig in the hands of Eymund at the conclusion of the battle, the allied Køenig Leif Ragison of Hordaland swears fealty to him, and upon his return to the North, the Althing of Storstrøm Vale recognizes his right and names him Køenig of the Vale. Though not officially recognized by Vastavikland or freedom-loving Estenfird, Køenig Eymund's many claims to rulership (including possession of the sword *Kroenarck*) are sufficient for him to be publicly acclaimed as High Køenig of the Northlands, the first in many centuries. Rather than take the name Hrolfsblood as every Jarl of Hrolfland has done for many long years, Eymund instead retains his name Njalson in honor of his father, who created the alliances and means for a united Northlands to exist, and founded what could become a dynasty of the North.

However, Eymund is not the only one to profit from this epic saga's completion. He has many rewards to give to his faithful allies and fighting men, and first and foremost among them are the names of the characters. The following appointments and awards are available for you to bestow upon your characters as you see fit.

- One of Eymund's first acts is to re-establish the lucrative trading port of Hrolfsburg as a waypoint between the Northlands, Mulstabha, and Nieuland. He appoints a jarl to this position, and a character who wants it can claim it.
- As the ruler of a new foreign kingdom that he conquered, rather than just loot Mulstabha and leave, Eymund opts to claim Mulstabha as a new Northlander kingdom. A character can be appointed Køenig of Mulstabha in return for allegiance to High Køenig Eymund.
- Kol the Redhanded was slain in the final battle, so no one has claimed rulership of Vastavikland. A character of the proper temperament can attempt to become Køenig of Vastavikland by opening the door to any challengers that wish to question his right to rule. Between his renowned exploits at Mulstabha and his high character level, he should receive no serious threats and be able to claim the position of Køenig in Vastavikland (and the limited powers it provides). He does not have to swear an oath to Eymund to do so since Vastavikland technically remains free.
- A character who is interested can be appointed Warlord of Hrolfland and given charge as the main battle commander for the Northlands and its fleets (at such times that a combined fleet is raised). It may be many years before a unified Northlands army may need to be called again, but the

High Køenig will certainly be interested in his warlord researching and beginning to plan a means of invading and gaining revenge against the distant Huun Imperium. A practice run could be to finally raid and destroy the Jomsburg. So this character certainly has his work cut out for him.

• A godi character can be given a place of honor at the head of the Hall of the Hearth Stone upon the death of the aged Kollsvein Hearthson.

• An arcane character might wish to be given responsibility for training Eymund's sister, Frítha, as her unnerving and unprecedented sorcerous powers continue to develop.

• Any character can choose to found a freehold in Estenfird.

• Any character can choose to found a new jarldom in Nieuland with the normal prerequisite requirements waived other than the cost.

• A character can be appointed by the High Køenig as the Northlands' emissary to the Outlands and is likely to be stationed in distant Bard's Gate.

• A worthy character can be acclaimed as Protector of Estenfird in replacement of Hengrid Donarsdottir.

• A Nuk character can lead a contingent of his people beyond Nukland to the Seal Coast and begin to establish a new elven homeland in the Far North (possibly a precursor to a Fourth Exodus).

• The spirit of Bvalin the Smith could contact a dwarf character and tell him to restore the kingdom of the Dvergar beneath Mt. Helgastervan.

• Perhaps a character is fated to follow in the footsteps of Gerimund the Bold and bring news of the daughters of Skuld to the Norns. This could involve a trip through the domain of Corpse-ripper at the base of the World Tree, and could make for all sorts of adventure.

• Finally, even though they assisted in the Battle of Jem Karteis, Eymund is not happy about the presence of a large force of undead beneath his new citadel and is in need of mighty heroes to clear them out.

But all of that, as they say, is another story.

So ends the Northlands Saga Complete … Wyrd bið ful aræd.

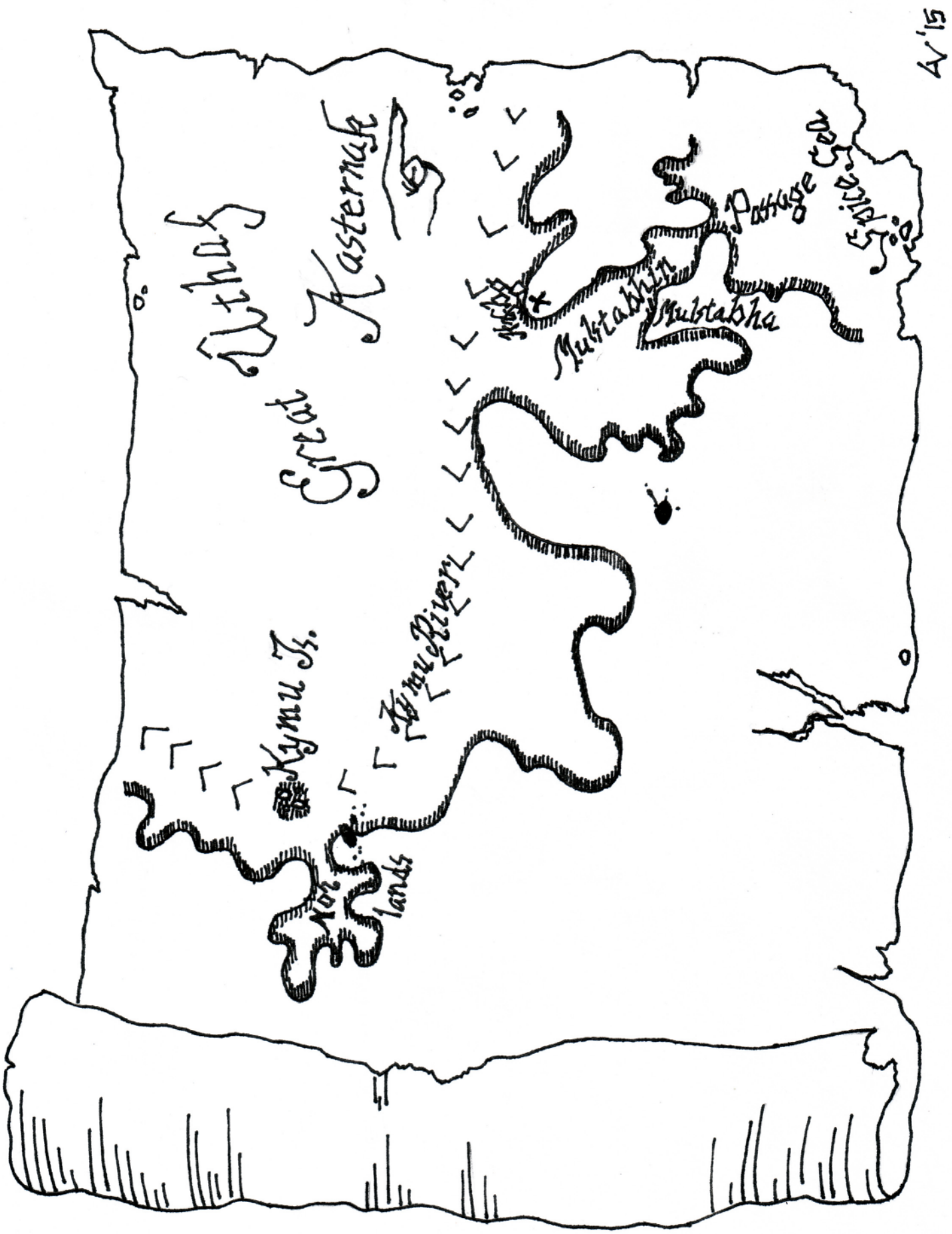
Handout & Map Appendix

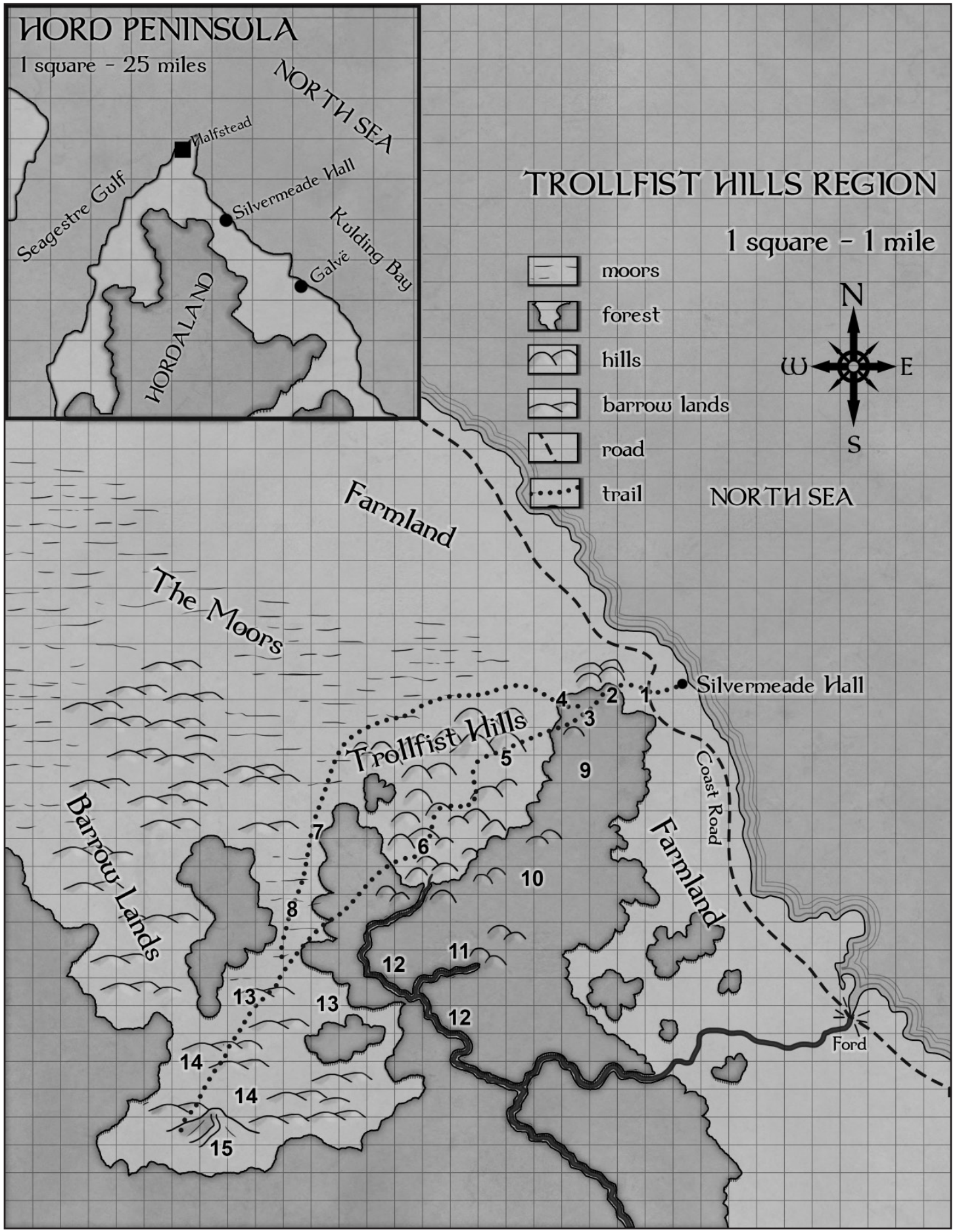
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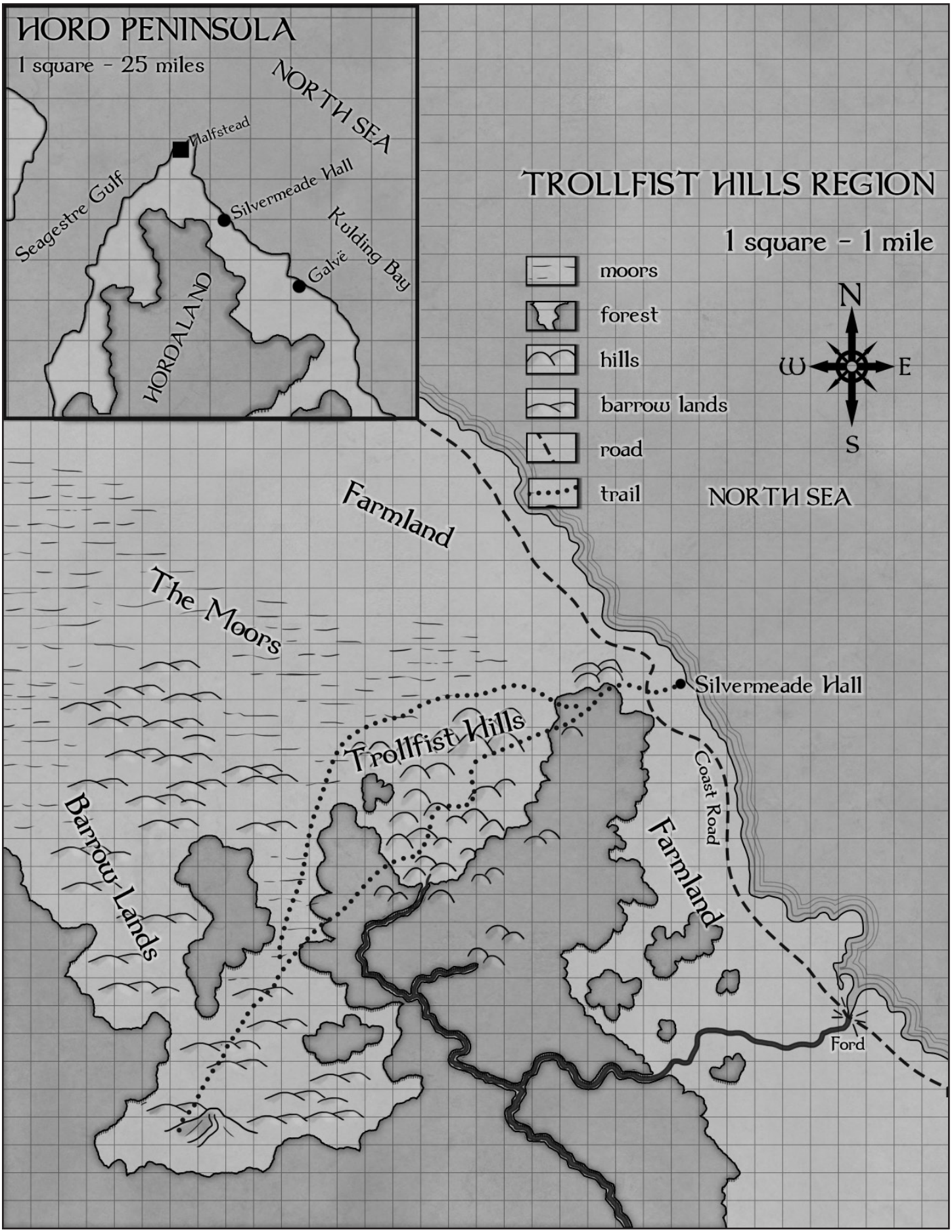
○ Potential PC

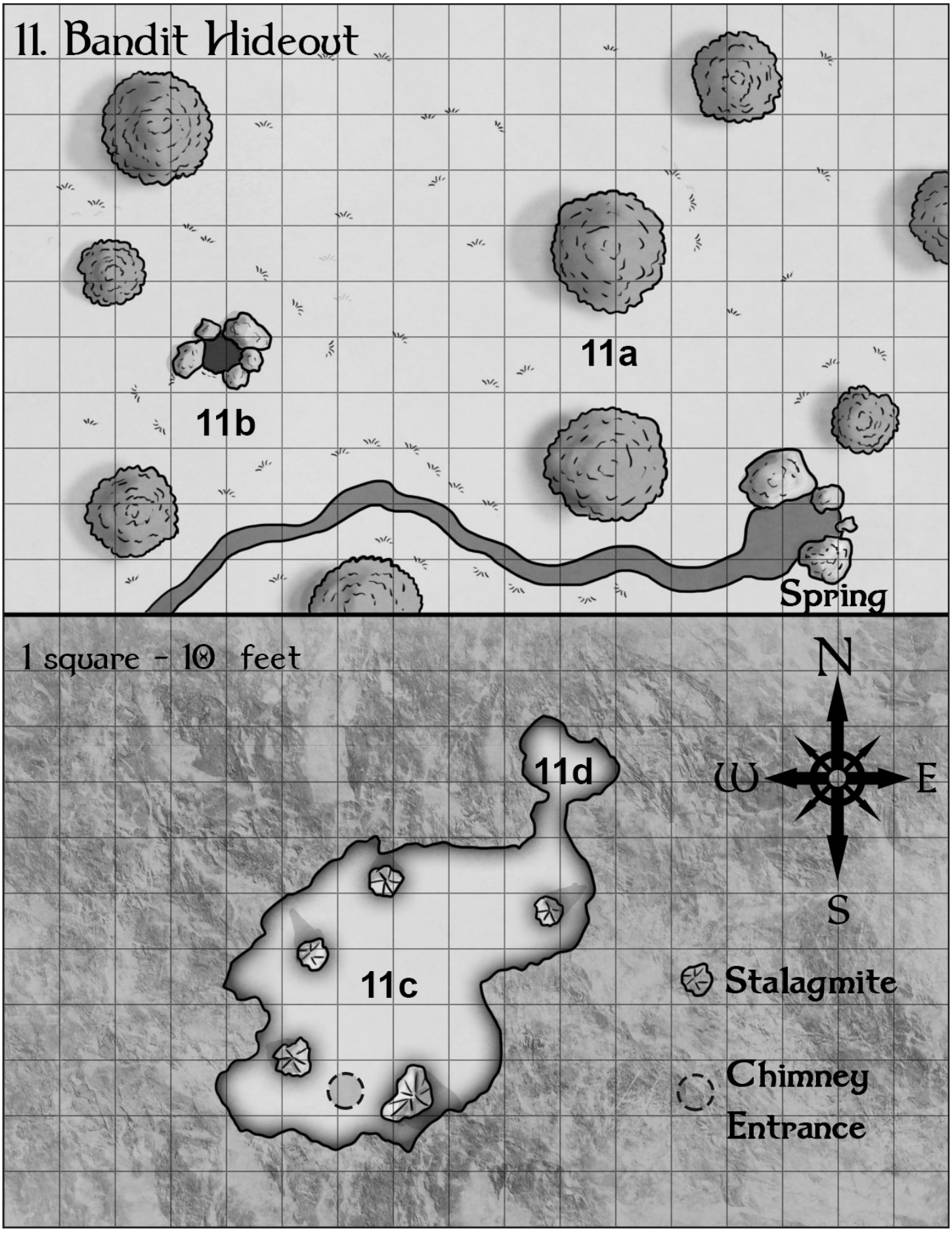
● Old Meg's Piece

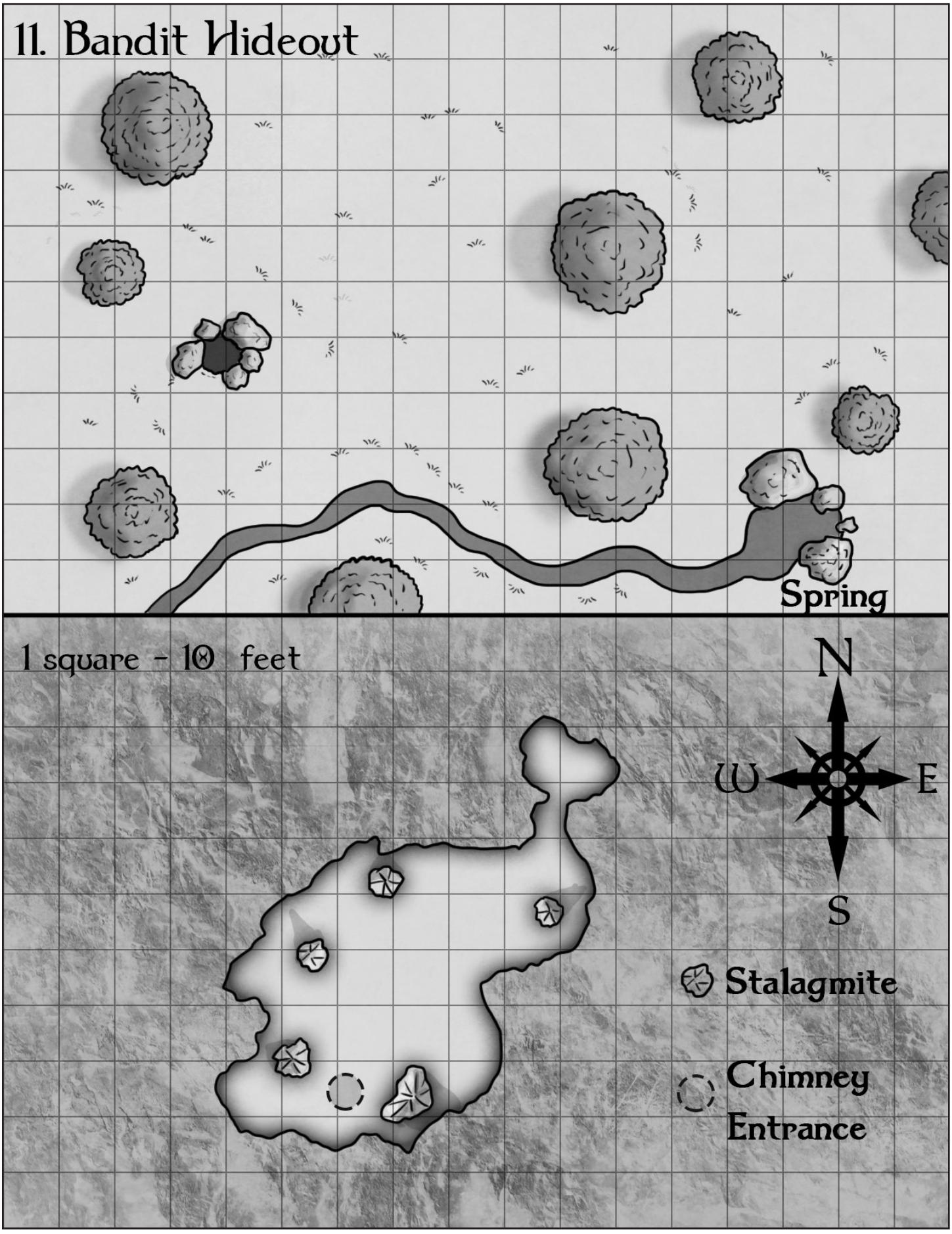
Ⓚ King

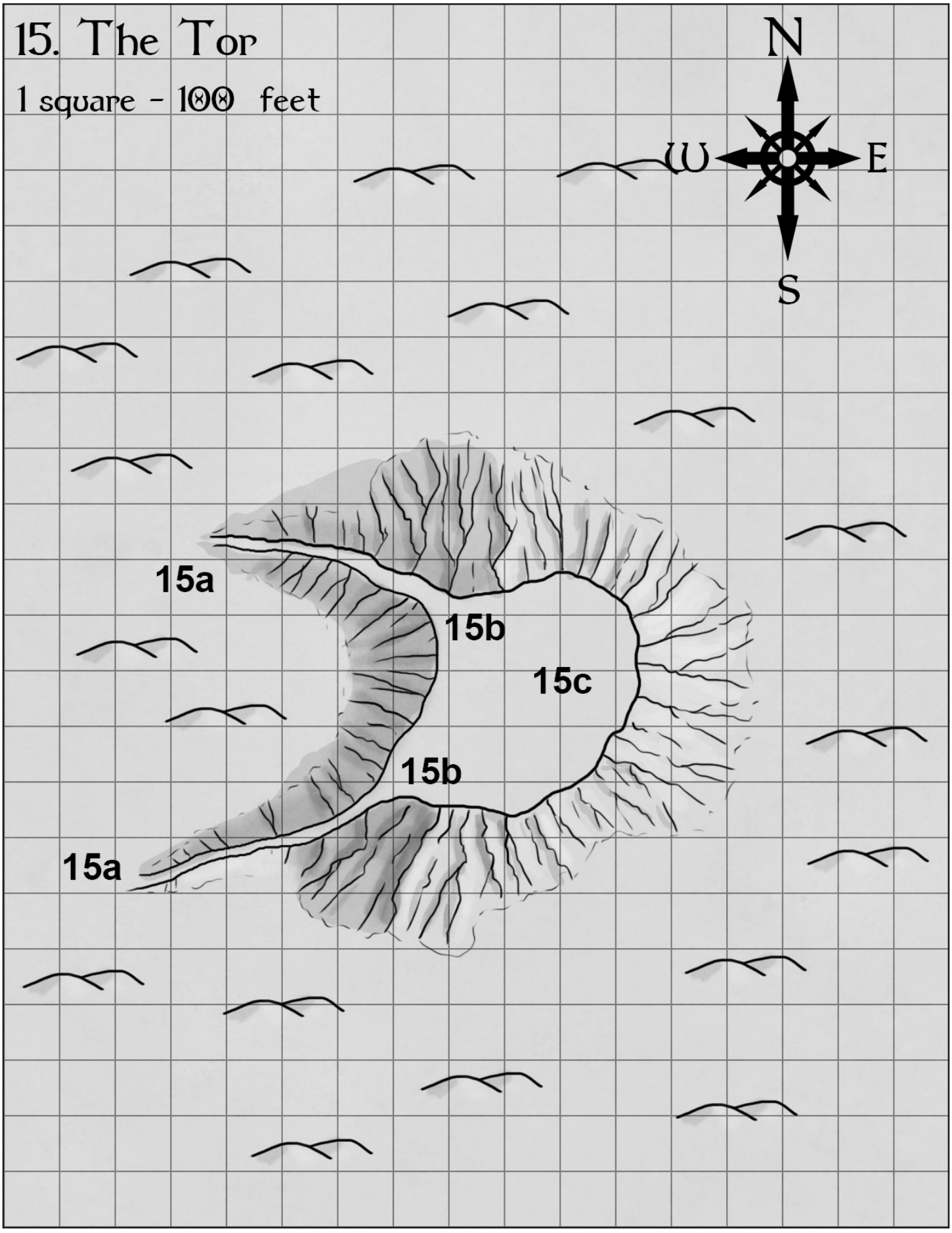

Great Kasternak
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Mustabha
Kymu St.
Kymu River
Lands

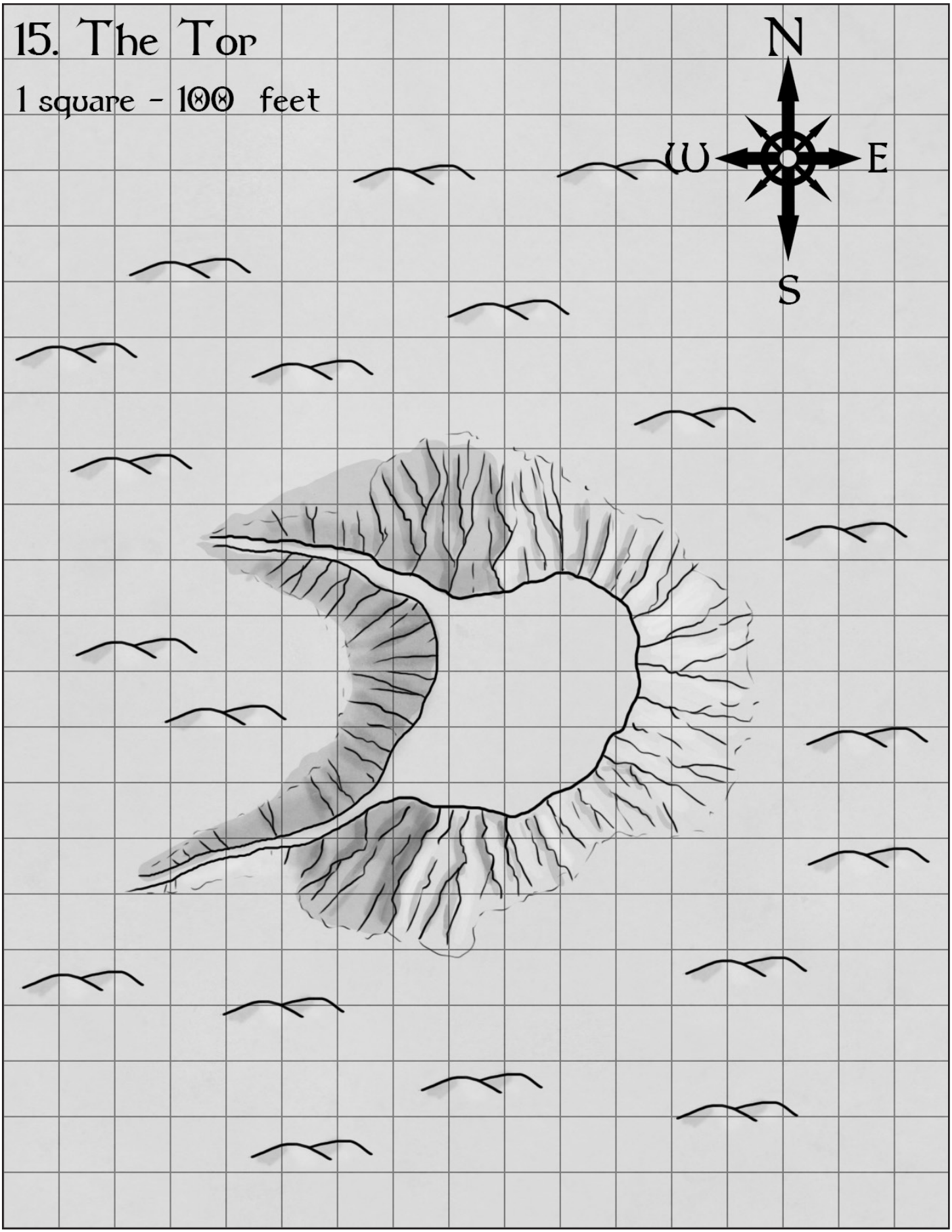

HORD PENINSULA
1 square - 25 miles
NORTH SEA
Halfstead
Seagestre Gulf
Silvermeade Hall
Kulding Bay
Galvë
HORDALAND
TROLLFIST HILLS REGION
1 square - 1 mile
moors
forest
hills
barrow lands
road
trail
N
W
E
S
NORTH SEA
Farmland
The Moors
Silvermeade Hall
Trollfist Hills
Coast Road
Barrow-Lands
Farmland
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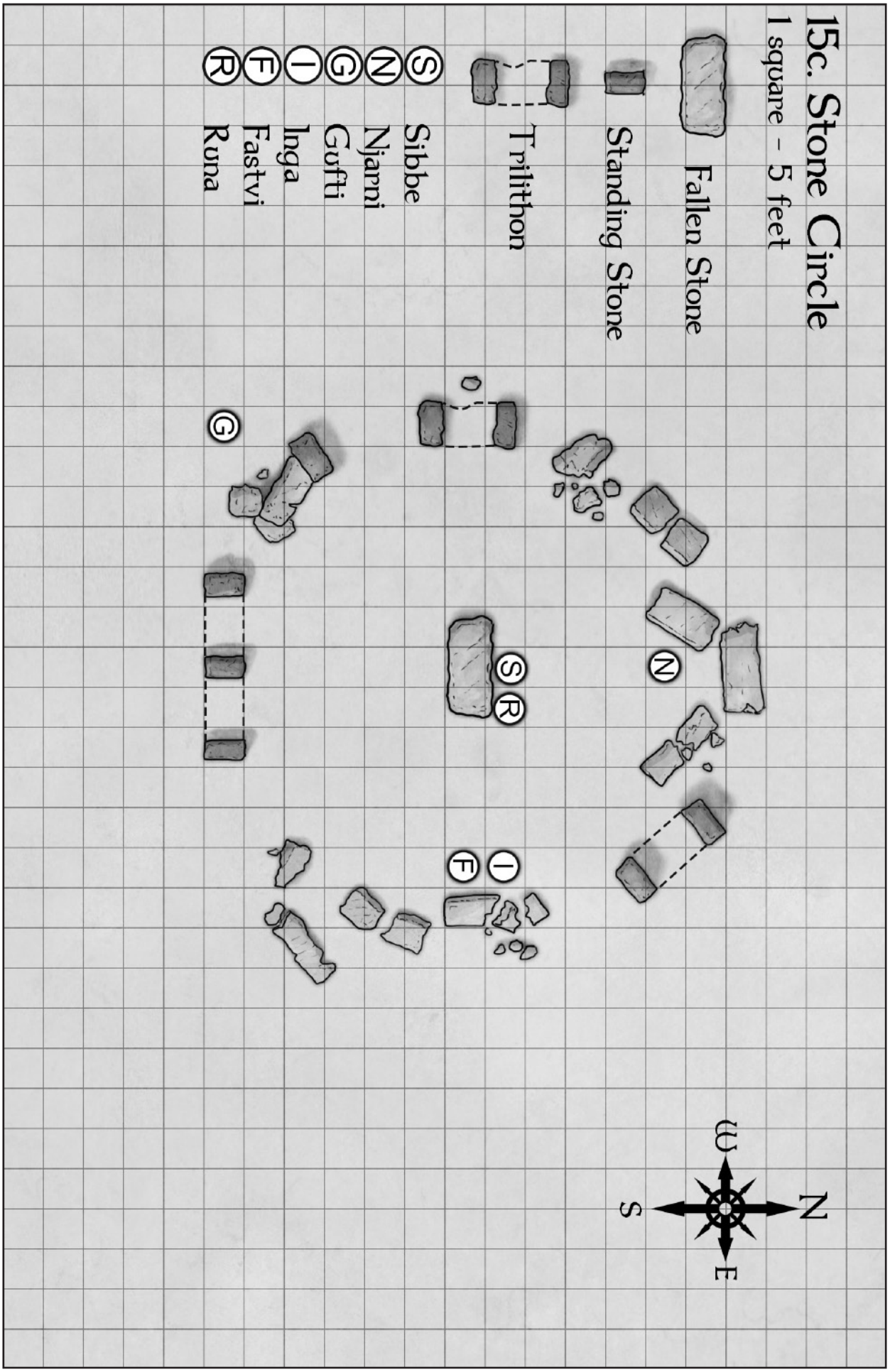

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hills
barrow lands
road
trail
N
W
E
S
NORTH SEA
Farmland
The Moors
Silvermeade Hall
Trollfist Hills
Coast Road
Barrow-Lands
Farmland
Ford

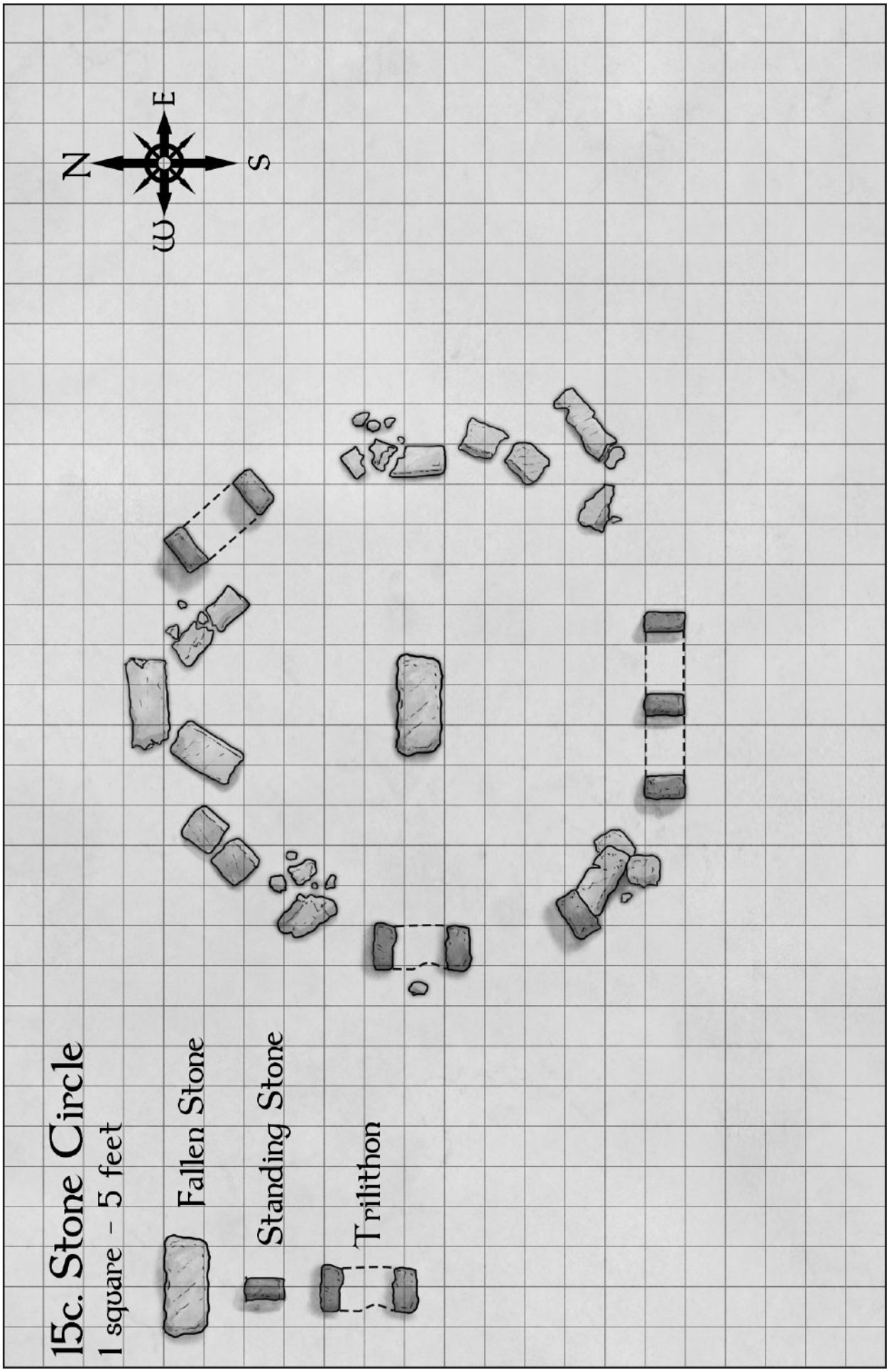

11. Bandit Hideout
11a
11b
Spring
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
11d
11c
Stalagmite
Chimney
Entrance

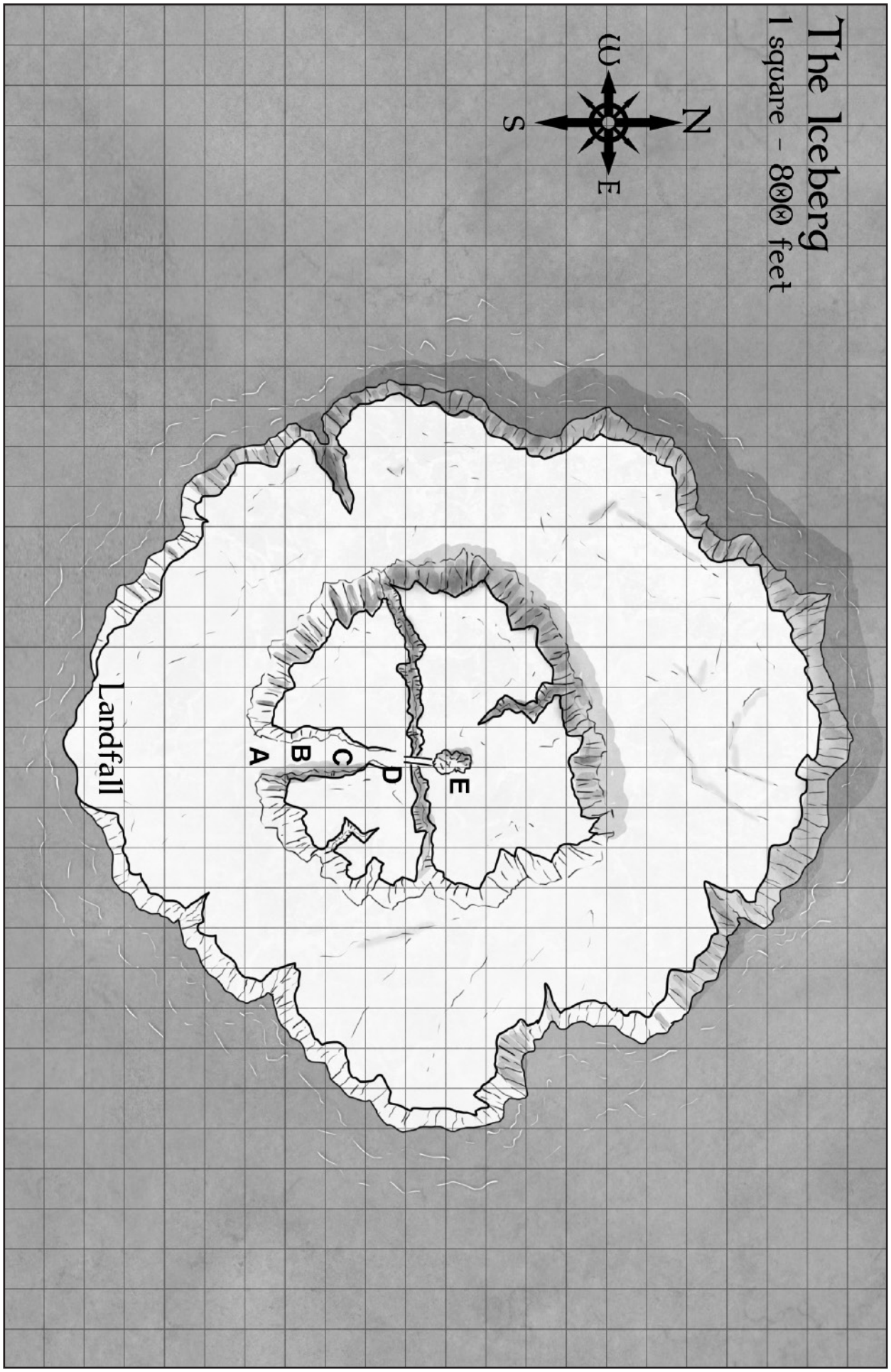

11. Bandit Hideout
Spring
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
Stalagmite
Chimney Entrance

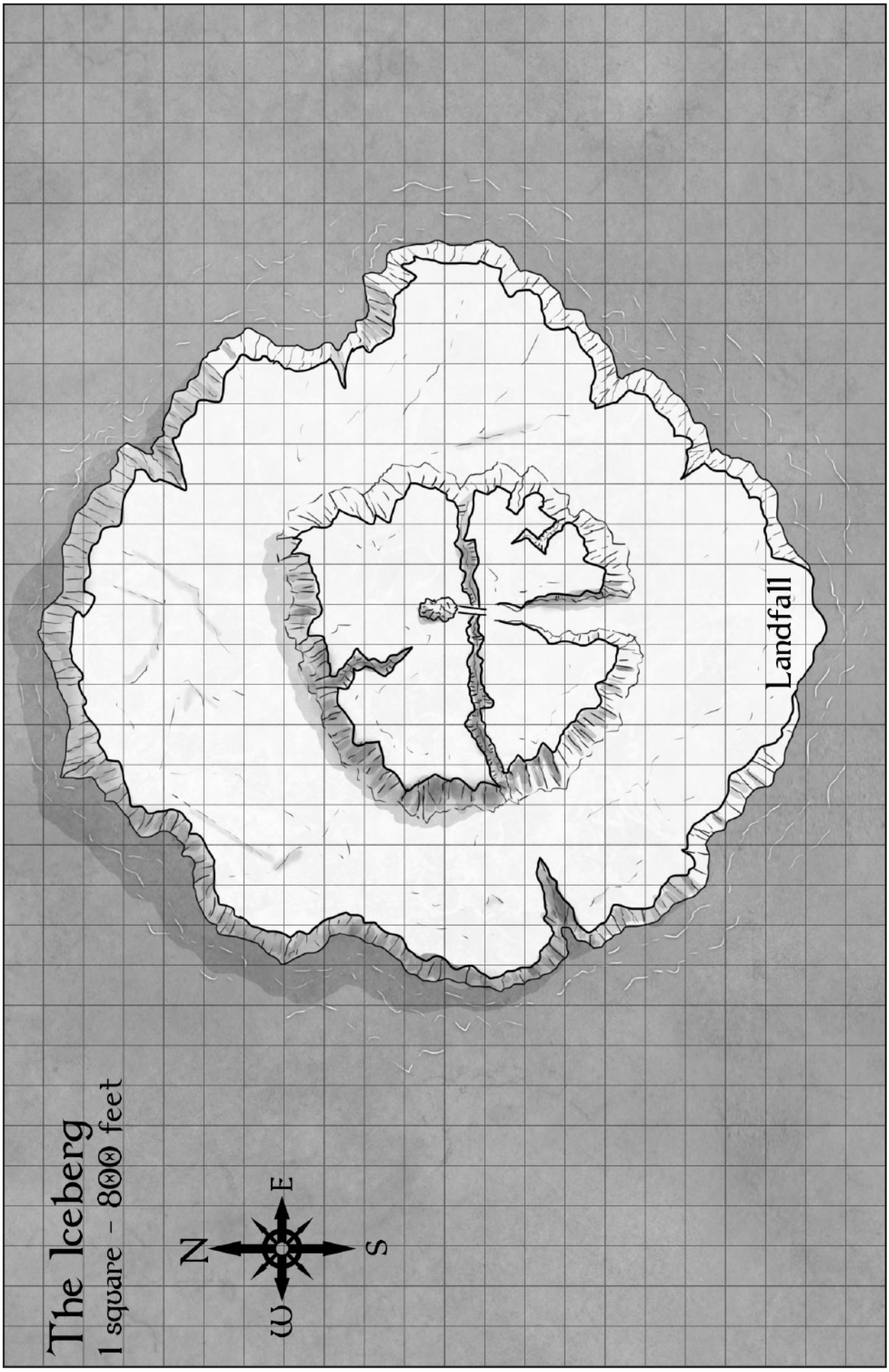

15. The Tor
1 square - 100 feet
N
W
E
S
15a
15b
15c
15b
15a

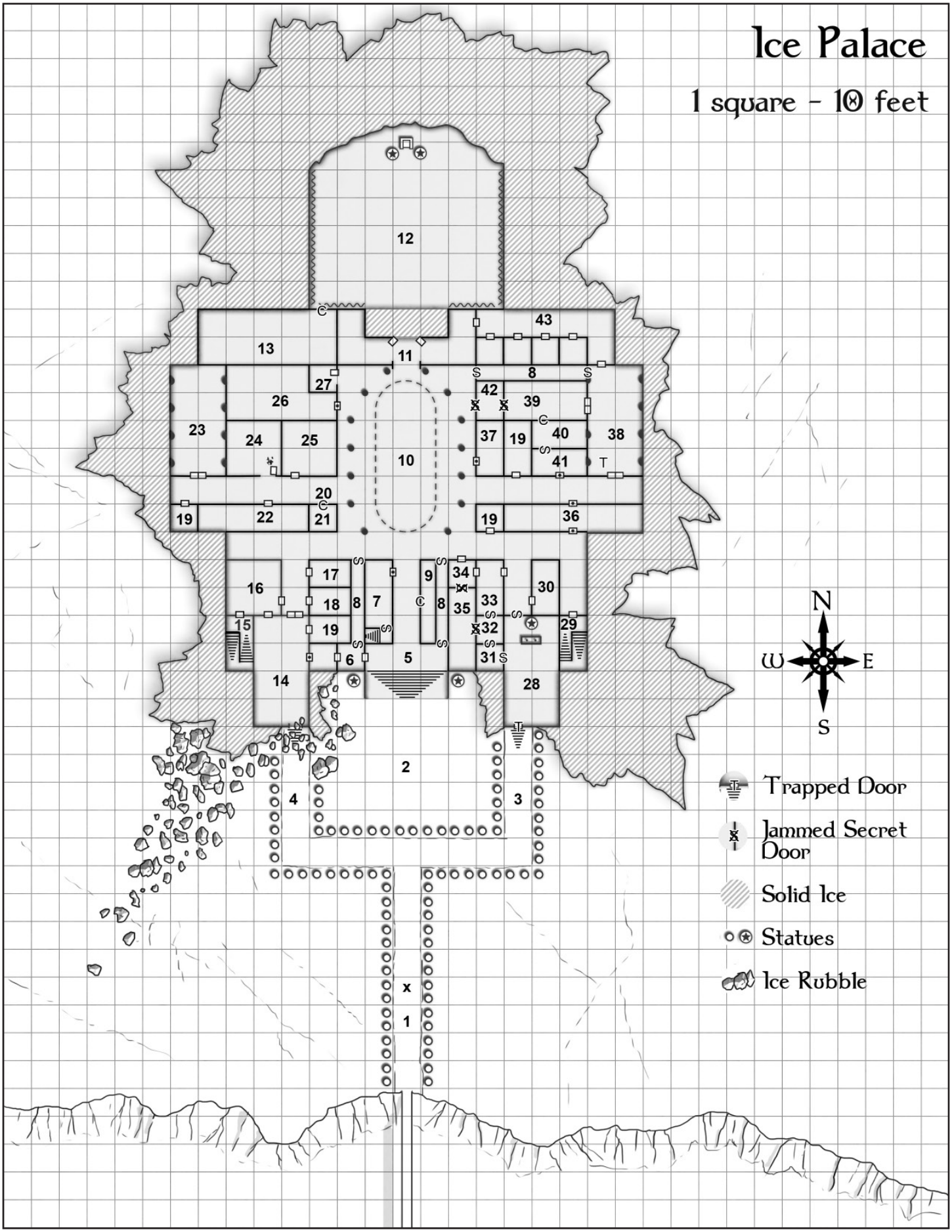

15. The Tor
1 square - 100 feet
N
W
E
S

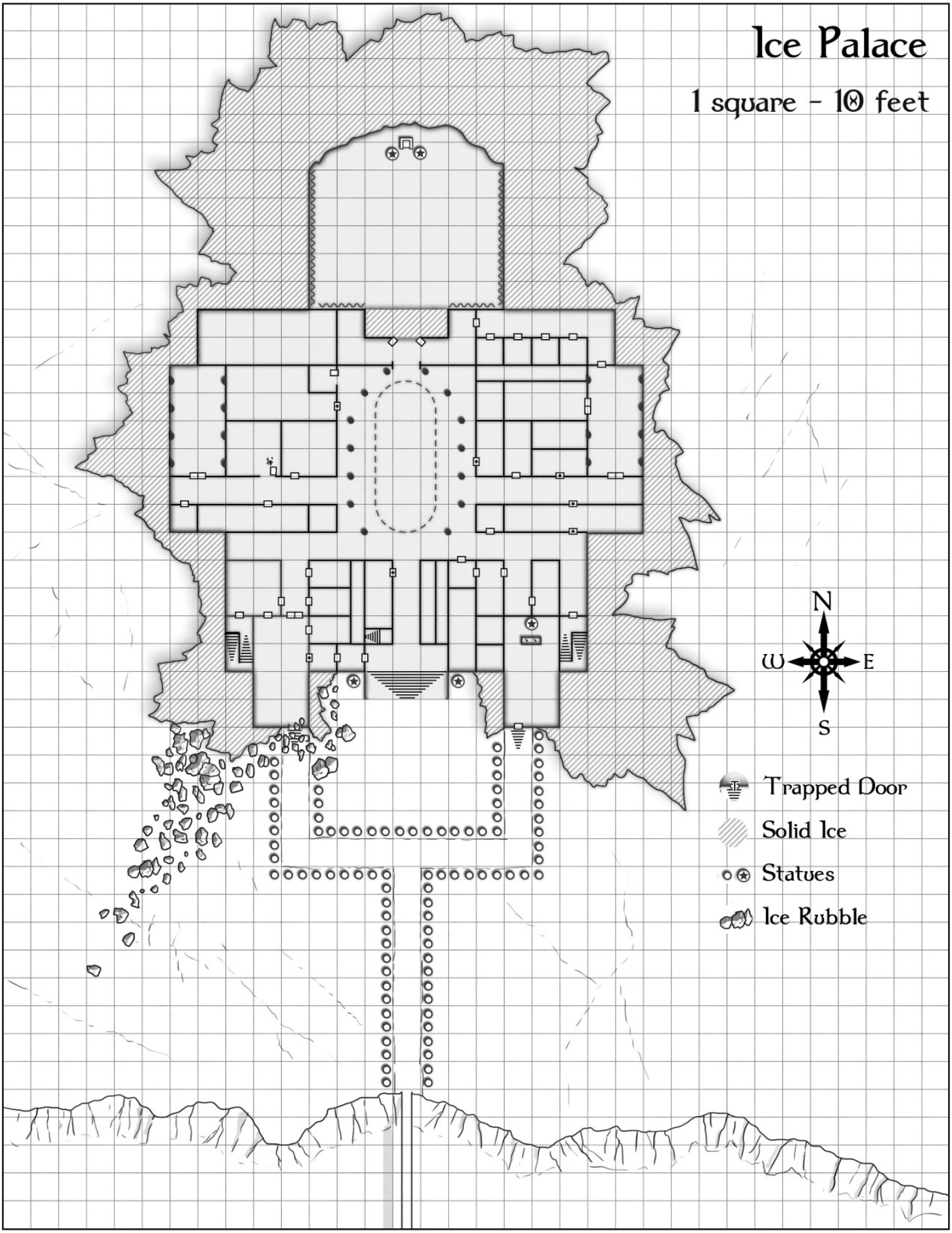

15c. Stone Circle
1 square = 5 feet
Fallen Stone
Standing Stone
Trilithon
Sibbe
Njarni
Gufti
Inga
Fastvi
Runa
S
N
G
I
F
R
N
W
E
S

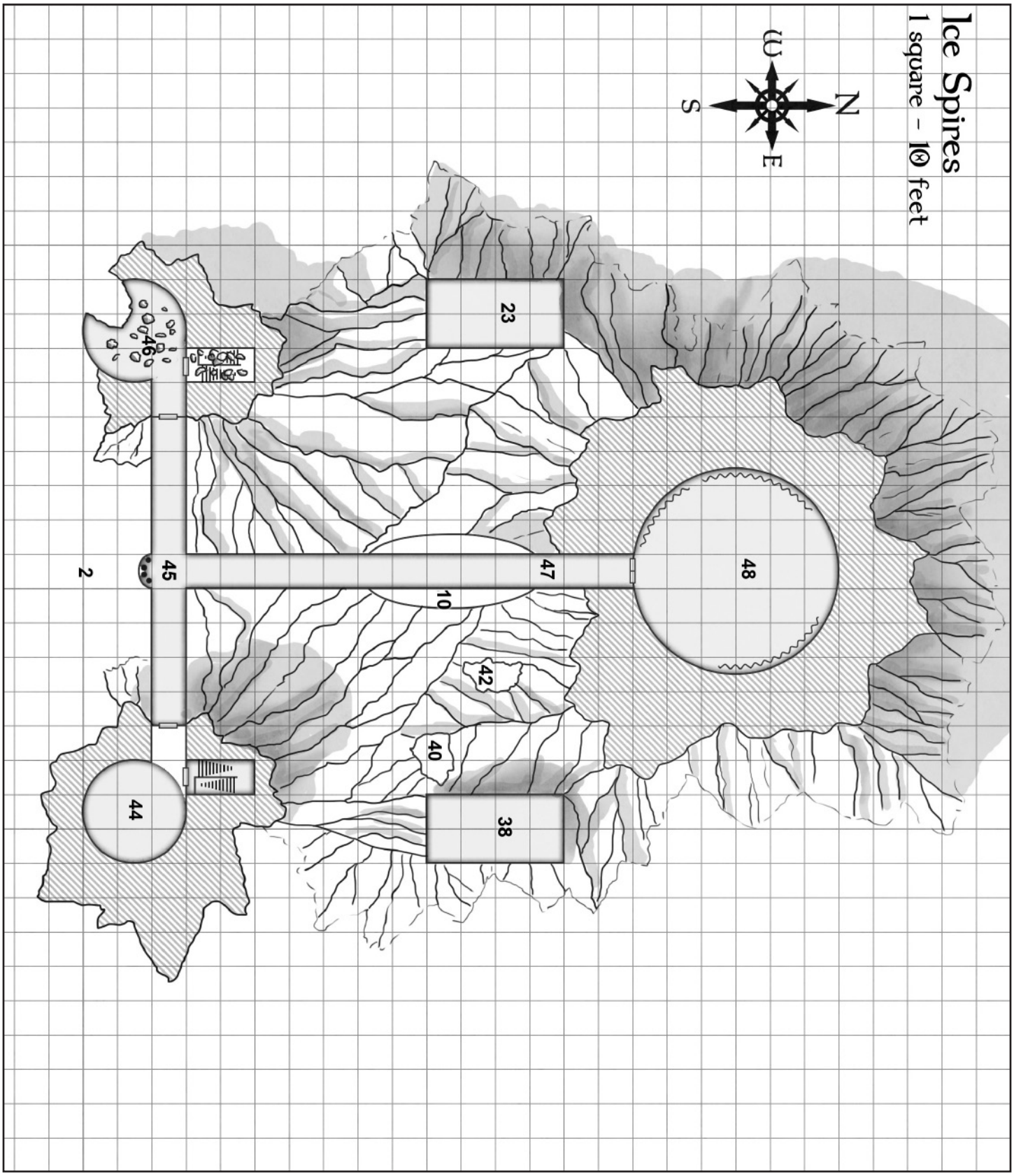

15c. Stone Circle
1 square = 5 feet
Fallen Stone
Standing Stone
Trilithon
N
E
S
W

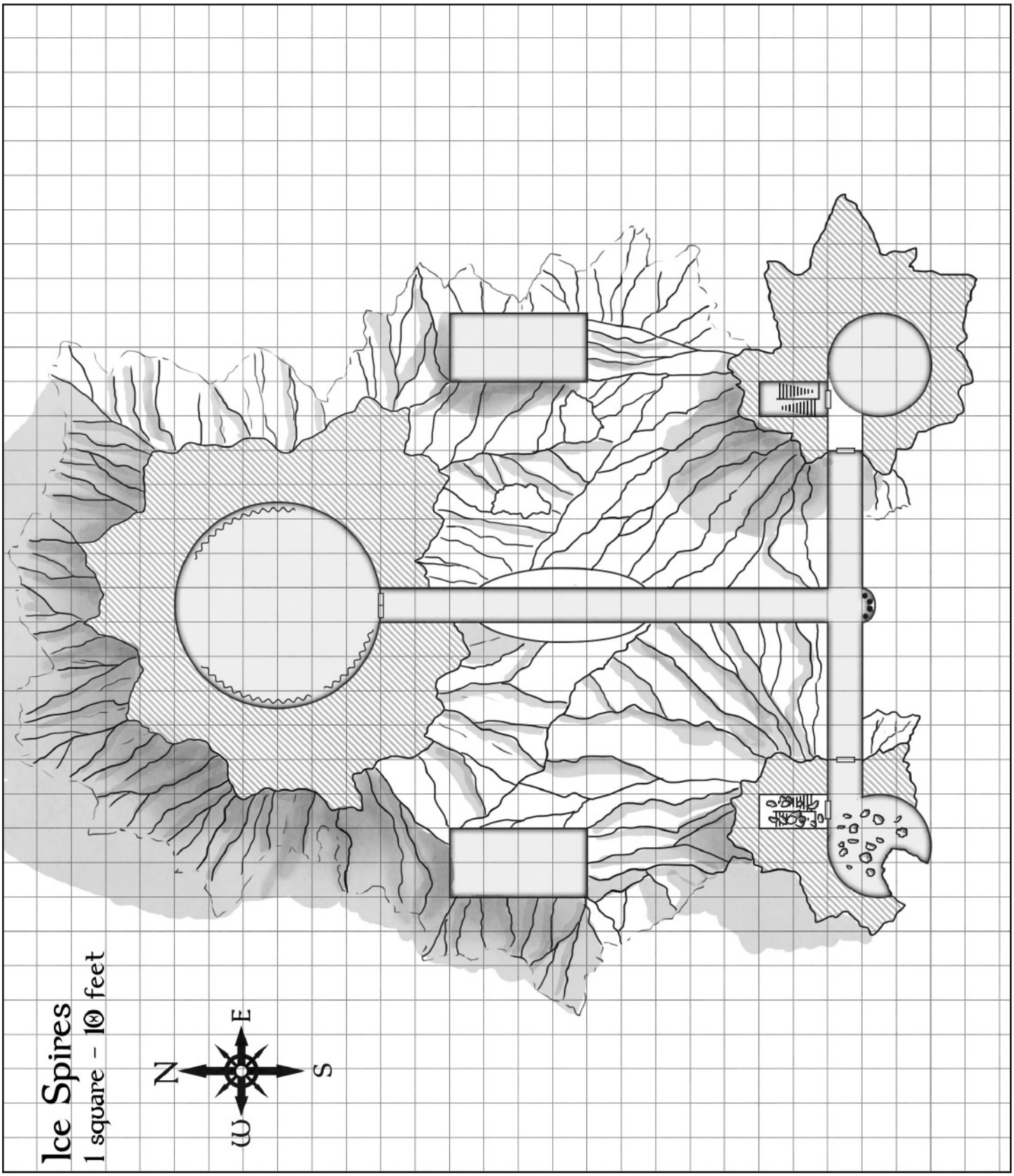

The Iceberg
1 square = 800 feet
W
N
S
E
Landfall
A
B
C
D
E

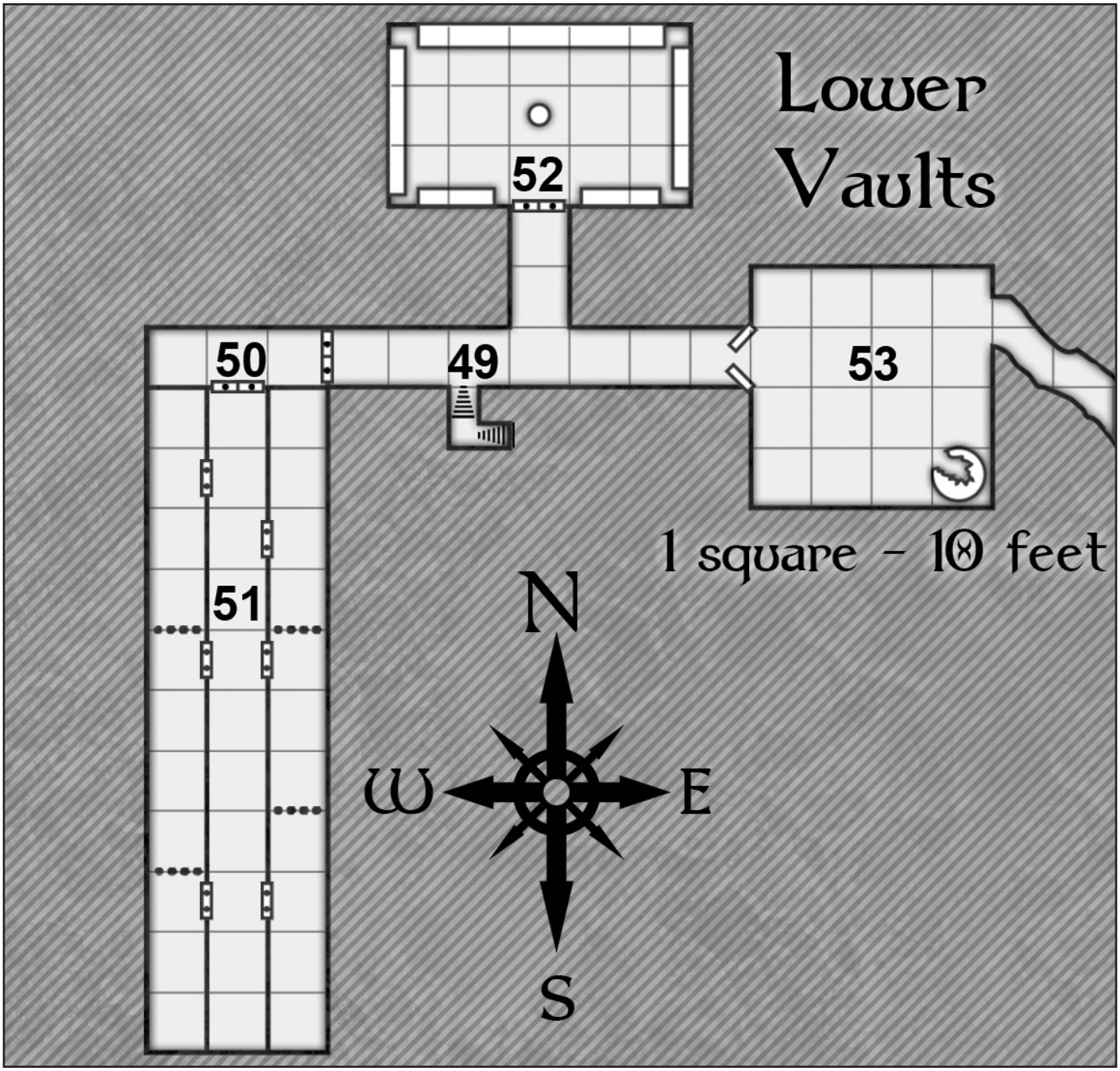

The Iceberg
1 square = 800 feet
N
E
W
S
Landfall

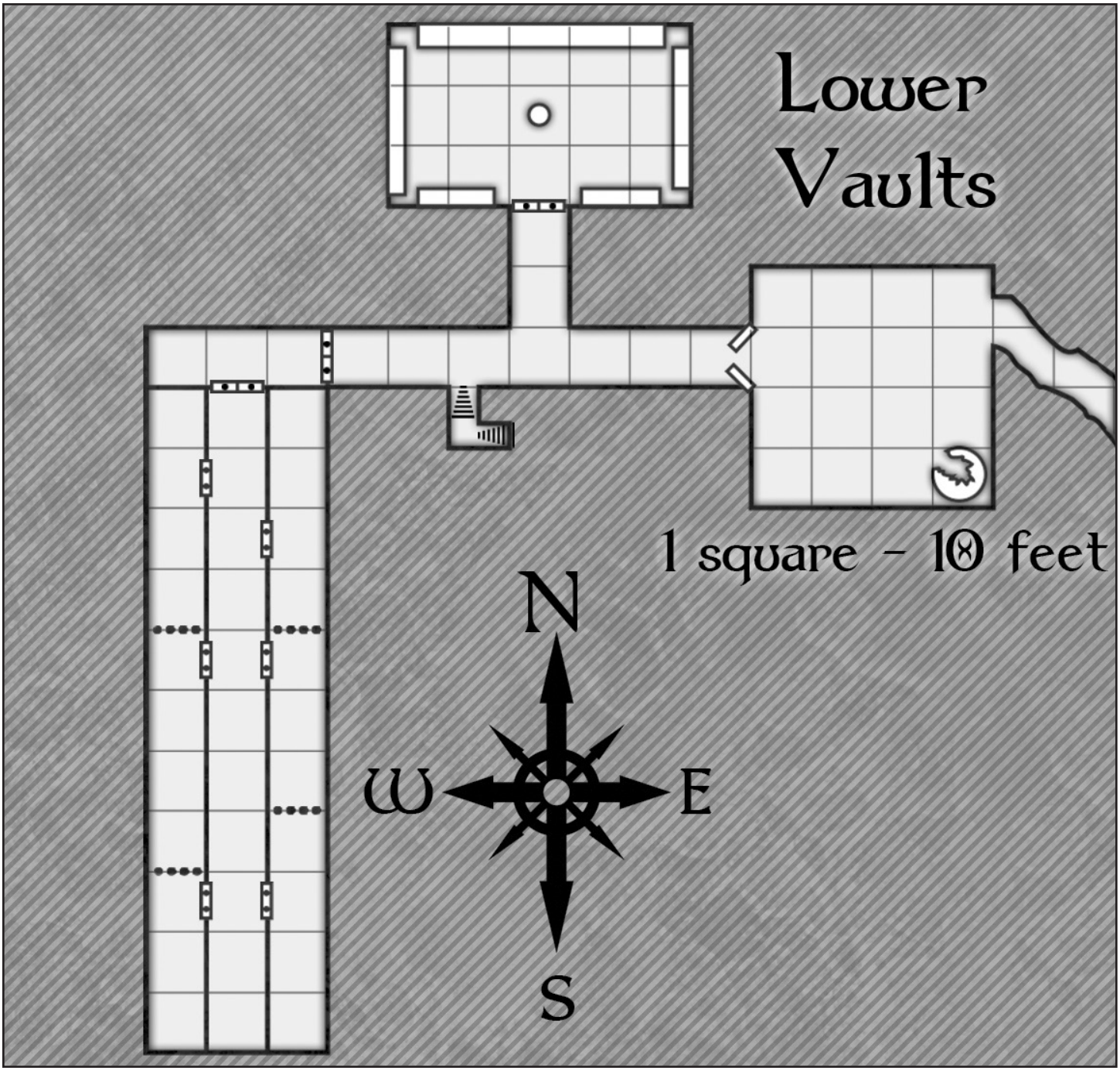

Ice Palace
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
Trapped Door
Jammed Secret Door
Solid Ice
Statues
Ice Rubble

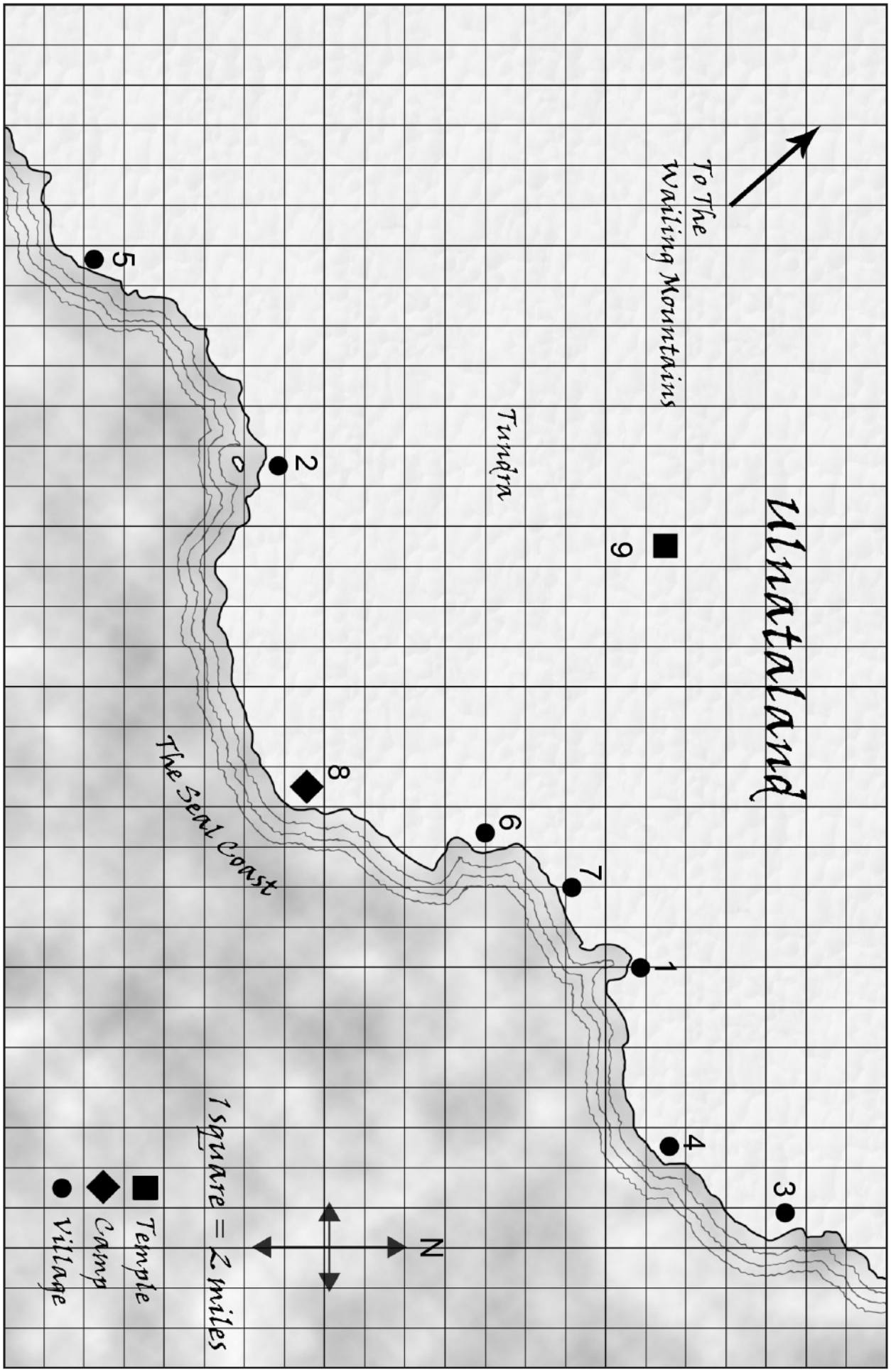

Ice Palace
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
Trapped Door
Solid Ice
Statues
Ice Rubble

