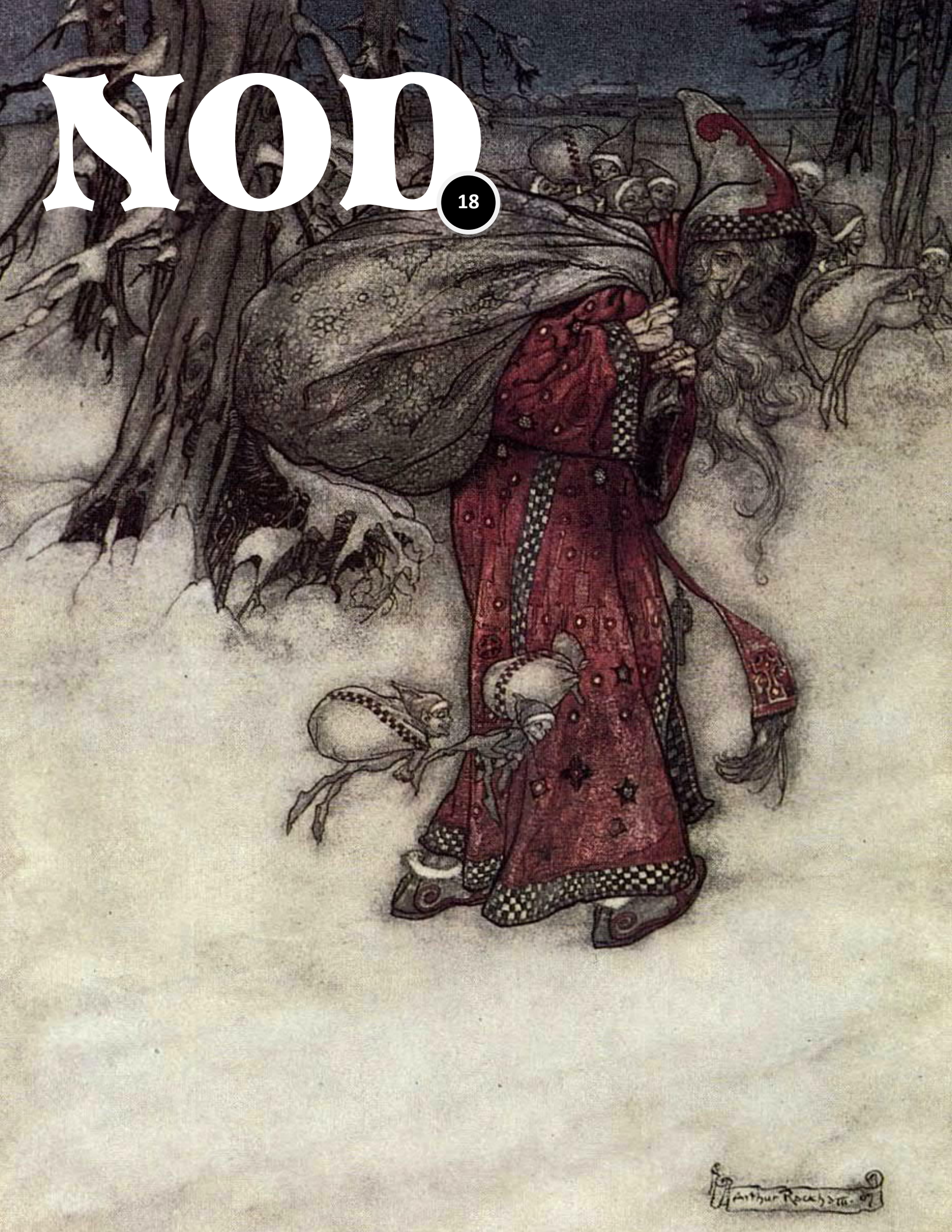


# NOD

18



Arthur Rackham '07

# NOD

18

By John M. Stater

Cover by David Arthur Rackham

Interior Illustrations by Jon Kaufman, Ryan Rhodes, Nick Cloister, J. Allen St. John, John T. McCutcheon, John R. Neil, Peter von Cornelius and Howard Pyle

<b>Further Into Cush!</b>	<b>I</b>
<i>The eastern half of Map J12, begun in NOD 16</i>	
<b>As the Cleric Turns</b>	<b>40</b>
<i>Alternate turn undead effects for clerics</i>	
<b>Cocks of the Walk</b>	<b>41</b>
<i>Variations on the classic cockatrice</i>	
<b>Of Nomes and Genomes</b>	<b>43</b>
<i>New races for Space Princess and Pars Fortuna</i>	
<b>Random Jeweled Thrones</b>	<b>45</b>
<i>Random tables for generating memorable royal seating</i>	
<b>Personal Quests</b>	<b>47</b>
<i>An idea on how to blend traditional and story-telling gaming</i>	
<b>Santas for All</b>	<b>52</b>
<i>Discover the "Santas" of the dwarves, elves and halflings</i>	
<b>The Shadow Dancer</b>	<b>55</b>
<i>A shadowy new class for Blood &amp; Treasure</i>	
<b>Making Alignment Count</b>	<b>57</b>
<i>Make alignment more than just a word on a character sheet</i>	

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# HEXCRAWL

# Further Into Cush!

*Illustrations by Nick Cloister, Ryan Rhodes, J. Allen St. John, John T. McCutcheon and others*

In **NOD 16**, we covered the basic history and geography of the regions of Cush and Pwenet. In **NOD 17**, we covered the great savannah city-state of Ixum. In this issue, we finish up the Cush and Pwenet hex crawl with the eastern half of the hex map.

For your convenience, the following city-states are situated on the map described in this issue:

Ape City [47.42]

The City of Jade Chaos [69.24]

The City of the Mad [79.31]

Ixum [55.13]

Kilibhelam, the Invisible City [75.27]

Kimbedwe [41.43]

Tartaemon [52.37]

## KEYED LOCATIONS

**41.06 Vampire Trees:** By walking through this hex, the adventurers will have wandered into the middle of a grove of 20 vampire trees. The following treasure is scattered amongst the underbrush: 34 pp, 89 gp, 29 sp, 36 cp and a glowing +1 *battle axe* that is +2 in the hands of a dwarf fighting-man.

*Vampire Tree, Large Plant: HD 4; AC 13; ATK 4 branches (1d6 + constrict); MV 0; F10 R17 W14; AL Neutral; XP 200; Special—None.*

**41.11 Ambush:** Travelers through the brush in these hills may come upon an ambush (2 in 6 chance). The ambush has been set

Hexcrawls in NOD use a scale of one hex = 6 miles across.

The following symbols are used to denote terrain and settlements:



Jungle/Rain Forest

Wooded Mountains

Marsh/Swamp

Highlands/Hills

Savannah/Grassland



City



Town



Village



Stronghold



Notable Site

The map can be downloaded at the Land of Nod blog:

<http://matt-landofnod.blogspot.com/p/nod.html>

up by twenty men, escaped slaves, who are making their way back to the rain forests of Cush. They know that a patrol has been dispatched from Ixum to retrieve them and so have set up an ambush to not only destroy the patrol, but also seize weapons and supplies. The patrol might be encountered on a roll of 1 on 1d6 by adventurers, and if the adventurers do walk into the ambush set up by the escaped slaves, there is a 1 in 6 chance that the patrol will arrive after 1d4+1 rounds.

*Patrol, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 15; ATK 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL N; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Ring mail, shield, spear.*

*Slaves, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; ATK 4 branches (1d6); MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL N; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Buckler, hand axe.*

**41.35 Nyoka-Mtu:** You settle down for a brief rest. You've been trudging through the jungle for hours now. Your clothing is soaked with sweat, especially those of you wearing armor. Despite your best efforts, a host of insects have feasted on your blood and set up camp in your hair or under your clothing. Every step through the jungle has become an agony – vegetation chokes even the best trails, and fallen trees, angry herbivores and unmapped streams all conspire to slow your progress to a crawl.

So now you rest on a fallen tree – having checked first to make sure it doesn't host a colony of fire ants – taking a sip from your wineskin, maybe chewing on a moldy biscuit, dreading the

moment when you will have to rise and continue your journey. It is then that you notice movement in the surrounding trees. A quick glance reveals nothing. The jungle noises continue unabated, and you see nothing but the thick, distorted trunks of the trees and the long vines hanging from the branches.

Little do you know that something has spotted you. For days, four nyoka-mtu have been tracking your gang of invaders through their territory. And now that you seem thoroughly exhausted, they have decided to strike.

*Snake Men, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 4; AC 13; ATK 4 claws (1d3 + constrict) and bite (1d4 + poison); MV 30 (Swim 30); F14 R12 W13; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 300; Special—Poison (confusion for 1d4 rounds), see magic auras.*

**41.38 Hot Feet:** The ground in this hex is quite hot, dealing 1d6 damage per hour to those standing here. In some places, steam erupts from the ground. The foliage here is stunted, with the exception of tall, crimson blades of grass that is razor sharp and impossible to walk through without metal foot protection (must make one Fortitude save each hour or be crippled and suffer 1d4 points of damage).

**41.43 Kimbedwe:** Kimbedwe is a sizable city-state situated atop a tall, dusty plateau that overlooks the rain forest. The plateau is rich in mineral wealth, and highly defensible, and thus has persisted for hundreds of years as a stronghold. By and large, the people of the plateau keep to themselves. They permit no entry into this hex by outsiders, having established trading posts on the edges of the hex to trade their minerals for manufactured goods (especially glass – the sands of the plateau make a very poor quality of glass). The city is constructed of stone, most of it dug up from the depths of the plateau, which is honeycombed with tunnels and mines, and even hides a small subterranean lake from which the people of the plateau pull blind crustaceans that they turn into a delicious stew.

Kimbedwe's main problem is its isolation and xenophobia, which has led to stagnation. These problems are made worse by (or maybe caused by) the waters of the subterranean lake, which are enchanted. The water keeps people from aging, but also makes them infertile. There have been no children born in Kimbedwe for many centuries. The water's enchantment stems from a strange black stone hidden in its black depths, a stone that attracts the shades of the dead, who haunt the lake and demand tribute from their descendants in the form of palm wine. The lake is surrounded by hundreds of shrines dedicated to these ancestral spirits. The spirits are worshipped by a cult of death priests and assassins, who do their best to keep change out of Kimbedwe.

Kimbedwe's king, Singado, has ruled for 200 years, having relieved his father, King Biango, of the crown with poisoned wine.

## Nyoka-Mtu

*Medium Monstrous Humanoid, Chaotic (NE), Low Intelligence; Snatch (1d6)*

HD	3
AC	13
ATK	4 claws (1d3 + constrict) and bite (1d4 + poison)
MV	30 (Swim 30)
SV	F 14, R 12, W 13
XP	300 (CL 4)

Nyoka-mtu are snake-like predatory thieves, living along well-worn tracks through the wilderness so they can prey on travelers. Although not terribly intelligent, they are quite cunning. Nyoka-mtu are carnivores, eating their victims as do snakes.

Nyoka-mtu have sinuous bodies covered in glistening scales of light green and yellow. They have six clawed limbs that can be used as arms or legs. Their mouths contain two long fangs which **inject poison** (causes confusion for 1d4 rounds; Fortitude saving throw to negate effect). A skilled assassin or alchemist can harvest a nyoka-mtu's poison, though this poison only remains toxic for a month thereafter.

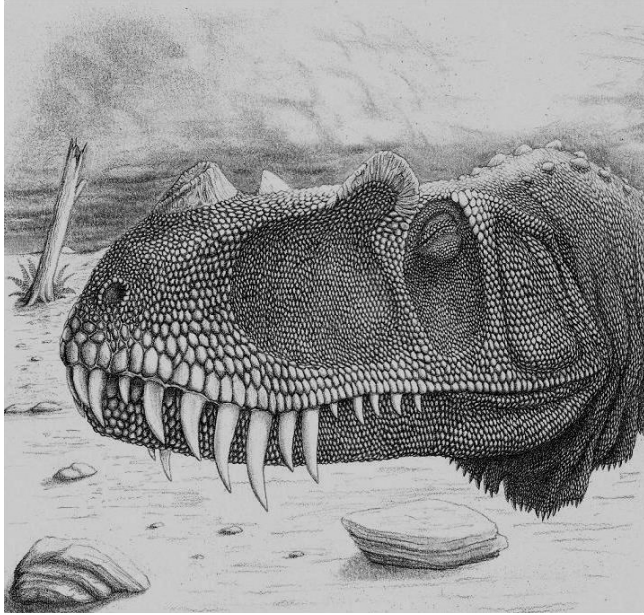
When they attack, nyoka-mtu attempt to snake their bodies around their victims. If faced with a tough fight, they either attempt to separate someone from the group, with one nyoka-mtu making the attack while the others act as sentries, or they do their best to steal something magical and scurry away. Nyoka-mtu can **see magical auras**, though they cannot perceive how magical an item is.

Once a nyoka-mtu has liberated a magical item from someone, it hurries home to its nest high in a tree and stows the item away. Often, a single nyoka-mtu will have five or six nests spread out over a large territory; each such nest contains 1d3-1 minor magic items. Other than magic items, nyoka-mtu keep no treasure.

He and his warriors oppose (subtly) the death cult. They maintain a large temple to Kokou, the god of war, and keep a flock of arrowhawks which they use to patrol the surrounding jungle. When possible, they kidnap likely mates for themselves and their king, sneaking them back to the plateau in defiance of the assassins and hoping beyond hope that they will produce new children for the city-state. Alas, they never do.

**42.26 Valley of Po-Cho:** The Lost Valley of Po-Cho lies beyond the Valley of Beasts. Scholars and bards who have heard the legends believe that the Po-Cho were some sort of the serpent people. This supposition is correct. As one approaches the valley they will see the idol of Po-Cho carved into the side of a mountain, his saucer-like eyes looking out over the wide, swampy valley.

The idol resembles a squatting humanoid with a bulbous head, large eyes, spider-like fangs jutting from his thin mouth and four long, sinuous arms. The space inside the idol's head is home to a



seemingly immortal priest of the forgotten god and his servants, a gaggle of beetlors with golden carapaces. The nameless priest makes an effort to capture anyone entering or leaving the valley.

*Guardian Priest, Cleric: LVL 6; AC 16; ATK 1 light mace +3 (1d4+1); MV 30; F10 R13 W10; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 600; Special—Rebuke undead, spells (5/3/3/2); Gear—Holy symbol, chainmail shirt, shield, light mace.*

*Beetlor, Large Monstrous Humanoid: HD 8; AC 18; ATK 2 claws (2d6) and bite (1d10); MV 20 (Burrow 10); F10 R9 W9; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 800; Special—Gaze (sickened for 1d4 rounds).*

The valley is home to tribes of neanderthals and dawn men, numerous dinosaurs and a sisterhood of amazons. There is also a tribe of formians and humanoid pteradactyls living in the mountains surrounding the valley. One notable pair of inhabitants is a young dawn man and his “brother”, a red afrovenator (130 hp) that is immune to fire and possessed of a low intelligence.

*Neanderthal, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 12; ATK 1 spear (1d8+1); MV 30; F12 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—None.*

*Dawn Man: HD 1; AC 11; ATK 1 bite (1d2) or weapon (1d6); MV 30; F14 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None.*

*Afrovenator, Huge Animal: HD 12; AC 14; ATK 2 claws (1d4) and bite (2d8 + swallow whole); MV 40; F4 R7 W12; AL Neutral; XP 1200; Special—None.*

*Astrodon, Huge Animal: HD 28; AC 12; ATK 1 stomp (4d12) or trample; MV 20; F3 R3 W6; AL Neutral; XP 2500; Special—None.*

*Polacanthus: HD 10; AC 18; ATK 1 bite (1d8); MV 30; F5 R6 W11; AL Neutral; XP 500; Special—None.*

*Barosaurus, Huge Animal: HD 30; AC 12; ATK 1 stomp (5d10) or trample; MV 20; F3 R3 W6; AL Neutral; XP 3000; Special—None.*

*Ceratosaurus, Huge Animal: HD 9; AC 14; ATK 1 bite (2d6 + swallow whole); MV 40; F6 R9 W14; AL Neutral; XP 900; Special—None.*

*Dicraeosaurus, Huge Animal: HD 18; AC 14; ATK 1 stomp (2d8) and bite (1d8) or trample; MV 30; F3 R4 W9; AL Neutral; XP 1800; Special—None.*

*Kentrosaurus, Large Animal: HD 8; AC 16; ATK 1 bite (1d6) and spiked tail (2d8); MV 30; F8 R9 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—None.*

**43.03 Gnolls in a Well:** There is a small keep here that consists of a square tower, two levels tall, surrounded by a ditch and a wall of packed earth. The keep has a dry well. Twenty spears are stuck in the ground around the well. Fifteen gnoll skeletons have been dumped into the well. They wear tattered bits of leather armor and have a variety of weapons, mostly short bows, spears and throwing axes. One has a leather sack containing a fist-sized chunk of limestone that has been dyed deep red.

**43.08 Captive Beast:** A band of warriors from Kimbedwe [41.43] are transporting a ravid back to the settlement on behalf of the necromantress Dedje. The warriors are dragging a sledge across the steppe. Atop the sledge there is a cage of black bars which not only keep the beast confined, but also absorb its positive energy, in effect negating it. The necromantress has many plans for the beast, but most important of all is that her son Demu requires healing or will soon expire. The warriors are led by the necromancers long-time companion, Bamba.

*Bamba, Human Fighter: LVL 6; HP 27; AC 13; Atk 2 weapon; MV 30; F10 R13 W13; AL Neutral; XP 600; Special—Dominate 0-HD foes; Gear—Leather armor, shield, sickle sword, throwing iron, light crossbow, 10 bolts.*

*Men-At-Arms (15), Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; Atk 1 weapon; MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Leather armor, shield, spear, light crossbow, 10 bolts.*

*Ravid, Medium Outsider: HD 3; HP 8; AC 22; Atk 1 tail (1d6 + positive energy) and claw (1d4 + positive energy); MV 20 (Fly 60); F12 R11 W13; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—Positive energy (2d10), animate object (1/rd), immune to electricity.*

**43.13 Were-Cheetahs:** The savannah here is controlled by a coalition of three male were-cheetahs and their mother, a powerful shaman who dwells on a rocky outcropping in a cave decorated by the bones and blood of many kills. The males patrol the savannah for prey, bringing a portion of their kills as tribute to their mother, whom they fear. The hex contains a watering hole and plentiful game, as well as a large copse of acacias. Mother Cheetah has a treasure of 2,600 sp and 10 gp.

*Werecheetah, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 3; AC 16 [silver]; Atk 2 claws (1d2) and bite (1d6); MV 50; F14 R11 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 400; Special—Lycanthropy. Mother were-cheetah can cast spells as a 5th level cleric (5/3/2/1).*

**43.20 Spanish Prison:** Traveling through the woods you come upon a narrow dirt path that runs roughly north to south. The foliage on either side has recently been trimmed. Following the path to the north eventually leads to a clearing that contains a stone circle reminiscent of Stonehenge. This circle, under the light of the full moon becomes a portal to Earth, specifically a similar stone circle located in Galicia in Spain.

Following the path to the south leads to a small valley that contains a lake. Overlooking the lake there is a castle built of pale, grey stone. The castle consists of two long, narrow wards and a central keep. The keep is surmounted by a 115-ft. tall tower with barred windows.

The castle is the home of Don Xavier de Penafiel, a duke who hails from the Kingdom of Spain on our own world. Don Xavier is a melancholy man, and deeply religious. His castle, despite its large size, is staffed by a small band of *unseen servants*. In times of trouble, the castle is defended by 100 animated suits of armor. The only other inhabitant of the castle is its prisoner, one Francis Bacon. Bacon's tower prison has had a permanent anti-magic shell cast upon it.

Don Xavier leads a lonely life, his primary companion being his memories of lost love and lost honor. Every few weeks he is visited by a small band of friars who bring the duke sustenance and brief companionship. The oldest of the friars, Brother Garza, is an excellent swordsman and accomplished player of chess.

*Don Xavier de Penafiel, Human Fighter: LVL 4; HP 29; AC 19; ATK 1 longsword +4 (1d8); MV 20; F11 R14 W14; AL Neutral (LN); XP 400; Special—Dominate; Gear—Platemail, buckler, longsword, dagger.*

*Brother Garza, Human Fighter: LVL 5; HP 28; AC 16; ATK 1 greatclub +5 (1d6+1); MV 30; F11 R13 W13; AL Neutral (LN); XP 500; Special—Dominate; Gear—Breastplate, greatclub, dagger.*

*Animated Armor, Medium Construct: HD 2; AC 17; Atk 1 slam (1d6) or by weapon; MV 30; F14 R14 W14; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—None. Gear—30 armed with crossbow and short sword, 70 with pole axe.*

*Francis Bacon, Human Magic-User: LVL 5; HP 13; AC 10; ATK 1 fist +1 (1d2); MV 30; F13 R13 W11; AL Neutral; XP 500; Special—Spells (4/3/2/1); Gear—None.*

**43.23 The White Goddess:** In this area of Cush there is a tall mountain, the peak of which is always shrouded by clouds. This mountain is flanked by impassable ridges of granite. The only way across these mountains is to go around the hex, or to climb the mountain and find the ancient pathways that lead to the other side. Most local adventurers choose to go out of their way to avoid climbing the path, for it is reputedly haunted.

The slopes of the largest mountain in the range are replete with frankincense-producing balsams and purple lemon trees.

Leopards and giant macaques prowl the slopes of this mountain (1 in 6 chance of an encounter each hour) but avoid the path.

After two days journey on the path characters will encounter the White Goddess, daughter of the mountain. The White Goddess has the game statistics of a ghost. She looks like a tribeswoman with pearly, luminescent skin and green eyes that cast rays of green light wherever she looks. The Goddess will approach each character and attempt to kiss their forehead, with the usual effect of being touched by a ghost.

Once she has placed her kiss on each character, she will turn and walk away on the path, fading from view as she does and leaving a darkwood box filled with 10 ounces (at 10 gp per ounce) of frankincense. If attacked, she will rise into the air wailing and then disappear. As she disappears, the mountain will shake (as the spell *earthquake*) until the characters leave the mountain. Traversing the winding, treacherous path takes four full days.

*White Goddess, Medium Undead: HD 10 (45 hp); AC 20; Atk 1 touch or hurled object (30' / 1d4); MV Fly 30; F12 R12 W10; AL Neutral; XP 1500; Special—Frightful moan, merge body, incorporeal, rejuvenation, age.*

**43.29 Ancient Crown:** Travelers across this hex might come across (1 in 6 chance) several dwarf bodies lying about a hole. Amidst the rotting bodies there are digging tools and weapons (many of the weapons stuck into the corpses). Two of the bodies are wrapped in blue robes and show signs of scorching, perhaps by lightning. One of these bodies has an ancient crown of gold on its head. The crown is studded with three large topaz carved into the shape of lions.

The crown is magical. When worn, it increases a person's level by three, but slowly robs those nearby of their health (1 hit point per hour, permanent drain until the wearer of the crown is killed). The crown is cursed, and can only be removed from a person's head by killing them.

**43.32 Boku the Spider:** The trees here are swathed in crystalline strands of webbing, invisible to the naked eye but quite strong. They were woven by a monstrous spide with transparent flesh. Only the spider's eyes and fangs are opaque. It is covered with spines that are coated with a numbing poison (save or suffer 1d6 points of dexterity damage). The spider is intelligent, and collects the bodies of great warriors (though it will kill and drain anything). It preserves the dessicated bodies because it can converse with them (per *speak with dead*).

Within her webs, Boku keeps the following treasure: 20 pp, a small silver sculpture of a toad (100 gp), two amethysts (100 gp each), four peridots (550 gp each), four moonstones (40 gp each), silver dagger, *potion of charisma*, *potion of strength*, *potion of cure light wounds*, *rope of climbing* and *marvelous pigments*.

*Boku, Large Magical Beast: HD 12; HP 45; AC 17; Atk 1 bite (2d6 + poison II) or web (entangle); MV 30 (Climb 30); F6 R7 W9; AL Neutral (N); XP 1200; Special – Speak with dead, webs.*

**43.40 Shrunken Heads:** Shrunken heads hang from several trees in this hex (1 in 8 chance per hour of finding such a tree). Golden circlets have been melted onto their heads, which have been studded with carnelians (worth about 200 gp total). Each of these heads belonged to a warrior of Kimbedwe. They were defeated by the army of Ankran the Lich over a century ago, the lich later being destroyed by the last survivor of that army, Prince Biango.

If a head is touched, it's beady eyes open and curses begin pouring from its mouth in a raspy, tortured voice. Those within ear shot must pass a Will saving throw each round or suffer from a *bestow curse* spell. This cursing can only be stopped by burning or burying the heads.



**43.45 Coven of the Ape:** The rain forest hides a cavern complex here, the entrance located about 12 feet above the ground on a rocky outcropping. The entrance is small and marked by a series of white hand prints. It is warded by an *alarm* spell, and a trip wire located just within the entrance will launch a volley of three spears at the person who trips it (make three Reflex saves; 1d6 points of damage from each failure). The entry cavern is cramped and smells of animal dung. The floor of the cavern is a pool of relatively clean water, about three feet deep. Beyond the pool there are two additional cave entrances, one located just above the surface of the water, the other higher and accessible via steps carved into the cavern wall.

The low cavern is filled with brown mold and otherwise uninhabited. The high cave is occupied by six carnivorous apes. They guard a carved stone portal that leads into a complex of three chambers. One is a temple containing an idol of Ook, the Ape God. The others are living quarters for Ook's priests – the high priestess Bagrana and her ten female beades. The priestesses and their trained apes raid travelers through this hex, and have collected a treasure of 3,700 sp, 120 gp, eleven hematites (50 gp each), three jacinths (200 gp), two emeralds (800 gp), darkwood sculpture of a wolf (10 gp), a copper bracelet (10 gp), a copper vase (10 gp), a silver diadem (100 gp), silver brooch (100 gp), silver earrings (100 gp), *potion of constitution*, *potion of heroism*, a leather-bound tome of strange, alien sigils (they are actually pictograms that explain the location of a fabulous treasure), a cloth-of-gold veil (250 gp) and a gilded +3 *broad sword*. The treasure is hidden in the belly of the idol. One must turn the ape's navel (a round piece of copper) 90-degrees to the left and push it to reveal the hidden cache. If the navel is rotated incorrectly or not at all, gas pours from the ape's mouth, filling the entire temple. All who breath it must pass a Fort save or be polymorphed into carnivorous apes.

*Bagrana, Human Animal Priest: LVL 9; HP 20; AC 15; ATK 1 heavy flail +6 (1d6+1); MV 30; F9 R12 W9; AL Neutral; XP 900; Special—Spells (6/4/4/3/2/1), speak with animals at will; Gear—Chainmail, heavy flail, holy symbol.*

*Beadle of Ook, Human Animal Priest: LVL 1; AC 13; ATK 1 light flail +0 (1d4+1); MV 30; F13 R15 W13; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—Spells (3/1), speak with animals at will; Gear—Ring mail, shield, light flail, holy symbol.*

*Carnivorous Ape, Large Animal: HD 4; AC 14; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d6); MV 30 (Climb 30); F10 R11 W17; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—None.*

**44.25 Tome of the Phantom:** A high cave here, dry and cool, holds a tome wrapped in ashen sackcloth. The tome is covered in blue leather, and contains the life story of the adventuring wizard Zaxon. Zaxon visited many of the lands surrounding Cush; he made many conquests and bested many dangers before finally passing away 200 years ago. This tome is possessed by his spirit, and this spirit slowly possesses any person who reads the book. For each hour spent reading the tome, one must make a Will save or be effected as per a *magic jar* spell.

**44.34 Prison of Degenerates:** The jungle here laps against a great mound of rock, about 200 feet tall and almost as wide in diameter. The rock is full of tunnels gouged out of it by humanoid hands and then smoothed by acid. A gate of iron bars woven with mithral wire blocks the single entrance to the place, an entrance protected by flanking snake-headed caryatid columns armed with sickle-swords.

The rock was once used as a prison in the days of the ancient lizard kings. It is now a dungeon occupied by the degenerate descendants of the lizard men (troglodytes) and ophidians (inphidians) as well as other reptilian and subterranean horrors. Magical traps keep the denizens of the dungeon, and any adventurers foolish enough to enter the palace, from escaping.

**44.38 Army of the Wraith Maiden:** The Wraith Maiden was once an honorable maiden who was put to death and then raised again by a necromancer whose advances she had refused. The necromancer thought to control and torment her for eternity (he had plans for attaining lich-hood), but her will proved too strong. She slew her murderer and seized control of his small collection of zombies and skeletons. For three long decades she has labored beneath the earth, gathering additional undead and other servants, forging a terrible army that she might conquer the city-state of Kimbedwe [41.43], whose king traded her to the necromancer to avoid a costly war.

The Wraith Maiden's army consists of 300 Hit Dice worth of skeletons, zombies, ghouls and trolls, and she is protected by an honor guard of twelve trows.

**45.05 Fortress of Sublime Torture:** A great fortress was erected here more than a century ago. Constructed of granite quarried many miles away, the fortress is surrounded by a dry moat planted with thorny acacia trees. Within the moat there are five towers (55 feet tall) and walls that rise 43 feet above the surrounding savannah. The walls bear the marks of many sieges, and are relatively easy to climb. The gate is left open now, for no army or walord occupies the fortress. Rather, it is inhabited by a brotherhood of monks who practice an extreme physical and mental regimen, including self-torture, to attain enlightenment.

The monks number 20 in all, and are led by Bwana Nwole. The bwana has reached enlightenment (or so he says) and is apt to indulge in women and wine. He long ago discovered a cellar of dry Nabu wines. He procures women from travelers, paying them handsomely. The fortress is often used as a road house by said travelers, for it is conveniently located between Ixum [55.13] and Bongka [38.04].