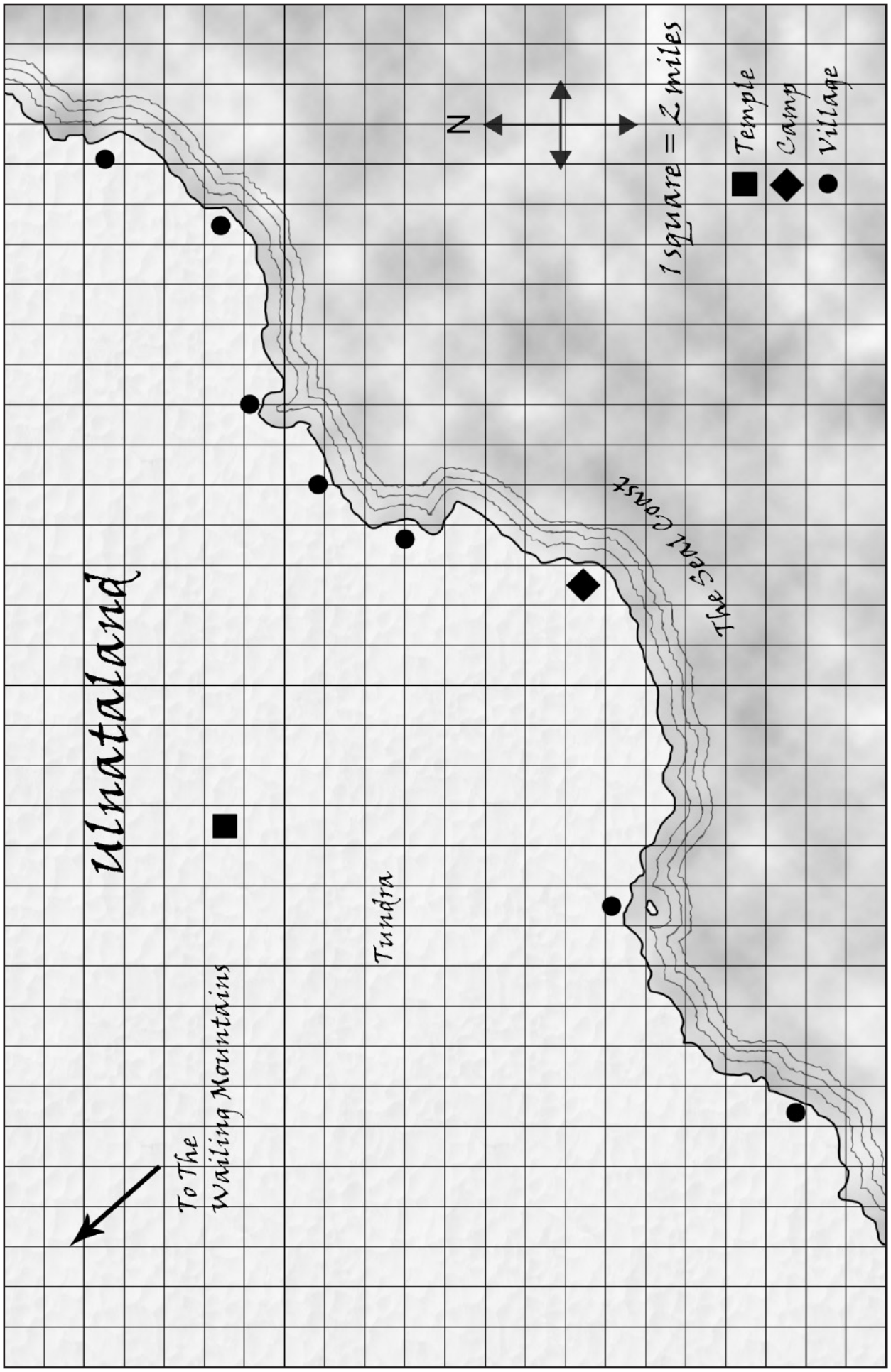

Ice Spires
1 square = 10 feet
N
E
S
W
23
46
2
45
47
48
10
42
40
44
38

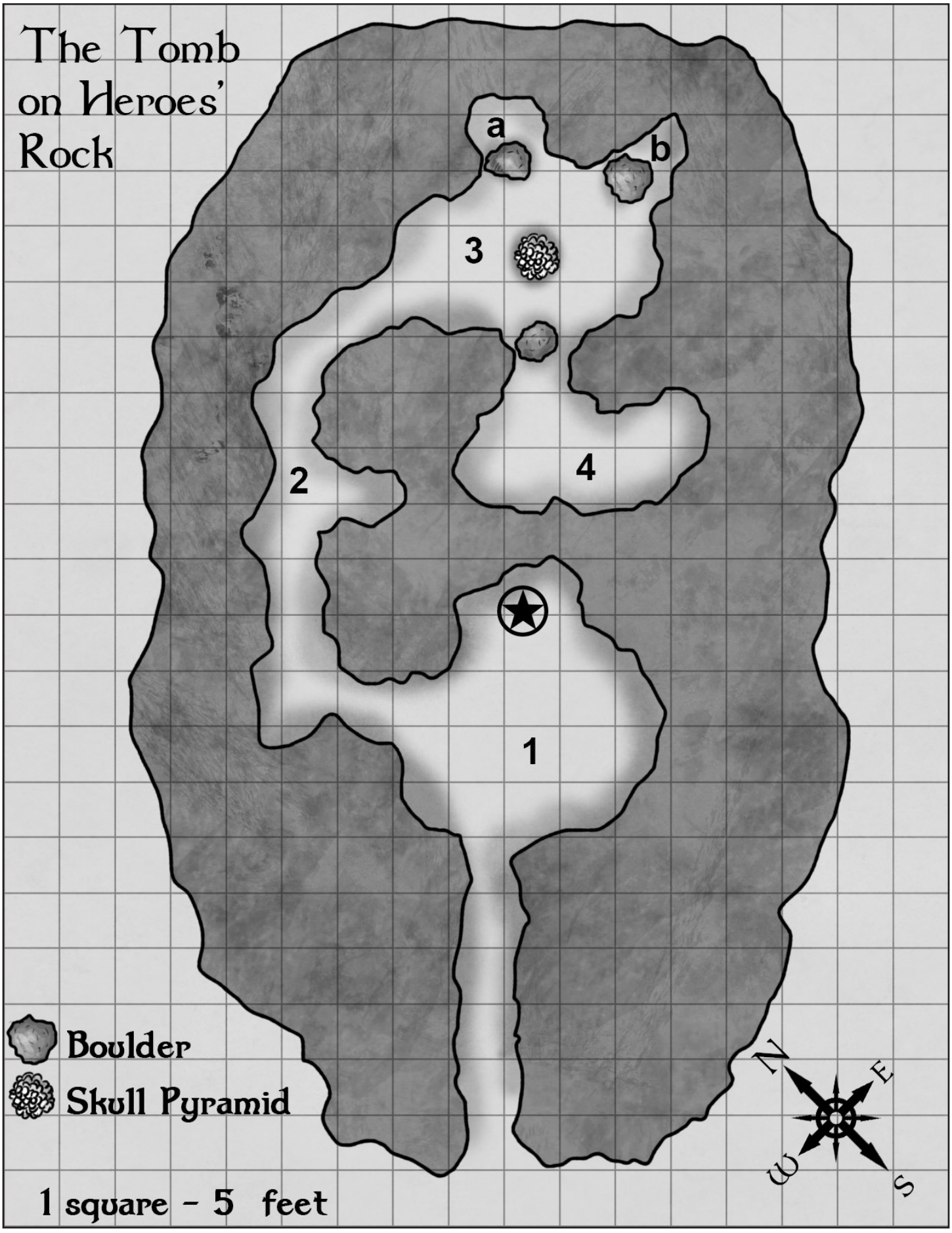

Ice Spires
1 square = 10 feet
N
E
S
W

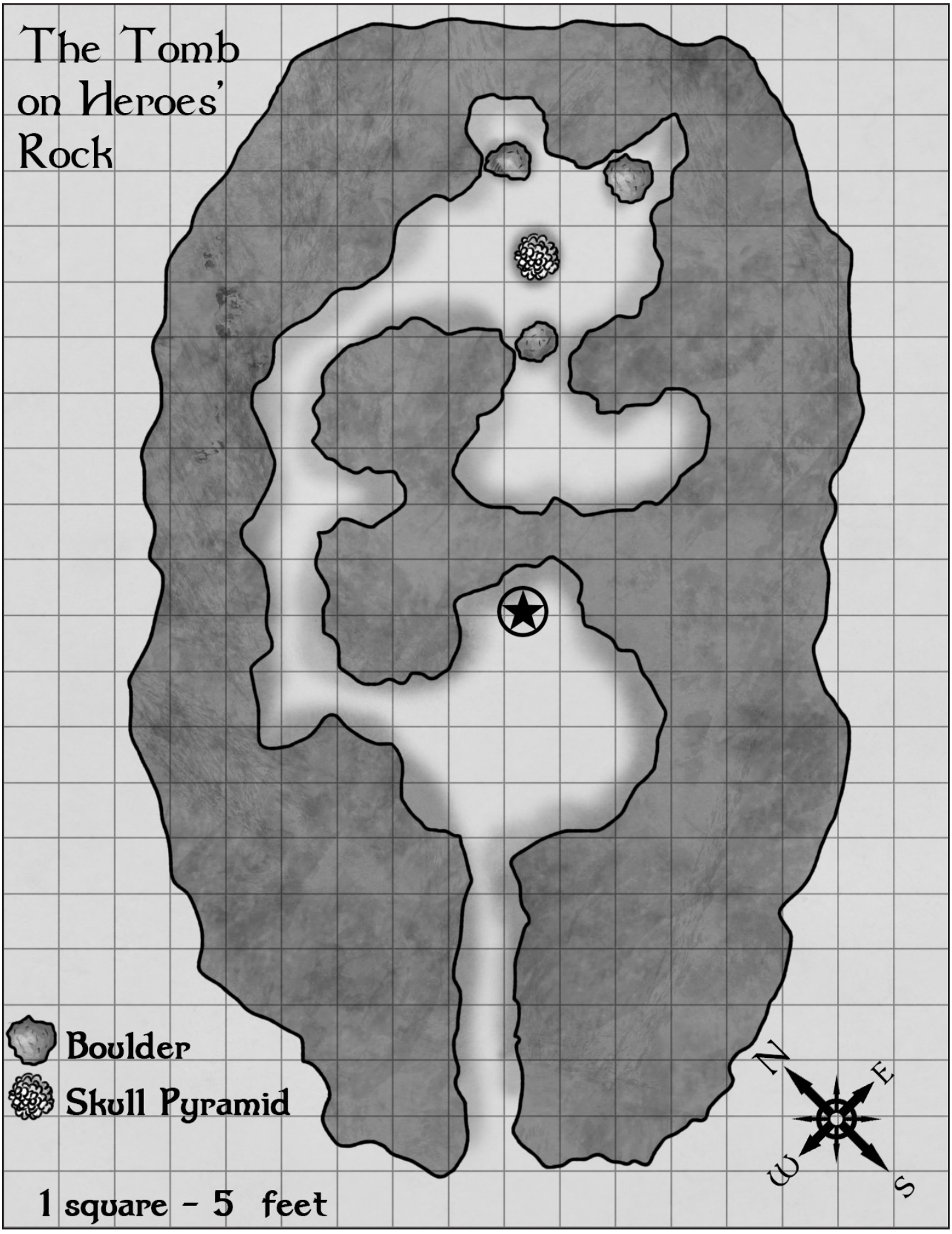

Lower
Vaults
52
50
49
53
51
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S

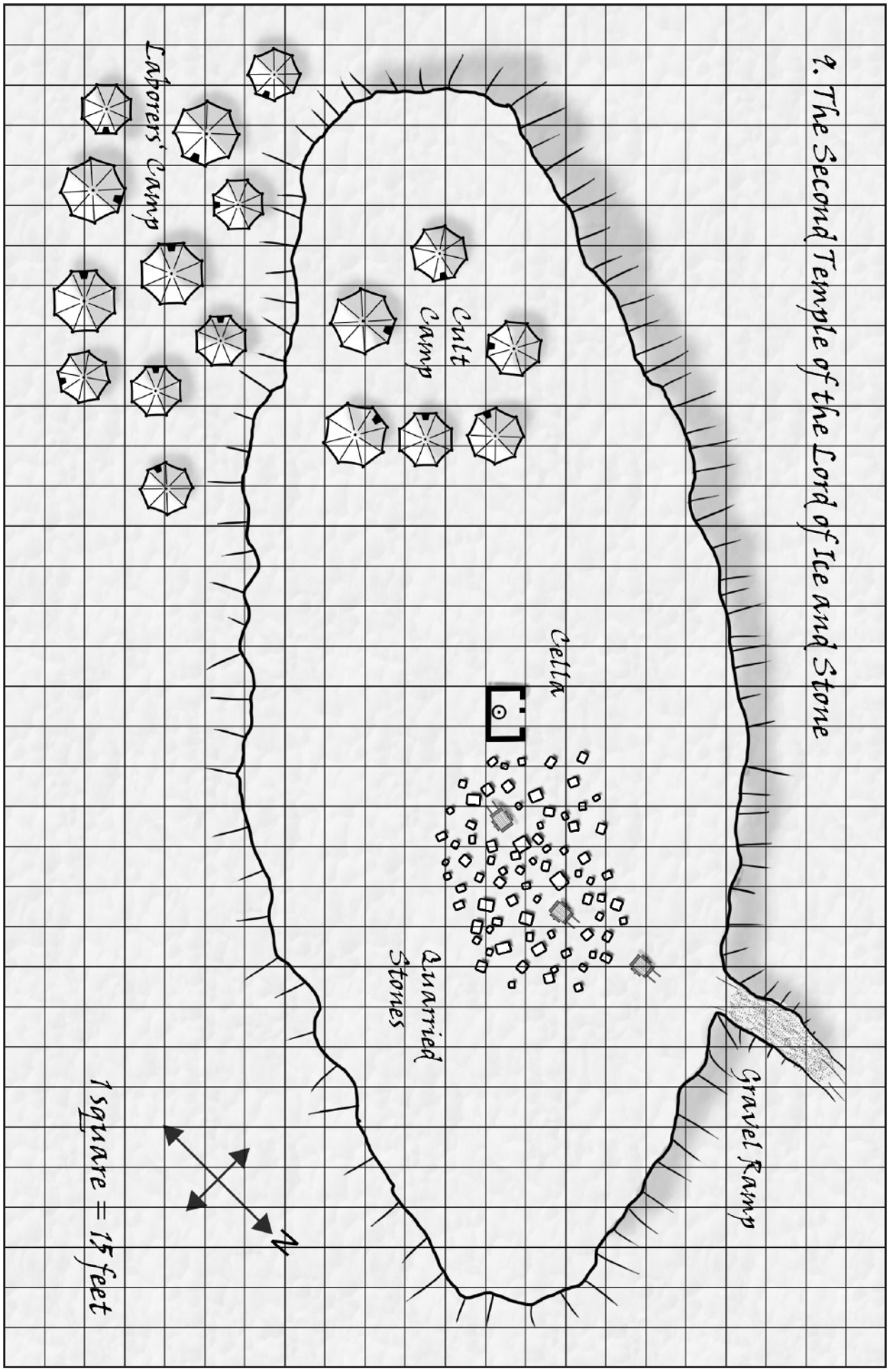

Lower
Vaults
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S

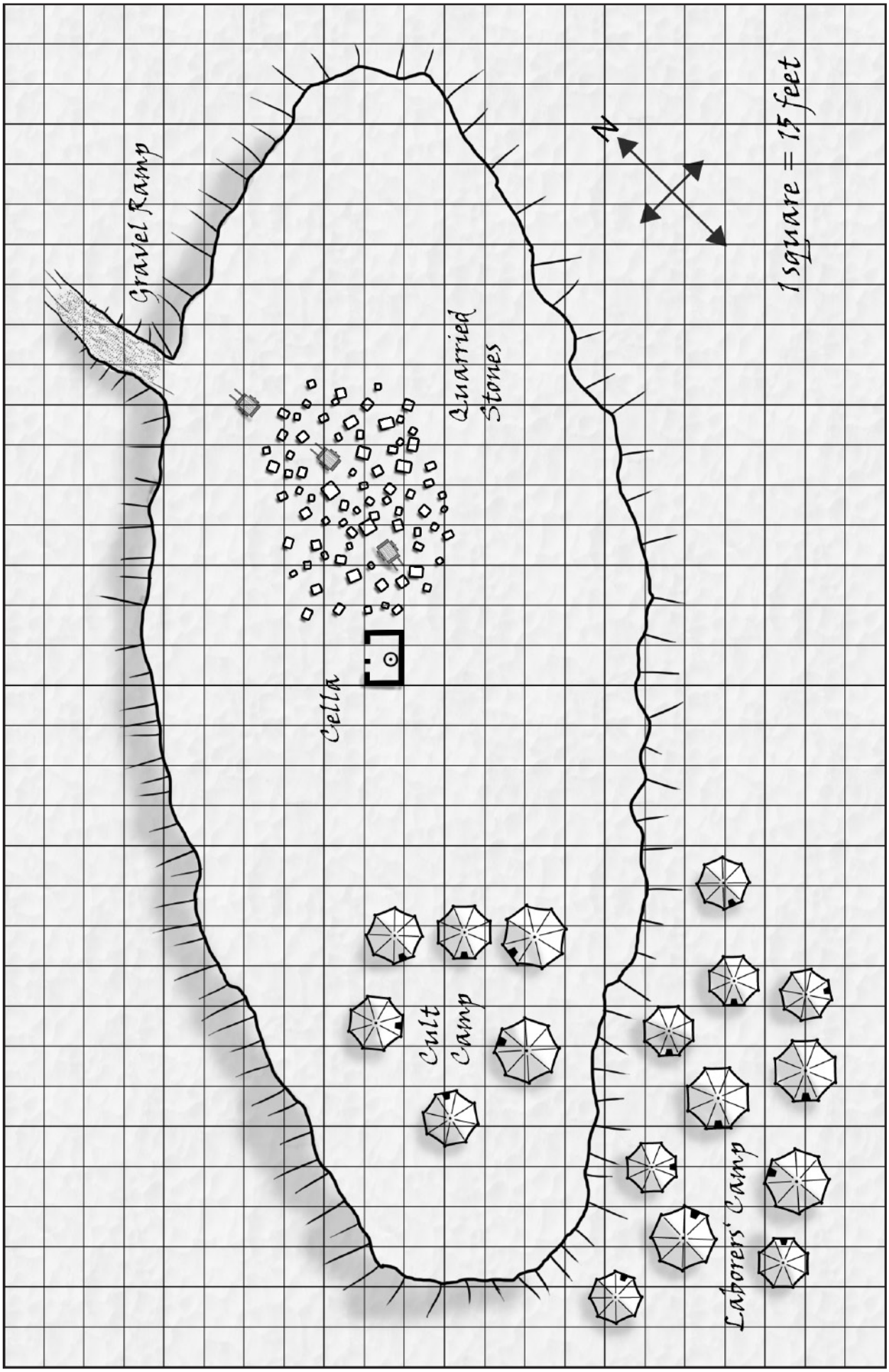

Ulnatland
To The Wailing Mountains
Tundra
The Seal Coast
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
N
1 square = 2 miles
Temple
Camp
Village

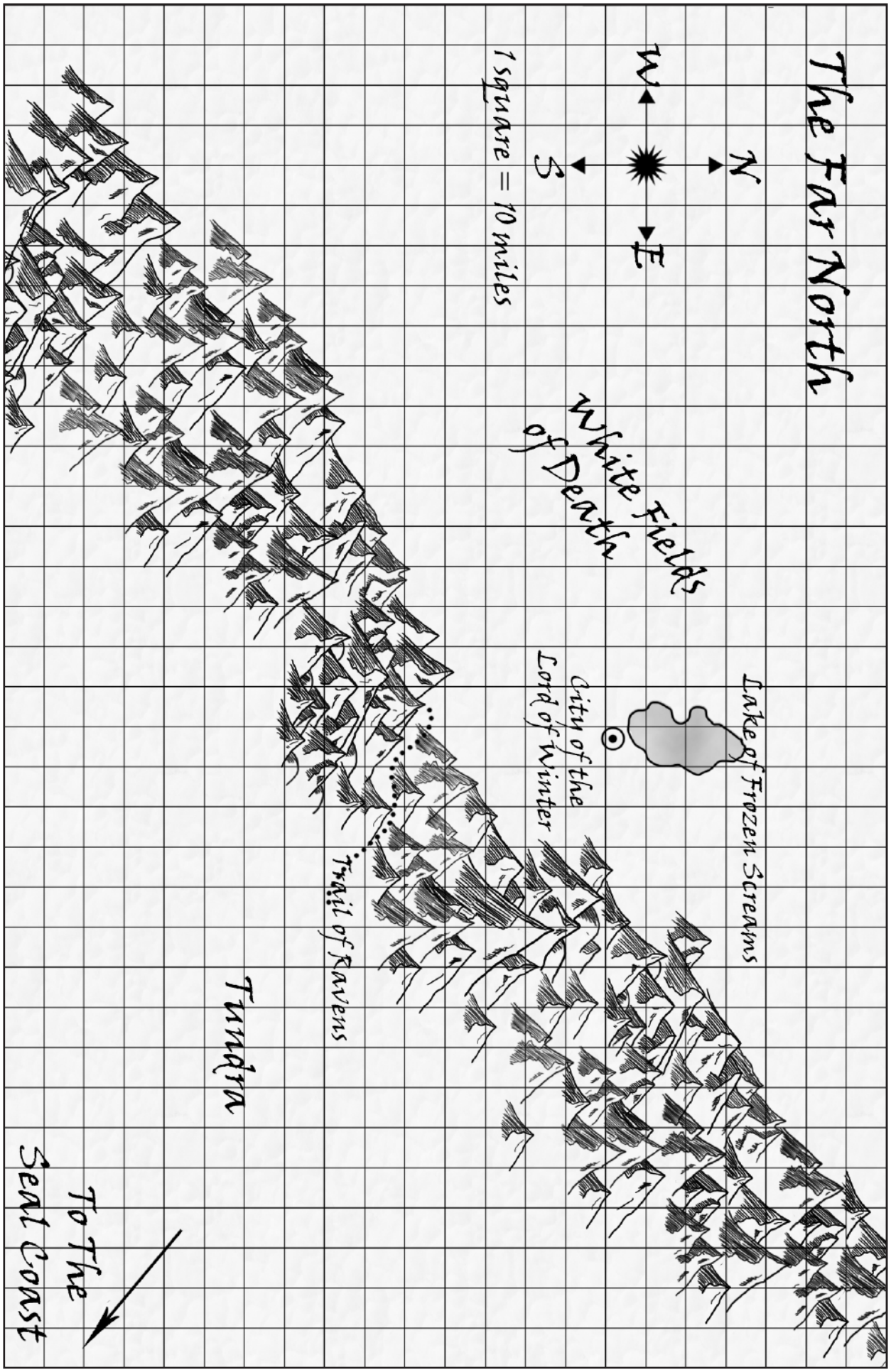

Ulnatland
To The Wailing Mountains
Tundra
The Seal Coast
N
1 square = 2 miles
Temple
Camp
Village

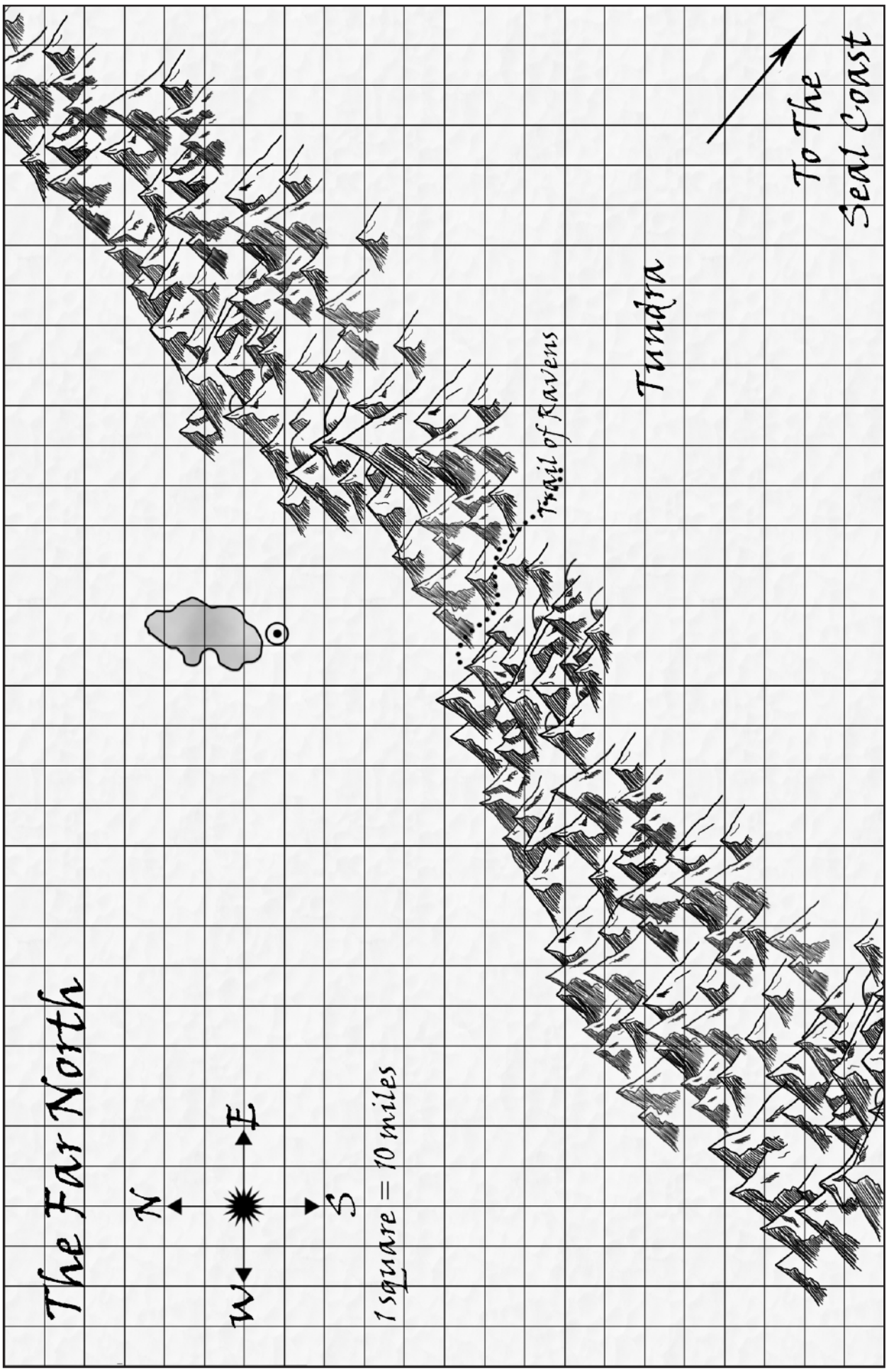

The Tomb on Heroes' Rock
a
b
3
2
4
1
Boulder
Skull Pyramid
N
E
W
S
1 square = 5 feet

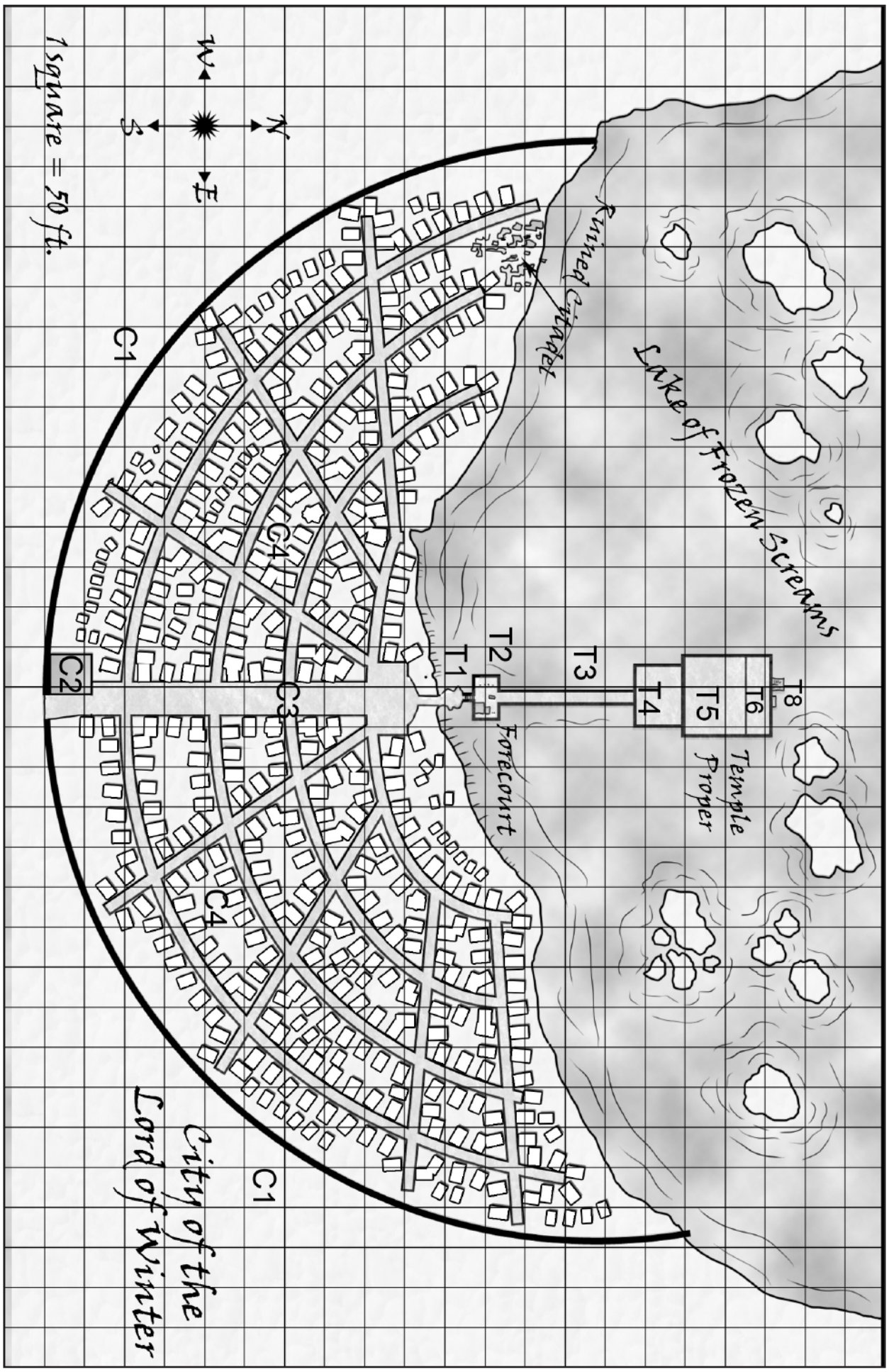

The Tomb on Heroes' Rock
Boulder
Skull Pyramid
1 square = 5 feet
N
E
W
S

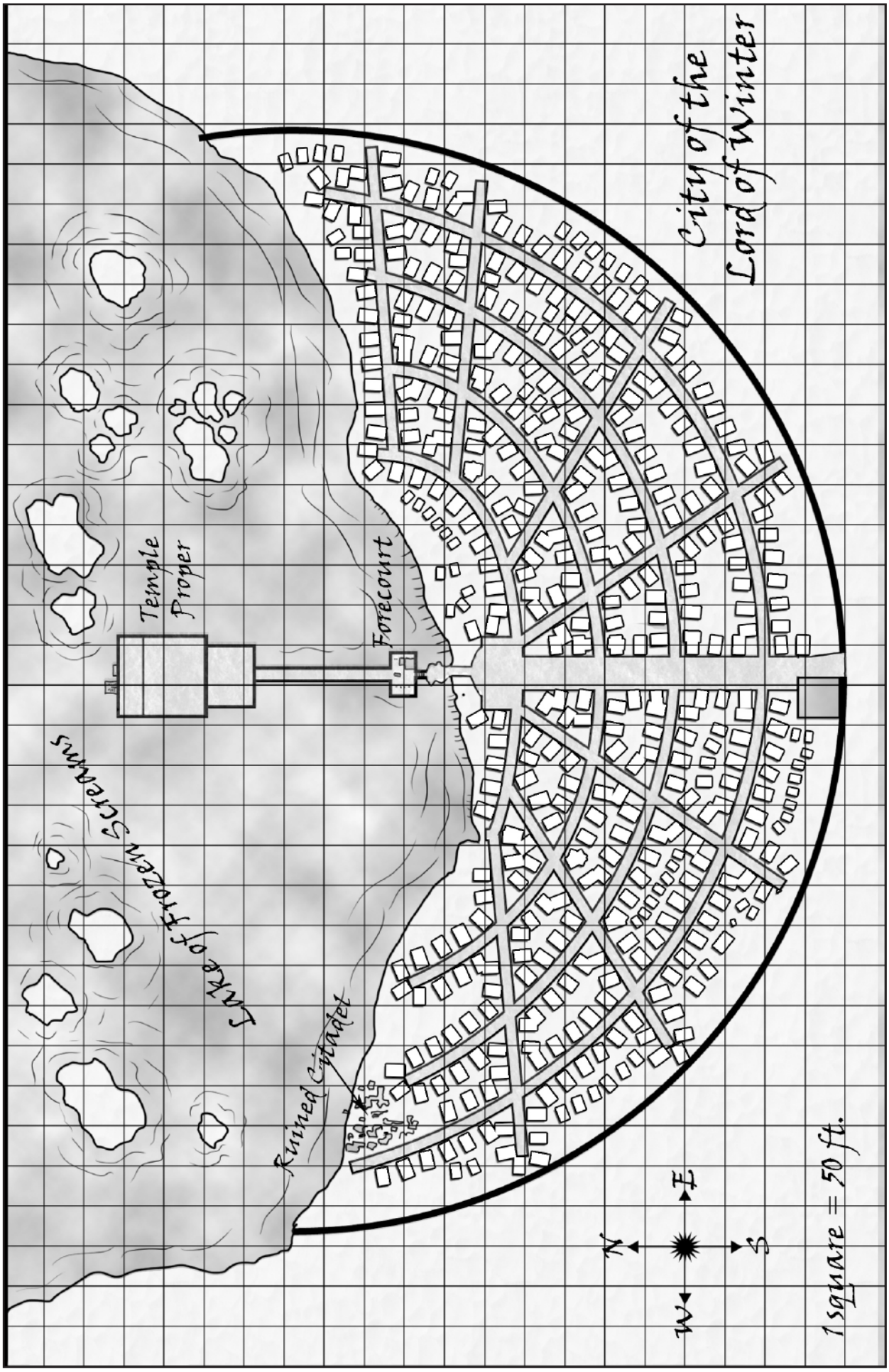

2. The Second Temple of the Lord of Ice and Stone
Laborers' Camp
Cult Camp
Cella
Quarried Stones
Gravel Ramp
1 square = 15 feet
N

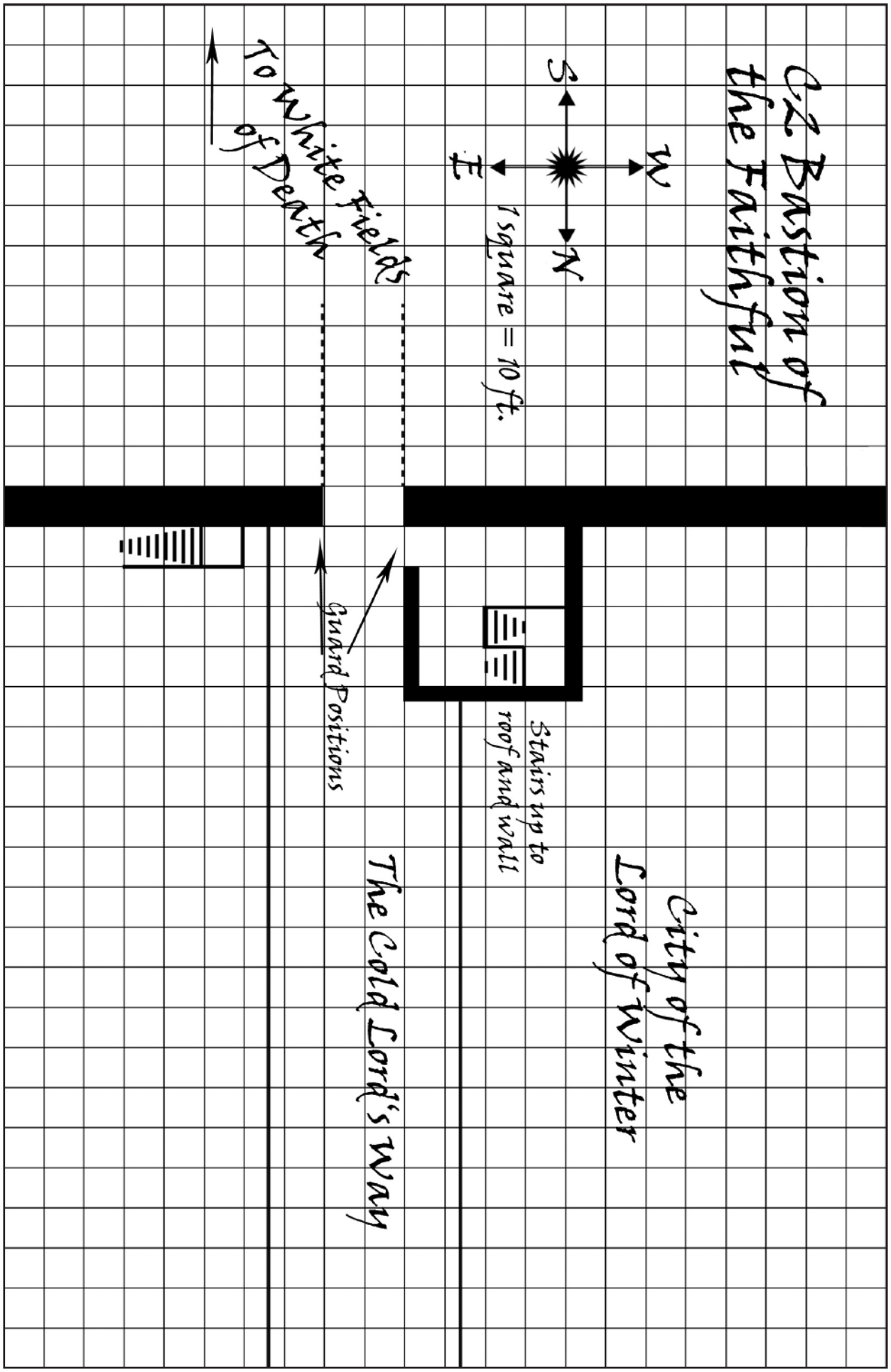

Gravel Ramp
Quarried Stones
Cella
Cult Camp
Laborers' Camp
N
1 square = 15 feet

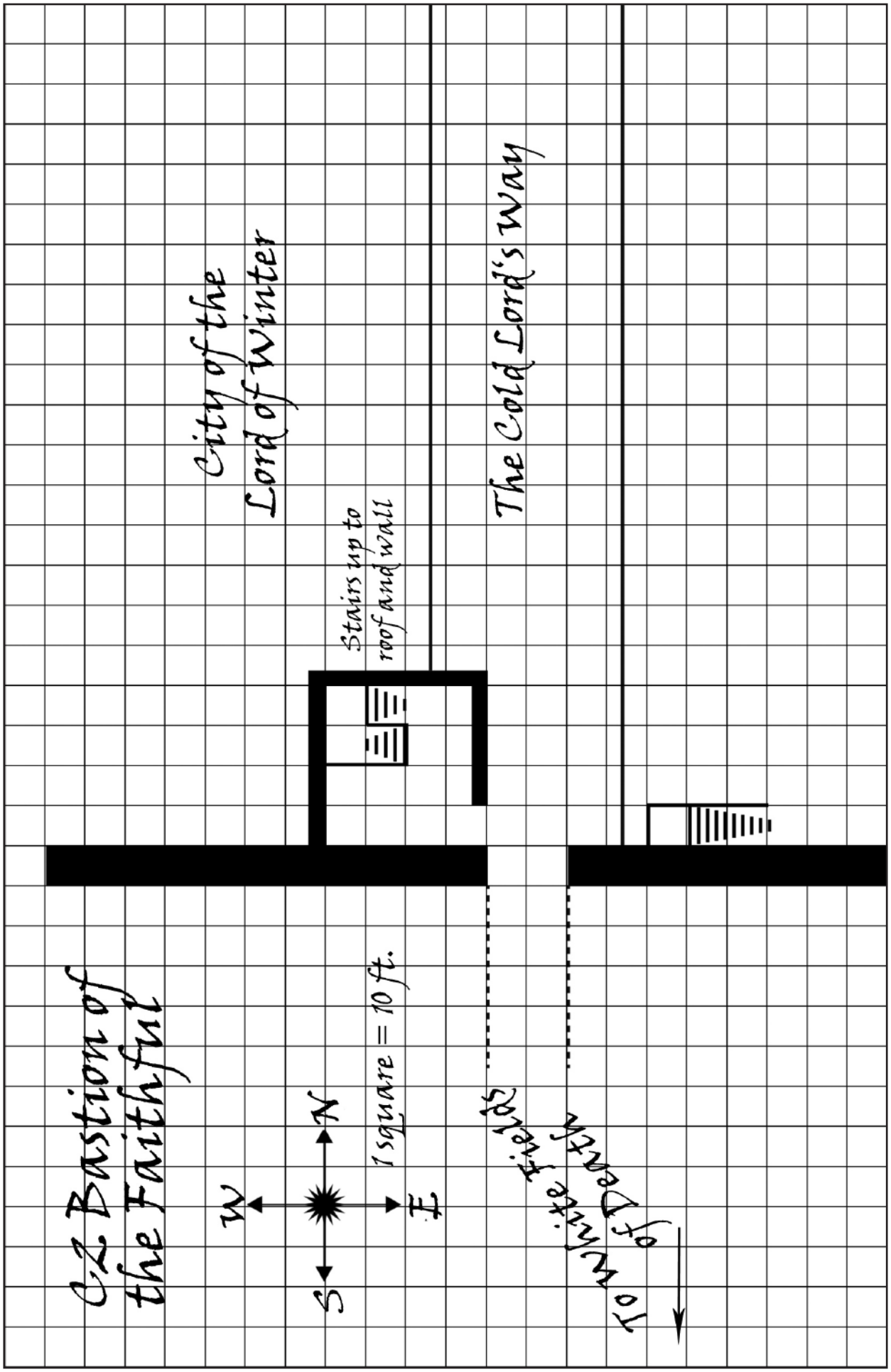

The Far North
N
W
E
S
1 square = 10 miles
White Fields of Death
Lake of Frozen Screams
City of the Lord of Winter
Trail of Ravens
Tundra
To The Seal Coast

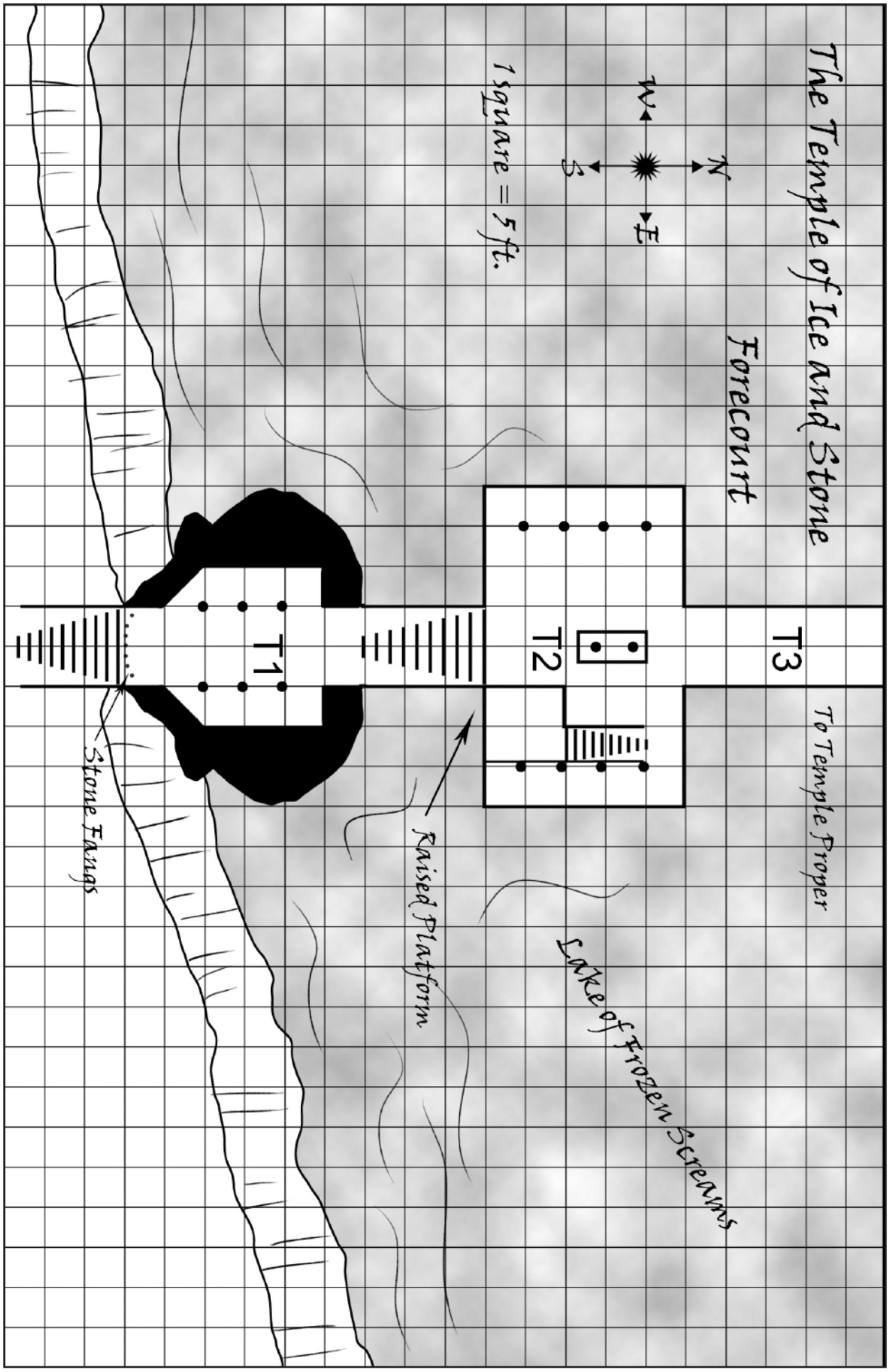

The Far North
N
W
E
S
1 square = 10 miles
Trail of Ravens
Tundra
To The
Seal Coast

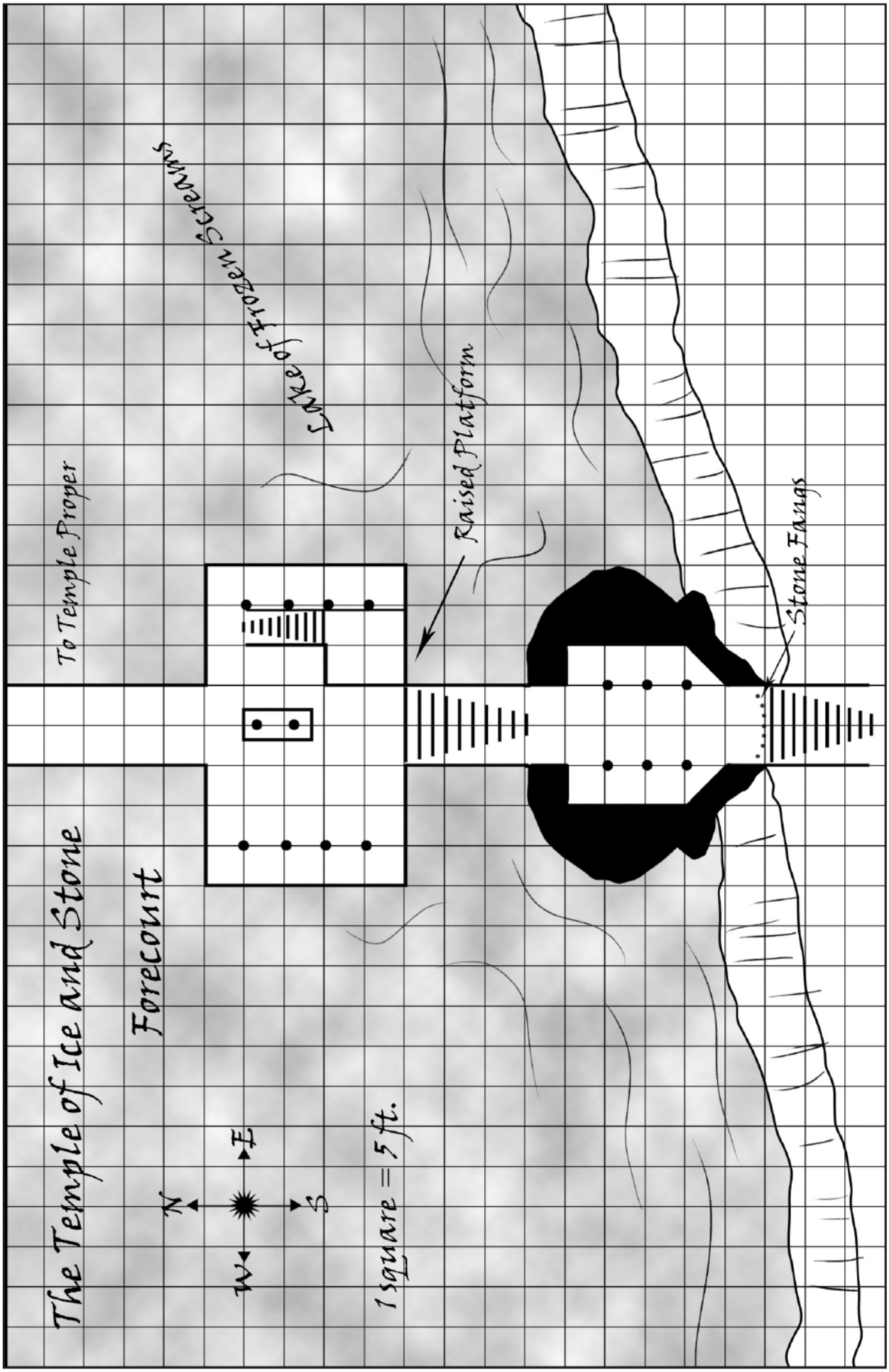

Ruined Citadel
Lake of Frozen Screams
T1
T2
T3
T4
T5
T6
T8
Forecourt
Temple Proper
C1
C2
C3
C4
N
S
E
W
1 square = 50 ft.
City of the Lord of Winter

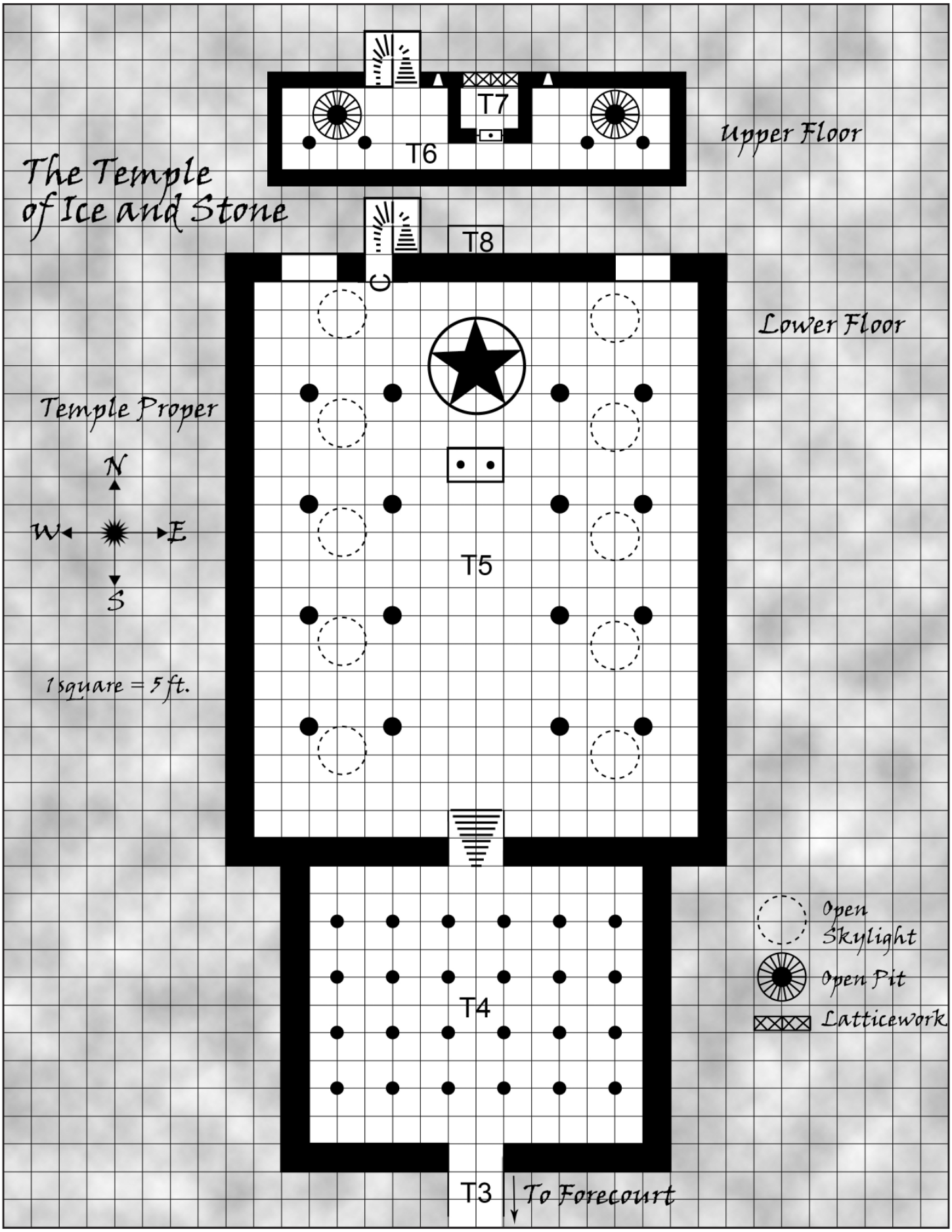

City of the Lord of Winter
Temple Proper
Forecourt
Lake of Frozen Screams
Ruined Citadel
N
E
S
W
1 square = 50 ft.

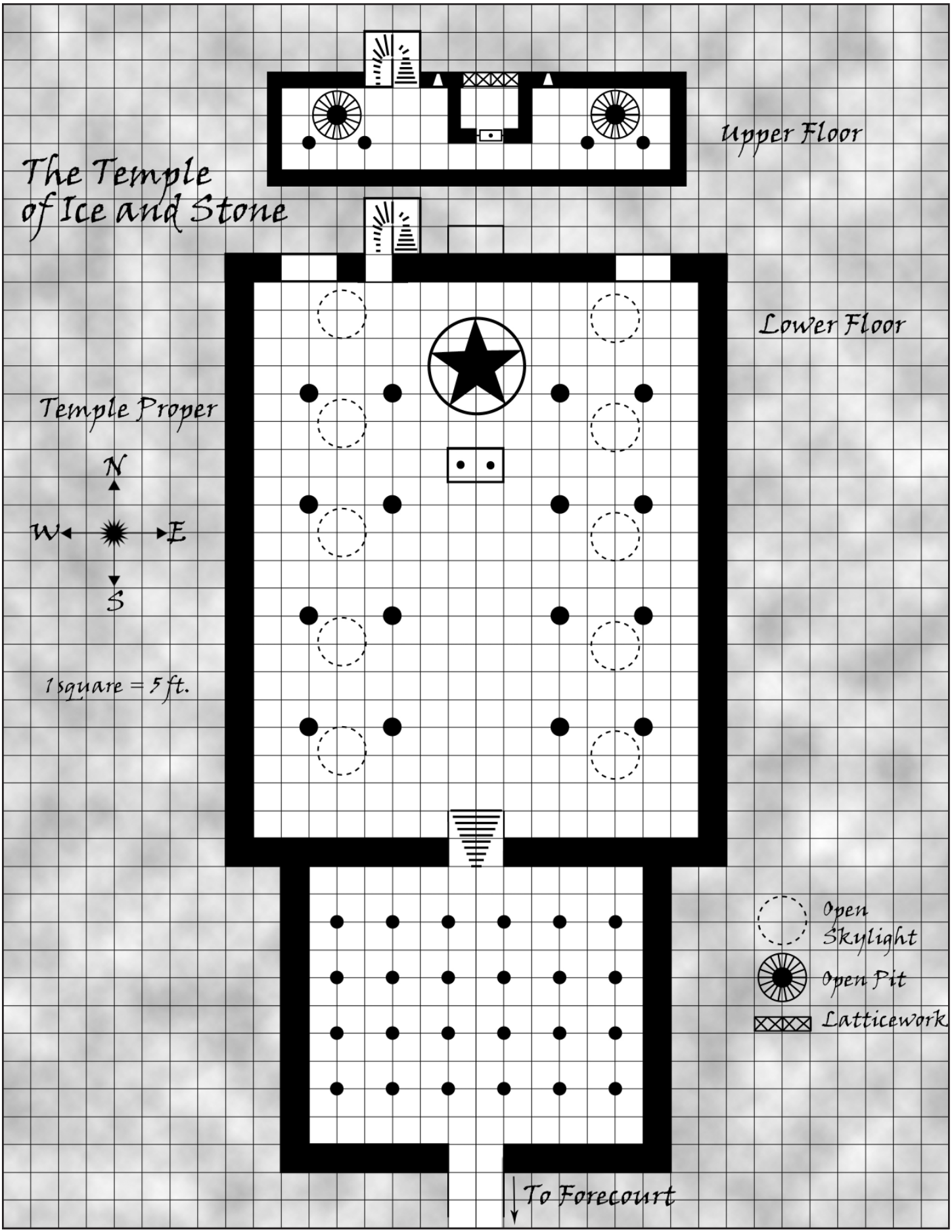

C2 Bastion of the Faithful
S
W
N
E
1 square = 10 ft.
To White Fields of Death
Guard Positions
Stairs up to roof and wall
City of the Lord of Winter
The Cold Lord's Way


City of the
Lord of Winter
Stairs up to
roof and wall
The Cold Lord's Way
N2 Bastion of
the Faithful
W
N
S
E
1 square = 10 ft.
To White Fields
of Dawntide


The Temple of Ice and Stone
Forecourt
N
W
E
S
1 square = 5 ft.
T1
T2
T3
To Temple Proper
Lake of Frozen Screams
Raised Platform
Stone Fangs

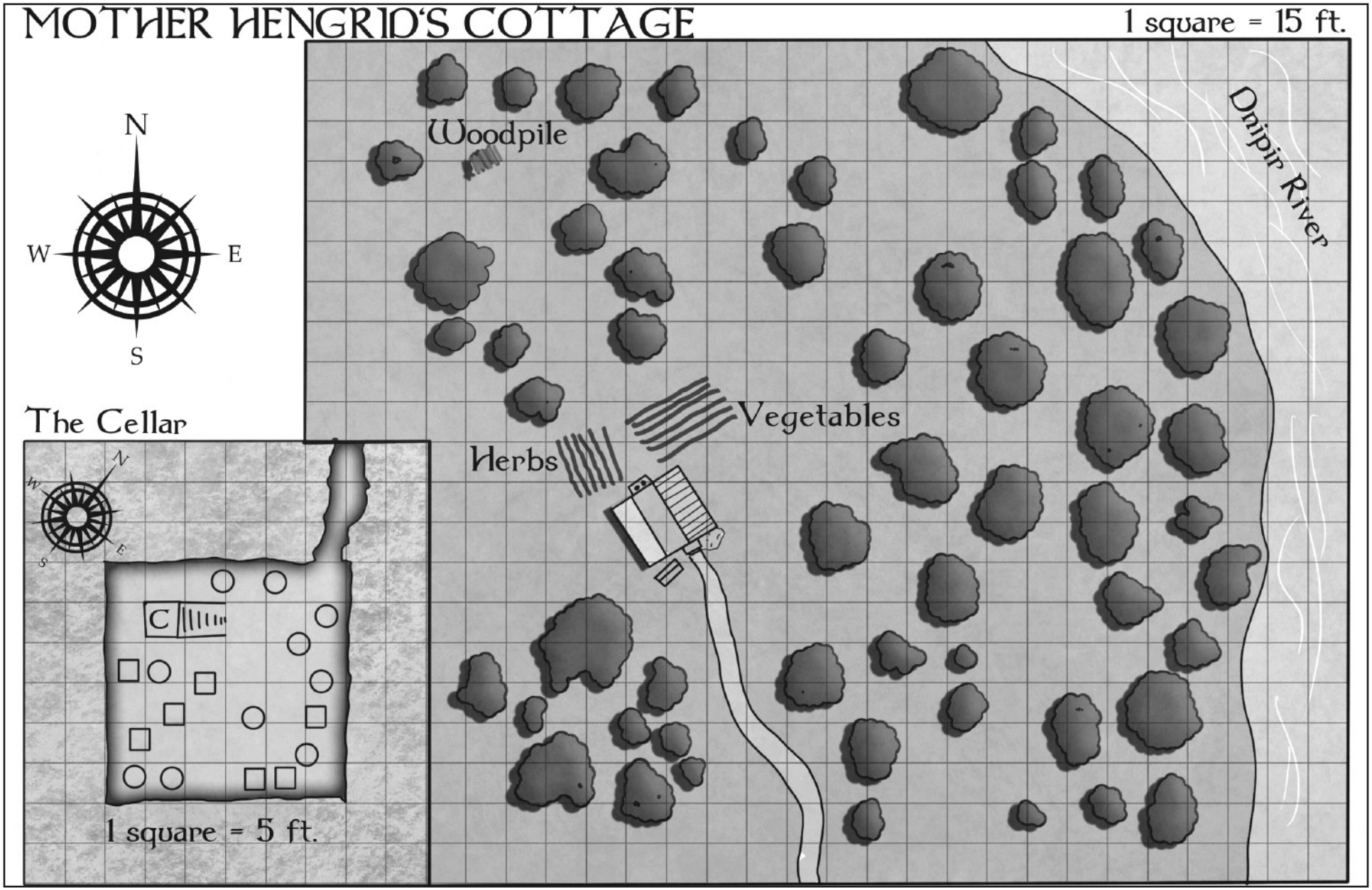

The Temple of Ice and Stone
Forecourt
To Temple Proper
Lower of Frozen Screams
Raised Platform
Stone Fangs
N
E
W
S
1 square = 5 ft.

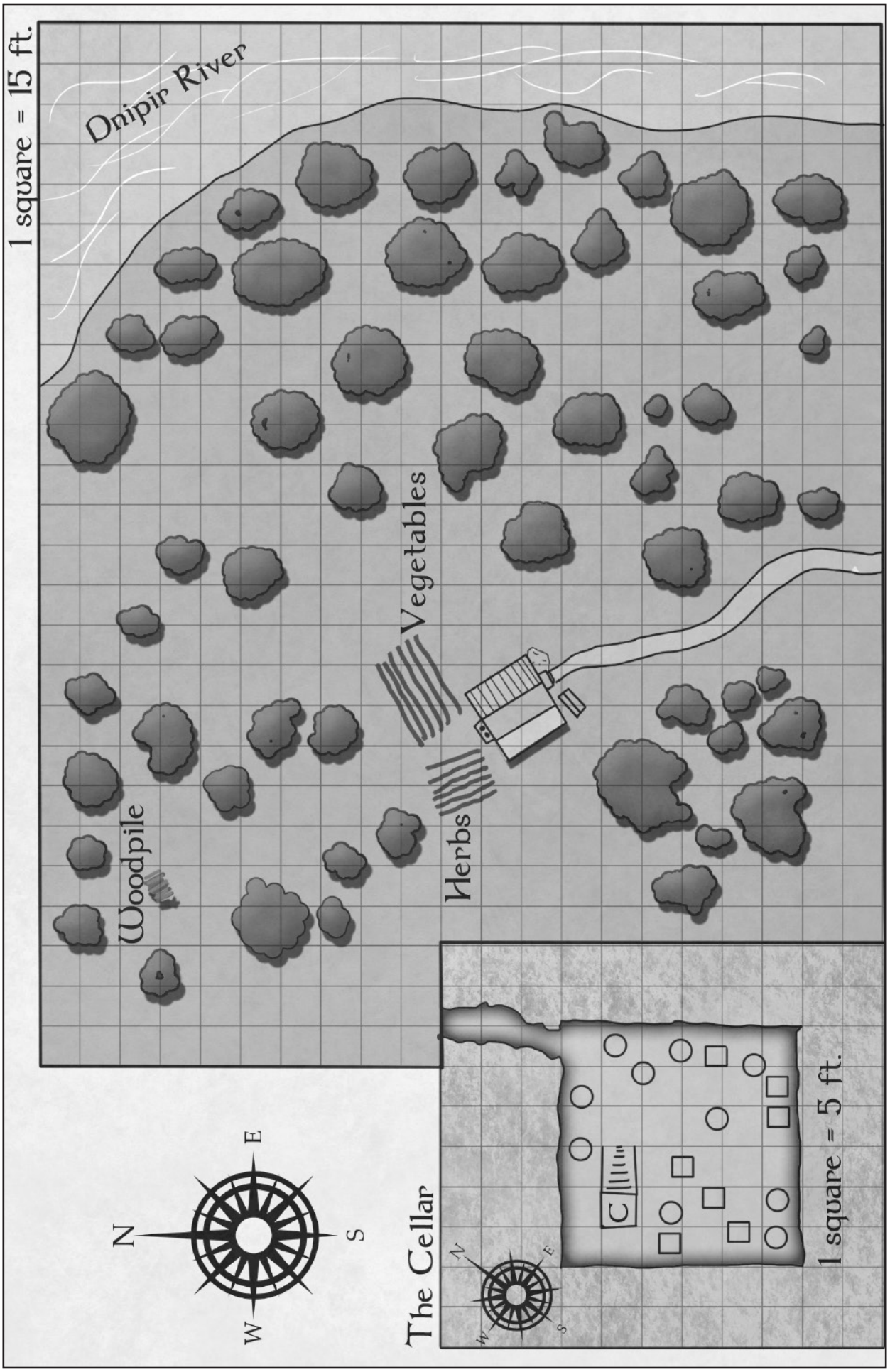

The Temple of Ice and Stone
T7
T6
Upper Floor
T8
Lower Floor
Temple Proper
N
W
E
S
T5
1 square = 5 ft.
Open Skylight
Open Pit
Latticework
T4
T3
To Forecourt

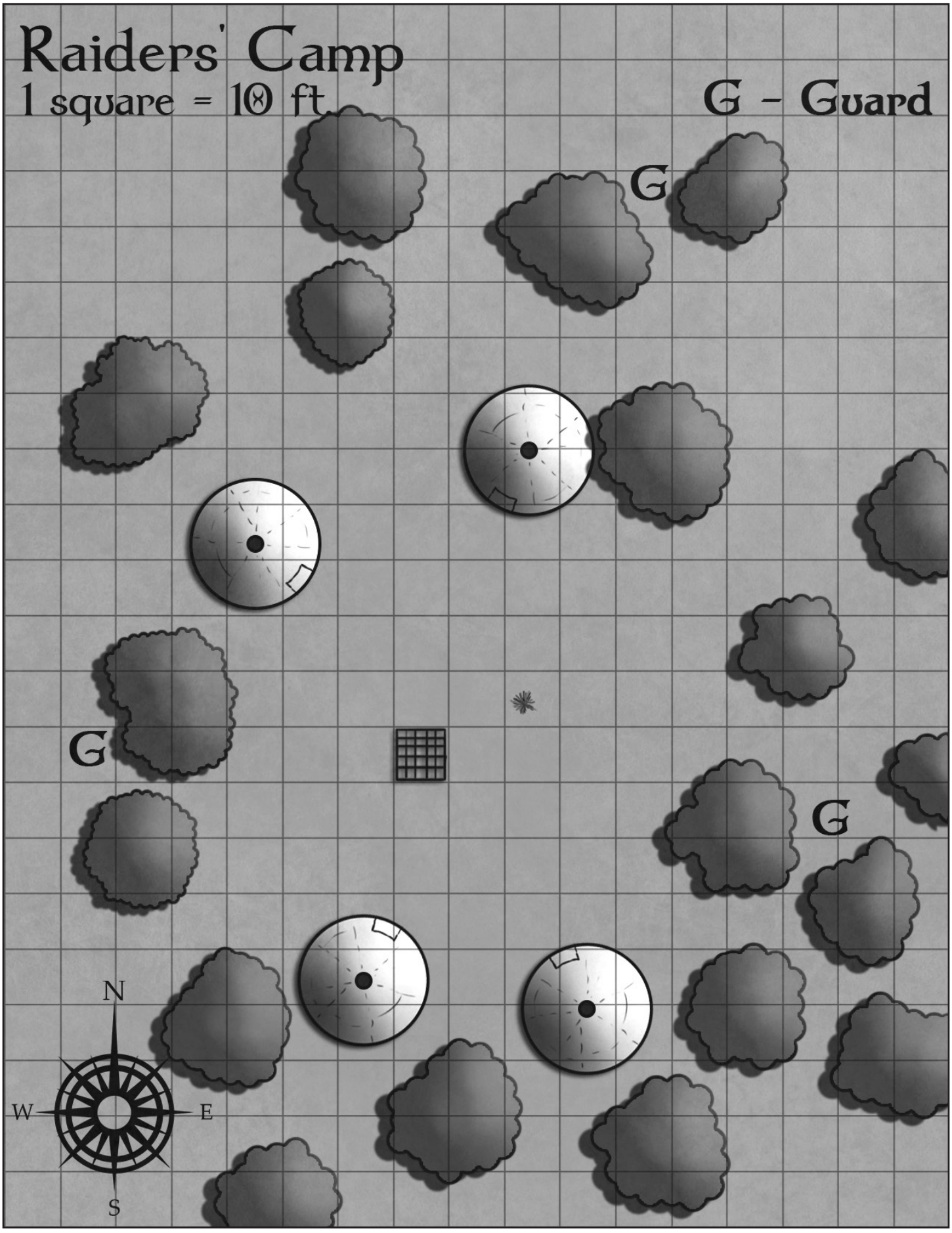

The Temple of Ice and Stone
Upper Floor
Lower Floor
Temple Proper
N
W
E
S
1 square = 5 ft.
Open Skylight
Open Pit
Latticework
To Forecourt

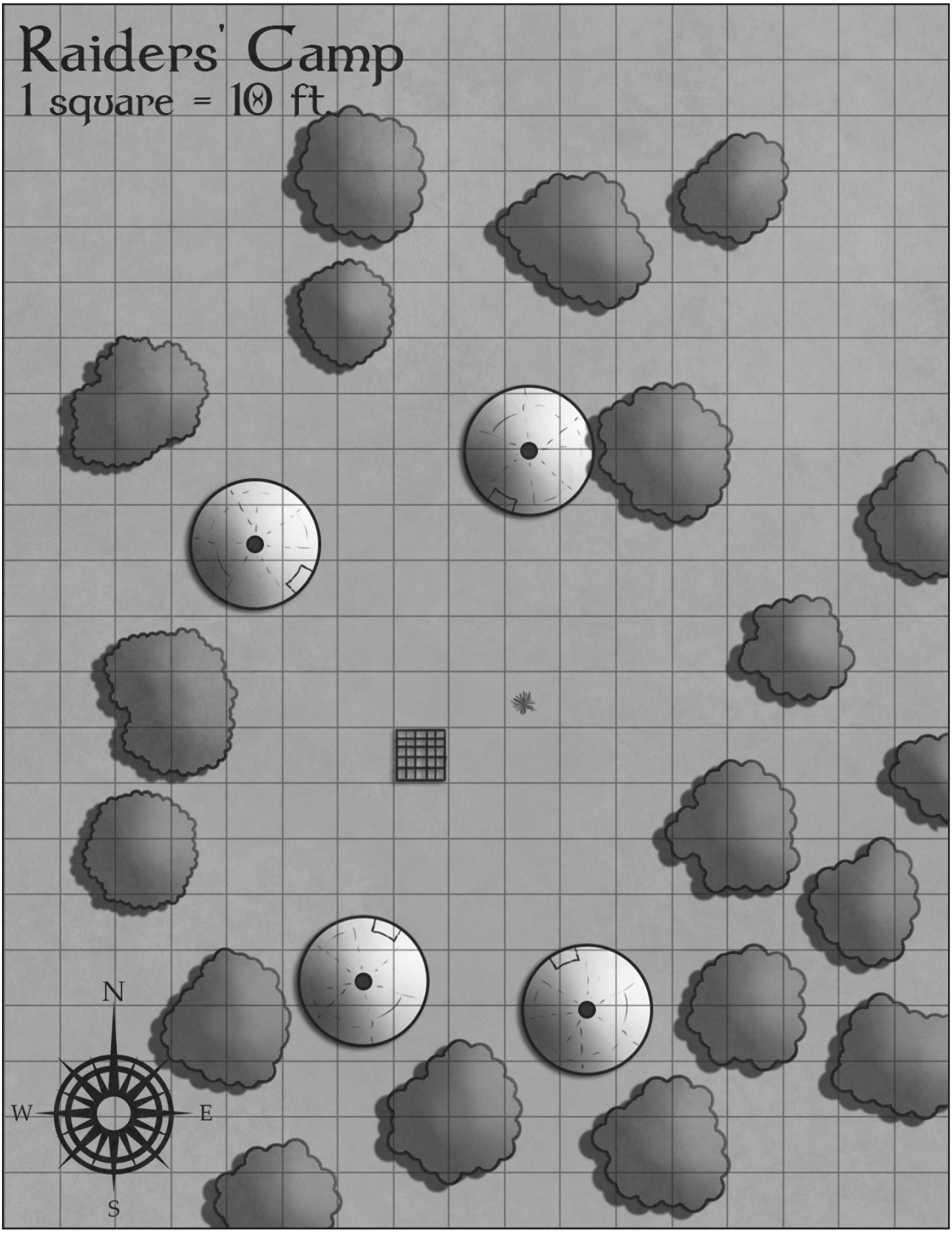

YRSA'S ROCK
1 square = 5 ft.
N
S
W
E
Yrsa
Crevice

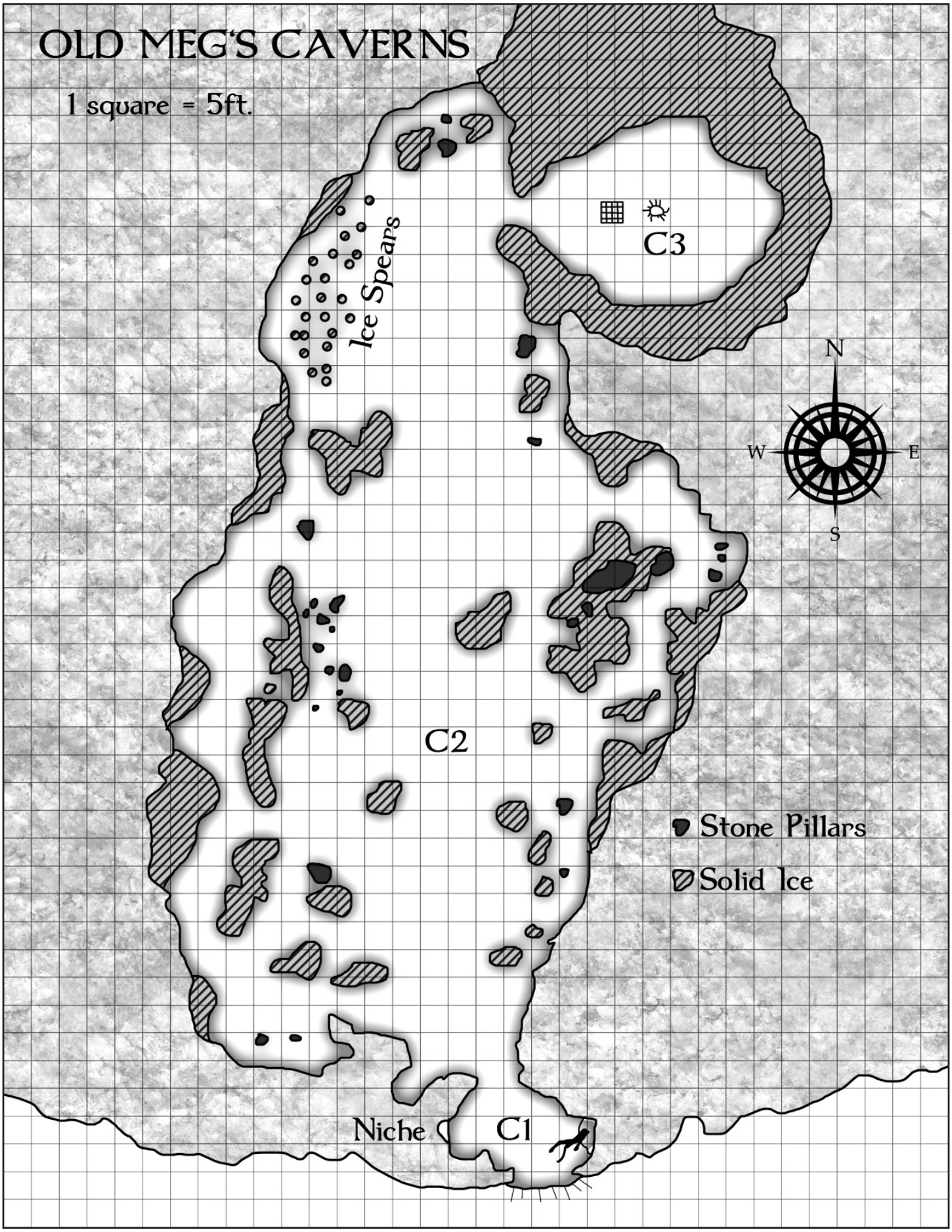

1 square = 5 ft.
Crevice
N
E
S
W

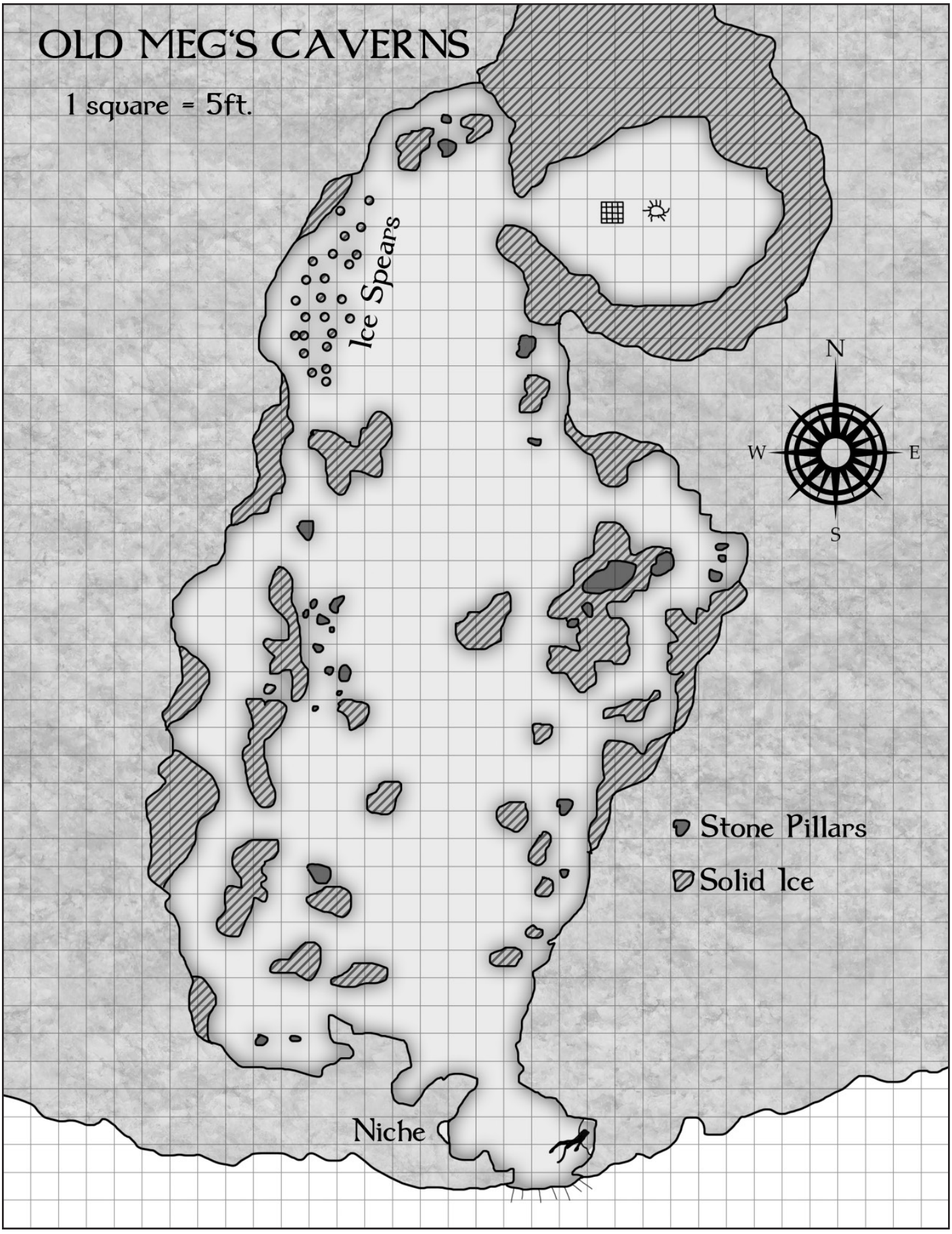

MOTHER HENGRID'S COTTAGE
1 square = 15 ft.
N
W
E
S
Woodpile
Dnipir River
Vegetables
Herbs
The Cellar
C
1 square = 5 ft.

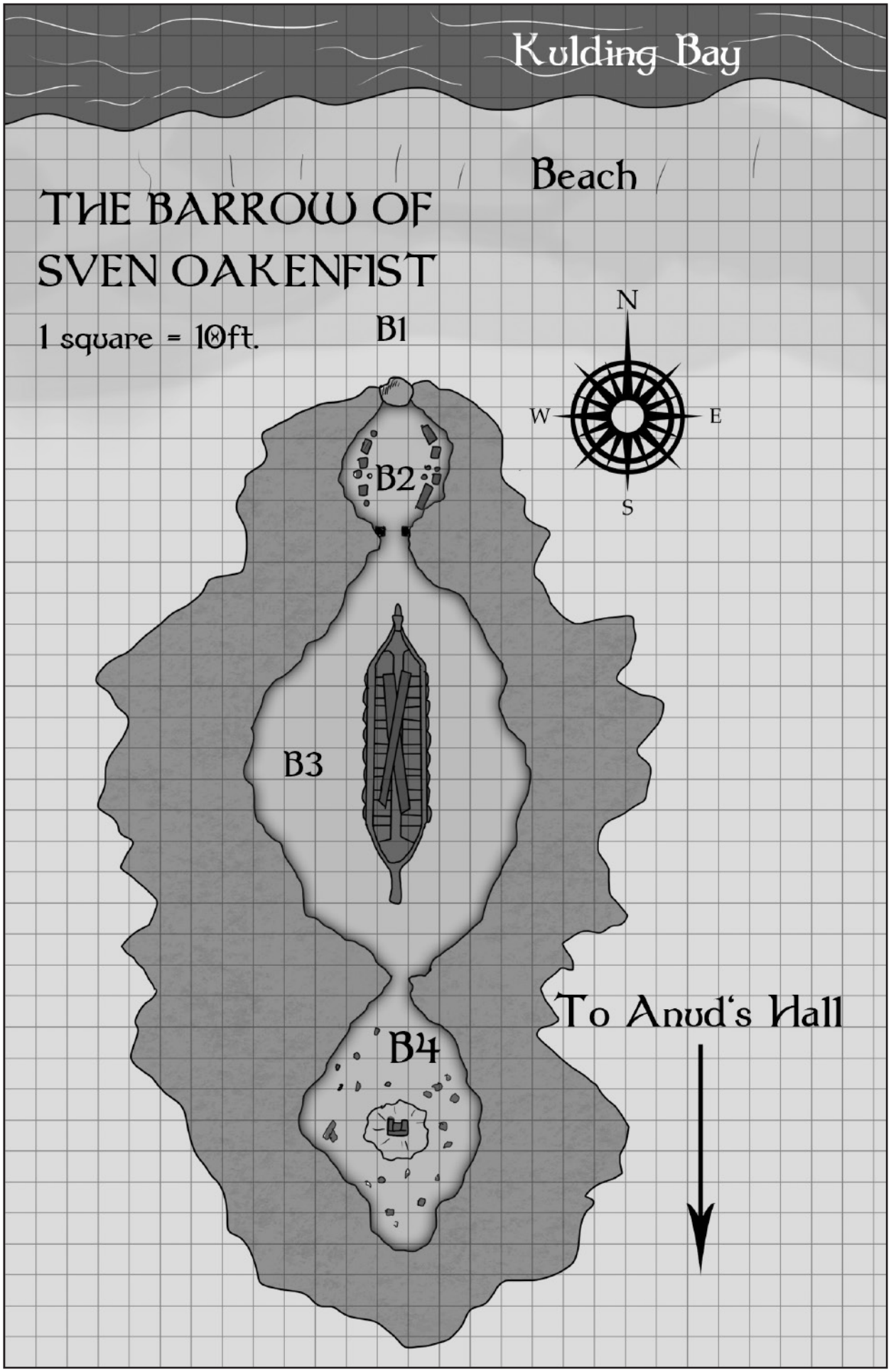

1 square = 15 ft.
Dnipir River
Vegetables
Herbs
Woodpile
N
E
S
W
The Cellar
1 square = 5 ft.

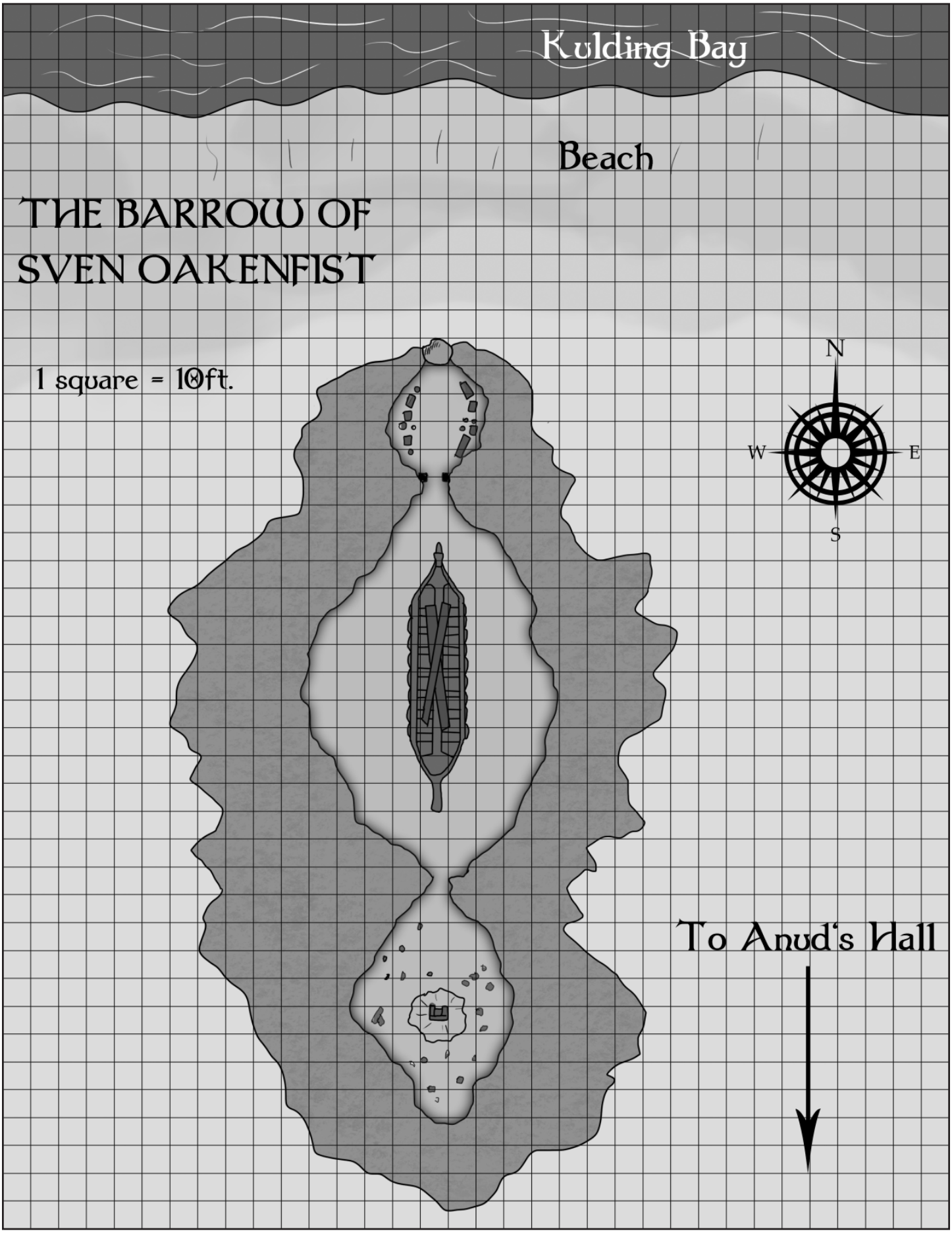

Raiders' Camp
1 square = 10 ft
G - Guard
G
G
G
N
W
E
S


Raiders' Camp
1 square = 10 ft
N
W
E
S


OLD MEG'S CAVERNS
1 square = 5ft.
Ice Spears
C3
N
W
E
S
C2
Stone Pillars
Solid Ice
Niche
C1


OLD MEG'S CAVERNS
1 square = 5ft.
Ice Spears
N
W
E
S
Stone Pillars
Solid Ice
Niche


Kulding Bay
Beach
THE BARROW OF SVEN OAKENFIST
1 square = 10ft.
B1
N
W
E
S
B2
B3
B4
To Anud's Hall

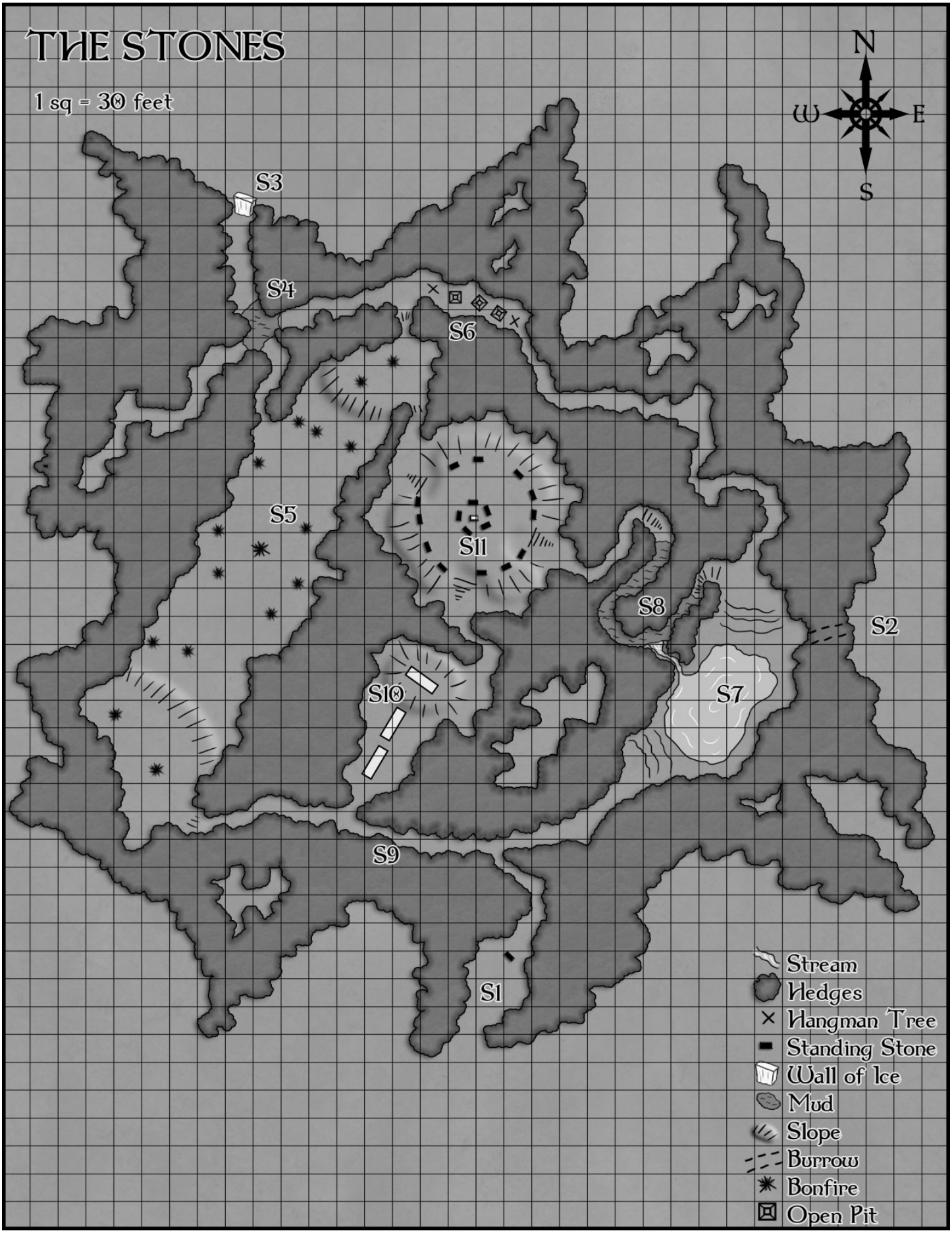

Kulding Bay
Beach
THE BARROW OF
SVEN OAKENFIST
1 square = 10ft.
N
W
E
S
To Anud's Hall

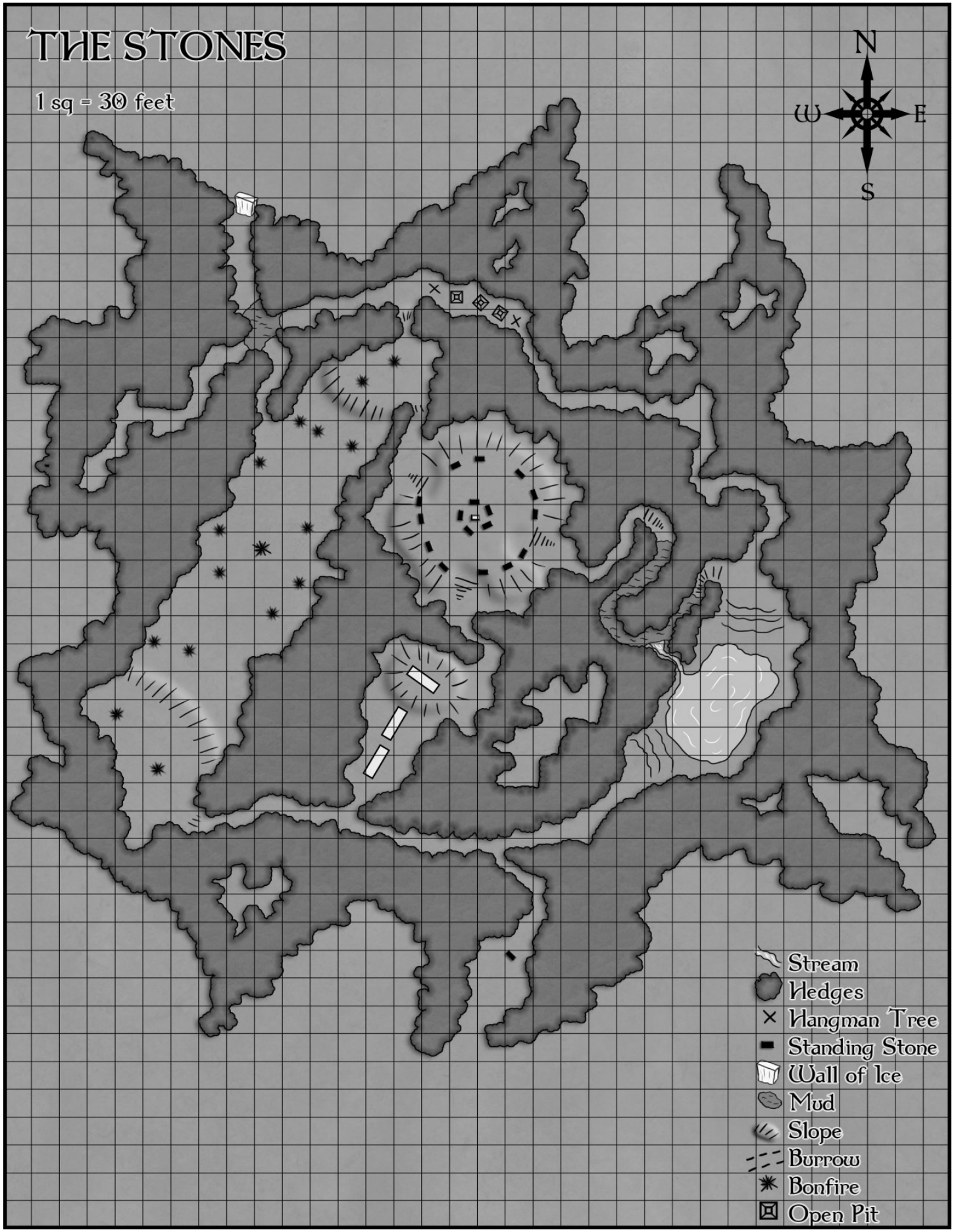

ESTENFIRD
1 sq = 8 miles
N
S
E
W
To Nikland
Nieuburg
Roll Axe Pass
Ice River
Hörby
Struer
Savage River
The Stones
Yellow Light Marshes
Three Rivers
Thath River
Bräcke
Bloody Pass
Lost Woods
Stony Shores
Ice River
Risør
Ørsa
High Vale
Wyrm Fang Rocks
Ölmer
The Gap
Vöss
NORTH SEA
THE GREAT OCEAN ÛTHAF
Walled Town
Town
Village

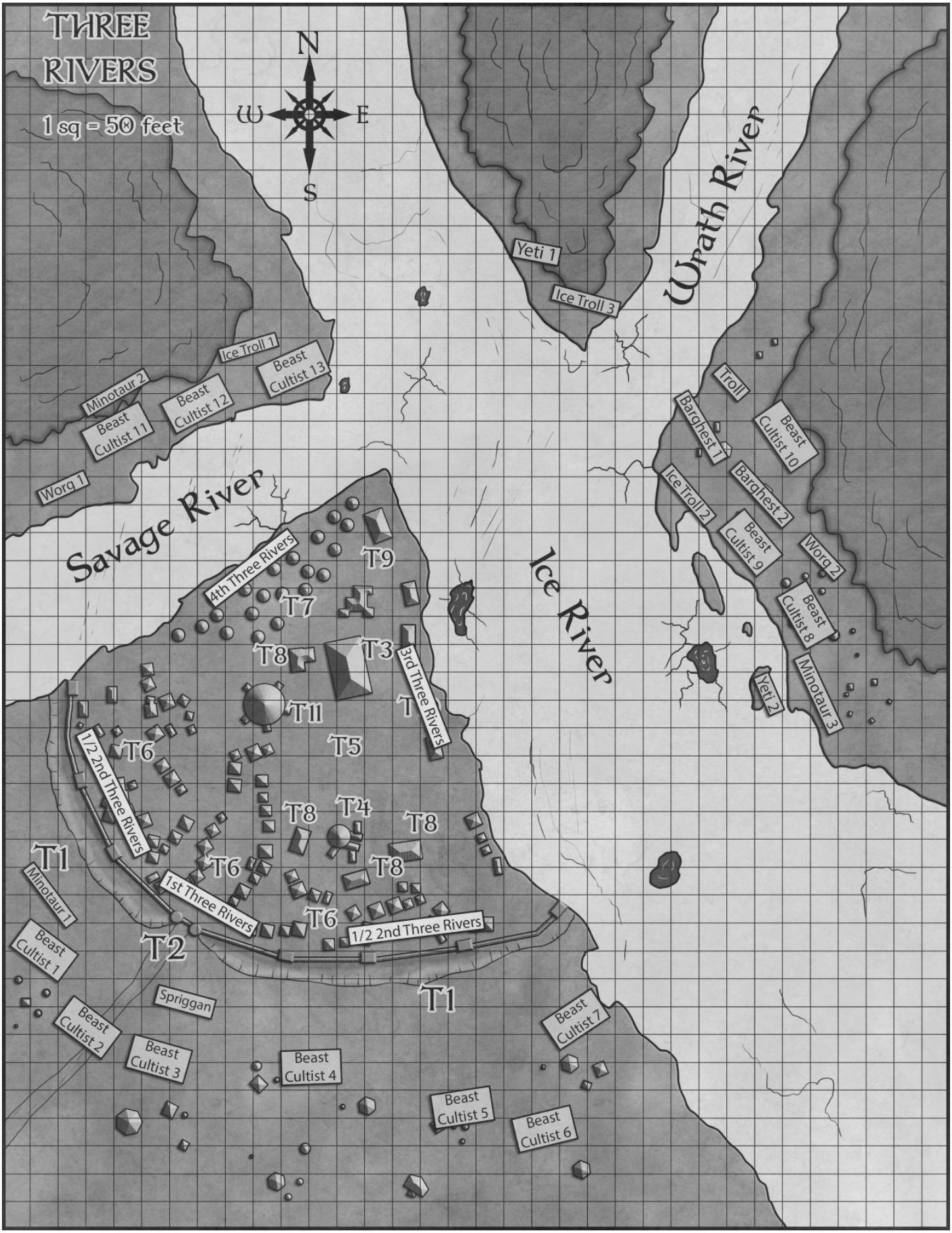

ESTENFIRD
1 sq = 8 miles feet
N
S
E
W
THE GREAT OCEAN ÓTHAF
Walled Town
Town
Village
Stoney Shores
Vöss
The Gap
Ölmer
Bräcke
Bloody Pass
Lost Woods
Wrath River
Yellow Light Marshes
Three Rivers
Ice River
Risør
Vale
Ørsa
High
Nieuburg
To Nökland
Ice River
Hörby
Struer
Savage River
Troll Axe Pass
Wyrm Fang Rocks
NORTH SEA

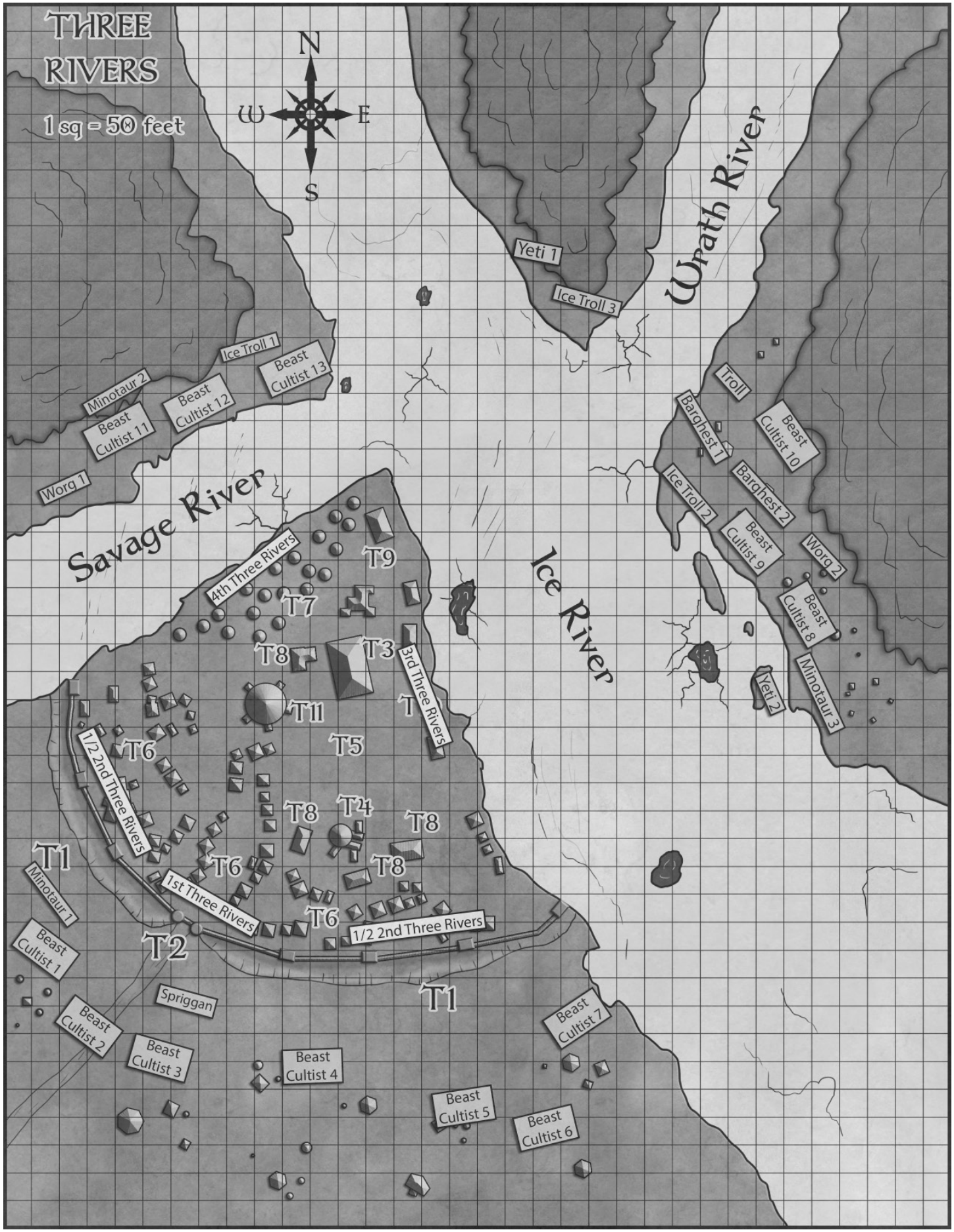

THREE RIVERS
1 sq = 50 feet
N
W
E
S
Wrath River
Savage River
Ice River
T9
T7
T8
T3
T11
T10
T5
T6
T4
T8
T1
T6
T8
T6
T2
T1

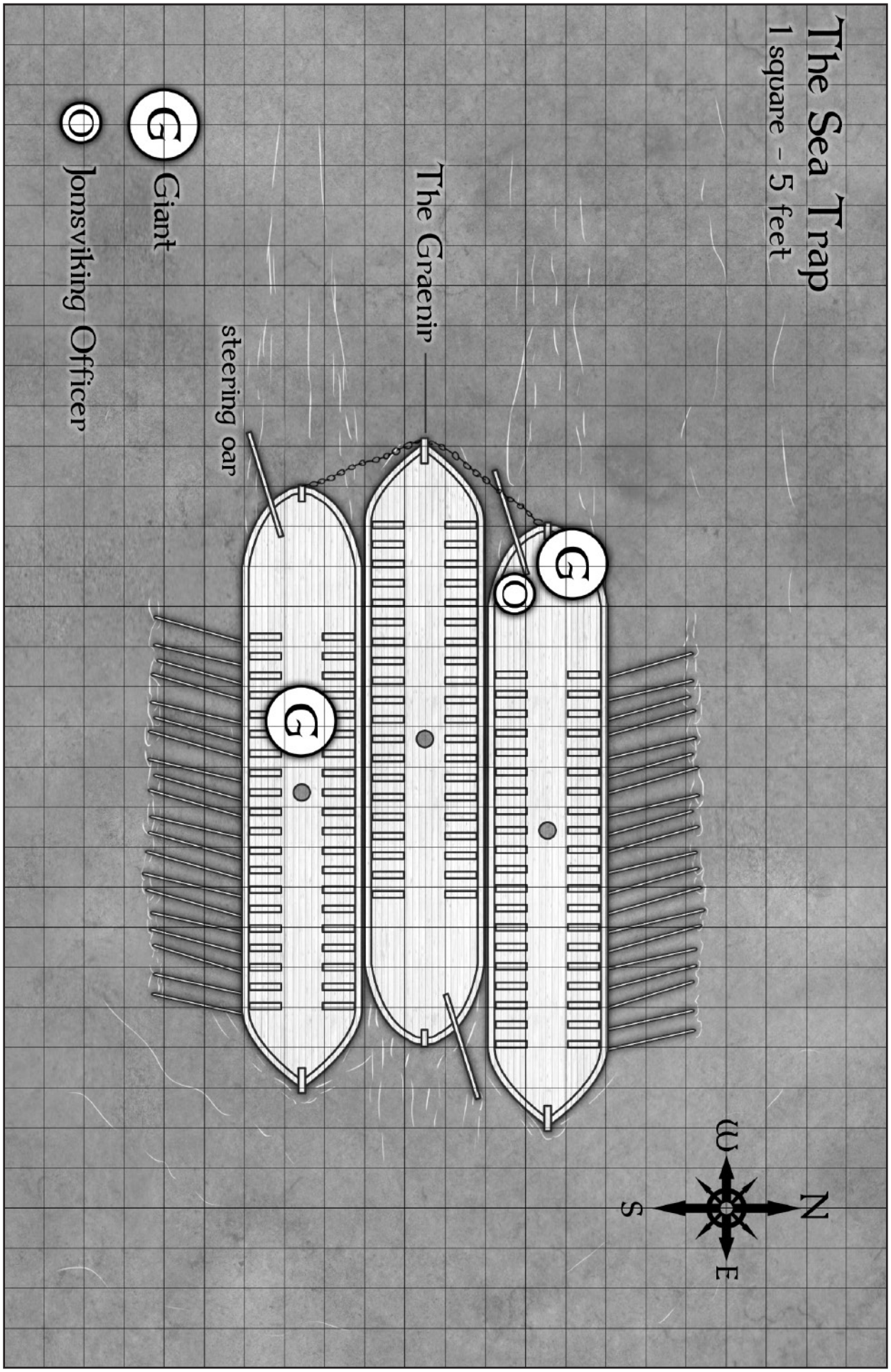

THREE RIVERS
1 sq = 50 feet
N
W
E
S
Wrath River
Savage River
Ice River

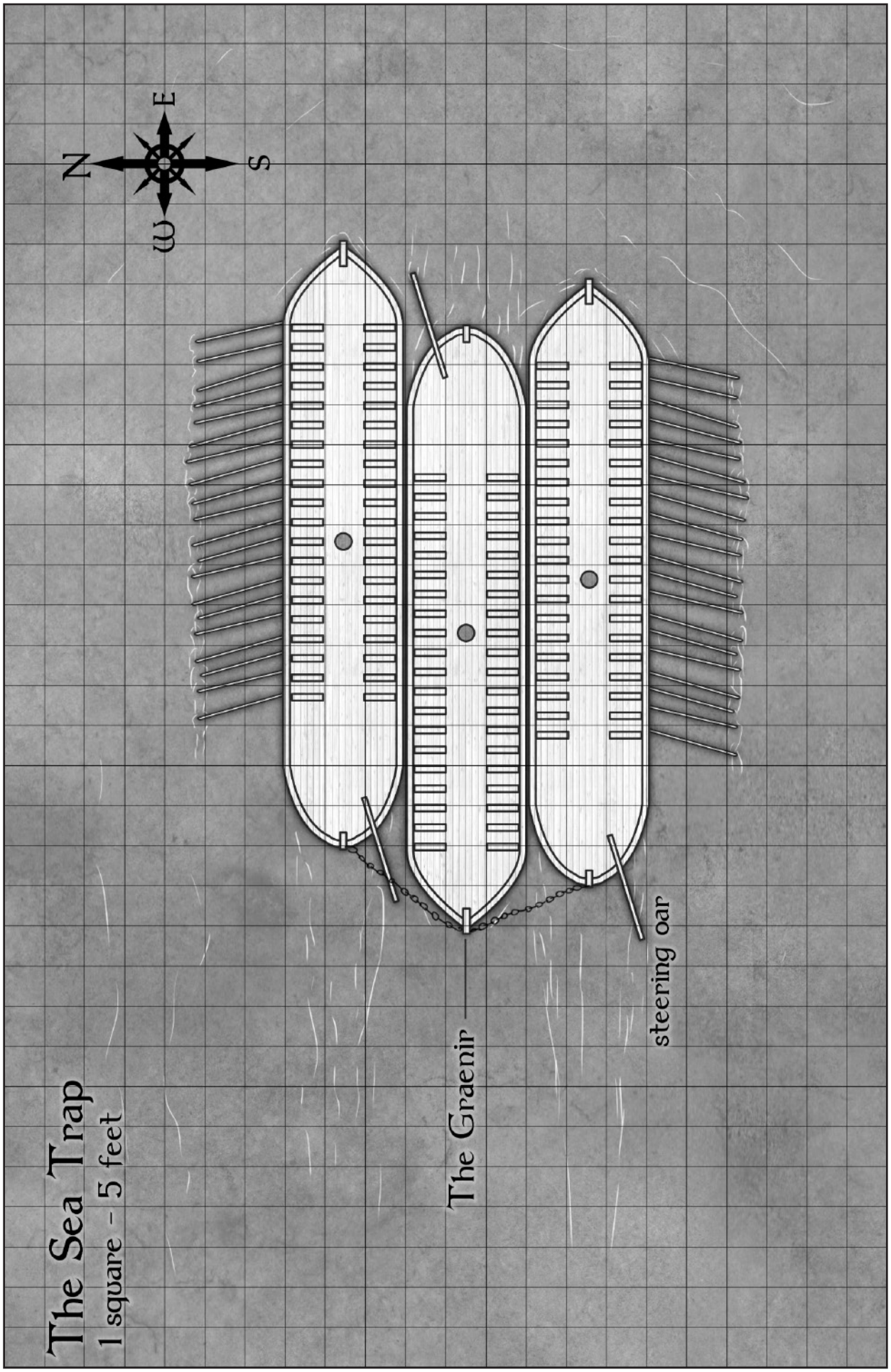

THE STONES
1 sq = 30 feet
N
W
E
S
S3
S4
S6
S5
S11
S8
S2
S10
S7
S9
S1
Stream
Hedges
Hangman Tree
Standing Stone
Wall of Ice
Mud
Slope
Burrow
Bonfire
Open Pit

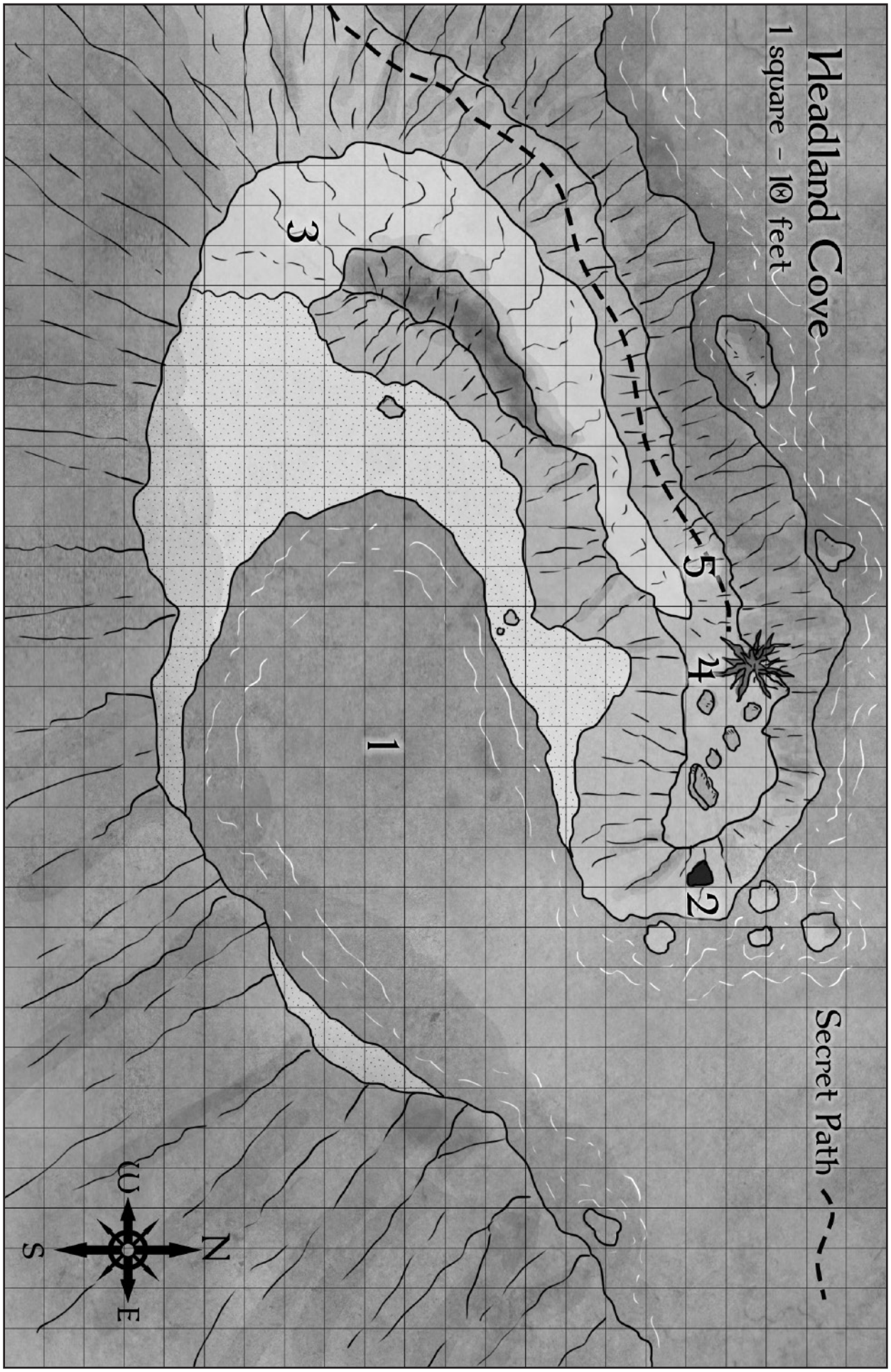

THE STONES
1 sq = 30 feet
N
W
E
S
Stream
Hedges
Hangman Tree
Standing Stone
Wall of Ice
Mud
Slope
Burrow
Bonfire
Open Pit


THREE RIVERS
1 sq = 50 feet
N
W
E
S
Wrath River
Savage River
Ice River
Yeti 1
Ice Troll 3
Ice Troll 1
Beast Cultist 13
Minotaur 2
Beast Cultist 12
Beast Cultist 11
Worg 1
Troll
Barghest 1
Beast Cultist 10
Ice Troll 2
Barghest 2
Beast Cultist 9
Worg 2
Beast Cultist 8
Minotaur 3
Yeti 2
4th Three Rivers
3rd Three Rivers
1/2 2nd Three Rivers
1st Three Rivers
1/2 2nd Three Rivers
T1
T2
T3
T4
T5
T6
T7
T8
T9
T11
Minotaur 1
Beast Cultist 1
Beast Cultist 2
Beast Cultist 3
Spriggan
Beast Cultist 4
Beast Cultist 5
Beast Cultist 6
Beast Cultist 7

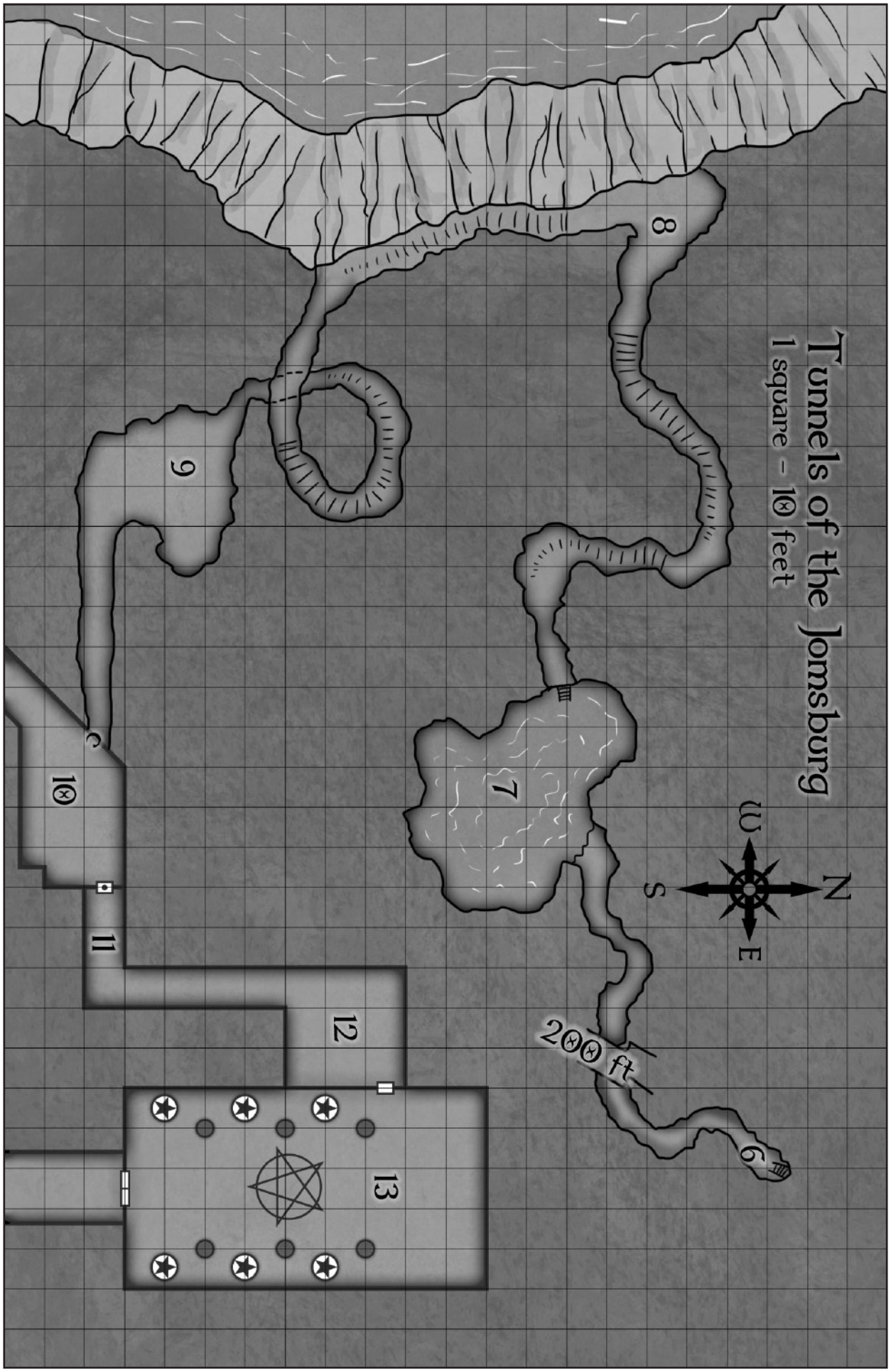

THREE RIVERS
1 sq = 50 feet
N
W
E
S
Wrath River
Yeti 1
Ice Troll 3
Ice Troll 1
Beast Cultist 13
Minotaur 2
Beast Cultist 12
Beast Cultist 11
Worg 1
Savage River
Troll
Barghest 1
Beast Cultist 10
Barghest 2
Ice Troll 2
Beast Cultist 9
Worg 2
Beast Cultist 8
Minotaur 3
Yeti 2
Ice River
4th Three Rivers
T9
T7
T8
T3
3rd Three Rivers
T11
T
T5
T6
1/2 2nd Three Rivers
T8
T4
T8
T1
T6
T8
Minotaur 1
1st Three Rivers
T6
1/2 2nd Three Rivers
T2
Beast Cultist 1
T1
Spriggan
Beast Cultist 2
Beast Cultist 3
Beast Cultist 4
Beast Cultist 5
Beast Cultist 6
Beast Cultist 7

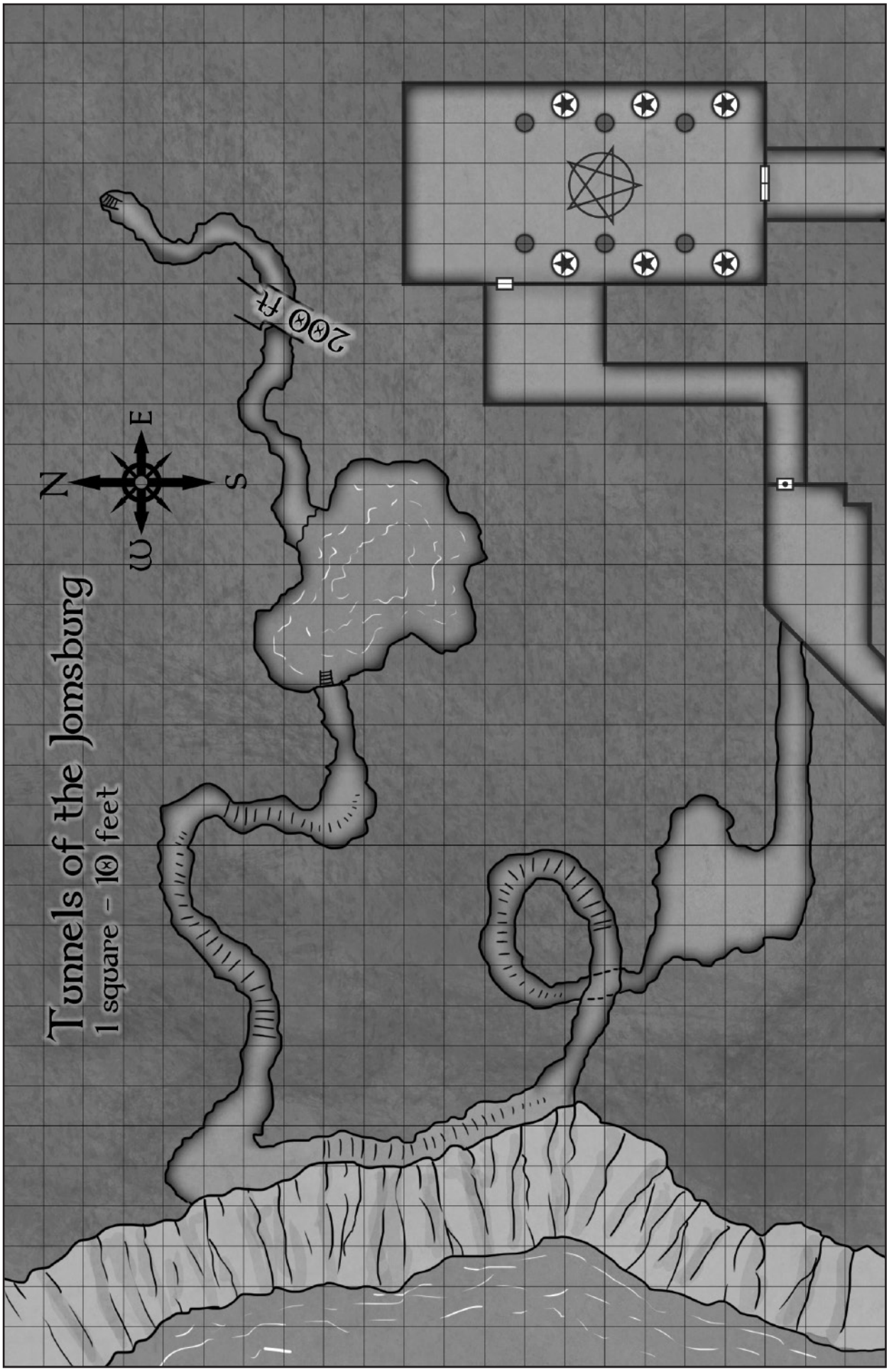

The Sea Trap
1 square = 5 feet
The Graenir
steering oar
G
Giant
Jomsviking Officer
N
W
E
S

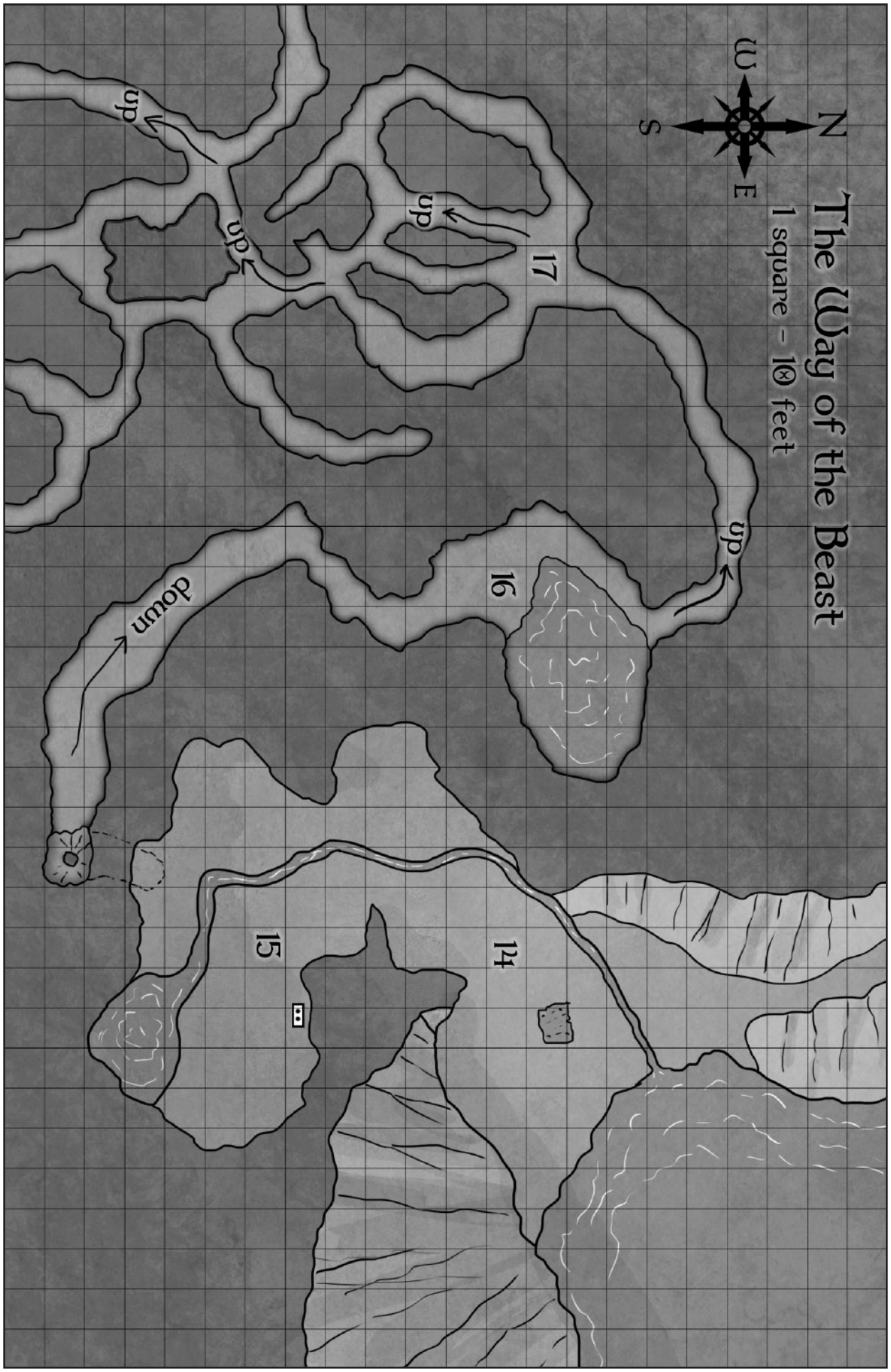

The Sea Trap
1 square = 5 feet
N
E
S
W
The Graenir
steering oar


Headland Cove
1 square = 10 feet
Secret Path
1
2
3
4
5
N
S
E
W

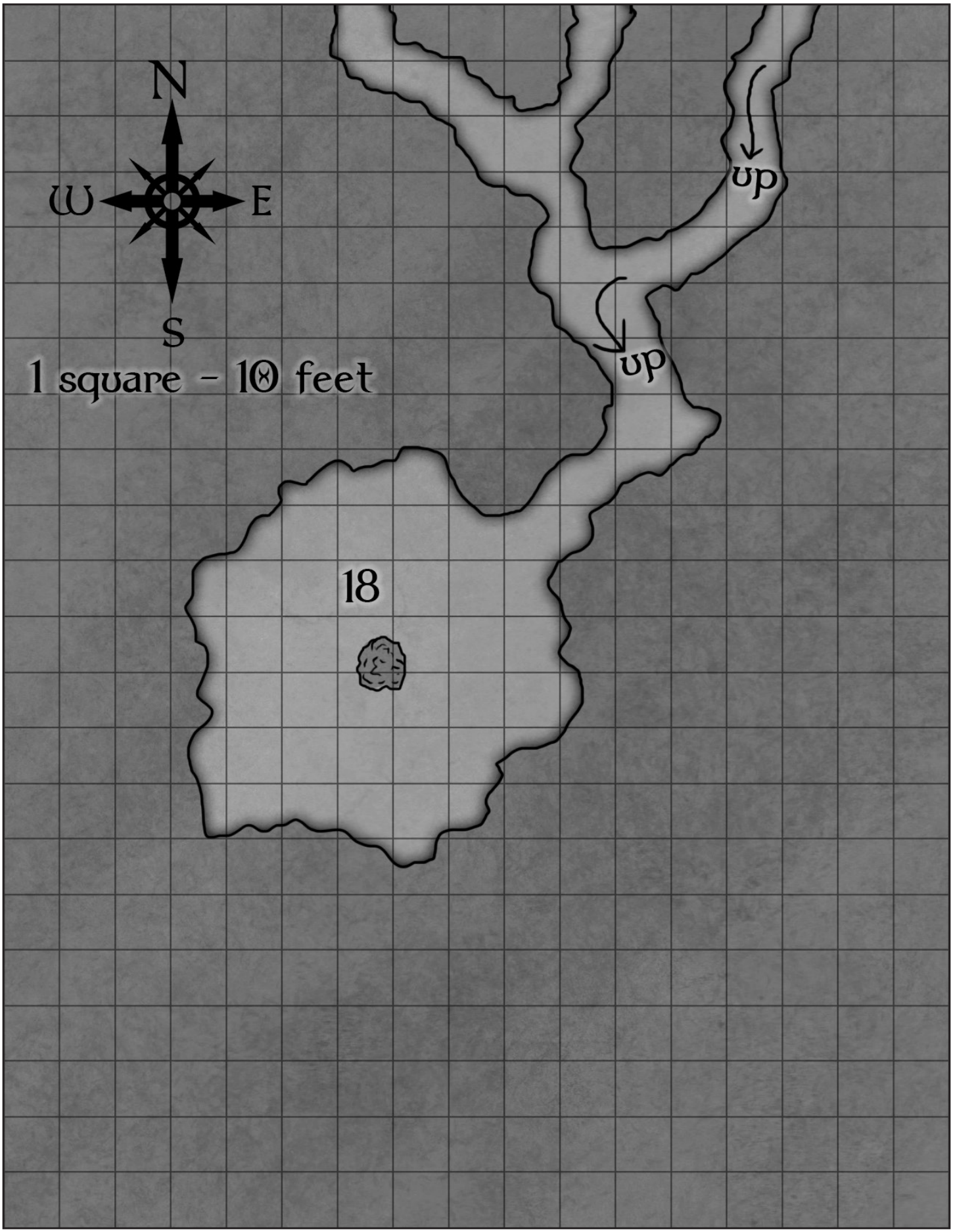

Headland Cove
1 square = 10 feet
Secret Path
N
E
S
W

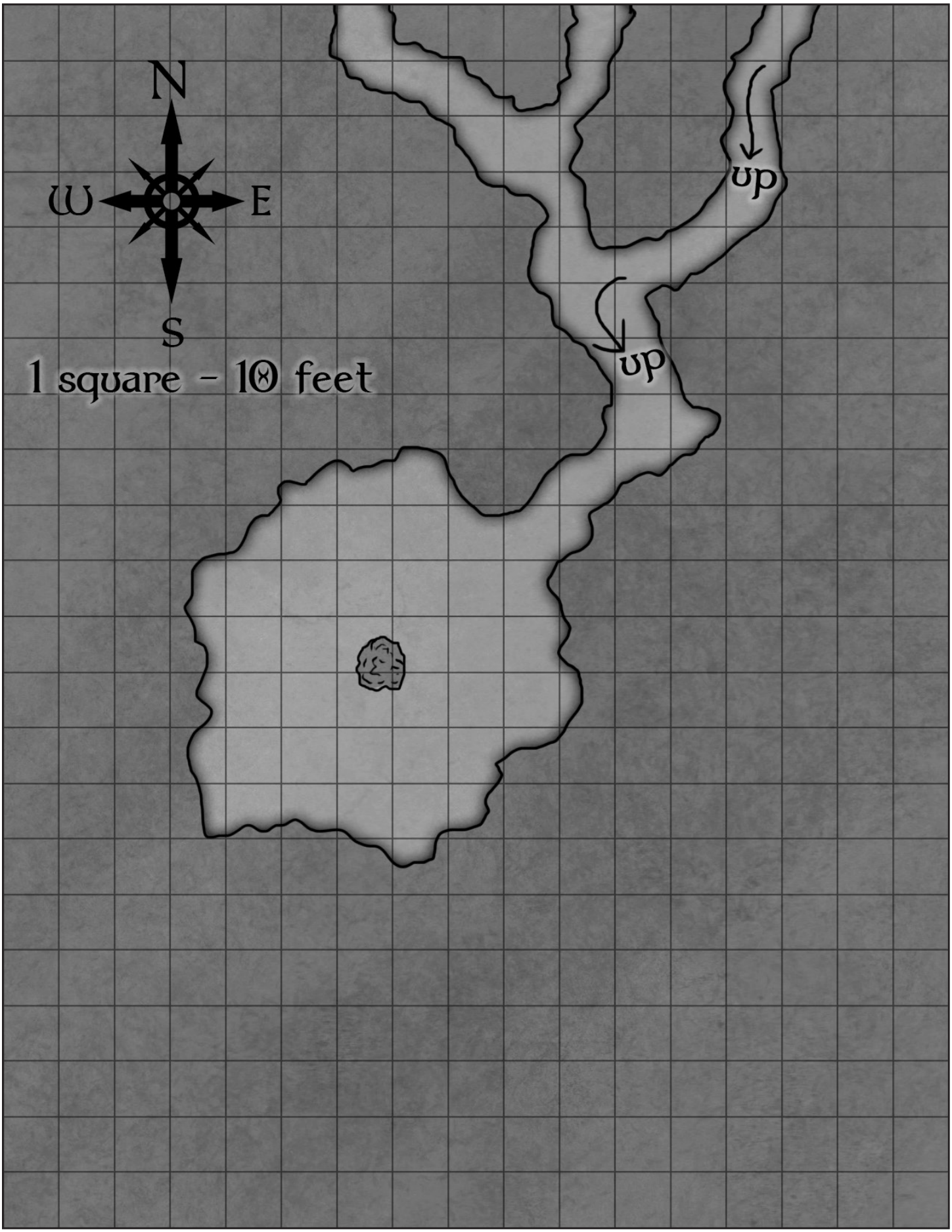

Tunnels of the Jomsburg
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
200 ft
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13

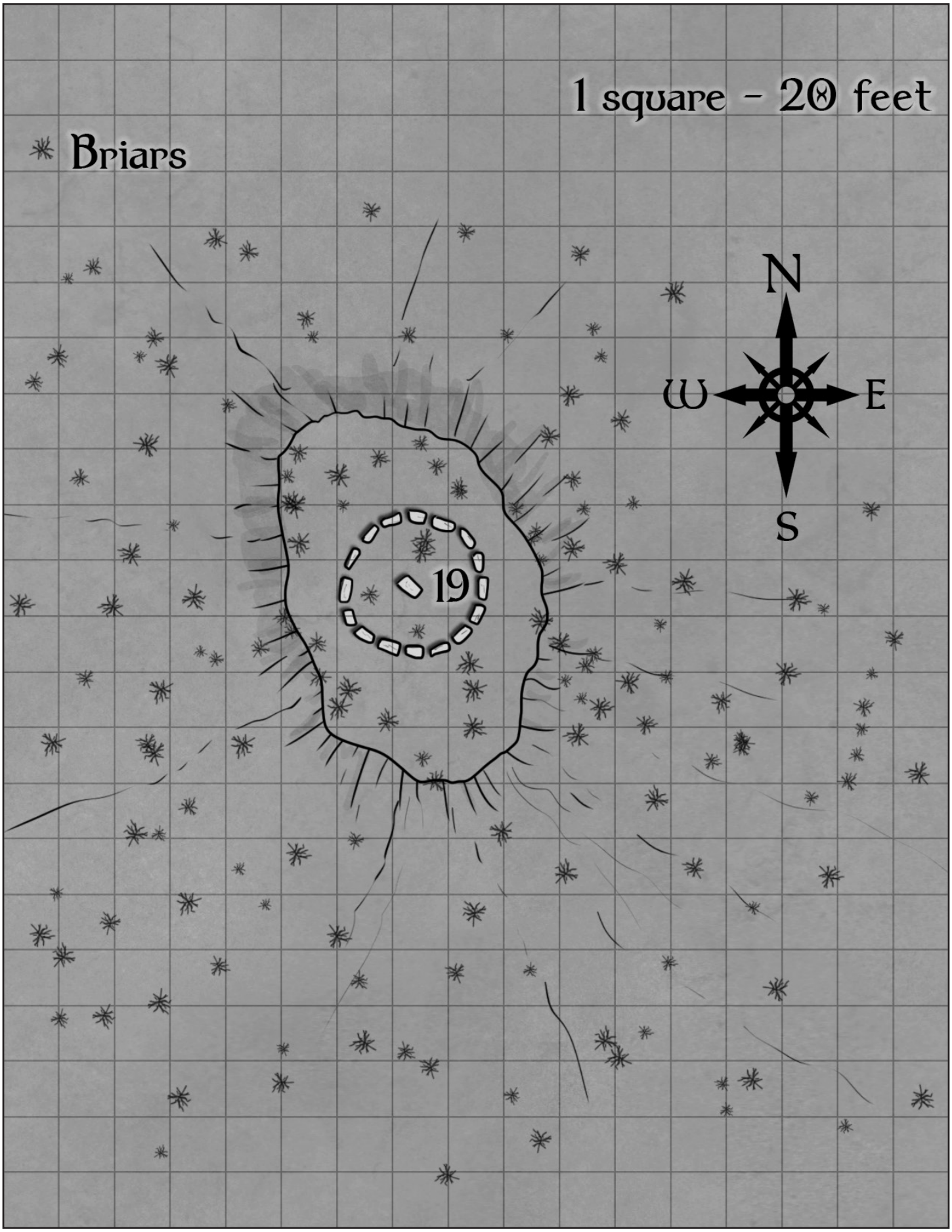

Tunnels of the Jomsburg
1 square = 10 feet
200 ft.
N
E
S
W

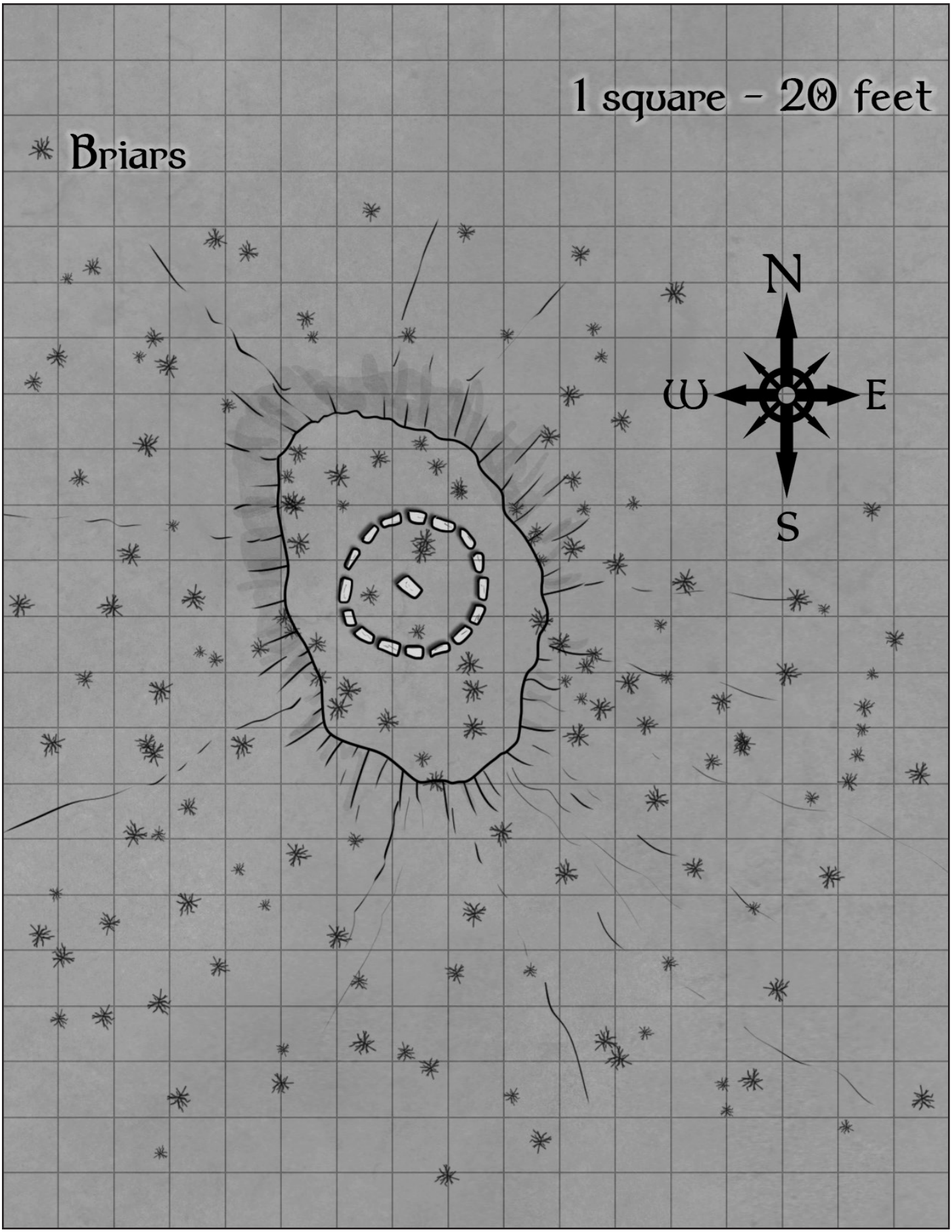

The Way of the Beast
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
up
up
up
up
down
17
16
15
14