*Bwana Nwole, Human Monk: LVL 9; HP 31; AC 14; ATK 2 strikes +6 (2d6); MV 50; F9 R9 W9; AL Neutral; XP 900; Special—Able to strike creatures only harmed by +1 or better weapons, stunning attack, deflect arrows, immune to disease and slow spells, feign death, heal wounds; Gear—None.*

*Monk, Human Monk: LVL 2; AC 11; ATK 1 strike +1 (1d4); MV 40; F12 R12 W12; AL Neutral; XP 200; Special—Stunning attack, deflect arrows; Gear—None.*

**45.15 Stone Giants:** A tribe of stone giants is in the process of constructing a giant-sized motte-and-bailey castle. The giants carry large axes, with which they fell the tallest, thickest trees in the forest. So far, they have completed the moat and mound and the palisaded bailey (or courtyard). The bailey contains a barn for their elephants, a lodge, smithy, storehouse, stable and chapel. The higher stronghold is about one third complete.

The giants keep two elephants for pack animals and three cave bears for guard animals and pets. The giants include three brothers, four women and two children. The men have grey skin and long faces with chiseled features. The women, like all female giants, are strikingly beautiful. They are capable of altering their size at will to the size of a human, and can cast spells as though they were 4th level druids.

The stone giant's treasure is 700 gp in canvas sacks and a red-brown spinel the size of a human fist (1,000 gp)

*Stone Giants, Large Giants: HD 9; AC 20; Atk 1 greatclub (3d6) or boulder (3d10); MV 30; F5 R8 W8; AL Neutral; XP 450; Special—None.*

*Stone Giant Females, Large Giants: HD 9; AC 20; Atk 1 greatclub (3d6) or boulder (3d10); MV 30; F5 R8 W8; AL Neutral; XP 900; Special—Druid spells (5/3/2).*

*Elephant, Huge Animal: HD 11; AC 15; Atk 1 slam (2d8) and 2 stamps (2d6) or gore (2d10); MV 40; F5 R8 W13; AL Neutral; XP 550; Special—Trample.*

*Cave Bear, Large Animal: HD 12; AC 17; Atk 2 claws (2d6 + constrict) and bite (2d8); MV 40; F6 R7 W12; AL Neutral; XP 1200; Special—None.*

**45.42 Armor of One Thousand Demons:** At some point in the misty days of yore, a paladin faced down an army of demons. Naturally, this was one doozy of a paladin (a 20th level kind of guy). The paladin wore magic armor (of course), +3 scale mail to be precise. Each scale of the armor was forged by the mages of Ibis, each scale a work of art. They gleamed with alchemical silver, and were enchanted to capture demons (per the *binding* spell). With each stroke of the paladin's magical sword, a demon was captured and bound in the armor, the scale in question turning a deep, burning crimson in color.

The battle was long, and the odds were against the paladin. Eventually, a cannonade of lightning bolts killed him and scattered the scales of the armor across this hex. One has a 1 in 1000 chance of stumbling across one of these scales and actually noticing it. Adventurers using a *detect magic* spell have a 1% chance per hour of finding one of these scales. Each one contains a demon (roll randomly on the table below) that desperately wants to escape its prison.

D%	IMPRISONED DEMON
01-20	Babau
21	Balor
22-26	Glabrezu
27-56	Dretch
57-63	Hezrou
64-73	Marilith
74-78	Nalfeshnee
79-90	Shadow Demon
91-100	Vrock

If all of the scales are reassembled and the *armor of 1000 demons* is reconstructed (requires the help of a master smith and a magic-user capable of constructing magic armor), it regains its +3 enchantment, but also requires a person wearing it to pass a Will save every time they are tempted or enraged, lest they succumb to the influence of the demons within the armor and behave wickedly.

**45.46 Spider-Slayer:** A large tree here has a gaping hole in the base of its trunk, a hole covered by sticky spider webs and camouflaged with leaves and other debris. Beyond this hole there is a narrow crawlspace that ends in a small cavern. This cavern holds a flight of crude stairs that lead into a vast dungeon complex beneath the jungle floor. The tunnels of the complex are damp and often clogged with webbing. Many arachnoid monsters dwell in this dungeon, which has a conical cross-section, the lowest point being a vault protected by powerful aranea magic and holding a spear called *Spider-Slayer*. *Spider-Slayer* is a +2 *spider-bane spear* that makes its wielder immune to webs and poison. The denizens of the dungeon will do everything in their power to keep the spear from being found.

**46.09 Bast:** A stone statue of Bast is embedded head-first into the ground here, as though it fell from a great height. The statue is about 12 feet tall and made of granite.

**46.17 Narrow Pass:** There is narrow pass between two mountains here that is notable for the profusion of date palms growing on the slopes and in the box canyon beyond. Druids and others knowledgeable about such things will identify them with Nabu.

The pass will extend for a few miles before ending in what appears to be a quarry, but what in fact is a diamond mine of the ancient kings of Nabu. An hours worth of effort will net a party of characters 1d10 x 100 gp worth of uncut diamonds. The search will also reveal dozens of mine shafts cut into the sides of the quarry.

As characters search the ground for diamonds, they may not notice a large tribe of white, carnivorous apes surrounding the quarry and blocking off the pass through which the characters entered. Eventually, the leader of the apes, a large male, will let

out a roar that will be followed by the roars of the rest of his tribe, which is ninety strong. The sound will be almost deafening.

*Carnivorous Ape, Large Animal: HD 4; AC 14; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d6); MV 30 (Climb 30); F10 R11 W17; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—None.*

At this point, the apes will begin hurling stones at anyone within the quarry. Characters can either charge the apes blocking their escape or enter the mine shafts.

The mine shafts work their way under the mountains and might even offer a way to escape. They are inhabited by troglodytes, oozes, ghostly miners that resemble ancient egyptian slaves, earth elemental creatures and a nasty tribe of morlocks in its deepest recesses. Besides a means of escaping the valley above, the mines also hold the infamous *Moaning Diamond*, an artifact hidden here by the Nabu in times of old. The diamond is guarded by mummy golems and the demilich remains of Prince Nasbet, eighteenth Priest-King of ancient Nabuu.

**46.20 Lion Mace:** Adventurers might stumble across a rusty steel mace with a grip of calf-skin lodged in the skull of a cave lion skeleton. A trail of dried blood leads over the side of a steep, 50-ft. tall cliff. There is no sign of a body at the bottom of the cliff.

**46.28 The Holy Maiden:** This hex contains the stronghold of Kinko, known by most folks in the neighborhood as the “Holy Maiden”. Kinko is a paladin who retired here to the land between the mountains to find peace and, maybe, to ascend to a higher plane. To this end, she sends her patrols throughout the area (within 5 hexes of the stronghold) in search of travelers to invite to the stronghold for rest, relaxation, meditation and subtle questioning about any contacts they might have had with the higher or lower powers. Frustrated in her attempts to converse with the higher powers, she is beginning to feel the pull of chaos.

The stronghold is constructed of whitish-gray granite quarried in the mountains. The stronghold has 40-ft. high walls and three 50-ft. tall towers with copper roofs. Within the stronghold there is a keep, stables, smithy and a well that produces fresh water. Kinko commands 10 light cavalry with the help of her sergeant, Luma, and 20 archers, who patrol the walls and towers.

*Men-At-Arms, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; Atk 1 weapon; MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—(Archers) Leather armor, short bow, hand axe or (Cavalry) Ring mail, buckler, spear.*

*Kinko, Human Paladin: LVL 13; HP 67; AC 14; ATK 1 khopesh +10 (1d8); MV 30; F6 R10 W6; AL Lawful (LG); XP 1300; Special—Detect evil, smite chaos 3/day, lay on hands, immune to fear, turn undead, cure disease 1/wk, spells (1/1/1); Gear—Scale mail, khopesh, dagger, handgonne.*

**46.36 Strange Bordello:** Travelers through these wooded highlands might come across an odd building constructed of pale blonde wood. The building has a domed roof and double doors composed of a lattice. Within, one finds a central chamber with a great hearth and roaring fire surrounded by silk pillows. Chimes hang from the ceiling and produce discordant tones that make people prone to *suggestion* (-2 to save).

There are three doors in this central chamber. From one of these doors, a succubus will emerge in human form, in a guise particularly enticing to one of the male members of the party. She will offer the adventurers rest for the night in her roadhouse, leading them to one of the three chambers where they will find clean clothes (in their size), enticing victuals and flagons of spiced wine. Once within one of these chambers, the adventurers will find themselves unable to escape until the dawn.

The character that has been singled out by the succubus will, of course, be invited to remain in the main chamber, where she will attempt to seduce them and steal away at least one of their levels.

The next morning, adventurers will awake to find themselves in the same building, but the door to the outside opens onto a hellish labyrinth of red, burning stone, where the lucky adventurer who slept with the succubus is now hunted by her in the form of a hellcat. The succubus, Zamira, is a strange sort of lycanthrope who prefers to eat her mates. If killed, the succubus fades away and is replaced by a locked bronze chest containing 15,000 cp, 120 gp, three agates (20 gp each) and three silver nose rings (35 gp each). A few rounds later, the labyrinth fades away, leaving the adventurers back where they started.

*Zamira, Medium Outsider: HD 8 (26 hp); AC 20 [+1]; Atk 2 claws (1d8 + rend) and bite (2d8); MV 40 (Fly 50); F8 R9 W9; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 1500; Special—Kiss, immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance 15%, spells, lycanthropy (only other outsiders can be changed into were-hellcats, others suffer from the equivalent of mummy rot).*

**47.12 Shilda's Shrine:** The savannah here becomes thicker with trees. Within this weird woodland, one might come across the shrine of Shilda, a mostly forgotten goddess who was worshipped as the mother of wild places.

The shrine is a small building of white stone, crudely built, resting on a small island of white stone within a large pond of crystal clear water. Graceful white crocodiles swim in the pond, never leaving the water. They have eyes like sapphires that are deep and knowing. Their mother, Shilda, also appears as a white crocodile (much larger, of course) when she deigns materialize at her shrine.

The altar within the shrine is covered with flowers and jars of honey. It is tended by a childless woman, the survivor of a village



sacked by brigands, named Kinda. Kinda (3 hp) has the abilities of a 3rd level adept.

*Celestial Crocodile, Medium Magical Beast: HD 3; AC 19; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + constrict) or tail (2d6); MV 20 (Swim 30); F12 R12 W15; AL Lawful (LG); XP 300; Special—Drag people underwater, resistance to electricity, magic resistance 10%, +2 to hit and damage vs. Chaos.*

**47.25 Giant Macaques:** The trees in this hex are home to a large, cantankerous tribe of giant macaques. They are first encountered in a group of 2-8, but any combat with them will quickly escalate, with another 1-6 arriving every three rounds. The combat will only end when a total of 50 have been killed.

*Giant Macaque, Medium Animal: HD 4; AC 14; Atk 1 bite (1d3+2); MV 30 (Climb 30); F11 R11 W17; AL Neutral; XP 200; Special—None.*

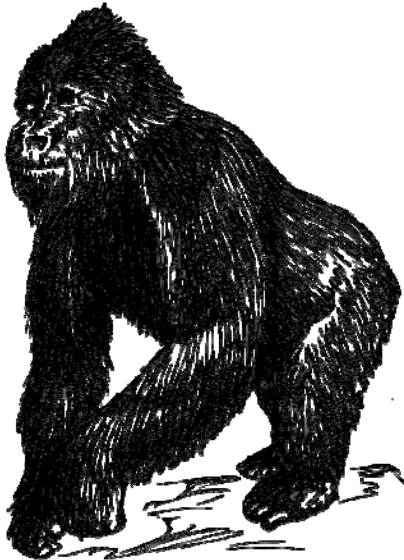
**47.31 Princess Saba:** This hex contains a fortified keep on the borderlands of the domain of the Holy Maiden [46.28]. The manor is controlled by the exiled black amazon princess Saba and her husband, the jungle lord Kaza. The manor is still reeling from a concentrated attack by a tribe of purple-skinned hobgoblins who dwell in the mountains [48.30]. The hobgoblins were repulsed with heavy losses, but not before doing significant damage to the north wall and killing Kaza, whose body was found under a pile of fifteen hobgoblins, his hand still clenched on the top-knot of their decapitated chieftain.

Saba has an infant son, Tshingwa, of whom she is very protective. She still commands 12 men-at-arms; her sergeant Gwala was killed in the attack, and she is in the market for a new sergeant and additional warriors. The manor still has ample supplies and can show hospitality to visitors, but they will expect something in return – specifically they want the hobgoblins destroyed.

Saba has a treasure of 300 gp, 90 pp, six large ancient coins of arsenical silver (20 gp each), seven small crystal goblets (30 gp each), a hepatizon wolf (50 gp), an obsidian dagger (300 gp), a copper jar of balm (30 gp), four agates (25 gp each) and three jargoons (300 gp each). She is willing to pay half of this treasure to anyone who can destroy the hobgoblin tribe and bring their heads back as proof.

*Saba, Human Fighter: LVL 13; HP 56; AC 16; ATK 3 light mace +11 (1d4+1); MV 30; F7 R11 W11; AL Neutral; XP 1300; Special—Dominate; Gear—Chainmail shirt, shield, light mace, light crossbow, etheric bracers (ethereal jaunt 1/day, strike ethereal creatures with unarmed strikes).*

*Men-At-Arms, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; Atk 1 weapon; MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Leather armor, shield, spear.*



**47.42 Ape City:** The wondrous (and mythical according to most sages) Ape City is hidden in this hex amidst the towering banyans and somniferous black orchid vines. The city is constructed on a sturdy, low plateau of basalt, the cliffs of which are jagged and painful to climb (20 feet tall; Fortitude save each round or fall). Carved steps lead to the gates of the city, great bronzewood edifices hung with iron chains that clasp grizzly trophies taken from rival humanoid bands in the region. The gates and their basalt walls are roughly 40 feet tall, and the city within is situated in a basin (pipes permit water that falls into the city to drain out onto the cliffs that surround it).

Within the city there are buildings of stone and wood, all crafted in a flowing, almost abstract architecture that makes the place seem quite alien. The city is populated entirely by apes, and some say the scholarly class, made up of dakons, hail from another plane (and they do – the plane of Veneris that orbits Nod just beyond Mercurii).

## REIGON

*Large Magical Beast, Chaotic (CE), Average Intelligence; Band (1d10)*

HD	5
AC	15
ATK	2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8) or weapon and bite
MV	30 (Climb 30)
SV	F 10, R 11, W 13
XP	500 (CL 6)

A reigon is an aggressive, predatory ape that dwells in dark forests. A reigon stands about 8 feet tall and weighs around 600 pounds. Its entire body, save for its face and palms, is covered in thick fur. A reigon's diet consists of berries, plants, forest game (both large and small) and sometimes humanoids. Reigons are tribal and territorial.

A reigon tribe makes its home in thickly wooded areas. Once seated, a tribe rarely moves, unless a new tribe moves into the area and forces them to flee or food and water become scarce. Reigon lairs are simple, wooden structures that are covered with bark, cloth, leaves, and vines.

Reigons speak their own guttural language consisting of grunts, growls, and howls.

*Spells: At will—chameleon; 3/day—mental barrier, mind thrust, defensive precognition; 1/day—concussion blast.*

### CHAMELEON

Level: Druid 2, Magic-User 2

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 hour

Your skin and equipment take on the color and texture of nearby objects, including floors and walls. You receive a +10 bonus when hiding.

### DEFENSIVE PRECOGNITION

Level: Magic-User 1

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 minute

Your awareness extends a fraction of a second into the future, allowing you to better evade an opponent's blows. You gain a +1 bonus to AC and on all saving throws. If surprised, this bonus to AC and saving throws does not apply.

Ape City has four castes. The ruling, priestly caste is composed of reigons, large gorillas with psionic powers. They are cruel and ambitious, and each priest is a tyrant within his temple. The priest-king, Grokk, commands the temple of the fierce ape god Ook, and rules the other high priests with an iron fist.

Beneath the priestly class are their servants, the dakon of the scholarly class and the carnivorous apes of the warrior class. The dakons not only serve as lay brothers in the temples, but also serve as artisans, scribes, sages and clerks. The carnivorous apes are the third caste in the minds of all but themselves, for they believe themselves superior to the effete dakon and second only

to the powerful reigon, whom they hate and fear. The carnivorous apes are ruthless in their domination of the slaves and their application of Ape Law throughout the city. The reigon find controlling them tedious, but know that they keep the dakon in check and make their city-state almost unassailable.

The lowest rank of society is filled by humanity and other demi-humans and humanoids who fall into the clutches of the apes. Dressed in rags, they toil endlessly in the fields or as manual laborers under the supervision of the dakon. The dakon sometimes find themselves growing emotionally attached to their humans (treating them like pets), but this is discouraged by the reigon and their carnivorous ape foot soldiers.

In all, the demographics of Ape City look something like this: 4,000 human slaves, 1,200 dakons, 500 carnivorous apes and 60 reigon to rule them all. The reigon wear crowns of office. The carnivorous apes wear leather battle harness. Dakon rarely wear clothing, and humans are permitted only rags.

*Carnivorous Ape, Large Animal: HD 4; AC 14; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d6); MV 30 (Climb 30); F10 R11 W17; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—None.*

*Dakon, Large Monstrous Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; Atk 2 claws (1d6); MV 30 (Climb 30); F14 R12 W12; AL Neutral (LN); XP 100; Special—None.*

*Reigon, Large Magical Beast: HD 5; AC 15; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and bite (1d8); MV 30 (Climb 30); F10 R11 W13; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Spells, magic resistance 25%.*

**48.02 Leather Sack:** A trampled leather sack marks the location of a buried treasure. About three feet beneath the earth there is a wooden box containing 45 coins of blackened iron fashioned by dwarfs. They bear the likeness of Djorval, an ancient king of the western dwarfs, on one side and the likeness of a constrictor snake on the other. The coins are worth about 7 sp on the open market, but might draw as much as 500 gp from a dwarf collector.

**48.07 Iganga Tribe:** The Iganga tribe (population 297) live in a village protected by a woven palisade and ditch. They have thick, curly hair of dark blonde to brown, greenish eyes, and light brown skin. They typically have wide faces and eyes that are narrow and wide-set. The Iganga have built their village around a rocky outcropping surmounted by a long house of adobe brick. The Iganga are cattle herders.

The tribe is ruled by the warrior-maiden Mbonoja and her veteran spearmen. Mbonoja is an aggressive woman, who worked as a mercenary and adventurer for many years in Zinj, Ophir, Ibis and Mu-Pan before returning home to depose her uncle and take on the mantle of queen.

The outcropping has two caves used as shrines by the Iganga. One is dedicated to Ngorul, their god of slaughter. Ngorul appears as a tall, elderly man with a lean, muscular build. His eyes are empty pits from which trickles human blood. Ngorul carries a throwing club and wears a cloak of black-tipped impundu feathers that gives its wearer a +1 bonus to save vs. lightning. Ngorul is served by a priest called Swaba.

The other shrine belongs to Nyagai, the goddess of money and trade. She appears as an elderly woman with white skin and large, brown eyes. Depictions of baboons decorate her temple. Her priest is Lusali, an adept (2 hp, 3rd level).

Craftsmen in the village include Donbalku the blacksmith, Lalburu the camel trader, Zemonga the miller and Kelu the tanner. All Iganga craftsmen are women by tradition and law.

The village treasure consists of 863 cp, 544 sp, 23 ep, 144 gp, 6 hippo skins (25 gp each), 3 chipekwe horns (60 gp each), 15 oz. of cinnamon (300 gp) and a moss agate worth 8 gp.

*Mbonoja, Human Fighter: LVL 5; HP 21; AC 14; ATK 2 longsword +5 (1d8); MV 30; F11 R13 W13; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Dominate; Gear—Chainmail shirt, shield, light mace, light crossbow.*

*Swaba, Human Cleric: LVL 2; HP 11; AC 14; ATK 1 club +1 (1d4); MV 30; F12 R15 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Rebuke undead, spells (4/2); Gear—Ring mail, buckler, club, staff sling.*

**48.15 Mugwump:** Adventurers crossing this hex discover that it is filled with a multitude of muddy watering holes. Black mambas and pygmy hippopotamuses dwell in and around most of these watering holes. The water is un-wholesome, and there is little reason to visit most of them, but one holds something of interest.

One small watering hole has become the sanctuary of a



mugwump that ventured from the swamps to the east in search of the destroyers of his village, a band of adventurers that are temporarily residing in Ixum. The mugwump is out of its element, and is currently under seige by seven giant hyenas. The hyenas will not venture into the water, for the mud is terribly thick (quarter normal movement) and they fear becoming stuck. The mugwump is low on rations, and has little hope of surviving for long without help.

*Mugwump, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 16; Atk 1 axe (1d6); MV 20 (Swim 40); F12 R15 W15; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—Leap 30 feet to attack (per charge), surprise (4 in 6); Gear—Shield, chainmail shirt, hand axe.*

*Giant Hyena, Large Animal: HD 4; AC 14; Atk 1 bite (1d8); MV 50; F10 R11 W17; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—None.*

**48.17 Gnolls:** A tribe of 80 gnolls lives here in small, thatched huts. They mostly sit in the shade, swatting flies with zebra-tails attached to leather thongs while their 18 human slaves tend to a small herd of goats and carry water. On rare occasions, a large male gnoll will lash out at a slave, knocking them to the ground and causing a feeding frenzy among his fellows. As with many gnoll tribes in Pwenet, there are no leaders. The largest male in the tribe, Kaarg (3 HD, 18 hp) carries a silver-plated steel longsword with a jet set in the hilt (200 gp),

The gnolls have a chest (locked, poisoned) buried near their lair. It contains 15,000 sp, a solid gold idol of Onuris (10 lb, 400 gp), an old painting of an aristocratic family of Guelph (rolled up, 1,200 gp) and a *potion of remove paralysis*. The potion tastes terrible and causes light-headedness for an hour after being imbibed.

*Gnoll, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; Atk 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F12 R15 W16; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—None.*

**48.44 Crimson Fish:** A small, enchanted stream runs through the jungle here. Whichever direction adventurers are traveling, the stream will present itself as an obstacle. The stream is clear and fresh, and filled with small, darting fish of a deep crimson hue. The watercourse looks about 4 feet across, but people who attempt to leap it will discover it is actually about 6 feet across. Folk who touch the water in the river will find themselves stuck fast in the water (a bend bars check is required to extricate oneself from the river) – attempting to pull a leg or hand out of the water is almost like trying to pull it out of a solid block of ice. When a person is stuck in the water, the crimson fish begin congregating and swimming in a counter-clockwise manner. In mere moments, they emerge as a single, large fish-thing, which moves toward the captured person to attack. The fish thing has razor sharp claws and teeth, and every drop of blood spilled in the river (a hit from the monster's claws that deals more than 4 points of damage causes blood to flow) becomes one of the small crimson fish, which quickly merges into the fish-thing, healing it

of 1 point of damage. If the fish-thing is killed, it collapses into its constituent fish, which rapidly dart away as the stream dries away into nothingness, leaving nothing but a patch of thick, sticky mud behind.

*Fish-Thing, Large Magical Beast: HD 5; AC 17; ATK 1 bite (1d4) and 2 claws (1d6); MV 30 (Swim 60); F10 R11 W14; AL Neutral; XP 500; Special—Healing (see above), magic resistance 10%.*

**49.25 Rock Apes:** A tribe of 15 rock apes has claimed this hex as their territory. They wander through the hex over the course of the year, visiting the lowlands in the cooler months and then retreating to higher grounds to escape the warmer months. They are quite aggressive in defending their territory, and there is a 3 in 6 chance of encountering the tribe while in this hex.

*Rock Ape, Large Magical Beast: HD 5; AC 15; ATK 2 claws (1d8 + 1d6 acid + rend) and bite (1d8 + 1d6 acid); MV 30 (Climb 15, Burrow 30); F10, R11, W16; AL Neutral; XP 500; Special: Resistance to acid, +4 AC vs. bull rush and trip attacks.*

**49.33 Plagueshambler:** The Plagueshambler is a terrible demon conjured long ago by a witch doctor. The Plagueshambler is almost impossible to kill, but it can be stunned and captured using music or singing. About 10 years ago, it was captured in this way by the Holy Maiden [46.28] and chained here to a great mass of granite. The demon now appears as an emaciated humanoid, with deep-set, rheumy eyes of amber and flushed cheeks. It looks like a pitiful thing, pleading for release with a mumbling, whimper (it cannot speak intelligibly).

If released, the demon begins drawing sustenance from the landscape, which turns gray and withers as the demon becomes large and terrible. In this state, it lashes out at its rescuers, attempting to kill them before moving on to slay the Holy Maiden and her people and then to spread death throughout the world.

Around the Plagueshambler's neck there is a leather necklace to which is attached a silver flute – the Holy Maiden's clue to the creature's weakness. If the Plagueshambler hears any sort of music or singing, it must pass a Will save or be paralyzed for 1 hour.

*Plagueshambler, Large Outsider: HD 9 (44 hp); AC 15 [+1]; ATK 2 claws (1d4 + cause disease); MV 40; F8, R9, W10; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 900; Special: Immune to disease, acid and fire, magic resistance 10%, blight in a 100' radius.*

**49.37 Black Mountains:** The mountains here, unlike the jungle-covered granite peaks of most of this range, are composed of snowflake obsidian and basalt. Maze-like trails of crushed gravel weave through the mountains and beneath or around acidic waterfalls surrounded by plumes of poisonous vapors (poison III in a 30-ft. radius around the acid pool). The mountains' only

inhabitants are a strange breed of reptilian humanoid called the n'golthu.

The n'golthu dwell beneath the mountains, in hidden fortresses connected by subterranean tunnels. The tunnels are home to a multitude of poisonous snakes and weird, spongy, coral fungus growths that are deadly poisonous to most folk, though the n'golthu are immune. They use the fungus as a food, though they also relish the iron-rich blood of most humanoids.

Despite their bloody appetites, the n'golthu are not evil or even particularly violent. They are quite intelligent, and highly skilled in the healing arts. They have been known to trade their skill at medicine for blood, taking it through the use of leeches in the most painless manner possible. An apprentice healer of the n'golthu is capable of using the equivalent of a *cure light wounds* spell up to three times per day, while masters can cast all healing spells, three times per day, up to 5th level. The n'golthu speak by forcing air through nasal passages in their skulls, creating a weird, hollow booming noise; this also permits them to use a crude echolocation, allowing them to fight in complete darkness with no penalty.

The n'golthu are ruled by a priest-king called Y'glax-tor, who worships a fairly benign avatar of Shub-Niggurath, the chaos goddess of fecundity.

*N'golthu, Medium Humanoid: HD 3; AC 14; ATK 2 claws (1d3) or weapon (1d8); MV 30; F12, R14, W14; AL Neutral; XP 150; Special: Echolocation, immune to poison, resistance to acid, regenerate.*

*Y'glax-tor, N'golthu Cleric: LVL 7; HP 26; AC 14; ATK 1 staff (1d6); MV 30; F10 R13 W10; AL Lawful (NG); XP 700; Special—Echolocation, immune to poison, resistance to acid, regenerate, turn undead, cleric spells (6/4/3/2/1).*

**49.41 Colored Pools:** This hex of jungle is dotted by hundreds of small, colored pools. The landscape around the pools is covered with oily, crystalline growths and smells of rotting flesh. The pools bubble up from beneath the surface. The source is a bizarre, living starship that crashed into the jungles many millennia ago. The starship is still intact beneath the surface, and one or more of the colored pools might provide access to its treasures.

**50.04 Gwahujo Tribe:** The Gwahujo (pop. 269) are a rowdy tribe of cattle herders. They have thick, wavy hair, grey or blue eyes and light, creamy brown skin. The Gwahujo are short and heavy set. They wear vulture feathers as a sign of virility and rank.

The tribe lives in a village of grass huts surrounded by a ditch and a palisade of thickets. Their water is supplied by a nearby creek, which also provides tiny fish and thick, tasty worms.



The village is ruled by Nyagoja the witchdoctor, who commands three zombies. Nyagoja leads his tribe in the worship of Seth, the Ibisian deity of chaos and darkness.

A talkative old merchant named Dorgali runs an inn that consists of seven small huts built outside the village gate. Dorgali chews qat and always keeps a pot of beef stew cooking on a fire. The village is also served by Shaujo the black-smith, Kela the weaver and Kidesai the tanner.

The village's treasure is 1,600 cp, 192 sp, 45 ep, 315 gp, 2 behemoth tusks (140 gp each), 30 lb. of salt (140 gp), 14 lb. of palm wine (14 gp), a golden yellow topaz (500 gp), *wand of detect magic* (9 charges) and a druidic scroll of *magic stone*.

*Kela the Weaver, Human Fighter: LVL 6; HP 23; AC 10; ATK 2 hammer (1d4); MV 30; F10 R13 W13; AL Neutral; XP 600; Special—Dominate 0 HD foes; Gear—None.*

*Nyagoja, Human Cleric and Magic-User: LVL 3/2; HP 15; AC 10; ATK 1 staff (1d6); MV 30; F12 R14 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 300; Special—Rebuke undead, cleric spells (4/2/1), magic-user spells (4/2); Gear—Unholy symbol, robes, staff, spellbook.*



**50.12 Land of Giants:** The landscape here is dominated by massive hibiscus plants, with flower trumpets as long as two feet. Giant bees buzz around the flowers (1 in 6 chance per hour of encountering 2d4 giant bees), carrying nectar back to their massive hive near the center of the hex, which partially obscures a giant stone slab. The hive is only partially above ground, the remainder of the hive filling a number of tunnels. The hive is inhabited by 36 giant bumblebees, including their queen.

The stone slab that is partially obscured by the above ground portion of the hive measures about 25 feet tall and 10 feet wide. It is actually the top of a massive sarcophagus that has been dug into the ground. If one could remove the slab (they would have to first remove the hive) they would find the remains of an avatar of the goddess Oshun. The avatar has shown no decay, but it is quite dead and cannot be resurrected or raised (or turned into an undead). It is the size of a stone giant, and wears robes of silvery silk and turquoise beads (worth 7500 gp), a headress of silver, electrum and gold beads (worth 3,500 gp) and a gold and ruby ring on one finger (worth 800 gp). If any of these treasures are removed or molested, a deva appears to punish the thieves.

*Giant Bumblebee, Medium Vermin:* HD 3; AC 14; ATK 1 sting (1d4 + poison III); MV 20 (Fly 80); F12, R13, W14; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—None.

*Astral Deva, Medium Outsider:* HD 12; AC 24 [+1]; ATK +2 heavy mace (1d8+7 + stun 1d6 rd) or slam (1d10); MV 50 (Fly 100); F7, R6, W4; AL Lawful (NG); XP 3000; Special—Immune to acid, cold and paralysis, aura of protection, resistance to electricity and fire, magic resistance 30%, spells.

**50.27 Luai Tribe:** The Luai mountain people (population 181) live in a village built around the rim of an abandoned quarry. The

quarry was dug by their ancestors, slaves of some forgotten king. The village is surrounded by a palisade and gets its water from a pond that has formed in the quarry. The people mine the hills for precious stones and useful metals and raise goats and grow root vegetables.

The Luai are quite tall and gangly. They have thick, curly hair, eyes of blue, grey or hazel and dark, reddish brown skin. The Luai have broad faces with long noses and wide-set eyes.

The village is ruled by a council of elders named Banmim, Zikwe, Rodkuk, Shadul and Zuli. The village's soldiers wear leather armor and carry throwing axes and punching daggers. Their captain, Zulgod, wears a suit of scale mail and carries a machete.

The village supports a tavern that serves roasted game birds and fermented goat milk. There is also a blacksmith named Kushwuzi and a tanner named Zemzung. The village's temple is dedicated to Aganju, god of caves and volcanoes, and it is tended by the elder Banmim (2 hp, adept 2).

The village's treasure is 492 cp, 69 sp, 11 ep, 104 gp and a chipekwe horn (60 gp).

*Zulgod, Human Fighter:* LVL 4; HP 22; AC 16; ATK 1 machete (1d6); MV 30; F11 R14 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Dominate 0 HD foes. Gear—Scale mail, shield, machete.

**51.25 Zebra Centaurs:** In a grove of tall acacias there lives a nomadic band of zebra centaurs. This is their summer retreat, chosen because of the shade and the ready supply of game from the nearby watering hole. There are usually 20-50 centaurs present. Among them there will be one sub-chief (6 HD) for every 10 centaurs and a single chief called Nbulu (8 HD, 38 hp). The female centaurs are as warlike as the males when they aren't nursing, and visitors are rarely welcomed.

*Zebra Centaur, Large:* HD 3; AC 16; ATK 2 hooves (1d6) or by weapon; MV 50; F11, R11, W14; AL Neutral (LN); XP 150; Special—None.

**51.29 Borsin:** A tribe of 30 borsin (ape centaurs with the lower bodies of boars) claim this hex as their territory. Their lair is a ruined temple of ancient Kolos. The stones used to build the temple are in the shape of giant body parts (arms, legs, heads, etc.) with a decidedly Indian cast to them. The borsin mostly dwell in the overgrown courtyard of the temple in the shade of several large palms. Inside the temple there is a basin composed of a chin and two dainty, pursed lips. The basin holds milky, greenish unholy water.

*Borsin, Large Magical Beast:* HD 4; AC 13; ATK 2 claws (1d4 + rend) and bite (1d3); MV 40; F10, R11, W15; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—None.

**51.44 Kakumbi Tribe:** The Kakumbi (population 329) are a tribe of sprites that lives in a collection of woven, spherical huts high above the forest floor. The Kakumbi resemble small, slim, elegant statues carved from ebony. They have long faces and delicate noses and black hair that runs down their heads to the shoulders. Their eyes are orange and pupilless.

The Kakumbi are governed by an elected king named Kukasi. The sprites keep monkeys (used as pack animals) and parrots (guards and pets) that are trained by Dira. Other craftsmen in the village are Gunri the miller (crushes nuts into flour), Jukuru the potter and Gemina the tanner.

The village treasure consists of 1,000 tiny, amber beads (4,000 gp), an etched bone clasp (100 gp), a +1 *shield* of antelope hide, a *scroll of shatter and illusory script* and a +2 *dart*.

*Sprite, Small Fey: HD 0; AC 15; ATK 1 sword (1d4) or bow (1d4 + sleep for 1d6 hours)); MV 30 (Fly 50); F17, R13, W13; AL Lawful (NG); XP 50; Special—Magic resistance 15%, spells.*

**52.02 Dreams of Glory:** People traveling through this hex dream of power and glory at the cost of everyone they love. What they do with these dreams is up to them.

**52.09 Caravan Remains:** This hex holds the remains of a camel caravan. Amid the smoldering corpses, one might find one intact pack that contains a small green bottle of garlic powder, a jar of sweet paste, a small chest containing chunks of dried beef, and several toasted strips of flatbread. In all, the packs contain three days worth of trail rations.

**52.33. Sea of Blood:** The dry hills here are streaked with light grey granite, becoming more and more rugged until they finally become cliffs overlooking a vast, red lake. The people of Pwenet refer to this as the “sea of blood”, though it is actually just normal water tainted by vast iron deposits. The lake is sacred to Ogun. In the midst of the lake, about 500 yards from the shore, there is a granite stronghold on a small island. The stronghold looks as though it is precariously perched there, and might topple into the waters at any moment, though in truth it is quite sound. It consists of a medium-sized tower with a single entrance, an iron door, and a few windows on the upper stories.

The tower is deserted. Within, one finds the rooms filled with sculptures. The highest room, a sort of solarium, holds a half-finished statue of Oshun, the love goddess. Even in its rough state it is quite beautiful, and perhaps too good a likeness, for the sculptor, who now roams the place as a ghost, had his eyes burned out as punishment for daring to capture her likeness so perfectly in stone. The ghost, Lumbabo, generally avoids people, but does use its powers to create impressions in peoples’ minds of the sounds of hammers on chisels, or to make it appear that statues are moving and shifting behind them.

Males who gaze upon the statue of the love goddess must pass a Will save or fall under her spell. They will covet the statue above all things, and desire most of all to have it completed by a master sculptor. If more than one man becomes obsessed over it, it is likely they will fight to the death to possess it unless somehow restrained. Lawful and neutral characters can make a second will save (Lawful characters at a +2 bonus) to avoid killing a friend.

**52.37 Tartaemon:** Tartaemon is a city-state of Nomo<sup>1</sup> living as their ancestors did in a long forgotten imperial colony. The city-state is located in a fertile valley in the midst of the jungle. At the valley’s center is a stone citadel and town of 1,000 people surrounded by a wall of stone and packed earth.

The citadel was founded 1,000 years ago by a legion of Nomo as part of a brilliant plan to encircle the empire of Nabu. For forgotten reasons, the plan was abandoned but the legion was never informed. The legionaires built their citadel and enslaved local tribesmen to work in their fields. Over time, many of the men settled down with slave women and the citadel became a city-state in its own right. Over time, the people forgot about the world outside their valley.

Tartaemon has been ruled by a line of dukes descended from the original commander of the founding legion. In fact, the officer class of the legion has interbred for the last thousand years with priestesses that accompanied the legion on its original mission. This ruling class of dukes and counts has light, bronze-colored skin and blonde hair. The peasant class of Tartaemon is swarthier and shows traits of both the ancient Nomo and the tribesmen of Cush. Interbreeding has left the ruling class decadent, cruel and somewhat stupid. It is only their command of dark sorcery that keeps them in power.

The fields that surround Tartaemon produce millet and a variety of root vegetables and melons. The royal gardens inside the city produce grapes and pomegranites, which are used to make wine and a potent liquor. The people make short beer from their grain and distil a powerful vodka-like substance from their roots. The visitor to Tartaemon may be surprised by how often the people, peasant and noble, are mildly or seriously intoxicated.

The town itself is dominated by its roman-style citadel and temple of Hecate. Adjacent to the citadel is a 20 foot deep pit with smooth walls surrounded by stone benches and a magnificent golden throne. This is where Tartaemon’s pit fights are held, with the captives lowered by winches into the pit while the ruling class gather around the pit to hurl melons and stones and scream for blood. The citadel and temple are surrounded by

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<sup>1</sup> *The Nomo hail from Nomo, a city-state far to the north that once commanded a great empire*

royal gardens and a low wall. Beyond the wall are the hovels of the peasants and the earthen wall that guards the town from invasion.

The present duke of Tartaemon is Beatonius V. He is married to the high priestess Gana, though the two do not dwell together and rarely speak. Beatonius spends most of his time with his harem or watching the pit fights. His deputies direct the administration of the city (i.e. collection of tribute) with their whips and giant lizards. Gala concerns herself with maintenance of her position in the temple, the gathering of sacrificial victims for Hecate and cultivation of the black lotus.

The members of Tartaemon's ruling class are steeped in "sorcerous power"; each can cast *detect thoughts (ESP)*, *command* and *suggestion* 3/day. The men are mostly barbarians and the women witches who derive their power from dark pacts with the goddess of witches.

Entrance to the valley is gained via a cave that opens at the base of a ridge of treacherous mountains and beneath a waterfall. The waterfall feeds a small lake that is often visited by the ruling class on their slave barges. The shores of the lake are thick with fruit trees and chattering monkeys. Unfortunately, the shores are also prowled by lions that the men of Tartaemon capture for their pit fights. The lake is filled with crocodiles and venomous water snakes. To escape the valley, one must use this cavernous passage or climb the sheer cliffs that surround the valley.

Visitors to Tartaemon will find themselves under assault by the ruling class (treat as berserkers), who view all outsiders as threats to their control over the peasants. They will be treated courteously at first, of course, and given demonstrations of power and cruelty. Eventually, though, they will be divided and captured; those with magical powers will be bound for sacrifice, while those with high charisma will be sent to the harems and those with high strength or constitution will be sent to work in the fields or will be bound for the pits, where they will face pit fighters, lions and giant lizards.

*Beatonius V, Human Barbarian: LVL 4; HP 18; AC 13; ATK 1 short sword +3 (1d6); MV 40; F11 R14 W14; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 400; Special—Rage 2/day, sixth sense; Gear—Leather armor, short sword, scissor (1d4+1 damage), eagle rod (cast command 3/day).*

*Gana, Human Magic-User: LVL 6; HP 19; AC 10; ATK 1 +1 dagger +3 (1d4+1); MV 30; F13 R13 W10; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 600; Special—Spells (4/3/3/2); Gear—Spellbook, +1 dagger, iron bracelets (transform into iron cobras on command).*

**53.06 Feathered Men:** A strange tribe of feathered humanoids dwell here. They have long, hair-like feathers on their heads and hanging from their (rather weak) chins, red-rimmed yellow eyes and glossy black beaks. They are known for their fiery tempers

and utter disdain for death, so most neighboring folk leave them alone. They dwell in a village of adobe buildings under the command of their wisest tribe member, an old male priest of war called Kakkix. Kakkix dwells in the largest building in the village, the temple, where they keep the idols of their deities, a roaring trio of war gods. Here, they sacrifice those they capture – draining the blood from the bodies of their enemies and bathing their gods in it, and then burning their flesh as a paeon to their sky goddess.

*Feathered Man, Medium Humanoid: HD 1+1; AC 13; ATK 1 weapon (1d8); MV 30; F13, R15, W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—Immune to fear.*

*Kakkix, Feathered Man Priest of War: LVL 6; HP 19; AC 16; ATK 1 khopesh +3 (1d8); MV 30; F10 R13 W10; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 600; Special—Immune to fear, rebuke undead, spells (5/3/3/2); Gear—Chainmail shirt, shield, khopesh, net, unholy symbol.*

**53.15 Fortress of Pillars:** There is a very strange fortress in this hex. The structure is built of bluish-grey stone and is raised above the ground upon pillars encrusted with sea shells. It has a grand front gate of oak and iron, but no apparent way to enter it without climbing or walking on air.

It is a large keep with nine towers (one is central) topped by glass bubbles aquamarine in color that, from afar, appear to be filled with water. This is a trick of the eye – each in fact holds a small garden of exotic, fragrant flowers from the jungles of Cush. The walls of the fortress are 30 feet tall, the eight outer towers about 40 feet tall and the central tower about 50 feet tall. Atop the walls, one sees 1d4 crossbow-armed goblins on watch at any given time. The walls are exceptionally slick, and one suffers a -2 penalty to climb them.

The fortress actually holds 40 goblins (ring mail, spear, light or heavy crossbow). They work for His Most Illustrious Eminence, the Palatine Baron Devald the Daring, a displaced Tremanni warrior who made his fortune as a trader, raider and plunderer in Ende and Cush. As mentioned above, he has a stable of 10 hippogriffs, and he also has an old goblin witch-woman called Zaxa who serves as his major domo and court wizard.

*Goblin, Small Humanoid: HD 0; AC 13; ATK 1 weapon (1d6); MV 20; F14, R16, W16; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 25; Special—None.*

*Zaxa, Human Transmuter: LVL 4; HP 10; AC 10; ATK 1 club +1 (1d4); MV 30; F14 R14 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Spells (4/4/3); Gear—Spellbook, club, darts (3).*

*Devald the Daring, Human Fighter: LVL 13; HP 53; AC 15; ATK 3 greatclub +11 (1d6+1); MV 30; F7 R11 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 1300; Special—Dominate; Gear—Chainmail, great club, darts (5).*

**5317. Baboons:** A noisy tribe of baboons has established itself in the rocky ruins of an old Pwenet stronghold in this hex. All that

remains of the stronghold is half of a square tower that is nearly 25 feet tall surrounded by thorny acacias. The skeletons of several humanoids can be found under these trees – they ventured here in search of a source of gum arabica. The baboon tribe consists of 50 animals and three were-baboons. The were-baboons have a locked, wooden chest hidden behind a loose stone in the crumbling tower, a chest that contains 30 gp and two spinels (worth 260 gp each).

*Baboon, Medium Animal: HD 1; AC 13; ATK 1 bite (1d6); MV 40 (Climb 30); F13, R13, W18; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None.*

*Were-Baboon, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 4; AC 15 [Silver]; ATK 1 bite (1d6); MV 40 (Climb 30); F11, R11, W14; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 400; Special—Lycanthropy.*

**53.40 Ancient Ruins:** This area of hills was once a volcanic hotspot with multiple cones and hot springs and a large, shallow soda lake. Most of the cones are dormant, but a few rumble and spew ash now and again. The soda lake is thick with flamingos, but also features a variety of ruins that once formed a potent city-state. The city-state was occupied by lizardmen, and, it is said, was destroyed by the warriors of Pwenet in the days before they conquered Nabu. Many of the flamingos have shocking green eyes, and it is said that the souls of the ancient lizardmen now occupy these birds. The ruins are mostly stepped mounts of white marble, some topped by carved pillars in the shape of lizardman warriors and other mythical beasts. A few of these mounts hide trapdoors into subterranean tunnels and vaults, a few flooded, all steamy, that hide the secrets of the ancient lizard kings.

**54.27 Mists:** This hex is thronged by enchanted mists. The hex looks clear during the day, but if adventurers spend the night here, they awake to a thick fog that makes navigation all but impossible. A ranger or druid can attempt to roll 1d12 under their level to escape the hex – others have a 1 in 20 chance per day to escape. The mists are inhabited by a company of people who lingered too long here. They now appear as misty shades. When encountered (2 in 6 chance per day; 2d8 shades) they attempt to drag people deeper into the mists. After one week in the mists, adventurers must pass a Will save each day or lose one level; any person who has all their levels drained by the mists, becomes one of the people-of-the-mist and is trapped in this weird pseudo-dimension for all time.

*People-of-the-Mist, Medium Outsider: HD 2; AC 16; ATK 1 slam (1d4 + constrict); MV 30; F12, R12, W12; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 200; Special—Half damage from physical weapons and force effects, immune to negative energy, surprise (3 in 6).*

**54.46 Elf Village:** A small tribe of 60 elves dwells here in a collection of sod huts surrounded by a dry moat studded with spiked poles. The elves of this village are quite different from the elves of the rain forests. They are bandy-legged and hunched,

with wizened eyes and silver hair worn in long braids. The elves are expert archers and also maintain zebra-mounted horse archers. The elves are ruled by an oracle, Asphaba, who delivers commands to them from the lords of the “other world”. They keep a treasure of 5,000 cp, 60 gp, two rose quartz (70 gp each), *oil of bless weapon* and a treasure map drawn in blood on the hide of an antelope.

*Elf, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 15; ATK 1 weapon (1d8); MV 30; F15, R13, W15; AL Lawful (CG); XP 50; Special—Elf abilities.*

*Asphaba, Elf Diviner: LVL 7; HP 18; AC 10; ATK 1 club +2 (1d4); MV 30; F13 R13 W10; AL Lawful (CG); XP 700; Special—Spells (4/5/4/3/2), elf abilities; Gear—Spellbook, scrying lens, club, darts (3).*



**55.03 Elephants:** An unusually large herd of elephants now occupies this hex. The herd consists of 100 elephants that have been gathered by a vengeful druid, Imbabo, who plans to use them to destroy the gnolls of [48.17].

*Elephant, Huge Animal: HD 11; AC 15; Atk 1 slam (2d8) and 2 stamps (2d6) or gore (2d10); MV 40; F5 R8 W13; AL Neutral; XP 550; Special—Trample.*

*Imbabo, Human Druid: LVL 9; HP 33; AC 12; ATK 1 scimitar +6 (1d8); MV 30; F9 R12 W9; AL Neutral; XP 900; Special—Spells (6/4/4/3/2/1), move through undergrowth, leaves no trail, +2 save vs. energy spells, shapechange, immune to poison; Gear—Leather armor, scimitar, darts (3), fetishes, ritual mask.*

**5513. Ixum:** Ixum is the grand city-state of the savannah, a city of horse warriors and traders that commands the trade routes between Ophir, Ibis, Cush and the city-states of the plateau of Ende far the south. See **NOD 17** for more information on Ixum.

**5519. Temple of Isis:** The wizard-priestess Eshme dwells here in a fortified temple dedicated to her goddess, Isis. The temple is composed of stone that gives off an opalescent glow in the sunlight, and a wan, grey light in the moonlight. It has two gates – the eastern gate is called the Sun Gate, and is composed of 4-inch thick bronze and is set with a single, large sunstone. The western gate is the Moon Gate, and is composed of 3-inch thick steel and set with a single, large moonstone. Sunstone and moonstone are

worth about 200 gp each. The gates are set in gatehouses with 40 ft. tall towers; the walls around the stronghold are 30 ft. tall and topped with hundreds of nails to make getting over the top more difficult (and painful).

Within the walls there is a large, circular courtyard paved with limestone and featuring four small fountains of porphyry. All the fountains save for one are dry, the single operative fountain bubbles forth with holy water – a gift of the goddess herself. The courtyard features many small fruit trees in containers, and a large family of white rats – the issue of Eshme’s familiar.

At the center of the courtyard there is a keep composed of three towers, one 60 ft. tall, one 80 ft. tall and the third 100 ft. tall. The small tower contains the entrance to the complex and the barracks for Eshme’s troops, 40 white ratlings armed with spears, scimitars and short bows.

The middle-sized tower contains laboratories, studies, a library and quarters for Eshme’s servant, a young woman of exceptional beauty called Hannah. Hannah was the sole survivor of a caravan that was sacked by gnolls. Eshme destroyed the gnolls and rescued the girl. She has raised her here, not as a daughter, but as a valued servant. Hannah has become a skilled metallurgist and smith. She has golden hair, blue-grey eyes, an athletic build and a thin, high-cheek boned face. Hannah is timid, and she holds Eshme in awe, fearing her powers slightly.

The tallest tower holds a temple to Isis and an observatory, as well as Eshme’s private quarters. These quarters are guarded by a flock of 8 gargoyles, bound to Eshme’s service with powerful magic. They hate Eshme, but, like Hannah, fear her as well. Eshme is obsessed with magical research, especially into the magic of resurrections. She is a cold, but graceful, host to travelers, but will not brook disobedience or snooping.

*Ratling, Small Humanoid: HD 0; AC 10; Atk 1 bite (1d3 + disease) or by weapon; MV 40 (Climb 20); F16 R14 W16; AL Neutral; XP 25; Special—15% chance of carrying filth fever.*

*Gargoyle, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 4; AC 16 [+1]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6) and gore (1d6); MV 40 (Fly 60); F14 R10 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 1000; Special—Surprise (3 in 6).*

*Eshme, Elf Cleric/Magic-User: LVL 10; HP 30; AC 10; ATK 1 staff +6 (1d6); MV 30; F8 R12 W8; AL Chaotic (LE); XP 1000; Special—Rebuke undead, cleric spells (6/4/4/3/3/2), magic-user spells (4/4/4/3/3/2); Gear—Robes, unholy symbol, spellbook, staff.*

**55.35 Spires:** The roll of the savannah here is broken by large limestone spires and arches. The ground here is uneven and difficult to travel across. The soil is sandy around the spires and in the many shallow canyons, and thick with brambles and poisonous snakes. A keen-eyed elf might notice a vast murder of ravens wheeling and keening about a particularly tall spire in the

distance. At the base of this spire, a female fighter called Ambang lies dying, two arrows piercing her breast. She was ambushed by seven gnolls – their bodies lie about her and already bare signs of feasting by the carrion birds. Ambang will be dead 1d10 minutes after she is found by adventurers if she is not healed.

*Ambang, Human Fighter: LVL 4; HP 1 (21 normal); AC 16; ATK 1 short sword +4 (1d6); MV 30; F11 R14 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Dominate 0 HD foes; Gear—Splint mail, short sword, javelins (3).*

**55.43 Yodom Gorge:** The Yodom gorge is a 300-ft. deep gorge that cuts across the savannah here from northeast to southwest. The gorge holds a tropical rainforest that is sacred to some of the peoples of Pwenet – they believe humanity originated here, carved from the darkwood trees that grow here and given life in a sacred fire. A small shrine has been constructed within the rain forest that contains an *continual flame* in a small brazier of carved malachite studded with opals (worth 350 gp). If the brazier is stolen, a dozen treants will awaken within the gorge and hunt the thief without rest.

*Treant, Huge Plant: HD 7; AC 19; Atk 2 slams (2d8); MV 30; F7 R12 W12; AL Lawful (NG); XP 700; Special—Double damage vs. inanimate objects, animate trees, weapon resistance (blunt piercing), vulnerable to fire.*

**56.31 Werelions:** A pride of 15 werelions have made a camp here. They have collected about 200 gp worth of animal hides (30 lb) and are seeking to trade them for something more useful. If they don’t receive significantly more for the skins than they are worth, they will kill the traders and take their gear and valuables.

*Werelion, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 5; AC 16 [Silver]; Atk 2 claws (1d8) and bite (2d6); MV 30; F13 R11 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Lycanthropy.*

**56.40 Collapsed Pavilion:** A silk pavilion of black and white stripes has collapsed here. Inside the pavilion there is a wooden stool and a light lance made of persimmon. The lance has a long, wool streamer of black and white. No heraldry decorates the pavilion, and it looks as though it has been abandoned for several years.

**57.08 Nabu Castle:** Rising above the savannah is a concentric castle in the style of Old Nabu. From the outside, the castle looks perfectly normal. The outer wall is 20 ft. tall and constructed of white limestone (quite dazzling under the blazing sun). It has a single gate house with a bronze portcullis that has been rended apart like tin foil. The gate house is guarded by a blazing bones who holds a chain connected to a cauldron of boiling palm oil.

*Blazing Bones, Medium Undead: HD 3; AC 15; Atk 2 claws (1d4 + 1d6 fire) or chain (1d6 + 1d6 fire + save or splashed with burning oil); MV 30; F14 R14 W12; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—Immune to fire, illusions and mind affecting spells, weapon resistance (edged & piercing weapons).*

Beyond the outer wall there are the burnt remains of many huts and a well that still supplies sweet water. At some point, a desperate woman cast a golden ring (100 gp) into the well.

The inner wall is 30 ft. tall and shows signs of damage (broken ramparts, piles of rubble) on its eastern side. The inner gatehouse, located away from the outer gatehouse, consists of 40 ft. tall towers bristling with arrow slits. Inside each tower are five skeleton archers. The iron portcullis between the towers is rusted shut.

*Skeleton Archer, Medium Undead: HD 1; AC 15; Atk 2 claws (1d4) or spear (1d6) or short bow (1d6); MV 30; F15 R15 W14; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—Immune to illusions and mind affecting spells, weapon resistance (edged & piercing weapons).*

Once one has breached the inner walls, they will discover that the castle's donjon is nothing but a pile of rubble. Nevertheless, a cavernous opening does give access to a small entry chamber guarded by three zombies encased in black platemail and wearing a number of cow bells. Any fight with them will produce a racket, warning the lord of the castle that dinner is served.

*Zombie, Medium Undead: HD 2; AC 17; Atk 1 slam (1d6); MV 20; F15 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—Weapon resistance (blunt).*

From the entry chamber one passes through a wide tunnel that winds below the castle. The tunnel eventually splits into three passages. The easternmost passage leads to an ossuary of humanoid and animal bones as well as dozens of bell jars containing rare herbs and fungi.

The central passage leads further down until the slope becomes quick slippery (permanent grease spell), sending intruders into a deep pool (10') of fresh water. A submerged tunnel leads to the bottom of the well.

The westernmost passage leads down a bit before ending in a large burrow supported by pillars of limestone. This burrow holds a pool of black water and a large pile of treasure. It is the home of a middle-aged dragon who calls himself Mindmaster the Controller.

Mindmaster sacked this fortress a millenia ago and has been sleeping for the past two centuries. He has copper scales, a sinewy body with bat-like wings, and hypnotic eyes (gaze attack). He is capable of casting the following spells: *Grease*, *detect thoughts (ESP)*, *summon monster I*, *wall of fire* and *animate dead*. Mindmaster's breath weapon is a cloud of hallucinogenic gas (save or suffer frightening hallucinations for 1d4 rounds).

Mindmaster's hoard consists of 1,000 gp and a *wand of wonder*.

*Mindmaster, Large Dragon: HD 8; HP 40; AC 19; Atk 2 claws (1d4+1) and bite (1d6); MV 40 (Fly 60); F8 R9 W8; AL Neutral; XP 800; Special—Breath weapon, hypnotic eyes, spells (see above).*

**57.15 Chaos Magic:** Chaos magic courses across the land-scape here between three strange orbs half-buried in the soil. Each orb appears to be composed of blue stone that crackles with black lightning – in fact, they are portals that deal 1 level of energy drain if touched. The energy courses through the ground, opening cracks that bubble with strange gases that make one woozy and cause thick patches of orange hair to pop up on one's body (they disappear 1d6 days after leaving the hex, unless one takes a portal with them).

The chaos energy has caused the local flora to become exceptionally large and grotesque – animal life has fled or been consumed by the plants. There is a 1 in 6 chance per hour of encountering 1d8 vampire trees or 1d6 assassin vines while in this hex, both of them having a power to warp flesh like the touch of the chaos beast.

*Vampire Tree, Large Plant: HD 4; AC 13; ATK 4 branches (1d6 + constrict); MV 0; F10 R17 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Warp flesh.*

*Assassin Vine, Large Plant: HD 4; AC 15; ATK 1 slam (1d8 + constrict); MV 5; F10 R17 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Surprise (4 in 6), warp flesh.*

**57.25. Gnolls:** A tribe of 50 gnolls has recently claimed this territory, their leader, Ibraka, having been exiled from [48.17]. The gnolls, though few in number, have a large pack of hyenas (30) and giant hyenas (10). Among the things they stole from their former tribe is the witch-doctor Zimpo and her silver idol of the vulture goddess Nekhbet.

*Gnoll, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; ATK 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F12 R15 W16; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—None.*

*Zimpo, Medium Humanoid: HD 3; HP 12; AC 14; ATK 1 light mace (1d4+1); MV 30; F12 R14 W13; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 300; Special—Cast spells as 3rd level cleric (4/2/1).*

*Ibraka, Medium Humanoid: HD 4; HP 13; AC 16; ATK 1 spear (1d8+1); MV 30; F11 R14 W14; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 200; Special—None.*

**57.44 Hospice of the Blazing Sun:** A band of Lawful (LG) clerics and knights has established here a hospice and road house for folk bound from the west and south for points north. The hospice was established on a sacred field of battle, where warriors of the Order of the Blazing Sun, crusaders in service to Mithras, did battle with a coalition of gnolls and the servants of Chaos.

The hospice is a small fort of adobe brick. There is an outer wall, about 16 feet high and 4 feet thick, which is patrolled by crossbow-armed warriors of the order, with a two gates

consisting of iron grate. A 10-ft. deep pit, 8-ft. wide and 16-ft. long, has been hidden beyond the gate, and can be set to open when trod upon by releasing a lever near the inner gate. Above the gate, there is a gold plate (worth about 160 gp) depicting the face of Mithras.

Within the wall, there is a stable (can hold 30 horses), a small smithy manned by the armorer Kanu (who worships Ogun, but keeps it quiet around the religious knights), a cookhouse where game and cattle are barbecued by a cook called Amah, and the main keep, a 20-ft. tall building, square in foundation with sides 40-ft. long, with crenelations on the roof. The keep has a single, sturdy oak door bound in iron. Within, there is a great hall, chapel of Mithras, hospice, kitchen, apothecary, armory, a cellar (storage, including several barrels of sweet wine) small rooms for travelers and even smaller cells for the warriors of the hospice.



The hospice is manned by 20 men-at-arms, ten 1st level fighters (light horse, chainmail, shield, lance, light mace) and six 1st level clerics (light horse, chainmail, light mace, three throwing hammers). They are led by a chanter called Bonse and the master of the hospice is the vidame Arkhun, who hails from Ibis.

The hospice is famous for its wine (the valley it is situated in produces a decent grape, which the brothers turn into a sweet wine) and the cattle they graze on the savannah. Recently, a constrictor has stolen its way into the cellar.