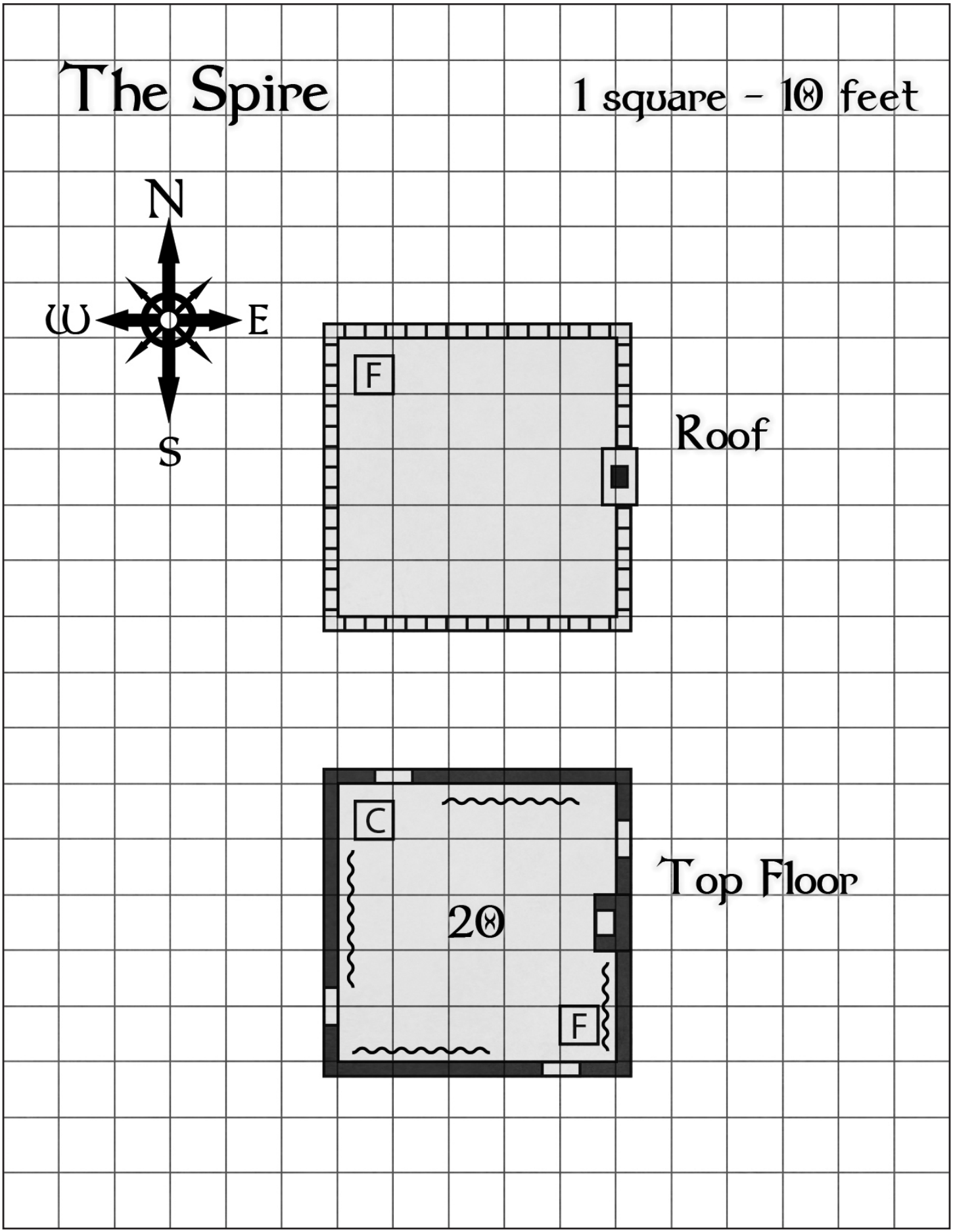

The Way of the Beast
1 square = 10 feet
N
E
S
W
up
down
up
up
up
up


N
W
E
S
1 square = 10 feet
up
up
18


N
W
E
S
1 square - 10 feet
up
up

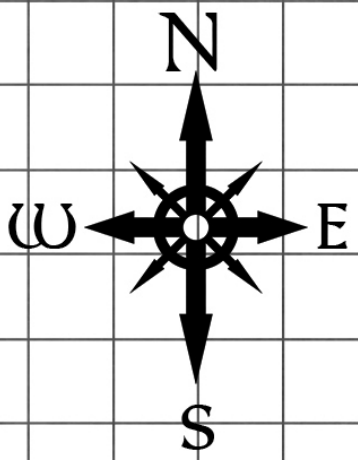

1 square - 20 feet
Briars
N
W
E
S
19

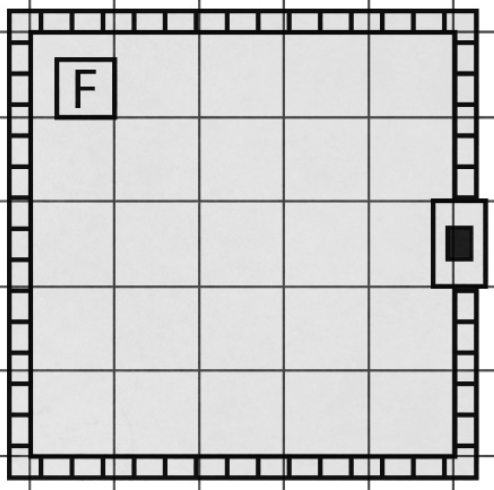

1 square - 20 feet
Briars
N
W
E
S


The Spire
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
F
Roof
C
20
F
Top Floor

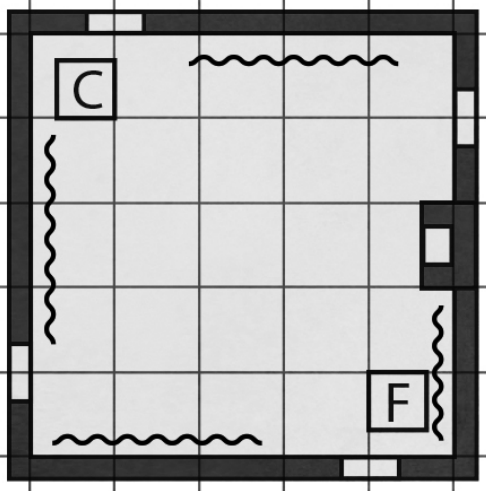
The Spire

1 square = 10 feet





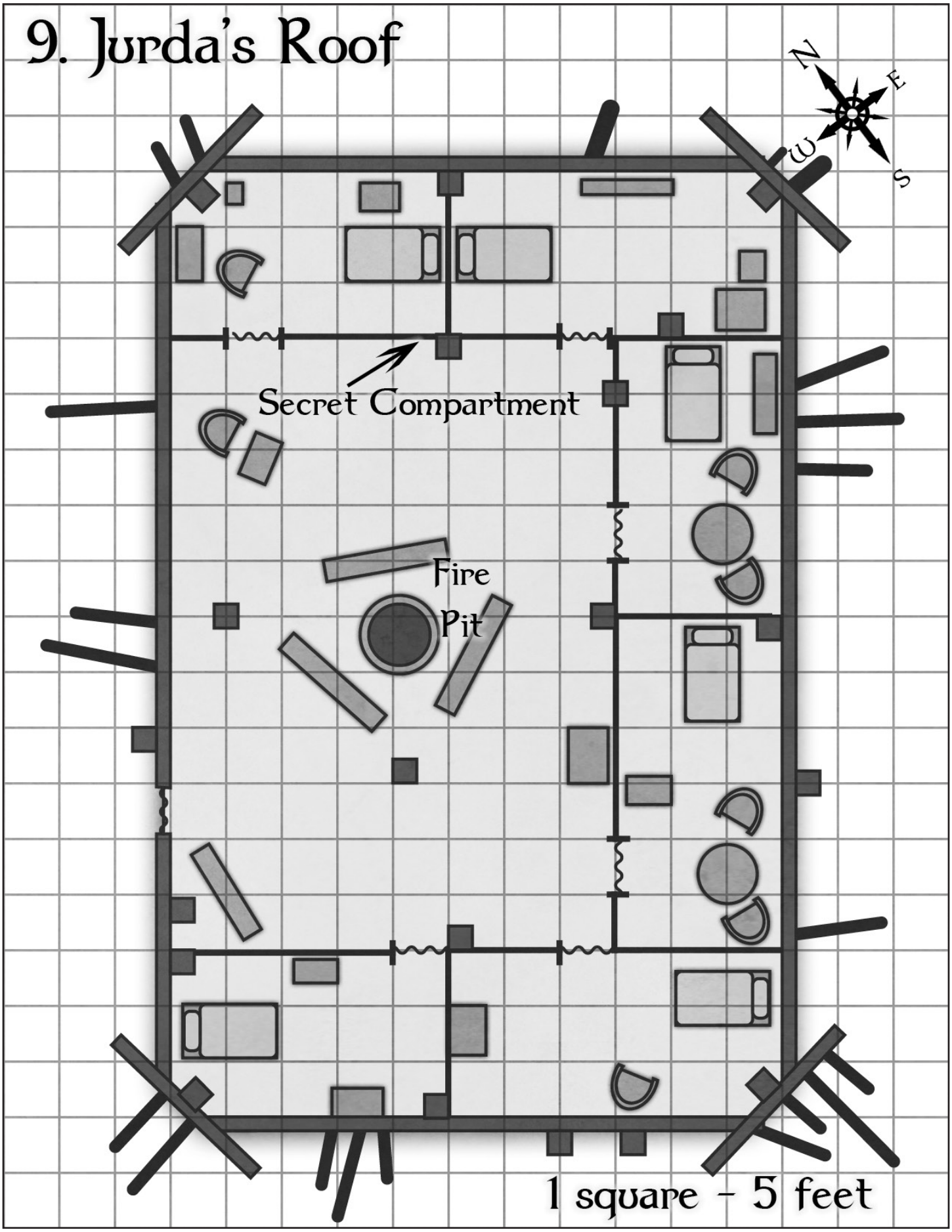
Roof

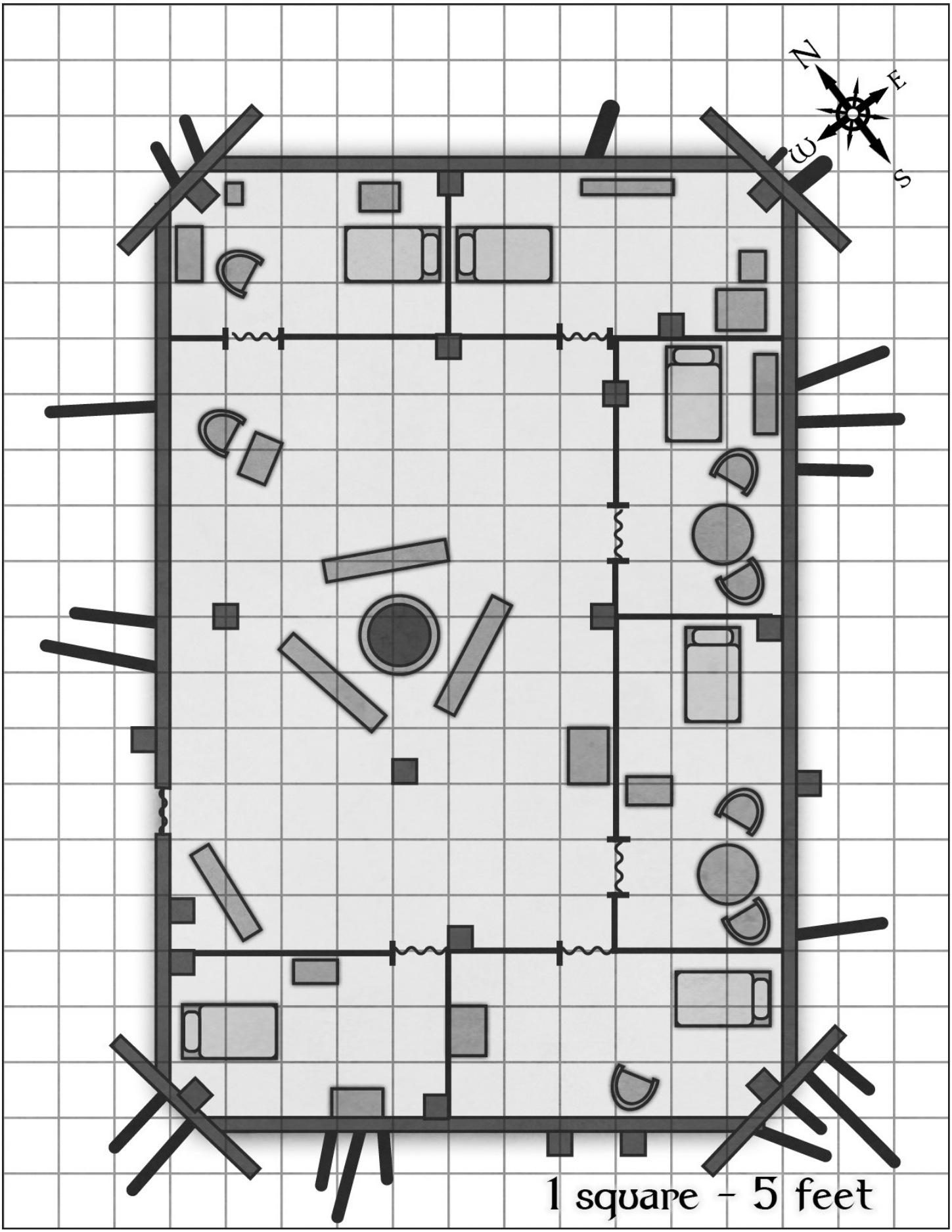


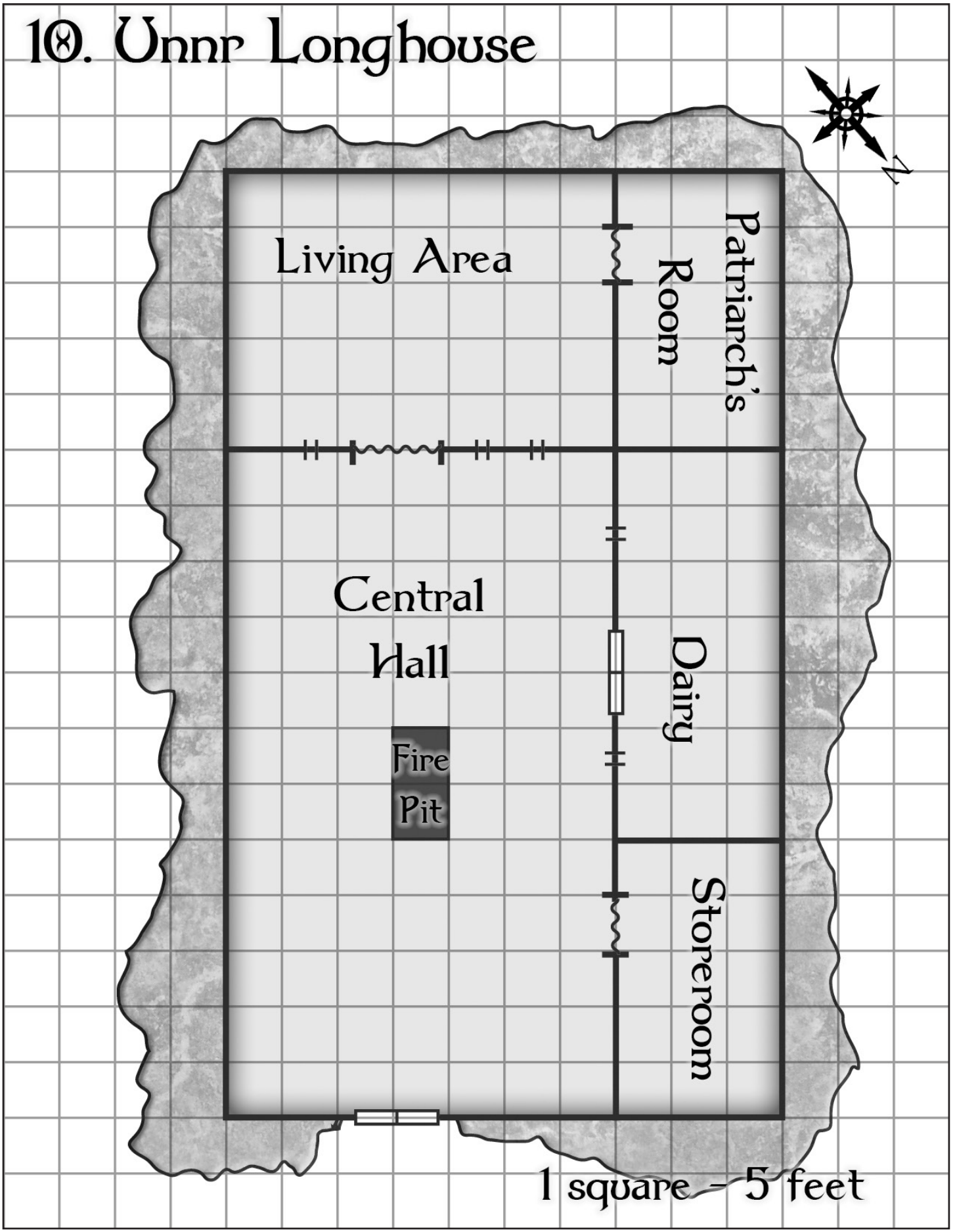
Top Floor

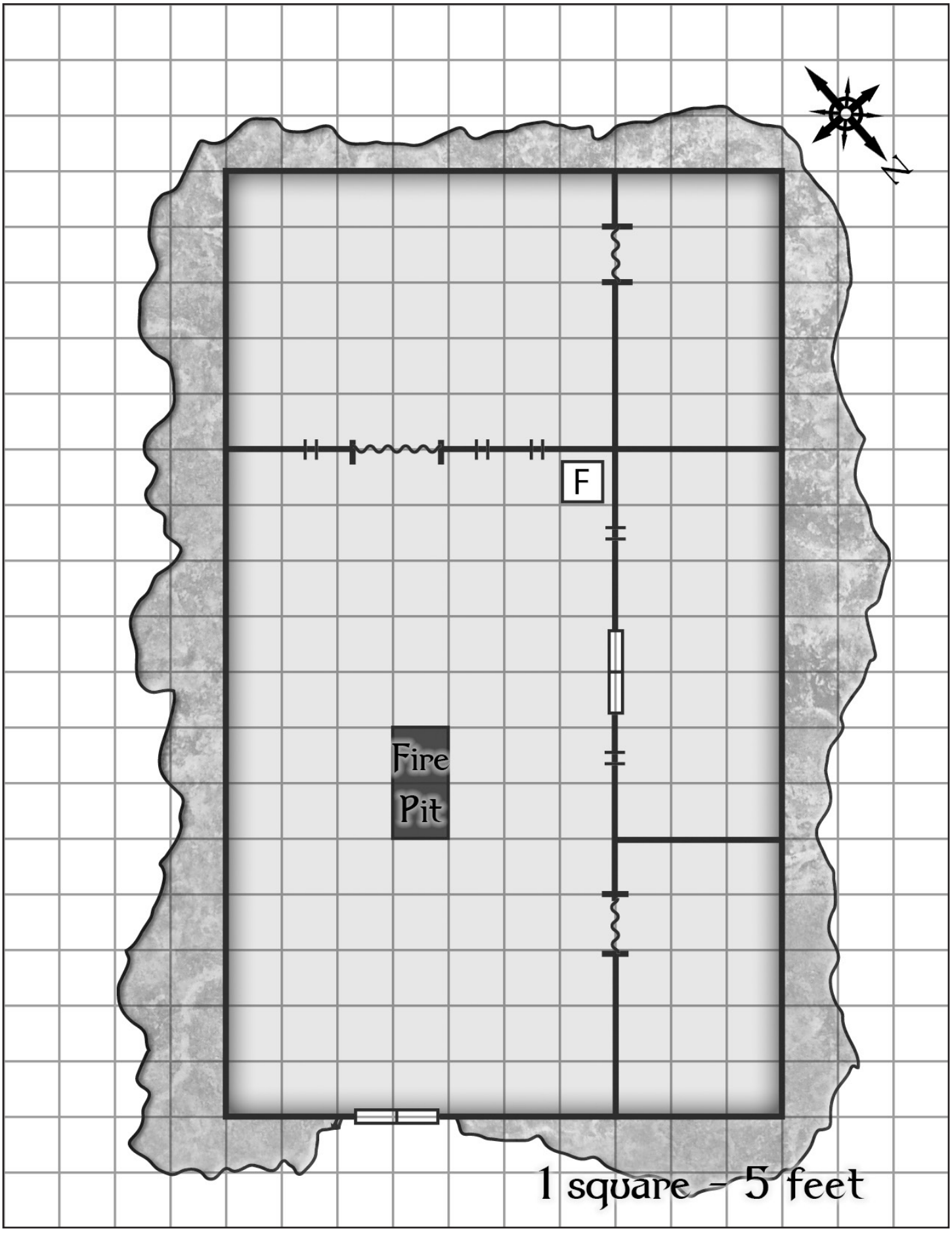

Trotheim
1 square = 60 feet
N
W
E
S
Kulding Bay
Wooden Palisade
River
Storm
River
Úme
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14

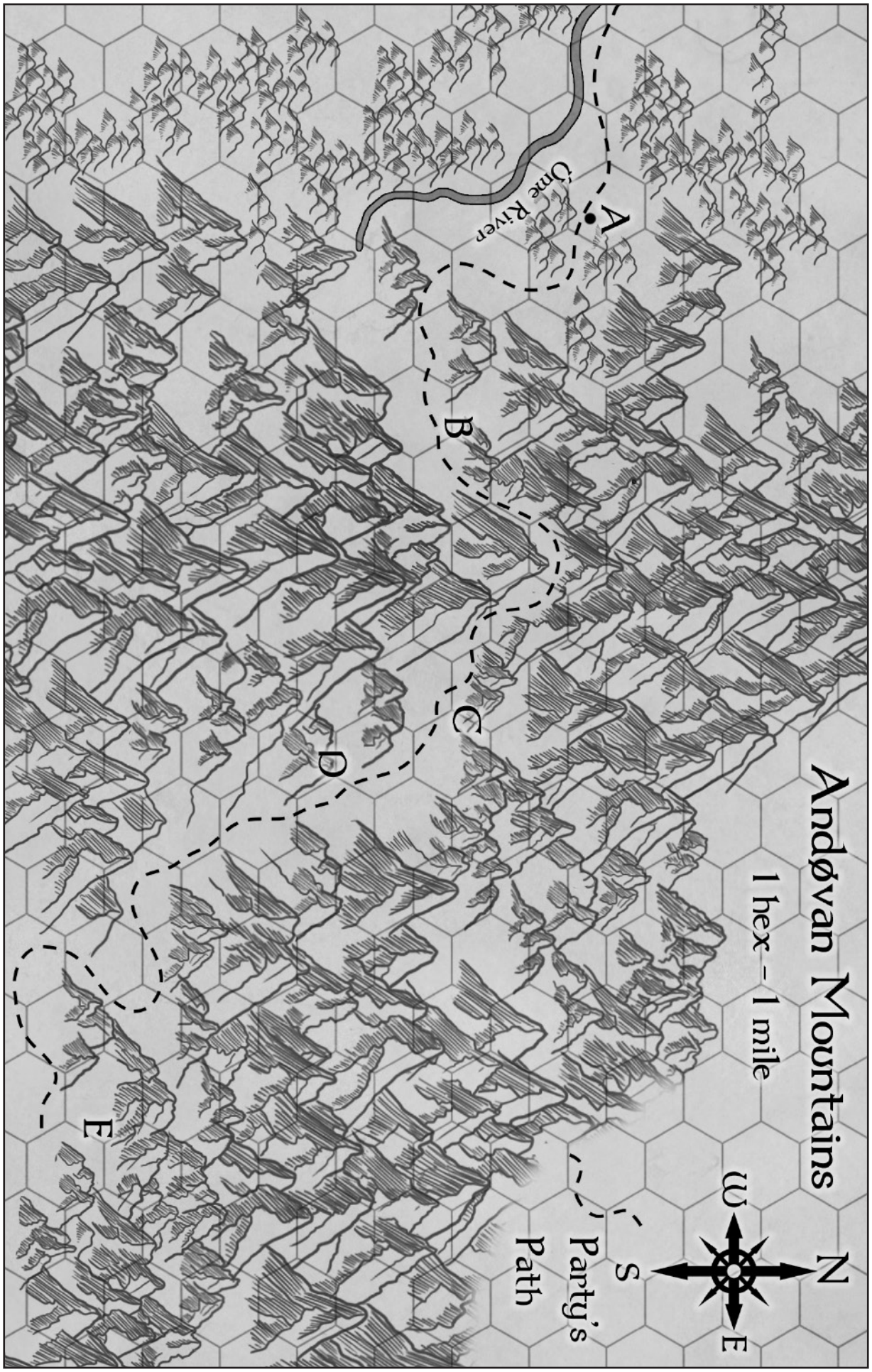

Trotheim
1 square = 60 feet
N
W
E
S
Kulding Bay
Wooden Palisade
River
Storm
River
Úme

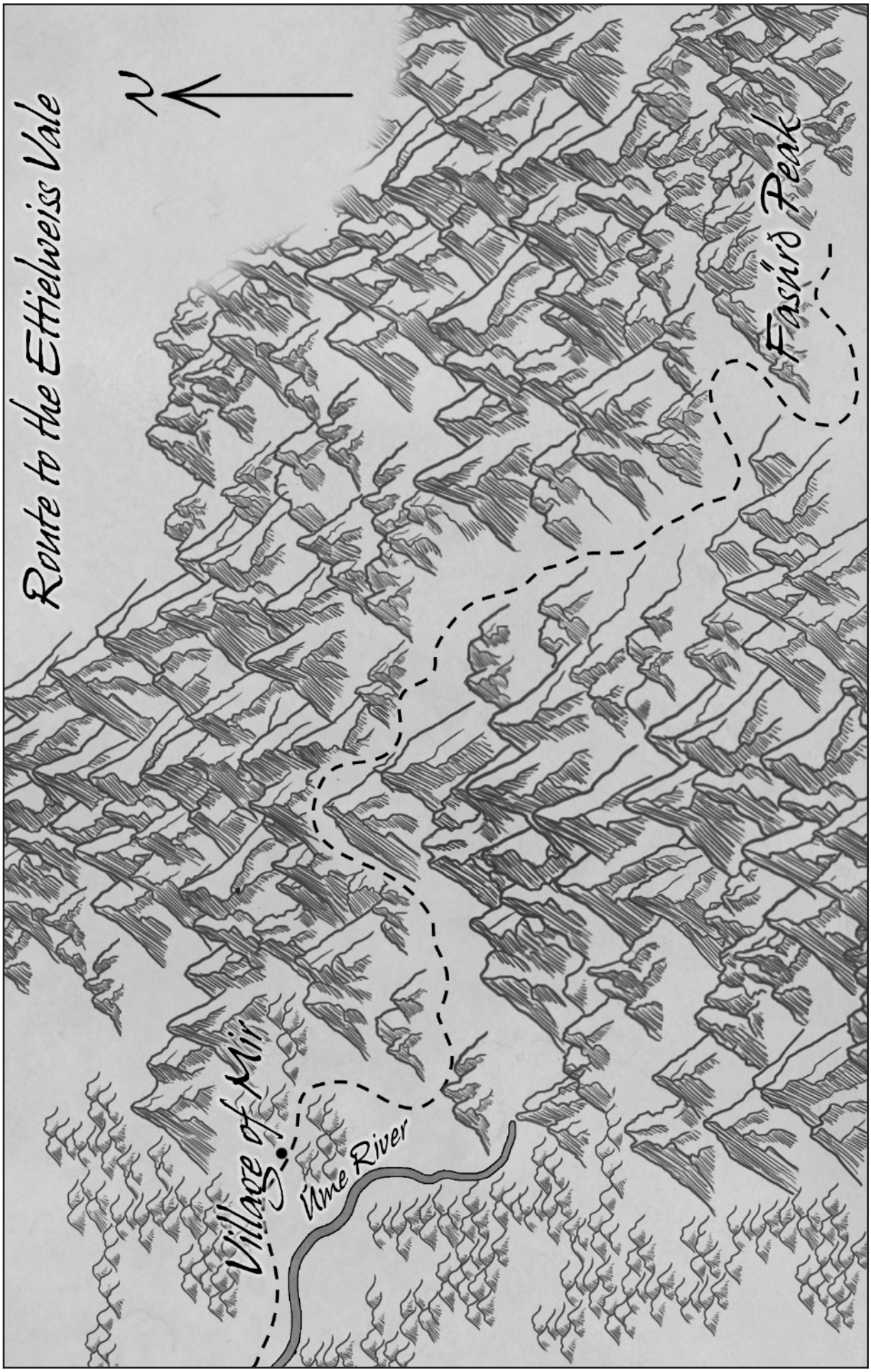

9. Jurda's Roof
N
E
W
S
Secret Compartment
Fire
Pit
1 square = 5 feet

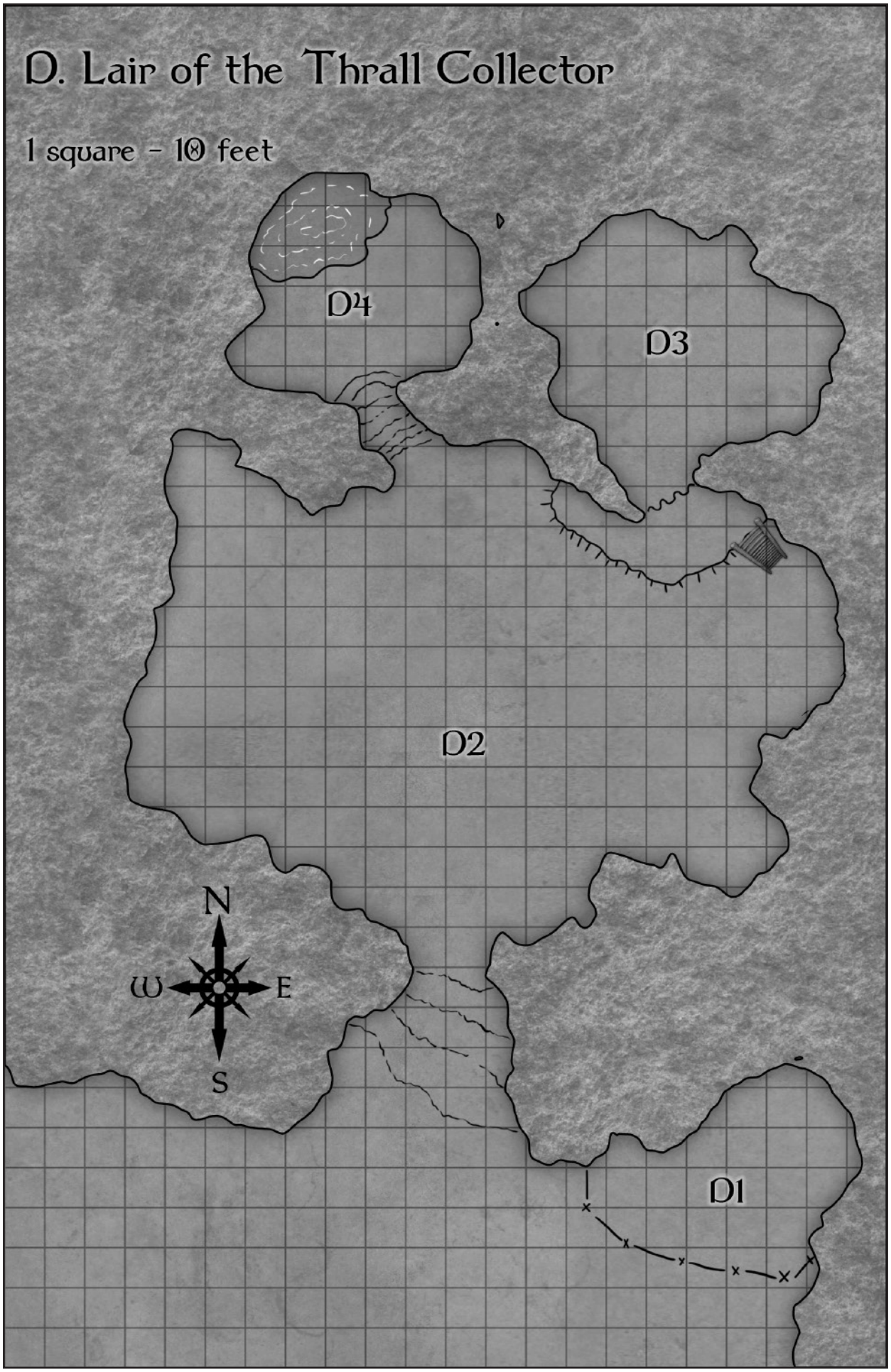

N
E
W
S
1 square = 5 feet

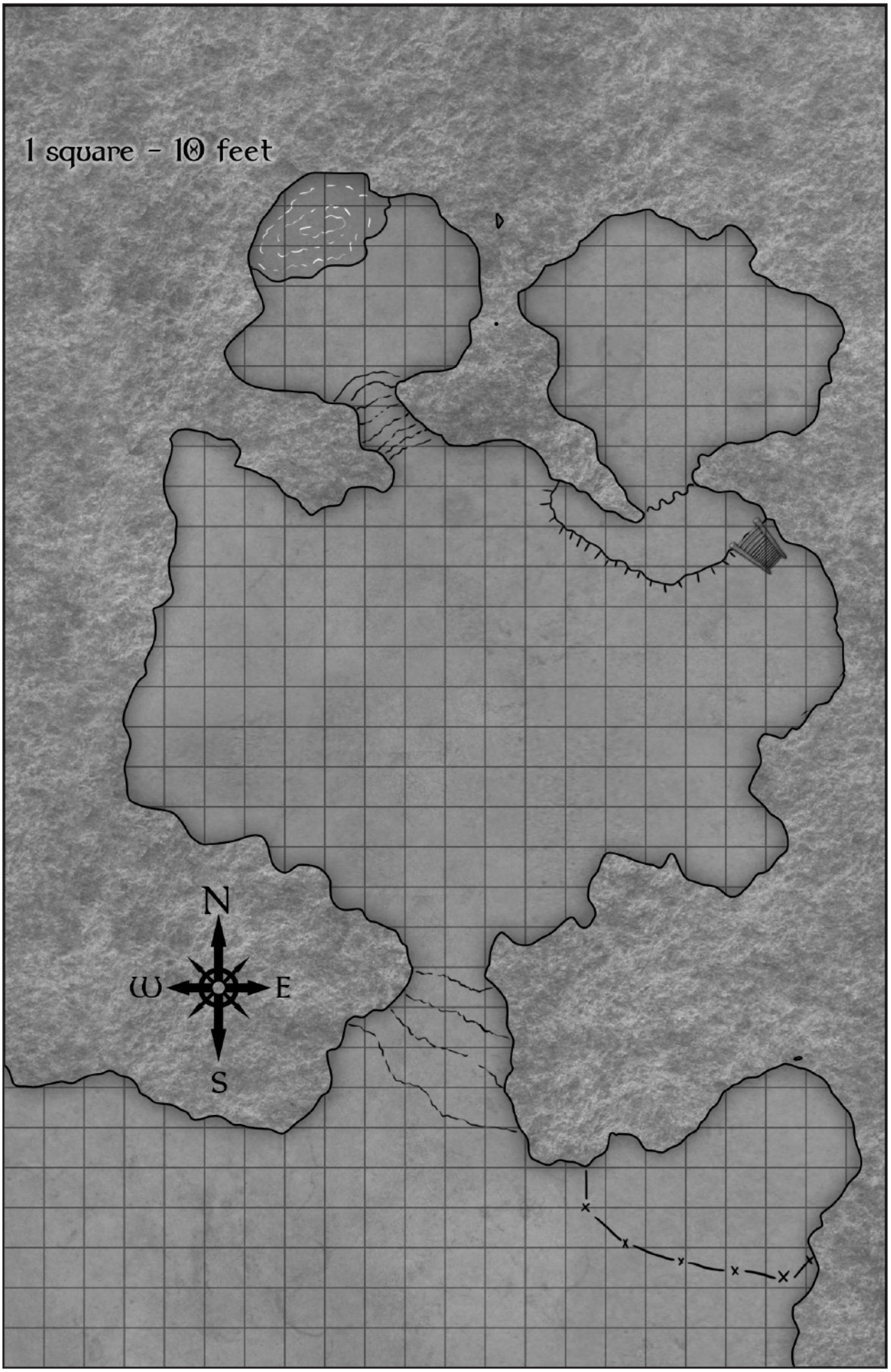

10. Unnr Longhouse
N
Living Area
Patriarch's Room
Central Hall
Fire Pit
Dairy
Storeroom
1 square = 5 feet

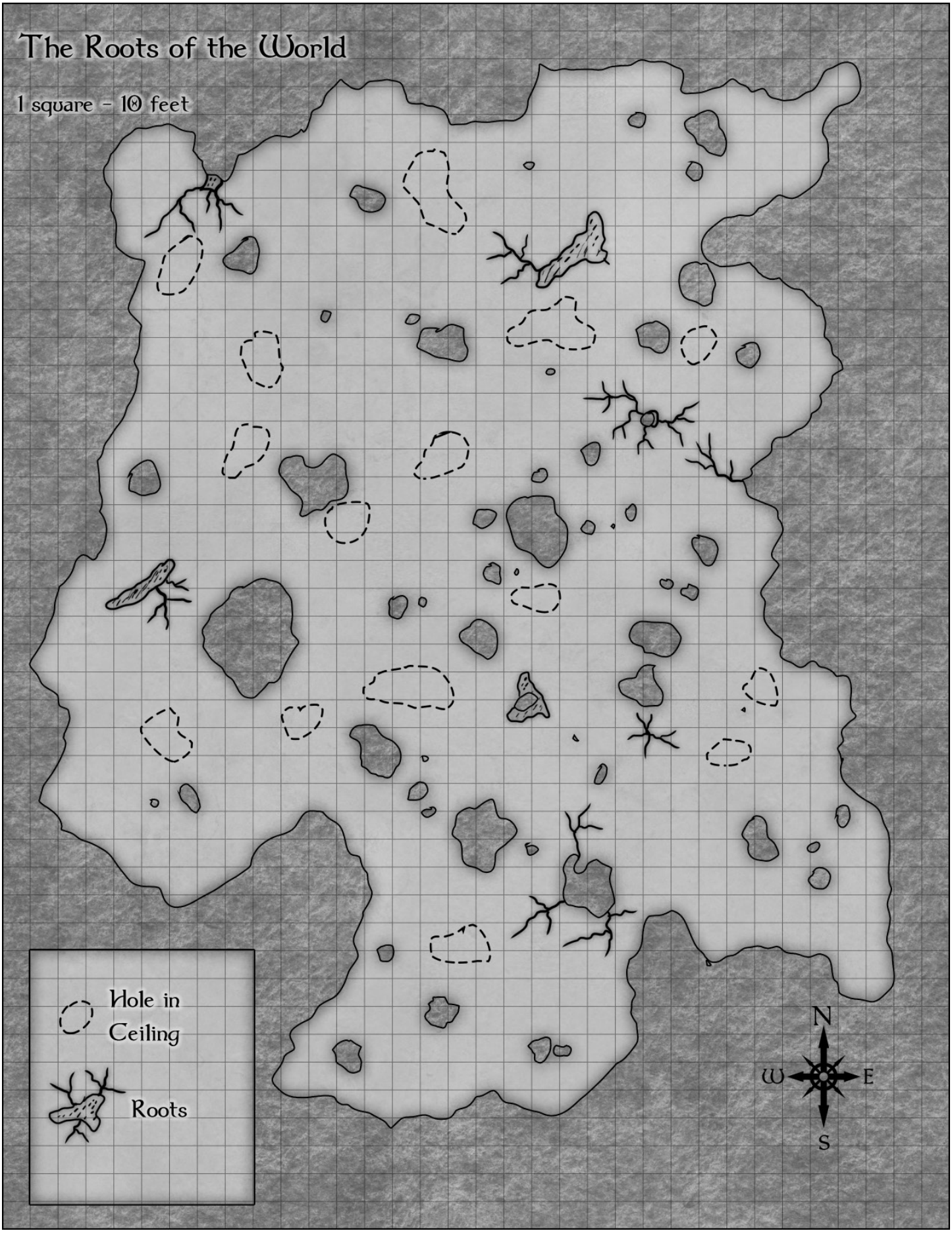

N
F
Fire
Pit
1 square = 5 feet

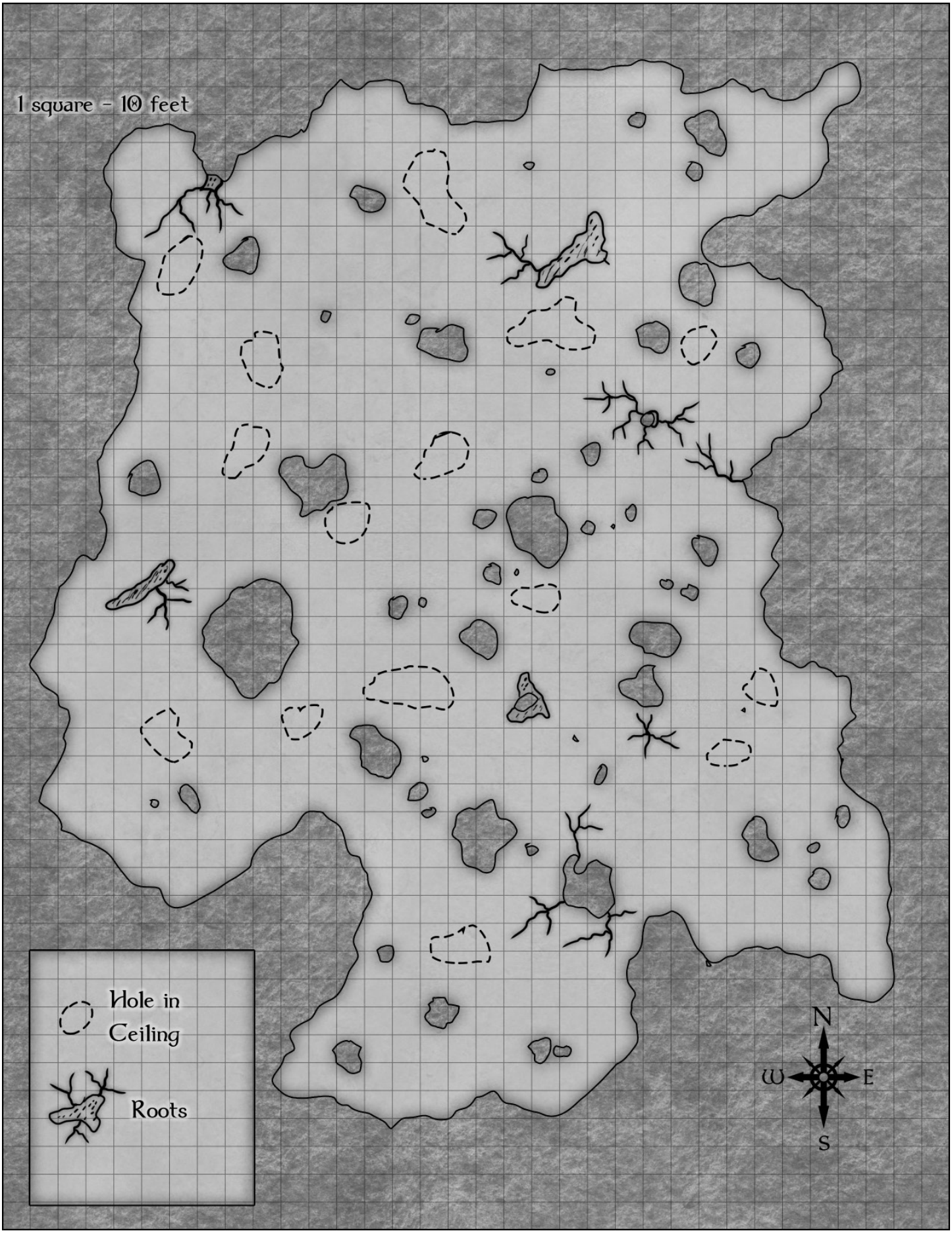

Andøvan Mountains
1 hex = 1 mile
N
W
E
S
Party's Path
A
B
C
D
E
Cine River

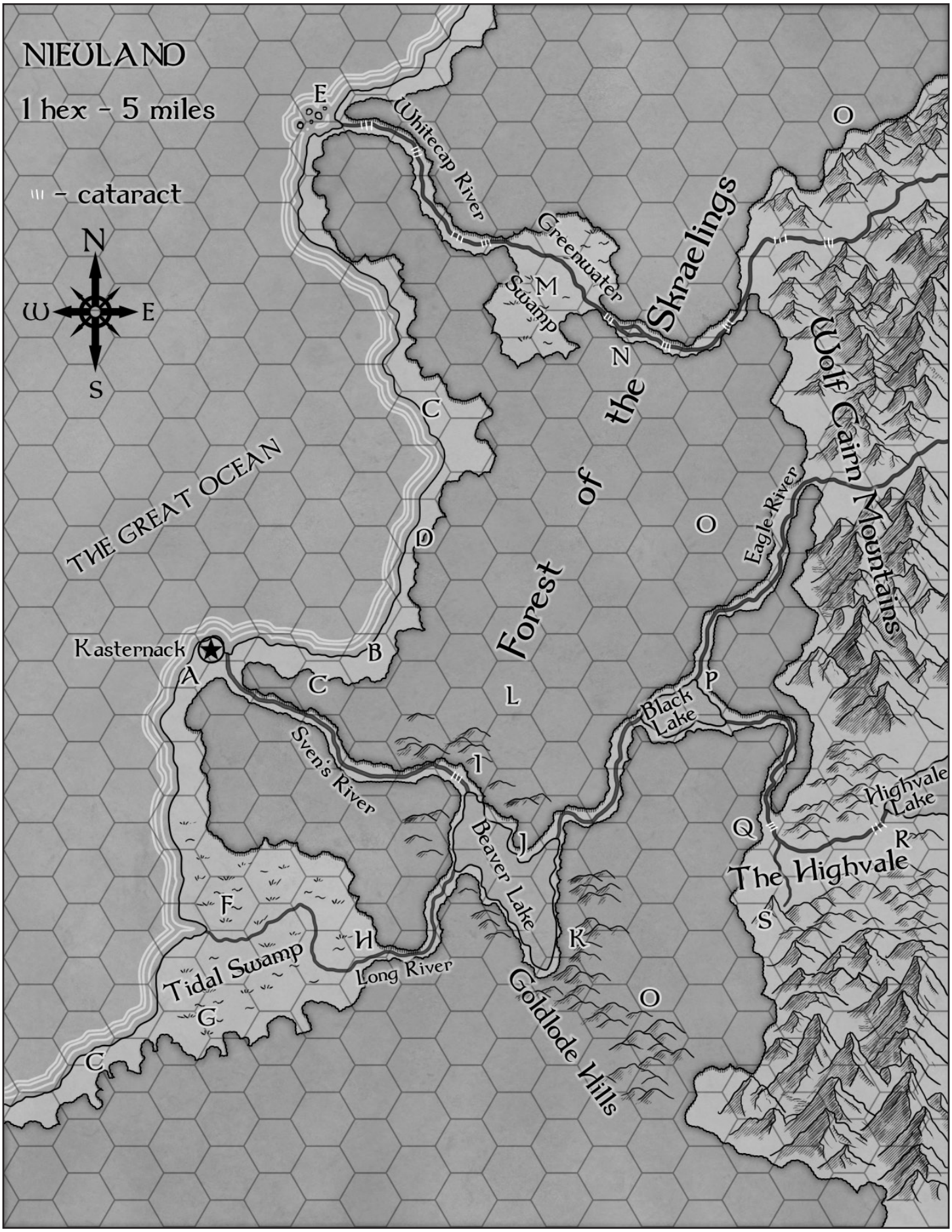

Route to the Ethelweiss Vale
N
Village of Mir
Vine River
Fasurd Peak

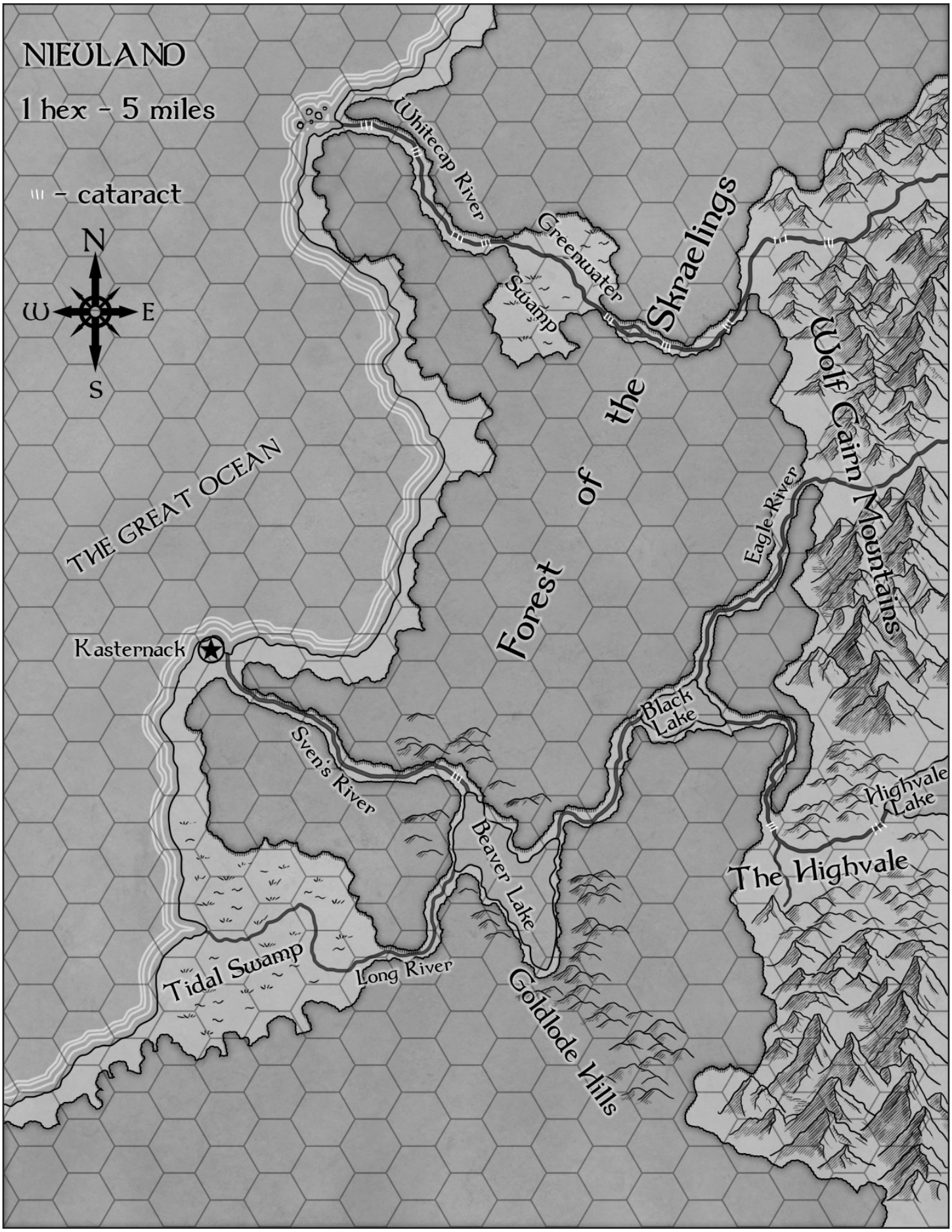

D. Lair of the Thrall Collector
1 square = 10 feet
D4
D3
D2
D1
N
W
E
S

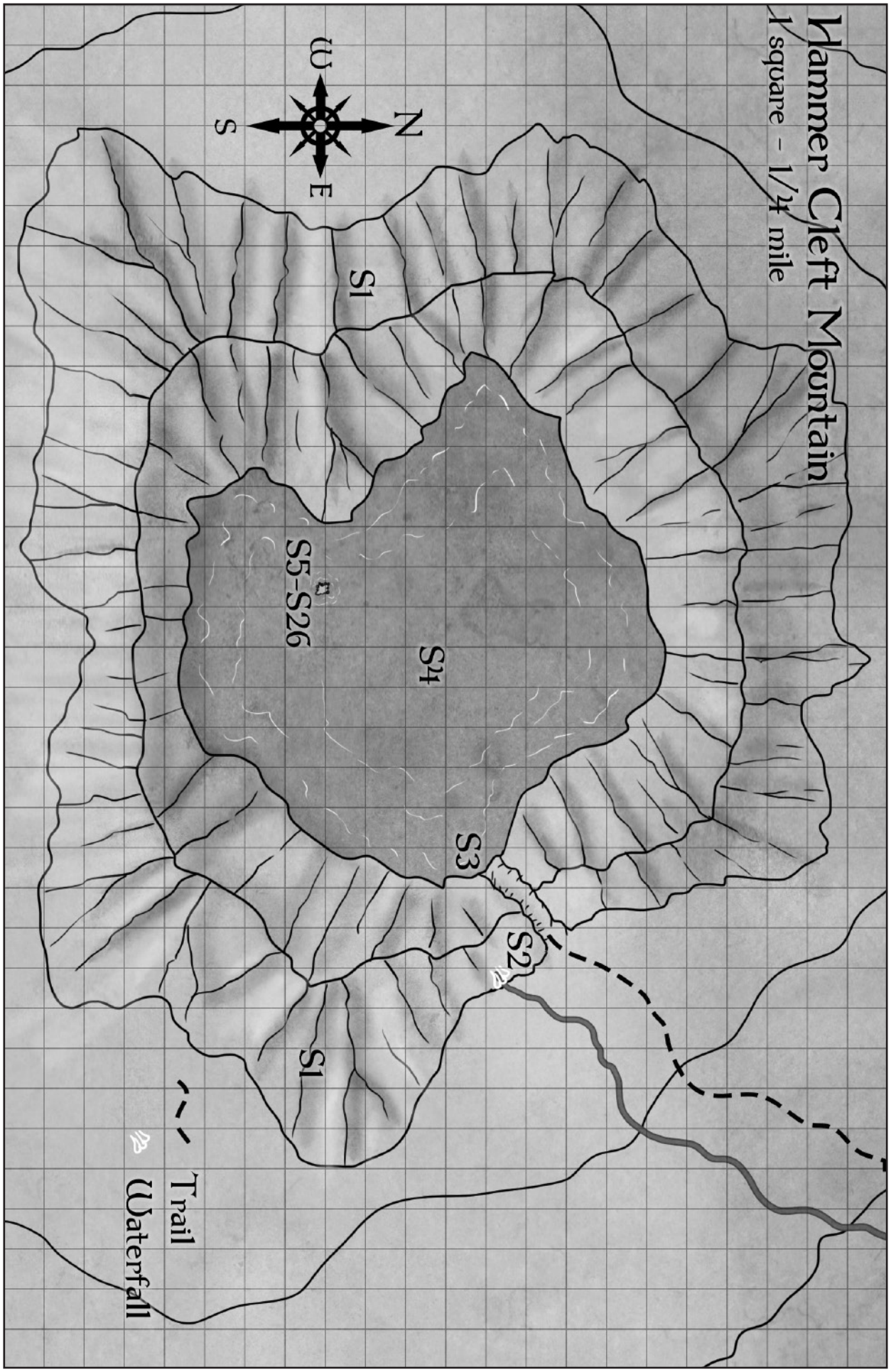

1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S

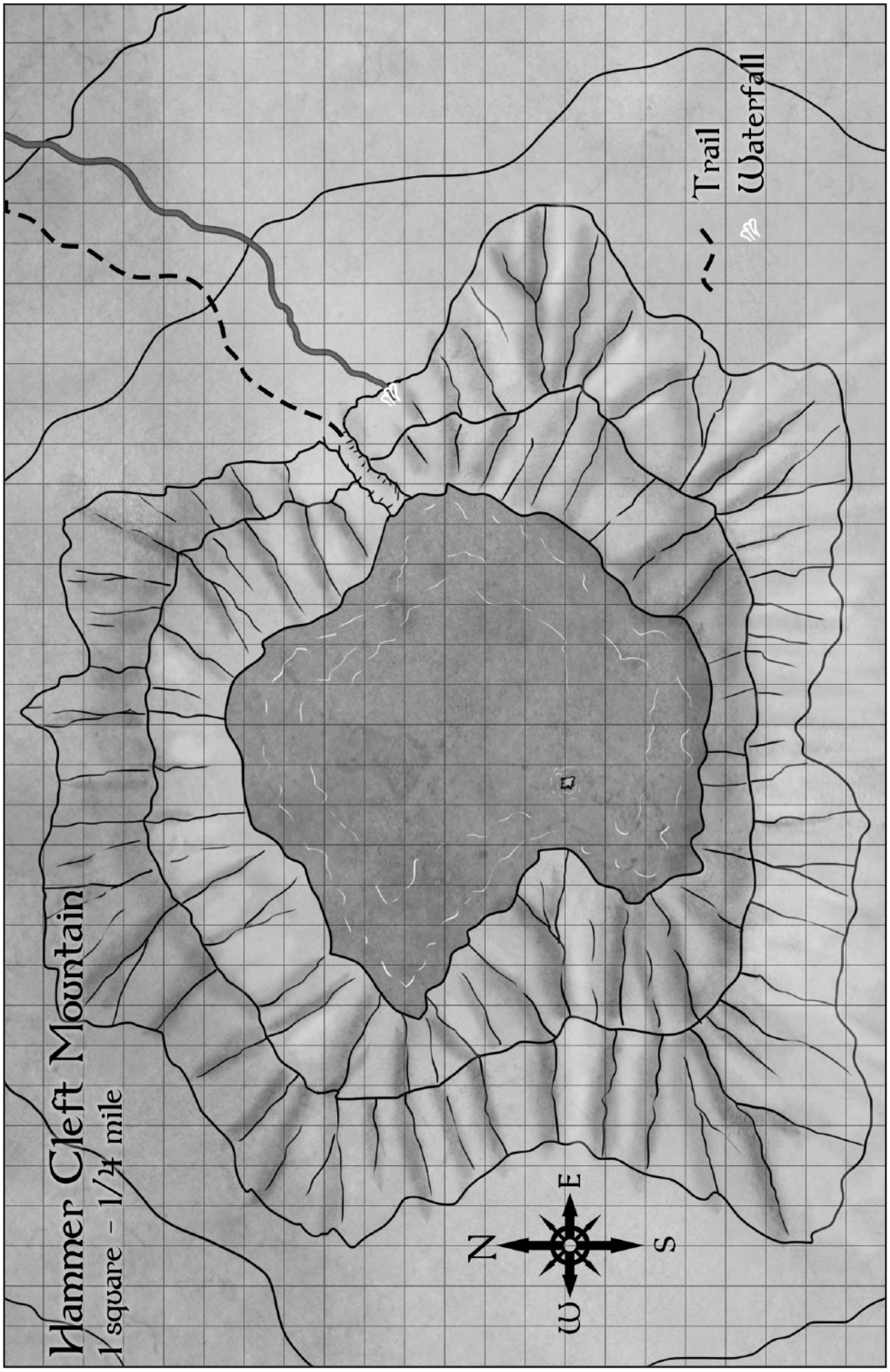

The Roots of the World
1 square = 10 feet
Hole in Ceiling
Roots
N
W
E
S


1 square = 10 feet
Hole in Ceiling
Roots
N
W
E
S


NIEULAND
1 hex - 5 miles
~ - cataract
N
W
E
S
THE GREAT OCEAN
Whitecap River
Greenwater
Swamp
Forest of the Skraelings
Wolf Cairn Mountains
Eagle River
Kasternack
Sven's River
Black Lake
Highvale Lake
The Highvale
Beaver Lake
Tidal Swamp
Long River
Goldlode Hills
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S

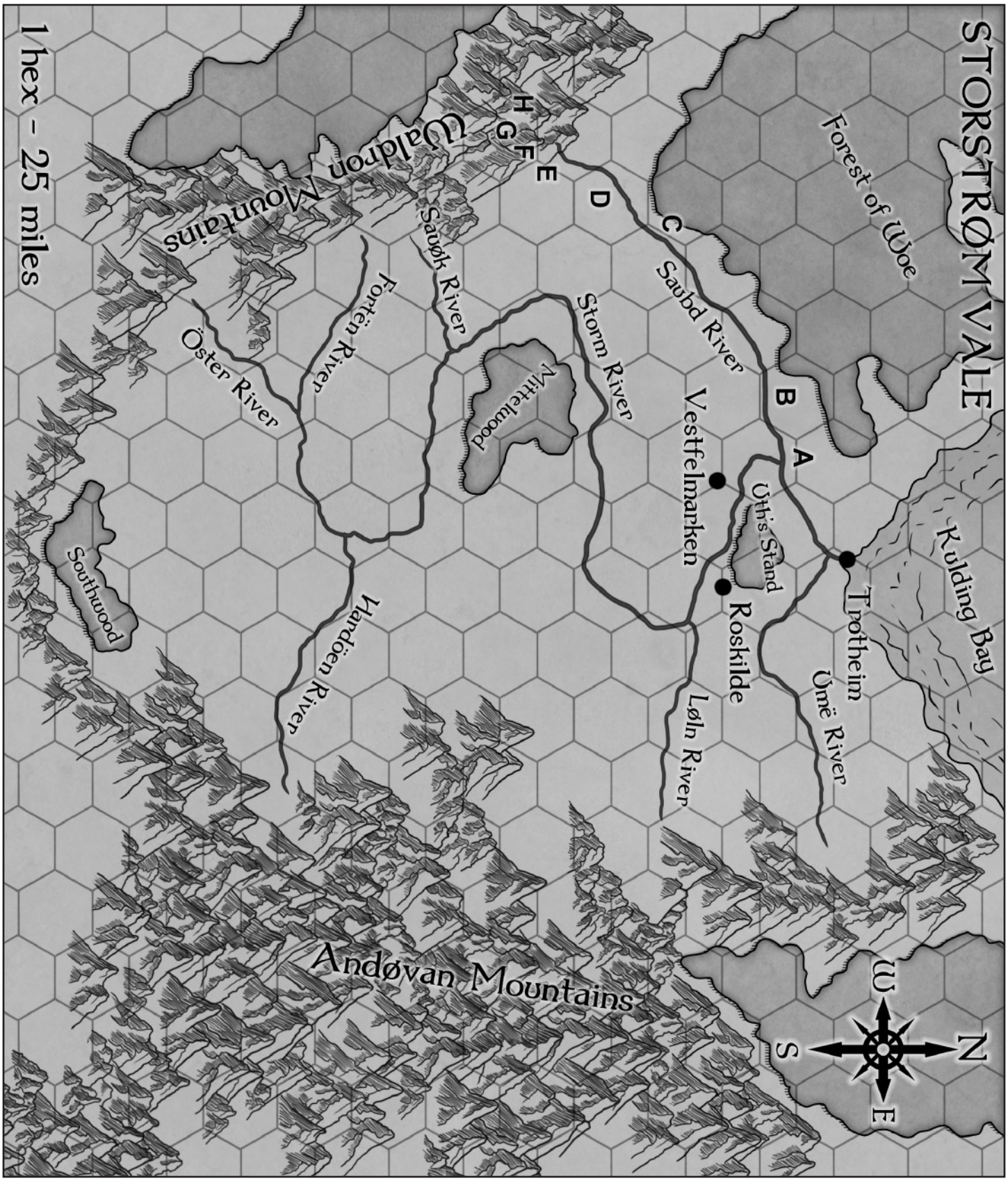

NIEULAND
1 hex - 5 miles
- cataract
N
W
E
S
Whitecap River
Greenwater
Swamp
Forest of the Skraelings
Wolf Cairn Mountains
Eagle River
THE GREAT OCEAN
Kasternack
Black Lake
Sven's River
Highvale Lake
Beaver Lake
The Highvale
Tidal Swamp
Long River
Goldlode Hills


Hammer Cleft Mountain
1 square = 1/4 mile
W
N
S
E
S1
S5-S26
S4
S3
S2
S1
Trail
Waterfall

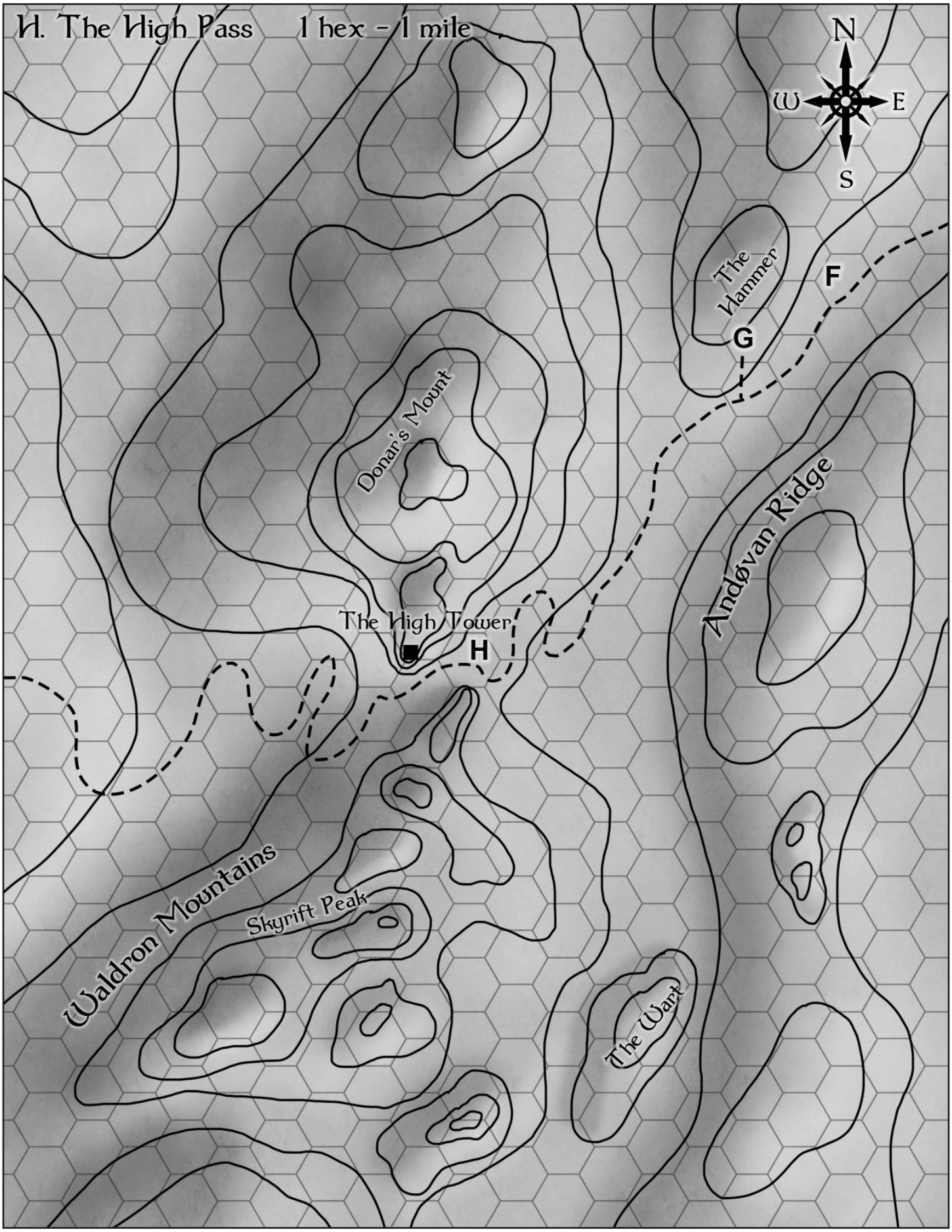

Hammer Cleft Mountain
1 square = 1/4 mile
Trail
Waterfall
N
E
S
W

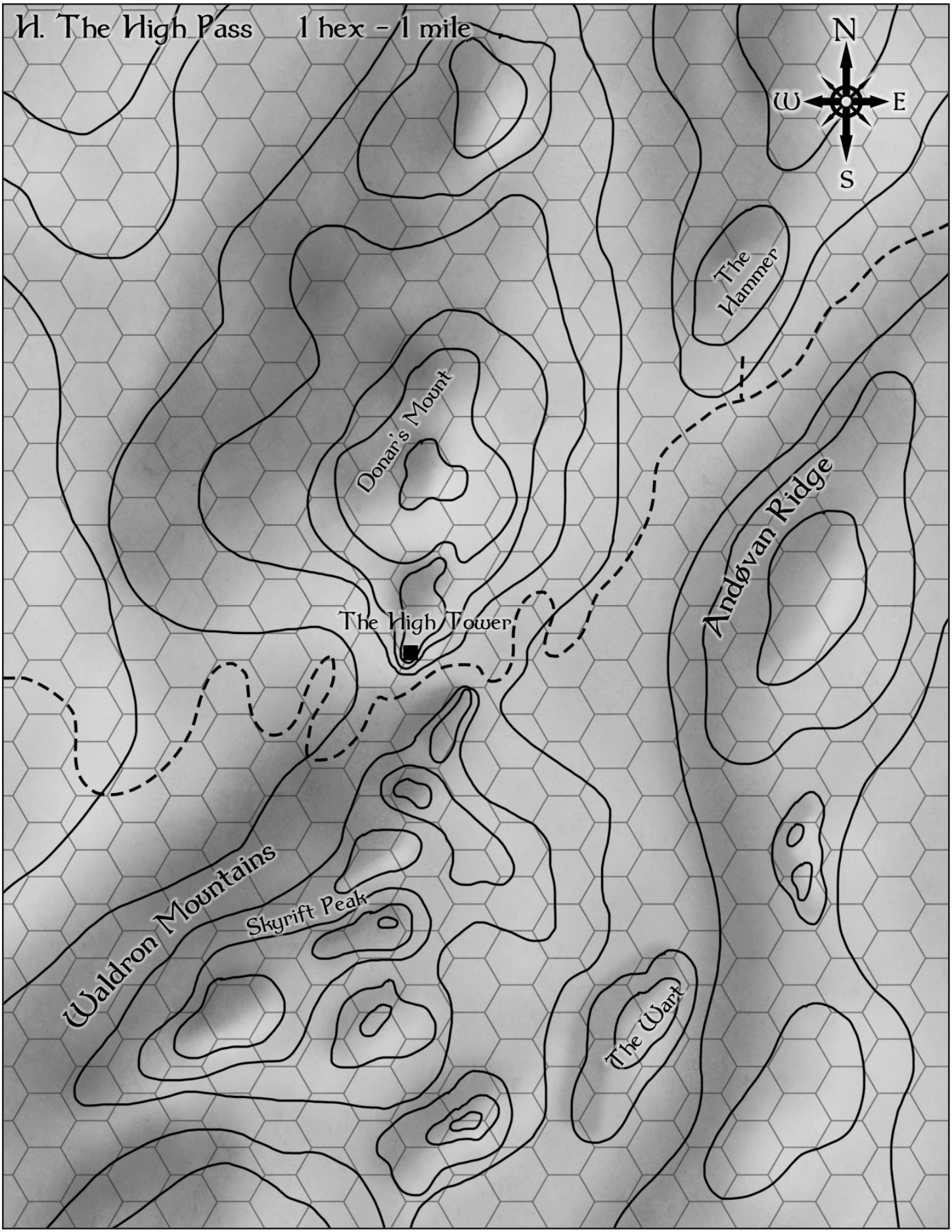

Smoking Lake Crannog
1 square = 10 feet
S18
S17
S16
S6
S15
S19
S14
S5
S24
S13
S25
S26
S23
S6
S21
S22
S20
S7
S11
S8
S12
S10
S9
N
W
E
S