*Men-At-Arms, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; Atk 1 weapon; MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Ring mail, heavy mace, light crossbow, 10 bullets.*

*Armsmen, Human Fighters: LVL 1; AC 16; ATK 1 spear +1 (1d8); MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Lawful (LG); XP 100; Special—None; Gear—Scale mail, shield, spear.*

*Beadles, Human Clerics: LVL 1; AC 16; ATK 1 light mace +0 (1d4+1); MV 30; F13 R15 W13; AL Lawful (LG); XP 100; Special—Turn undead, spells (3/1); Gear—Scale mail, shield, light mace, holy symbol.*

*Bonse, Human Cleric: LVL 3; HP 6; AC 16; ATK 1 light mace +1 (1d4+1); MV 30; F12 R14 W12; AL Lawful (LG); XP 300; Special—Turn undead, spells (4/2/1); Gear—Scale mail, shield, light mace, holy symbol.*

*Arkhun, Human Cleric: LVL 6; HP 27; AC 16; ATK 1 light mace +3 (1d4+1); MV 30; F10 R13 W10; AL Lawful (LG); XP 600; Special—Turn undead, spells (5/3/3/2); Gear—Scale mail, shield, light mace, holy symbol.*

**58.01 Obeng:** Obeng is a village (pop. 450) nestled among a landscape of boulders, rocky promontories and tangled thorn trees. Several springs rise in this area, and they are used by the locals to water their gardens, where they grow sorghum (they use it to make burukutu), various roots and melons and keep hogs (which favor the hog plums that grow wild in the hex). Obeng's buildings are mostly made of wood and hides, with a few structures (the keep, a temple of Oshun tended by a young priestess named Olen (4 hp; adept 2)) made of adobe brick. The village has a single inn with a paved courtyard and small cellars, where the locals gather to drink their burukutu and feast on pork, game and small, fried fishes that live in the springs. The village is ruled by a council of nine elders, the head of the council being an old farmer called Odang. The village is guarded by 20 men-at-arms.

*Men-At-Arms, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; Atk 1 weapon; MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Leather armor, shield, spear, short bow, 20 arrows.*

**58.28 Ruins:** This hex hosts a sprawling ruin of stone foundations and crumbled walls. Very little remains, though it will be obvious to any dwarf present that this was once a fine, large town or small city. When adventurers arrive, they will hear a terrible sound – a dozen rock baboons are attacking a trader, Bamu, who has his back against a crumbling wall and an ancient well in front of him. Bamu is surly, filthy and crude, and has but a few hit points remaining to him. If rescued, he will show appreciation in his way, and can serve as a guide. His mules have already been slain by the baboons, and they have scattered his gear, but it is still intact and consists of 14 days of iron rations, a 30-ft. length of rope, three water skins (two are full, one is half-full), a wineskin (full of burukutu from Obeng [58.01], ten torches, flint and steel and anything else you think is proper for a trader.

*Bamu the Trader, Medium Humanoid: HD 3; HP 12; AC 14; ATK 1 weapon; MV 30; F12 R14 W14; AL Neutral; XP 150; Special—None; Gear—Ringmail, buckler, hand axe, light crossbow, 10 bolts, 3 darts, dagger, mule and supplies.*

**58.34 Tarpit:** A vast, bubbling tarpit here holds the remains of many animals, as well as a few living animals. They struggle in vain, and their anguish is used by a witchdoctor, Okain, to power his necromancies. He dwells nearby in a small cave filled with fetishes and gourds, as well as a treasure of 3,000 cp, 90 gp and three sardonyx worth 400 gp each.

*Okain, Human Magic-User: LVL 5; HP 12; AC 10; ATK 1 dagger +1 (1d4); MV 30; F13 R13 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Spells (4/3/2/1); Gear—Spellbook, dagger, light crossbow.*

**58.38 Were-Cheetahs:** A pride of 6 were-cheetahs claim this hex as their territory. There is only a 1 in 6 chance that they will not detect a group moving through their territory, and no chance if camp is made. The leader is a female called Gwalla who wears a charm that makes her immune to 1st to 3rd level spells.

**59.10 Chatty Rocks:** Spiky rock formations litter this hex. The spikes range from 5 to 20 feet tall, and each has a face carved on it. As people pass, these faces animate and tell them they're going the wrong way, or otherwise insult or demean them. If struck, the faces simply disappear, only to return moments later. The cacaphony of the voices is annoying, and combined with the landscape tend to get people lost. Roll 1d6 to randomly determine which direction they exit the hex.

**60.03 The Golden Caverns:** As a group travels across this hex, they might (1 in 6 chance) have the ground suddenly give way beneath them. The ground drops suddenly, resulting in a 20 ft. fall for the unfortunates. It forms a cylindrical hole with smooth walls of packed earth. Mounted on the wall are five large, African-style masks. These masks begin to question the adventurers about their adventures. If adventures (or most of them) are lower than 7th level, water pours from the mouths of the masks and either drowns the adventurers or floats them back to the surface. When they crawl from the hole, the ground reappears there as though nothing happened.

If the adventurers are high enough in level, the walls begin to stretch until the sunlight is as a pin prick. The adventurers are now deposited in a vast cavern of swirling bilious mists and golden-brown walls. The cavern is filled with men and women, slaves forced to mine jale crystals from the walls. The slaves are humans of Pwenet extraction. They have pallid skin and white eyes sensitive to the light. The slaves are overseen by ogres wielding barbed whips and spiked gauntlets. Every so often, a cluster of the jale-colored crystals erupts into a mass of rubbery tentacles (attack as 4 HD monsters; their touch affects people per the touch of a chaos beast). When this happens, the slaves and ogres quickly flee the cavern towards [C].

The golden cavern has three exits. [A] is a high cave blocked by a curtain of violet light marked by golden motes. [B] is a low cave of screaming winds and mists. [C] is reached by a series of crudely carved marble steps – red veined with gold and silver.

**[A]** Beyond the violet light there is a long, perfectly square corridor of polished golden walls. About 20 feet down the corridor there are secret pressure plates in the floor that, two rounds after they are triggered, invoke a moving *blade barrier*

about 60 feet away. The barrier moves at a rate of 10 feet per round and move all the way to the violet curtain. Folk who try to bypass the blades must pass a Reflex save or suffer 2d6 points of damage. Anyone who takes more than 9 points of damage spills blood on the floor. This blood instantly animates as a blood ooze and attacks.

*Blood Ooze, Medium Ooze: HD 4; AC 12; ATK 1 pseudopod (1d4 + 1d6 acid) or gloop (30 ft./1d6 acid); MV 10; F14 R15 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Immune to acid, electricity causes it to increase in size (+2 HD, +1 damage).*

**[B]** This is a nondescript cave entrance. When one enters and looks back, they appear to be far down the tunnel. The tunnel is filled with screaming, whipping winds. The screaming of the wind drives people insane and the mists that flow past sometimes take the shape of sword-wielding demons who attack people in the tunnel (attack as 7 HD monsters; deal 1d4 points of wisdom damage per hit. One must move forward for 10 rounds to make it through the winds. Standing still does nothing, and going back requires one to retreat for 15 rounds before they find the end of the tunnel. During each round, each person in the tunnel is attacked by one “wind demon”.

At the end of the tunnel there is a small cave. The cave contains a pool from which emerges statue of Aquarius that pours starry wisdom (black liquid flecked with motes of silver) from its urn into the pool. The water heals wisdom damage and gives people visions that are both terrifying and instructive (a good time to pass on secret knowledge or sow the seeds for future adventures). There are two exits in this cavern. One is guarded by a dancing, flaming sword (attacks as a 5 HD monster, 1d8 + 1d6 fire damage per hit, AC 18, takes 20 points of damage to be subdued). The other exit is blocked by an bronze portcullis with bars that must be played like musical notes to open. There are eight bars, and the following tune must be played:

G – A – F – F – C

Each incorrect note causes the room to become colder, causing first 1 point of cold damage, then 1d2, 1d3, 1d4, 1d6, 1d8, 1d10, 2d6, 3d6 and so on points of cold damage.

**[C]** The marble steps lead into a tunnel of similar material about 40 feet long. At the end one finds a massive cavern containing a cramped town overlooking a black sea populated by weird fishman/seafarers and primordial sea creatures. Bronze cannons that fire blobs of burning pitch look out over the sea, guarding against the aggression of the starfish-men.

*Starfish-Man, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 2+2; AC 15; ATK 1 slam (1d4 + 1 Int damage) or weapon; MV 30; F15 R12 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—Breath water.*

The town contains a manse belonging to the one-eyed, black-skinned troll who serves as the town's burgermeister, slave quarters, a bazaar, fungus dealers, an armorer who fashions carapace armor (AC 13) from the remains of sea creatures, a pawn shop run by a sinister dwarf called Alvid, various artisans and a tavern with wicked wenches and dumb waiters.

A sea cave beneath the tavern hides a grotesque sculpture from which the black sea flows. The sculpture is protected by three strange obsidian-skinned humanoids with fingers that can grow to almost any length and are sharp as can be. The eyes of the sculpture can be turned into a portal back to the surface if both are struck with electricity. The portal lasts for 6 rounds and then disappears and cannot be invoked again for 24 hours.

*Obsidian Men, Medium Elemental (Earth): HD 3; AC 18; ATK 1 slash (2d4); MV 20; F12 R14 W14; AL N; XP 150; Special—Immune to fire.*

**60.06 Krakoo:** This hex was long dominated by a powerful band of gnolls. Over time, their numbers fell and another group of crow-headed warriors called the krakoo invaded. The last band of gnoll warriors, their chieftain Zharl and his eight bodyguards, are now chained to several thorny acacias, slowly bleeding to death. The krakoo have set up their new stronghold on a rocky promontory, studding the upper portions with the spears (and bones) of the gnolls. They now possess a treasure of 7,000 cp, 70 gp and two pieces of coral worth 120 gp each. If aided, the gnolls will happily lead adventurers to the promontory, and will even fight with them, but they ultimately cannot be trusted.

*Gnoll, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; ATK 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F12 R15 W16; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—None.*

*Krakoo, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 13; ATK 2 claws (1d3) or by weapon (1d8); MV 30 (Fly 60); F12 R15 W15; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 200; Special—None.*

*Zharl, Medium Humanoid: HD 6; HP 30; AC 14; ATK 2 claws (1d3) or by weapon (1d8+1); MV 30 (Fly 60); F10 R12 W12; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 600; Special—None.*

**60.13 Witchdoctor's Curse:** A witchdoctor has cursed this hex such that water carried into it disappears at the rate of 1 gallon per hour. Thus, on average, each person entering the hex will lose 8 gallons of water on their way across.

**60.20. Zuzin:** The Zuzin are a tribe of humans (pop. 258). They have thick, curly hair that is reddish-brown in color and their height ranges from 6'6" to 7'6". They are tall and angular in body, with chocolate brown skin and round, almost childlike faces.

They dwell under the rule of a hereditary magistrate, currently N'Zinman; the first magistrate was appointed in the time of the Kingdom of Pwenet and the tradition has survived the death of that kingdom. The village was originally established as a fort, and

is surrounded by stout walls patrolled by eight warriors armed with crossbows and short swords. Water is supplied by a lazy creek inhabited by playful (but usually harmless) nixies. Zuzin boasts a competent blacksmith called Zikbibi, and a miller called Obugba. The people grow sorghum and other crops around the village.

The village's only god-house is dedicated to the Xaoc. It is tended by N'Zinman himself and decorated with hundreds of painted skulls (animal and humanoid). The village's treasure is buried beneath the god-house, and consists of 650 cp, 443 sp, 58 gp and a *potion of levitation*.

*N'Zinman, Human Cleric: LVL 3; HP 10; AC 14; ATK 1 club +1 (1d4); MV 30; F12 R14 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 300; Special—Rebuke undead, spells (4/2/1); Gear—Scale mail, knobby club, throwing club.*

**60.30 Shallow Graves:** This hex apparently once hosted a great battle between humans and gnolls. It is now littered with bleached bones and a few shallow graves that have been raided by scavengers. Encounters with the undead are not uncommon here (1 in 6 chance per hour):

D6	ENCOUNTER
1-3	1d6 ghouls
4	1d4 wights
5	1d3 wraiths
6	1d2 spectres

Searching the bones produces a 1 in 10 chance per hour of discovering a golden amulet studded with oval sapphires. The sapphires glow whenever one approaches an entrance to the underworld.

**60.42 Necropolis:** The ruins of an ancient lizard man city is situated here amidst a landscape of rocky columns, steaming vents and thick foliage. In truth, the city was some ways away; the ruins here are part of a necropolis of pyramidal tombs and crypts. The remnants of the lizard man population now dwells here in these crypts and beneath the earth in deep burrows and fortified vaults.

The lizard men here are sinuous and tall, with scales of russet and black and hypnotizing eyes of sparkling green. The females of the tribe are quite seductive to most humanoids, though their own predilections keep them loyal to their own kind. They are generally armed with ancient knives and short swords. A caste of male warriors descended from the ancient lizard kings holds sway. The people are now hunter gatherers, though their stories of the old times remain and infect the ruling caste with a hunger for conquest and renewed glory.



*Lizardman, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 13; ATK 1 bite (1d6) or by weapon (1d8); MV 30 (Swim 20); F12 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—Hold breath.*

*Lizard King Large Humanoid: HD 8; AC 15; ATK 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6) or by weapon (2d6); MV 30 (Swim 20); F8 R11 W11; AL Neutral; XP 800; Special—Hold breath, blur (as spell) 1/day.*

**61.22. Jumnu Tribe:** The Jumnu are 180 tribesmen ruled by a council of three village elders, Chalad, Kidzaja and Zubemba. They dwell in a village of beehive-shaped huts made of mud and straw surrounded by a deep ditch and a low wall of adobe brick. There are three large huts in the village; one is the council hut of the elders, one a store house for grain and salt, and the last a temple dedicated to the beast god (and archdevil) Geryon. The temple is tended by Chalad, a werecheetah. In fact, the elders and the tribes ten elite warriors are all werecheetahs who have given their souls to Geryon.

The Jumnu have fine, wavy hair of brown and beady, piercing eyes of black. They tend to be tall and plump, with skin of reddish-brown. The Jumnu are renowned bandits who raid villages as far as 10 hexes away. They've collected a treasure of 13,00 cp, 8,300 sp, 5,900 gp and a +1 *breastplate* of ancient Nabu manufacture that is typically worn by Chalad.

*Tribesman, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 12; Atk 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Shield, spear.*

*Werecheetah, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 3; AC 16 [silver]; Atk 2 claws (1d2) and bite (1d6); MV 50; F14 R11 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 400; Special—Lycanthropy. Mother were-cheetah can cast spells as a 5th level cleric (5/3/2/1).*

*Chalad, Were-cheetah Cleric: LVL 2; HD 5; HP 20; AC 21 [silver]; ATK 2 claws (1d2) and bite (1d6); MV 50; F12 R11 W12; AL Chaotic (LE); XP 500; Special—Rebuke undead, spells (4/2); Gear—+1 breastplate, unholy symbol.*

**61.39 Magic Whip:** A whip lies here, still grasped by a skeletal hand. The +1 *whip* is made from hydra-hide. With the proper command word, it becomes a *dancing* six-headed scourge. The hand will follow any who take the whip, and though it moves slowly, it always reaches its prey eventually, and then attempts to strangle them while they sleep. The hand attacks as a 4 HD monster with a grapple attack that deals 1d6 points of damage.

**61.46 Speckled Tower:** A fabulous tower stands here, clearly constructed by the magic of a wizard (or by genies bound to his service). The surface of the tower has a pebbled appearance, and bears every color of the rainbow. It sparkles in the sun, and can be seen from a vast distance.

The tower was once occupied by the wizard Kusa of the Gnarled Hand. Kusa was an elemental of great repute in the region, much sought out by adventurers and kings for his sage council and magical prowess. Alas, he was eventually taken in by a succubus in the employ of an efreet he long ago wronged, and he now wanders the savannah as a zombie, a golden plaque bound to his neck telling his sad tale as a warning to others.

The wizard's strange servants, however, remain. They are bird-like humanoids, with tall plumes of colorful feathers that resemble the tail feathers of a male peacock. Their bodies are covered in dark grey, pebbled skin and small, brilliant azure feathers. The peacock men have eyes like black diamonds, and are linked in a sort of hive mind, making it very difficult to surprise or back stab them when they fight in groups. They wear heavy robes of black leather and arm themselves with heavy maces.

*Peacock Man, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 12; Atk 1 heavy mace (1d6+1); MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—Immune to surprise, +2 save vs. mind control.*

**62.04 Ophidian Ruin:** A portion of the savannah here is marked with strange hemispheres of marble. The marble is ancient and cracked, and the hemispheres are actually domes – parts of an ancient ruin that now lurks beneath the savannah. The ruin belonged to the ophidians, and was long ago destroyed by the forces of the Nabu, assisted by the cosmic beings who helped found that empire.

The domes connect to palaces, temples and other buildings of what must have once been an astounding ancient city. Many of the rooms of these buildings are now collapsed and filled with soil, but some remain intact. Buildings are connected by tunnels or catacombs, while others have been connected by tunnels dug out of the earth by large, reptilian brutes bred by the ophidians as slaves and warriors. The ophidians of the ruins also breed vicious attack lizards. They have retained a small portion of their ancient technology, but most has been lost.

The lost city is ruled by a bloated queen, Sheshuur, the mother of all the ophidians in the complex. The complex is rife with traps – green slime-filled pits, pits of vipers, gouts of poisonous fumes and flaming jets.

*Attack Lizard, Large Animal: HD 6; AC 16; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and bite (2d6); MV 40; F9 R10 W15; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—None.*

*Brute, Large Monstrous Humanoid: HD 6; AC 16; Atk 1 slam (1d10); MV 40; F11 R10 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 50; Special—None.*

*Ophidian, Medium Humanoid: HD 3; AC 16; Atk 1 long sword (1d8); MV 30; F14 R12 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 150; Special—Immune to poison, magic resistance 15%; Gear—Scale mail, long sword.*

**62.12 Traps:** Dwarf trappers have laced this entire hex with animal traps. Adventurers traveling through have a 1 in 6 chance of stepping on such a trap (getting a +3 to their Reflex saves after the first instance). The traps inflict 1d6 points of damage and force the victim to pass a Fortitude saving throw or be crippled until healed with a *cure serious wounds* spell. The dwarfs have a small camp. They consist of Dulgo, his four henchmen and ten bearers. They currently have only 42 gp worth of skins.

*Dwarf Henchmen, Small Humanoid: HD 1; AC 16; Atk 1 hand axe (1d6) or light crossbow (1d8); MV 20; F14 R15 W15; AL Lawful (LG); XP 50; Special—Dwarf abilities.*

*Dulgo, Dwarf Ranger: LVL 5; HP 28; AC 15; ATK 1 hand axe (1d6); MV 20; F11 R11 W13; AL Lawful (LG); XP 500; Special—Favored enemy (animals); Gear—Scale mail, hand axe, buckler, darts (5).*

**63.16 Mound of Heads:** A great mound of stone heads forms a 20 ft. tall pyramid here. The heads all appear to have been sculpted individually and probably from living models. Many have their eyes closed, but a few have their eyes wide open and their faces twisted into a terrible grimace of pain or horror. Should someone pick up one of the heads, they will discover a stream of blood running from it down their arm. At this, four vrock will appear circling the pyramid. They will surround the defilers of Kokou's sacred place, and attempt to drag them into the Abyss.

*Vrock, Large Outsider: HD 8; AC 20 [+1]; Atk 2 claws (2d8) and bite (1d8); MV 30 (Fly 50); F8 R9 W8; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 2000; Special—Immune to electricity and poison, magic resistance 25%, spells, piercing screech.*

**63.35 Skeletons:** Two skeletons lie face down in the grass, both with their necks snapped. The first wears a ring mail suit of cold-forged steel (inflicts 1d4 damage if touched by the fey). On his head is a winged helmet of polished steel with wings of brass.

The other skeleton, a dwarf, wears a black, boiled leather jerkin, crimson leg bracers made of boiled deer leather and steel boots. On his hands he wears mail gauntlets.

**64.02 Gwulmim:** Gwulmim is an old Ibisian fort now occupied by a village of 202 people. The walls are made of stone and are 12 feet tall. The people of Gwulmim herd cattle and keep small gardens. They get their water from a nearby stream.

The Gwulmim are tall and thin, with black, wavy hair and brown skin. They have round faces, snub noses and large, wide-set eyes of brown or hazel. The Gwulmim are expert horsemen, using them to control their herds and raid other settlements for slaves. Gwulmim warriors wear leather armor and carry shields, spears and curved swords.

The village boasts a small, adobe inn with two rooms (besides the owner's room) and a small common room. The owner, Ungdanga, serves short beer and a stew of over-boiled beef and sweet root vegetables. The village also has a miller by the name of Wurdanga (Ungdanga's brother), a retired veteran, and a potter named Zaru. Wurdanga owns a suit of platemail and a throwing axe.

The village is ruled by an elected council that includes Ungdanga, Wurdanga and Zaru. The village treasury is a short adobe building built halfway into the ground. It contains 6,000 gp worth of trade goods. The treasury is protected by a covered pit that contains spitting cobras.

**64.07 Hyena-Weres:** This hex is the territory of a large (20) clan of hyena-weres. They make their lair in the middle of a stone circle that long ago lost its power. Here, they keep a supply of javelins and spears to use when in humanoid form. The leader of the clan is a female called Ungla. Their treasure is buried inside their stone circle and consists of 94 trade beads and a scroll containing the spells *darkvision*, *charm person* and *spider climb*.

*Were-Hyena, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 4; AC 16 [Silver]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); MV 30; F14 R11 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 400; Special—Lycanthropy.*

**64.37 Fortress of the Twin Tomes:** Long ago, two rival princes, Trentar and Epham, mages of wondrous ken, were trapped inside magical grimoires by their former patron, Muola. Their mother, the hag queen Gwrga, interred each tome in a tower. The partisans of each prince gathered in these towers, and have for centuries been locked in sporadic battle with one another, each seeking to free their prince and destroy the other while still trapped within his grimoire. Travelers passing through this hex have a 4 in 6 chance to be pressed into service by a roving band of 3d6 miscreant mages intent on using them to destroy their enemies. The mages are loathe to expose themselves to danger, and prefer to use outsiders to settle their scores.

*Miscreant Mages, Human Magic-Users: LVL 3; AC 10; ATK 1 staff +1 (1d6); MV 30; F14 R14 W12; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—Spells (4/2/1); Gear—Spellbooks, quarterstaves, darts (3).*

**64.44 Warmaidens of the Shrieking Axe:** A tribe of very feral Cushite amazons dwells here. The amazons show the unmistakable signs of gnoll blood running through their veins – they have a canine cast to their faces, jutting canine teeth and the hint of russet fur on their lower arms and legs. Known as the Warmaidens of the Shrieking Axe (they wield throwing irons that make a shrieking sound when thrown), they have attacked and plundered most of the local tribes over the last few decades, and are despised by all. They dwell in a ruined fortress of adobe brick that they have decorated with the skins and bones of their enemies. The tribe is led by Benga, a broad-shouldered amazon clad in lion skins and armed with the *+1 spear Zimirinar*, a chaotic weapon that desires the blood of elves.

*Cushite Amazon, Medium Humanoid: HD 1+1; AC 15; Atk 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F15 R13 W15; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—Berserk (extra attack for 3 rounds).*

*Benga, Cushite Amazon Fighter: LVL 6; HP 26; AC 14; ATK 1 +1 spear +6 (1d8+1); MV 30; F10 R13 W13; AL Neutral (CN); XP 600; Special—Spells (4/2/1), berserk (extra attack for 3 rounds); Gear—Lion skin armor, shield, +1 spear.*

**65.11 Priestess of the White Shield:** A priestess and her band of 110 dervishes, Lawful (LG) followers of Obatala, has made camp here. They have erected zebra skin pavilions and a temporary wall of spears on the banks of a sparkling river. The priestess in question is called Angang, and she is tall and grand, with golden hair in glass beads, ebony skin, a graceful build that belies her great strength, and her famous shield, *Orecum*, a *+2 shield* that can flare with a blinding light once per day (those before it must pass a Fortitude save or be blinded for 1d4 rounds; chaotic or evil creatures suffer a -2 penalty to the save).

*Dervish, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 15; Atk 1 falchion (1d8); MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 100; Special—Berserker.*

*Angang, Human Cleric: LVL 7; HP 25; AC 22; ATK 1 light mace +4 (1d4+1); MV 30; F10 R13 W10; AL Lawful (LG); XP 700; Special—Turn undead, spells (6/4/3/2/1); Gear—Platemail, +2 shield, light mace, holy symbol.*

**65.19 Empire of the Sleeping King:** This hex of windswept hills and hibiscus trees is eerily quiet. A deep well in the hex, so deep that it reaches into the Underworld, produces a sweet perfume that causes people and animals to fall into a drowsy languor. The outskirts of the hex are marked with small villages filled with laconic villagers and their herds of sleeping cattle. A road of adobe bricks overgrown with weeds winds through the villages to a small town in the center of the hex, from which rules the sleeping king, Kulala. The people of the town walk about as though asleep, and their baskets of food are bare. The people are severely undernourished, as they can barely stay awake long enough to feed themselves. In the center of the town sits the well, with a sort of wavering haze about it.

Just entering the hex forces people to pass a Fortitude save or become fatigued. Those who travel 2 miles into the hex must pass a Fortitude save once per day or fall dead asleep for 1d6 hours. Those who travel 4 miles into the hex must pass this Fortitude save once per hour. Those who enter the town at the center of the hex must pass the Fortitude save once per turn. An unlimited number of *potions of sleep* can be drawn from the well, but the liquid is so powerful that those in possession of it must pass a Fortitude save once per day or become fatigued.

**65.29 Yaliji Tribe:** The Yaliji (population 287) are a squat, diminutive people (averaging 4.5 feet in height) with brown skin, grey or blue eyes, and wavy hair of medium to dark brown. Their village is surrounded by a ditch and woven palisade. A nearby stream supplies them and their cattle with water. The village is ruled by a council of 12 men, the loudest and most aggressive being Ngormim, who usually gets his way.

The people live in hemispherical grass huts and keep a small herd of cattle. They have a weaver named Bongguba and a healer named Bwaunga. Bwaunga is Ngormim's chief rival on the council. Ngormim runs a small tavern where beer is ladeled from a clay pot and weird savanna grasses are smoked in long, bone pipes. Ngormim keeps a round, steel *shield +1* hanging on the wall of his hut, and he always has his machete close at hand. Bwaunga (2 hp, adept 2) oversees a small shrine to Ozain, the Zinji deity of healing. He keeps a small idol woven from grasses and keeps a good supply of savanna herbs in dried gourds.

The village's treasure is mostly gathered from Gwormim's days as an adventurer (and bandit and pirate) and kept beneath his tavern. It consists of 12 pp, 360 gp, 500 trade beads, 128 sp, 720 cp, alexandrite (600 gp), jasper (60 gp), black pearl (300 gp), black star sapphire stolen from an Ibisian temple of Seth (2000 gp), emerald (4000 gp), carnelian (50 gp).

*Ngormim, Human Barbarian: LVL 6; HP 34; AC 13; ATK 1 spear +5 (1d8+1); MV 40; F10 R13 W13; AL Neutral; XP 600; Special—Rage 2/day, sixth sense; Gear—Studded leather, spear, short bow.*

**66.25 Ancient Statue:** An ancient statue, apparently of Nabu manufacture, overlooks this hex. It is a representation of a warrior in chainmail, one hand raised to shade his eyes, the other holding a fierce-looking sickle-sword. Worked into the armor around the neck are four gems. Around the base of the statue, obscured by soil and grass, is the following inscription in ancient Nabu: "Only the Fierce can Withstand my Control". Repeating this phrase causes the statue to grow hazy and its armor to become an actual suit of masterwork bronze chainmail (AC 15) that can be "removed" from the statue. The gems on the chainmail are moss agates worth 50 gp apiece.



**67.05 Staff of Sacrifice:** The savannah here descends into a sort of rocky depression. At the bottom of the depression, which is about 2 miles in diameter, the ground becomes very flat, and the gray stone here is covered by a red moss. A single silk cotton tree grows here. When one approaches, they discover that the tree apparently grew through, or from, a human corpse. The corpse doesn't look as though it is more than a few days dead. It is a female corpse, clothed in scanty coverings of small golden discs sewn together by the silk of the silk cotton tree. Her skin is ashen, her eyes closed, her lips slightly parted. She is sprawled out on her back, the tree growing from her torso.

When one approaches the tree, a hot wind rises from the surrounding land, quickly turning into a large air elemental in whirlwind form.

*Air Elemental, Large Elemental (Air): HD 8; HP 34; AC 20; Atk 1 slam (2d6); MV Fly 100; F10 R6 W12; AL Neutral; XP 800; Special—Whirlwind.*

If a druid touches the tree, it suddenly becomes a wooden staff that has been driven through the corpse. This is the legendary *Staff of Sacrifice*, known to all the peoples, wicked and virtuous alike, of Pwenet. The sacrifice maintains the fertility of the savannah, which otherwise might have succumbed to the same cataclysm that turned Nabu into a wasteland.

If the staff is removed, a blight begins around the corpse and spreads rapidly outward. In the depression, it is barely noticeable;

one only sees the red moss become brown. By the end of the day, it reaches the edge of the hex. It then proceeds into the surrounding hexes, taking 6 days to blight them, and then the 12 hexes surrounding them in 12 days, and so on. At the end of 1d4 days, the corpse awakens as a wraith and begins following the adventurers intent on retrieving the staff. Each hex that is blighted produces another wraith that will join its sisters on their quest to retrieve the *Staff of Sacrifice*. The people of Pwenet will also recognize the staff, and attempt to seize it – some to perform the sacrifice that will save the savannah, others for their own sinister purposes.

The *Staff of Sacrifice* is 6 feet long and carved from white wood. One end is sharpened, the other is plain. It bears no ornamentation other than a small malachite sphere seemingly embedded at the midpoint of the staff. A druids holding the staff, which has 50 charges, can cast the following spells:

- *Regenerate* (5 charges)
- *Control plants* (3 charges)
- *Animate plant* (3 charges)
- *Liveoak* (3 charges) – though the result is a silk cotton tree, not an oak tree.

**67.14 Worm Hills:** This hex is covered with lush, green hills. Between the hills, there are narrow valleys through which flows what first appears to be streams of red water. Upon closer

inspection, one discovers the streams are actually masses of long, wriggling red worms. Should one be fool enough to tread upon the worms, they will discover that with each step the worms cling to their feet and crawl as a mass up their legs. The worms move one foot per round, and therefore can cover a halfling from head to toe in about 3 rounds, most humans in 5 to 6 rounds. Once covered, a person begins to drown in the worms. Those who perish fall beneath the mass and are consumed.

The worms can be removed with almost any form of “energy damage” (i.e. fire, acid, cold, lightning), with their host suffering half of the damage caused. For every 3 points of damage the worms suffer, one foot’s worth of the worms are removed.

The master of this strange domain is, of course, a worm that walks that is known as the Wise Man of the Worm Hills. Slightly less chaotic than most of its kind, it is willing to answer questions (90% accuracy for easy questions, 10% accuracy for answers almost no entity in the cosmos would know) for sacrifices of unique magic items, which it stores in a worm-ridden vault beneath the hills.

*Worm That Walks, Medium Aberration: HD 11; AC 20; Atk 1 staff (1d6); MV 30; F10 R10 W15; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 1100; Special—Engulf, disincorporate, magic resistance 25%, spells.*

**67.27 Vampire Gnolls:** The land here is studded with low mounds of earth. These mounds are burrows dug by a tribe of twenty albino, semi-vampiric gnolls. The gnolls only hunt at night. They will latch on with their bites and use their tongues to lap up their opponent’s blood, inflicting an extra 1d3 points of damage each round. The gnolls treasure, divided between their burrows, consists of 270 gp and a scroll containing the druid spells *delay poison* and *summon swarm*.

*Gnoll, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; ATK 1 spear (1d8); MV 30; F12 R15 W16; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—Lap blood.*

**67.38 Hills of the Demon Sorceress:** A tiefling sorceress dwells in this hex in a hollowed out hill covered with vines of black grapes. The sorceress, Ibantú, maintains extensive wine cellars in her stronghold, as well as a subterranean kobold-run winery with three dozen vats filled either with black wine, liquid darkness or wine elementals that thrash and gurgle, so eager are they for release into the world to spread drunkenness and frivolity.

The sorceress is a libertine, of course, and a rogue. She desires company above all things, though her games are often deadly to her guests.

*Ibantú, Tiefling Sorceress: LVL 11; HP 21; AC 10; ATK 1 club +4 (1d4); MV 30; F11 R11 W8; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 1100; Special—Spells per day (6/6/6/6/6/4), spells known (9/5/5/4/3/2), resistance to fire, cast darkness 1/day; Gear—Club, darts (3).*

**68.08 Ajlu Tribe:** The Ajlu (population 412) live in a village of grass huts surrounded by a tall (15’) wall of adobe bricks painted with a bright, yellow glaze that actually blends into the environment, making the village difficult to find if one isn’t looking for it (treat as a secret door). The tribe keeps cattle and goats and fish for eels in a small lake next to their village.

The people of the village are of average height and build. They have fine, curly hair that varies from pale blonde to brown, eyes of brown, grey or blue and reddish-brown skin. They typically have wide faces with long noses and wide-set eyes.

The village is ruled by Chief Ngormur and his 14 spearmen. A toothless old man called Yadaja runs a small tavern where he serves spicy beer and pickled roots. His cousin Gwawhela runs an inn in a long adobe building with a high ceiling. Guests sleep on woven mats on platforms that jut out from the walls at various heights. One reaches the higher platforms by ladder. Gwawhela’s two pretty daughters make an excellent eel stew. Yadaja and Gwawhela were once adventurers who returned to their village as heroes.

Other notables in the village include Swasunga the blacksmith, Kungloru the carpenter, Bwafar the healer, Kasnu the camel trader, Bwajaro the miller, Azguba the potter and Swauka the tanner. The village also has a god-house overseen by Dungwa, a fiery cleric of Shango.

The chief’s house contains an embroidered and jeweled glove (3,000 gp), a silver comb with moonstones (900 gp), a silver ewer (30 gp) and a scroll containing the spells *burning hands*, *magic missile* and *strength*.

In the spring, the village hosts a mercantile fair here that is well attended by traders from Ophir.

*Dungwa, Human Cleric: LVL 2; HP 10; AC 14; ATK 1 heavy flail +1 (1d6+1); MV 30; F12 R15 W12; AL Lawful (CG); XP 200; Special—Turn undead, spells (4/2); Gear—Mail shirt, heavy flail, holy symbol.*

*Yadaja, Human Fighter: LVL 3; HP 17; AC 10; ATK 1 dagger +3 (1d4+1); MV 30; F12 R14 W14; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—Dominate 0 HD foes; Gear—Dagger.*

*Gwawhela, Human Thief: LVL 4; HP 15; AC 10; ATK 1 dagger +2 (1d4); MV 30; F14 R11 W14; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Backstab for double damage; Gear—Dagger.*

*Chief Ngormur, Human Fighter: LVL 6; HP 32; AC 18; ATK 2 spear +5 (1d8); MV 30; F10 R13 W13; AL Neutral; XP 600; Special—Dominate 0 HD foes; Gear—Chainmail, shield +1, spear, potion of growth.*

**68.21 Boneshredder:** There is a burrow here belonging to an infernal little beast called a boneshredder. The boneshredder looks like a reptilian wolverine with a disposition to match. It is

highly territorial and will hear the adventurers coming from a couple miles away. It will then lurk in the tall grass and charge the smallest creature it sees. It will drag its kills (if any) into its burrow to be eaten.

*Boneshredder, Small Magical Beast: HD 3; AC 15; ATK 1 bite (1d6+2 + poison II); MV 20; F13 R12 W17; AL Neutral; XP 300; Special—Can only be harmed by people wearing arrowhead talismans [77.25], surprise (2 in 6).*

**68.30 Laltu:** The Laltu (pop. 169) are an artistic people noted for their stonework. The streets of their village are paved with polished stones placed in intricate patterns. The Laltu tend to be short in stature, with compact builds and narrow, quizzical faces. They have coarse, wavy hair of a reddish brown color and greenish eyes. Their skin is medium to very dark brown.

The Laltu are ruled by a council of three elders named Killiloru the Just, Sumid the Wise and Kiliili the Quick. The village is also served by a blacksmith named Bonggola. A trio of amazon warriors are the village's sworn protectors. They are named Zuoxi (2 HD, 10 hp), Igula (2 HD, 8 hp) and Luanga (Pal 6, 30 hp).

The village's treasure consists of 1,460 cp, 41 sp, 54 ep, 14 trade beads, 79 gp, 2 rhinoceros horns (300 gp each), 1 oz. of powdered rhino horn (45 gp), 1 oz. of cinnamon (20 gp) and a suit of banded mail they scavenged from a dead adventurer.

*Luanga, Human Paladin: LVL 6; HP 22; AC 15; ATK 1 longsword +5 (1d8); MV 30; F9 R12 W9; AL Lawful (LG); XP 600; Special—Detect evil, smite chaos (evil) 3/day, lay on hands, immune to fear, turn undead, cure disease 1/wk, spells (1); Gear—Chainmail, longsword, holy symbol.*

**68.35 Nomadic Gnolls:** This hex and those around it have been claimed by a large tribe of 100 nomadic gnoll hunters. As they are nomads, they carry no treasure.

*Gnoll, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; ATK 1 spear (1d8+1); MV 30; F12 R15 W16; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 100; Special—None.*

**68.41 Electrum Ore:** Half buried in the soil is a weathered box containing unprocessed electrum ore (100 gp worth). It is balanced on the back of a skeletal mule. A spitting cobra (3 HP) has taken up residence under the box.

**68.44 Kushalo's Mine:** The adventurers may come across a trap door on the grasslands. Beneath the trap door there is a vertical shaft that descends 30 feet. At the base of the shaft there is a sign that reads "Kushalo's Mine – Stay Out!". The shaft connects to a series of tunnels that once held a mediocre vein of electrum, now practically worked out. One might encounter (roll 1 on 1d6) first level monsters while exploring here (roll each turn).

**69.17 Sinister Saltmarsh:** The land in this hex becomes a salty marsh, perhaps the remnants of the ancient seas that once

lapped against the mountains beyond Pwenet. There is very little plant life here, mostly stunted shrubs, some with ashen berries that burn the tongue but grant a +1 bonus to poison saves if ingested right after poisoning. Dragonflies of crimson and green buzz over the water, a few giant crabs pick their way across the landscape in search of prey, and poisonous water snakes slink through the sluggish water.

On an island in the midst of the marsh there is a house of green bricks. The bricks cause those who possess darkvision (or infravision or ultravision) who gaze upon them to become dizzy and mildly nauseous if they fail a Fortitude save. Inside the house there is a portal to a far plane known as the Domain of Pleasure, populated by synthetic houris, peacock men [61.46] and exotic perfume mines worked by a strange breed of gnome that look for all the world like hedgehogs. The entrance to this bizarre plane is hidden behind a mirror on one wall of the green house. The house is otherwise sparsely furnished with an oval table of carved ivory, stools carved from ebony and twelve skulls embedded in one wall. If any person should approach the mirror without first placing a gemstone worth at least 500 gp on the ivory table, the skulls emerge from the wall as skeletal warriors pledged to defend the portal from those ill-suited for its wonders.

*Skeleton Warrior, Medium Undead: HD 5; AC 20 [+1]; Atk 1 longsword (1d8); MV 30; F13 R13 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Aura of fear, immune to cleric turning, magic resistance 30%.*

**69.24 City of Jade Chaos:** A vast city of jade-colored stone stands here, built atop seven large, flat-topped hills of colored chalk. The buildings have jade accents, the jade being cut in the far away mountains and delivered ages ago. The city is surrounded by a 30-ft. deep trench with smooth sides.

This was an ophidian city in ancient times, and it is now occupied by their human-looking descendants. At night, the people shed their human skin and become snake men who crave living flesh. As humans, they look like handsome, tall men and women with golden eyes, dark brown skin and black, curled hair cut very short.

The city boasts a grand marketplace (most foreign traders know to leave before nightfall), temples dedicated to grotesque monstrosities with names only they can pronounce, and a palace-fortress from which rule a trio of sister-queens, the Nvandi, who possess sorcerous powers.

*Ophidian, Medium Humanoid: HD 3; AC 16; Atk 1 long sword (1d8); MV 30; F14 R12 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 150; Special—Immune to poison, magic resistance 15%; Gear—Scale mail, long sword.*

*Nvandi, Medium Humanoid: HD 7; HP 31, 29, 28; AC 16; Atk 1 dagger (1d4 + poison II); MV 30; F12 R10 W8; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 700; Special—Immune to poison, magic resistance 15%, magic-user spells (4/4/3/2/1).*

**70.02 Temple of the Burning Demon:** A temple of cut granite stands here. The temple gives off heat when one approaches, and the land around it is barren and scorched. The temple has two bronze doors, hot to the touch, on which is engraved the name of Ba-Toye.

Within the doors, which are never locked, there is an entry decorated in beaten bronze bas-reliefs of demons. These bas-reliefs are burning hot (1d4 damage to the touch). One of these panels is a secret door that must be hammered on three times to open. Beyond the door is the inner sanctum of the temple.

The inner sanctum is lined with fire pits, with flames arching out of them and sometimes crossing the space between. A sinous demon lord's idol, cast in bronze, stands at the far end of the inner sanctum. This is the demon Ba-Toye, a guise of the arch-devil Moloch. The idol has inviting, green garnet eyes and tusks of platinum. The idol is an illusion which hides a lava pit inhabited by a lava weird. Any attempt to touch the touch the idol (or, worse yet, climb on it) causes it to disappear and may force the adventurer to pass a Reflex save or fall in the pit to their doom.

Three large pillars run down the center of the inner sanctum. The pillars are made of iron and look like grave, serious women with their hands extended and bunched in fists. There is room for a metal pole no more than 1-inch in diameter to be stuck through their fists. If this is done, and one has enough leverage, they can turn these pillars on their bases. Two of the pillars will then sink into the ground, draining the lava from the lava pit. The central pillar will instead fall apart, revealing a fire nymph named Xaema within. The fire nymph was imprisoned and held in suspended animation. She was a royal courtesan of Iblis, the ruler of the efreet, and will demand to be returned to his court in Jinnistan (well to the north), offering rich rewards to those who do.

If the lava is drained from the lava pit, the lava weird will be drained with it. The bottom of the pit is lined with green garnets (about 300 gp worth) and at the bottom of the pit there rests a round, golden +1 *shield* that grants its user resistance to fire.

*Lava Weird, Large Elemental (Earth): HD 8; HP 27; AC 19; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + 1d8 fire + free grapple attack); MV 40; F8 R11 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 800; Special—Immune to fire, drown (drags grapple victims into lava pool), lava pool (2d8 damage per round to touch), weapon resistance, control earth and fire elementals (50-ft. range, Will save to resist), reform (at 0 hit points, collapses into pool and reforms at full hp 4 rounds later).*

*Xaema the Fire Nymph, Medium Outsider: HD 2; HP 7; AC 14; Atk 1 dagger (1d4 + 1d4 fire) or slam (1d3 + 1d4 fire); MV 30; F12 R12 W12; AL Neutral (CN); XP 200; Special—Immune to fire, magic resistance 10%, vulnerable to cold, heat (1d4 damage from touch), spells (At will—burning hands, flame blade, flaming sphere, produce flame; 1/day—fire shield).*

**70.11 Domain of the Swine:** This hex is home to a series of natural, bubbling mud pits. The pits are home to a clan of seven wereboars, who, when in human form, dwell like savages in grass huts. The wereboars are really were-wart hogs, and in humanoid form look like pig-faced orcs with black bristles and angry, red-rimmed eyes. Despite their chaotic alignment, they can be bought off with alcohol and lulled by sweet music.

*Wereboar, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 4; AC 18 [Silver]; Atk 1 gore (1d6) or battleaxe (1d8); MV 30; F14 R11 W11; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Lycanthropy.*

**70.27 Blades of Grass:** This hex of tall grasses has several scything blade traps hidden throughout. The scythes are about ankle high and were set by a small tribe of kobolds that dwells in an old gold mine they want to keep hidden. Travelers have a 1 in 4 chance during each hour of travel of stumbling upon one of these traps.

**70.37 Rickety Wagon:** There is a rickety wagon here with a team of four zebras. The owner is nowhere to be found, and will not show up no matter how long a group of adventurers wait for him. The wagon is cobbled together from sticks, almost resembling a basket on wheels. Inside the wagon are three amphorae of beer. The zebras are high-spirited, but can be controlled, especially by someone with experience as a teamster. The people in nearby towns will know that the wagon belongs to old Chagdar, a trader who lived and worked in these parts for the better part of three decades. There is a chance they will believe the adventurers are responsible for his disappearance.

**71.15 Ring of Spider:** There is a ring of eight standing stones in this hex. The stones form a circle with a 30-ft. diameter, and each stands about 10 to 13 feet tall. The stones are black, and are engraved with a spider web motif. A white chalk representation of a spider is drawn between the stones, with each leg of the spider originating at the base of a stone.

A cleric or druid entering the circle can commune with Anansi, the spider god, for the price of a diamond worth at least 500 gp. There is a 1 in 6 chance that a person who communes with Anansi will be subject to a prank from the old trickster as well.

**71.20 The Howling Shield:** This hex presents a bleak, gray appearance, and folk entering it feel ill at ease. Hidden somewhere in this hex there is a shallow grave (folk have a 10% chance of finding it each hour (cumulative) they search, or a 1% chance of stumbling upon it if they are not looking for it). The first thing a grave robber will see when violating the grave is a black shield composed of a wooden frame and the hide of a black antelope. A mouth of fangs has been painted on the shield. The shield lies atop a drawn, twisted corpse. This is the body of Kimba, a Pwentish anti-paladin who was turned into a vampire

after his death. Before he could fully rise, he was buried in this grave by the paladin Munga and sealed beneath his holy shield. It is a +1 shield/+3 vs. chaotic (evil) creatures that, if lain upon an undead, causes it to fall into eternal sleep. If the shield is removed, the vampire Kimba will awaken in 3 rounds, though he is cunning enough to play dead if surrounded. He will attempt to follow the adventurers and catch one unawares, that he might drink their blood.

*Kimba, Vampire Antipaladin: LVL 10; HP 39; AC 18 [Silver]; ATK 1 longsword +7 (1d8) or 1 bite (1d6) and slam (1d6 + energy drain); MV 30; F8 R10 W7; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 2500; Special—Vampire abilities, detect good, smite law 3/day, lay on hands, immune to fear, rebuke undead, cause disease 1/wk, spells (1); Gear—Banded mail, shield, longsword.*

**72.22 Ape Pirates:** A crew of dakon pirates from the Ape City [47.42] is moving through this hex on their flying ship. The ship is long and sleek. It is constructed of a magically-cured, white wood and has wide wings, similar to the wings of a pterandon, jutting out from the sides; the ship is 60 feet long and has a wingspan of 80 feet. The prow of the boat is carved in the image of an ophidian female. The crew consists of 20 dakon, their captain Tharr and his first mate, the shamaness Ajook. They have been gone from the Ape City for a month collecting animals from the savannah for the royal zoo of their city-state.

*Dakon, Large Monstrous Humanoid: HD 2; AC 15; Atk 2 claws (1d6); MV 30 (Climb 30); F14 R12 W12; AL Neutral (LN); XP 100; Special—None.*

*Ajook, Dakon Druid: LVL 6; HP 19; AC 15; ATK 2 claws +3 (1d6); MV 30 (Climb 30); F10 R12 W12; AL Neutral; XP 600; Special—Spells (5/3/3/2), move through undergrowth, leaves no trail, +2 save vs. energy spells, shapechange; Gear—None.*

*Tharr, Dakon Fighter: LVL 7; HP 48; AC 18; ATK 2 claws +6 (1d6) or 2 heavy mace +6 (1d6+1); MV 30 (Climb 30); F10 R12 W12; AL Neutral; XP 700; Special—Dominate; Gear—Studded leather armor, heavy mace.*

**71.33 Bulette Burrow:** There is a wide, recently dug burrow here. A canny tracker will immediately identify it as that of a bulette. Adventurers can walk about 120 ft. before they find the end of the burrow and a sleeping bulette. Should his killers do some exploration, they will find the remains of Old Chagdar [70.37] inside the beast.

*Bulette, Huge Magical Beast: HD 9; HP 49; AC 20; Atk 2 claws (2d6) and bite (2d10); MV 40 (Burrow 10); F6 R9 W14; AL Neutral; XP 900; Special—Surprise (4 in 6).*

**71.40 Infernal Clan:** A clan of neanderthals dwells here. The clan has been tainted by demon worship, and they bear many mutations and scars from that worship. The clan numbers 40 adults and 36 children. Their leader is a large male called Urjuk, a mutant caveman covered from head to foot in thick hair. Urjuk has come into the possession of a wondrous horn of black bronze

engraved with brambles and screaming demons. This horn can awaken the demon army [73.25].

*Mutant Caveman, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 2; AC 12; Atk 1 slam (1d4) or club (1d6); MV 30; F15 R12 W13; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 200; Special—Mutation (Roll 1d6: 1-2—Four arms (extra slam or club attack); 3—Fangs (1 bite attack for 1d4 damage + poison III); 4—Thick hide (AC 14); 5—Horrendous odor (as troglodyte); 6—Mind thrust (as spell, 1/day).*

*Urjuk, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 6; AC 14; Atk 1 slam (1d4+1) or club (1d6+1); MV 30; F12 R10 W11; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 600; Special—Thick hair.*

**72.37 Fort Nahar:** The people of Fort Nahar (pop. 237) are generally 4 to 5 feet tall and tend to be thin and angular. They have thick, wavy hair that varies from black to very dark brown, eyes that are green or greenish, and golden brown skin. They typically have narrow faces, with aquiline noses and eyes that are narrow and wide-set. They are descended from the ancient Nabu that were garrisoned here centuries ago. The Nahari are quite haughty and treat the natives of Pwenet as inferiors. They herd cattle and are fairly wealthy. They have also been known to hire themselves out as mercenaries. The people give a nod to Onuris, but it would be a mistake to call them religious.

The fort has a 15 ft. tall wall of mortared stone. Water is supplied by a well, and there is a nearby creek. The village is governed by a council of warriors made up of Ain, Utuk, Rukomu, Ura and Ajgot. Ajgot is the president of the council and wears a yellow-green turban set with a topaz (150 gp) as his badge of office. All of the council members wield masterwork sickle-swords and silver daggers. Besides these fighting-men, the village also has a corp of 30 archers.

*Ajgot, Human Fighter: LVL 5; HP 23; AC 15; ATK 2 bastard sword +5 (1d8); MV 30; F11 R13 W13; AL Neutral (LN); XP 500; Special—Dominate 0 HD foes; Gear—Breastplate, bastard sword.*

The village has a tavern run by Abasi, a retired soldier with little respect for the council and its president, and a healer named Cle'ar. They are in need of a blacksmith and an armorer, and will pay well for them.

The village's treasure consists of a 1,560 gp, 2,000 ep, 4,110 trade beads, 3,300 sp, an aquamarine (500 gp), violet garnet (600 gp) and an iolite (40 gp). They keep it in a locked, poisoned iron chest in the fortified council house.

**72.44 The Giant Sword:** It is told by the evening fires that burn in Pwenet of a time when the one-eyed giants poured onto the savannah from the granite cliffs that form the ramparts of the Great Yamas to the east. These stories culminate in the tale of the warrior Ibane, of his trek into the swamps and his journey in the pyramid of madness therein and his retrieval of a magic



sword. The sword made him the equal of any he fought, and with it in his hands he became a giant himself and killed the king of the cyclops and drove the giants from the savannah. His wounds, however, were grievous, and stabbing the now giant sword into the ground, he returned to normal and fell dead.

No other dared touch the sword, and it still stands in this hex, fully 15 feet tall. It's edges are razor-sharp, and a great tiger's eye stares out from its pommel, fixing a fearsome gaze on all who would claim it.

The only way to claim the sword is to climb atop it and grasp the pommel. The sword will then return to normal size in the person's hand and be their own. There are complications, however. If approached by a chaotic (evil) person, the sword bursts into flame dealing 1d6 points of damage to all within 5 feet, and 3d6 to anyone touching it. Lawful (good) creatures cause it to flash with lightning, causing the same amount of damage. Neutrals cause it to freeze, inflicting a like amount of cold damage. Only when it is claimed does it cease these acts.

One claimed, the sword is a +2 *short sword* that makes its owner the equal of whomever he fights – either increasing or decreasing his or her hit dice and size.

**73.01 Valley of the Veiled Princess:** It was in olden times that the people of the steaming rift, a deep valley of hot springs and thick jungle, lost their faces to a terrible curse. The people betrayed an efreeti and paid the price. How the people now see or breathe or survive without drinking or eating is a mystery, yet they do live, undying and hiding in their valley for shame of their infirmity.

They now swathe themselves in robes and veils. They cannot speak, and so communicate with gestures.

The people dwell in a village elevated on a rocky hill. The hill is guarded by thousands of jutting spear points and a wooden palisade with a single gate barred by a thick, wooden door. Within the village dwell the three hundred descendants of the original victims of the curse. Although the people are horrific to gaze upon, they are goodly folk, desperate to make up for the crimes of their ancestors. The village is protected by thirty warriors in ring mail armor and armed with spears and curved daggers. Among their number there are two fine smiths, a healer and a princess of such corporeal pulchritude that despite being faceless any poet alive should call her the most beautiful woman in all creation.

**73.13 Princess of the Invisible Flesh:** The land in these parts is thick with spiky growths and deep, crimson acacia bristling with spines. Through these treacherous lands stalk a breed of men and women with invisible flesh who crave the taste of other sentient beings. They fight with short, thick curved swords and barbed nets. Encounters with 2d6 of them occur on a roll of 1 on 1d6 (check each hour).

*Terrible Men, Medium Monstrous Humanoid: HD 2+1; AC 11; Atk 1 short sword (1d6) or barbed net (1d3 + entangle); MV 30; F12 R12 W15; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 200; Special—None.*

**73.17 Citadel of the Torturer-King:** A citadel rises here, grey and bleak and unforgiving, casting an ugly shadow over the surrounding landscape. The citadel looks something like a mound

of grey masonry topped by stout towers studded with spikes. The citadel once belonged to a coven of demonologists, who were destroyed by a horde of vengeful centaurs. Since then, the place has been occupied by various bands of humanoids, all of whom live in an uneasy truce with a chaotic warrior called Oseng, the Torturer-King. He demands tribute from the humanoids, sending them out into the savannah in search of victims.

Oseng has a treasure of 3,000 gp, ten tiger's eye (80 gp each), four fire opals (300 gp each), three sunstones (700 gp each), three aventurines (500 gp) and two diamonds (1,000 gp each), a skirt of fiery red silk (8 gp), a cheetah skull studded with five tourmalines (500 gp), a large bronze bracelet (10 gp), seventeen glass vials, a pot of dark green ink, a brass box (complex lock; about 4 inches long, 3 inches tall and wide; 10 gp), a choker of gold dragon hide (50 gp), a locket of blue-steel (5 gp, holds a four-leaf clover), a copper holy symbol of Isis (15 gp), a wooden box holding 12 phosphorous matches, a large painting of three hags in congress with a marilith demon (550 gp), a halfling-sized suit of scale mail (lead scales, triple weight, AC +2 but half damage from magical energies), a book of witchcraft (*color spray, grease, mage armor, magic missile, magic weapon, shield, sleep, alter self* and *invisibility*) and a +1 *greatsword/+3 vs. ethereal creatures*.

*Oseng, Human Fighter: LVL 17; HP 60; AC 18; ATK 4 greatsword +16 (1d10+1); MV 30; F5 R9 W9; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 1700; Special—Dominate; Gear—Plate armor, magic greatsword, heavy crossbow.*

**73.25 Army of Demons:** A coven of demonologists once partook in a great ritual here, drawing into the world an army of demons (lemures, mostly, with a few rocks thrown in for good measure). The demonologist's ritual (and its preparations) did not go unnoticed, though, and as they chanted, a rival band of druids chanted as well, and as the demons crawled into the Material Plane, they were changed into grasshoppers and bound to an area about 3 miles in diameter. Their summoners were soon forced to quit the area, as the druids and their servants attacked, but the demons are still bound to an area about 3 miles in diameter. The demonologists returned to their citadel [73.17] and brooded, eventually forging a magic horn that would release the demons from their curse. The horn was not long in their possession, though, as their citadel was soon besieged and sacked by an army of centaurs. From them, the horn passed into the possession of a band of mutants [71.40], where it still resides.

**73.41 Order of the Prismatic Serpent:** The order is a band of 20 warriors, joined by blood oath, that is pledged to the service of Ahou, a couatl. They dwell here in a long house of adobe bricks. The small fort holds an armory and barracks, and a trapdoor leads down to a shrine. The order primarily works as monster hunters, most of their effort going towards fighting the various gnoll tribes

that roam the savannah. The order is commanded by Amang. His lieutenants are Diabla and Oloh.

*Amang, Human Paladin: LVL 6; HP 32; AC 17; ATK 1 spear +5 (1d8); MV 30; F9 R12 W9; AL Lawful (LG); XP 600; Special—Detect evil, smite chaos (evil) 3/day, lay on hands, immune to fear, turn undead, cure disease 1/wk, spells (1); Gear—Breastplate, shield, spear.*

*Diabla, Human Fighter: LVL 4; HP 19; AC 16; ATK 1 spear +4 (1d8); MV 30; F11 R14 W14; AL Lawful (NG); XP 400; Special—Dominate; Gear—Chainmail shirt, shield, spear.*

*Oloh, Human Fighter: LVL 3; HP 18; AC 16; ATK 1 spear +3 (1d8); MV 30; F12 R14 W14; AL Neutral (LN); XP 300; Special—Dominate; Gear—Chainmail shirt, shield, spear.*

**74.09 Tainted Water:** This watering hole contains a nasty parasite. On the first day after drinking from it, a saving throw must be made to avoid contracting a violent case of diarrhea (-1 constitution). The next day, a saving throw must be made to avoid going into periodic spasms (-1d4 constitution, -1d4 dexterity). The final day, a saving throw must be made to avoid an untimely death.

**74.21 Ga-gorib:** Ga-gorib is a legendary monster that sits near a deep hole in the ground. When adventurers approach him, he will dare them to throw rocks at him. These rocks, if they hit him, will bounce off of him and strike the thrower for 5d6 points of damage. Creatures killed by a rock will fall into the hole. Ga-gorib can only be destroyed by being thrown into his own pit.

*Ga-Gorib, Large Monstrous Humanoid: HD 12; HP 90; AC 18 [Silver]; ATK 1 slam (2d6) and 1 bite (2d6); MV 30; F8 R7 W7; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 1200; Special—Cannot be hit by ranged weapons unless surprised, magic resistance 25%, regenerate outside of pit.*

**74.35 Ghoul Mountain:** The landscape here rises into an ancient volcano, a lone mountain about 3 miles high that still bears a large caldera. The mountain is usually snow-capped, though the interior of the caldera is warm and supports a surprising amount of plant life. Ancient tunnels run through the exterior of the volcano, and these tunnels are haunted by a tribe of ghouls. The ghouls operate on the lower slopes as highwaymen, surprising travelers who visit the mountain and demanding not money, but limbs. The ghouls carry heavy axes which they use to appropriate their "pound of flesh". Within their labyrinthine tunnels, they have many small burrows decorated with bones and other treasures. The ghoul's king, Oblim, owns a *rod of flame extinguishing*.

*Ghoul, Medium Humanoid: HD 2; AC 14; Atk 2 claws (1d4 + paralysis) and bite (1d6); MV 30; F15 R15 W13; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 200; Special—Paralysis.*

**75.04 Heaving Ground:** The ground here heaves up and down as though breathing. Every hour spent in the hex results in a 1 in 6

chance of a small electric shock (1 point of damage) to everyone touching the ground. Shocker lizards abound here, with a chance of encountering 2d4 of them equal to the chance to be shocked. Somewhere in the hex, there is a shard of iron that was cleaved from Shango's spear. If recovered, it can be used to forge *javelins of lightning* or a magical weapons that deliver electrical shocks.