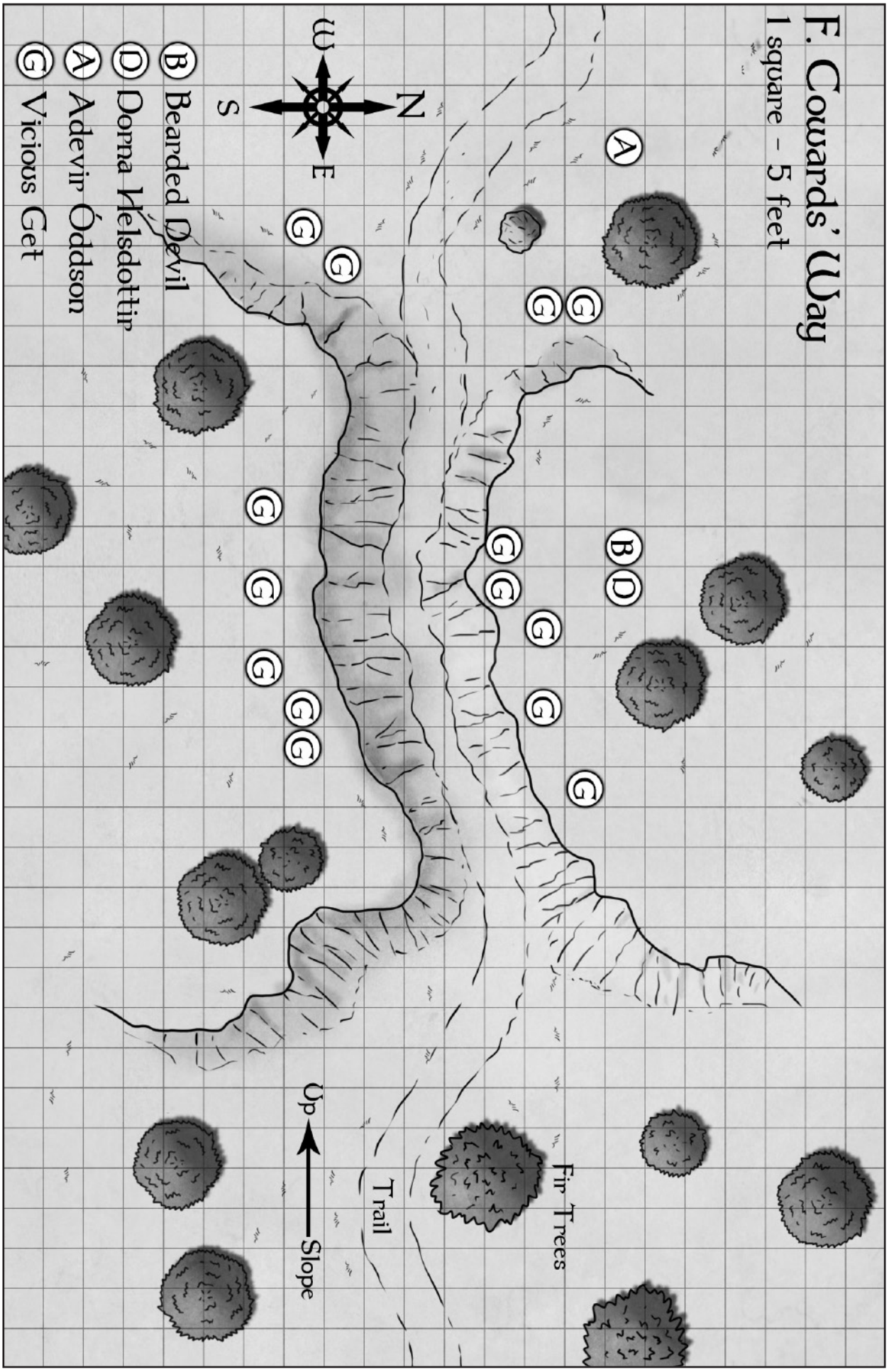

Smoking Lake Crannog
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S

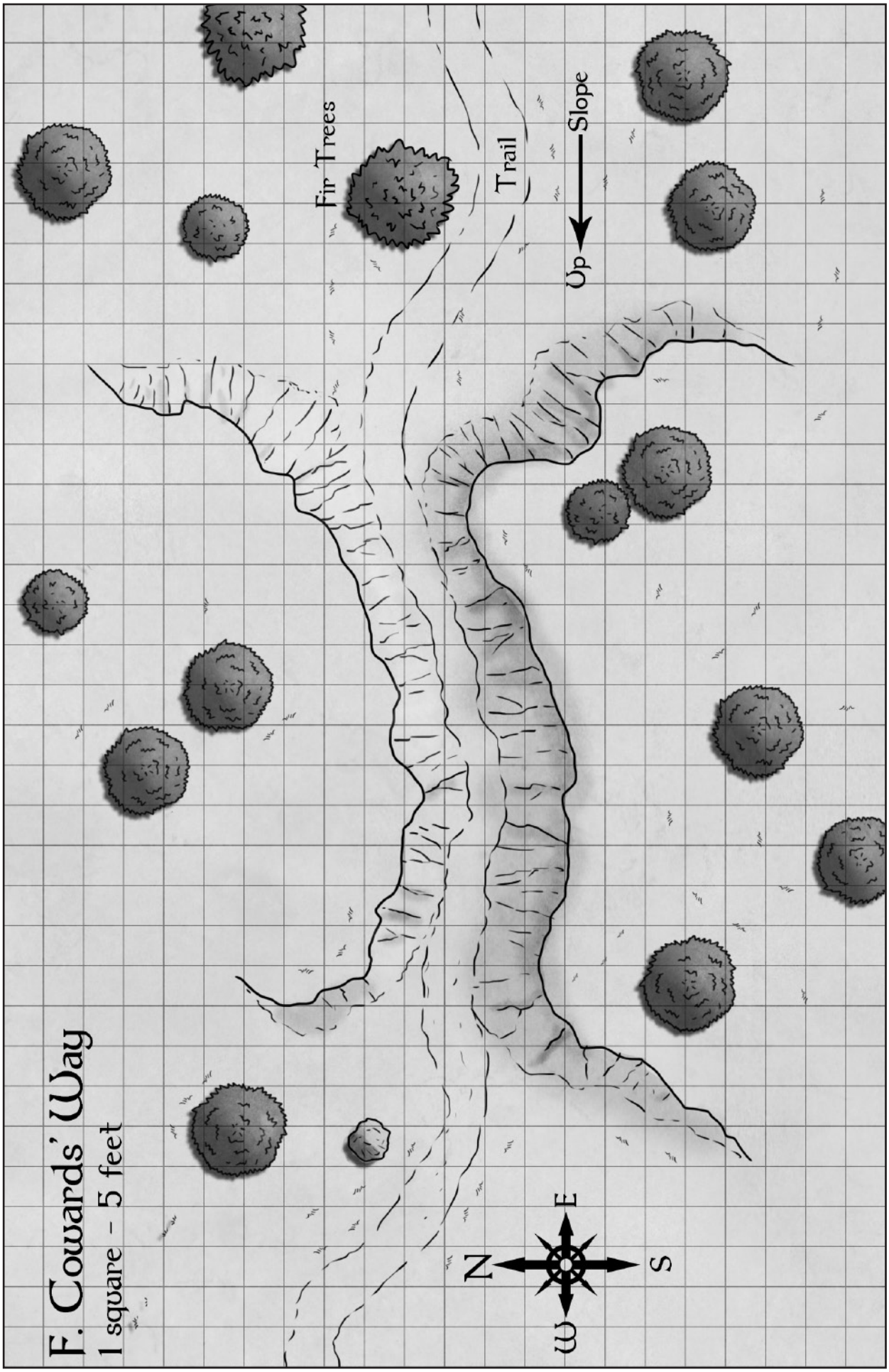

STORSTRØMVALE
Forest of Woe
Kulding Bay
Trotheim
Umë River
Uthis Stand
Roskilde
Løln River
Vestfelmarken
Saubd River
Storm River
Mittelwood
Saupk River
Fortün River
Öster River
Southwood
Harpdean River
Andøvan Mountains
Valdron Mountains
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
N
E
S
W
1 hex = 25 miles

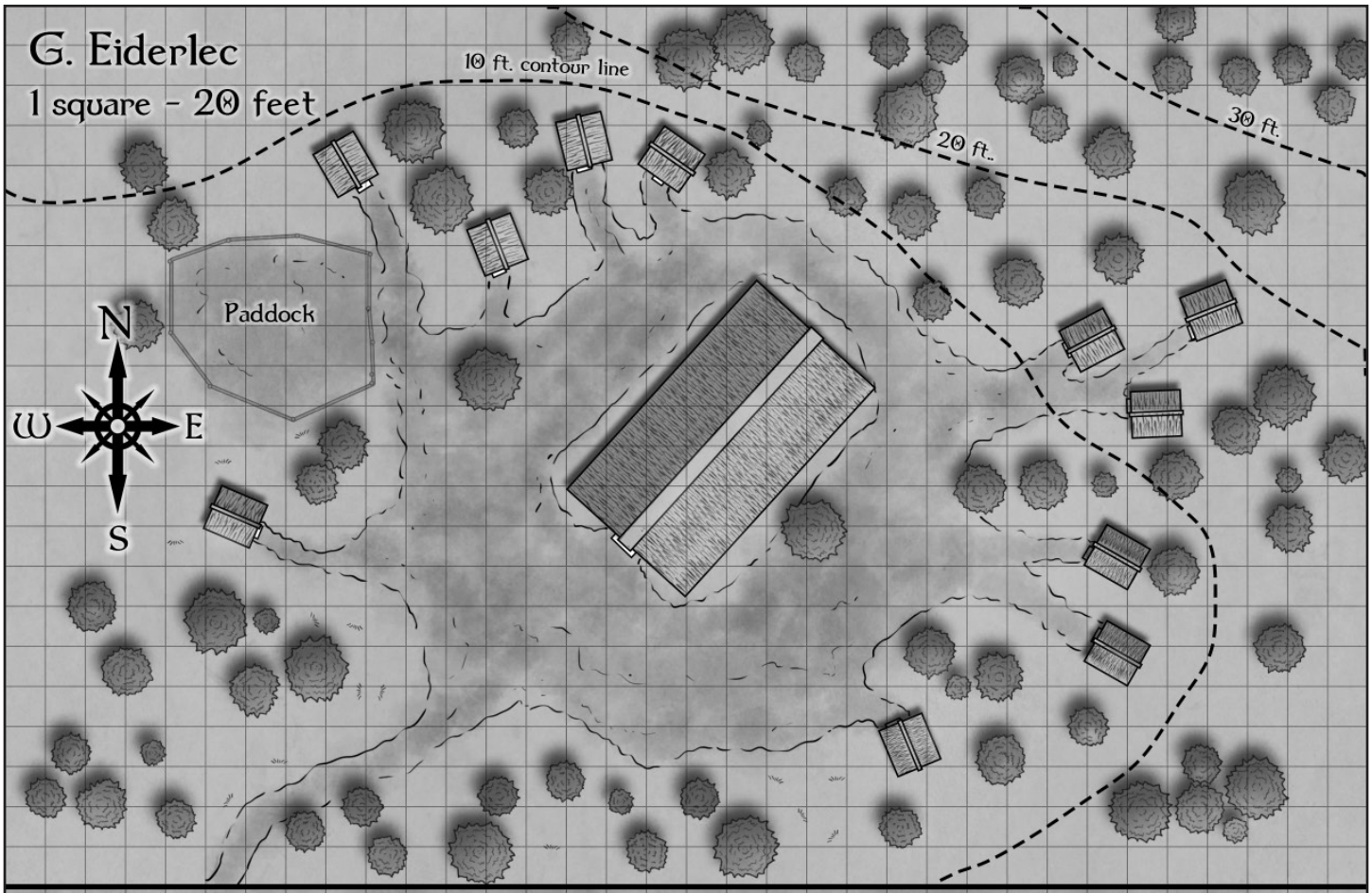

STORSTRØM VALE
N
E
S
W
Andøvan Mountains
Kulding Bay
Trotheim
Ume River
Roskilde
Løln River
Uth's Stand
Vestfelmarken
Vardöen River
Southwood
Sauda River
Storm River
Mittelwood
Fortën River
Öster River
Sauth River
Forest of Woe
Waldron Mountains
1/hex - 25 miles

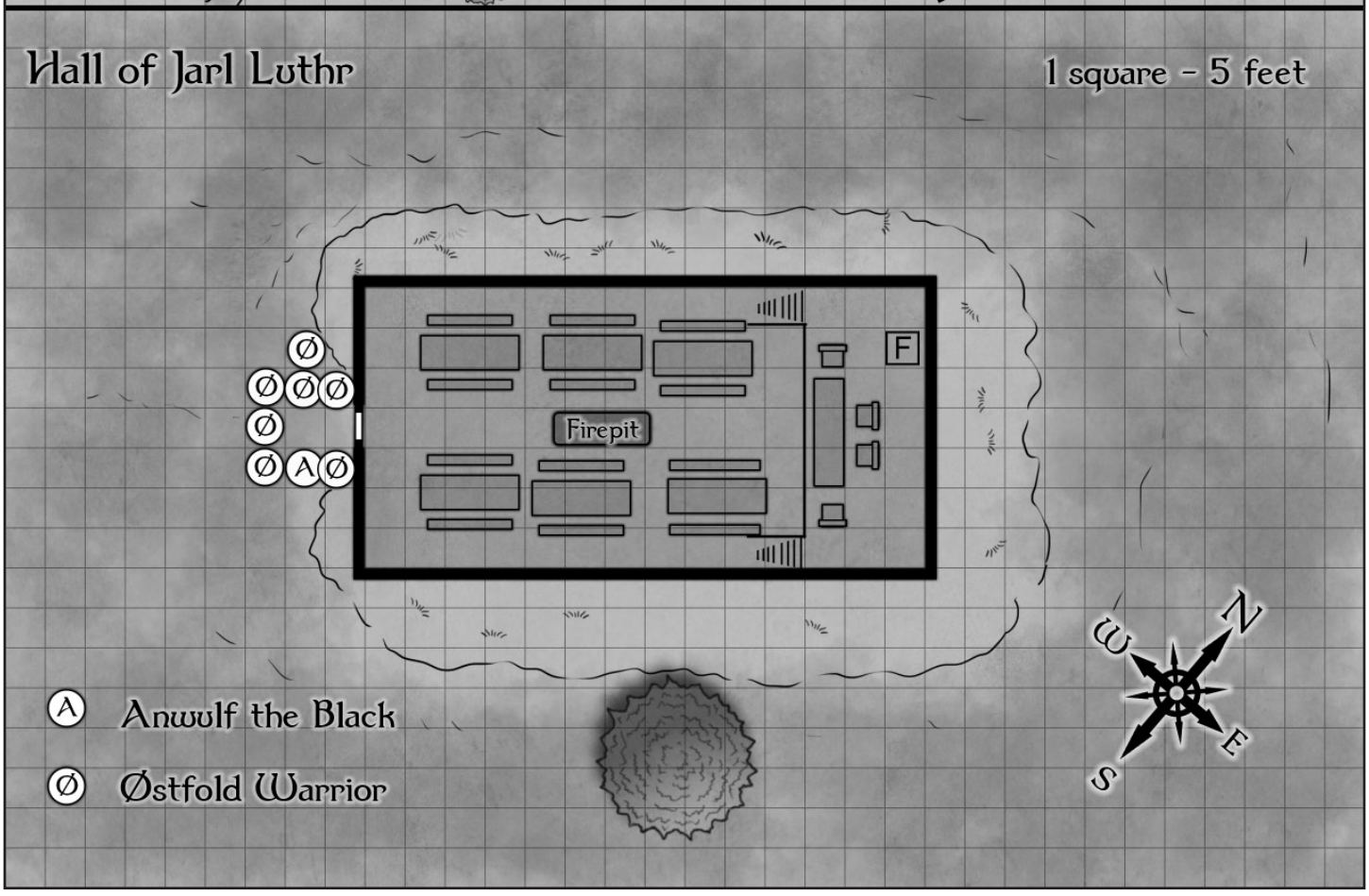

H. The High Pass 1 hex = 1 mile
N
W
E
S
The Hammer
F
G
Donar's Mount
Andøvan Ridge
The High Tower
H
Waldron Mountains
Skyrift Peak
The Wart

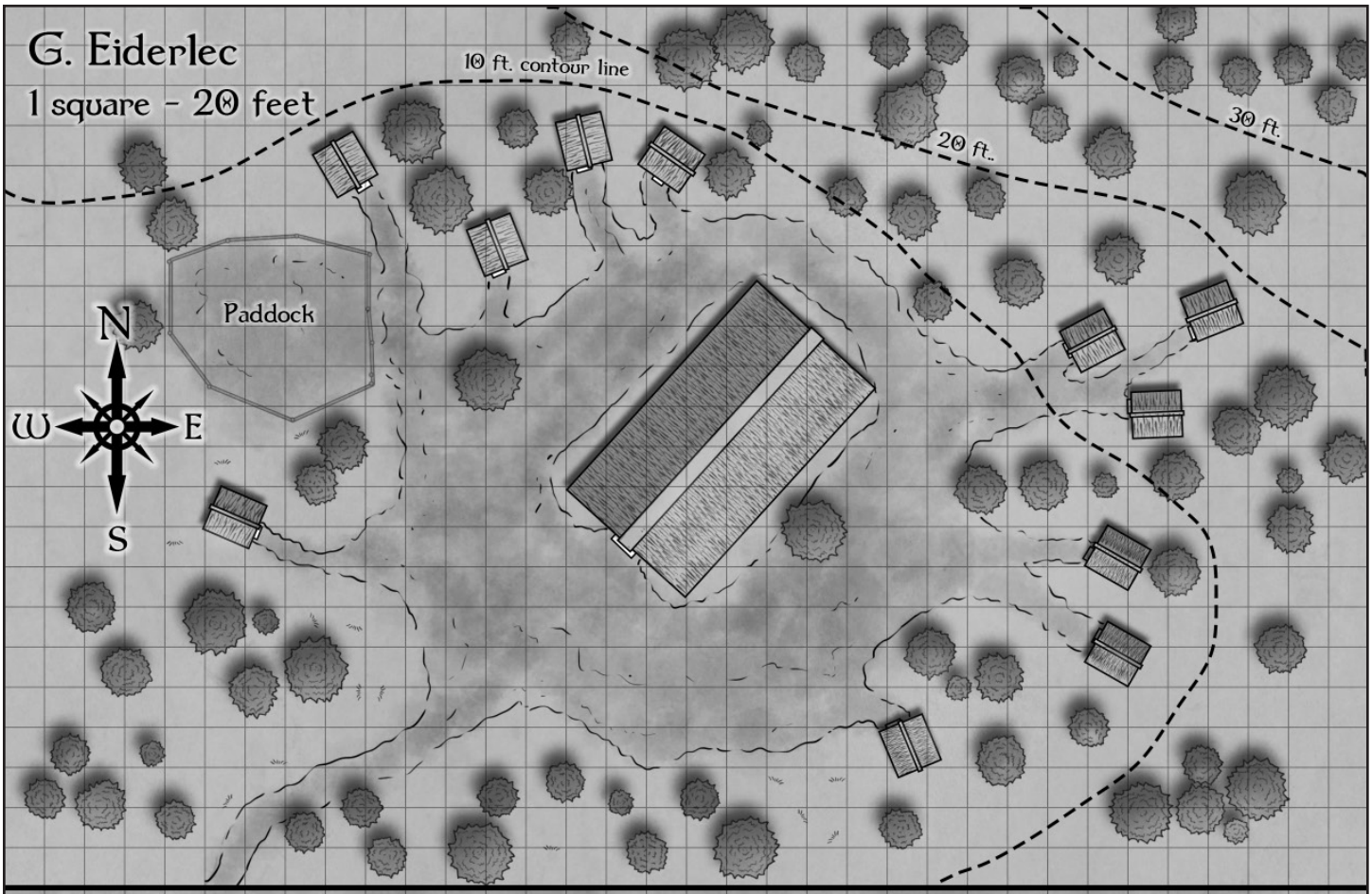

H. The High Pass 1 hex = 1 mile
N
W
E
S
The Hammer
Donar's Mount
Andøvan Ridge
The High Tower
Waldron Mountains
Skyrift Peak
The Warf

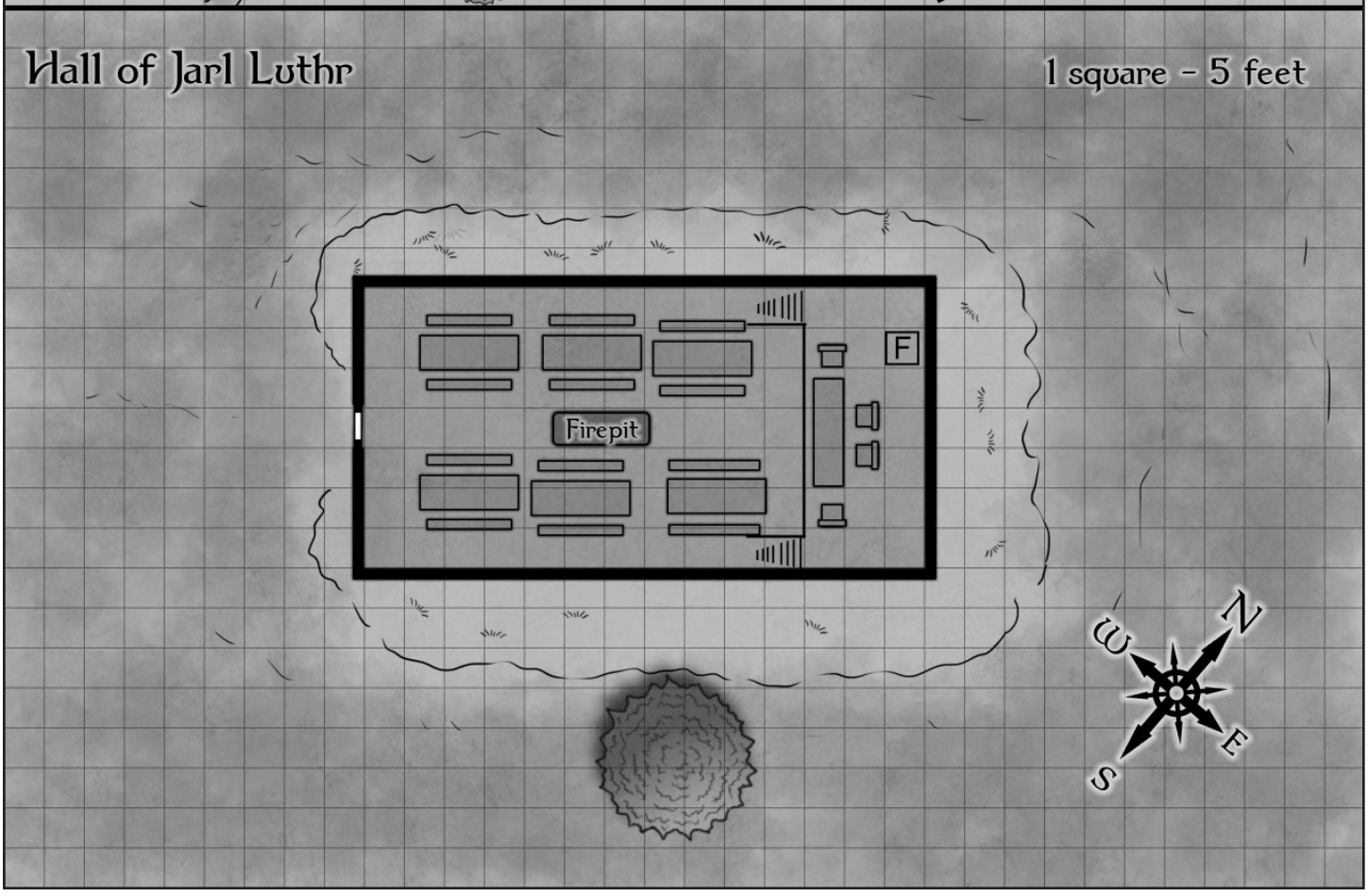

F. Cowards' Way
1 square = 5 feet
W
N
E
S
Ⓑ Bearded Devil
Ⓓ Dorna Helsdottir
Ⓐ Adevir Oddson
Ⓖ Vicious Get
Fir Trees
Trail
Up
Slope

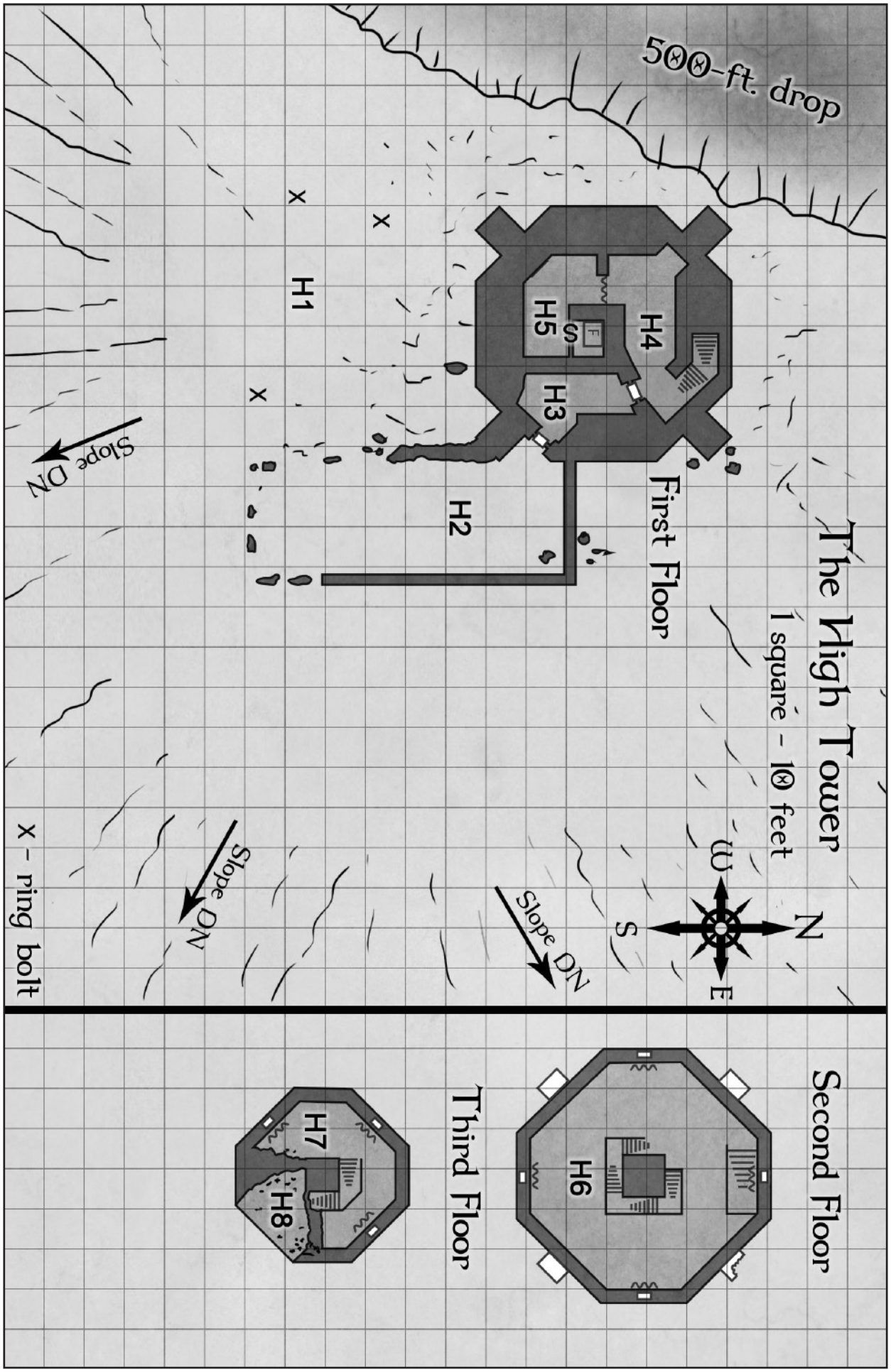

F. Cowards' Way
1 square = 5 feet
Fir Trees
Trail
Up
Slope
N
E
S
W

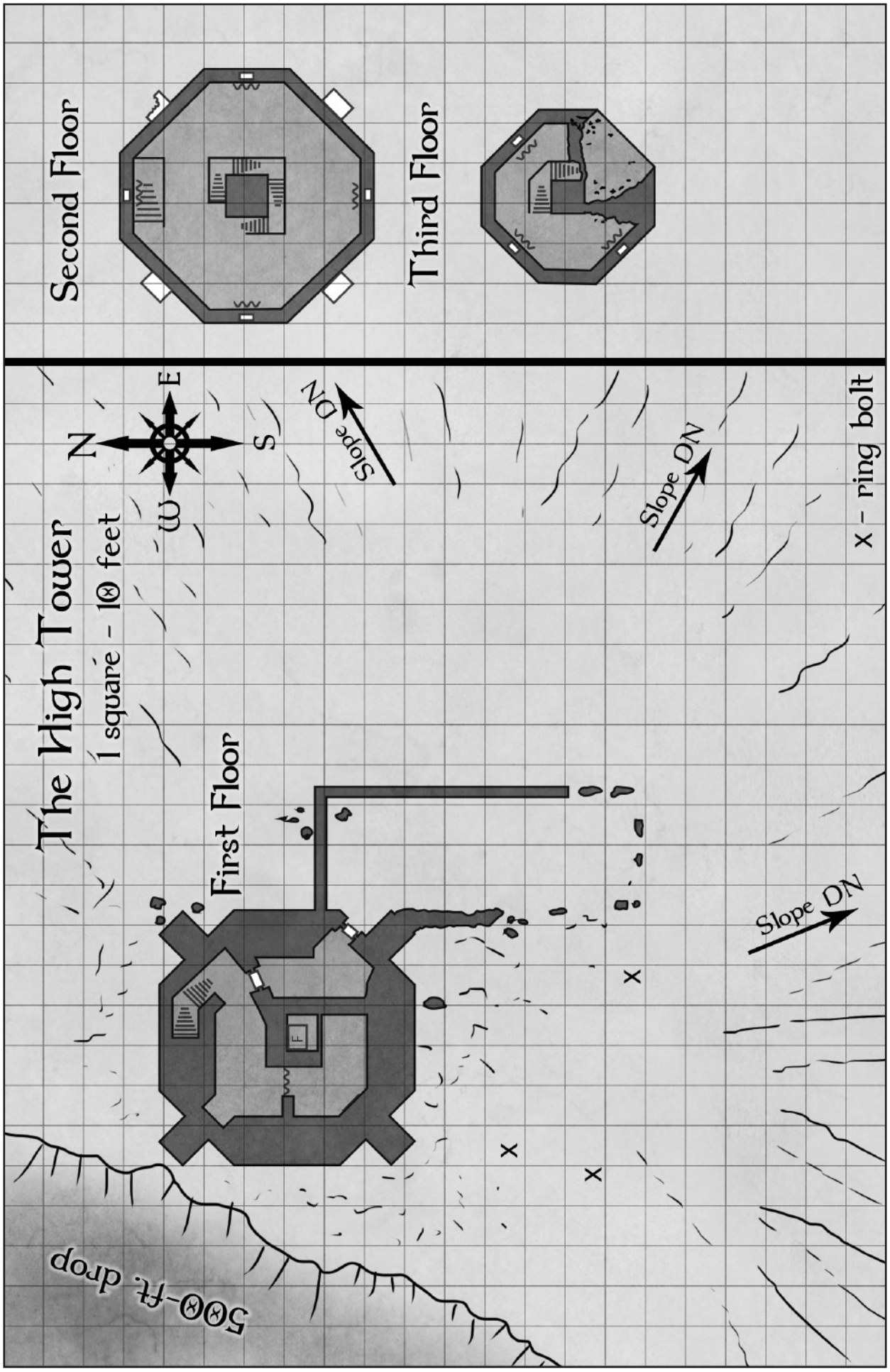

G. Eiderlec
1 square - 20 feet
10 ft. contour line
20 ft.
30 ft.
Paddock
N
W
E
S

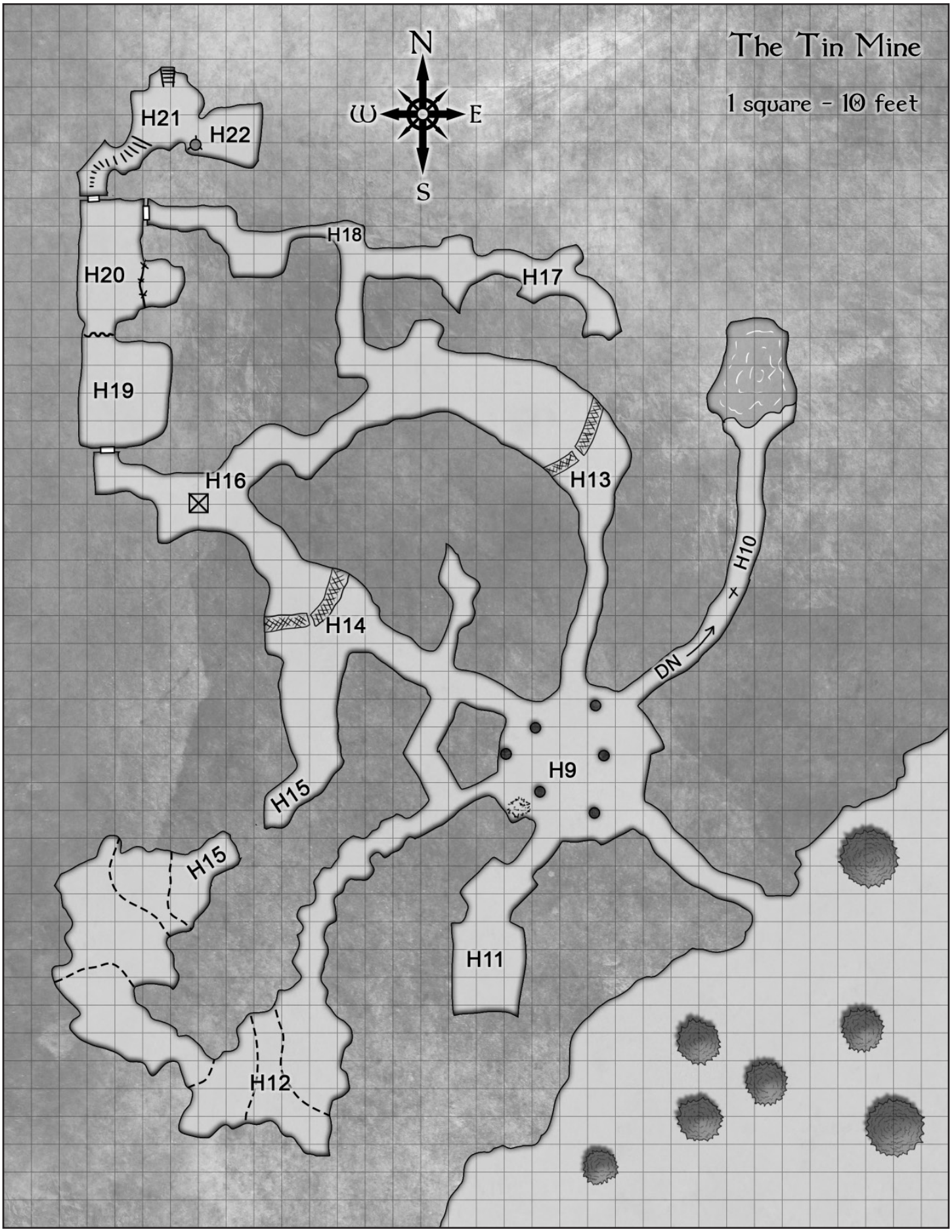

Hall of Jarl Luthr
1 square - 5 feet
F
Firepit
Ø
A
N
W
E
S
A Anwulf the Black
Ø Østfold Warrior

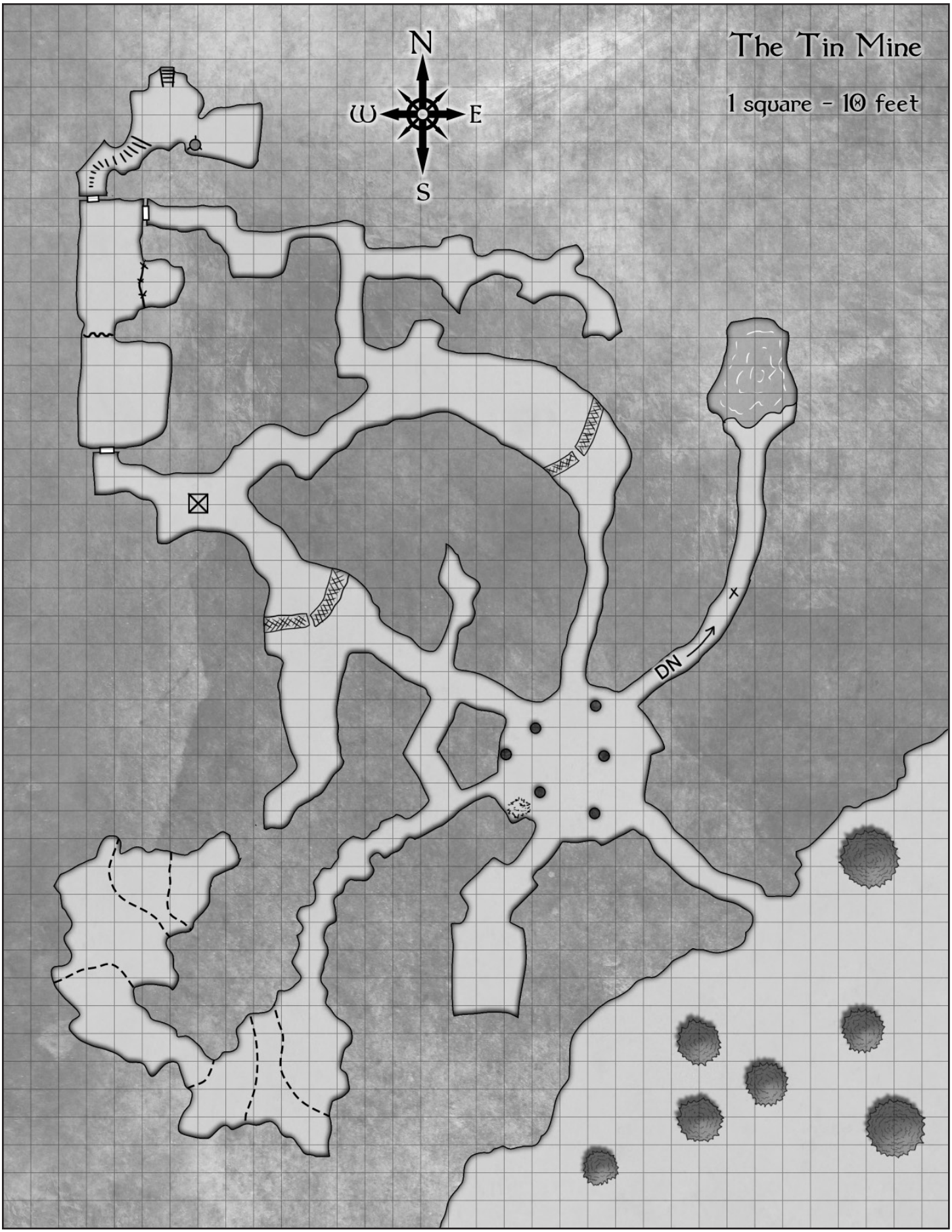

G. Eiderlec
1 square - 20 feet
10 ft. contour line
20 ft.
30 ft.
Paddock
N
W
E
S

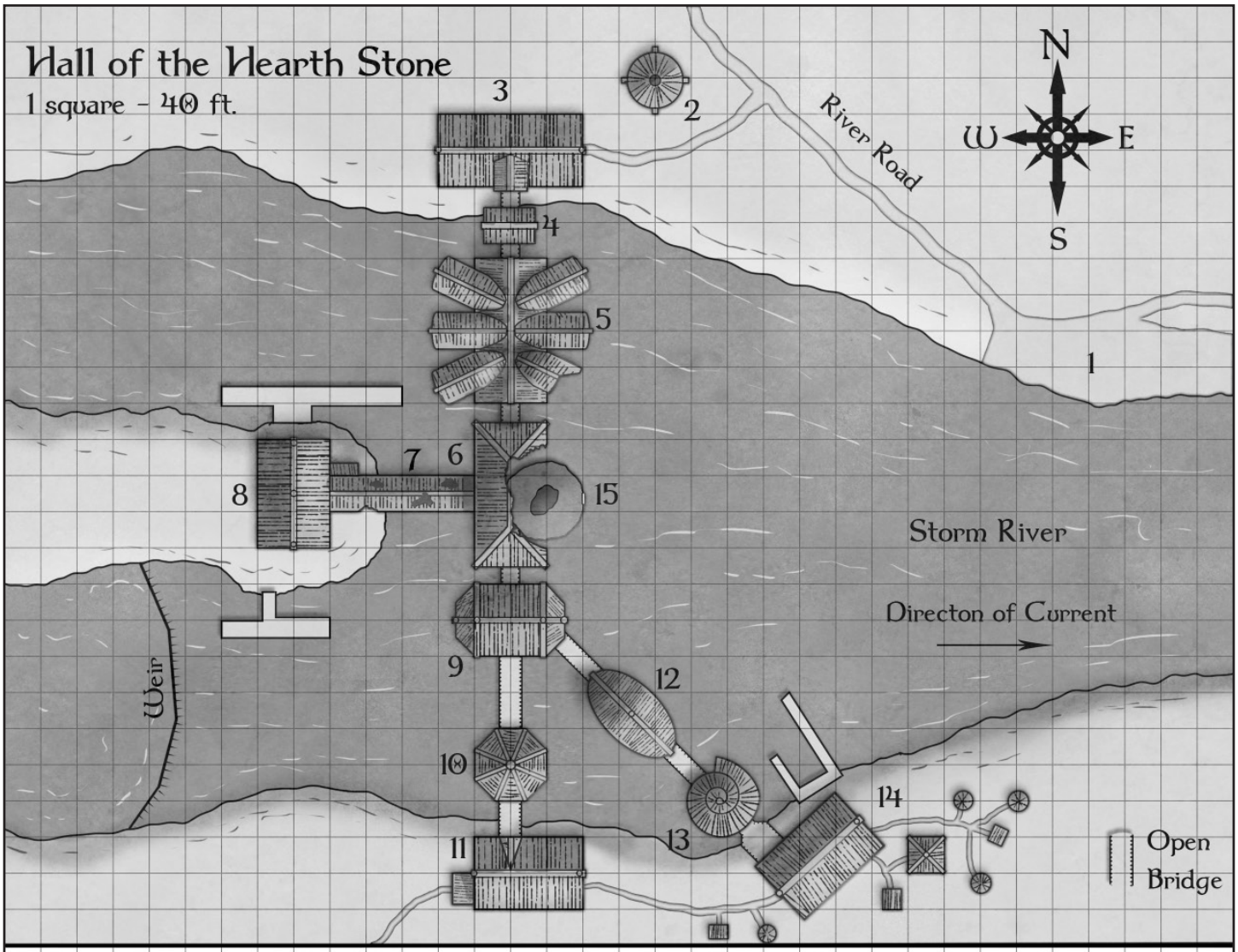

Hall of Jarl Luthr
1 square - 5 feet
F
Firepit
N
W
E
S

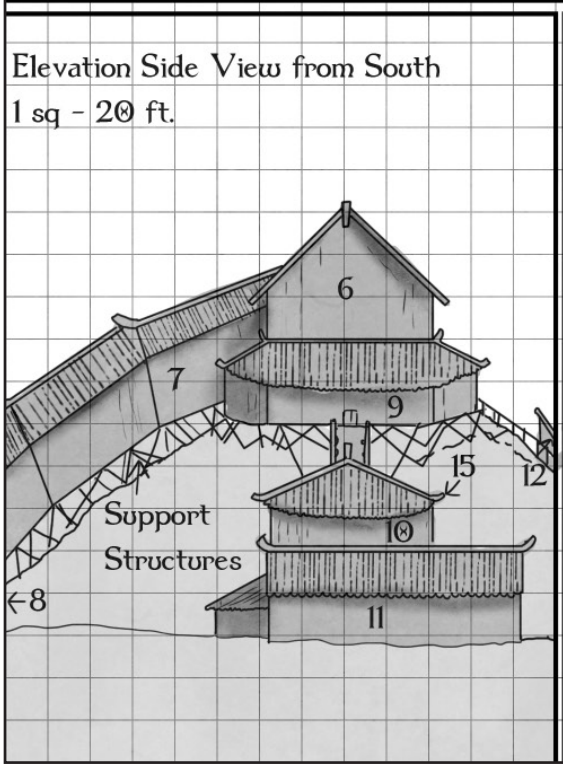

The High Tower
1 square = 10 feet
500-ft. drop
First Floor
H1
H2
H3
H4
H5
S
F
Slope DN
Slope DN
Slope DN
x – ring bolt
Second Floor
H6
Third Floor
H7
H8
N
S
E
W

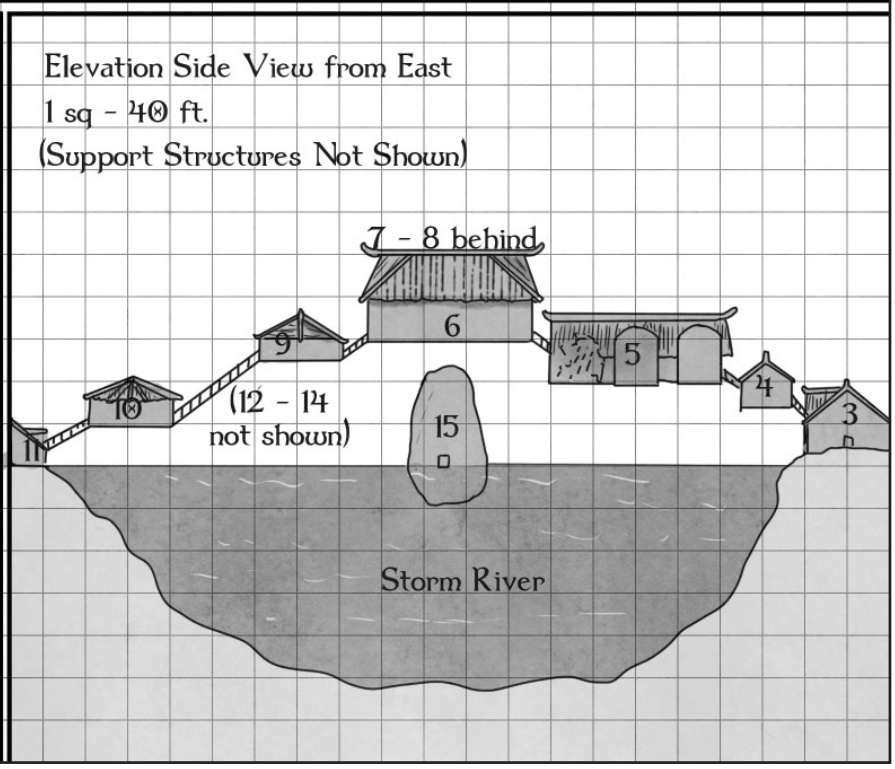

The High Tower
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
First Floor
Second Floor
Third Floor
Slope DN
Slope DN
Slope DN
x = ring bolt
500-ft. drop

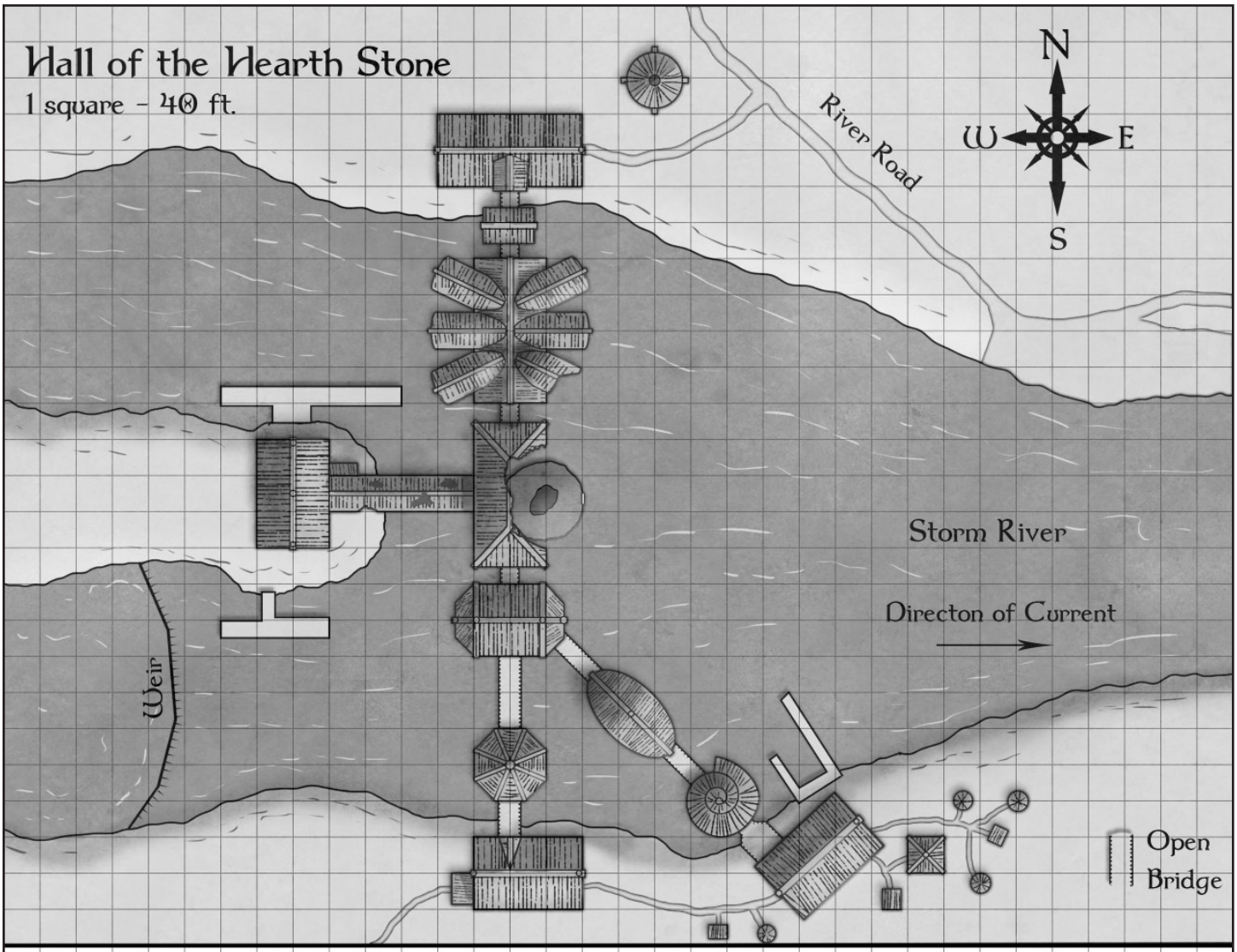

The Tin Mine
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
H21
H22
H18
H20
H17
H19
H16
H13
H10
DN
H14
H9
H15
H15
H11
H12

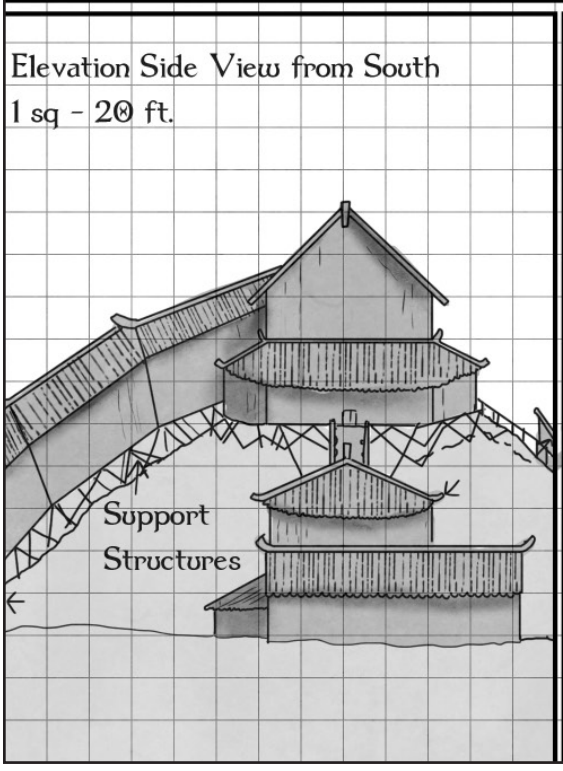

The Tin Mine
1 square = 10 feet
N
W
E
S
DN
X

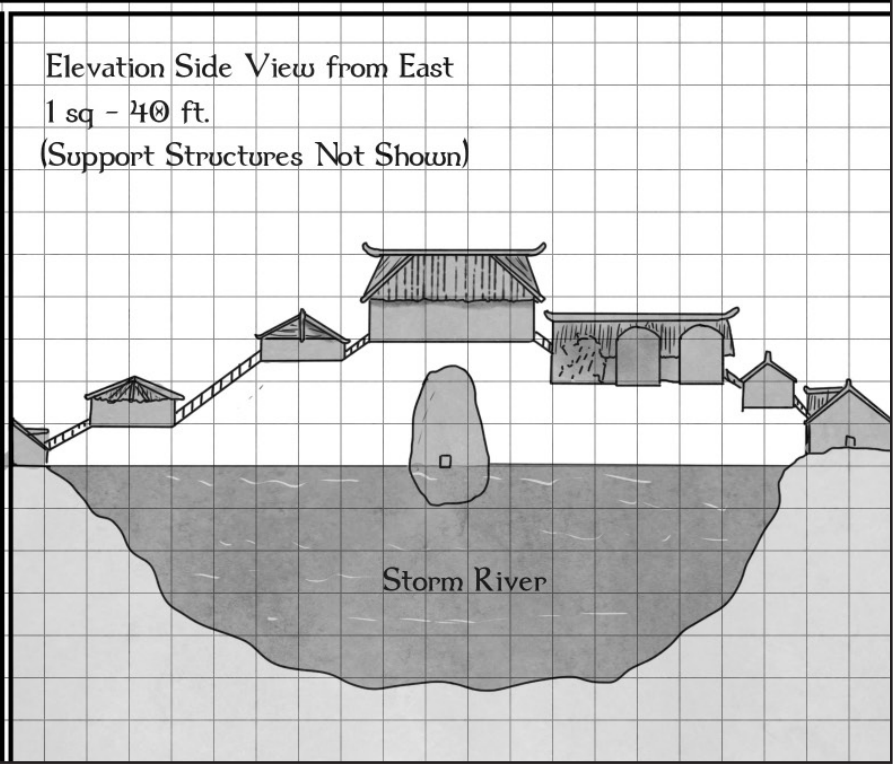

Hall of the Hearth Stone
1 square - 40 ft.
N
W
E
S
River Road
Storm River
Directon of Current
Weir
Open Bridge
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15

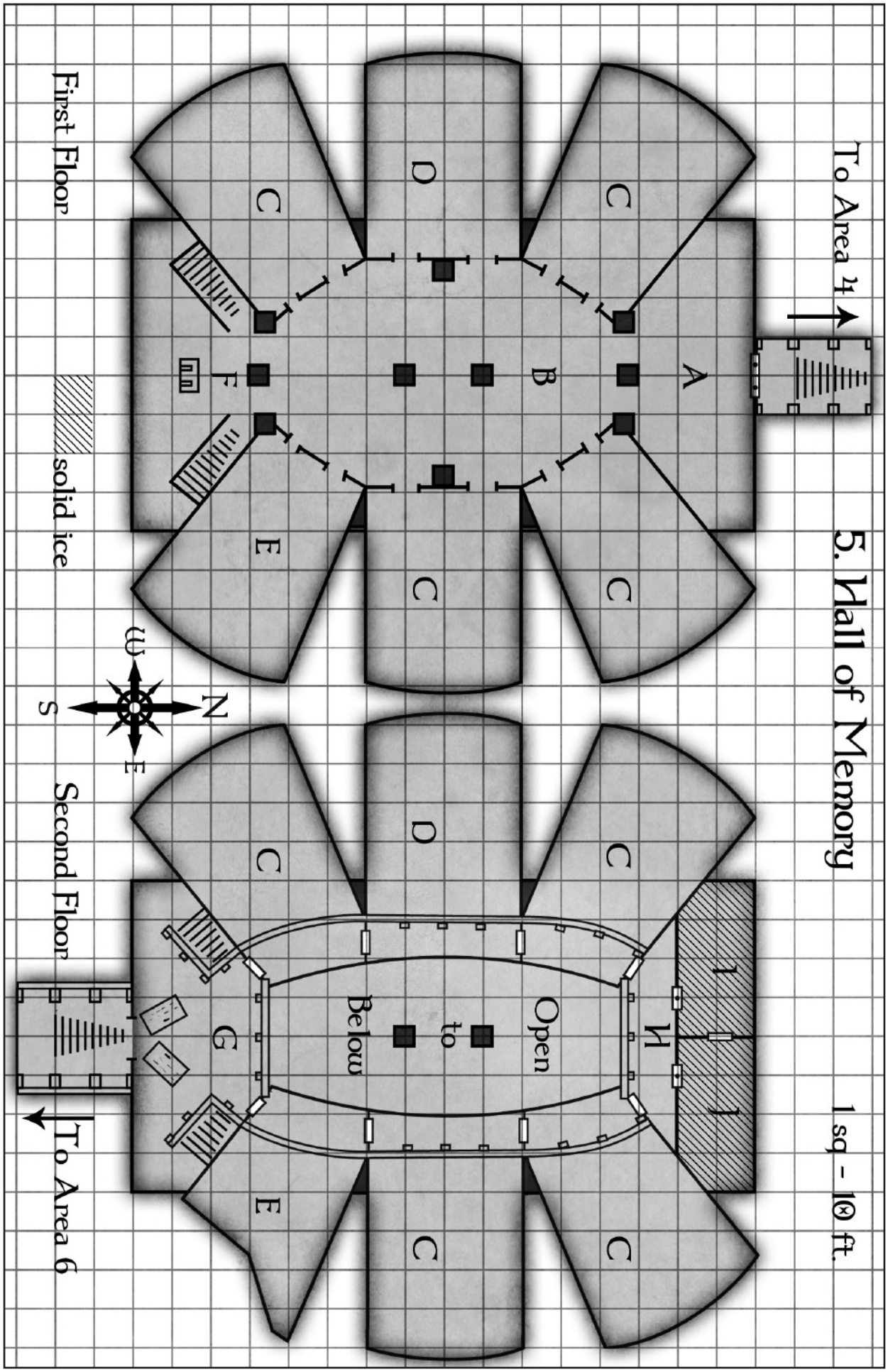

Elevation Side View from South
1 sq - 20 ft.
Support Structures
←8
6
7
9
15
12
10
11

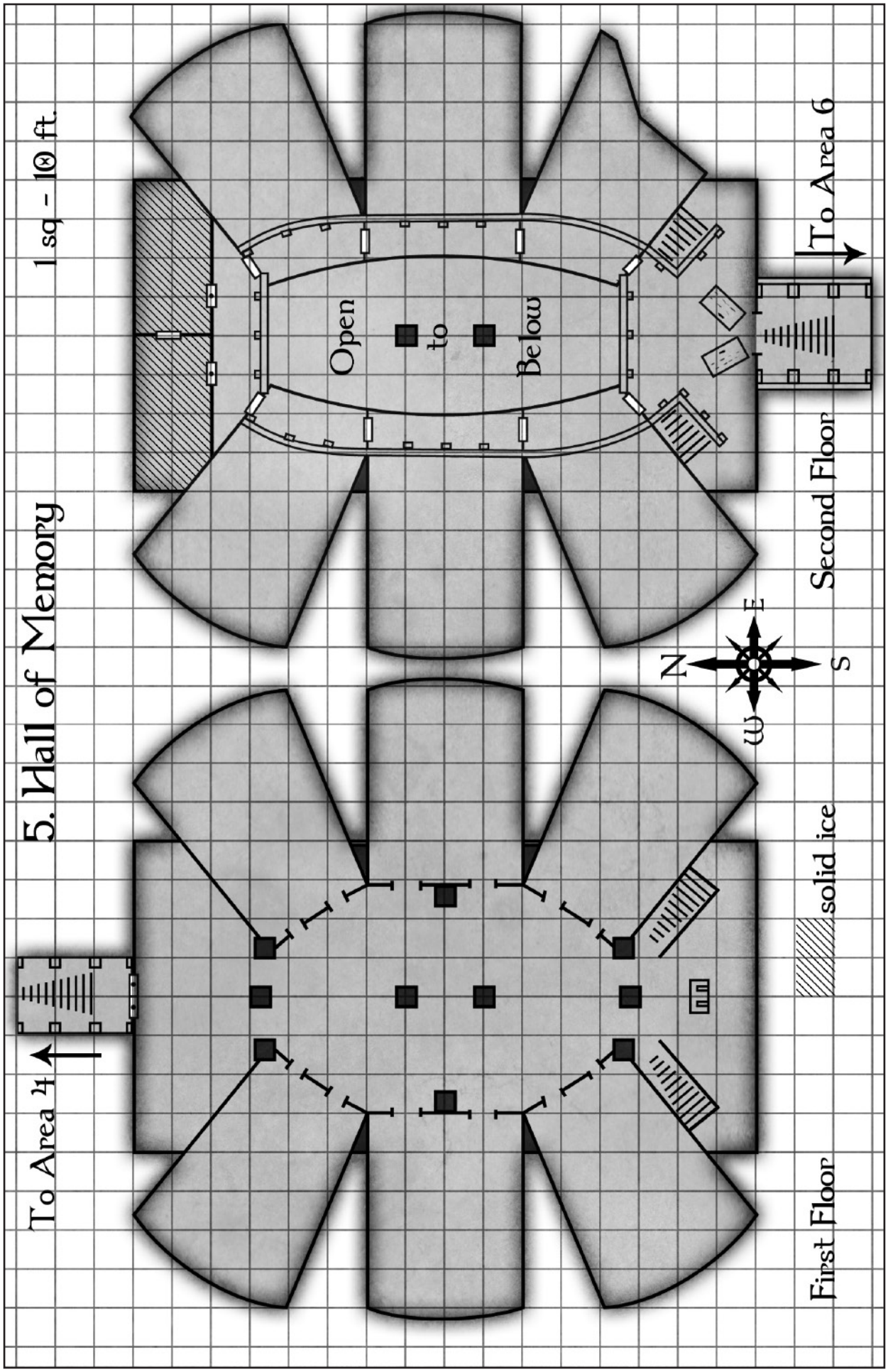

Elevation Side View from East
1 sq - 40 ft.
(Support Structures Not Shown)
7 - 8 behind
6
9
5
4
3
10
(12 - 14
not shown)
15
11
Storm River

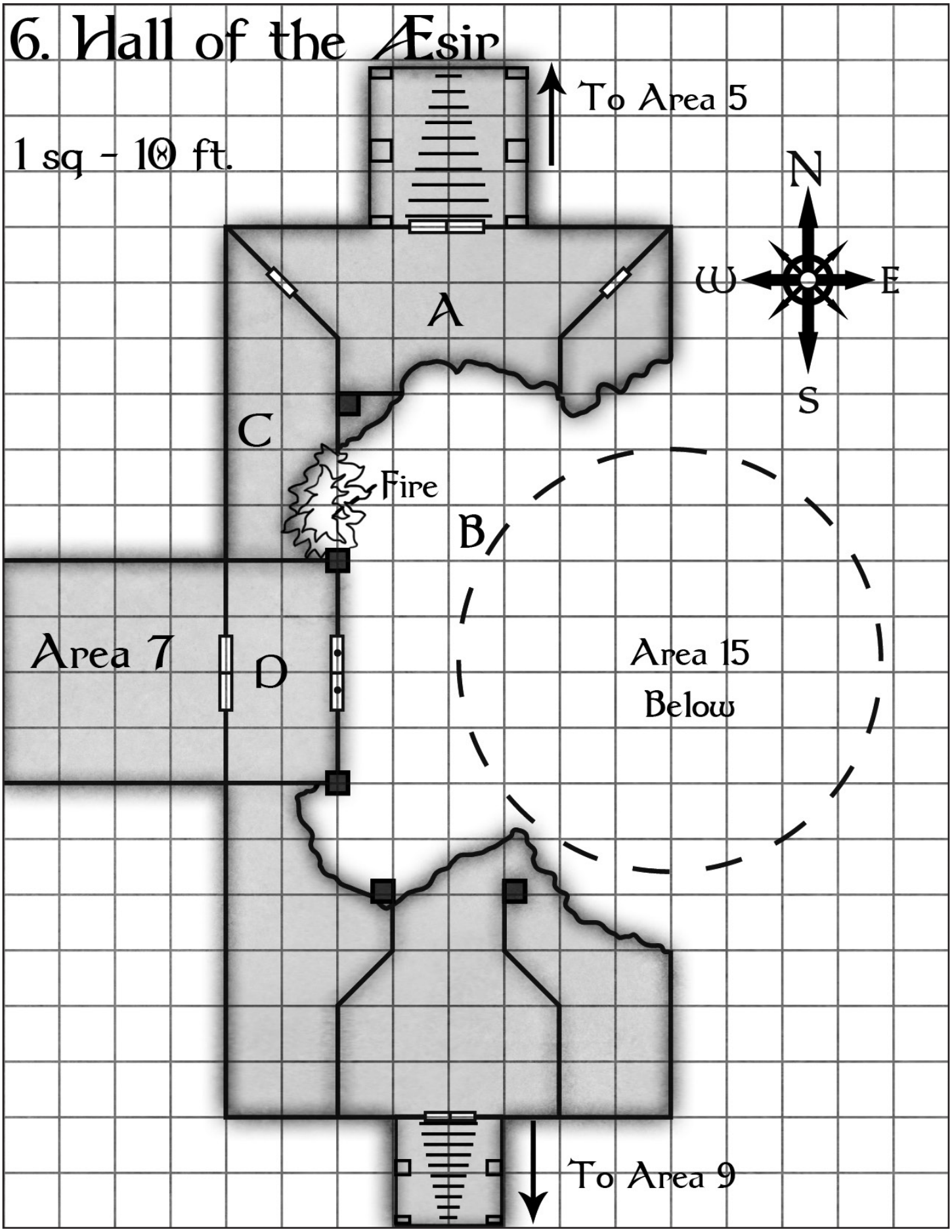

Hall of the Hearth Stone
1 square - 40 ft.
N
W
E
S
River Road
Storm River
Directon of Current
Weir
Open
Bridge

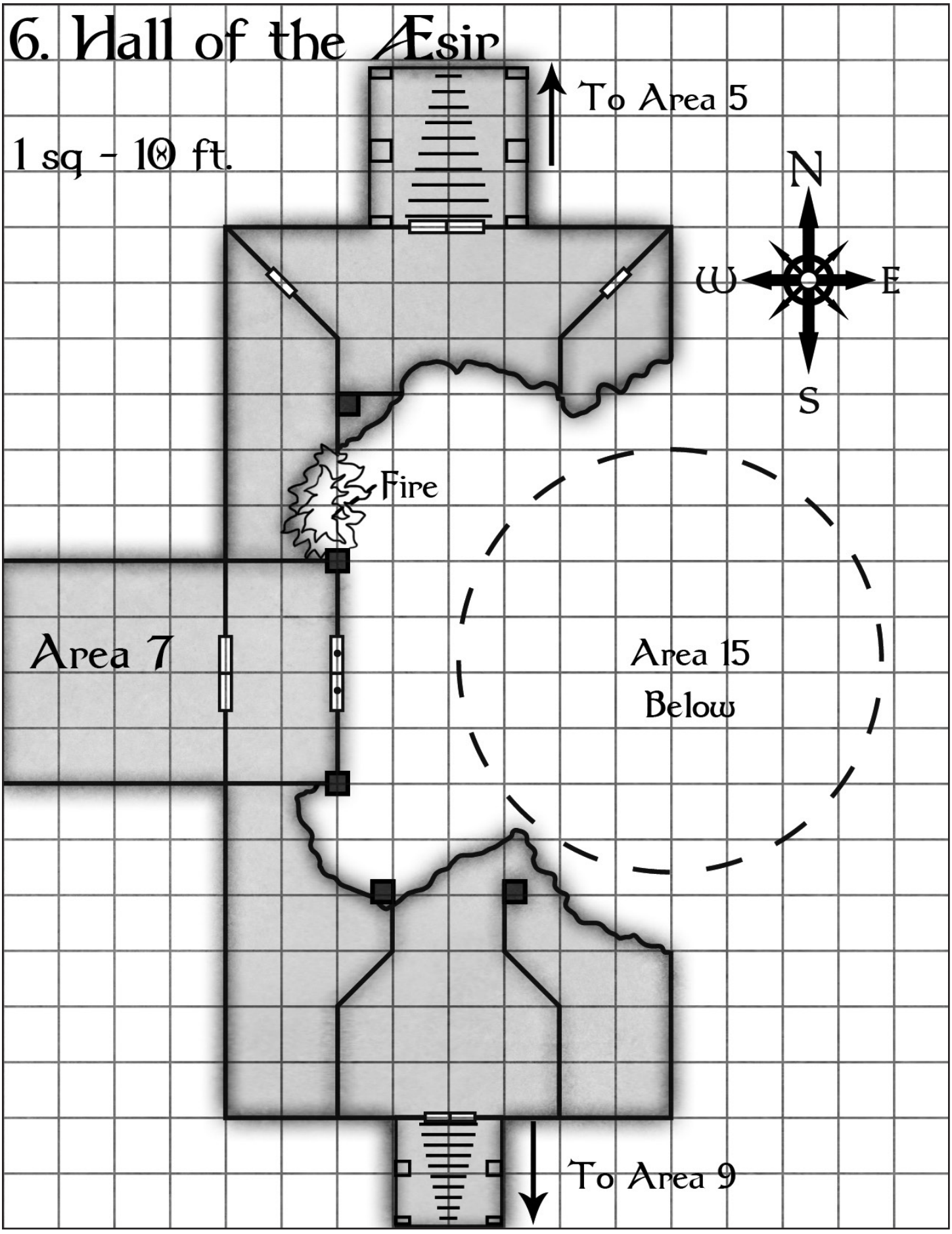

Elevation Side View from South
1 sq - 20 ft.
Support
Structures

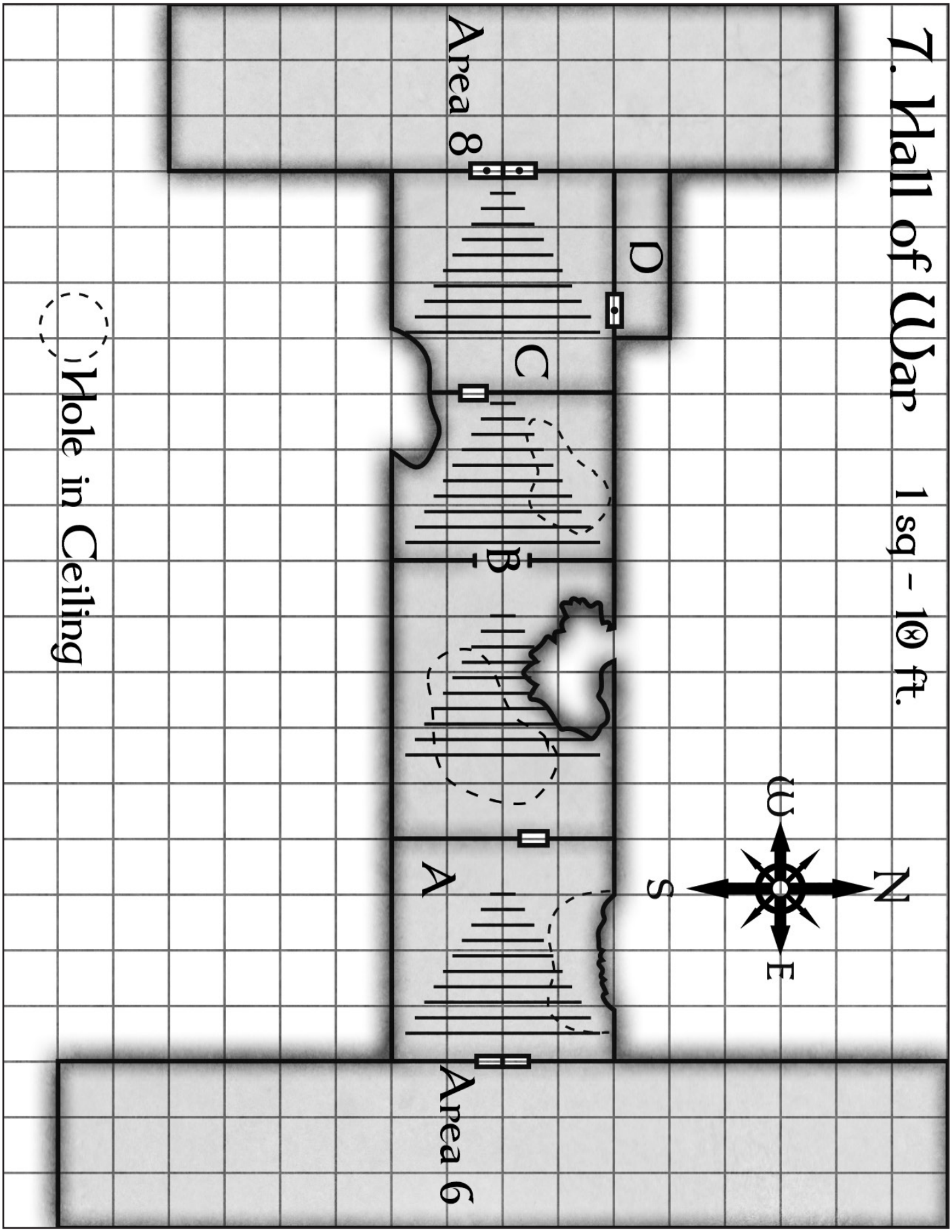

Elevation Side View from East
1 sq - 40 ft.
(Support Structures Not Shown)
Storm River