**75.17 Maze of the Shrieking Wyrn:** Folks wandering through this hex might accidentally find themselves, without warning, in the midst of a great maze. The walls and vaulted ceilings of the maze are translucent, shifting through all the colors of the spectrum slowly. Folk normally appear at the center of the maze and are challenged to escape by the statue there, a 20-ft tall sculpture in white marble of a terrible wyrn. A magic mouth in the worm explains that the intruders are now in the heart of a dimensional maze – each twist and turn, each door and portcullis, opens into a pocket dimension. Only the most stalwart adventurers have any hope of escaping the maze.

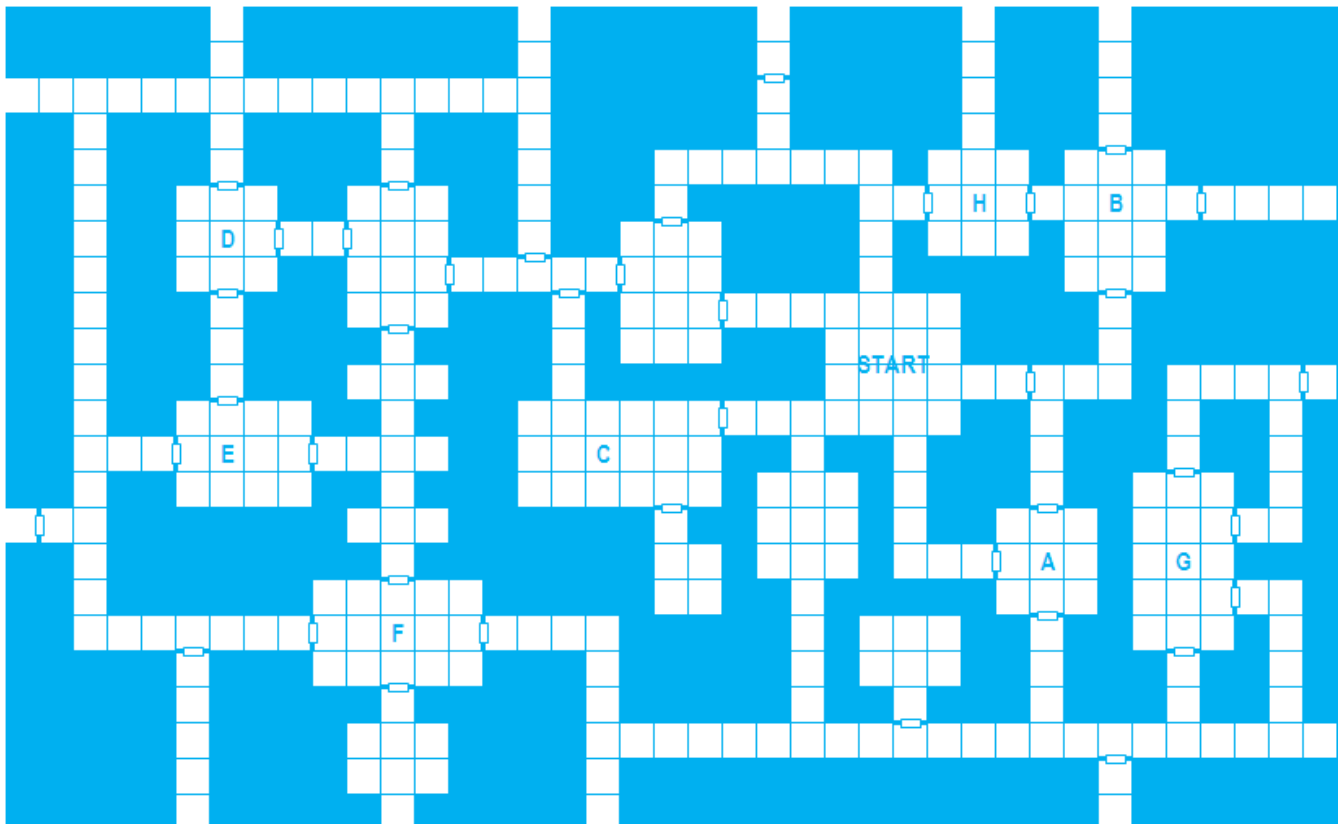
**[A]** This chamber is filled with a multitude of black rods on the ground. A sculpture in one corner of the room depicts a nude man with one partial arm held aloft – what the statue might have been holding is unknown.

The rods are of some black, alien metal that seems to absorb light. Touching any one of the rods causes them to vibrate and

suddenly join together to form a large cage around three random adventurers. The bars are unbreakable and unbendable and, worst of all, begin contracting almost as soon as the cage forms. Each round, the cage becomes smaller by 1 inch (length, width and height). A *light* spell makes the bars appear grey, and stops their shrinking for as long as it lasts. A *daylight* spell causes the bars to expand (1 inch per round) for as many rounds as they shrank; one round after that, they fall apart and are inert until they are touched once again.

**[B]** Three red xao, emissaries of Chaos to the maze's masters, are lounging here inhaling green mists from a large hookah. The mist clings to the ceiling and roils along the ground, and those who breath it must pass a Fortitude saving throw or feel sickened and a bit discombobulated. The xao are in a good mood, and are not particularly violent at the moment, and if one shares a smoke with them (and does not become ill), they might converse for a bit in their weird, raspy language. If attacked, one waves its clawed hand in the air and the green mists become an *insect plague* (per the spell). The xao disappear in a cloud of smoke.

**[C]** This circular room has a great black spot on the floor and a vaulted ceiling, 30 feet above. The ceiling is coated with a translucent slime, and the black spot is enchanted with a reverse gravity effect, sending people falling to the ceiling for 3d6 points



of damage and into the grasp of the slime.

*Translucent Slime, Large Ooze: HD 8; AC 13; ATK 1 touch (1d6 + poison II + constrict); MV 10; F10 R12 W11; AL Neutral; XP 800; Special—Immune to acid and all mind effects, surprise (5 in 6).*

**[D]** Several rock men, mercenaries in the employ of the shrieking wyrm who rules this dungeon, are dozing here. Dwarves and elves will notice them immediately for what they are, but others have only a 1 in 6 chance of seeing them as anything but piles of boulders. The room has a single stone door, open to the corridor beyond. Closing the door causes a fusillade of poisoned darts to fire from the opposite wall at the door. The noise will probably awaken the rock men. Walking through the open door teleports each person to teleport to a random room in the upper dungeon.

*Rock Men, Large Monstrous Humanoid: HD 4; AC 18; ATK 2 fists (2d6 + knock back); MV 20; F13 R11 W12; AL Neutral; XP 400; Special—Knock back (Fort save or knocked back a number of feet equal to damage, Reflex save or knocked prone), wooden weapons that hit must save or be broken, immune to acid, resistance to cold, fire and electricity.*

**[E]** A flesh golem has fallen into a pit in this room. The broken and decaying body of a magic-user, its master, lies next to it. The golem went berserk and killed its creator before the creator could regain mental control of it. The magic-user's equipment remains and includes alchemical laboratory equipment, several fine tapers and a sack of silver dust (200 sp worth).

*Flesh Golem, Large Construct: HD 9; HP 45; AC 18; ATK 2 slams (2d8); MV 30; F10 R11 W11; AL Neutral; XP 2,250; Special—Go berserk, immune to most spells.*

**[F]** This chamber has several weird totem sculptures rising from floor to ceiling, and composed of the same weird, colored material of the walls. Each is carved to depict several distorted, terrifying faces. Scattered around them is the following treasure: 6,500 sp, 220 gp, 10 pp, a bronze *+1 throwing axe*, an hourglass (worth 40 gp), an iron ring set with a large turquoise (45 gp), a grey-green cape (+1 to hide in woodlands), a large, silver holy symbol of Oshun (60 gp), eleven turquoises (35 gp each), a small *scroll of geas*, a pike, a *+1 shortbow*, a large *wand of stomp* (must have been owned by a giant) with 2 charges, and a grimoire with the following spells: 0—*acid splash, breeze\*, elemental sample\*, flare, read magic, slapping hand\**; 1st—*charm person, elemental bastion\*, expeditious retreat, grease, pearl of brilliance\*, protection from evil, touch of the merchant\**; 2nd—*alter self, constitution, hero's luck, lesser alchemy\*, mirror image, word of warding II\**; 3<sup>rd</sup>—*dispel magic, invulnerability\*, lightning bolt, sorcerer's parry\**. There is also a single iron chest, locked and trapped with a lightning trap (affects all within 10 feet, 1d8 damage and Will save or have personality swapped with another who failed their saving throw). If the chest is opened, all of the other treasure disappears into thin air. The chamber is guarded

by three weird worm-like creatures covered in segmented purple carapaces and choking maroon smoke.

*Violet Worm-Thing, Large Aberration: HD 14; AC 19; ATK 1 slam (3d4); MV 30 (Burrow 30); F7 R8 W5; AL Chaotic (NE); XP 1400; Special—Surrounded by permanent obscuring fog, spells (at will—detect thoughts; 3/day—mind thrust; 1/day—confusion, psionic blast).*

#### ALCHEMISTRY, LESSER

Level: Magic-User 2

Range: Touch

Duration: Instantaneous

This spell allows you to transform any magical potion, granting it the effect of any spell you wish to drain from a held scroll or from your own spells. If you wish to imbue the potion with a spell from a scroll, you must choose a spell that can be imbued into a potion; i.e. 3rd level or lower. You do not have to be able to use the scroll in question, which is destroyed after transfer even if it has other spells on it.

If you choose to take the spell from yourself, it must be one of your prepared spells or one you know and can cast as a sorcerer. The spell must still be of 3rd level or lower. A spell transferred in this way is lost as if it were cast.

#### BREEZE

Level: Bard 0, Cleric 0, Druid 0, Magic-User 0

Range: Close (30 ft.)

Duration: 1 round per level

You create a gentle breeze to blow continuously over an area as far as 30 feet away from you. The breeze is cool and pleasant. It does not help in extreme heat conditions, like those found in a volcanic crater or the Elemental Plane of Fire. It can also be used to dry humid or drenched objects like scrolls and clothing or to fly a kite.

#### ELEMENTAL BASTION

Level: Magic-User 1

Range: Personal

Duration: Instantaneous

When you cast *elemental bastion*, you choose the energy type (acid, cold, electricity, fire or sonic) to be endured and the spell counters any 1st level or lower spell of that type that would affect you.

#### ELEMENTAL SAMPLE

Level: Magic-User 0

Range: Close (30 ft.)

Duration: Instantaneous

*Elemental sample* creates a small block of elemental matter (air, earth, fire or water). The effects of this conjuration vary depending on the type of elemental matter created.

**Air:** The conjured air disperses into air or fire. However, if used underwater or underground, it creates a bubble of breathable air, allowing a character to breathe for 1d6 rounds before it is spent.

Earth: The conjured earth forms into a block of stone, crumbling into dust after a 1d3 rounds. You can drop it on an opponent, given the right conditions, or you could use it as a stepping-stone or for any number of other possible uses.

Fire: The conjured fire snuffs out in 1 round. If used against an opponent and the opponent fails a Reflex save, the fire deals 1d3 points of damage. Conjured fire can ignite combustibles, which burn for 1d2 rounds before extinguishing.

Water: Conjured water can snuff small fires (fireplace or smaller) or provide drinking water. If not used immediately, the conjured water evaporates in 1d6 rounds.

#### **HERO'S LUCK**

Level: Bard 1, Magic-User 2

Range: Touch

Duration: 3 hours

*Hero's luck* grants its recipient a limited form of sixth sense. Once during the spell's duration, you may choose to gain a +2 bonus to an attack, task check or saving throw you make. You must elect to use this bonus before making your roll. After you gain the bonus, the spell ends.

Material Component: A pair of carved ivory dice with sixes on every face, worth 20 gp each.

#### **INVULNERABILITY**

Level: Magic-User 3

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 round per level

With this spell, the caster imparts a level of damage reduction upon the recipient. Damage reduction is reduced from any damage the target suffers, unless it is dealt by the specified type of weapon. The caster determines the exact type of this damage reduction at the time of casting. He may select one type from the table below. Once selected, it cannot be changed. However, the caster could end the spell and cast it again with a different type of damage reduction selected from the table. At caster level 10, the amount of damage reduced increases to 1d8. At caster level 15, the damage reduction increases to 1d10 (the maximum).

- 1d6, bypassed by silver
- 1d6, bypassed by +1 or better weapons
- 1d6, bypassed by slashing and cutting weapons
- 1d6, bypassed by piercing and stabbing weapons
- 1d6, bypassed by bludgeoning and smashing weapons

#### **PEARL OF BRILLIANCE**

Level: Magic-User 1

Range: 0 ft.

Duration: 1 minute

A gleaming pearl-sized silver sphere appears in your palm, glowing as brightly as a candle. You can use the pearl to make a melee attack or throw it as a ranged weapon (up to 60 feet).

If the pearl hits, it breaks and releases a flash of intense light. The target struck takes 1d6 points of damage plus 1 point per caster level. Creatures within 5 feet (including the target struck) must make a Fortitude save or be blinded for 1d4 rounds.

Undead creatures struck take 2d6 points of damage + 2 points per caster level and must save or be blinded for 2d4 rounds. Undead creatures within 5 feet take 1d6 points of damage plus one point per caster level and must save or be blinded for 1d4 rounds.

#### **SLAPPING HAND**

Level: Bard 0, Magic-User 0

Range: Close (30 ft.)

Duration: Instantaneous

Slapping hand creates a hand of Diminutive size (about the size of a normal human hand) that slaps the target you designate. You must succeed at a ranged touch attack to hit your target, at which point the hand delivers a resounding slap to the target that deals 1 point of damage. As a force effect, slap can strike incorporeal creatures without the normal miss chance associated with incorporeality.

#### **SORCERER'S PARRY**

Level: Magic-User 3

Range: Personal

Duration: 1 round per level

If the caster is struck by a foe's non-magical attack while this spell is in effect, the caster may expend the spell to avoid any damage. The decision to use the spell must be made before damage is rolled. The spell's effect ends once it is used.

#### **TOUCH OF THE MERCHANT**

Level: Magic-User 1

Range: Touch

Duration: 1 hour

A simple but incredible useful divination, *touch of the merchant* allows the recipient to know the approximate value of any item he handles within 10 percent of the actual value.

#### **WORD OF warding II**

Level: Magic-User 2

Range: Close (30 ft.)

Duration: Instantaneous

This is a special form of counter spell that counters any spell of its own level or lower.

**[G]** When this room is entered, one will notice an unpleasant, spicy odor in the air. A Cushite woman is making her way across the room. She is bald, with seven jade-colored eyes painted around her head, and wearing robes (slightly worn and tattered) of dark green covered with pearlescent beads. This woman is Oyembawi, a diviner who is hunting a stange rodent-like monster that lurks within the maze. She will attempt to silence people

who enter the room, for any noise louder than a soft footstep causes the air to erupt in flames.

A relatively light noise causes the room to erupt in red flames that inflict 1d6 points of damage to all (half damage with successful Fortitude saving throw). A louder noise, like talking, causes the room to erupt in blue flames that deal 2d6 points of damage (save for half). Loud noises, like fighting, cause the room to erupt in white flames that inflict 3d6 points of damage (save for half).

*Oyembawi, Human Diviner: LVL 6; HP 21; AC 10; ATK 1 dagger +2 (1d4-1); MV 30; F13 R13 W10; AL Neutral; XP 600; Special—Spells (0—detect magic, detect poison, message, read magic; 1st—comprehend languages, identify, mind thrust, precognition; 2nd—detect thoughts, ego whip, hypnotic pattern, thought shield; 3rd—clairvoyance, psionic blast, suggestion); Gear—Silver dagger, 3 darts, 1 +1 dart, spellbook.*

**[H]** A cyclops bound to a wall here is preparing to dine on an unconscious female half-elf thief named Sheela. Her equipment, save for her clothes, is piled in a corner.

*Sheela, Half-Elf Thief: LVL 4; HP 16; AC 11; ATK 1 fist +2 (1d2) or by weapon; MV 30; F14 R11 W14; AL Lawful (NG); XP 400; Special—Backstab x2; Gear—None currently, but her normal gear includes leather armor, a silver dagger, 6 darts, thieves' tools and a cloak of invisibility.*

**75.27 Cheetah City:** Displaced by time, the ancient capital of the old Cheetah Kings exists between the ethereal plane and mortal world. It is only visible on the nights of the full moon, and can even then only be entered by those with the ability to cross into the ethereal plane.

Kilibhela, as it is called by the natives, is quite large, housing nearly 3,000 people. It is a walled town built amidst a series of small lakes. The palace of the king lies in the center of the town on a small rise. From the palace radiate four roads paved with the shields of vanquished armies. In each quarter of the town there is a pleasant park of crushed stone and gardens of pale flowers and silvery hummingbirds.

The nightlife is quite decadent in Kilibhela, and outsiders must take care not to be conned, robbed or drugged and pressed into slavery. Kilibhela is infamous for its religious zealots (chaotic flagellants who worship the Frog Gods) and its superior liquors.

The town thrives on trade with extraplanar creatures, existing as an unstable nexus between worlds. Their main trade good is mithril, which they mine from an ancient asteroid buried beneath the town.

The town is governed by a king elected from its noble families. The current king is Igdul. The government is rife with scandals and corruption is widespread.

**76.06 Tower of Eternity:** The arch-wizard Kamembala dwells here in his Tower of Eternity, a lofty spire of black star-metal that reflects the light of stars as little pin-pricks of light even during the daytime. The tower appears out of place on the savannah, rising at its base 500 feet, the base sweeping out as five legs that sprawl flat on the ground, each 50 feet long. Secret doors in the tips of these legs permit entrance, though each door is set to permit only one "class" of character – warriors (fighters, rangers, paladins, barbarians and duelists), rogues (thieves, assassins, bards and monks), mages (magic-users and sorcerers), priests (clerics and druids) and the last door is keyed to whatever other classes you permit in your game.

Once one enters the place, they find the interior walls a brilliant, almost blinding white. Gentian mists flow slowly and erratically through the halls, often swirling about people and almost taking the shape of leering faces.

At the end of the entry halls there is the core of the tower – 50 feet in diameter. The mists here are thicker and obscure one's view of the top of the tower. Five discs of vermilion crystal (10-ft. in diameter) are set on the ground here, and if stepped upon rocket people to the top of the tower, where they discover a shimmering white sphere 30 feet in diameter with five open portals; the discs deliver people to the open portals.

Within the sphere, Kamembala sits in eternal meditation on a floating palanquin bedecked with silk pillows and surrounded by floating orbs of colored lights that hum with the music of the spheres. As people enter, his eyes open and he greets them with words melodious and grave. The wizard is capable of implanting words of power (i.e. *power word* spells) into the minds of worthies (Lawful (non-evil) adventurers with at least 7 levels and Intelligence, Wisdom and Charisma scores of no less than 12).

In return, each is given a *geas* to make sure they protect the secret of Kamembala and his tower, revealing it to nobody. They are also sworn to seek out and slay at least three liches and, if capable, defend the tower.

*Kamembala, Human Magic-User: LVL 20; HP 46; AC 10; ATK 1 club +7 (1d4); MV 30; F7 R8 W8; AL Neutral; XP 2000; Special—Spells (4/4/4/4/4/4/4/4/4/4); Gear—Spellbook, club, light crossbow.*

**76.13 Hidden Spider Kingdom:** A lutescent stone seal is set in the side of a giant baobab tree in this hex, a seal set with eight obsidian spiders. If sprinkled with spider venom, the seal grows to the size of a door, the baobab suddenly transforming into a latten dome about 50 feet in diameter.

Within the dome there is a crack in the earth, the chasmic entrance to the Kingdom of Spiders, a subterranean land of isabelline light filtered through webbing populated by aranea,

ettercaps and giant spiders. The aranea are the scholars of the kingdom, pulling the strings on the ettercap warrior caste that officially rules.

**76.19 Tomb of the Silver Prophet:** An automaton with silver “skin” fell to the earth here in a strange craft that looks something like a silver arrow. The craft originated in the outer planes and its pilot, Thyughannt, looks like a silver skeleton, with a domed head and two bulging humanoid eyes implanted in it.

The ship buried itself in the savannah, suffering catastrophic damage in the process. The people of the savannah, seeing the object streak across the sky, followed the trail and thought it a gift from the gods. They constructed a small fort of adobe bricks over the crater, a fort now manned by a brotherhood of 12 monks. The monks guard the place from intruders, and wait for the silver god within to awaken and instruct them.

*Brothers of the Silver God, Human Monks: LVL 3; HP 9 each; AC 11; ATK 1 strike +1 (1d6); MV 40; F12 R12 W12; AL Neutral (LN); XP 300; Special—Stunning attack, deflect arrows.*

**76.38 Caverns of Redemption:** The Caverns of Redemption are known throughout Pwenet as a holy place where those who have fallen out of the grace of the gods can find atonement. The caves are located in the base of a rocky promontory that houses several holy men and women who live as virtual hermits (though they do get together in weekends for cards now and then).

Within the caverns, there is a long vault of basalt that has been smoothed and carved into bas-reliefs of men and women crawling on the ground and begging forgiveness for their sins. The floor of this vault, which is about 10 feet wide and 30 feet long, is covered with smoldering coals. The penitent must walk across this bed of coals (which causes 1d6 points of damage per round and forces one to pass a Fortitude save each way or be crippled for 1d3 days).

At the end of the bed of coals there is a silver +3 *holy trident* hanging on the wall. The penitent must cross the coals and kiss the trident to be atoned (per the spell). Attempts to steal the trident raise a dozen fire serpents from the bed of coals to attack the would-be thief.

*Fire Serpents, Small Elemental: HD 2; AC 17; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + 1d6 fire + poison I); MV 30 (Climb 30); F16 R12 W18; AL Neutral; XP 200; Special—Immune to fire.*

**77.23. Zujari Tribe:** The Zujari are a tall people (often over 7 feet tall) who dwell in a pleasant village (pop. 300). The Zujari have eyes of auburn and brown skin, with wide, incredulous faces with high-bridged noses. The people all carry charms (tiny amethyst arrowheads worth 15 gp) and claim to be descended from the ancient lizard kings. They fear the ethereal city of Kilibhela.

The people live under the rule of a magistrate, Kidmur. The magistrate lives in a large adobe building and commands 6 men-at-arms. The village is built around a watering hole and is protected by tall walls of scavenged stone. The tops of the walls are decorated with lion skulls surmounted by ostrich feathers on tall poles.

*Men-At-Arms, Medium Humanoid: HD 1; AC 13; Atk 1 weapon; MV 30; F13 R15 W15; AL Neutral; XP 50; Special—None; Gear—Ring mail, shield, spear.*

The village houses a small tavern run by a retired, one-armed warrior called Keshizum. Keshizum serves warm beer and dry seed cakes, and is willing to sell at a loss if customers will listen to his tall tales. The village also has a competent blacksmith called Wadgu.

Just outside the village there is a druidic holy place, a sacred acacia tree whose leaves can be turned into a brew that grants the drinker a +1d4 bonus to wisdom for one day, but is followed thereafter by two days of comatose slumber.

**77.36 Abandoned Village:** There is an abandoned village of 30 huts here surrounded by the tattered remains of a palisade of woven mats. Each smoldering hut contains a pile of human entrails surrounded by a circle drawn in the dust. Tracks at the scene point to hex [77.43].

**77.43 Famduru Tribe:** The Famduru (pop. 296 berserkers) live in a village of grass huts protected by a short, earthen wall topped with sharpened sticks. The people make a living tending cattle and raiding other settlements. They have recently raided and burned a village [77.36], enslaving its women and killing the men and children. The village is ruled by a lodge of eight cheetah-weres and Mati, their chief.

The Famduru tend to be short (elf height) and heavyset. They have coarse, curly hair that varies from brown to black and light to medium brown skin. The village has a blacksmith named Zatah, a potter named Luguba and a tanner named Swadok. All three wear slave collars and bear signs of cruelty.

The village also has a shrine dedicated to Kokou, the chaotic war god. The shrine is tended by Rodad, a frightening witch doctor.

*Rodad, Human Magic-User: LVL 6; HP 19; AC 10; ATK 1 club +1 (1d4); MV 30; F13 R13 W10; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 600; Special—Spells (4/3/3/2); Gear—Club, fetishes, masks, rattles, darts (4), spellbook.*

**78.01 Pyramid of the Unholy Three:** A tall, narrow pyramid of granite blocks has been erected here on the savannah. It stands on a 10-ft. tall platform which is, itself, surrounded by a 20-ft. wide moat of water fed by a canal that extends 2 miles from natural springs. Many animals drink from the canal, and a family

of hippos favors it's upper reaches, but none of these animals approaches the waters that surround the weird, lonely pyramid. Although they have grown wild and multiplied, date palms surround these waters and hide a dangerous tri-flower frond.

The pyramid can be entered via a secret door on the north face, about 30 feet above the platform. The immediate interior of this door is carved with three glyphs of warding – fire above, and lightning to the left and right. Beyond these magical wards there is a corridor 40 feet long that leads to a dead end – a trapdoor here will drop people 20 feet into a large vault.

The vault holds a scrying pool and three immense statues of a vulture-headed god, a jackal-headed god and a lizard-headed god. The scrying pool can be used as a *crystal ball* if one knows the proper words (“Negthu Azbak Korondo”) and it can be used once per month to commune with the three gods – Tumbusi, Mbweha and Mjusi. Tumbusi can answer questions about the dead, but demands a sacrifice of a fresh liver. Mbweha can answer questions about hidden dangers, but demands a sacrifice of a lion heart. Mjusi can answer questions about hidden treasures, but demands a sacrifice of a silver weapon (dagger-sized or larger).

The vault is guarded by a mummy of great power named Naburu and his two skeletal smilodons. Naburu has leathery skin pulled tight over a skeleton with a small body and a too-large head. Naburu speaks in a low, cackle of a voice, and he jealousy guards his scrying pool and his gods.

*Tri-Flower Frond, Medium Plant: HD 2; AC 13; Atk 4 tendrils (1d4 + sleep); MV 0; F12 R18 W18; AL Neutral; XP 200; Special—Acid (tip yellow plume, shower of acid on adjacent target, 1d6 damage), fluid drain (red bloom, deals 1d4 constitution damage per round in blood drain), sleep (orange bloom, fire needle, as sleep spell), surprise (3 in 6).*

*Skeletal Smilodon, Large Undead: HD 9; AC 17; Atk 2 claws (1d10 + rend) and bite (2d8); MV 40; F10 R11 W9; AL Neutral; XP 450; Special—Half damage from edged and piercing weapons.*

*Zetan Mummy, Medium Undead: HD 8; AC 19 [+1]; Atk 1 slam (1d8 + mummy rot); MV 20; F13 R12 W15; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 800; Special—Vulnerable to fire, fear aura, ethereal travel.*

**78.08 Journal:** A weathered, leather-bound journal lies in the grass. Most of its pages are water-stained and illegible, and the spine appears to have been broken by the trampling hooves of wildebeests. It belonged to an explorer named Tardik of Galt and is written in the flowery hand of a noble scholar. Aside from some overdone poetry, one might learn about [74.09], [64.17] and [56.20] by reading it.

**78.17 Tunnels of Weeping:** This hex has a bedrock composed primarily of limestone, and several sinkholes permeate the landscape. A few of these lead via circuitous routes, deep into the

earth, all of them converging at a shrine dedicated to the weeping goddess of the utu dwarves, Korabaka. The shrine consists of walls carved into a smooth hemisphere and marked with white hand prints. Around the base of the walls there are dozens of fine pots made by utu priests as gifts to the goddess. In the middle of the shrine there is an oddly shaped stone pillar from which trickles salty water. This water gathers in a basin around the base of the idol and, if collected in a vial, can be used as a *potion of crushing despair*.

The tunnels leading to the shrine are protected by jet black xorns (1d4+1 appear to confront intruders) who can be bought off with valuable gemstones. The shrine itself is protected by an earth elemental spider, who blends into the hemispherical walls of the shrine, dropping on any who would profane the idol or attempt to steal the goddess' tears without leaving a valuable offering in one of the many pots that lines the walls.

*Xorn, Medium Outsider (Earth): HD 7; AC 21; Atk 1 bite (4d6) and 3 claws (1d4); MV 20 (Burrow 20); F10 R12 W12; AL Neutral; XP 700; Special—All-around vision, immune to cold and fire, resistance to electricity, weapon resistance (blunt weapons).*

*Earth Spider, Medium Magical Beast: HD 2; AC 14; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + 1d6 acid + poison II); MV 30 (Climb 20); F12 R12 W18; AL Neutral; XP 200; Special—Throw web (50-ft. range, entangle), stonesskin 1/day.*

**78.27 Wyrms Corpse:** A great wyrm was killed in this hex, its body left to the devoured by scavengers and the relentless elements. All that remains now is a great skeleton and a few strips of skin that show off deep maroon scales flecked with silver. The beast collapsed on the ivory-hilted sword that was used to kill it, burying the weapon in the ground – apparently the man who struck the fatal blow was unable to retrieve it, and it now lies about 2 feet below the earth under the wyrm's belly. The weapon is a +1 *pata*<sup>2</sup>, +3 vs. *dragons*. The sword is cursed, forcing those who wield it to **fail** a Will save in order to avoid attacking an encountered dragon.

Because of the immense power of the wyrm, the scavengers that picked clean its corpse now carry slight draconic characteristics. When scavengers are randomly encountered in this hex, describe them as having patches of maroon scales interrupting their fur and a reptilian cast to their faces. All of them enjoy resistance to fire and immunity to sleep and charm.

**79.05 Crabominations:** Pwenet was once a shallow sea, and in the limestone vaults beneath the savannah here a bit of the sea persists to this day, carrying with it the taint of ancient days. The water is extremely salty and warm, and this has led to hundreds of crystal pillars springing up from the depths. These dark waters hide things that had better never existed, items left behind by the

<sup>2</sup> *A pata is an Indian sword – Google it; very cool*

elder things and sought after for aeons by their old servants and masters.

The main inhabitants of this subterranean sea are monsters called crabominations. These things resemble large crabs with pyramidal shells supported by masses of misshapen arms that end in crab claws. The shells are dotted with hundreds of tiny, black eyes that can see perfectly well in the darkness. The creatures have an immense feeding tube located beneath their shells and hidden by the arms – creatures that are constricted for 1 round by the claws are passed up to this tube, which then swallows them whole. Beings are held in the beast's carapace for 3 rounds – long enough to eat away their skin – and are then disgorged covered in a weird, purple slime. This renders them immune to acid, but also leaves them quite mad. They erupt in a berserk rage and attack any living being other than crabominations.

*Crabomination, Large Aberration: HD 5; AC 16; ATK 4 claws (2d6 + constrict); MV 40 (Swim 30); F12 R13 W12; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 500; Special—Immune to surprise, magic resistance 35%, swallow whole, drive mad.*

**79.15 Monastery of the Cannibal Monks:** There is a long-forgotten monastery here constructed on a barren, windswept section of savannah. It was once home to a cult of chaos worshippers, survivors of the destruction of Kolos, who practiced ritual cannibalism and plotted to one day resurrect the foul empire of Kolos. Although the monks are gone (or at least have disappeared into the tunnels and vaults beneath the monastery), the place still holds many dangers and great rewards.

**79.21 Shimmering Behemoth:** A metal behemoth dwells in this hex. Looking like a giant pangolin, its scales shimmer in the sunlight (or moonlight – or not at all at a new moon – oh, you get the idea), it claws rending the ground in search for precious stones. The beast was constructed by the rebel sorceress Asran, who was exiled from the City of the Mad [79.31] and now lives in the mountains to the east.

*Metal Pangolin, Large Construct: HD 8 (32 hp); AC 20; ATK 2 claws (2d4); MV 50; F10 R10 W11; AL Neutral; XP 800; Special—Immune to mind effects, rebounds force and light spells, immune to electricity, sniffs out gemstones and pursues those worth at least 250 gp.*

**79.25 Olang's Roost:** Olang is a beastlord known far and wide for her incredible beauty and her savage ferocity. The savannah here grows rocky and hilly. A narrow pathway paved in cut stones leads through these hills to a settlement of utu (the dwarves of Cush and Pwenet). Looming above the utu settlement is a large castle; the domicile of Olang. The rocks around the castle and the castle walls themselves are carved into the shape of cavorting baboons and of the baboon god Babi, a deity of Nabu extraction known for being a rather bloodthirsty, virile denizen of the

underworld. The castle was once the headquarters of a chaos cult until it was sacked by Olang and her dwarven allies. The holding is still home to a rambunctious tribe of rock baboons who are now loyal, for the most part, to Olang, though they have oft been visited by the restless ghost of the castle's old high priest – perhaps a mutiny is being planned. The holding abounds in precious stones, which Olang and her dwarves trade to outsiders.

*Olang, Human Beastmaster: LVL 11; HP 46; AC 12; ATK 1 short sword +9 (1d6); MV 40; F8 R8 W11; AL Neutral; XP 1100; Special—Speak with animals, surprise (2 in 6), surprised (1 in 8), banish/control animals, animal companion (baboon); Gear—Short sword, dagger.*

**79.31 City of the Mad:** The plains here are interrupted by a fairly large, well-populated city-state. Constructed of granite, the city-state is defended by a deep, treacherous moat and known for its eclectic architectural style – a flowing cityscape that looks more like it was pulled up from the ground by a mad god than built by human hands. The non-euclidian geometries suggest its alien origins, a suggestion bolstered by the weird temples the people worship in.

The moat is filled with water that bubbles up from the underworld. It is populated by weird creatures, and gives off heady fumes that, when inhaled, make one fearless. This has made the people of the city rather mad dare-devils and, when pressed into a fight, berserkers. They make oddly shaped pottery from mud dredged from the moat. This pottery it is valued by magic-users for the storage of dreams and notions as it records brain waves that it releases when broken.

The city is ruled by a priest-king called Usun who serves strange, alien masters from the underworld, who communicate with his cult via the weird creatures that climb up from the depths and into the moat.

*Usun, Human Cleric: LVL 6; HP 19; AC 16; ATK 1 greatclub +3 (1d6+1); MV 30; F10 R13 W10; AL Chaotic (CE); XP 600; Special—Rebuke undead, spells (5/3/3/2); Gear—Banded mail, greatclub, unholy symbol.*

**79.38 Pond of Mother Uzha:** Mother Uzha is a mugwump shaman, a devout worshipper the xaoc and a sage revered by the peoples of the savannah and the swamps. She dwells here in a pond of cool, clear water marked by weird scarlet weeds and fungal globes that seem to float on the surface of the water. Her own hovel is built on stilts, and houses herself and her animal companion, a constrictor she calls Koofi. A small raft can usually be found on the shore to take people to Mother Uzha's hovel, though there is a 1 in 6 chance that another group is currently using it (roll 1d6; 1-2 = 1d6 mugwumps; 3-4 = 1d6 lizard men; 5-6 = 2d6 human tribesmen).

*Mother Uzha, Mugwump Druid: LVL 8; HP 27; AC 11; ATK 1 scimitar +5 (1d8); MV 20 (Swim 40); F9 R12 W9; AL Neutral; XP 800; Special—Spells*

(6/4/3/2/2), move through undergrowth, leaves no trail, +2 save vs. energy spells, shapechange; Gear—Padded armor, scimitar, sling.

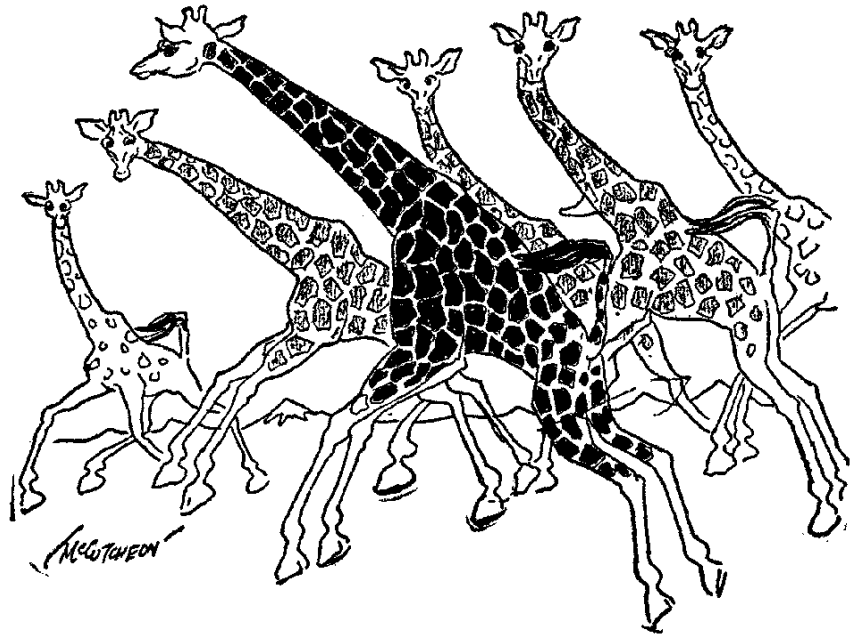
Koofi the Constrictor, Medium Animal: HD 3; AC 15; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + constrict); MV 20 (Climb 20, Swim 20); F12 R12 W17; AL Neutral; XP 150; Special—None.

**79.46 Governor Im:** There were ages of antiquity undreamed of not only by men, but by races as ancient as the ophidians. In the time when the cosmos was young, the polyhedroids, architects and engineers of creation, held sway over the Material Plane. One in particular, Governor Im, was given the job of overseeing this portion of Nod. Although polyhedroids are as eternal as the xaocs, demons and angels, they can die, and so it was that Im was slain when the time-space continuum had a nasty rupture in this section of the cosmos. This hex now holds his tomb, in a landscape thick with lunar dust and littered by thousands of broken hour-glasses (bare-foot travelers must save each after each hour of walking or be crippled for 24 hours).

At the heart of the hex, there stands Im's monument, a massive hourglass of unbreakable glass that holds the inviolate form of Im, resting atop the sand in the hourglass, his gaze drawn to the heavens.

Clanging on the unbreakable glass (it is really air that has been frozen in time) causes time ripples to erupt from the hourglass, randomly hastening, slowing or aging (roll 1d3 for each person within 3 miles) anyone who fails a Will save. Violations of the memorial will draw the attention of a dodecahedron, who will summon others to his aid if challenged.

Dodecahedron, Large Outsider: HD 12; AC 21 [+2]; Atk 10 tentacles (2d6 + constrict); MV 90 (Fly 270); F6 R6 W6; AL Neutral (LN); XP 3000; Special—See Blood & Treasure.



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## CHARACTERS

# As the Cleric Turns

*Illustration by Jon Kaufman*

Everybody who plays fantasy games knows about the cleric (or priest's) ability to turn (i.e. scare off) the undead, and everyone loves it. That was sarcasm, but the way. Still, cowering sinister forces does have a place in the folklore of priests, and therefore a place in fantasy games. For those who love turning, or those who would like to tweak the mechanic, I present these alternate methods of turning undead. In most cases, these alternate turn undead effects impose a simple penalty on the cleric's turn undead roll. If you are using a turn undead chart with a "T" and "D" on it, count the "T" as a "3" and the "D" as a "2".

**Daze:** To daze undead, the cleric makes a turning roll at +2. The affected undead lose their turn that round and suffer a -2 penalty to AC and saving throws.

**Cow:** To cow the undead, the cleric makes a turning roll at +1. The affected undead are cowed for as long as they remain in the presence of the cleric, and for as long as the cleric forcefully presents his holy symbol. The cowed undead fall to their knees and avert their eyes. If attacked while cowed, the effect ends and they may act normally.

**Light Damage:** To lightly damage undead, the cleric makes a turning roll at -1. If successful, all undead within 30 feet suffer 1d4+1 points of damage.

**Stun:** To stun the undead, the cleric makes a turning roll at -2. If successful, all undead are stunned (per dazed above) for 1d4+1 rounds.

**Moderate Damage:** To moderately damage undead, the cleric makes a turning roll at -3. If successful, all undead within 30 feet suffer 2d4+2 points of damage.

**Blind:** To blind undead with divine radiance, the cleric makes a turning roll at -3. The undead are blinded (per the spell blindness) for 1d4+1 rounds.

**Lull:** To lull the undead into a sleep-like torpor, the cleric makes a turning roll at -3. The undead fall into the equivalent of sleep for 1d4+1 rounds.

**Confuse:** To confuse the undead (per the confusion spell), the cleric makes a turning roll at -4. All undead within 30 feet are confused for 1d4+1 rounds.

**Charm:** To charm the undead (per the charm monster spell), the cleric makes a turning roll at -4. All undead within 30 feet act as the cleric's erstwhile allies for 1d4+1 rounds.

**Serious Damage:** To seriously damage undead, the cleric makes a turning roll at -5. If successful, all undead within 30 feet suffer 3d4+3 points of damage.

**Destroy:** To destroy the undead, turning them into ash, the cleric makes a turning roll at -6. All undead within 30 feet must pass a saving throw (Fort, vs. death, etc.) or be completely destroyed. Those who succeed at the saving throw still suffer 3d6 points of damage.

A failed turn undead roll while using any of these effects means that the undead in question are immune to all turn attempts (and effects) from that cleric for the remainder of the battle (or 24 hours, whichever you prefer). If successful with one of these effects, the cleric may attempt to employ another effect with a later turn undead attack (i.e. he could daze them, and then later in the battle attempt to damage them). As soon as a turn attempt fails, though, all further attempts automatically fail for the remainder of the battle (or 24 hours).



## MONSTERS

# Cocks of the Walk

Illustration by Jon Kaufman

Part of the fun of fantasy gaming is the sense of wonder. The first time you run into one of those lizard-chicken things and it turns your perfect little snowflake into a brick, you're simultaneously pissed off and overjoyed – something new! The next few times it shows up, you know it's m.o. and you have fun devising ways to avoid its breath and still chop its stupid head off. After three uses, though, monsters get a little stale. That's when it's time for the Treasure Keeper to deploy the variants. Always keep them guessing and they'll always be pissed/overjoyed with you.

### COCK ROBBIN'

*Small Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Low Intelligence; Filch (1d12)*

HD	5
AC	14
ATK	Bite (1d4 + blindness)
MV	20 (Fly 60)
SV	F 12, R 11, W 16
XP	500 (CL 6)

Cock robbin's look like cockatrices with black, mask-like marking on their face feathers. Their scales are also black. More intelligent than their kin, they seek to feather their nests with treasures rare and sublime (or just with coins, gems, jewelry and magic items, if that's all that is available). A cock robbin' can backstab for double damage, and can perform all of the thief's traditional tasks as though it was skilled in them. In addition, creatures struck by the cock robbin's bite must pass a Fortitude save or be struck blind.



### COCK-A-LEEKY

*Small Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Pox (1d12)*

HD	5
AC	14
ATK	Bite (1d4 + wounding and disease)
MV	20 (Fly 60)
SV	F 12, R 11, W 16
XP	500 (CL 6)

A cock-a-leeky looks like a cockatrice suffering from molt. It's scales are grey and dull, what feathers it has left are drooping, and with every move, a few more fall out (alchemists can use them for potions associated with disease). Creatures bitten by a cock-a-leeky find that their wounds do not heal, but rather keep bleeding until the victim receives a *cure light wounds* spell and an application of holy water. If unhealed, these bites inflict an additional 1 point of damage each round. Victims of a bite must also pass a Fortitude save vs. disease or contract filth fever.

### COCK'N'BULL

*Large Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Herd (1d8)*

HD	8
AC	19
ATK	Gore (1d8), bite (1d4 + petrification) and trample (1d8)
MV	30
SV	F 8, R 9, W 14
XP	2,000 (CL 10)

The cock'n'bull is a wizardly creation, no doubt. It looks like a gorgon with that monster's own head and the head of a cockatrice. The beast has all the powers of both monsters.

## COCKATRICE REX

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*Huge Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Solitary*

HD	18
AC	14
ATK	Bite (3d8 + petrification)
MV	40 (Fly 40)
SV	F 3, R 4, W 9
XP	4,500 (CL 20)

The dreaded cockatrice rex is a primitive cockatrice with the size and temperament of a tyrannosaurus rex.

## COCKATWICE

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*Small Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Flock (1d8)*

HD	5
AC	14
ATK	2 bites (1d4 + petrification)
MV	20 (Fly 60)
SV	F 12, R 11, W 16
XP	1,250 (CL 7)

A cockatwice is a two-headed cockatrice. They can make two bites per round and are only surprised on a roll of 1 on 1d8. There are rumors that the even more dreaded cockatrice is lurking in a some deep, dank dungeon, so beware!

## PEACOCKATRICE

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*Small Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Flock (1d8)*

HD	5
AC	14
ATK	2 bites (1d4 + petrification)
MV	20 (Fly 60)
SV	F 12, R 11, W 16
XP	1,250 (CL 7)

The peacockatrice looks like a cockatrice with brilliant, blue plumage and a wondrous tail (at least the males look like this). The monster has all the abilities of a traditional cockatrice, but it is also capable of hypnotizing people with its wondrous tail feathers. Those who see the tail must pass a Will saving throw or be stunned for 1d4 rounds, unable to attack, but capable of moving at half normal rate (their eyes still focused on the tail) and defending themselves.

## POPPYCOCK

---

*Small Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Flock (1d8)*

HD	5
AC	14
ATK	2 bites (1d4 + sleep)
MV	20 (Fly 60)
SV	F 12, R 11, W 16
XP	500 (CL 6)

The poppycock is a cockatrice with black scales and bright, red feathers. The monster has two special abilities. The first is derived from its bite, which forces victims to pass a Will saving throw or fall into a deathless, permanent sleep that can only be defeated by a *remove curse* spell or the kiss of true love. It's second ability is that folk who are told of its existence almost never believe the stories to be true (1% chance + 1% per level of tale teller).

## WEATHERCOCK

---

*Small Magical Beast, Neutral (N), Animal Intelligence; Flock (1d8)*

HD	5
AC	14
ATK	2 bites (1d4)
MV	20 (Fly 60)
SV	F 12, R 11, W 16
XP	1,250 (CL 7)

Weathercocks are cockatrices with blue-grey scales and white and grey plumage. In place of a petrifying bite, the weathercock can belch forth a *cloudkill* spell once per day.

*Special Qualities: Immune to cold and electricity*

## RACES

# Of Nomes & Genomes

*Illustration by John R. Neil*

### GENOMES (SPACE PRINCESS)

Genomes are small humanoid aliens with highly variable features (super highly variable!) because of their penchant for body modification. I'm not talking about tattoos and piercings, folks. I'm talking about genetic engineering, mutagenic gases and the grafting of flesh onto flesh.

The standard stock for these genetic whiz-kids is that of a small humanoid, about 3 to 4 feet tall, with slightly hunched shoulders, a large, sensitive nose (per super scent), skin ranging from nut-brown to creamy white and very bright, clear eyes that pierce the darkness per infra-vision. Due to the aforementioned body modifications, most have 1d3 different "mutations" in play. These mutations mimic the different special abilities of alien characters.

ROLL	MUTATION
1	Increase random ability score by +1
2	Bulk
3	Climbing
4	Electrical Field
5	Leap
6	Multiple Arms
7	Multiple Legs
8	Stunning Grasp
9	Super Hearing
10	Super Vision

Genomes operate in bands of 2d4 individuals, always looking to harvest genetic material for their experiments. They are as capable as scientists in terms of identifying and operating super scientific devices, and always carry medi-kits and mutation-rays. Creatures struck by a mutation ray suffer 1d3 points of damage to a random ability score (1 = Str, 2 = Dex, 3 = Men, 4 = Kno) and must pass a Strength test (DC 10) or be transmogrified into a random monster under the control of the genome for 10 minutes. At the end of 10 minutes, the character can make an additional Strength test (using their normal strength score). If

they succeed, they change back to normal. If not, they remain in their monster form, but are no longer under the control of the genome. If captured, the creature can be changed back to normal provided his or her comrades have captured a mutation ray gun (and figured out how to use it) or they have a scientist capable of designing a mutation ray gun (super science DC 25).

ROLL	RANDOM MONSTER
------	----------------

1	Ankheg
2	Baric
3	Flail Snail
4	Gelatinous Cube
5	Giant Beetle
6	Giant Lizard
7	Giant Spider
8	Great Horned Ape
9	Killer Shrew
10	Random Alien Animal

GENOME: HD 1; DEF 15; FIGHT 4 (vibro-pick 1d8); SHOOT 6 (mutation ray); MOVE N; STR 3; DEX 5; MEN 4; KNO 8; DL 3; Special: Infra-vision, super scent, 1d3 mutations, mutation ray.

### NOMES (PARS FORTUNA)

The nomes are akin to the fey oughs, and dwell underground with them, sometimes cooperatively, but just as often in opposition. They are natural miners, with eyes that can pierce the blackness of the underworld as easily as human eyes can pierce the daylight; however, in light they are just as blind as a human is in the dark, and must shroud their eyes or use spells of darkness to see even dimly.

Nomes are short, standing only 2 to 4 feet in height (1d3+1). They have spindly arms and legs and skin that ranges from flinty grey to rust brown in color. Their eyes, like little black beads, sparkle in light or dark, and give them a look of conspiracy. Nomes are easily agitated and can fly into a rant or a rage at the drop of a hat, though the more adventurous of the race are moderately better at controlling their temper. They cover themselves with tattoos (really more akin to engravings), and from these tattoos they draw mystic powers.

Nomes adventure in search of "the mother lode" that will make them wealthy and powerful. They adventure with a mind to one day constructing a grand fortified mine, settling down, having children and amassing an army of nomes to do their bidding. They call this "the plan", and most things they encounter are either "all part of the plan" or "not part of the plan". When a nome is happy, they'll muse that, "oh yes, the plan is coming along nicely". The fact that most folk do not know what "the plan" is, paired with the conspiratorial look in their eyes, makes most people suspicious of nomes.

## RACIAL ABILITIES

As mentioned above, the nomes can see without light, but do not see well with light. In bright light, they must fight blind unless they have their eyes well shaded, and even then suffer a -1 penalty to hit. Their skin is tough and thick, and provides them a +2 bonus to AC. Nomes have a knack for noticing odd stonework and construction, as well as a knack for finding more cunning traps, picking locks, and sniffing out deposits of copper, silver and gold. Their small size prevents them from using large weapons. Finally, nomes can sense vibrations in the stone, and thus can only be surprised on a roll of 1 on 1d10 while underground.

## CLASS ABILITIES

Prime Requisite: Constitution, 13+ (5% experience bonus). Nomes are tough little buggers.

Hit Dice: 1d6+1 (2 hp per level after 9th level). Nomes live a rugged lifestyle, and often come into conflict with other species underground (due to the need for living space as much as their irascible personalities). They are not as militant and well-trained, though, as the Oraenca.

Armor Restrictions: Nomes can use any type of armor, though they prefer to avoid heavy armor because it makes movement through the underworld more difficult.

Weapon Restrictions: Nomes can wield clubs, daggers, flails, maces and swords without trouble. Axes and spears require the use of two hands, and two-handed swords and pole arms are just too large for them. They can use any ranged weapon, but prefer crossbows and slings.

Special Abilities: Nomes are magical folk, though not as skilled as the Caledjula or Nif in the working of spells.

Nomes can use cantraps (level 1 to 3 spells) without any difficulty and using the normal magic rules.

Nomes can cast invocations (level 4 to 6 spells) only by engraving sigils into their skin. These spells can only be spells that affect the nome personally, and once engraved, they can be invoked at any time using the normal spell check mechanism but with a +2bonus to their spell check.

Personal Invocations: Armor of Deflection, Ghost Walk, Touch of the Mystic, Viper Strike

Nomes can likewise work rituals (level 7 to 9 spells) into their skin, powdering the necessary gemstone into their engravings. They must re-apply the crushed gemstone once per month to keep the sigil active and energized, but while it is energized, they receive the same +2 bonus to their spell checks.

Personal Rituals: Body of Fire, Change Form, Consume Soul, Mindshriek, Temporal Abstraction

Nomes are doughty men and women, and their irascible personalities are not inclined towards fear. Whenever a nome must save against fear, there is a 3 in 6 chance that they ignore the fear effect and instead fly into a raging fit. While throwing this fit, the nomes focus their attacks (and are unable to use spells) on the source of the fear. They gain a +2 bonus to hit and damage for 1d6 rounds plus their constitution bonus. At the end of their fit, they are exhausted and must now roll their saving throw against fear.

Needless to say, folk who know nomes well take great pains to avoid startling them.

## NOME ADVANCEMENT

Level	Experience	Hit Dice	Hit Bonus	Save
1	0	1	+0	14
2	2,000	2	+0	13
3	4,000	3	+1	12
4	8,000	4	+2	11
5	16,000	5	+2	10
6	32,000	6	+3	9
7	64,000	7	+4	8
8	128,000	8	+5	7
9	256,000	9	+6	6
10	350,000	9 +2 hp	+7	5
11	450,000	9 +4 hp	+7	4
12	550,000	9 +6 hp	+8	4



# RANDOM

# Jeweled Thrones

*Illustration by Peter von Cornelius*

Whenever I'm writing a hex crawl and it's time to describe some royal ugly dude's throne, I have to take a pause. How do I make this interesting? How do I make it different?

In literary terms, the throne is an extension of the person sitting on it. In game terms, thrones are one of those things that players should remember; they give an encounter a bit of color and flash and provide something to fire the imagination.

With that in mind, I present a few tables for randomly generating (hopefully) interesting thrones.

First things first, you need to know whose butt is going to be planted in a throne, because their rank will provide a modifier (or no modifier) to the dice rolls:

Knight/Baron: +0
Viscount/Count: +5
Duke: +10
Grand Duke/Prince: +15
King/Queen: +20
Pope/Emperor: +25

For monster monarchs, let their hit dice be your guide:

0 to 5 HD: +0
6 to 9 HD: +5
10 to 14 HD: +10
15 to 19 HD: +20
20+ HD: +25

## THRONE MATERIAL (D%)

ROLL	MATERIAL
01-010	Pine*
11-17	Elm*
18-24	Maple
25-31	Cedar
32-38	Oak
39-45	Walnut
46-52	Cherry
53-59	Teak
60-64	Limestone (or granite or basalt)
65-69	Bone (re-roll if this is too bad ass for you)
70-74	Iron/Steel (re-roll if this is too metal for you)
75-79	Kingwood
80-84	Tulipwood
85-89	Ebony
90-94	Blackwood
95-99	Marble
100-104	Porphyry
105-109	Malachite
110-116	Brass
117-120	Silver
121-122	Gold
123	Platinum
124	Mithril
125	Adamantine

\* 10% chance that the wood is covered by silver foil or gold leaf

## ORNAMENTS (D%)

ROLL	ORNAMENT
01-08	None
09-16	Carvings (animals, plants, monsters, geometric designs, etc.)
17-23	Feathers (peacock, griffon, roc, angel, etc.)
24-30	Fixtures, brass (knobs, spikes, figurines, medallions)
31-36	Fixtures, silver
37-43	Inlay, wood (rosewood, zebrawood, holly, cocobo, ziricote, blackwood, ebony, kingwood)
44-48	Inlay, shells
49-55	Pillows of silk
56-60	Pillows of velvet
61-65	Pillows of damask
66-70	Inlay, alabaster
71-75	Inlay, ivory or tusks (elephant, narwhal, catoblepas)
76-79	Inlay, mother-of-pearl
80-85	Pietra dure - marble
86-90	Pillows of leather (monster hide)
91-94	Fixtures, gold
95-98	Fixtures, platinum
99-103	Pietra dure - fancy stones (see Blood & Treasure)
104-106	Fixtures, mithril
107-109	Fixtures, adamantine
110 - 114	Slaves (servants, dancers, musicians) - chained to throne
115-118	Guard animals (wolves, cheetahs, lions, tigers) - chained to throne
119-122	Gems (1d12; see Blood & Treasure)
123-125	Jewels (1d12; see Blood & Treasure)

## FOUNDATION (D%)

There is a 1 in 4 chance of the throne being situated on an interesting foundation

ROLL	FOUNDATION
01-50	Dais (1d4+1 steps)
51-75	Moat – water
76-85	Moat – perfumed water
86-95	Moat – wine, ale or some other such liquid
96-99	Moat - flaming oil
100-109	Statue (i.e. throne atop a statue of a bearer, either an animal or people)
110-114	Monster (throne actually on the back of a large, subdued monster)
115-125	Slaves (throne on the back of human or demi-human or non-human slaves)

## SPECIAL POWERS (D%)

The chance of a throne having a special power is equal to 1 + the owner's rank modifier on percentile dice.

ROLL	POWER
01-06	Augury (1/day)
07-12	Charm person (1/day)
13-18	Command (1/day)
19-27	Detect evil or good (1/day)
28-33	ESP (1/day)
34-37	Summon monster III (1/day)
38-40	Summon monster IV (1/day)
41-42	Summon monster V (1/day)
43-46	Augury (3/day)
47-50	Charm person (3/day)
51-53	Command (3/day)
54-58	Detect evil or good (3/day)
59-62	Break enchantment (1/day)
63-66	Cure disease (1/day)
67-70	Divination (1/day)
71-74	Remove curse (1/day)
75-78	ESP (3/day)
79-84	Magic resistance 5%
85-87	Detect evil or good (at will)
88-90	ESP (at will)
91-94	Magic resistance 10%
95-96	Contact other plane (1/week)
97-98	Gate (1/week)
99-101	Protection from evil or good (constant)
102-104	See invisibility (constant)
105-106	Tongues (constant)
107-108	True seeing (constant)
109-110	Control weather (1/day)
111-112	Flame strike (1/day)
113-114	Insect plague (1/day)
115-116	Lightning bolt (1/day)
117-118	Slow (1/day)
119-120	Magic resistance 20%
121-122	Summon Monster VI (1/day)
123-124	Summon Monster VII (1/day)
125	Wish (1/lifetime)



# Personal Quests

*Illustration by Jon Kaufman*

Fantasy gaming presents many excellent rule sets for exploring dank dungeons and recovering great treasures. Not surprisingly, many folks, inspired by fantasy literature, want something more than this. While the old rules do not explicitly support other styles of play, they do not discourage it either; most simply require more interaction between the game master and players outside the confines of the rules, or perhaps a tweaking of the rules (i.e. use find secret doors rules to find clues, such as the blood stains on the hem of the countess's dress - perhaps she killed the archduke!) to achieve the desired result.

That being said, I think what some players, especially players who approach the game as less of a game and more of a mutual imagination society, want is character development. John Carter was not just a guy running around killing martians. He was driven by his love for Dejah Thoris. Emotional goals can be difficult to model in a game that is driven by the primary reward of experience points, which are typically earned by slaying monsters and finding treasure. For some, the answer is "story awards", which work well with a group of very like-minded players, but story awards can be off-putting to folks who just want to play the core game concept (i.e. "I don't want to explore Rogar's childhood, I want to see what's beyond that glowing portal - I'm only 10,000 gp away from a down payment on my castle!) and they can be difficult to handle when player's goals are varied.

The following ideas attempt to reconcile these disparate play styles, creating an environment where players who want to develop their character's fantasy lives a bit more can do so without requiring solo play or forcing them to either forgo earning XP along with the others, or giving them bonus XP that will make the others a bit jealous. The system is just a thumbnail, really, and it is completely untested. Think of it as a notion and set of guidelines more than a fully realized set of rules.

## PERSONAL QUESTS

Personal quests are designed to test a character emotionally. In essence, a personal quest shifts their play rewards, for a time, from the traditional means of gaining XP to an alternative method of gaining XP. These personal quests are meant to work alongside normal play, though they will disrupt it to some extent. The player who wants to send his character on a personal quest should first discuss it with the other players and with the game master, and get their buy in.

The basic structure of a personal quest is as follows:

1. Character declares he is undertaking a personal quest
2. Player wagers some ability score points on the success of his quest – they must have some skin in the game
3. While on the quest, the character earns no XP for normal adventuring, but rather earns XP for accomplishing the quest

Failure on the quest means a loss of ability score points and XP for the character.

There are three types of Personal Quests (though I am sure others could devise other quests): Quests of the Heart, Tests of Faith and Quests of the Mind.