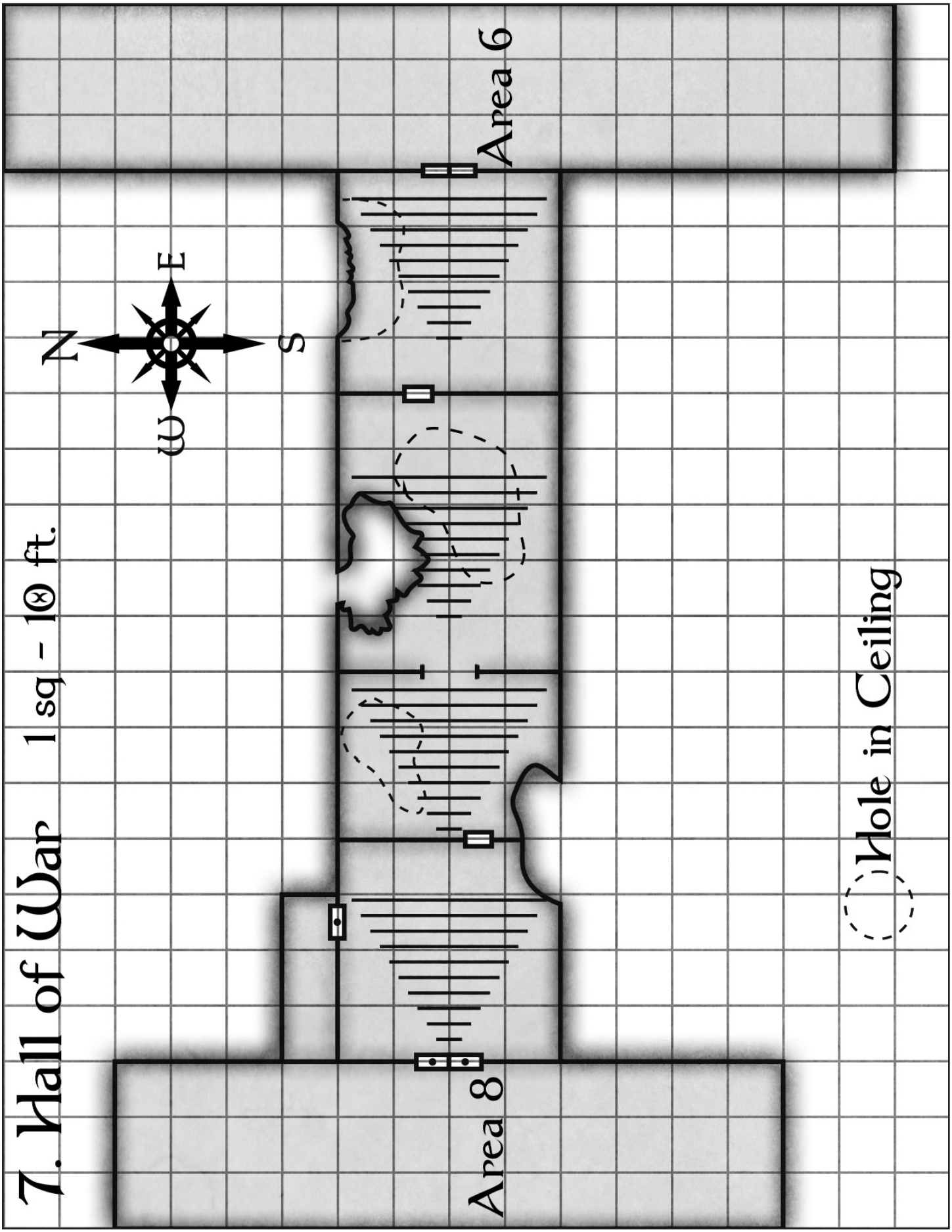

5. Hall of Memory
1 sq = 10 ft.
To Area 4
To Area 6
First Floor
Second Floor
solid ice
Open to Below
N
S
W
E
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H

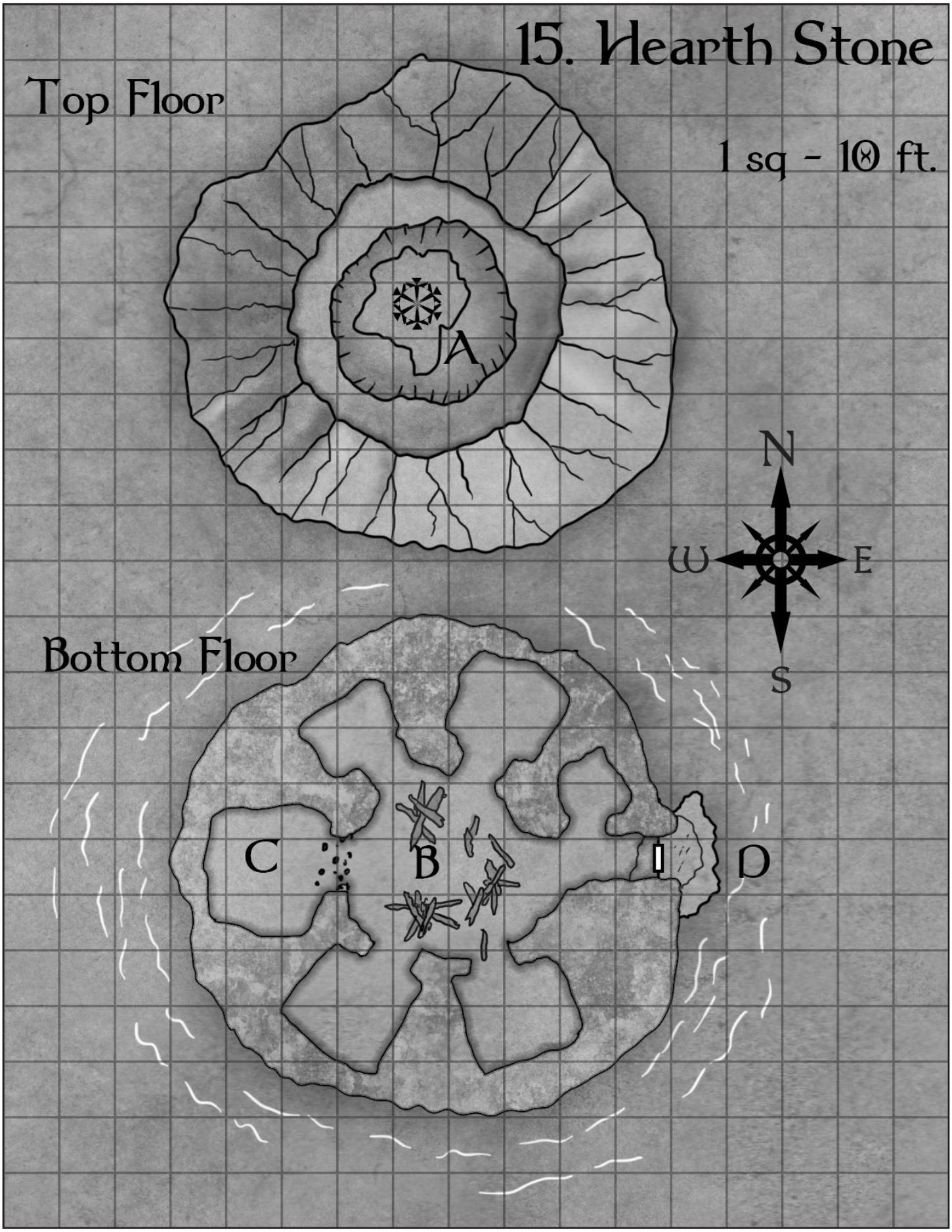

5. Hall of Memory
1 sq = 10 ft.
To Area 4
To Area 6
Open to Below
Second Floor
First Floor
solid ice
N
S
E
W

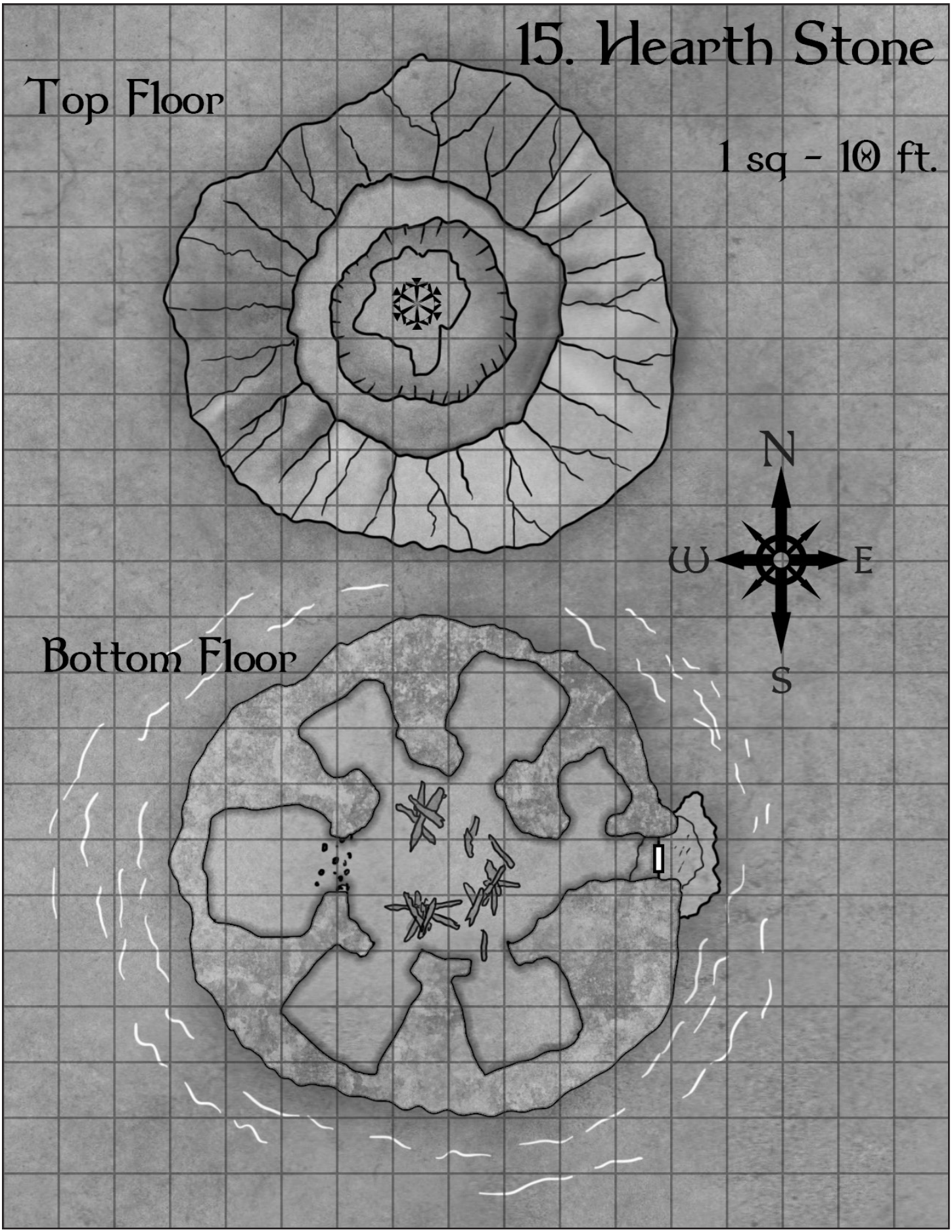

6. Hall of the Æsir
1 sq - 10 ft.
To Area 5
N
W
E
S
A
C
Fire
B
Area 7
D
Area 15
Below
To Area 9

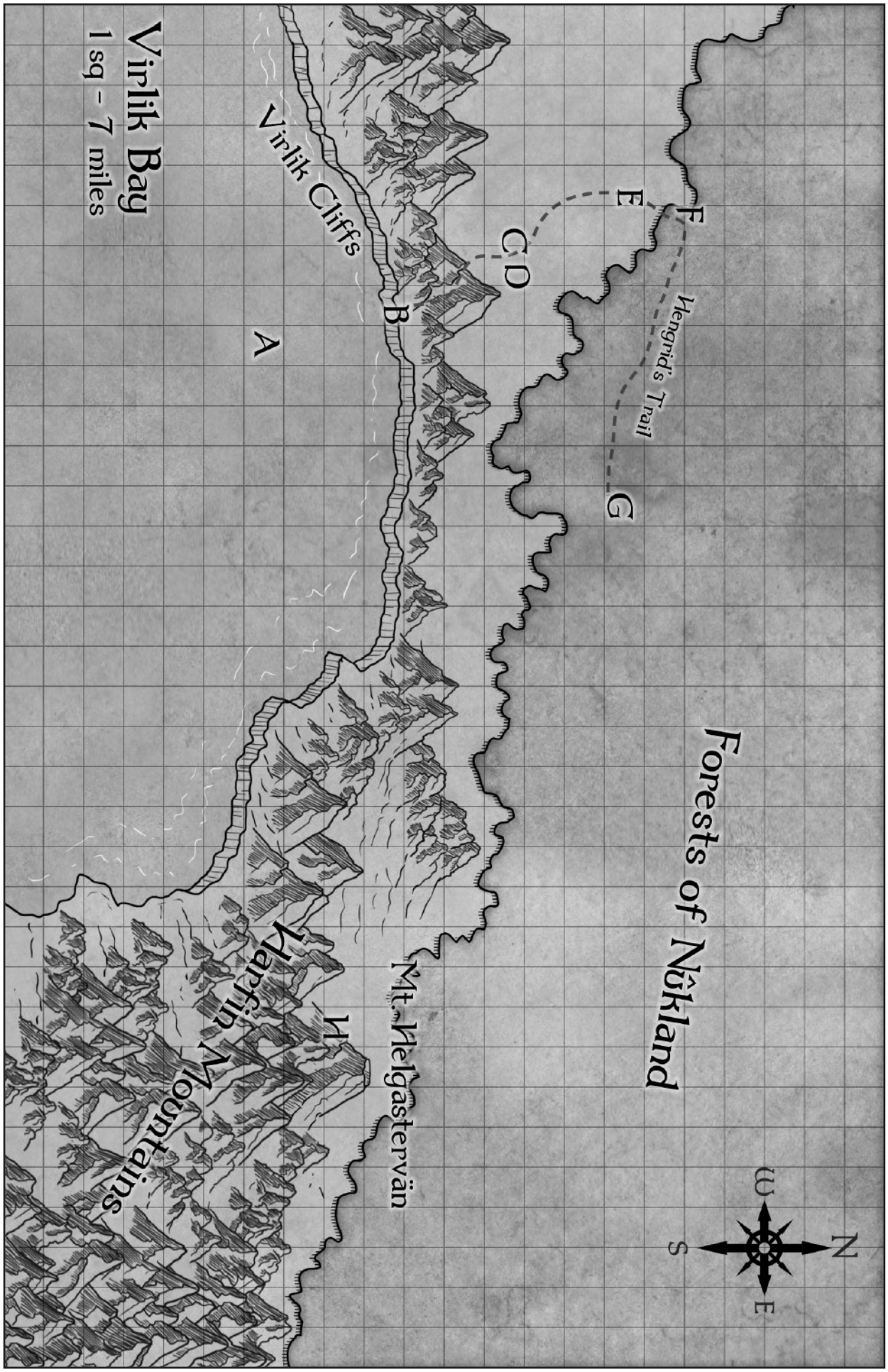

6. Hall of the Æsir
1 sq - 10 ft.
To Area 5
N
W
E
S
Fire
Area 7
Area 15
Below
To Area 9

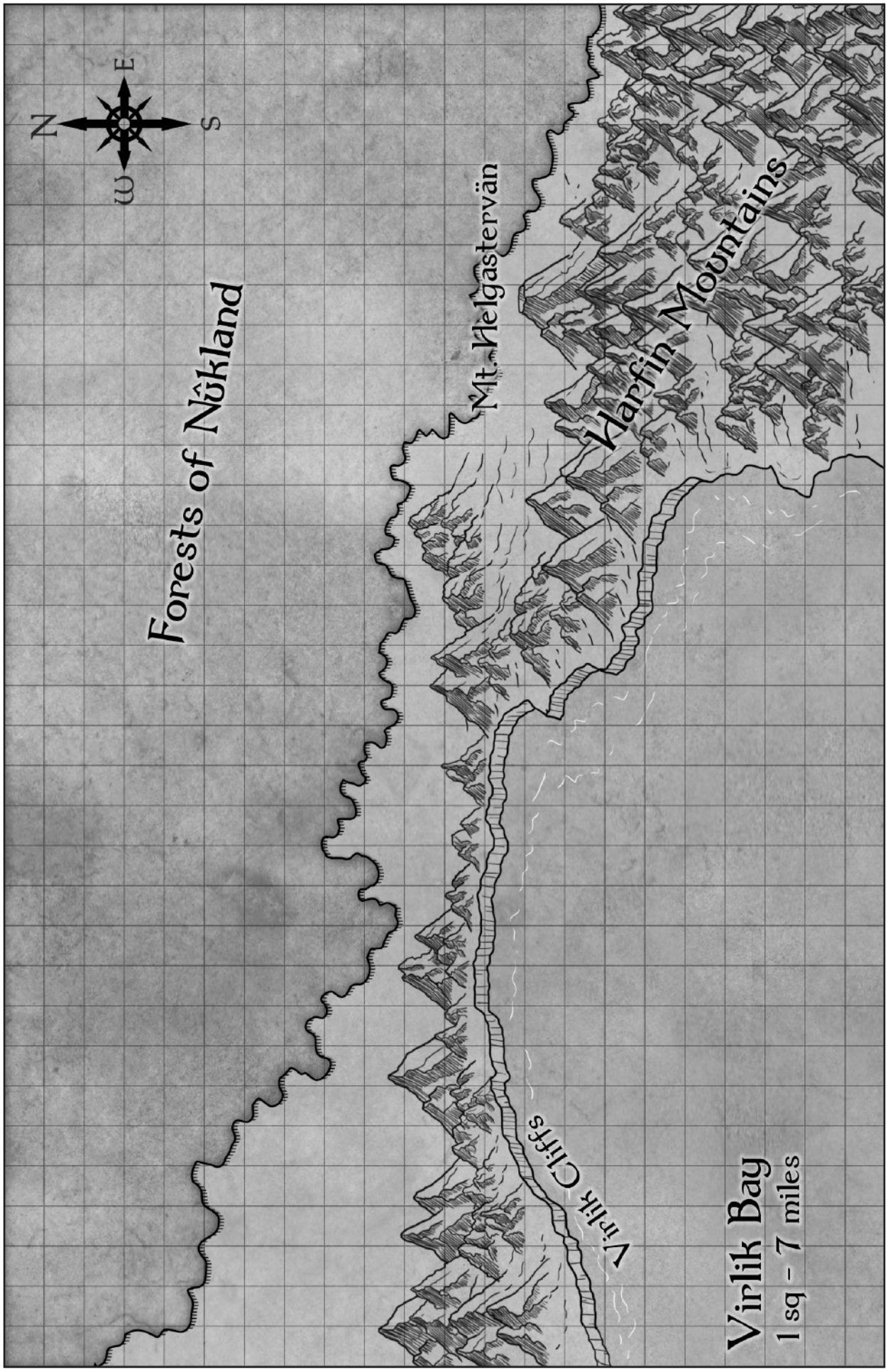

7. Hall of War
1 sq = 10 ft.
Area 8
D
C
B
A
Area 6
Hole in Ceiling
N
E
S
W


7. Hall of War
1 sq = 10 ft.
N
E
S
W
Area 6
Area 8
Hole in Ceiling


15. Hearth Stone
Top Floor
1 sq - 10 ft.
A
N
W
E
S
Bottom Floor
C
B
D

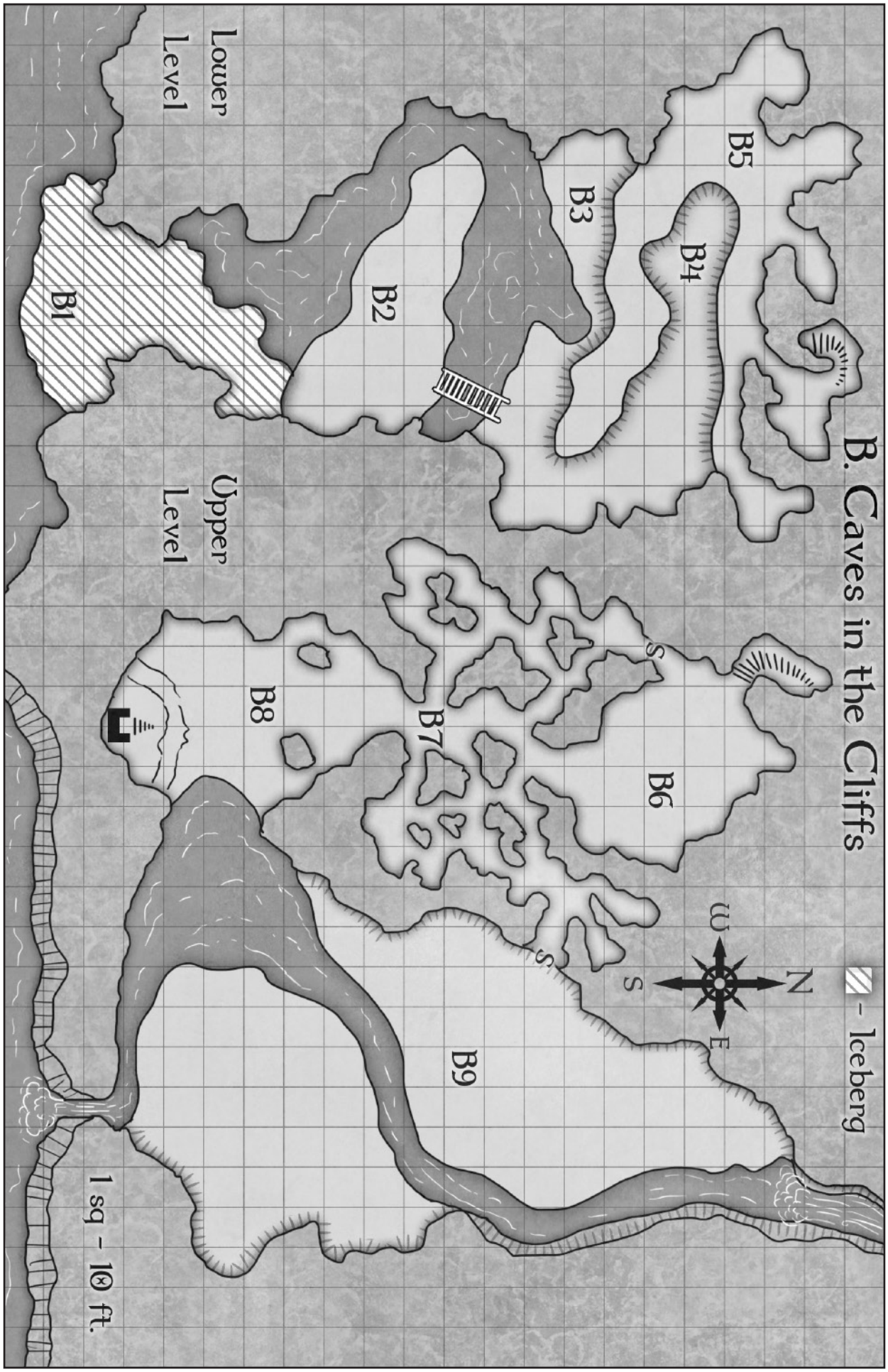

15. Hearth Stone
Top Floor
1 sq - 10 ft.
N
W
E
S
Bottom Floor

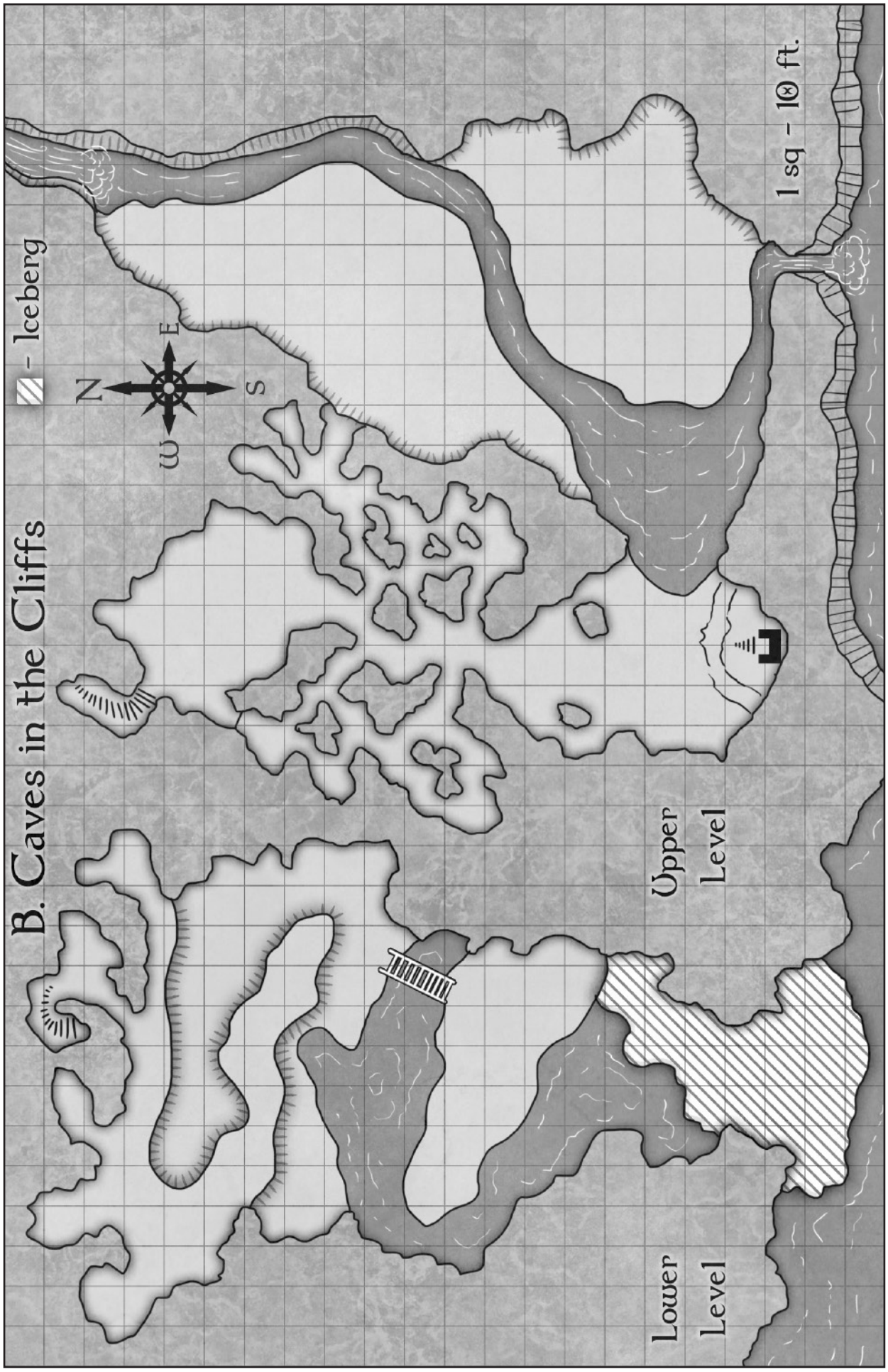

Virlik Bay
1 sq = 7 miles
Virlik Cliffs
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
Hengrid's Trail
Forests of Nûkland
Mt. Helgastervän
Harfin Mountains
N
E
S
W

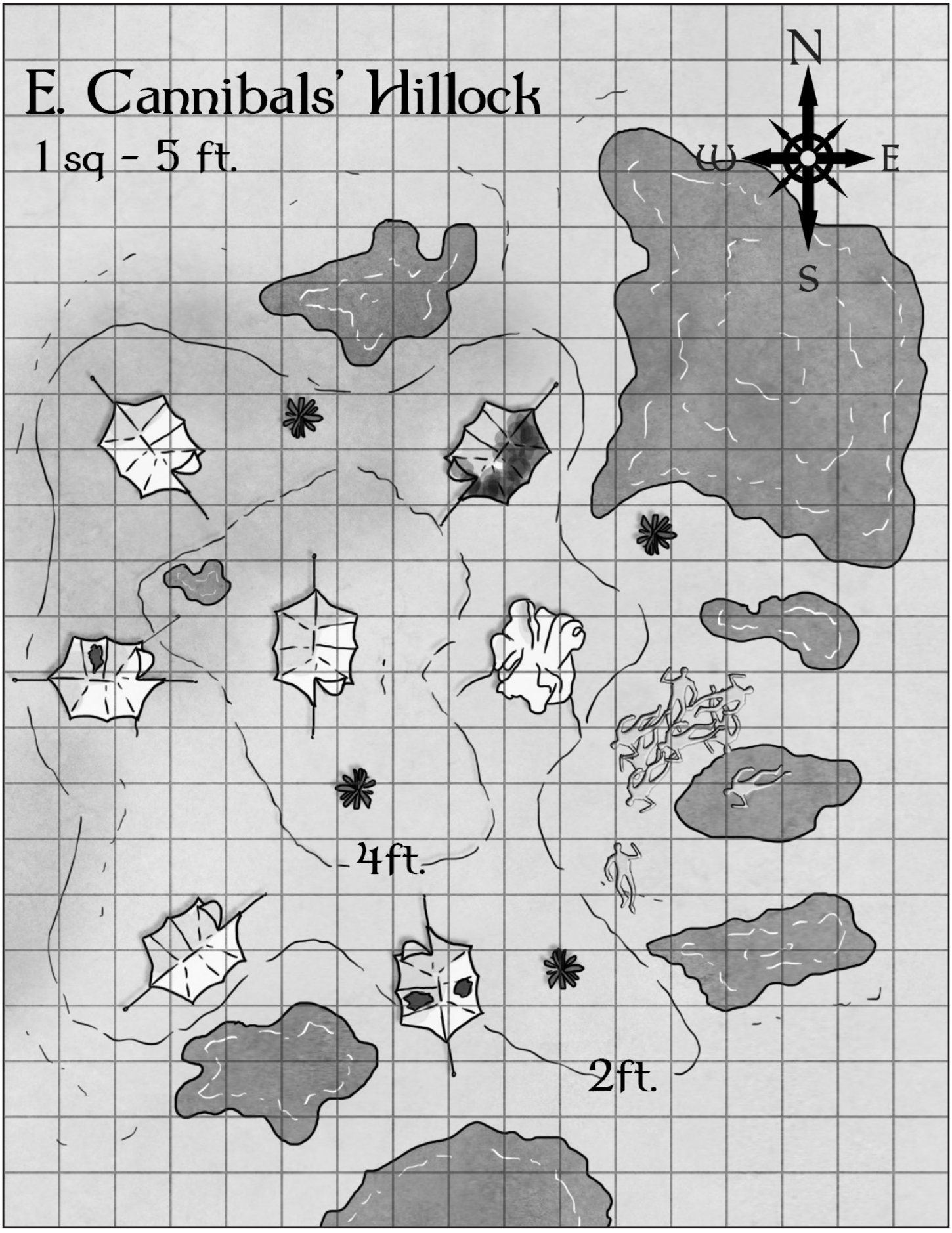

N
E
S
W
Forests of Nûkland
Mt. Helgastervän
Harfin Mountains
Virlik Cliffs
Virlik Bay
1 sq = 7 miles

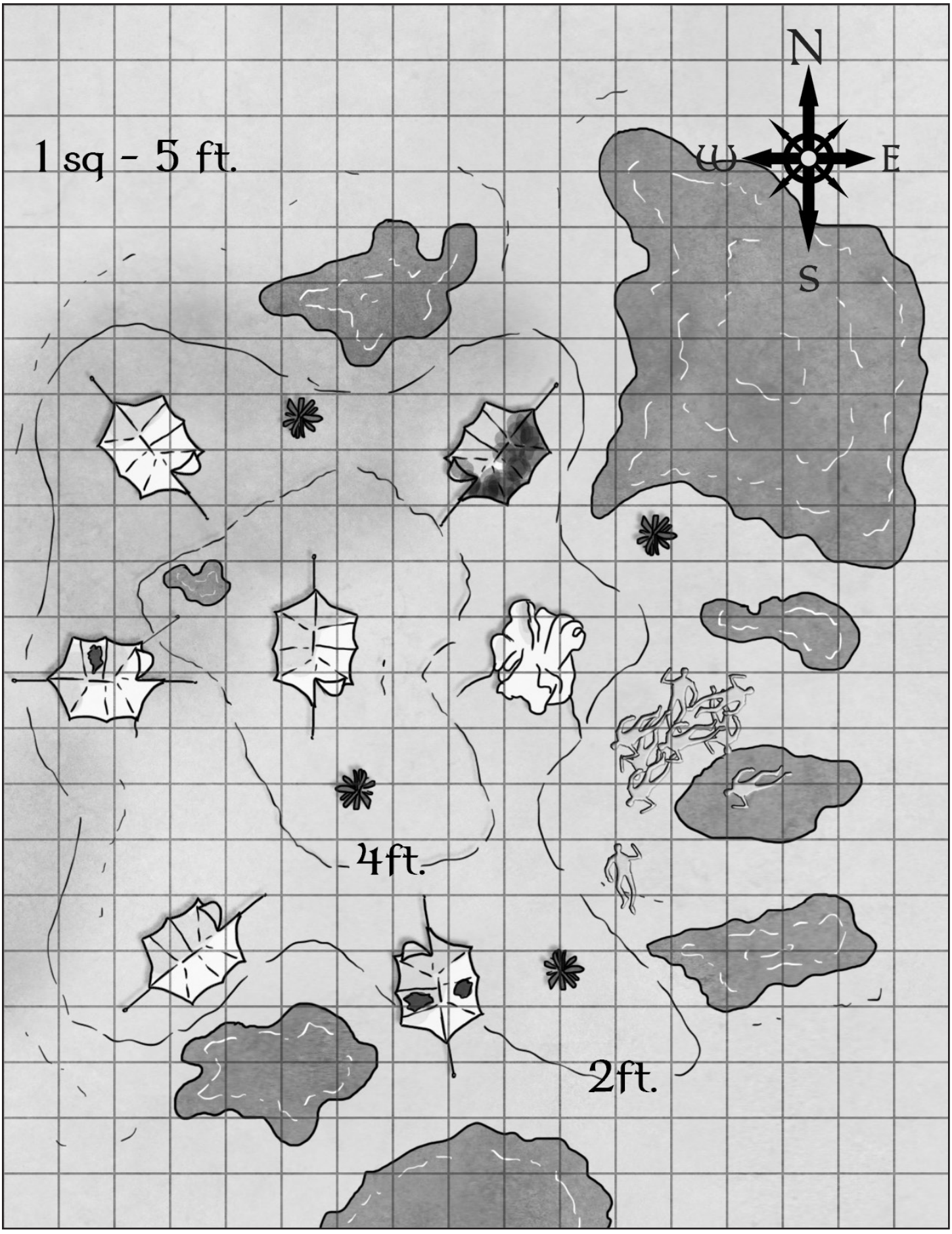

A. Sea Rocks
1 sq - 20 ft.
N
W
E
S
A1
A2

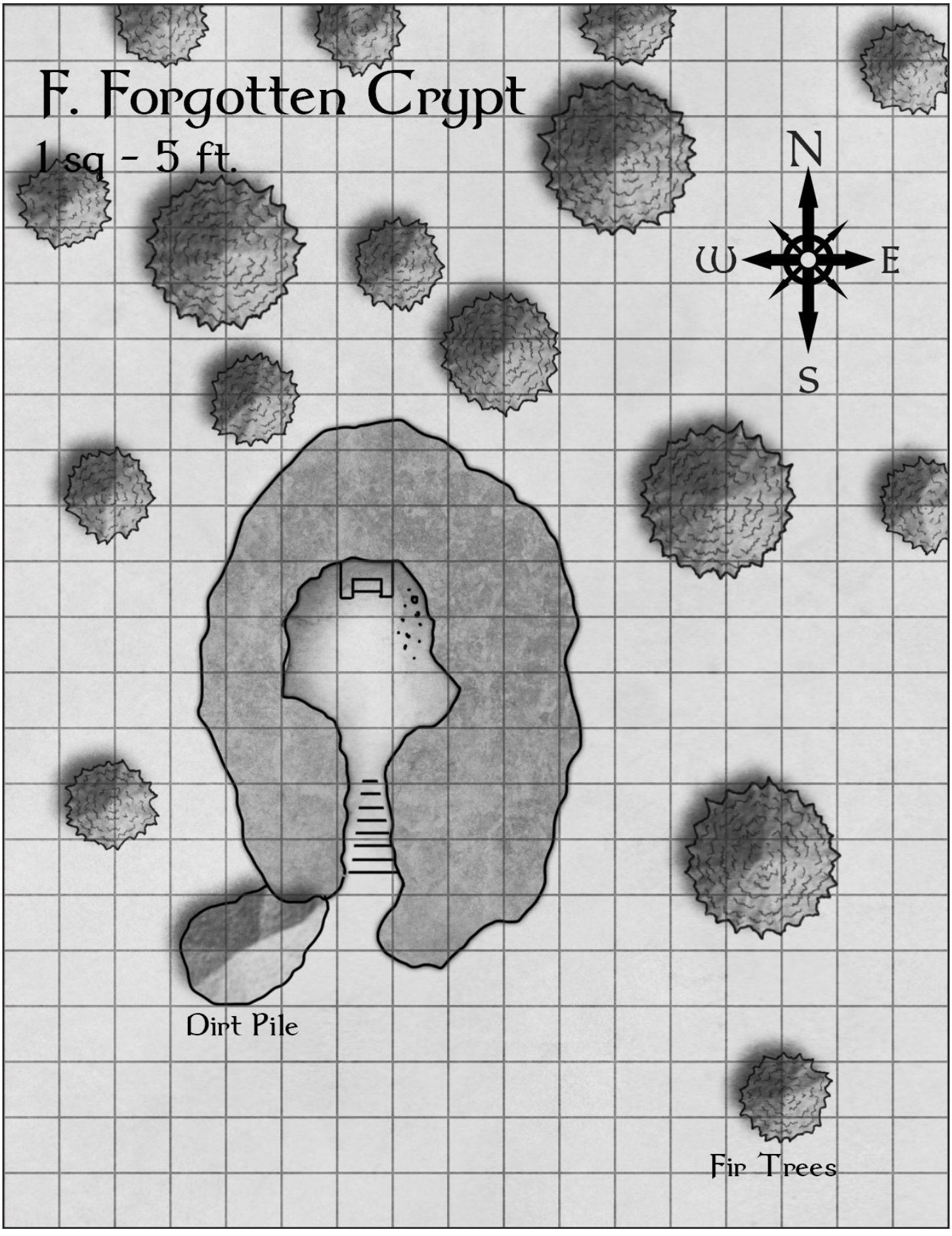

A. Sea Rocks
1 sq - 20 ft.
N
W
E
S

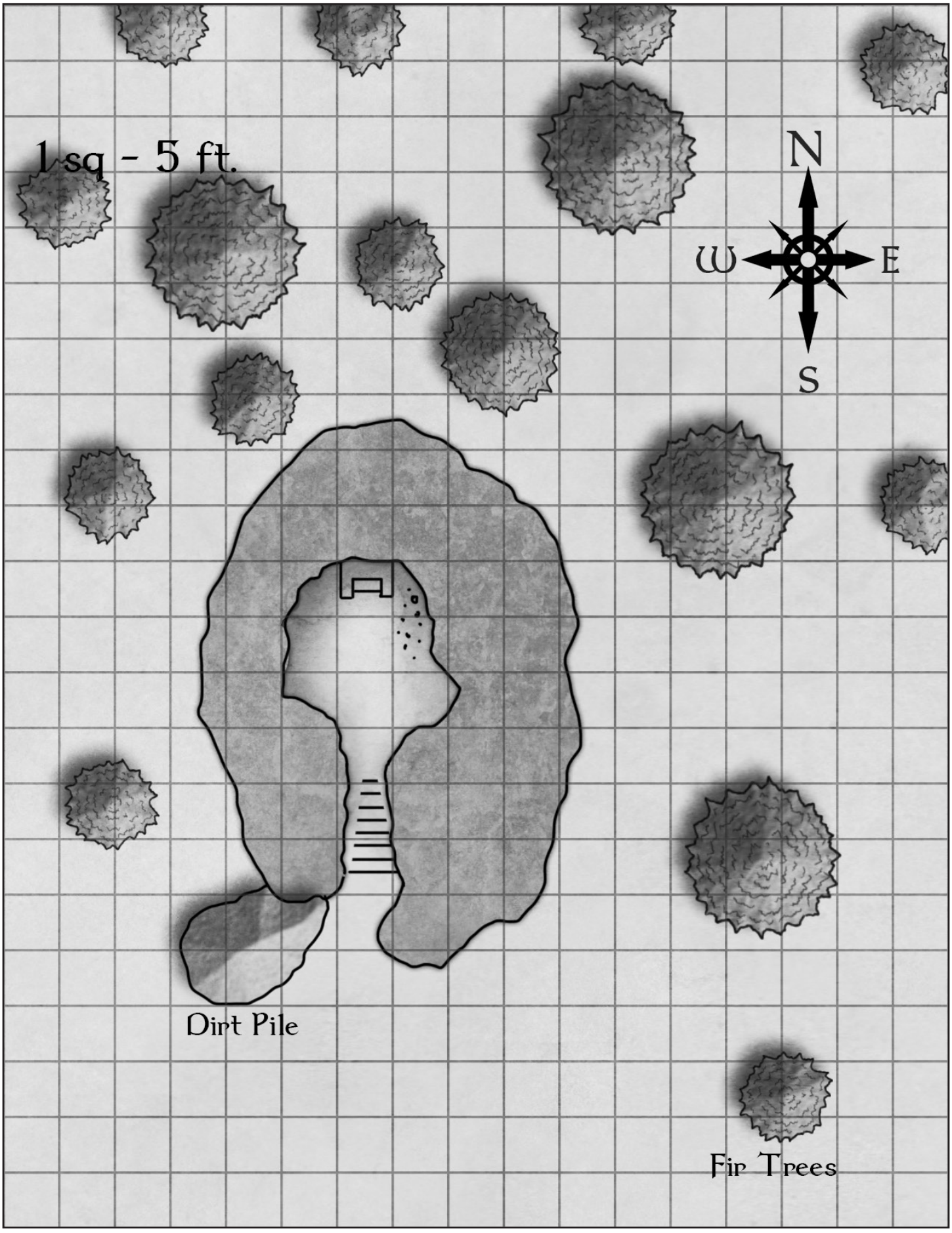

B. Caves in the Cliffs
- Iceberg
N
E
S
W
B1
B2
B3
B4
B5
B6
B7
B8
B9
Lower Level
Upper Level
1 sq = 10 ft.

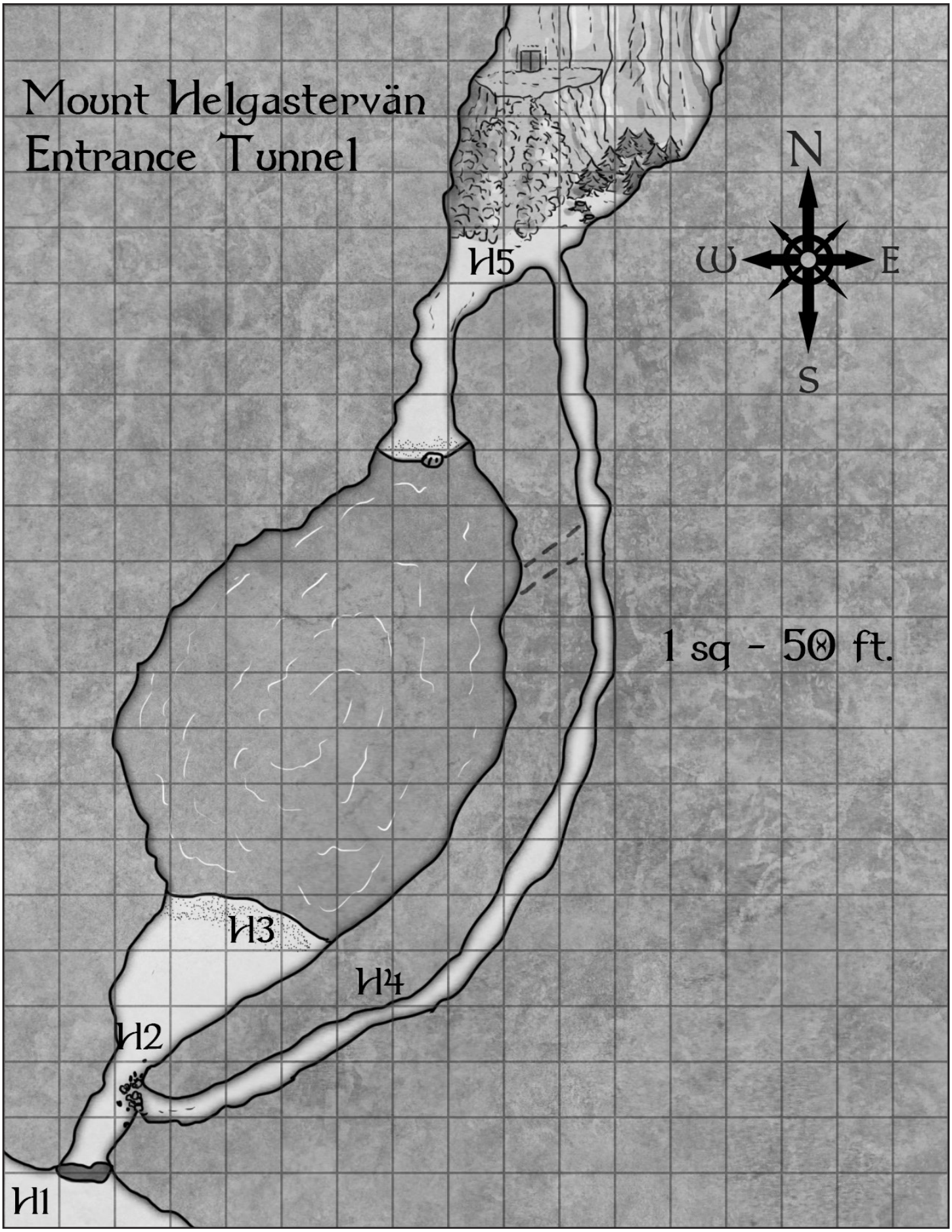

B. Caves in the Cliffs
= Iceberg
N
E
W
S
Upper Level
Lower Level
1 sq = 10 ft.

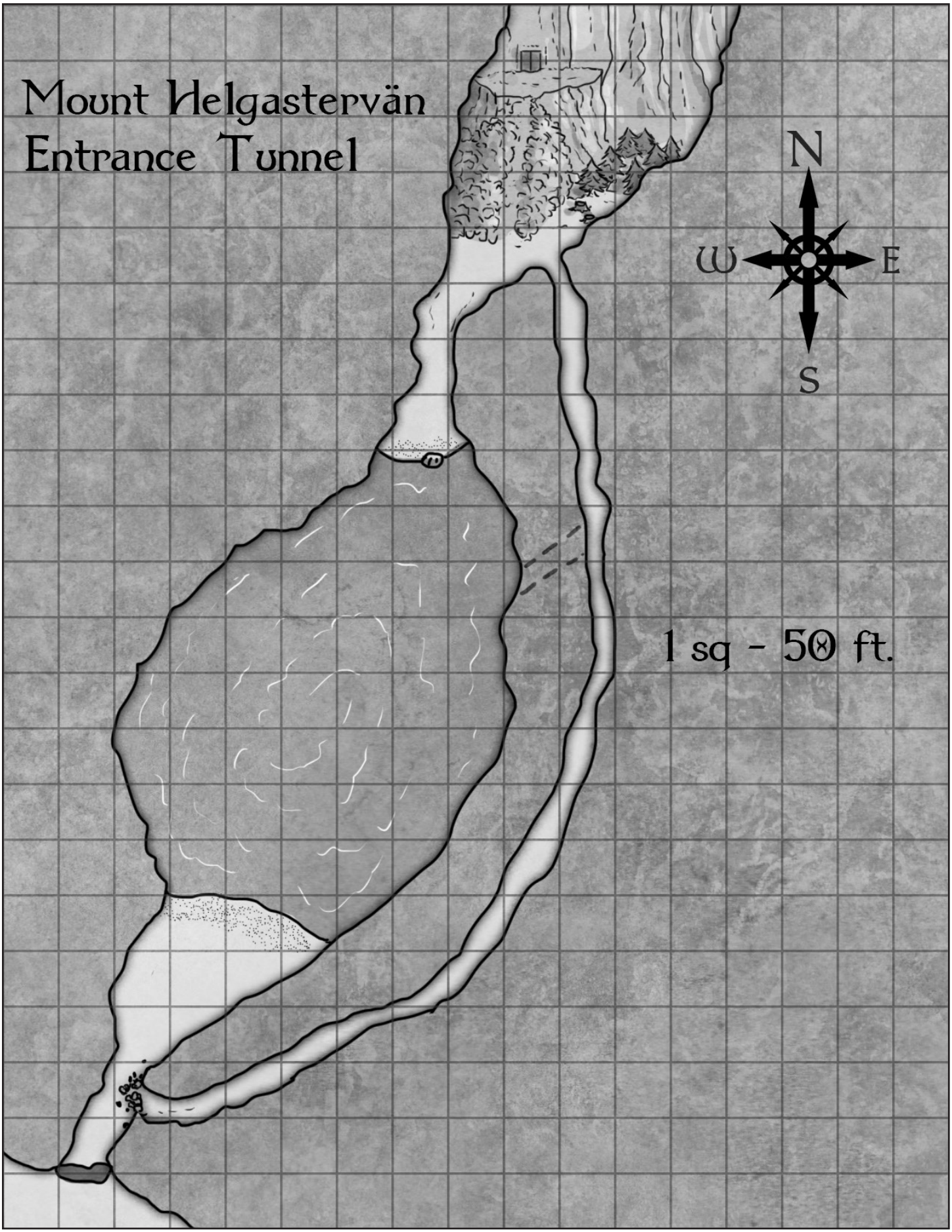

E. Cannibals' Hillock
1 sq - 5 ft.
N
W
E
S
4ft.
2ft.


1 sq - 5 ft.
N
W
E
S
4ft.
2ft.


F. Forgotten Crypt
1 sq - 5 ft.
N
W
E
S
Dirt Pile
Fir Trees

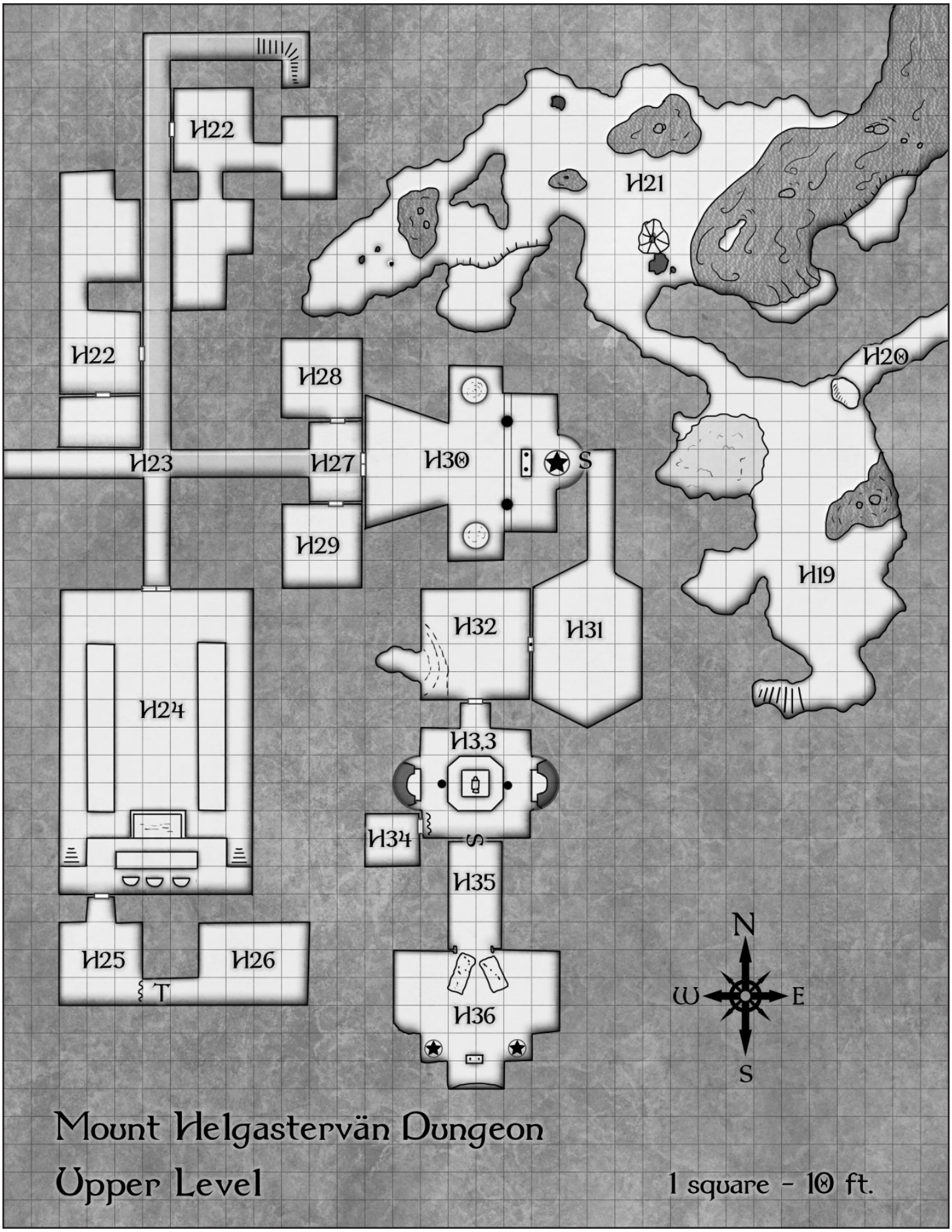

1 sq - 5 ft.
N
W
E
S
Dirt Pile
Fir Trees

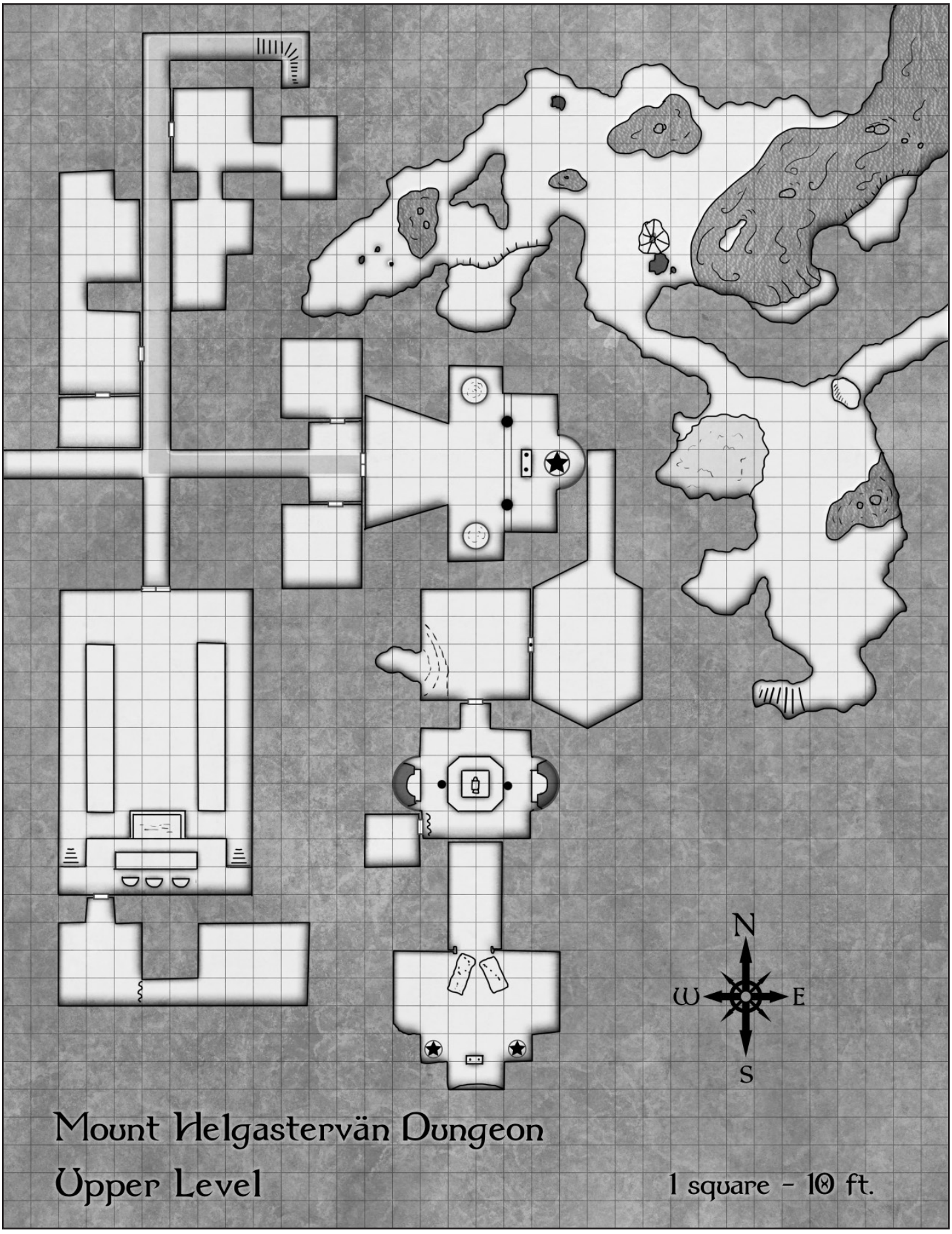

Mount Helgastervän
Entrance Tunnel
N
W
E
S
H5
1 sq - 50 ft.
H3
H4
H2
H1

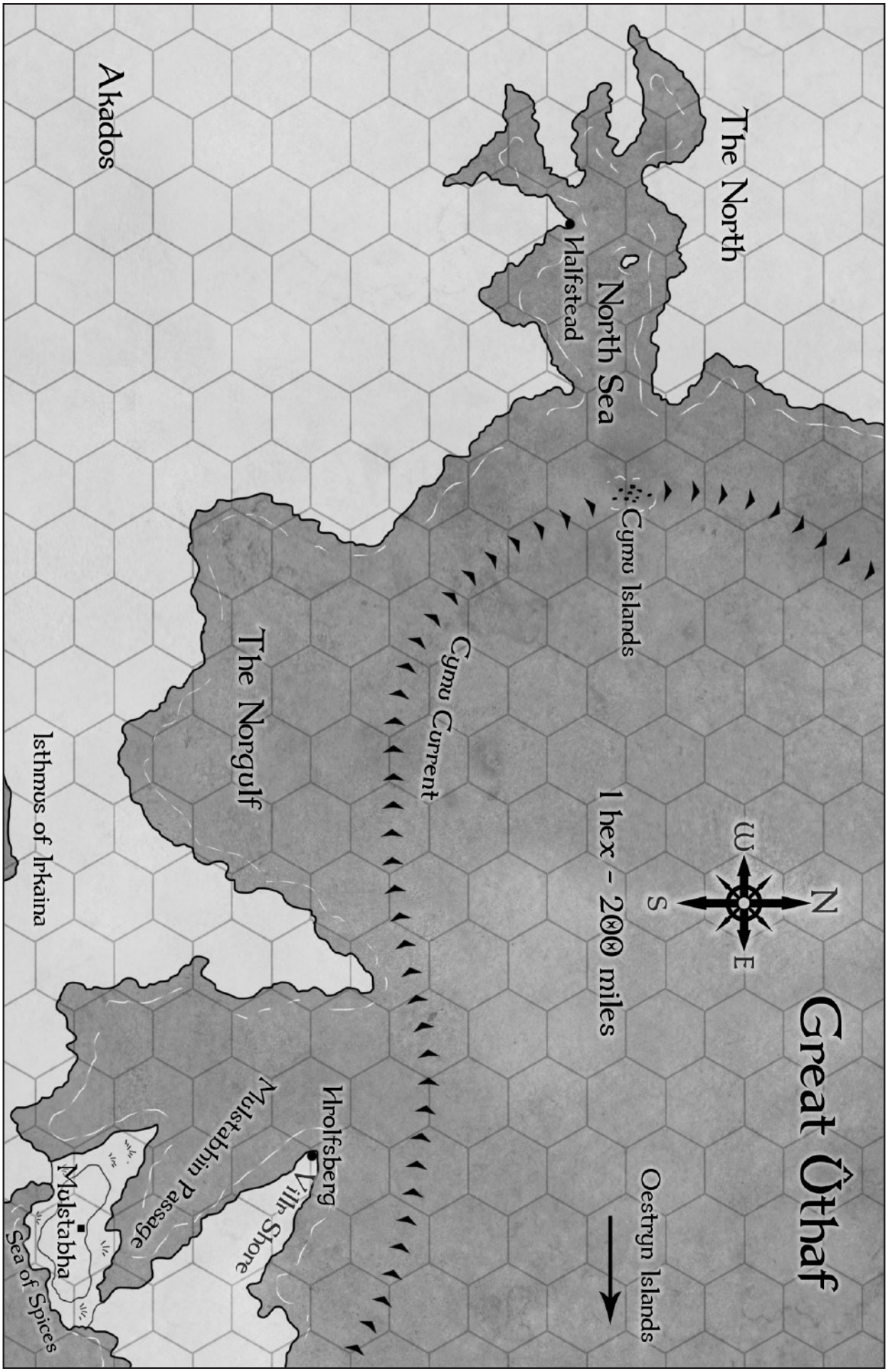

Mount Helgastervän
Entrance Tunnel
N
W
E
S
1 sq - 50 ft.


N
W
E
S
H16
H18
H15
H17
H9
H13
H14
H8
H12
H11
Mount Helgastervän Dungeon
Lower Level
1 square = 10 ft.
H7
H10
UP
H6

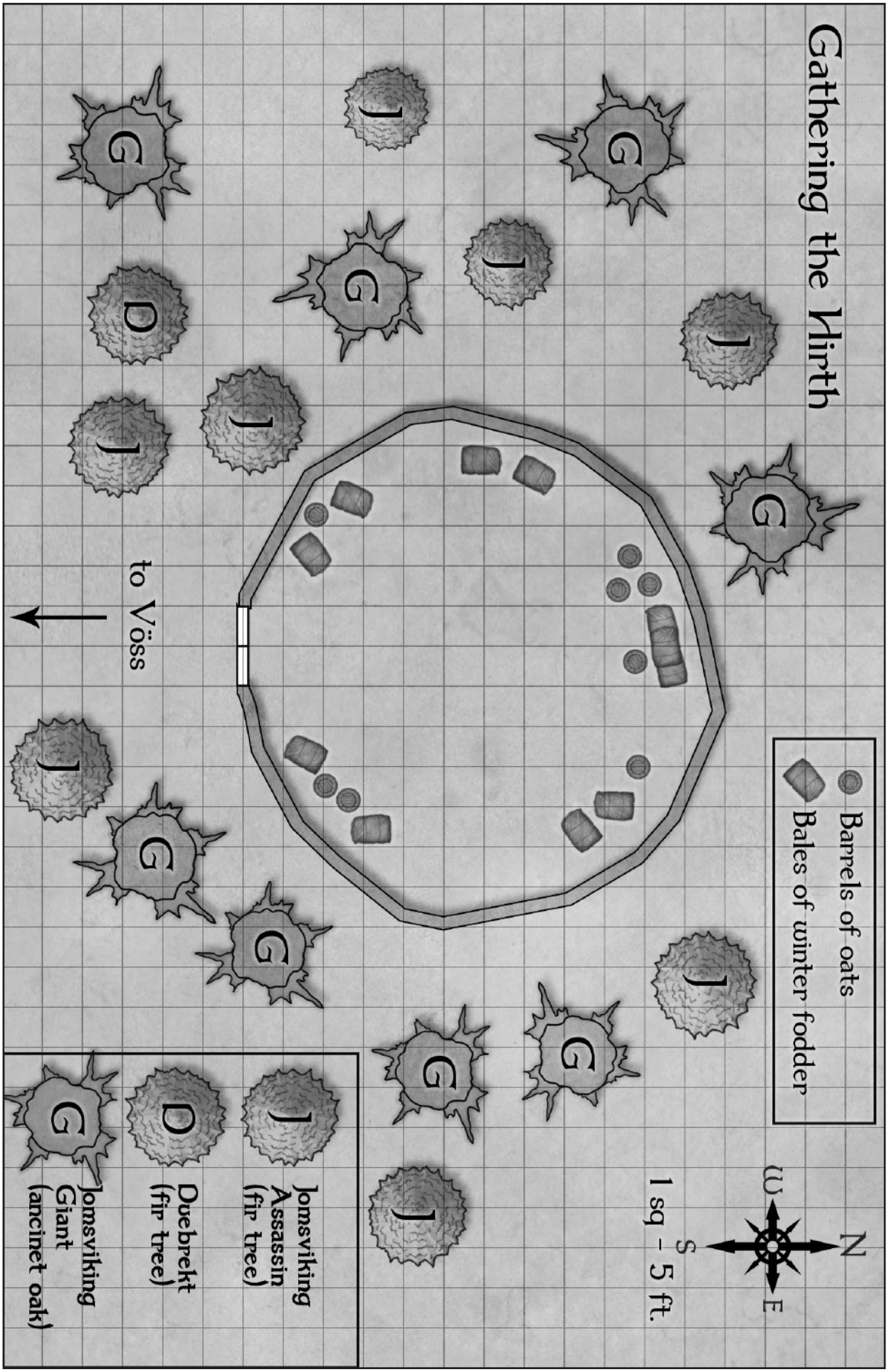

N
W
E
S
Mount Helgastervän Dungeon
Lower Level
1 square = 10 ft.
UP

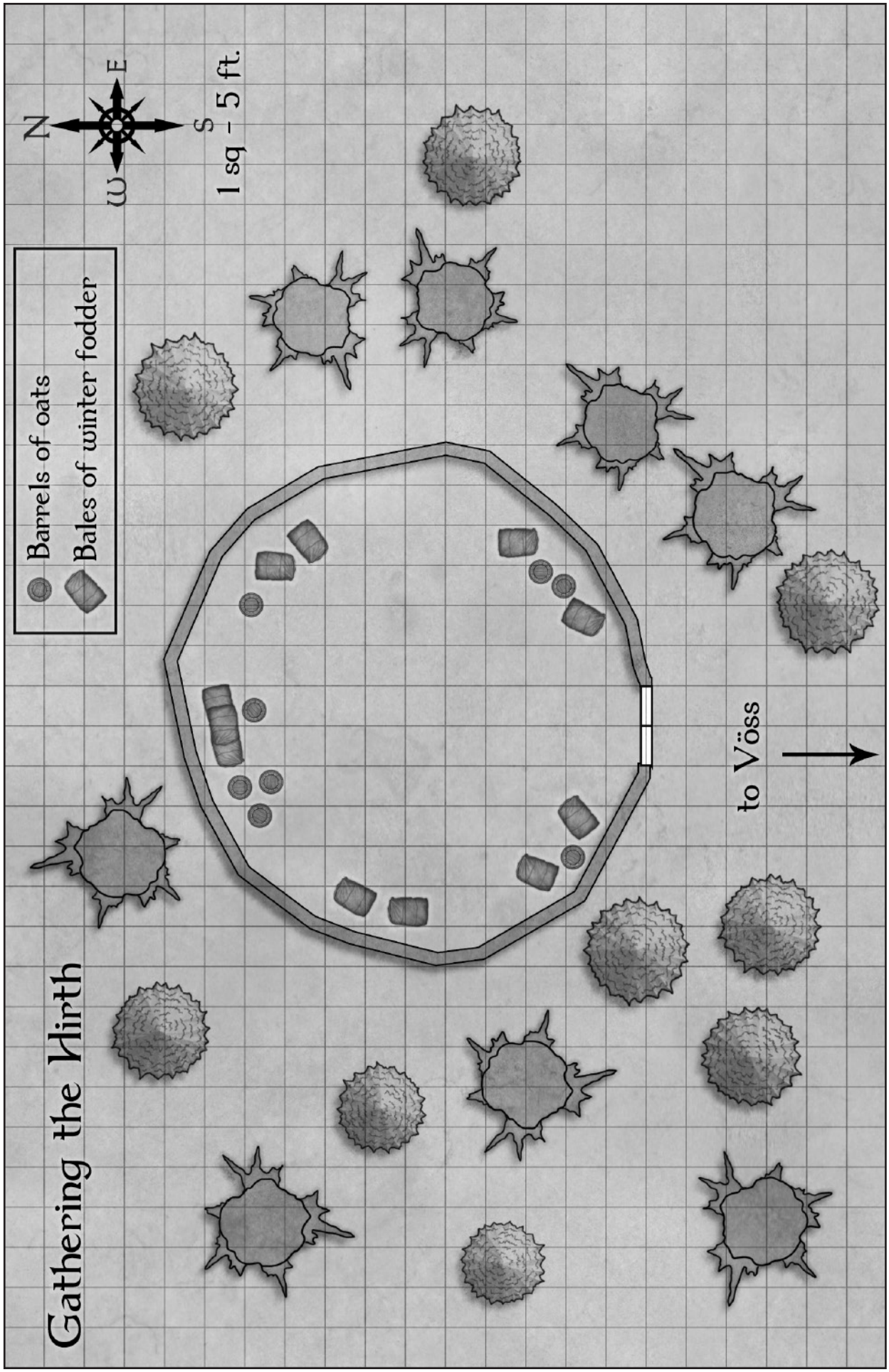

H22
H21
H22
H28
H20
H23
H27
H30
S
H29
H19
H32
H31
H24
H33
H34
S
H35
H25
H26
T
H36
N
W
E
S
Mount Helgastervän Dungeon
Upper Level
1 square = 10 ft.


N
W
E
S
Mount Helgastervän Dungeon
Upper Level
1 square = 10 ft.


Great Ûthaf
N
E
S
W
1 hex = 200 miles
Oestryn Islands
The North
North Sea
Halfstead
Cymu Islands
Cymu Current
The Norgulf
Akados
Isthmus of Irkaina
Hrolfsberg
Vilir Shore
Tulstabhin Passage
Mulstabha
Sea of Spices

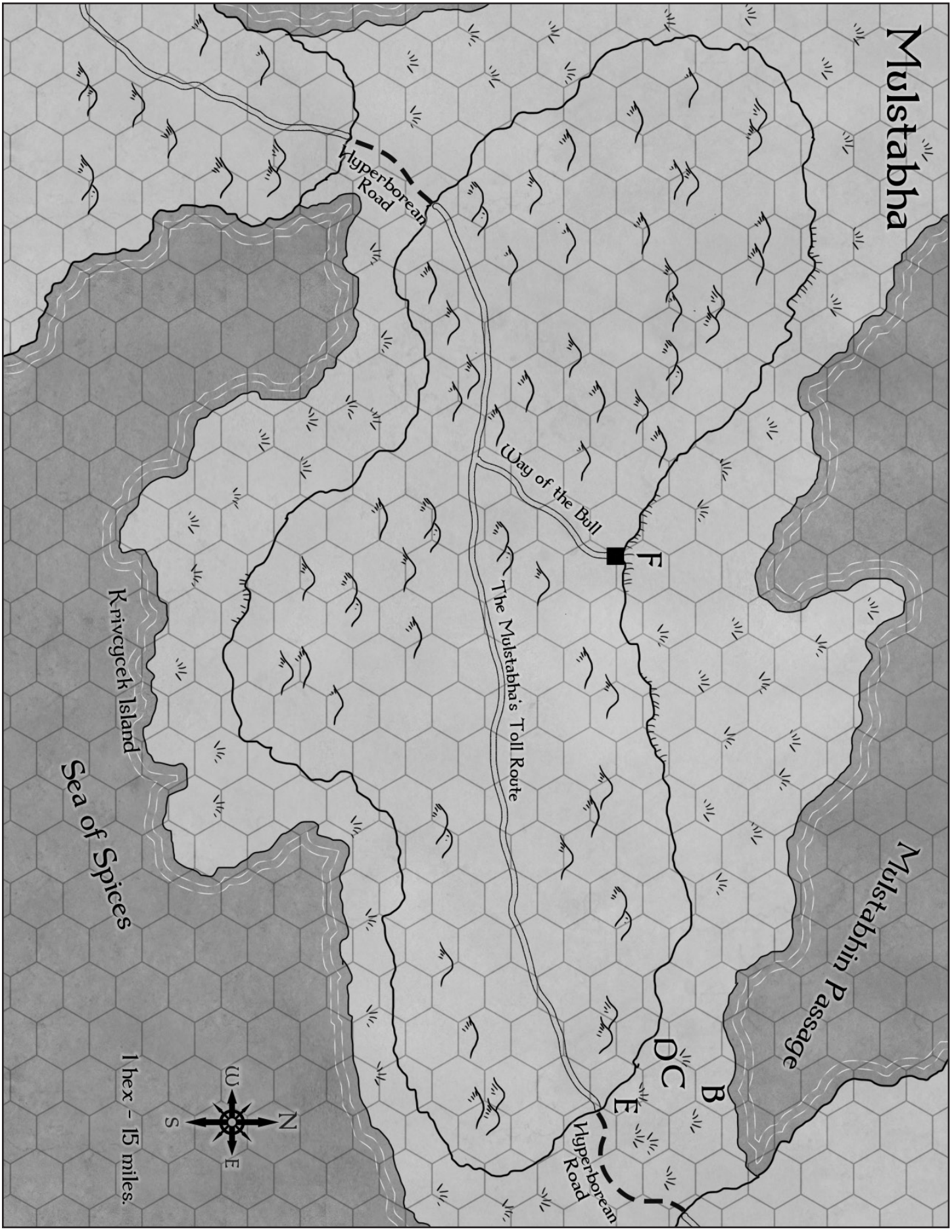

Great Ûthaf
N
E
W
S
1 hex - 200 miles
Oestryn Islands
Cymu Islands
Cymu Current
The North
North Sea
Halfstead
The Norgulf
Hrolfsberg
Villr Shore
Mulstabhin Passage
Mulstabha
Sea of Spices
Isthmus of Irkaina
Akados

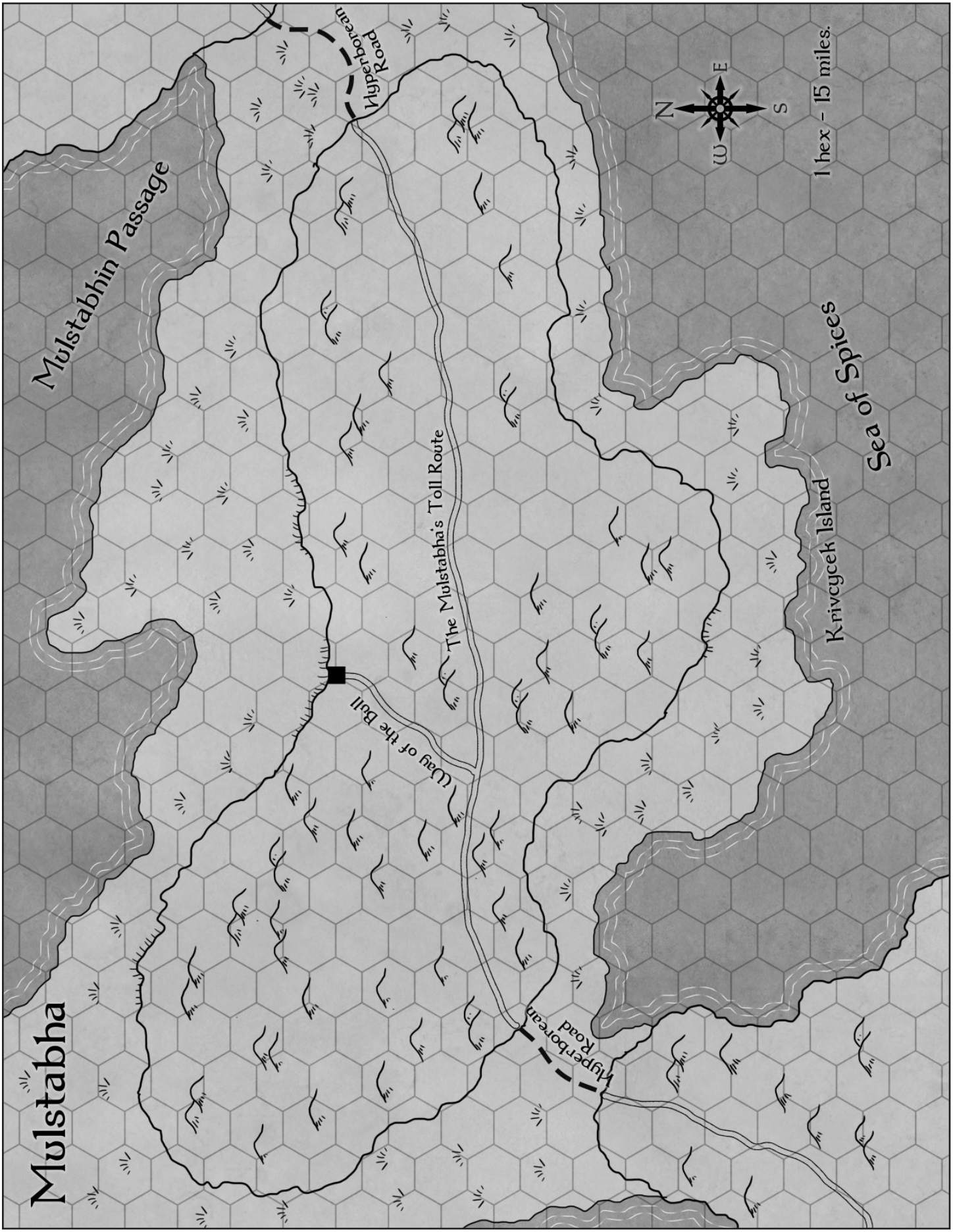

Gathering the Hirth
Barrels of oats
Bales of winter fodder
N
W
E
S
1 sq = 5 ft.
to Vöss
Jomsviking Assassin (fir tree)
Duebrekt (fir tree)
Jomsviking Giant (ancinet oak)

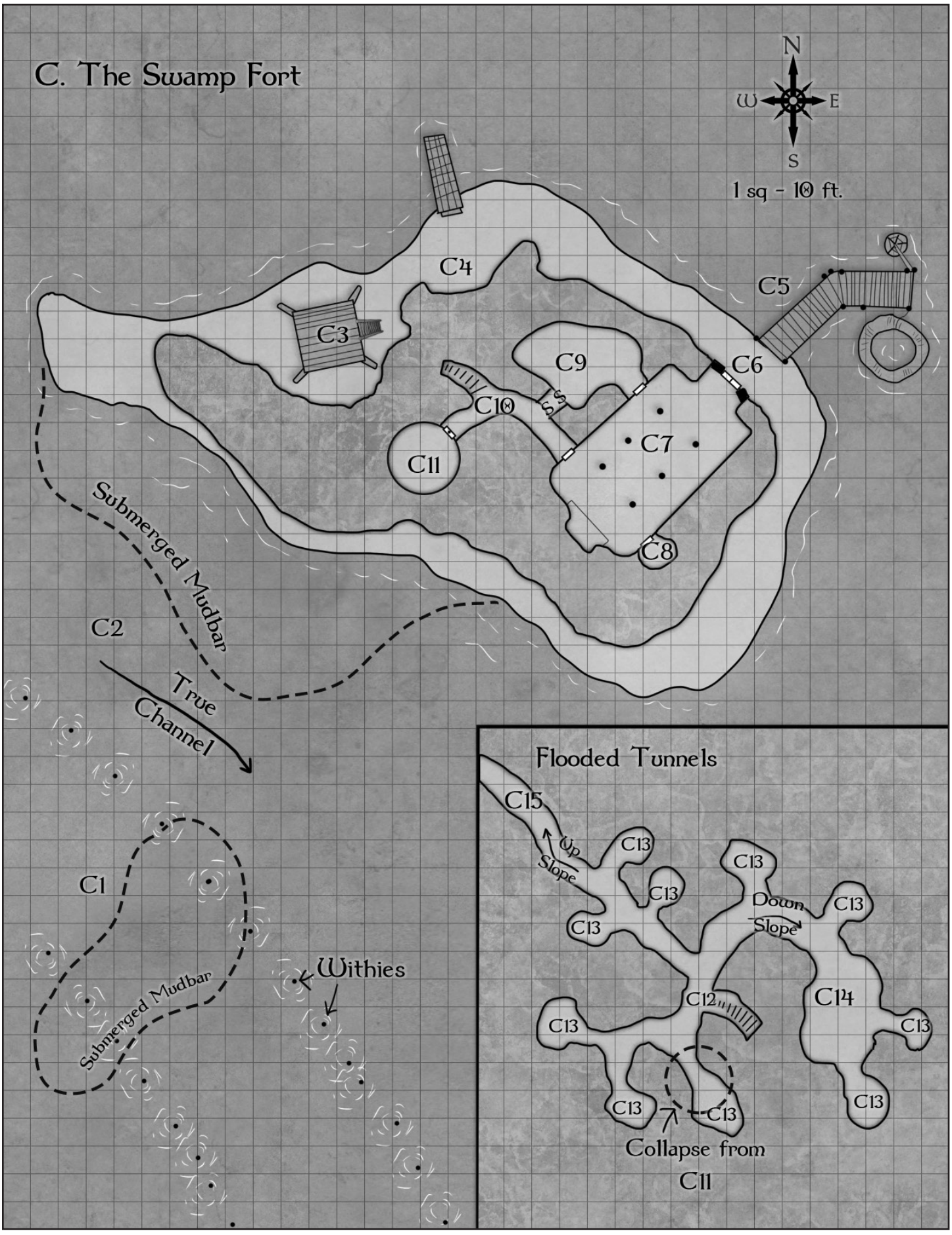

Gathering the Hirth
Barrels of oats
Bales of winter fodder
N
E
S
W
1 sq = 5 ft.
to Vöss

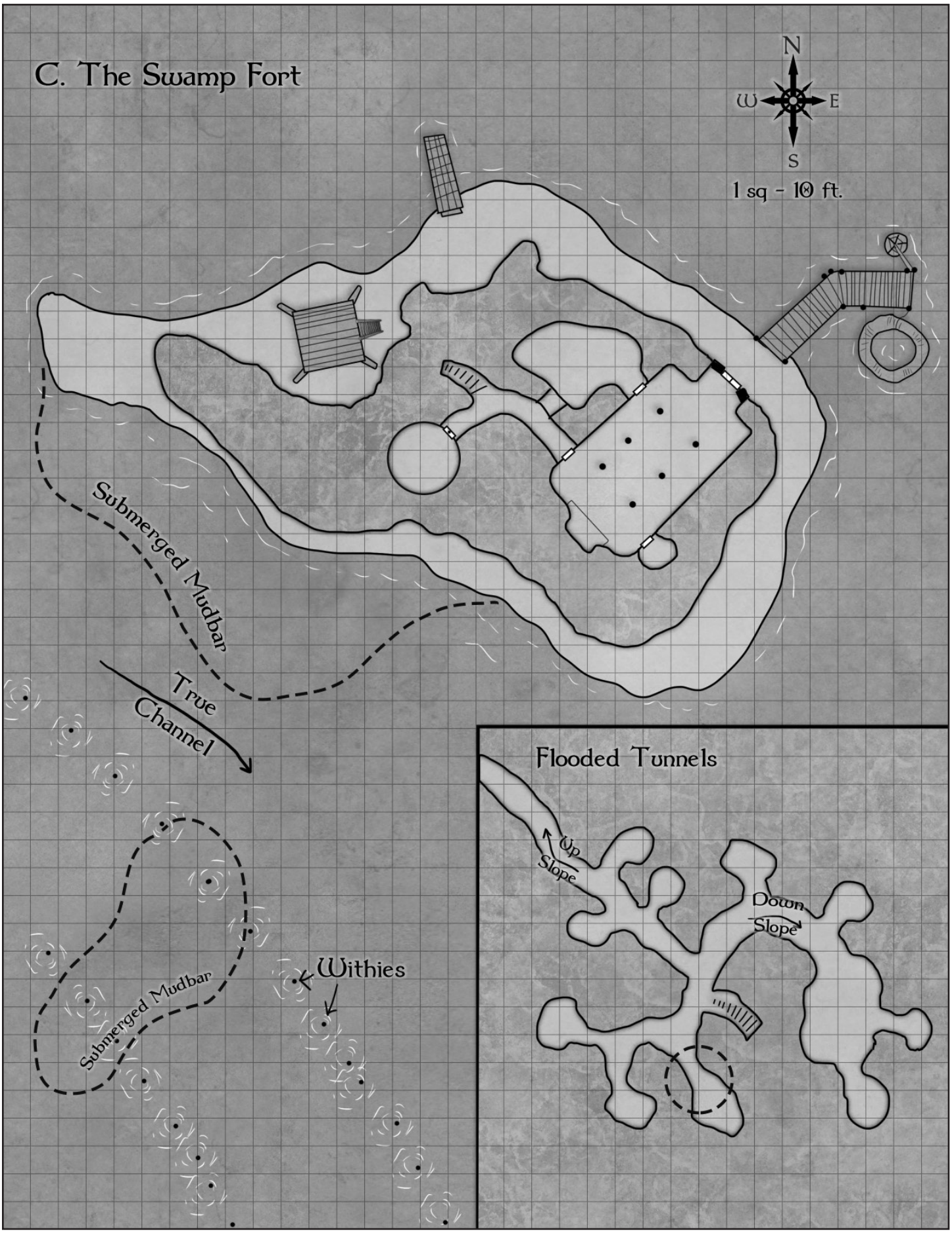

N
W
E
S
1 sq = 25 miles.
A
Villr Shore
The Great Ocean Ôthaf
Libynos
Mulstabhin Passage
B
C
E
F
Mulstabha
Krivcycek Island
Akados
Sea of Spices

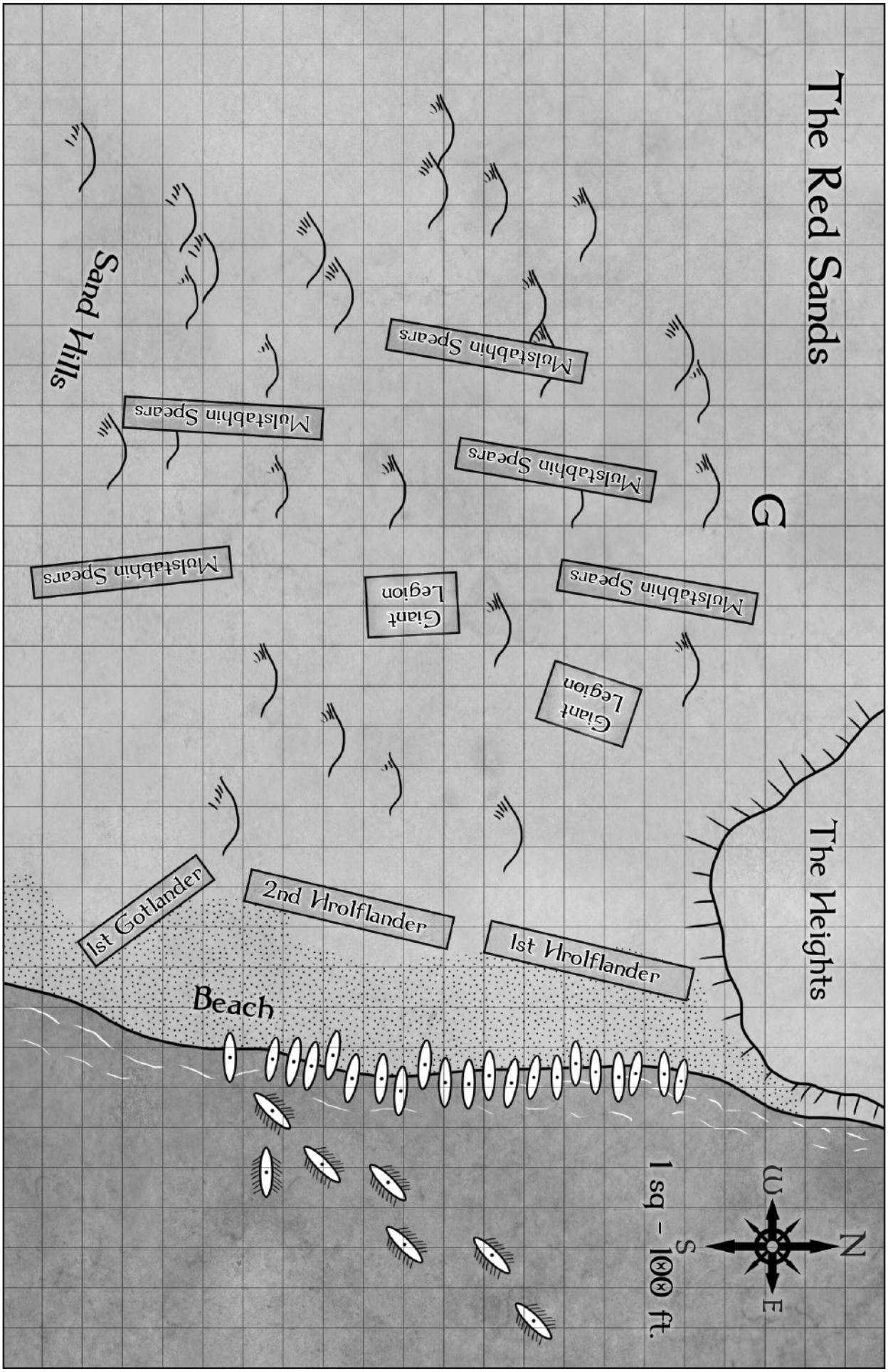

N
W
E
S
1 sq - 25 miles.
Villr Shore
The Great Ocean Ôthaf
Libynos
Mulstabhin Passage
Mulstabha
Krivcycek Island
Sea of Spices
Akados

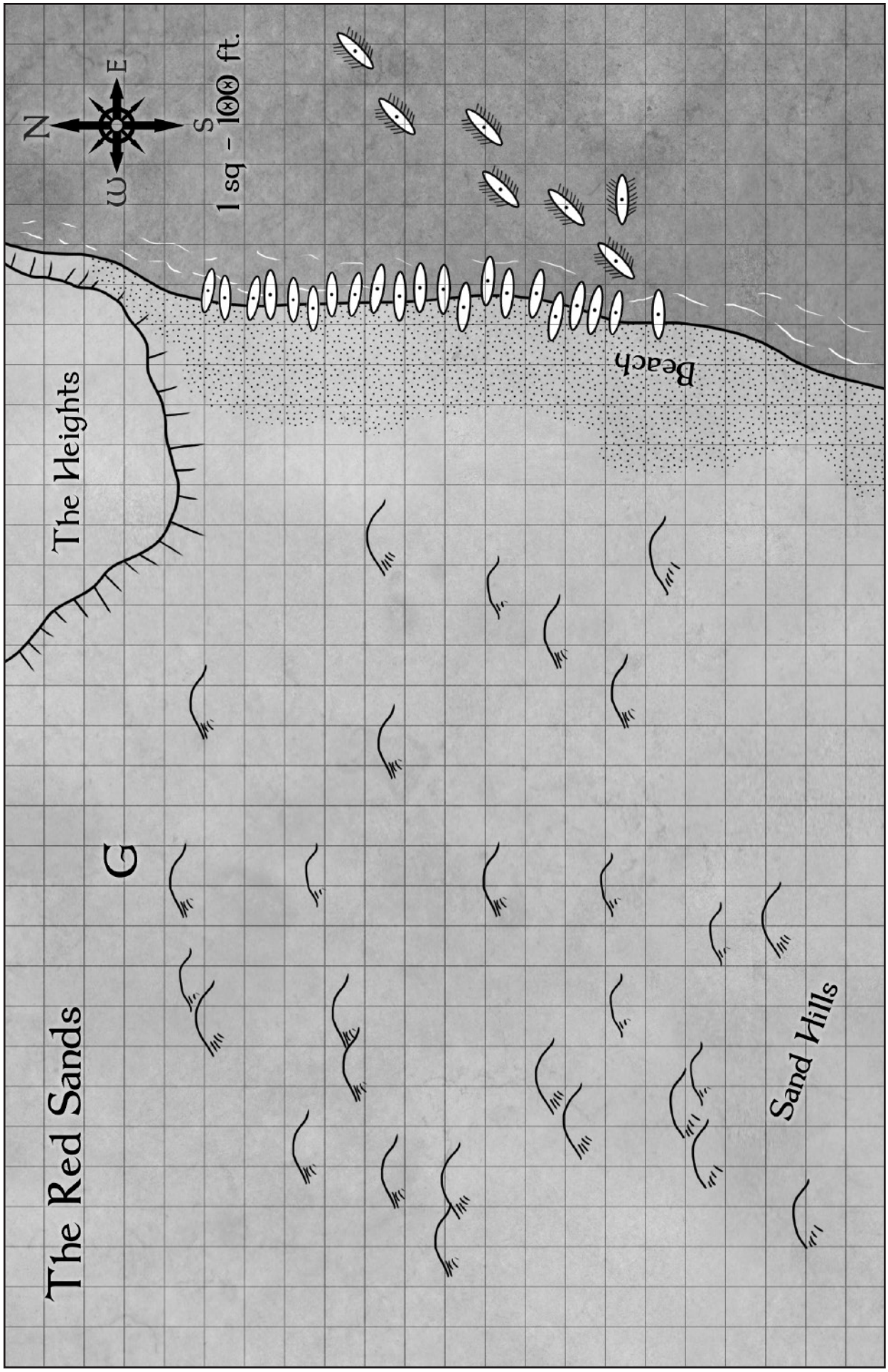

Mulstabha
Hyperborean Road
Way of the Bull
F
The Mulstabha's Toll Route
Krivcycek Island
Sea of Spices
Mulstablyin Passage
B
DC
E
Hyperborean Road
W
N
S
E
1 hex = 15 miles.

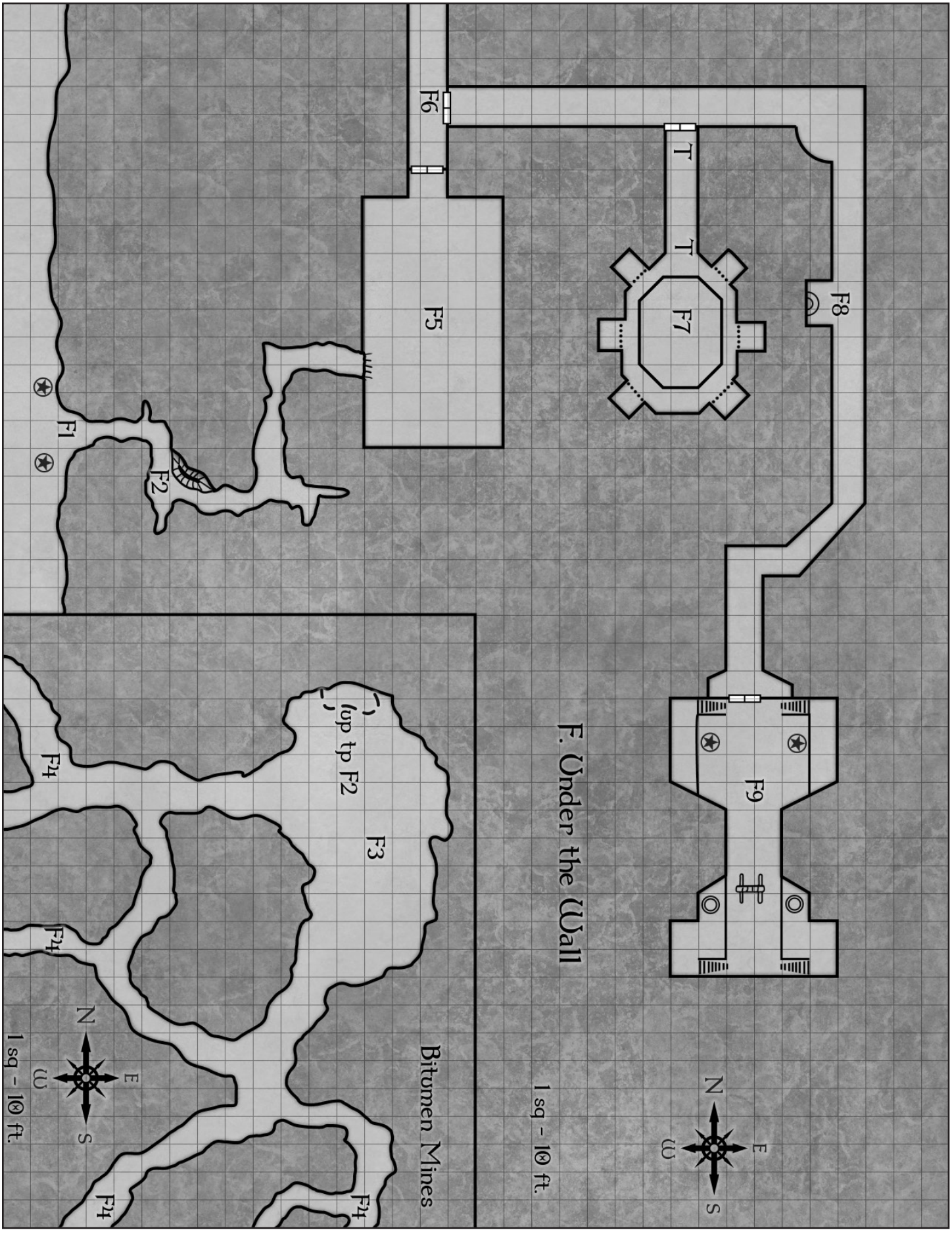

Mulstabha
Mulstabhin Passage
Hyperborean Road
The Mulstabha's Toll Route
Quay of the Bull
Hyperborean Road
Krivcycek Island
Sea of Spices
N
E
S
W
1 hex = 15 miles.

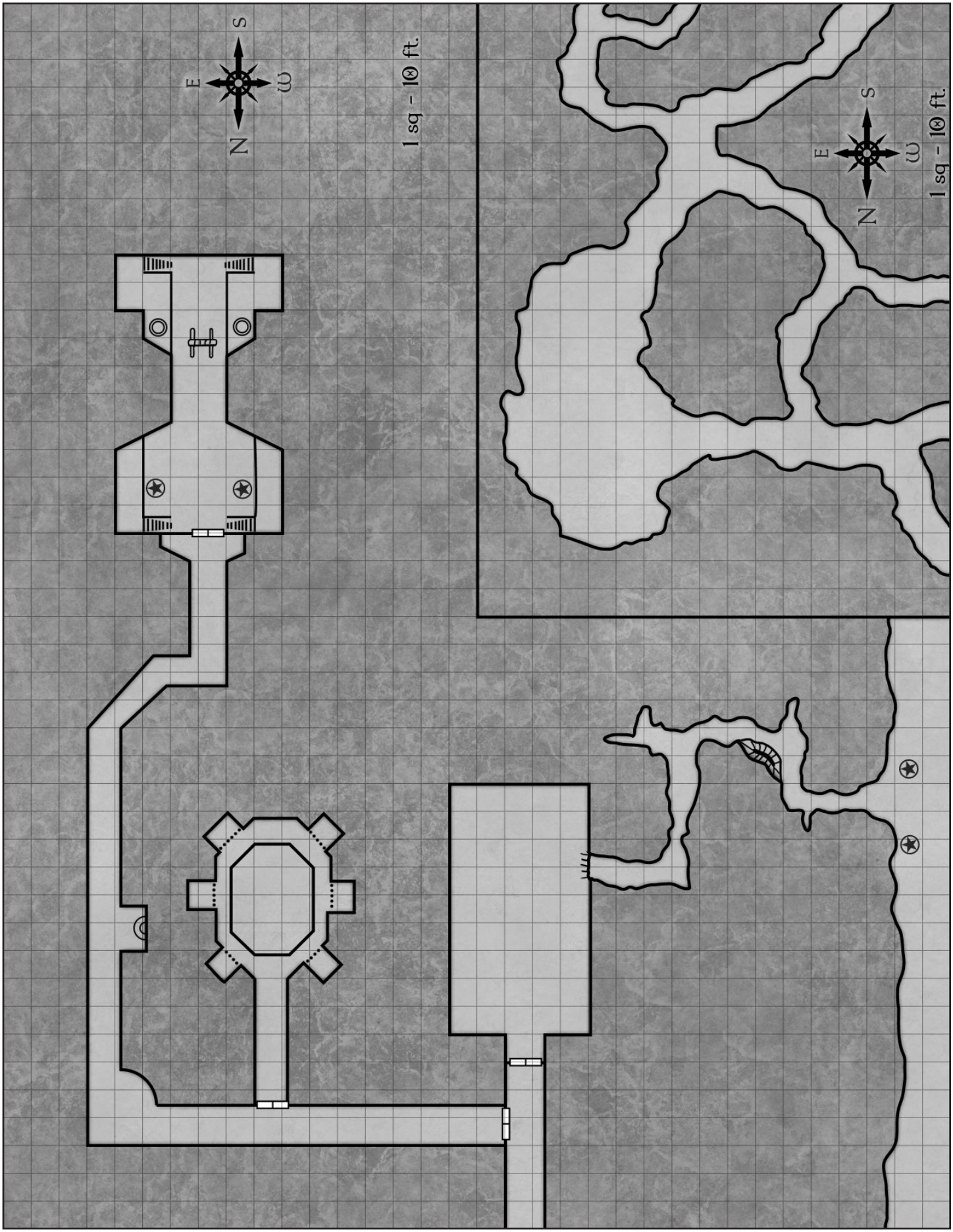

C. The Swamp Fort
N
W
E
S
1 sq = 10 ft.
C1
C2
C3
C4
C5
C6
C7
C8
C9
C10
C11
Submerged Mudbar
True Channel
Withies
Submerged Mudbar
Flooded Tunnels
C12
C13
C14
C15
Up Slope
Down Slope
Collapse from C11

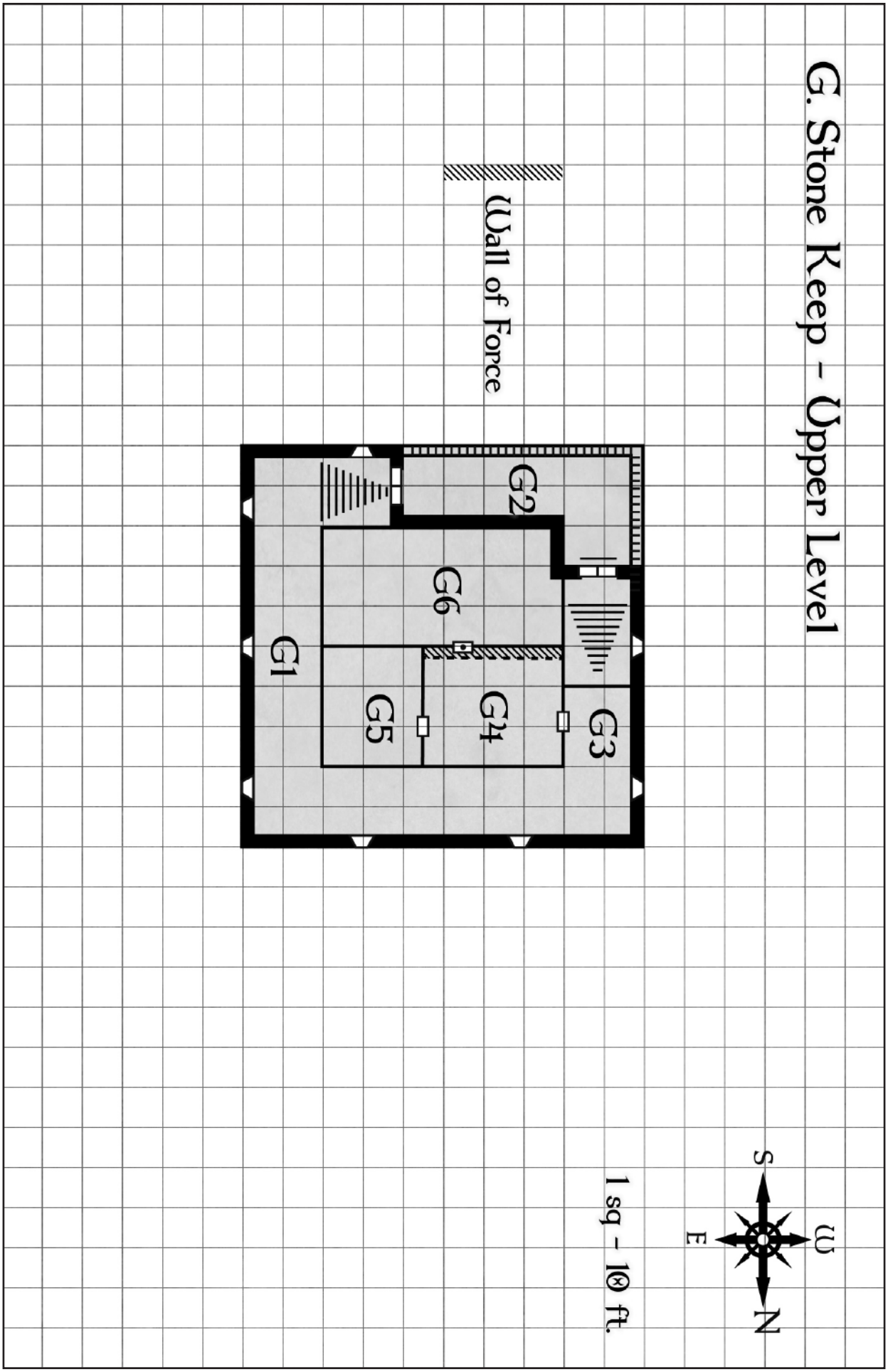

C. The Swamp Fort
N
W
E
S
1 sq = 10 ft.
Submerged Mudbar
True Channel
Flooded Tunnels
Up Slope
Down Slope
Withies
Submerged Mudbar

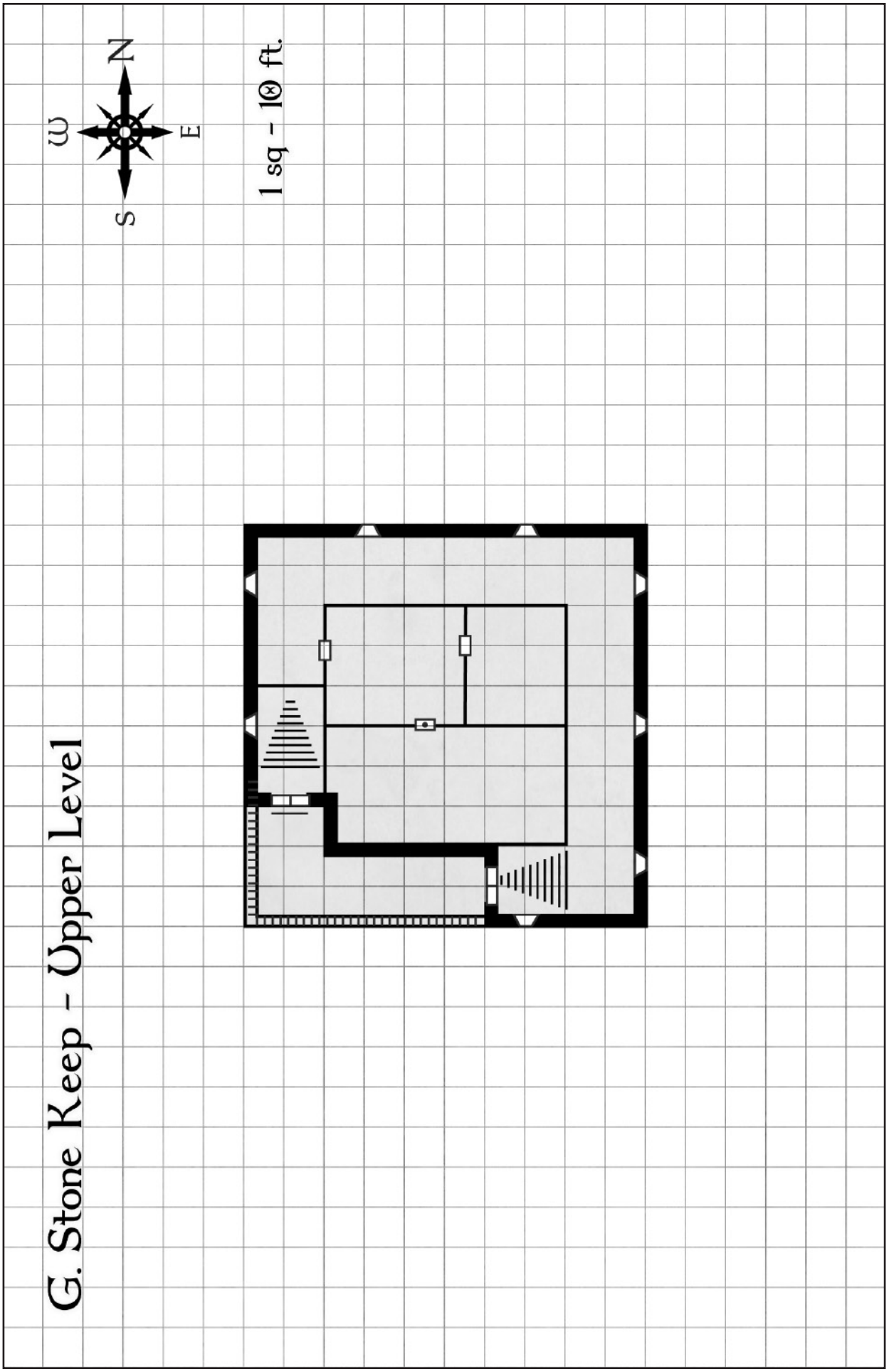

The Red Sands
Sand Hills
Mulstabhin Spears
Mulstabhin Spears
Mulstabhin Spears
Mulstabhin Spears
Mulstabhin Spears
Giant Legion
Giant Legion
G
The Heights
1st Gotlander
2nd Hrolflander
1st Hrolflander
Beach
W
N
S
E
1 sq = 100 ft.


N
E
W
S
1 sq = 100 ft.
The Heights
Beach
G
The Red Sands
Sand Hills

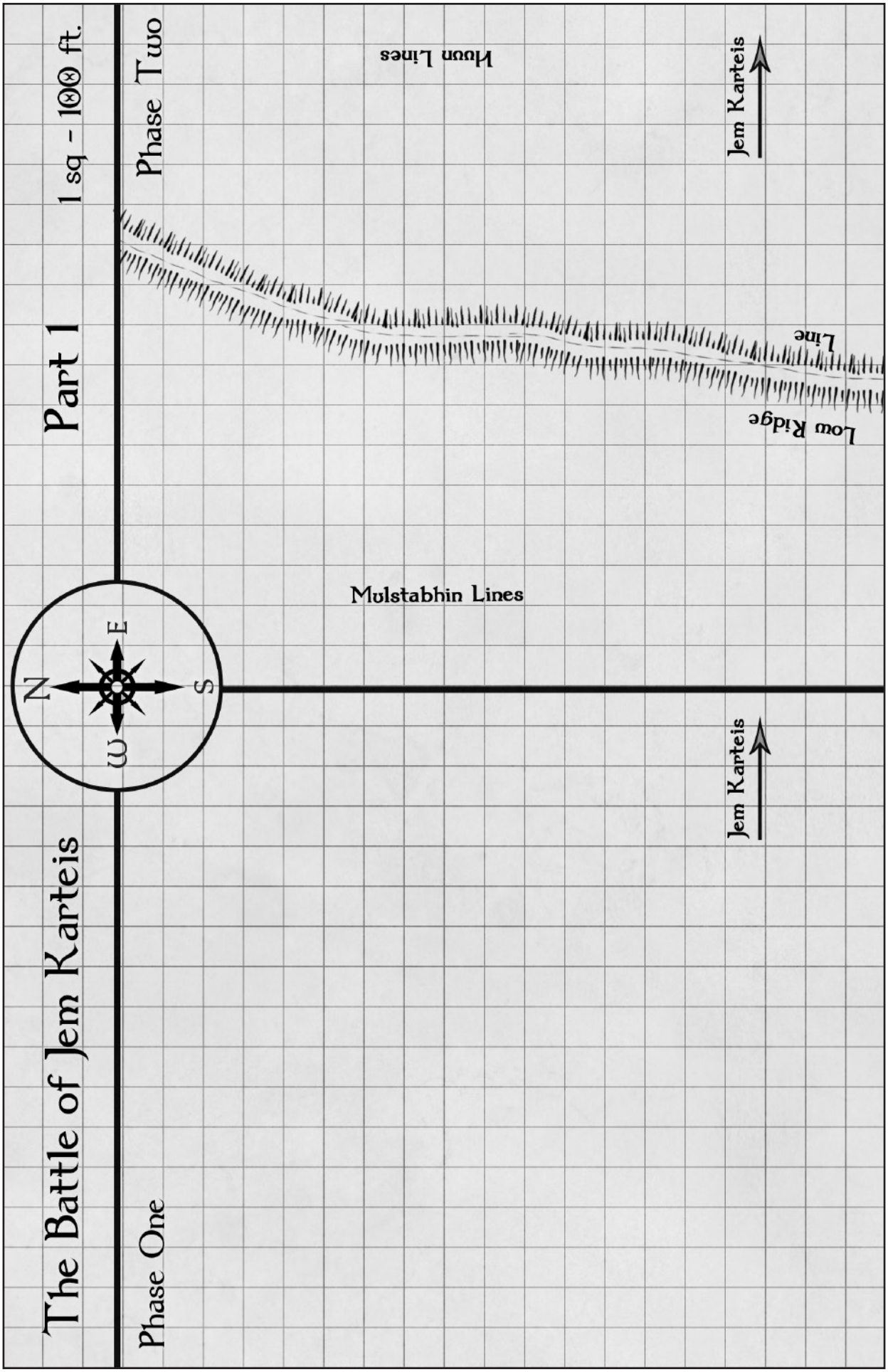

F. Under the Wall
1 sq = 10 ft.
F1
F2
F3
(up to F2
F4
F5
F6
F7
F8
F9
T
T
Bitumen Mines
N
E
S
W
1 sq = 10 ft.

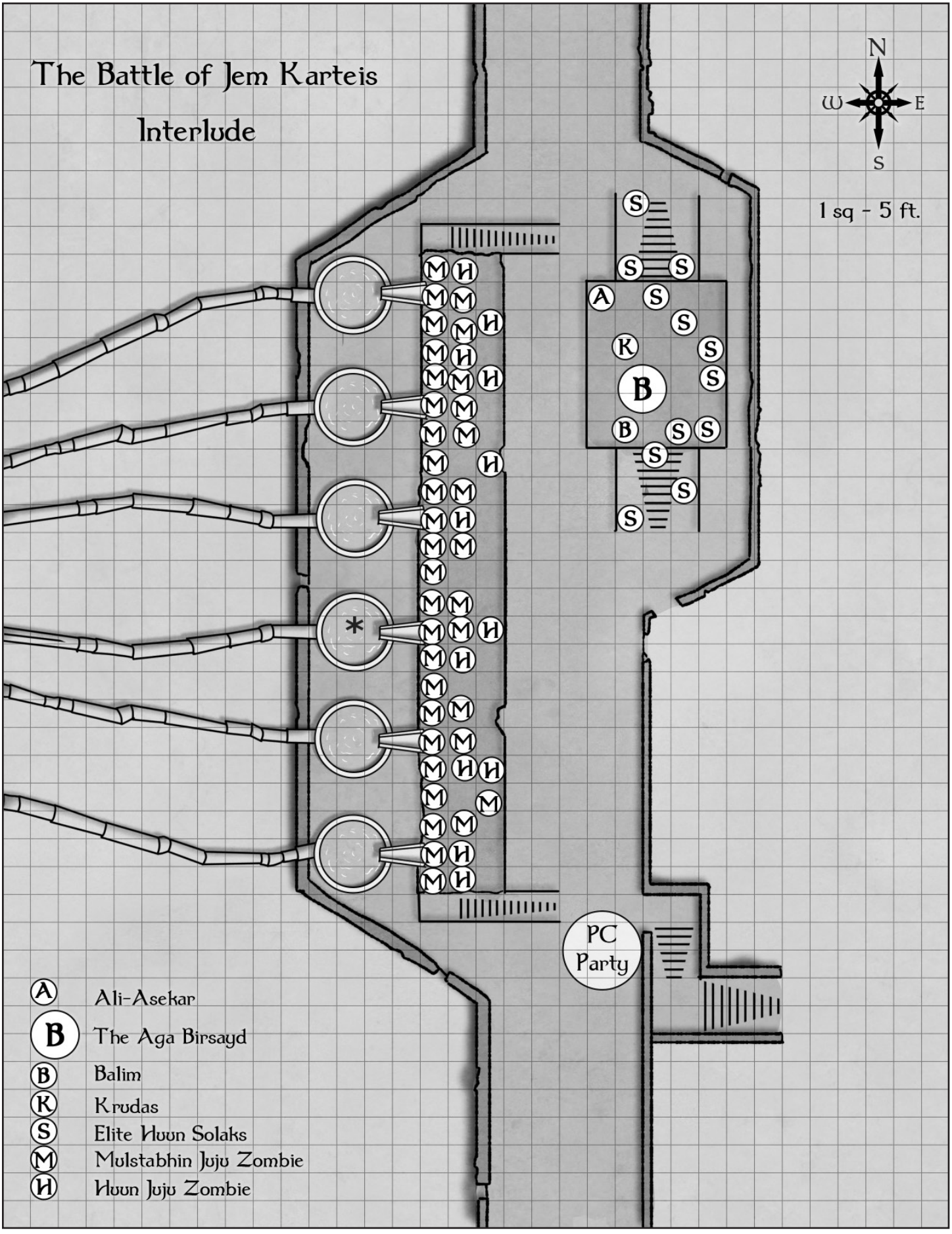

N
E
S
W
1 sq = 10 ft.
N
E
S
W
1 sq = 10 ft.

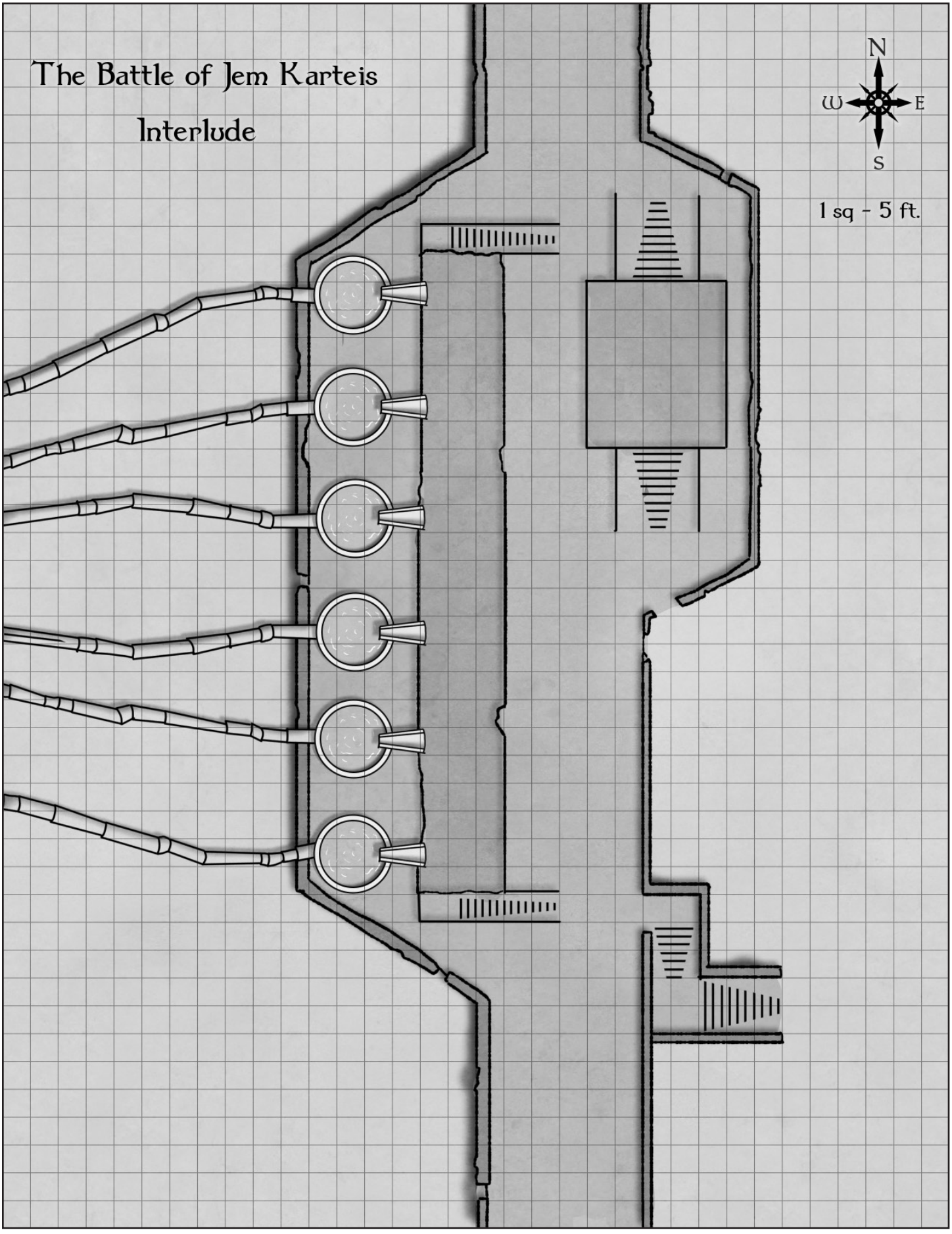

G. Stone Keep - Upper Level
Wall of Force
G1
G2
G3
G4
G5
G6
W
S
E
N
1 sq = 10 ft.

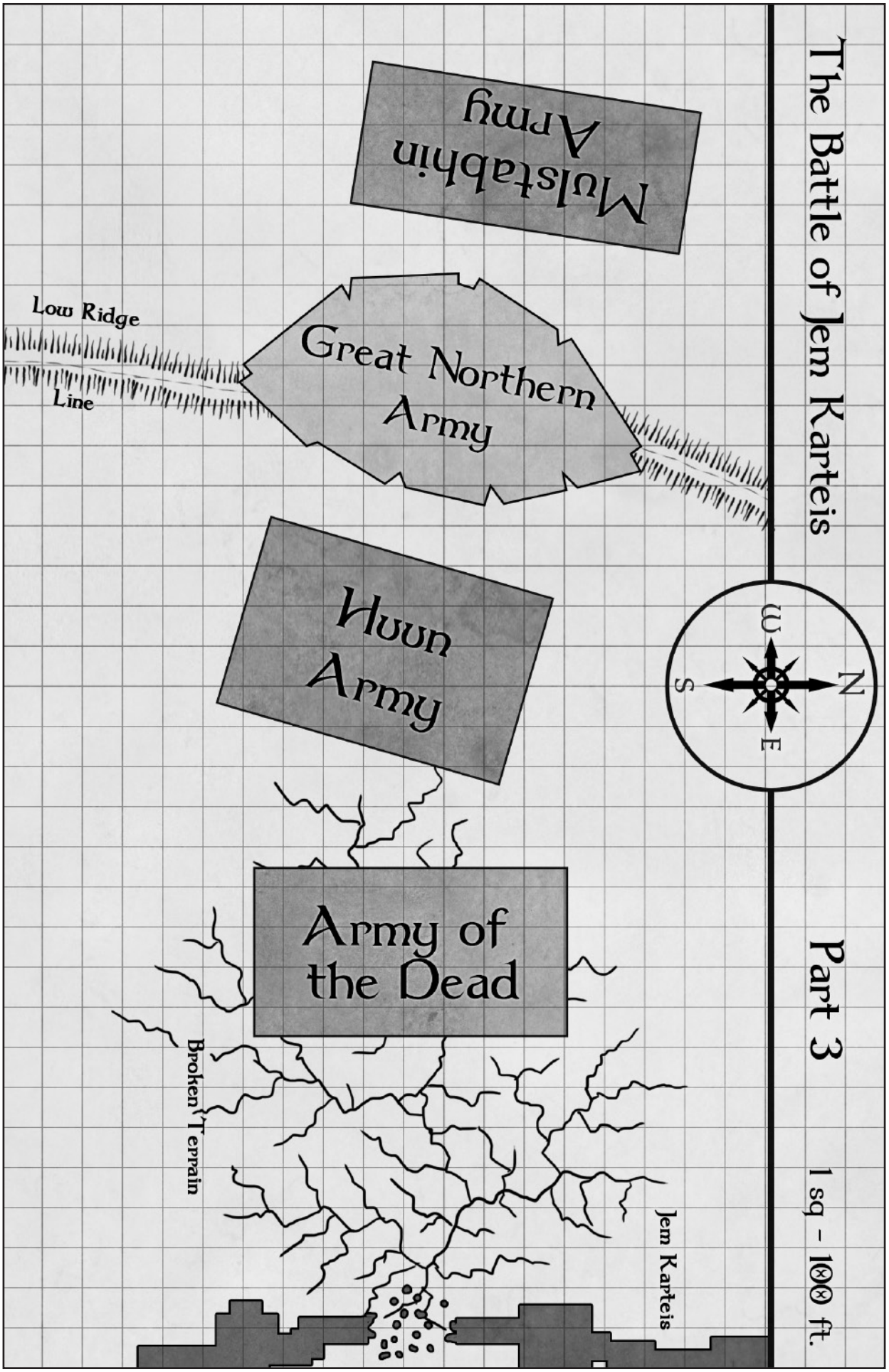

N
W
E
S
1 sq = 10 ft.
G. Stone Keep - Upper Level

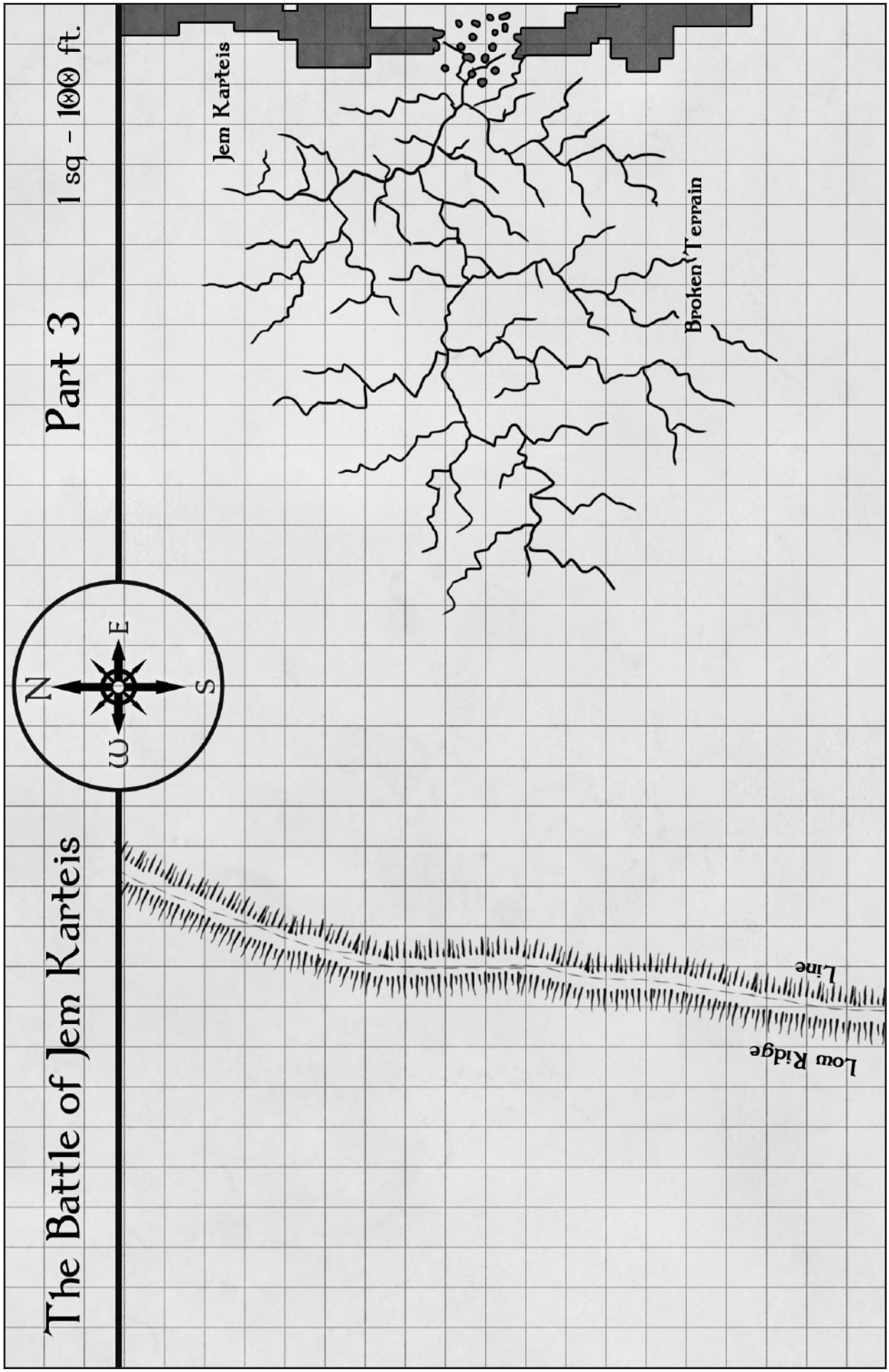
The Battle of Jem Karteis
Part 1
1 sq = 100 ft.
Phase One
Phase Two
Mulstabhin Lines
Huun Lines
Jem Karteis
Jem Karteis
Low Ridge
Line
W
N
S
E
Mulstabhin Spears
Giant Legion
Light Cavalry
Mamelukes
Mamelukes
Householders
Householders
Householders
Householders
Hrofland Horse
Hornbogi
Køenig's Guard
Hornbogi
Householders
Householders
Hrofland Horse
Householders
Køenig's Guard
Householders


The Battle of Jem Karteis
Part 1
1 sq = 100 ft.
Phase One
Phase Two
N
E
S
W
Mulstabhin Lines
Jem Karteis
Jem Karteis
Low Ridge
Line
Huun Lines


The Battle of Jem Karteis
Interlude
N
W
E
S
1 sq - 5 ft.
PC Party
A Ali-Asekar
B The Aga Birsayd
B Balim
K Krudas
S Elite Huun Solaks
M Mulstabhin Juju Zombie
H Huun Juju Zombie


The Battle of Jem Karteis
Interlude
N
W
E
S
1 sq - 5 ft.


The Battle of Jem Karteis
Part 3
1 sq = 100 ft.
Mulstabhin Army
Great Northern Army
Low Ridge
Line
Huun Army
Army of the Dead
Broken Terrain
Jem Karteis
N
E
S
W


The Battle of Jem Karteis
Part 3
1 sq - 100 ft.
Jem Karteis
Broken Terrain
Low Ridge
Line
N
E
S
W

Northlands Saga Pre-Generated Player Characters

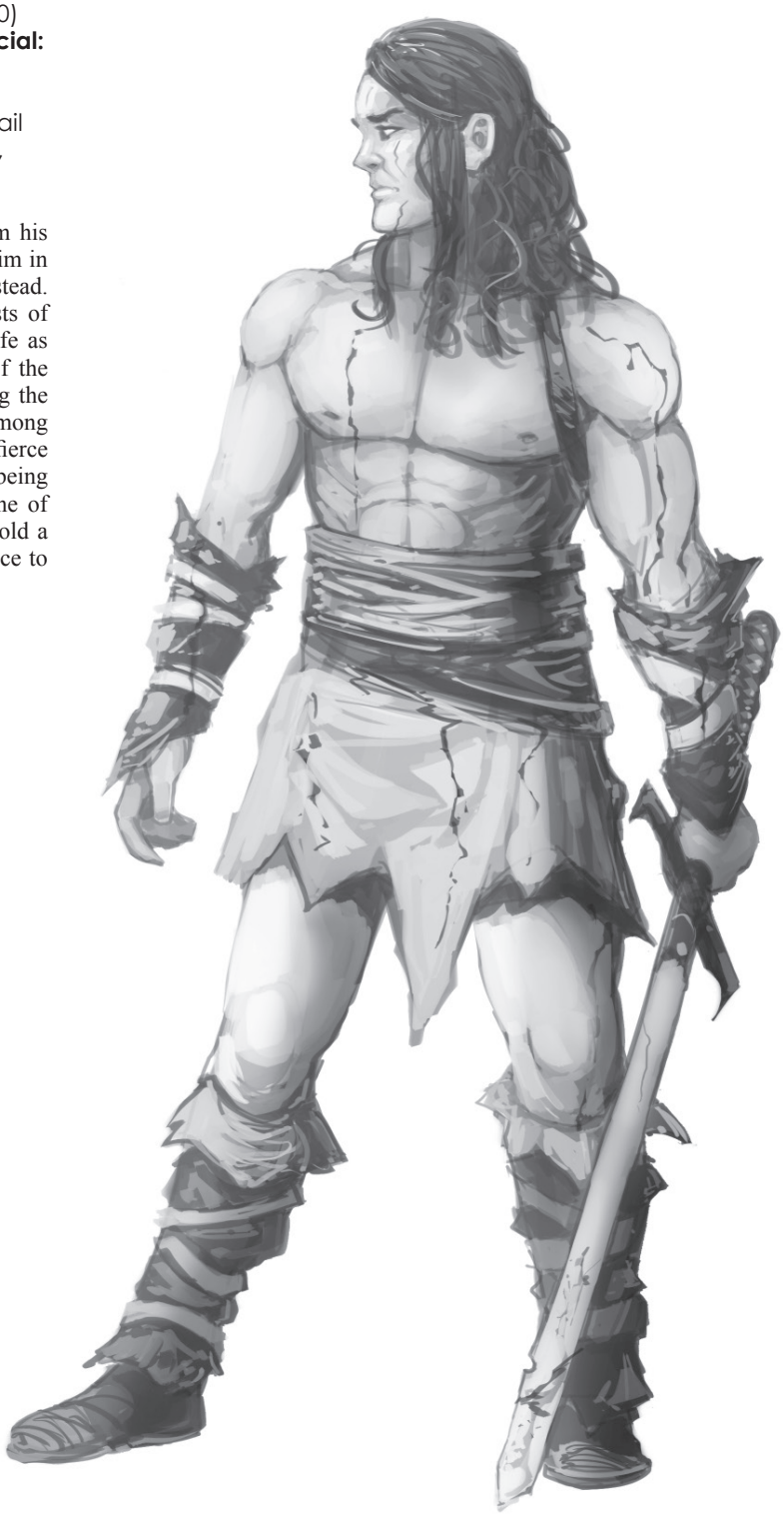
The following player characters represent 1st-level heroes just beginning their careers as they set out on the road for adventure in the Northlands. They are designed specifically for use with *The Northlands Saga Adventure Path*, though you can use them for any other campaign or simply as sample Northlands NPCs. Each includes a relevant character background that you can use or ignore as you see fit. These characters were created using a 15-point build to exemplify the low-fantasy style of play to be found in a gritty Northlands setting where magic is relatively scarce and true danger abounds on all sides, though you can increase them to a 20-point build to fit a more high-fantasy style of play.

Balázs, Seagestrelander Thrall

Balázs (Ftr1): HP 8; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** two-handed sword (1d10) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +1 to hit strength bonus.

Equipment: leather armor, two-handed sword, 5 javelins, backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, sack, 5 torches, belt pouch, 15hs, 6sp, 5cp.

A thrall raised in the house of Jarl Olaf, Balász was taken from his homeland to the west at a very young age. The slave traders sold him in Osløn, and he was purchased for the household of the Jarl of Halfstead. Balász has only vague recollections of his years among the forests of Seagestreland and feels little kinship for those distant peoples. Life as a thrall in Jarl Olaf's household is easier than in that of many of the Northlander lords, and Balász was allowed to practice arms among the other children, though his frenzy for the spear-din was unmatched among the others his age. Balász took Wotan as his god and exhibited a fierce loyalty in his service to the All-Father until finally, over the winter, being allowed into the sacred Bearsarker Cult. An unusual honor for one of Outlander blood, Jarl Olaf has told Balász that it is unseemly to hold a Bearsarker as thrall and that if he proves his mind's-worth in service to Wotan he will free the youth from his obligation to the Jarl's house.



Breaks-the-Sky, Nûk Wanderer

Breaks-the-Sky (Drd1): HP 6; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** spear (1d6) or dagger (1d4) or sling (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +2 on saving throws against fire, spells (1).
Spells: 1st—*faerie fire*.
Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, spear, dagger, sling, 20 sling stones, backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, hide outfit, belt pouch, 1hs, 9sp.

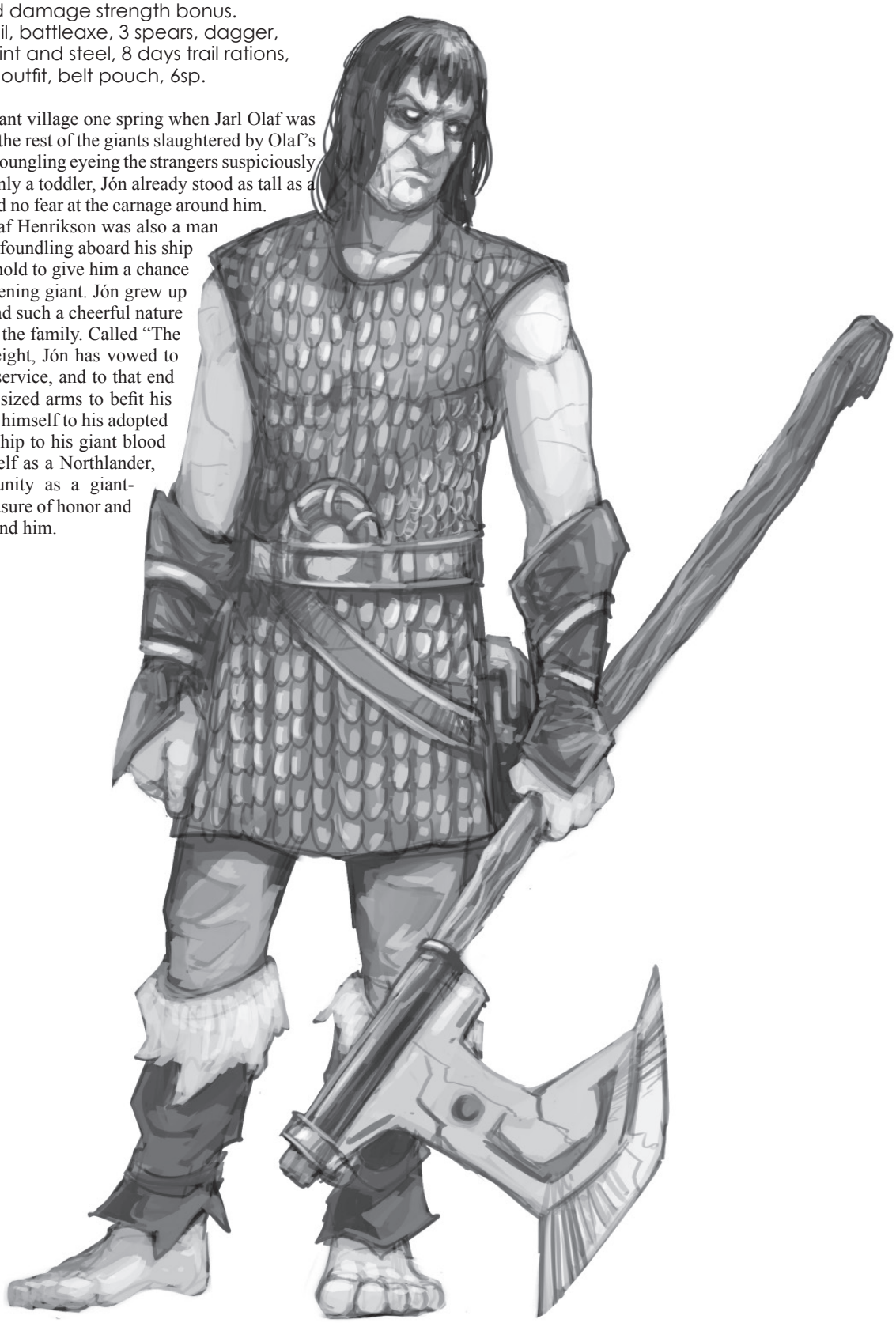
The Nûklanders name is unpronounceable to the Northlanders of Jarl Olaf's hold, but he enjoys hearing the word-song of his name said in their language as well and so does not correct them. Breaks-the-Sky is a member of the Nûk tribes of the frozen tundra in far Nûkland. A rarity among the Northlands, he made his way south across the peaks of Vastavikland and the forests of Seagestreland on a spirit journey before finally arriving at the Jarl's hall in the midst of a blizzard. It has been a great honor for Jarl Olaf to host the exotic Nûklander in his hall for the winter, and Breaks-the-Sky has enjoyed the status of a favored, if curious, guest. Now, however, since Breaks-the-Sky has shared the Jarl's hearth-meat he owes service in return and seeks a way to repay the Jarl as he continues his spirit journey.



Jón the Tree

Jón (Ftr1): HP 8; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8+2) or spear (1d6+2) or dagger (1d4+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chainmail, battleaxe, 3 spears, dagger, backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, peasant's outfit, belt pouch, 6sp.

Jón was found in a coastal giant village one spring when Jarl Olaf was raiding into Vastavikland. With the rest of the giants slaughtered by Olaf's reavers, it was obvious that the youngling eyeing the strangers suspiciously was not solely of giant stock. Only a toddler, Jón already stood as tall as a teenage Northlander and showed no fear at the carnage around him. Though a renowned Viking, Olaf Henrikson was also a man of compassion, and he took the foundling aboard his ship and brought him into his household to give him a chance at a life other than that of a ravening giant. Jón grew up as a servant in Olaf's hall but had such a cheerful nature that he was all but adopted into the family. Called "The Tree" as he gained his adult height, Jón has vowed to become a warrior in the Jarl's service, and to that end Olaf has outfitted him in large-sized arms to befit his stature. Now Jón seeks to prove himself to his adopted people. He feels no call of kinship to his giant blood and wishes only to prove himself as a Northlander, granting him the rare opportunity as a giant-blooded to be treated with a measure of honor and respect among the humans around him.

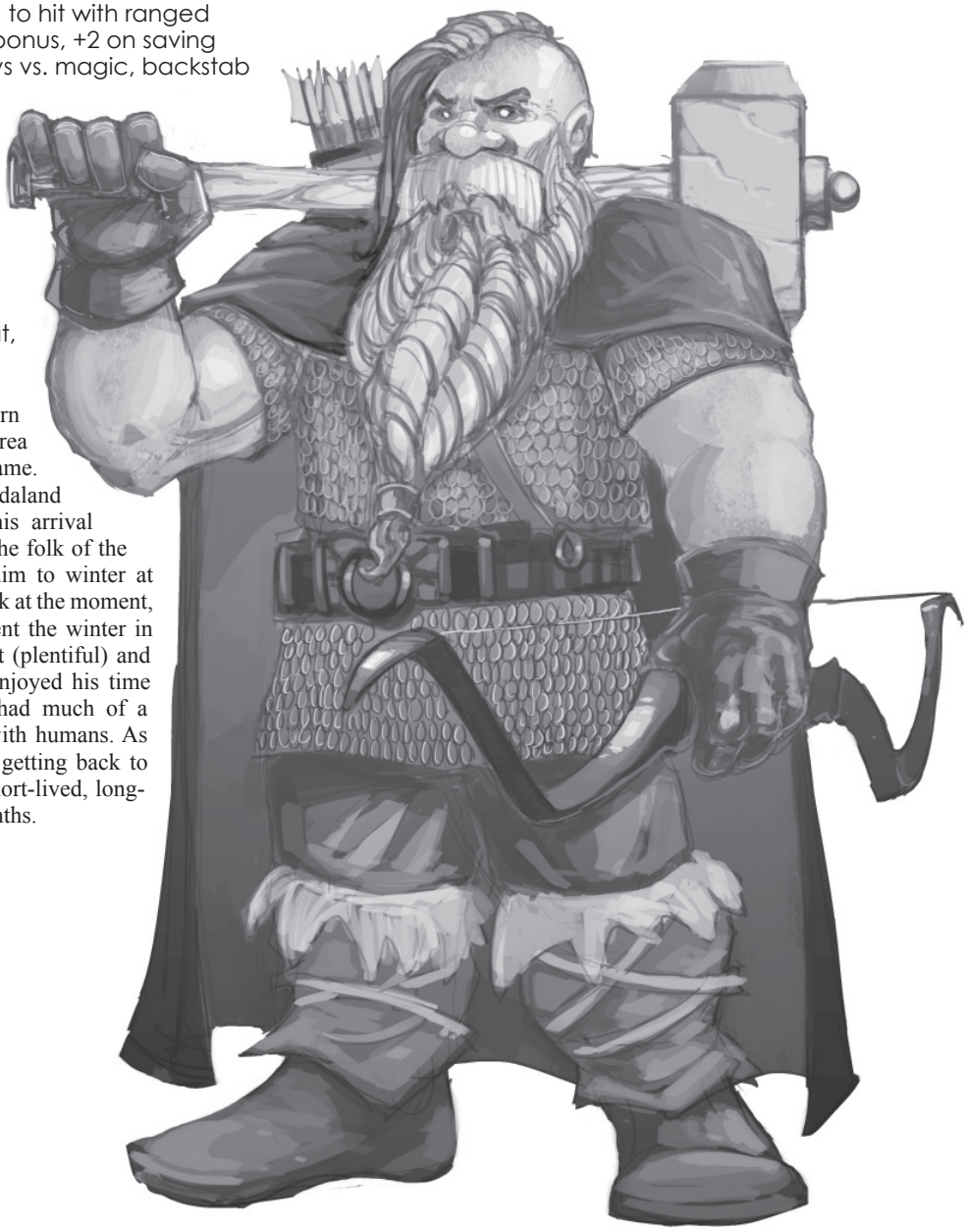


Knörr Goatsblood, Dwarven Scout

Knörr Goatsblood (Thf1): HP 4; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** battleaxe (1d8) or handaxe (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +1 to hit with ranged weapons dexterity bonus, –1[+1] AC bonus, +2 on saving throws vs. devices, +4 on saving throws vs. magic, backstab (x2), darkvision 60ft, dwarf abilities, thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 85%, Tasks/Traps 25%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 15%, Silent 25%, Locks 15%.

Equipment: leather, battleaxe, handaxe, shortbow, 20 arrows, backpack, bedroll, 4 days trail rations, waterskin, traveler's outfit, belt pouch, 9sp.



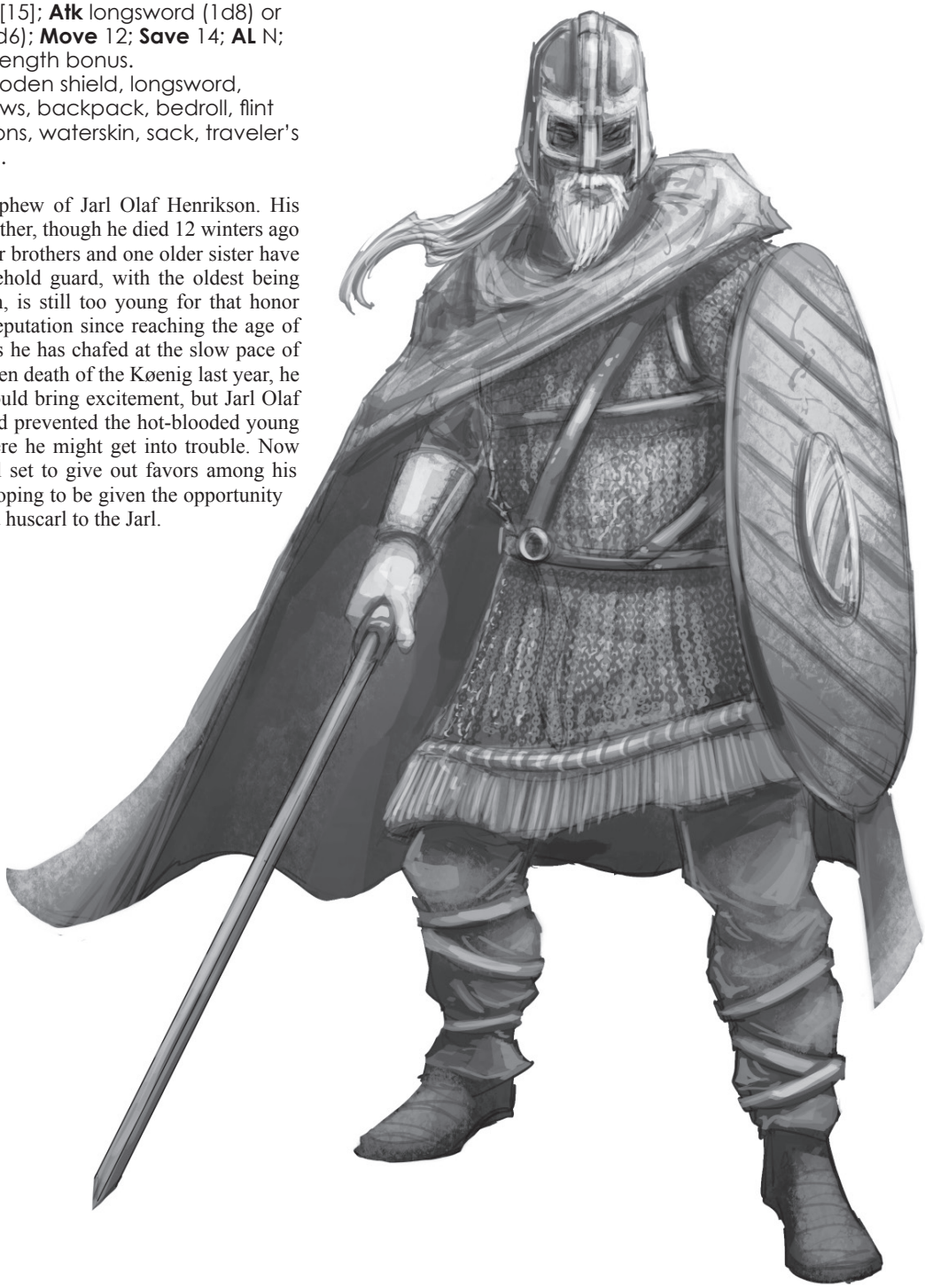
A scout for the dwarven clans of northern Hordaland, Knörr was traveling through the area of Silvermeade when the first winter snows came. Though dwarves are fairly common in Hordaland compared to the rest of the Northlands, his arrival was still a cause for much curiosity among the folk of the hall, and Jarl Olaf graciously offered for him to winter at Silvermeade. With no specific duties to his folk at the moment, Knörr gladly accepted the offer and has spent the winter in the warmth of the hall eating the Jarl's meat (plentiful) and drinking his ale (weak). However, he has enjoyed his time among the tall folk, having never before had much of a chance for more than cursory interactions with humans. As a result, he has decided to take his time in getting back to his own people in order to see what these short-lived, long-legged enigmas do for fun in the warmer months.

Kolr Hákonson, Young Huscarl

Kolr Hákonson (Ftr1): HP 8; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +1 to hit strength bonus.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, longsword, dagger, shortbow, 20 arrows, backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, sack, traveler's outfit, belt pouch, 9hs, 8sp.

Kolr (pronounced "Cole") is a nephew of Jarl Olaf Henrikson. His father Hákon was Olaf's youngest brother, though he died 12 winters ago from the slow fever. Kolr's three older brothers and one older sister have all become members of Olaf's household guard, with the oldest being named a huscarl. Kolr, only nineteen, is still too young for that honor but seeks to advance his name and reputation since reaching the age of manhood. For the last couple of years he has chafed at the slow pace of life at Silvermeade, and with the sudden death of the Køenig last year, he thought sure the turmoil to follow would bring excitement, but Jarl Olaf kept a firm hand on his household and prevented the hot-blooded young man from traveling to Halfstead where he might get into trouble. Now with spring finally come and the Jarl set to give out favors among his household for the new year, Kolr is hoping to be given the opportunity for glory and to begin his training as a huscarl to the Jarl.



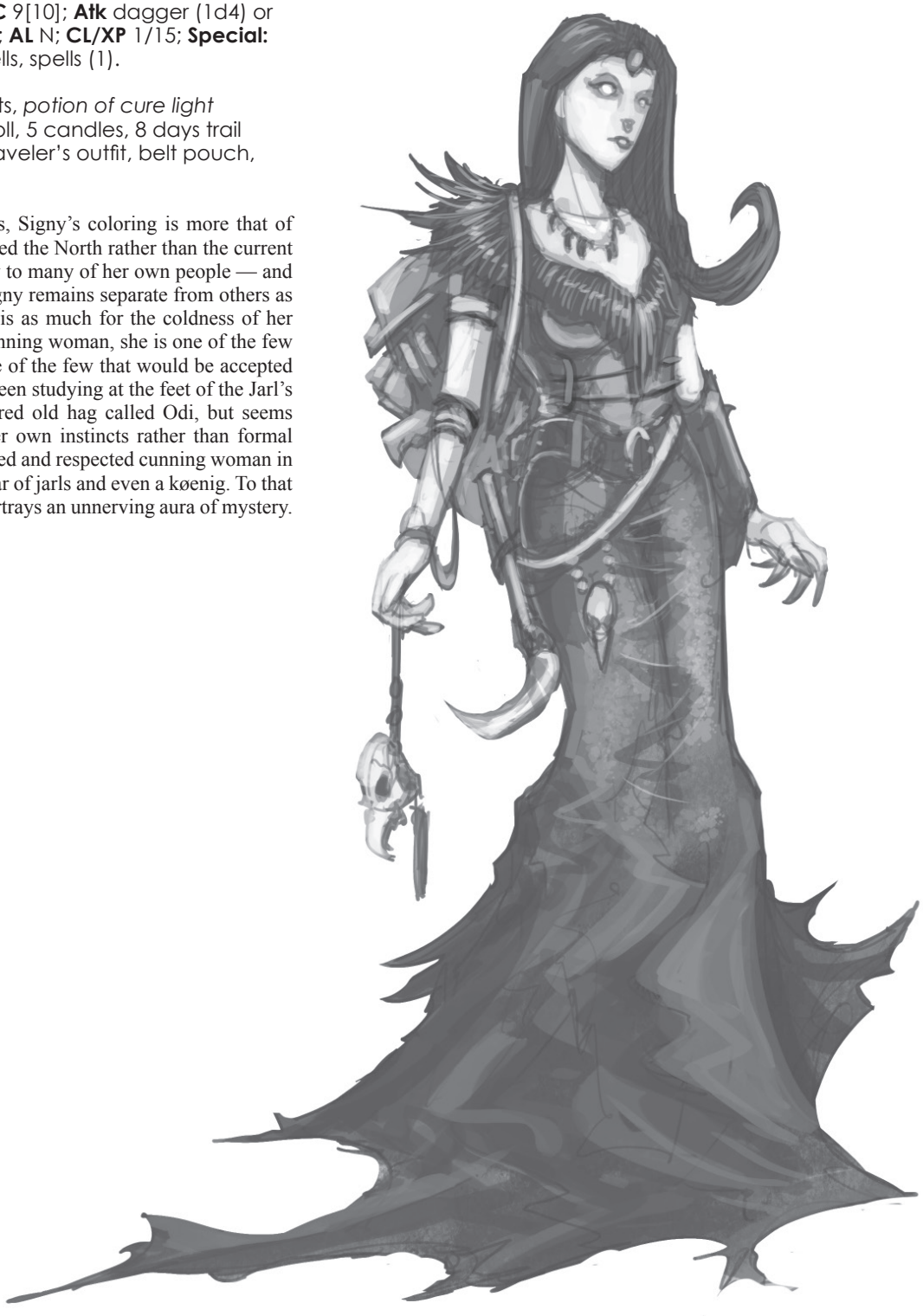
Signy Stone-Eye, Witch-Woman

Signy Stone-Eye (MU1): HP 4; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** dagger (1d4) or dart x3 (1d3); **Move** 12; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +2 on saving throws against spells, spells (1).

Spells: 1st—*charm person*.

Equipment: dagger, 9 darts, *potion of cure light wounds*, backpack, bedroll, 5 candles, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, sack, traveler's outfit, belt pouch, 2hs, 6sp, 5cp.

With coal-black hair and gray eyes, Signy's coloring is more that of the ancient Andøvan that once inhabited the North rather than the current Northlander peoples. She is a mystery to many of her own people — and that is the way she prefers it to be. Signy remains separate from others as much as possible, and her nickname is as much for the coldness of her glare as the color of her eyes. As a cunning woman, she is one of the few spellcasters at Jarl Olaf's hall and one of the few that would be accepted among Northlander society. She has been studying at the feet of the Jarl's personal cunning woman, a gray-haired old hag called Odi, but seems to gain much of her skill through her own instincts rather than formal training. Signy seeks to become a feared and respected cunning woman in her own right, one that can bend the ear of jarls and even a køenig. To that end she keeps her own council and portrays an unnerving aura of mystery.



Skagi the Trader, Outlander Peddler

Skagi (Thf1): HP 4; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** spear (1d6) or short sword (1d6) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 15; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +2 on saving throws vs. devices, backstab (x2), thieving skills.

Thieving Skills: Climb 85%, Tasks/Traps 25%, Hear 3 in 6, Hide 15%, Silent 25%, Locks 15%.

Equipment: leather armor, spear, short sword, 2 daggers, backpack, thieves' tools, bedroll, flint and steel, 5 torches, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, sack, traveler's outfit, belt pouch, 6hs, 5sp, and 5cp.

Hailing from southern lands beyond the North Sea, the dusken-skinned, hatchet-nosed, beady-eyed Outlander called Skagi the Trader arrived in Halfstead aboard a merchantman out of Bliski. The apprentice tradesman experienced a falling out with his ship's master and found himself left behind on the Northlander shores of Hordaland as his vessel sailed away to beat the winter weather through the Mulstabhin Passage. Fortunately for Skagi he was able to strike up an acquaintance with Jarl Olaf Hendrikson by securing him an excellent deal on a trade for several casks of imported Southlander wine. Seeing the sharp wit and naked ambition in the young Outlander, Jarl Olaf took him into his household to winter. Skagi hopes that by learning the ways of the Northlanders he can amass a vast fortune in this barbaric land and return home to Bliski with more gold than his old master ever dreamed of. Until then he intends to keep his wits sharp and his blade sharper as he navigates the paths and perils of this strange northern land.



Thórunn Glædirsdottir, Valkyrie-Spirited Maiden

Thórunn Glædirsdottir (Clr1): HP 6; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** warhammer (1d4+1); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** +1 to hit strength bonus, +2 on saving throws vs. poison and paralyzation.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, warhammer, wooden hammer amulet of Donar, backpack, bedroll, flint and steel, 5 torches, 8 days trail rations, waterskin, sack, traveler's outfit, belt pouch, 5hs, 7sp, 5cp.



Daughter of the godi of Jarl Olaf's household, Thórunn grew up knowing the call of Donar in her heart. Unlike her father, Glædir, who tends to his devotions to the Thunderer when not tending to the forge-fire of his smithy, Thórunn has grown to be one of those rare godi whose devotion is wholly given to her god, such that she carries on with no other trade. Her life's wyrd and means of living are all tied up in her worship of Donar, and as a true godi she has received the rare gift of magic from her deity. Unlike most godi of the godshouses, when she calls on Donar in prayer she is able to command powers beyond that of the natural world. Recognizing he amazing potential in Glædir's daughter, Jarl Olaf has advised the godi that he should encourage his daughter to travel some and explore the world of the gods and men before she settles down as the wife of some huscarl to raise his family and tend to the will of the gods in only small ways. Jarl Olaf believes that young Thórunn is meant for much more than such a life, and with her father's blessing she looks forward to accompanying the householders as they go abroad in the Jarl's name this spring.

The Long Night of Winter
NLS 1: Winter's Teeth

By Kenneth Spencer

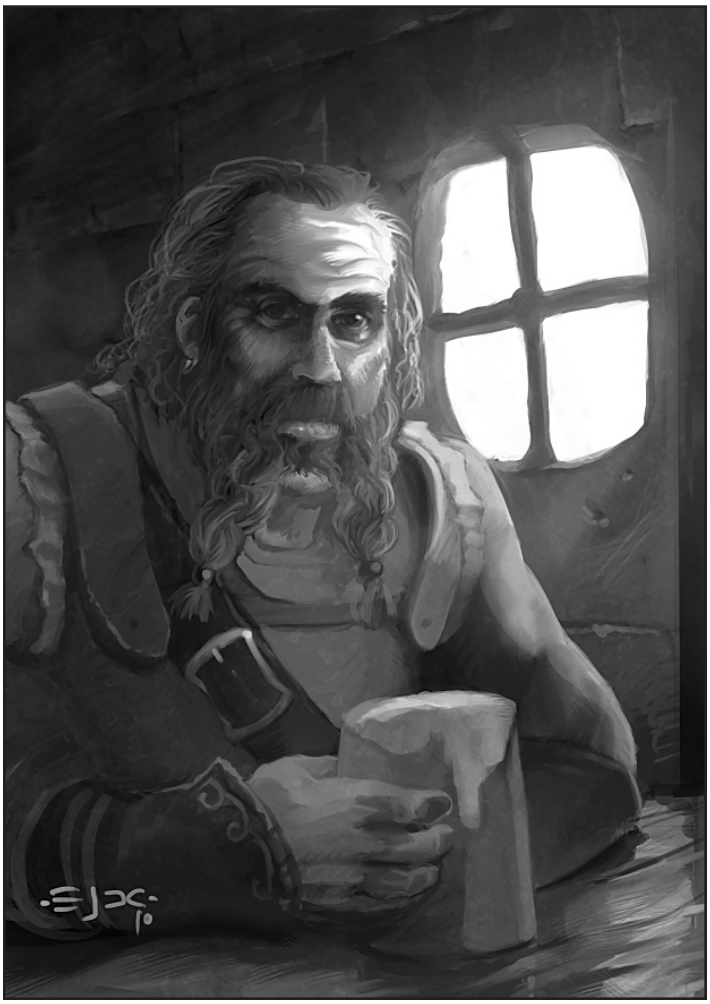


Winter's Teeth is a *Swords & Wizardry* adventure for the Northlands Saga setting and is the first adventure in *The Long Night of Winter* adventure anthology. Like the other adventures in the anthology, *Winter's Teeth* is intended to be dropped into a Northlands Saga campaign by the Referee at any time or place that is convenient. It is not, therefore, tied to any particular location in the Northlands or to any specific time beyond occurring in the depths of winter. It is designed for a party of characters of levels 4–5.

The Northland Series: The Long Night of Winter

"Gather round, lads and lasses, and draw close to the hearth fire. Let the glowing coals warm your hands and a horn of mead warm your heart while the old men tell tales and sing songs of days long gone. Each winter the storms howl down from the Far North and bury our fields and halls in a thick blanket of white. They bring nights cold enough to shatter a man's bones or freeze an aurochs' blood in its veins, and all men huddle close to their fires in the darkness and wonder if this is finally the Fimbulwinter that will bring about the great battle of Ragnarök. Some say these harsh winters are the work of demons of the Ginnungagap sent to break the will of men in preparation for the coming End Days. Others say they are the gift of the Æsir to mold men and hone their strength as the fire tempers good steel in anticipation of those dark times.

"Me? This old skald thinks it is a time to gather close to comrades and loved ones and tell stories and lies, to swap boasts and jests, and to celebrate that the All-Father has given us one more night for the heartsblood to run hot. The morrow's dawn is never promised us, and there are things other than the cold that stalk the long night of winter and can kill a strong man just as surely. So tilt the flagon to fill an old man's drinking horn once again, for talk can be dry work, and lean in close to listen. I have a tale to tell you …"



The ***Northlands Series*** (***NLS***) are standalone adventures set in the Northlands that allow the Referee to drop a one-shot game into that setting or a short interlude into ***The Northlands Saga Complete Adventure Path*** with minimal effort. They are not tied to a particular locale within the Northlands, though they may require a certain general type of terrain (e.g. mountains, forest, etc.), and they are not tied to a specific chronology. They can be played in any order and all or none of them can be used as the Referee sees fit. They are presented from the standpoint of a fireside tale being told by an old skald to pass the long hours of a winter night, allowing the Referee to use them as short breaks from normal campaign play with different characters and without any long-term consequences, or they can be inserted into a normal campaign. The idea is to provide the Referee with the maximum flexibility for their use with a minimum of fuss.

So take them. Use them. Make them your own. The winter night is cold, and there are many hours to pass before the dawn …

Winter's Teeth

Winter's Teeth is a short ***Swords & Wizardry*** adventure for character levels 4–5. It can be set in any of the nations of the Northlands. As autumn proceeds toward winter, it is common for adventurers and heroes in the Northlands to seek out the hall of a jarl to await the spring in warmth and with a ready supply of food and drink. This is not considered to be begging or an imposition, for any jarl worth the name welcomes traveling heroes to his hall. Hosting such notable folk for the season brings status and acclaim to the jarl, not to mention fulfilling the ancient laws of hospitality. But this arrangement is a double-bitted axe, for guests must abide by these same laws if they hope to remain in the good graces of their hosts and of Northlander society as a whole.

Adventure Background

The characters are invited by Jarl Anbjorn Olefson to winter at his hall during a night of drinking and carousing at some other location while the jarl was traveling abroad. The characters accepted his invitation, promising him at least 3 days, giving both sides time to gauge the other and see if an overwintering at the jarl's hall would be agreeable. Since the characters were drinking from the jarl's own stores at the time, there are some who would interpret them as having invoked the laws of hospitality and now owing a debt to Jarl Anbjorn.

When the characters finally get around to traveling to Anbjorn's holdings, they find that the small community has been ravaged. The jarl's Bearsarker, a famed warrior by the name of Ofieg the Axe-Bitten, has fallen. In his madness 5 days earlier he transformed into a slåtten, a bestial creature bent on destruction, and went on a blood-mad rampage. Nearly the entire community has been slain, their bodies broken and feasted upon by the monster. If left unchecked, the creature will finish off the survivors and possibly wander off to new haunts, threatening other villages and halls.

Adventure Summary

The characters arrive at Jarl Anbjorn's hold to find it destroyed and its inhabitants slaughtered by some marauding beast. By careful investigation and discovering some survivors, the characters are able to learn that it is a type of beast formed from a Bearsarker fallen from Wotan's good graces. Through their searches, they discover the means to defeat the beast and then must seek it out to destroy it before its rampage can continue, and to fulfill their own obligations in the laws of hospitality that have been invoked.

Beginning the Adventure

The adventure begins as the party travels in the late autumn seeking a place to "winter" until the next spring. In the 4th–5th level range, they have received several invitations but must first stop by the hall of Jarl Anbjorn to fulfill their obligation to him and, in the process, see if his hall might not be as good a place as any at which to winter. Regardless of whether they think they'll truly stay there or not, travel is dangerous and wearying, and thus even if they have other appointments to keep, a stop here for a few days provides a welcome respite. Such a rest would allow for a party to heal wounds and refresh their stores, and would be highly welcome after a major adventure or encounter has depleted their resources.

The adventure takes place at a jarl's hall that stands on the edge of a bay. The hall can be anywhere with a bit of forested mountains or hills, but should not be closer than a day or two from any other population centers so that no help other than the characters can be readily summoned. The adventure assumes that the characters arrive by means of a longship, but the Referee can modify this if necessary.

This adventure offers only one monster (a new type hitherto unseen called a slåtten) and very little treasure. The bulk of the adventure is interaction between the characters and the various NPCs who have survived the slåtten's attacks. There are many opportunities for roleplaying here, as the survivors are not at all easy to work with. There will be survivors the party will want to save, and then there will be those they have to save. Some survivors readily assist the characters, others prove to be cowardly or foolish.

The main goal of the party should be to find a way to destroy the slåtten, a monster much more powerful than any they can hope to face singlehandedly. There are clues as to how to use Wotan's Eye, a rare moss, to help bring down the beast, but in the end, a cunning plan and hearts filled with courage will be needed.

Part One: The Holding of Jarl Anbjorn Olefson

You sail into the bay, your ship's dragon head carefully stowed and your shields arrayed along the gunwales to show peaceful intentions. In the distance, you can see a jarl's mead hall, a bit on the small side perhaps, but a mead hall nonetheless. From this distance, you can make out few details, a hall, a few outbuildings, something large and black on the beach, a few farms beyond. Behind, the mountains rise up in steep, wooded slopes, and a large waterfall, no doubt the single claim to fame for the small community, can be seen plummeting from the heights into the trees below.

Your night of revelry with Jarl Anbjorn some weeks ago led to his invitation for your group to winter over at his hall, and in your drunken boisterousness, you readily agreed and promised him at least three days to stay as his honored guests. When you awoke with splitting head the next morning, you learned that the feast and drink from the night before had been provided from the jarl's own stores so that now — whether you like it or not — hospitality has been invoked, and if you be folk of mind's-worth, you must stay as guest at his hall for at least that long.

As you sail closer, you see that the village is deserted; no smoke curls into the sky from the houses and hall, no person is seen on the shore, and the jarl's longship lies in its shed just above the high water line. A single boat, the kind used by fishermen, bobs half swamped in the waves.

Landing on the beach below the village (**Area 6**), the characters quickly realize that the village is deserted and shows signs of damage and battle from some rampaging beast. By investigating the ruined village and using their own investigative skills, the characters can learn a lot about who or what caused this destruction and how to deal with it.

For every hour spent exploring the village and surrounding area, there is a chance of a random encounter — including the possibility of encountering the slåtten. See **Part 2** for details of these encounters.

To Kill a Slåtten

The slåtten is not a normal monster; it is a powerful Bearsarker that has fallen into the clutches of a divine madness. It is a ravager of halls, a beast that knows no rest, and the doom that came to Jarl Anbjorn and his holding. Stopping it is not a simple matter of mind's-worth and spear din, it requires some knowledge, a cunning plan, and more than a little luck. The following tables provide information about the place and give clues on what might work against the beast. Roll 1d20 once on the tables (as they discover information by searching or uncovering clues from previous tables). Give the characters all the information with a target number equal to or lower than the number rolled.

Jarl Anbjorn's Holding

1d20	Information
10	Anbjorn Olefson is a minor jarl who lives on a bay in an out-of-the-way region.
12	Anbjorn used to go a-viking and employ several household warriors, but he has turned more toward fishing and whaling these days.
15	The jarl used to count a mighty Bearsarker famed throughout the region among his huscarls, but folk say that the mad warrior has retired to the mountains to contemplate the wisdom of Wotan.

Investigating the Murder Scenes and Bodies

(roll on this table once characters begin searching the village and examining the bodies)

1d20	Information
10	It looks as if a wild animal or some sort of giant did this.
12	The bodies are not entirely eaten, and there are few scavenger animals about. Even the birds themselves seem to have deserted this place.
15	No natural beast could have done this. There is evil here, or at least madness.
20	These are the marks of a slåtten on a rampage. The shredded halls, the mad randomness, and the terrible rage-filled hunger.

The Slåtten

(once the characters know what they are dealing with either from the table above, encountering the beast, or Area 11)

1d20	Information
10	A slåtten is a rare beast, a Bearsarker driven mad by exposure to too great a load of the wisdom of Wotan.
12	Only the greatest of heroes can dare face a slåtten and hope to live. The beast is a hall smasher and a shieldwall breaker. Any who would face it had best be careful.
15	A slåtten is most vulnerable to its own origins. Those who wield Wotan's power or adorn their blades with the moss called Wotan's Eye can strike true against the beast.
20	The most powerful of gods, Wotan, Donar, Baldr, and Tiwaz, have some power over the fallen Bearsarkers. Their godi and symbols can hurt or drive the beast away.

Wotan's Eye Moss

(once characters discover information about this moss or the plant itself)

1d20	Information
10	This is a rare moss that grows in the mountains. It is poisonous and of little use. It forms small green balls or tufts with a brown center like a pupil.
12	Wotan's Eye grows only on south-facing slopes of steep cliffs.
15	The moss dies rapidly if cut unless the harvester uses a sickle made of beech wood.

Jarl Anbjorn's Holdings

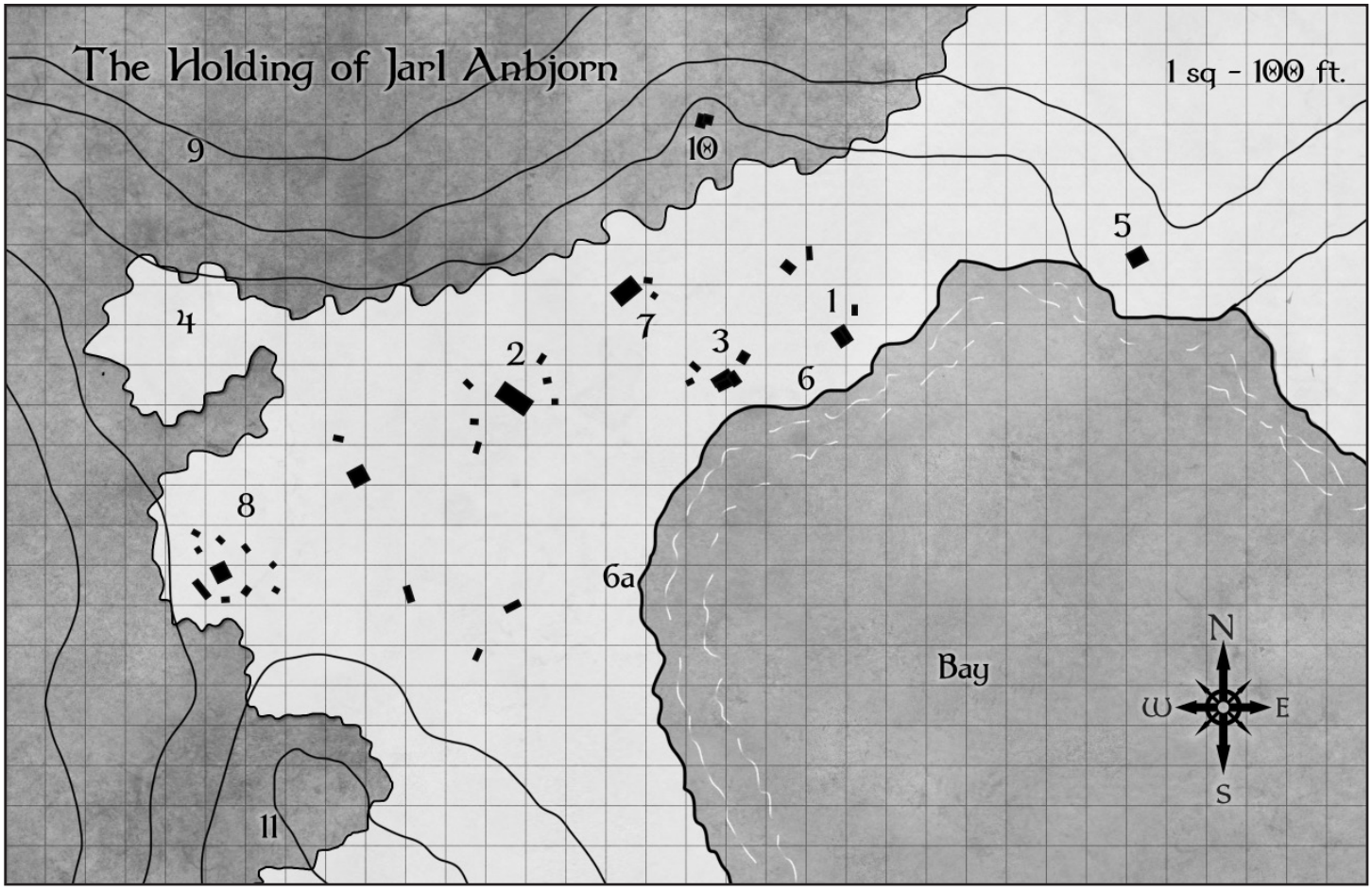
The jarl's lands are not expansive. While wealthy in the sense that he is a jarl, his wealth is not as great as others. Furthermore, the mountains and the sea hem in Anbjorn's lands, though this can be said about much of the coastal jarls in the Northlands. Each described location below gives the current state of affairs, as well as how they would look in more peaceful times. The Referee should modify these based on the actions of the characters as they investigate and combat the slåtten.

1. Bjarki Leifson's Farm

There is little left of this farm other than an overgrown pasturage devoid of stock, an outhouse, the burned remains of some large outbuilding under construction, and the charred timbers of a large house. The fire that took the house and outbuilding appears to have spread to some of the surrounding pasturage and farmland, leaving most of the farm as nothing but ashes and scorched earth. The stench of death is strong, and some massive black form lies on the nearby beach.

Shortly before the rampage began, a whale washed up on the beach right at the boundary stones between Bjarki Leifson's farm and Jorund the Bald's Farm. This caused all manner of distress for the jarl, as the two men have been feuding since they were young. They argued over the rights to the whale's valuable meat, blubber, oil, and ambergris, and Anbjorn decided that the only right and proper thing was to personally take an axe and cut the whale in half. What followed was a series of threats and arguments over the halves.

One night, the decomposing carcass caught fire, and both men blamed each other. The next night the slåtten made its first attack. In the resulting confusion, Jorund the Bald decided to take advantage of the situation. With most of the men of the community off hunting the beast, guarding the jarl's hall, or cowering in their homes, Jorund took his three sons and attacked Bjarki's farm. In the fierce battle, Arnor Jorundson was killed, but so was the entire household of Bjarki, right down to the two Seagestrelander thralls. The house was then set on fire as Jorund and his remaining sons escaped into the night. The gist of this battle can be determined from the tracks on the ground (90% chance for rangers, 45% all others). All of the bodies were later taken by the slåtten, whose own bearlike tracks can be located (95% chance for rangers, 60% all others).



2. Jarl Anbjorn's Hall

The great hall, really just a large long house with a thatched roof and several outbuildings, stands empty. The stout oaken doors have been torn from their hinges and tossed into the grass nearby. The sound of buzzing flies can clearly be heard from within.

Once the terror that was visiting the jarl's lands became apparent, Anbjorn ordered all who could come to gather in his hall. Most of the community sought shelter there, and the jarl handed out arms and equipment to whomever could be trusted to use them. The hirth was called out and runners sent across the mountains to neighboring villages. With his huscarls at his side, the jarl planned to bring the beast to battle and end the slaughter.

On the fifth night of the slåtten's rampage the beast broke into the hall. The huscarls fought bravely, their jarl battling in their midst side by side with his warriors. Their shieldwall shattered under the beast's massive claws, and soon the hall was turned from a place of sanctuary to an abattoir. The inside is filled with the half-eaten remains of the jarl, his wife, their children, and many of the peaceful villagers and farmers of the community. Rent mail, broken swords, and shattered shields lie about as testament to the carnage. Large bear-like tracks can be found in the dried blood.

Clustered around the hall are the jarl's outbuildings, as well as the homes of the less-prosperous farmers and tradesmen of the community. The outbuildings include a smokehouse, a shed for the jarl's longboat, and a small stable for the three horses (now the three gnawed horse corpses) that the jarl owned. Nearby are the homes of Alvi the Smith, Eystein the Wood Carver, Geri Hognison, Kabbi Ivarson, the widow Dalla, and Gro Bjarnisdottir. All these notables and their families lie dead in the great hall.

Treasure: There is a small fortune in hacksilver if one were to be so low as to loot these bodies, and such foul action gains 3000hs in jewelry, cups, arm-rings, and other personal items.

3. Jorund the Bald's Farm

Here stands a simple farm cottage, its door burst inward by some great force. The thatch of the roof has fallen in at several places as if some wild melee occurred within. Four stakes have been driven into the ground and spread out 200 feet apart in a line extending to the west-by-southwest. Each has a strand of broken rope tied to it amid a drying pool of blood.

Inside the ruined house are the chewed up remains of Jorund's family. The scene is one that becomes all too familiar to the party, an entire family savagely killed and eaten. Unwilling to throw his lot in with the jarl, Jorund the Bald barricaded his farmhouse and hoped the horror would simply pass him by. He set out several baits to draw the beast away; three goats were tied to stakes and left in a line that led toward the Haddsons' farm (**Area 8**). To sweeten the deal, Jorund tied the thrall he had brought with him to help to a fourth stake.

It seemed that this treachery did not go unnoticed by the Norns. On its way to attack the Haddsons' farm, the slåtten saw the thrall and devoured him. The scent of blood set the nearest goat to bleating, and the slåtten followed the sound of that goat, and the next one, and the next, eventually finding Jorund the Bald's home instead. The beast burst through the barricaded door and went to its bloody business, killing nearly all of the people in the house. Jorund, his daughter Tofa, and his thrall Sigvat the Drowned were all that escaped. The three later met up in the north fields (**Area 4**). The characters can readily identify the usual bear-like tracks in the blood on the floor of the cottage and around the blood-covered stakes. Characters have a 35% chance (85% for rangers) inside the house to discover that three people (two men and a woman) escaped through the back room of the house by cutting out the thatch of the roof and climbing to safety. Their tracks in the earth outside extend toward **Area 4** before the trail is lost.

4. North Fields

This is a broad meadowland tucked into a mountain valley. There is wood nearby providing shelter and water, making this an ideal place for the herd of sheep that currently grazes here unattended.

The fields are not owned by anyone, though the jarl does have jurisdiction over activities here. Usually, the community uses the north fields as a shared grazing area, but disputes do come up from time to time. Most of the stray livestock from the area have congregated here as the slåtten hunts other areas.

The relative peacefulness of the North Fields, as well as their access to wood and water, has lured **4 survivors** to make their camp here. They are jittery, paranoid, and expecting the monster to come for them at any moment. Any large or fearsome-looking character, especially if one is a Bearsarker, who startles them will be attacked or see the survivors running in a panic. The hiding survivors can be spotted (2-in-6 chance) and coaxed out, provided the characters make no threatening moves. Likewise, if the characters remain in the area for any length of time, the survivors eventually gather the courage to approach them on their own in 1d4–1 hours.

Anyone searching around the edges of the field discovers an old, overgrown trail leading north up into the wooded lower slopes. This is the trail to **Area 9**. Anyone finding the trail can identify several large, bear-like tracks coming and going, as the slåtten has made several trips to its lair. It is sheer blind luck that has prevented it from finding the survivors here yet.

The Survivors

Jorund the Bald: When his farm was attacked, Jorund cowardly fled into the night, leaving his wife, children, and thralls to their fate. The confusion of the night attack by a roaring slåtten not only allowed him to escape, but it also disguised his cowardice. The only other people who survived that night, his daughter Tofa and thrall Sigvat, believe Jorund's story that he fought the beast and was thrown aside by its mighty claws and forgotten in the melee, which allowed him to engineer an escape through the roof after the others were all dead.

Jorund is a middle-aged man of stocky build. He fled the hall dressed in nothing more than his nightclothes and armed with a longsword, but has managed to scavenge better — if blood-stained — clothing from the dead, as well as leather armor, a wooden shield, and a shortbow and quiver of 8 arrows. He sees himself as the leader of these survivors and argues with any character who tries to take charge. In the end, Jorund is a neighbor-killing coward devoid of mind's-worth, a man given to petty feuds, imagined slights, uncontrolled lusts, and greed. If given the opportunity to betray the characters and his fellow survivors in hopes of profiting by it, Jorund will leg it off and head for safety at the first chance that arises.

Jorund the Bald (Ftr4): HP 28; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+1) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** multiple attacks (4) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, –1[+1] dexterity AC bonus, +1 to hit and damage strength bonus, +1 to hit missile bonus.
Equipment: leather armor, wooden shield, longsword, shortbow with 8 arrows.

Tofa Jorundsdottir: The daughter of Jorund's second wife, approaching 23 winters Tofa is a woman nearly past reasonable marrying age. Already upset by the dowries he paid for her 3 older sisters, Jorund has denied all suitors for his youngest daughter. While this caused a great deal of disharmony in his household, not to mention the gossipy clucking of the community, Jorund remained stubbornly determined on the issue, and Tofa remained unmarried. This situation has become particularly distressing for the young woman, for she has chosen a suitor and begun an illicit dalliance. For the past summer, she has been sneaking off into the woods with her beau, Olvir Haddson. She does not know that her lover was slain by the slåtten, but hopes against hope that he will win through and meet her here in the north fields. She was not in the house when the slåtten attacked, and only found her father in the north fields a day later.

Tofa Jorundsdottir: **HP** 5; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: none.

Sigvat the Drowned: Ten years ago, the Northlander sailor Sigvat washed up from the sea and had the grim misfortune of landing on the stretch claimed by Jorund the Bald. Nearly naked and half-dead, Sigvat was at the mercy of the man who found him, and while Jorund saw the man nursed back to health, fed, and clothed, he also brought suit to the jarl to have Sigvat declared a thrall. Whatever disaster had cast the man into the sea robbed him of the ability to speak, and thus rendered Sigvat unable to give any defense of his own. Jarl Anbjorn dithered in making a decision, and, in the end, put it before the local Thing. By that time, Sigvat had been working for Jorund for nearly a year. The Thing, bought off by the wealthy farmer and unwilling to rule in favor of a mute stranger, declared Sigvat a thrall, and that was that.

Despite his thralldom, Sigvat is a competent warrior and a hard worker. He is the leading thrall, or at least was until all the others at the Jorund farm were killed. If given the opportunity to gain his freedom, Sigvat will not abandon Tofa, for he has known the woman since she was only a small girl who fed soup to a drowned man. He had accompanied Tofa into the woods to gather truffles when the attack on Jorund's house occurred, and eventually located the fleeing farmer's trail leading here to the north field.

Sigvat the Drowned: **HP** 11; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** club (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.
Equipment: club

Egil Anbjornson: When the slåtten broke into the jarl's hall, Anbjorn's clan rallied to battle. As a man rich in mind's-worth, though of little material wealth, the jarl led his small band of huscarls and householders in a desperate fight against the beast. They were all killed, and the battle fell upon the women of the household, who also fought valiantly before all were likewise slain. In the last moments of that desperate bloody night, the jarl's wife Melkorka, dashed into the fray to retrieve her husband's sword and bring it to her last living son, Egil. Pressing the ancient blade into his hands, she bade him to flee and rally what was left of the hirth, or if that was impossible, to carry word to the Thing and bring the wrath of the great jarls down on the monster. She then hefted an axe and turned to face the slåtten, striking many mighty blows before being torn asunder.

Egil fled into the night, his love and courage battling with his fear and obedience. As a young man of barely 15 winters, he stood no chance against a monster that had ripped older and more experienced men into so much gore. Still, what young man in his first taste of the spear-din wishes to be known as one who ran while others shed the battle-dew in great gouts upon the floor? The next day he came across Tofa and Sigvat, and followed them to the north fields where they found her father. The four have entered into an uneasy partnership, for Egil worries that he should be taking charge as the jarl's son, but Jorund is such an older man and can no doubt be trusted to lead. Sigvat is a thrall, and a mute to boot, but he does show courage and strength. Then there is Tofa, and even a terrified and confused lad of 15 can't help but notice how pretty she is.

Egil Anbjornson: **HP** 6; **AC** 9[10]; **Atk** club (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** L; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special**: none.
Equipment: club

5. Old Osk's Farm

A farm sits here between the mountains and the sea on the edge of the north headland that juts out into the bay. There is pasturage running toward the mountains, fields along the south, and the house sitting back from the cliff. Two small outbuildings, an outhouse and a smokehouse, cluster between the house and the pasturage. A trail leads down

toward the beach, and another heads in the direction of the mountains.

The scene would be idyllic were it not for the presence of some disturbing elements. One side of the smokehouse has been ripped apart as if by huge claws. The house proper appears to have been barricaded shut, but the thatch roof has collapsed where something tore its way in from above. Closer to hand, a dog's head lies in the trail leading up from the beach, obviously and recently torn from its body. The pasturage is empty of animals, though the carcasses of three cattle lie half eaten in the field. The weather has been cool, but the bodies still provide enough shelter for hordes of flies to swarm around them.

Old Osk lived here with his daughter and her husband, but everyone knows the place as Old Osk's farm, not Abo's, or Grima Osksdottir's. The farm has stood here for years on this prime piece of real estate with a small trail leading up from the beach (**Area 6**), and another leading into the mountains toward **Area 12**.

As mentioned, the house proper has been barricaded shut; even the two small windows have had the shutters nailed from the inside. This did not save Osk or his family, for the attacker simply came in through the roof, and the interior is a shambles of broken furnishings, blood, and gore. A shattered shield lies amidst the ruin, as does a broken spear and a bloody sword. Three bodies, their flesh torn off and eaten to the point where it is hard to tell who is who, lie scattered within. Characters can locate the gore-crusted bear-like tracks within the house and the marks of massive claws made on the roof beams and walls.

6. The Beach

A few small boats line the beach. On the far southern end of the beach is the large, blackened carcass of a whale that has been beached and then burnt. Scattered along the sand and floating in the shallows of the surf are nearly a dozen bodies; men and women brutally torn asunder by some foul beast.

Jarl Anbjorn's ancestors settled this spot because of two things, the rich farmland and the broad beach. The beach is mostly shale, but it sits in a protected harbor that keeps the worst of the winter storms away. The few sandy points allow easy drawing of ships and boats up onto the shore, and the water deepens quickly, thus saving the hulls wear and tear. There is usually good fishing in the bay and surrounding waters, another reason to settle such an out-of-the-way locale.

Floating in the water are the half-eaten remains of some of the locals, people who attempted to flee the slåtten but were caught at the water's edge. A few of the boats show signs of something with great claws that smashed in their hulls, and one overturned boat has its entire underside caved in. A search of the boats reveals that their fishing tackle is still on board and oars shipped.

The body of a young man lies within one, his face and intestines eaten away.

One of the sandy spits contains a small sea cave (**Area 6a**). The sand does not hold any identifiable tracks to reveal what sort of creature caused this carnage.

6a. The Sea Cave

The cave opening was too small for the slåtten to get an arm in, and the stone of the cave too hard for it to break. The beast became frustrated and vented its fury on the boats before roaming in search of easier prey. Inside the cave is **Sigrid Alvisdottir** (L female human commoner; 9hp [currently 3hp]). She has been living in the cave for several days and is dehydrated, cold, and hungry. When the hall was broken into, she managed to escape through the thatch, slide down the roof, and run to the beach. With the slåtten close behind, Sigrid ran to this cave that she used to hide in as a child and slithered through the sandy opening.

Sigrid is not a combatant in any sense of the word, but she has more courage than many people her age. If rescued, cleaned up, and fed, she is revealed as a beautiful young woman possessed of an extremely sharp mind. She unsteadily recalls the recent events, beginning with word of a terrible beast attacking the outlying farms and culminating with Jarl Anbjorn rallying his householders and the hirth, only to be confronted by the creature before they could even leave the hall. Her tale includes a rough description of the beast (see the **Appendix** below), though she is ignorant of what the beast is or where it came from. She will not leave the cave except to get on a boat that is headed away from the area.

7. The Godshouse

On a small hill just to the south of the jarl's hall is the community's godshouse. Approximately a third the size of the hall, it is made of stout timbers and has a thatched roof, one end of which rises in pointed tower-like structure. Next to the godshouse is a small cottage, as well as a scattering of outbuildings, including an outhouse and half-constructed shed. Strangely, despite the destruction clearly visible on the outbuildings, it does not appear that the godshouse itself has suffered any damage.

While not as richly appointed as that of more prosperous jarls, Anbjorn did routinely gift a decent amount to his godi. Perhaps aping the churches he has seen in the Southlands as a young viking, the godi built on a taller steeple-like extension at one end of the hall and placed several wooden statues of the gods in it. The cottage to the side where the godi lived has been ripped open and the interior thoroughly demolished. Hidden amongst the debris are the slaughtered remains of the godi and his wife.

Of all the buildings in the community, the godshouse is the only one that has not been savaged by either man or beast. The slåtten stays away from it, perhaps some remaining bit of humanity or possibly out of fear of the gods. Three survivors of the rampage have taken shelter here, though they fear to leave. As a result, they are all dehydrated and half-starved. Their desperation for sanctuary has forced them to spend 5 days in the godshouse, and sadly, that meant they were forced to desecrate the house with their own waste. Though they remain quiet while the characters explore, this distinctive smell can be noticed from several yards away.

Survivors

Halli Buisdottir: The only living child of Bui the Godi and his wife, Astrid, Halla is a young woman who has not yet seen her nineteenth summer. She is an attractive woman much given to manly pursuits, and hoped to go a-viking with her cousin and lover, Gnupa, next spring. She is pious, determined, and headstrong, and has taken charge of this little group of survivors after Gnupa lost his mind. She is armed with a longsword, dagger, and shield, and has a bow, but no arrows.

Halli Buisdottir (Ftr2): HP 10; **AC** 8[11]; **Atk** longsword (1d8), dagger (1d4) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 13; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special:** multiple attacks (2) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: wooden shield, longsword, dagger, shortbow (no arrows).

Gnupa Unnson: The second child of the Unn, Gnupa is in his early twenties and physically strong and hearty. He has been on two sea voyages, once to go whaling with his father and his uncle Bui, and a second time with the Jarl Anbjorn to raid Seagestreland. Both times he acquitted himself well, which makes the breaking of his mind when faced with the terror of the slåtten both a disappointment and a shock. He sits in the corner of the godshouse and rocks back and forth, mumbling to himself, oblivious to his lover's pleas as well as his own bodily functions. A long period of rest and care are necessary to bring him back, and even then there is a good chance he never regains his full mind. Powerful magical healing could bring about a full recovery.

Gnupa Unnson: **HD** 1; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8) or dagger (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: none.

Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, longsword, dagger.

Little Bolla: One of the horde of Haddson children, Bolla is a girl of only 9 winters, clad in a muddy and torn dress (N female young human commoner; hp 4, currently 1). The side of her head and one eye is heavily bandaged, the result of a cruel swipe by the slåtten as it rampaged through her family's home. She managed to escape the slaughter at the Haddsons' farm by crawling through a briar patch and running barefoot to the godshouse. She is barely responsive to the outside world, but is capable of feeding and taking care of herself when told. Mostly, she sits clutching the fragments of a ragdoll and staring into an unseen distance with her one good eye.

Despite seemingly near comatose, there remains a flicker of rage deep within Little Bolla, a flicker that can be stoked into true fury. Fortunately, this ember has been stoking in the godshouse, and if she survives the adventure, her wyrd is to grow into a woman of great strength and ferocity. One day she will hang herself on a tree and make oaths to Wotan, becoming one of the most famed Bearsarkers the Northlands has seen in many generations. Right now, she is a little girl looking for a chance, any chance to vent that simmering wrath on an appropriate target. She can't do much in a fight, but that won't stop her, and may make things interesting for the characters as she charges undaunted into battle. She attempts to follow the characters when they go off to face the monster, and does so secretly even if told not to.

Treasure: Hidden in the base of one of the wooden statues is a small collection of the godi's potions. These include a *potion of healing*, a *potion of heroism,* and a *potion of invulnerability*.

8. The Haddsons' Farm

This sprawling compound consists of fifteen cottages, nine outbuildings, and the largest communal outhouse in the region. Three of these farmhouses are charred rubble, the others show signs of having been smashed open. Stone and wooden fencing has been broken in multiple places as if a large object or creature crashed through them.

This is the now-extinct farm of the Haddson clan. Inside, all is a shambles as flies buzz around dozens of half-devoured corpses, furniture lies torn apart or tossed against the walls, and the dead rot in a state of thoughtless carnage. Myriad bear-like tracks roam through the blood and ruin. They are all the tracks of one beast made over several days.

It was often joked by the people who clustered around Jarl Anbjorn's hall that Hadd Bergvidson dreamed of starting a jarldom of his own. While he never planned for such an event, he was a very fertile man, and one who could woo nearly any woman he met. In his younger days, he inherited a knarr from a wealthy uncle and took to running trading journeys up and down the coast. These netted a fine profit, but also tended to result in an illegitimate child or two, all of whom Hadd dutifully brought into his home. With his wife he had 5 sons, his thralls gave him 3 more, and his wanderings brought back 4 sons and 2 daughters.

As the children grew up and had families of their own, Hadd built homes for them, eventually making what amounted to his own small village. Cutting into the forest expanded the farm, and by the time he went to his grave, his 14 children and their families occupied a sprawling farm that ran from the southern headlands up into the mountains. There are two dozen farmhouses and outbuildings, and lots of pasturage for the family's not-insignificant herd of cattle and goats (now eaten or scattered to the mountains). The slåtten spent 3 days here after attacking the jarl's hall, moving from one house full of frightened Haddsons to the next.

9. The Lair of Ofieg the Axe-Bitten

A trail of drying blood and fresh carrion clearly marks a path through the mountains leading to this spot. Here there lies a cave in a small grotto where a stream of melt water comes off the high mountain glaciers in an ice-cold waterfall to form a deep pool.

This lair is high in the mountains. Once there was no trail that led here, but now the frequent, careless passing of the slåtten has trampled the grass and torn apart the earth, tumbled rocks from their place, and gouged chunks out of the trunks of ancient trees. Blood, hair, and dropped human and animal entrails litter the path, making it easy to locate by anyone who comes within 100ft of the trail. During the day, Ofieg, or what was once Ofieg, can be found in this lair in his new form as a **slåtten**. At night, he is out hunting to feed his never-ending hunger.

Slåtten: HD 12; **HP** 89; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (1d6+3); **Move** 15 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: divine fear (can be turned as undead), ravenous hunger (save or consume dead victim), regenerate (3hp/round; clerics attacks and Wotan's Eye moss can stop healing). (See **Appendix**)

This is where it all began. Ofieg the Axe-Bitten served Jarl Anbjorn and his father before him, and his father's father before that as the household Bearsarker. While such a minor jarl would not be expected to maintain a Bearsarker, the small population of the holding demanded that something be done to protect it, not to mention bolster its ability to conduct raids and go a-viking. Ofieg was a local lad who took the oath to Wotan, and grew into a man of mind's-worth and glory … and then became the monster that destroyed the people he had served so long.

It wasn't anything dramatic that sent Ofieg over the edge. He wasn't tempted by greed or lust, nor did he feel slighted by his jarl. There was no feud between him and the community he protected. Ofieg the Axe-Bitten simply lost his mind, falling deeper and deeper into himself and staying away from human contact for too long. By the time he realized what he was doing, it was too late, and the first hints of the hunger that would transform him into a slåtten had begun.

10. Unn's Cottage

This isolated cottage is a small building made of well-fitted timber with a thatch roof and is set back into the edge of the forest. A small vegetable garden stands overgrown by the trail, and a large herb garden is just visible around back. There are no signs of damage, but no smoke coming from the chimney either. Three goats wander the area, browsing amid the gardens and trying to stay out of sight.

It is not unusual for the local godi and the local cunning woman to be less than friendly; they both perform a vital role in the community, but their duties often overlap. Such was not the case in Anbjorn's land, for the godi and the cunning woman were siblings. Bui and Unn readily divided up duties and did their best to tend to their flock, and as a result, the people were happy, healthy, and pious. There were no recriminations when Unn took a lover from amongst a band of adventurers, bore him a son, and buried him the next winter after a deadly bear hunting expedition.

Inside, all is well ordered and well kept, with two sleeping pallets at one end of the cottage and a large worktable at the other. The stove is cold, as are the three whale-oil lamps. There are hooks along the wall, but no cloaks, weapons, or bags.

Unn managed to escape the first series of rampages and sent her son to his uncle's for safety. She then gathered up what she needed and left for

the woods, hoping to find something that could either calm or slay the beast. She can be found at **Area 12** in the mountains. Being the daughter and sister of a godi, Unn is literate, and left a message scrawled in Runic on the workbench in charcoal for anyone who comes looking for her. Those who are literate in runic can read the following (runic is often notably bereft of punctuation):

I have gone into the mountains in search of wotans eye it might help go to the godshouse it should be safe if my brother has anything to do with it

Wotan's Eye is a rare moss that grows on oak trees on south-facing mountain slopes. It is a deadly toxin that some claim grant's visions of the gods. Some daring cunning women use it to steady a patient during the removal of arrows or other painful procedures. Legend says that it can be found only on trees upon which a Bearsarker or Ulfhander has hung himself. A search of the house reveals a book of brews and extracts that describes the means of boiling and rendering Wotan's Eye to create a paste that can be applied to the blade of a weapon. The process is simple. It does mention that the moss should be harvested only with a tool made from beech wood.

A search of the forest's edge outside the cottage can find a little-used trail that leads higher into the mountains. A single set of footprints the size of a petit woman — made within the last few days — follows the trail. Unn left this trail as she departed to find the moss.

11. Rock Fall

Following the trail left by Unn at **Area 10** leads to the top of a sheer 50ft cliff here on the south face of the mountain.

A natural outcrop of the mountain like a tall pillar of stone rises 50 feet from the steep slope below separated from the mountain face by some 20 feet. A deep and jagged saddle of rock is visible in the gap between, and the bright colors of freshly broken stone shows where a recent collapse occurred, sending whatever rock once spanned the gap tumbling into the valley below. A look over the edge sees a scattering of broken rock spreading for hundreds of feet down the steep slope below. Just visible amid this jumble is a broken human form lying unmoving.

The cunning woman Unn was successful in finding Wotan's Eye, but the rare moss was growing on a perilous rock outcropping that was accessible only by climbing along a precarious rock face. She tried to make her way out onto it, but the rock face crumbled beneath her grasp and she fell to her death. Her broken body can be found lying amid a pile of recently tumbled boulders more than 200ft down the steep slope, her walking stick in two pieces nearby, and her gathering basket burst and spilled across hundreds of feet. A search of the body reveals a sickle made entirely from beech wood still tucked into her rope belt.

Wotan's Eye moss that Unn sought is still present growing on the southern face of the outcropping, but now it is accessible only by reaching the standing pillar of rock separated by 20ft of open air from the neighboring cliff. Climbing down and back up the saddle to reach the pillar is difficult, as much of the rock has been smoothed by rain marred by many tiny fractures from past freezes. A non-thief has a 20% chance of slipping per 20ft of climbing. The climber must cross a total of 60ft going down the saddle and back up again with a 20% chance each round of another portion of the rock giving way. If this occurs, the climber must roll below his dexterity on 4d6 to maintain a hold or fall 50ft for 5d6 points of damage plus tumble another 2d6x10ft down the slope below for 1d3 points of damage per each 10ft of tumbling.

A safer alternative would actually be to climb down from the mountainside to the slope 50ft below (10% chance of slipping for non-thieves) and then climb directly up the pillar (15% chance of slipping with no chance of collapse).

Upon reaching the outcropping, the characters find a patch of Wotan's Eye moss sufficient to make 23 doses of Wotan's Eye extract.

Wotan's Eye Extract

Created from a distillation of the rare moss called Wotan's Eye, this thick paste can be applied to any piercing or slashing weapon like a poison but with no chance of accidentally poisoning the user. A single dose can cover a weapon for one successful attack but must be reapplied after 24 hours if not used before then. A weapon so treated has no affect against any creature other than a slåtten, but against a slåtten it allows the weapon to curtail the creature's regenerative abilities.

Note: If the Wotan's Eye is harvested with any instrument other than a sickle with a blade made from beech wood, the resulting paste has a 20% of being ruined during its creation (although it appears as if the mixture was prepared properly).

Part Two: Random Encounters in the Hunting Grounds

Normally, the presence of a slåtten keeps wise creatures away. While herbivores and other prey animals have fled the area, the coming winter has driven carrion eaters and other predators down out of the mountains to scavenge on the slåtten's leavings. Every hour spent exploring the remains of Anbjorn's holdings trigger a random encounter from the table below. Roll 1d20 each hour with +1 to the die roll for each previous encounter roll. Encounters marked with an asterisk can occur only once. If one of these is rolled a second time, change the result to a roll of 10–13.

1d20	Encounter
1–10	No Encounter
11	Bodies, or Parts Thereof
12	Livestock
13	Slaughtered Livestock
14	Wolves
15	Grizzly Bear*
16	Outlaws*
17	Blood-Maddened Wolverine*
18	Two-Headed Troll*
19	Yetis*
20+	The Slåtten

Bodies or Parts Thereof: Several brutally savaged bodies are found. Alternately, a few arms, legs, or even a head, are found. This encounter should be used to raise the tension of the adventure, and the Referee is encouraged to be as gruesome as possible. Other finds when this encounter is rolled can be broken weapons, shattered shields, dropped tools, or children's toys, and other debris. For a particularly shocking surprise, at the Referee's discretion, perhaps some of the creature's malice has seeped into some of the dismembered limbs, creating 1d8 old crawlers. Such an event should not occur more than once, however.

Old Crawler: HD 2; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** rotting grip (1d8); **Move** 6 (scramble 12); **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** good saving throws, continuous damage (automatic 1d8 after hit, break hold with 1 on 1d4). (***Monstrosities*** 361)

Livestock: Frightened livestock rumble past, a small wealth of cattle, goats, or sheep. These animals are skittish and attempt to flee if approached, making them difficult to catch.

Slaughtered Livestock: A small herd of livestock met their end here, torn asunder by the slåtten. This encounter should highlight the strength of the beast by showing what it can do to large animals. A bull is torn in half, a cow's head might be found in a tree, pieces of goat are everywhere, etc.

Wolves: A pack of wolves, desperate to put fat in their bellies before the winter, have descended from the mountains. They are feasting of the remains of a small band of survivors who had fled the attacks but were cut down by the slåtten. The wolves are hungry and not easily driven from their feast, but if more than half are killed, the pack flees.

Wolves (3d4): **HD** 2+2; **AC** 7[12]; **Atk** bite (1d4+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 16; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 2/30; **Special**: none.

Grizzly Bear: This bear wandered down from the mountains despite the scent of fear and death. It is old and cantankerous and unwilling to concede its domain to some other predator, no matter how powerful and dangerous it is. Finding the homes of men empty and ripe for the plunder, the bear has been gorging itself on the community's winter stores.

Bear, Grizzly: **HD** 6; **HP** 42; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d10); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special**: hug (if both claws hit, 2d6 additional damage). (***Monstrosities*** 37)

Outlaws: Those suffering the sentence of outlawry often die in the first week of their punishment. The rare few that can escape then have to live with being ostracized from society. Unable to even venture into the smallest holding, outlaws live miserable lives scraping by however they can in the wilds. Sven the Treacherous was a renowned dwarven hunter who turned on his jarl in a dispute over the disposition of a Seagestrelander woman captured in a raid. Sven was outlawed, but the superior woodsman escaped into the mountains. There he managed to find others either suffering the same fate or willing to throw in with a known betrayer. The outlaws will most likely be encountered looting bodies and the wreckage of houses. They are looking for anything of value, as well as food and tools. Wary, they flee rather than fight unless they think they can win.

Sven the Treacherous (Ftr5): HP 36; **AC** 4[15]; **Atk** longsword (1d8+2) or dagger (1d4+2); **Move** 12; **Save** 10; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** multiple attacks (5) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD, +2 to hit and damage strength bonus.
Equipment: chainmail, wooden shield, longsword, dagger.

Outlaws (8): **HD** 1; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** short sword (1d6) or shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special**: none.
Equipment: leather armor, short sword, shortbow, 20 arrows, 2d6hs.

Blood-Maddened Wolverine: While wandering in its normal grumpy manner, this giant wolverine came across a trail of blood. Stopping to lap it up, the poor beast did not know it was a thin stream of blood that had dripped off the slåtten where at least one of the defenders of the jarl's hall managed to wound the beast. Driven mad by the strange curse in the slåtten's blood, the wolverine is now on its own rampage, attacking any living creatures it sees, and even a few trees and rocks for good measure. It fights to the death no matter how many opponents it faces.

Giant Wolverine: HD 6; **HP** 41; **AC** 5[14]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** musk, +4 to hit. (***Monstrosities*** 517)

Two-Headed Troll: This fell thing has wandered down from the mountains, drawn by the scent of carnage and slaughter. It feasts on the slåtten's leftovers, but mostly it is here to tear apart the works of man. The troll can be found pushing over buildings, knocking down fences, and tearing up stones. Like all of its kind, it doesn't think so much as reacts and immediately attacks the party if it spots them.

Troll, Two-Headed: HD 10; **HP** 41; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** +2 *heavy mace* (1d6+2), club (1d4); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **CL/XP** 11/1700; **Special:** rend (after 2 claws hit, additional 2d6 damage), regenerate (1hp/round), surprised only on 1 on 1d8. (***The Tome of Horrors Complete*** 573)
Equipment: +2 *heavy mace*, club

Yetis: Humans have not been the only target of the slåtten's rampage; it has attacked wild animals of all kinds. After destroying the jarl's hall, the beast wandered up into the mountains and attacked a small tribe of yeti, killing all but three. These 3 survivors have decided to avenge what the slåtten has started and have descended from their mountain lair to bring the beast down. While not unintelligent, they are savage and warier of humans than the slåtten. If approached carefully, they might be willing to cooperate in an attack on the beast, but any threatening action sends them scurrying away or provokes them into combat (50% chance of either).

Yetis (3): **HD** 5; **HP** 35, 32, 30; **AC** 6[13]; **Atk** 2 fists (1d6); **Move** 14; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special**: hug (if both fists hit, automatic 2d6), paralysis of fear (if hugged, 1d3 rounds, automatic hit, save avoids), immune to cold.

The Slåtten: This encounter should be played two ways depending on where the party is in the adventure. If they have not figured out that a slåtten is involved or how to kill it, instead of encountering the beast they see signs of its passage — a vague form silhouetted by the setting sun on a distant ridge, the monster tearing apart a herd of cattle across a field, or some other hint. Likewise, if they have started to learn about the beast but are not yet fully prepared, you can have the beast attack them but then turn and disappear into the forest after a few rounds due to its own chaotic,



disorganized nature. Save the actual final encounter with the slåtten as the climax of the adventure when the party is ready.

Slåtten: HD 12; **HP** 89; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (1d6+3); **Move** 15 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: divine fear (can be turned as undead), ravenous hunger (save or consume dead victim), regenerate (3hp/round; clerics attacks and Wotan's Eye moss can stop healing). (See **Appendix**)

Appendix: New Monster

Slåtten

Hit Dice: 12
Armor Class: 3 [16]
Attacks: 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (1d6+3)
Saving Throw: 3
Special: divine fear, ravenous hunger, regenerate (3hp/round), rend
Move: 15 (climb 9)
Alignment: Chaos
Number Encountered: solitary
Challenge Level/XP: 15/2900

The madness of the Bearsarker is a divine one, an inspired insanity that derives from the one good eye of Wotan the All-Father. His will is not that of the Beast Cults or other evil monsters, but one of purity and wisdom through the controlled release of one's mind and soul and the careful harnessing of the bestial nature inherent in all men. While this makes the Bearsarkers fearsome warriors and divinely touched shamans, it also makes them somewhat uncomfortable in civilized communities. While respected for their sacrifices and power, they are also feared for their mighty rages and blade's-edge of control. Their unkempt and savage appearance — not to mention their odd ways — frequently keeps them from guesting at grand feasting halls and humble farms alike.

While rare, another reason to fear the Bearsarkers and politely hope they choose to live elsewhere, is that they can fall. Such a beast, known as a slåtten, loses its narrowly maintained balance and becomes more beast than man. Such a thing is not spoken of among the Bearsarkers, nor within their hearing by wise folk, but it does happen.

The slåtten are not the result of a Bearsarker turning from the gods and toward the worship of Shibauroth, Demon Lord of Beast and Blood. Instead, it is a failure to balance the gifts of Wotan in their proper manner. Rage must be tempered with wisdom, earthly might with divine compassion, and madness with civilization. Driven by the boiling bloody madness within, the slåtten neglects to seek divine council, forgets to spend at least some days among civilized folk, and instead turns in upon itself.

The transformation from human Bearsarker into monstrous slåtten is a short one. The human becomes ravenously hungry and begins to consume massive amounts of meat, often gulped down in great raw hunks. Once this hunger is satiated, the human finds some isolated cave or burrow and goes to sleep for the last time, awakening after a season's hibernation as a slåtten.

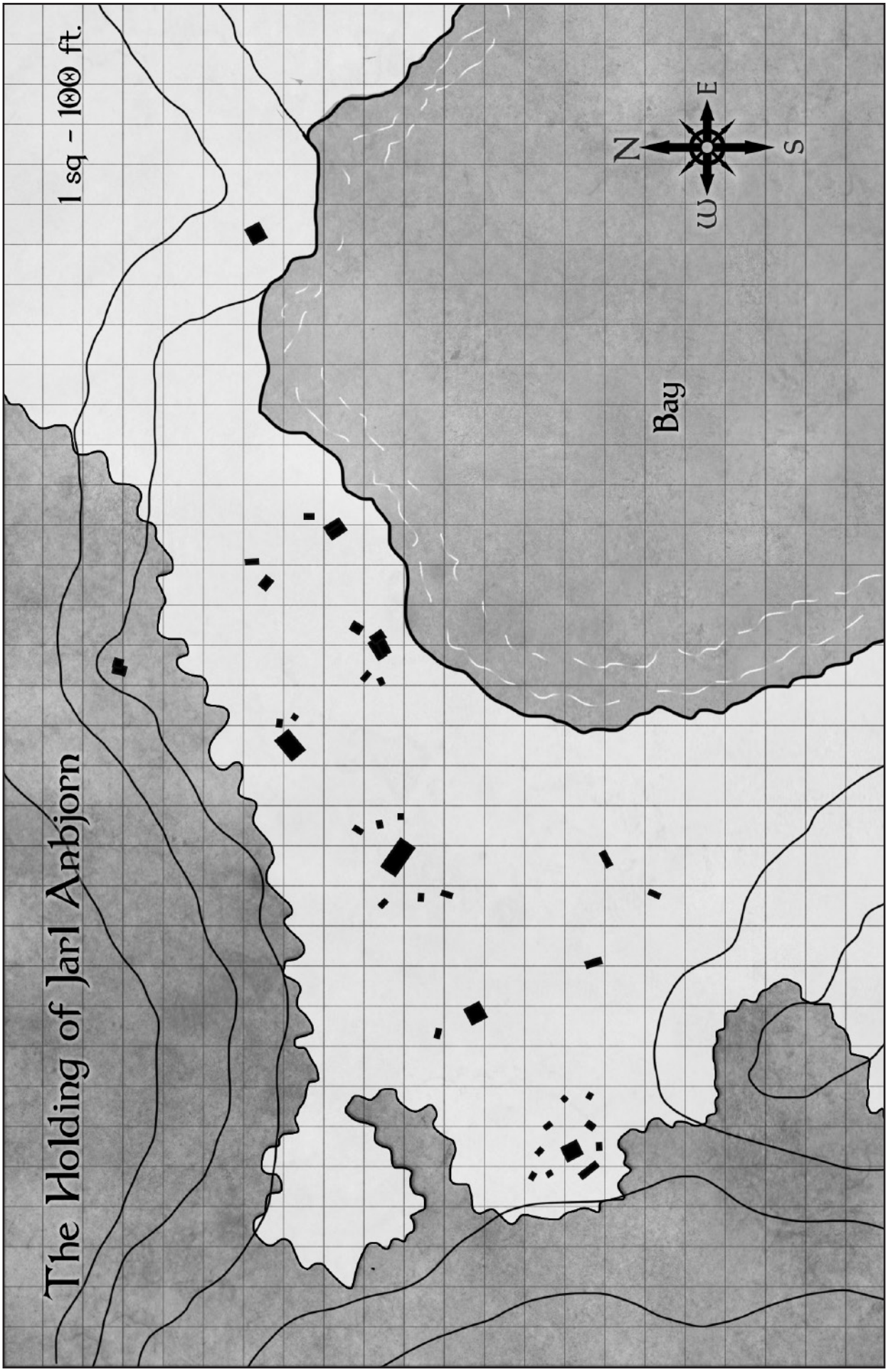
The newly arisen slåtten is larger than a bear and much like one in form. Its shaggy coat barely covers muscles that bulge to unnatural size. Sharp spines sprout out from the beast's back and shoulders, ripping through flesh and hide from the underlying bone. The creature moves in a shuffling stoop, its overly long arms reaching to its ankles. Those arms end in claws like iron that can rend shields and tear through armor with ease. The head of the monster returns some of the man's features, just enough so that he can be recognized as the human he once was. The jaw stretches and distends during the transformation, giving the beast a wide razor toothed mouth reminiscent of a shark.

The man's mind is completely gone, lost to the madness that has consumed its body, and slåtten are not known to speak and are incapable of casting spells. They live in constant pain from the spines that tear their flesh and the constant gnawing of hunger and rage within their bellies. Most slåtten rampage through the wilderness until accident or violence brings them down. The rarest of these rare beasts are those who undergo the transformation near a settled community. These can sometimes wipe out an entire community before stout-hearted heroes are able to discover it and bring it to bay.

If a slåtten hits a victim with both claws, it rends the creature's flesh, dealing an additional 1d8+3 points of damage.

Slåtten: HD 12; **AC** 3[16]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d8+3), bite (1d6+3); **Move** 15 (climb 9); **Save** 3; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 15/2900; **Special**: divine fear (can be turned as undead), ravenous hunger (save or consume dead victim), regenerate (3hp/round; clerics attacks and Wotan's Eye moss can stop healing).




The Holding of Jarl Anbjorn
1 sq - 100 ft.
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The Northlands Saga Complete

Deliver us, O Lord, from the fury of the Northmen . . .

Wyrd Bið Ful Aræd

("The Wanderer," from the *Exeter Book*)

Wyrd is fate, and fate is inexorable beneath the leaden winter skies of the Northlands. Where raging storms, some sent by malevolent spirits of the Ginnungagap, howl from the Far North and bury steadings and towns alike under several feet of snow while unnamed things of tooth and shadow hunt those who dare to emerge and brave the cold. Where the blood of fighting men and women sings in harmony with the death cries of the spear-din and the clash of wood and steel when the shield walls meet. Where enchantments older than the race of Men linger in barrow fields and primeval forests waiting to ensnare the unwary or the foolish. This is the realm of the Norns, where they measure and cut the threads of a man's wyrd. This is the Northlands.

A Howl From The North

The Northlands Saga Complete contains a series of eleven adventures in the Northlands, one of the deadliest places in the Lost Lands campaign world. These adventures can be played as a continuous campaign or used as stand-alone modules. The book comes with a full-color poster map as well as a complete campaign guide detailing the cultures, history, races, nations, languages, and geography of the Northlands, plus new monsters and magic items!



FROG GOD GAMES

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Swords & Wizardry

To Tundra

The Frozen Taiga

NÛKLAND

Nieuberg

Ice River

Wrath River

THE NORTHLANDS

To The Far North

Mt. Helgastervän

Virlik Cliffs

Virlik Bay

Harfin Peninsula

Wotan's Grinders

Savage River

Wyrm Fang Mountains

ESTENFIRD

Three Rivers

Skagerrok Peninsula

Vöss

Úlmer

Wyrm Fang Rocks

Javik

The Jomsburg

Jomsburg Island

N

GATLAND

Bornhølm Peninsula

Nakøbin

NORTH SEA

Straits of Half

Bornhølm Sound

Volskøl

Sundsvall Point

Halfstead

Mt. Jurderheim

Osløn

VASTAVIKLAND

Seydiford Peninsula

Mt. Reik

1 hex = 50 miles

Smølsünd

Olf Mountains

Galvé

Tallsinki

Kulding Bay

Jarvik Peninsula

To The Southlands

Fangerøm River

Tynseid River

Burgenheim

Stavie

Seagestre Gulf

Hord Peninsula

HORDALAND

HROLFLAND

Siljon River

Vindelsalven River

SEAGESTRELAND

Trotheim

Ceaster Pool

Dnipirstead

STORSTRØM VALE

Öme River

Løln River

Saudb River

Storm River

Waldron Mountains

Vastmir Plains

Sauøk River

Fortön River

Hardöen River

Öster River

Dnipir River

Andøvan Mountains

DUCHY OF MONROVIA

Cymilard

Upper Red River

Lake Berring

Lower Red River

THE GREAT OCEAN ÔTHAF

To The Sea of Grass

Legend

- Town or Village
- Capital or Free City
- Fortress or Citadel