### QUESTS OF THE HEART

Quests of the heart involve romance. Since I am a heterosexual man, I'm going to describe these quests in terms of men pledging themselves to women, but your mileage may vary, and I think the rules of love are generally applicable to women pledging themselves to men, men pledging themselves to other men and women pledging themselves to other women.

A quest of the heart involves a man becoming cognizant of the most desirable woman in the city/kingdom/world, etc. He decides that he loves her, and more importantly decides that he most desires her to fell love towards him.

The game master must create a desirable woman as an NPC. She should be beautiful, physically, mentally and spiritually - we're talking Cyrano and Roxanne here, not the playmate of the month (though I don't know any playmates personally, so I really shouldn't comment on their mental and spiritual beauty).

**Step One:** The man must introduce himself to the woman. Of course, there are any number of ways to do this depending on the woman's station in life. This shouldn't be entirely easy, and while it may be a quick solo move by the character, it could also involve him getting help from his friends or from friendly NPCs.

This introduction can be as debonair or devil-may-care as the player wants, but on some level it should be romantic.

Once the man has made his introduction, he must declare (perhaps before witnesses, perhaps before the woman alone) that he loves her and will earn her love in return within the span of one year and one day. The woman should regard this proposal somewhat coolly. After all, if she melts into his arms now, there isn't much point to the quest, and a woman worth having should be hard to get. In any case, the woman will show at least some interest in her suitor. In return for his pledge, she will place her hands on his cheeks and whisper to him a *geas* (per the spell) that will govern his actions during his quest. The *geas* can be as whimsical or cruel as the game master thinks is appropriate for the woman he has created.

**Step Two:** If the woman is the most desirable woman in a village or market town, she must have a charisma of at least 16, and the man who loves her must wager at least 4 points of charisma in his quest to win her love. If the woman is the most desirable woman in a great city, she must have a charisma of at least 17, and the man who loves her must wager at least 6 points of charisma on his quest. If the woman is the most desirable in the kingdom or region, she must have a charisma of 18 and her suitor must wager 8 points of charisma. If she is the most desirable woman on a continent, she must have a charisma of 19 (yes, beyond the human norm) and her suitor must wager 10 points of charisma on his quest. If she is truly the most desirable woman in the world, she must have a charisma of 20 and her suitor must wager 12 points of charisma on his quest.

A suitor cannot wager so much charisma that failure would bring his score below 3. The desirable woman, of course, should also have above average scores in wisdom and intelligence, and might have other high scores as well.

The potential loss of charisma points represents the suitor's broken heart should he fail. Failing to gain the love of his love, life becomes a dark, dreary, pointless place, and he finds it difficult to carry on around others. Life loses its luster and flavor. Ability score points lost on a personal quest cannot be restored - not even with wishes. The player chose to risk them, and there should be no avenue to mitigate this risk.

**Step Three:** While on his personal quest, the suitor earns no XP from normal adventuring (i.e. monsters and treasure). He does, however, earn XP for completing his quest, as follows:

Most desirable in village/town - 5,000 XP

Most desirable in city - 10,000 XP

Most desirable in kingdom - 25,000 XP

Most desirable on continent - 50,000 XP

Most desirable in world - 100,000 XP

Adjust these values as you like.

The quest is completed when the suitor earns from the woman he loves the kiss of true love. At least some of this quest involves acting on the part of the player and game master. If this makes either uncomfortable, then a personal quest of this kind is not going to work. Of course, since this is a game, there are also some measurable aspects to the quest. This is heroic fantasy gaming, of course.

The suitor must complete at least three tasks/sacrifices to win his lady's love:

One of these tasks is the giving of a wondrous gift. Wondrous does not necessarily mean valuable, though if it does, the value should be no less than one-fifth of the XP value of the quest in gold pieces (thus 20,000 gp for the most desirable woman in the world). If a gift holds a deep meaning, it need not carry any monetary value at all.

Another task is a test of wits. The player must write a love sonnet (no copying!). The sonnet must be delivered, in character, at the gaming table and must be judged by those assembled. Hey, love hurts, folks, and we aren't talking hit point damage here.

The final test is one of the body. The suitor must risk death for the hand of his beloved. This is more in line with traditional fantasy gaming, except that the adventurer is risking it all for a woman's heart rather than for a box of coins. The final test must be meaningful to the woman: Rescuing her father, who was lost at sea, finding her long lost brother, who might be a bandit in the hills, recovering her family's magic sword from a dragon's horde, restoring her mother to her rightful place as queen, venturing into the underworld to bring his love back after she was poisoned by a jealous rival.

The difficulty of the quest should be commensurate with the level of the characters involved. A 12th level lord should not get off easy just because he is "only" trying to woo the most desirable woman in his manorial village.

If these tasks have been completed successfully (with the help of the others in the party, of course, but the key player must always attempt to take the lead) and the role playing has been good, the player may return to his love and again pledge himself to her on bended knee. If she kisses him, he is hers and she is his and true love triumphs. The successful suitor earns the XP, increases his charisma by half as much as he risked (max score of 18), and the character now has a very concrete connection to the game world.

If he should ever lose his love, he loses those charisma points earned and wagered and loses half the XP earned on the quest. Once John Carter wins Dejah Thoris' heart, after all, he is forever bound to her.

### The Test of Faith

The test of faith is a personal quest designed for Lawful (Good) characters. I'm sure somebody out there can modify it for other alignments, but for now I'm sticking with the good guys.

**Step One:** The lawful character challenges his deity or faith to test him down to the marrow in his bones to see if he is truly worthy of his deity's love. The petitioner must wager wisdom points (a minimum of 4) on this personal quest. Each point of wisdom wagered translates into either one month, or one game session, of the test (game master's choice). During these months, normal XP acquisition is suspended for the character.

In place of normal XP acquisition, the petitioner earns XP for lawful (good) acts. We're talking acts of sacrifice, generosity, caring, love (not lust), etc. The XP value is based on the object of this lawful act, with clerics and paladins (and perhaps rangers, depending on the rules you use) earning double the XP because the stakes of this test are much higher for them.

Close friend or family = 50 XP x level

Associate = 100 XP x level

Stranger = 200 XP x level

Stranger, helpless = 300 XP x level

If the lawful act also directly benefits the petitioner, cut the XP reward in half.

**Step Two:** The test involved here essentially works like a curse (and one that cannot be magically alleviated, since the petitioner entered into the test on their own volition). Every time the petitioner performs a lawful (good) act, they are beset by a misfortune.

During the first month or session of the test, these misfortunes are minor annoyances; the adventurer's food going bad, a piece of equipment is lost or damaged, they trip over something and make a fool out of themselves. You get the idea. All of these misfortunes affect the petitioner.

During the second month or session of the test, the misfortunes are magnified and more mechanical; penalties to saving throws or attack rolls, weapons or armor breaking in the middle of a fight, etc. Dangerous stuff.

During the third month or session of the test, the misfortunes begin to affect the petitioner's allies (i.e. party members, henchmen, hirelings). The misfortune's might be as above, or might be things like surprise diseases or house fires. Each time such a thing occurs, there is a good chance an NPC becomes hostile to the petitioner and abandons them. The actions of party members are up to the players, of course.

During the fourth and subsequent months or sessions of the test, the misfortunes begin plaguing random strangers (could be a child, could be a powerful king) in the city or kingdom or region the petitioner is adventuring or living in. Word of the petitioner's test will have spread, of course, so it is likely that the victim of this misfortune will know who to blame. It's also very possible that every misfortune in the area will be blamed on the adventurer. Needless to say, these are going to be rough times.

Fortunately, there is a way out ...

**Step Three:** To stop the misfortunes, the petitioner need only renounce his or her god, goddess or faith, publicly and loudly. The adventurer's alignment is changed to neutral and all benefits from the lawful (good) alignment are lost (i.e. clerics lose all spellcasting ability, turn undead, paladins become normal fighting-men, etc. - it's up to the game master if the petitioner can atone to regain his alignment and abilities). The petitioner loses the wagered wisdom points (they have lost their faith), and these cannot be restored by any means.

If, on the other hand, the petitioner survives this test of faith, they receive half as many wisdom points as they wagered as a permanent boost to their ability score and begin attracting 1d6 zealous followers to their flock each time they advance in level. These followers are in addition to normal retainers allowed by charisma and in addition to followers gained when one builds a stronghold. The adventurer is now known far and wide for his faith, but he might also be despised for the trouble he has caused and have to work diligently to make things right.

### The Quest of the Mind

When I started this, I knew that I wanted to do three versions of the personal quest, one to challenge each of the mental ability scores. The Quest of the Heart challenges charisma and the Test of Faith challenges wisdom. What to do with Intelligence?

Scientific revolution, of course!

In a quest of the mind, a character challenges the foundations of knowledge in the game world he inhabits. We're talking Copernicus vs. Ptolemy here, and that makes this maybe the biggest quest of all, since, on a fundamental level, it allows the



player to screw with the game world at large. Naturally, allowing such a quest is totally up to the game master, who might not like to have his game world turned upside down. If a game world is getting stale, though, what better way to freshen things up?

What counts as a scientific revolution in a fantasy world? Obviously, disproving the function of magic is out of bounds, as there too many people actually using magic to make that world and all the spellcasters in the party are going to get a bit testy.

A few acceptable possibilities might be:

Human beings evolved from apes (or locathah or green slime)

The world is round (or flat or cubical or a dodecahedron)

The Sun is the center of the solar system (or the perfect breasts of Queen Faustina of Zrath or the Golden Needle that lies in the deepest valley in the world)

You get the idea. Whatever is being "proven" must be, according to everything everyone in the game world knows (i.e. what the game master initially made up), wrong. Guidelines for such a thing are not easy to come up with, so a great deal will be left up to the game master and player.

**Step One:** The character makes a very public announcement - perhaps in the court of the World Emperor or, if the printing press exists, in a widely published paper that shocks (SHOCKS) sages all over the world to their core.

The iconoclast must risk points of intelligence here - a maximum of 8 - with failure indicating that something he or she thought was true about the cosmos was wrong - i.e. the iconoclast was not as smart as everyone thought they were. The intelligence risked should be commensurate with the impact of the proposed scientific revolution.

**Step Two:** Now we get to the meat of the quest, and we have to get into some real fantasyisms to make it work, since such a proof is generally not the stuff of grand adventure.

In order to prove his theory correct, the iconoclast must gather evidence at the rate of one piece of evidence per point of intelligence risked. The iconoclast's enemies (and they will be many) will work actively against her, so beware assassins in the night and annoying bureaucrats in the day.

The pieces of evidence to be gathered should fall into the following categories:

**Mathematic:** A mathematic proof must always be one of the bits of evidence gathered. Creating this proof is the equivalent of creating a new spell, with the level of the spell being equal to the number of points of intelligence the iconoclast is risking. Normal spell creation rules apply (for whatever system you are using), with the exception that the iconoclast can use the services of a sage rather than alchemist to aid in his research, provided he can find a sage willing to risk his reputation to help the iconoclast. Since this is a pretty dry sort of evidence to collect, you probably do not want to let the iconoclast do it more than once to count as gathered evidence.

**Ancient Lore:** This involves finding ancient lore that bolsters the iconoclast's theory. Maybe it is an ancient book scribed by a long-dead archmage, a stone tablet made by pre-human fish people or observations on the cosmos worked into the gown of an ancient king by his court astronomers. Whatever it is, the iconoclast must first find a clue that it exists, and then he must find the lore. This

might involve dungeon delving, but it could also involve performing a service for the owner or stealing it from them.

**Specimens:** This includes natural specimens, be they ancient fossils, samples of elements (i.e. periodic table elements, not "four classical" elements) or samples of animal or plant life (or monster life). Whatever they are, they should be exotic and hard to come by. Again, this dovetails nicely with the traditional focus of a fantasy adventure game, and should help keep the iconoclast's fellow adventurers happy.

**Experiments:** This can be a bit tougher, of course, and might best be handled in the same way as mathematic proofs. The idea would be to prove something with a public, physical experiment, such as dropping a heavy ball and a light ball from a tower and seeing the rate at which they fall, or measuring shadows cast by obelisks in different towns, etc. Honestly - I'm not sure how this would work - I leave it up to creative players and game masters.

**Step Three:** However the evidence is gathered, it must at some point be presented to the assembled authorities. An academy of sages must be called forth by one of the great rulers of the land, and they must be given time to assemble. The sages (and this could include magic-users and clerics) should be in number equal to the points of intelligence at risk +2. Thus, if the iconoclast is risking 8 points of intelligence, the academy should include 10 sages. Creating this academy probably means that the iconoclast needs a royal or imperial patron, and gaining such a patron can be an adventure all by itself.

Once the authorities are assembled, the evidence is presented to them and the argument is made. The process of debate is handled like a combat. Each person in this mental combat re-rolls their hit points using d6 for their level (you might need to assign "levels" to the sages based on their age and reputation) and modifying these hit points by their Wisdom rather than Constitution. Each debater's "Armor Class" is equal to 10 plus their Intelligence score. Attacks are rolled on 1d20 and are modified by the debater's Charisma bonus (i.e. treat Charisma as though it were Strength). Damage is equal to 1d6 modified by Charisma again.

For the first bit of evidence, one opponent comes forth to challenge the iconoclast's conclusions. The mental combat is waged until one of the combatants has lost all his "hit points". If the iconoclast loses, then the piece of evidence is rejected. If he wins, then he convinces his challenger that he is correct and he has a new ally who will join him in battle for future fights! At the end of each fight, 50% of the "hit points" lost in that fight are restored. If the academy adjourns for the day (you might assume that each "round" of a combat takes 30 minutes), all hit points are restored with a night of rest.

If the iconoclast has a single ally, his next piece of evidence is challenged by 1d2+1 rivals. If he has two allies, it is challenged by 1d2+2 rivals, and so on, until she has convinced a 70% majority of the assembled brainiacs that she is correct.

If the iconoclast fails to convince at least half of the assembled authorities that she is correct, she loses the risked Intelligence points and any XP earned while gathering her evidence. She is now a laughing stock, a kook, and will be regarded as such by commoner, academic and noble alike. Old NPC allies will distance themselves from her, even if they do think she is correct.

If the iconoclast convinces at least half of the authorities that she is correct, she loses only half the intelligence risked, retains half of the XP earned gathering evidence, and has created a schism in the body academic. Academic wars (or real wars, if religion is involved) will rage, and the iconoclast will have to be satisfied with shaking the status quo.

If the iconoclast convinces 70% of the assembled authorities that she is correct, she increases her intelligence score by half the points risked, retains the XP earned while gathering evidence, and she becomes, academically speaking, the most important person in the world (at least until a new scientific revolution takes place). As a celebrity, she will receive offers of patronage from emperors and kings and she will forever more have the abilities of a sage (using whatever sage rules your game uses; but not including new spellcasting abilities).

Note also that the "new reality" that has been birthed may alter the functioning of spells and unearthly creatures. If demons are proven, for example, to be nothing more than illusions of a troubled mind, they might have less power over people. I'll leave it up to the game master how far they want things to go.

JMS

## HOLIDAY CHEER

# Santas for All

Most kids who grew up in the United States celebrating Christmas at some point learned about the “Santa Clauses” of different lands, such as Father Christmas, Sinterklaas and Befana. Just as different cultures have different depictions of the mystic gift-giver, different demi-humans in fantasy world might have their own versions of old Kris Kringle. What follows is one version of who good little dwarflings and elflets might wait for in the dead of winter while dreaming of sugarplums.

### KING KRIS OF THE DWARVES

Kris was a king of the old dwarves, who as is dreadfully common with those folk delved too deep in search of mithral and wondrous stones. He and his clan were lost thousands of years ago, but so highly was he regarded that stories often cropped up of sightings of signs that the old king was still alive. This led to stories of Kris and his clan fighting various subterranean horrors and, eventually, fighting all the way to the gates of Hell that he might reforge Lucifer’s own chains. It also became an element of dwarven folklore that surprising veins of metal or precious stones were gifts left by Kris for especially noble dwarfs, especially good dwarfs who had suffered many failures and were being rewarded for remaining honorable even in the face of starvation and ruin.

Finally, the stories of King Kris became a fixture with little dwarfs, who were not only instructed by his courage and steadfastness, but by tales of his generosity towards those of noble and honest character. It became traditional for the dwarves, during the early days of winter, to hold feasts in Kris’ honor, at which he was invoked to bless the winter ale and at which dwarfs exchanged gifts with family, friends and henchmen. Traditionally, gifts given to close friends and lovers are made by the dwarf him or herself as a test of their own skill, and the value of the gift is often an expression of the dwarf’s own standing in the community.

What might a dwarf expect to receive on Krisfest?

D30	GIFT
1	Beard extensions
2	Spiked boots of tooled purple worm leather
3	Jeweled eye patch (or two, if the poor dear is blind)
4	Treacle surprise!
5	Rock candy shaped like little earth elementals
6	New undergarments with a fresh pine scent
7	Monogramed leather apron - smith in style!
8	Blue dragon leather grip for a warhammer or axe
9	Illustrated copy of <i>The Amorous Adventures of Freya Grunsdottir</i>
10	<i>Basket Weaving Made Easy</i> – much of it is applicable to beards
11	Woolen stockings – 3 pairs!
12	Bag of novelty pipe cleaners
13	Subscription to the Mead of the Month club
14	A real treasure map!
15	Balrog-B-Gon (1% chance of actually working)
16	Pair of gold-sniffing ferrets
17	Aurumvorax-fur coat (worth 200 gp)
18	Helm with handy-dandy candle holder
19	Nose wax (to keep the old neb nice and shiny!)
20	Monogram lace hanky, ‘cause even dwarves need a good cry sometimes
21	Leather bodice studded with rhinestones (for the dwarfettes ... or maybe not ...)
22	Adamantine pick-axe autographed by Bjorn "the Badger" Bjornholm
23	Lead miniature collection, “The Great Dwarves of History”
24	Official Junior Vulcan Metallurgy Set
25	Bar of lye soap, nose tweezers and ivory mustache comb in a tasteful gift bag
26	Box of assorted candied beetles
27	50-ft. of silk rope
28	Cave bear rug
29	Ale mug engraved with the dwarf’s name
30	Collection of Norðri, Suðri, Austri and Vestri commemorative plates

### CALEIGH OF THE ELVES

Elves are a flighty people, not materialistic in the traditional sense, but they do appreciate luxury and fine craftsmanship. There has rarely been an elf born that doesn’t consider themselves “worth it” when it comes to indulging in the finer things in life. That being said, ritual gift giving is not an annual occurrence between elves, for gifts must be rare, wonderful and meaningful; anything less escapes their notice.

If elves are not materialistic, they are often idealistic, holding the appreciation of truth, beauty and eternal bonds (a long lifespan tends to make most loves and friendships quite temporary in the greater scheme of things) above all other things. No elf has ever better symbolized these things than Caleigh, an elf of impossibly ancient times who served as the court astronomer of the legendary Vinrix, first king of the elves. She began as with all the elf maidens with a powerful ardour for the king. He was handsome, strong, wise and clever, a master of the sword and wand and the scion of the old gods who was nursed by Ish (mother goddess of the elves) herself.

However, in the course of her duties as royal astronomer, Caleigh discovered a greater beauty than Vinrix and a deeper truth than could ever lurk in that worthy's breast – she discovered the cosmos. In particular, the shimmering moon held her eye and her heart. Of course, when she stopped paying attention to Vinrix, she immediately became the apple of his eye. He plied her with gifts, but was ever rebuffed in his attempts to win her, and eventually, fearing his wrath and tired of his pleading, she fled Nod for silvery Luna.

Vinrix was at first angered by this, but in good time he repented and enshrined his lost love in a corner of his palace, her statue constructed of solid mithril, a moon pool at her feet.

So it was, during the long wars with the dwarfs, that at one battle on the plains of Korseth, beneath a full moon, that Vinrix almost met his end. His horse was knocked from beneath him by a great stone cast from a dwarven ballista, and as the dwarven host charged towards him, he cast his eyes to the moon above and was amazed to see a pegasus descend on a beam of moonlight. Mounting the creature, he was saved from the dwarfs and lived to fight on (though his end would come soon enough, as every scholar of elven history well knows).

In honor of this, most elves gather every few decades under a full moon to exchange gifts with one another and renew bonds of love and friendship. Wine is served in silver goblets, and songs are sung long into the night. Elven children are told that if they sleep beneath the full moon on the cool grass and dream of pleasant things, that Caleigh may favor them with a gift that will descend to them on a moonbeam.

What gift might an elf look forward to from Caleigh?

D30	GIFT
1	Bejewelled ear-wax cleaner
2	Pointy hat in glorious velvet
3	New silver bells for one's formal pointy shoes
4	Magical easy bake oven in the shape of a tree
5	Autographed tapestry of Santa Claus
6	Stereoscope cards of Freyr in all her divine glory
7	A shiny new sword with silver engraving in the shape of acanthus leaves
8	Magical coat of leaves – they match the woodland environment and season and act as camouflage
9	Licorice drops – elves can't get enough of licorice drops, and each is embossed with an elf-cross
10	<i>Nymphs and Dryads I Have Known</i> , a memoir by Högni Half-Elven
11	Dark elf plushie and a collection of silver pins (worth 5 gp)
12	A box of flower petals crystalized in sugar
13	A trick flask with two sides to allow one to hide potions or trick enemies into drinking poison!
14	New woolen tights
15	Harp engraved with prancing unicorns
16	False mustache and beard
17	"Brownie-whistle" – a silver whistle only the fey can hear
18	A silver comb

19	An Italian greyhound puppy, since they're effectively the elves of the dog world
20	<i>1001 Things to Say to Piss Off a Dwarf</i> – popular old joke book
21	Magical chemise – one can pull an endless number of red roses from the sleeves
22	Silver dagger
23	A sword cane – come on, you know elves would love those things
24	Kerchief of Elvenkind – admittedly, not as useful as the cloak or boots, but a dapper touch nonetheless
25	Quiver of handmade elfshot
26	Wooden sculpture of a feminine leg with a continual light spell cast on it'
27	New longbow
28	Set of three bowstrings woven from the tail hairs of a unicorn (+1 damage, worth 10 gp each, each lasts for 1d20 shots)
29	Flagon of sweet, clear wine
30	Shirt of elven mail

## GAMMER GLAM OF THE HALFLINGS

The halflings perceive the cosmos as the great kitchen (yeah, they're a bit obsessed with food) of their mother goddess. This makes every halfling kitchen a shrine, and every halfling cook a family priest. Grandmothers are especially favored in this role, not only for their long experience and their often kindly disposition towards children, but also for their resemblance to the famous Gammer glam of halfling folklore.

Gammer glam was an especially ancient halfling woman who ran an exquisite kitchen. Her sausages were renowned in many kingdoms and her sauces could not be paralleled. A dozen human princes had tried to woo her to their service, elven lords and dwarven thanes had plied her with precious gifts and even the old orc king Yark had thrown the region into a 30 year war in his quest to steal Gammer Glam away from her village.

In her older years, she remained a vigorous woman of seemingly endless good cheer. Each year, she "took her walk", as she would call it, traversing the hills of Yore to visit her eldest daughter who lived in the wilderness with her husband, a woodsman. Every year the people of the village would council her to cancel her visit, for the walk was long and dangerous. She would simply laugh off their concerns and wish them well. They would beg to be allowed to send along a guard, but she simply replied that she enjoyed the solitude and would beg them to leave her be and wait for her return in the spring.

So it was that one year, Gammer Glam went off into the woods with her basket of victuals, a bottle of cider and bundle of sticks on her way to her daughter's house. Along the way, she came across a small brook. On the bank of this brook there sat a mother beaver and her kids, weeping into the water. When Gammer Glam asked them the trouble, she replied that her husband had been taken by a wolf before he could finish their lodge, and that with winter approaching they should surely die.

Gammer Glam, without hesitation, removed the bundle of sticks from her back and waded into the water to begin building the lodge. The beavers leapt into the water to help, and in no time they had completed the lodge. They thanked Gammer Glam and off she went to finish her journey.

Next, she came upon a gaggle of pathetic looking dwarves. They had been prospecting in the mountains when a band of ogres had seized their mine and thrown them out into the wilderness without a crumb of bread or a drop of water. Hearing of their plight, Gammer Glam set out her blanket and her basket of victuals and invited the dwarves to a feast. They demurred, of course, but her smile was so warm and her eyes so bright, that they were soon persuaded to have a portion of the feast. When they were finished, she sent them off to her village, where they would be well cared for through the winter.

The old halfling continued on her way for quite some time before the wind began howling and tearing at her shawl. The sky darkened and lightning crashed. She pushed on through the weather until she finally came across a storm giant sitting on a hill, clutching his jaw. Gammer Glam tapped the giant with her walking stick and asked him what ailed him, and he replied that he had a terrible toothache. Gammer soon produced her bottle of cider, and after it had eased the giant's pain she climbed upon him and investigated his tooth, for every halfling mother is as skilled at dentistry as she is at making pies. In no time at all, and with more than a little effort, she had pulled the tooth. The giant's pain relieved, the weather once again became pleasant.

Before she continued on, though, Gammer Glam took inventory. Her sticks she had given the beavers, her food the dwarves and her cider the giant, and yet she was not sorry that she had nothing left, but rather than she had nothing left to give. Gammer Glam would never return to her village, nor would she make it to her daughter's house. None ever saw her again, but halflings all through the region heard tales of her giving and soon found that, when times were hard, gifts would appear on their doorstep. They attributed this giving to Gammer Glam, telling that she had gone to live with the fairies in the wild wood and now visited her old people when they were in need. Soon, the winter solstice became a feast day for the halflings, when family and friends spent the day helping their neighbors – mending fences, putting up crops, jarring preserves, knitting blankets and such – and the night feasting and toasting one another. Children would be sent to bed with promises that in the morning they might find something special for them left by Gammer Glam in their shoe, but only if they'd been as generous as her throughout the year. And so it is that each morning, good little halfling boys and girls find their shoes stuffed with candies and little toys, left by Gammer Glam to reward them for their (mostly) good behavior.

What might Gammer Glam leave in your shoe this year?

- |     |   |
|-----|---|
| D30 | GIFT  |
| 1   | Cheese - and lot's of it.   |
| 2   | Mithril mixing bowl - nothing sticks to mithril except dire molasses  |
| 3   | Jar of dire molasses  |
| 4   | Rose-colored glasses (+1 to save vs. sadness and fear)  |
| 5   | Lederhosen - pre-worn in by the elves at the North Pole and thus smelling of peppermint   |
| 6   | Toe hair combing kit in a fancy leather case  |
| 7   | Scented foot oil  |
| 8   | Pennywhistle, mouth-harp and set of musical spoons - to pass the time on long trips   |
| 9   | Brand new slingshot with a compass and a thing that tells the time in the stock   |
| 10  | Crushed velvet bag containing 10 silver sling bullets   |
| 11  | A set of hand-carved bird calls - includes one's for giant eagles, rocs and giant owls (1 in 6 chance of attracting an owlbear) |
| 12  | "Get Out of Gaol Free" card signed by St. Cuthbert himself  |
| 13  | Stickum - useful for halfling thieves (bonus to climb and pick pocket checks)   |
| 14  | Autographed copy of <i>There and Back Again</i>   |
| 15  | Set of three nosebags (+1 save vs. poison gas)  |
| 16  | Daisy chains, enchanted to never wilt   |
| 17  | Elven cloak (ever since that book came out, every halfling wants one)   |
| 18  | New hurling stick (can be used as a club or to hurl things like flaming oil or holy water)                                      |
| 19  | A prize pig of surprising intelligence, large enough to be used as a mount  |
| 20  | Sack of walnuts   |
| 21  | Shire Army Knife (fork, spoon, knife, toothpick and corkscrew)  |
| 22  | Silver locket containing a curly auburn lock - find the owner and get a free kiss   |
| 23  | Embroidered shirt or dress - hand stitching   |
| 24  | Gnarly, wooden walking stick  |
| 25  | Sack of jelly babies  |
| 26  | Glass bottle of bay rum   |
| 27  | Seat cane with silver top (counts as a silver club for attacking incorporeals and lycanthropes)                                 |
| 28  | Dragon-nip - throws dragons off your scent when sneaking into their hordes  |
| 29  | Silver dagger   |
| 30  | Book of Riddles - useful for stumping gollums   |

JMS

## CLASS

# The Shadow Dancer

*Illustration by Jon Kaufman*

The shadowdancer is an interesting little class. While I don't think of it being an archetype of fantasy fiction (at least not the old stuff I read), one can imagine it fitting in well with the concept of a "shadow plane" and even with some of the mythology surrounding the ninja. Ultimately, I don't know where this class fits in within the traditional fantasy milieu, but I do know that somebody out there could have a good time playing one, and that's good enough for me.

### THE SHADOW DANCER

Shadowdancers are characters akin to thieves and assassins, with mystic powers related to the mysterious shadow plane. They have personalities as shadowy as their powers, for they have stared long into the darkness. Shadow dancers prefer dark places (not surprising), and they also prefer solitude and quiet. They are introspective by nature, and perhaps focus too much on what is happening inside their heads and hearts and not enough time on what is happening around them.

As adventurers, shadow dancers make supreme spies and scouts. Dungeons are dark, and thus are like playgrounds for shadow dancers. They often lurk on the fringes of their comrade's torch light, close enough to be safe, but far enough away that they can make use of the full measure of their abilities.

### ROLL D6 FOR HIT POINTS

#### REQUIREMENTS

Dexterity and charisma of 13 or higher.

#### ARMOR & SHIELDS

Padded and leather armor, no shields

#### WEAPONS

Club, crossbow (any), dagger, dart, light mace, morningstar, punching dagger, quarterstaff, rapier, sap, shortbow and short sword.

#### SKILLS

Balance, disguise, escape bonds, hide in shadows, jump, listen at doors, move silently and pick pockets.

#### CLASS FEATURES

Shadowdancers are so at home in the darkness that they gain darkvision to a range of 60 feet, regardless of their race.

They are so skilled at hiding in shadows that, as long as there are shadows within 10 feet, a shadow dancer gains a +3 bonus to all hide in shadow task checks, as the shadows seem to flow over their bodies. Furthermore, a shadowdancer can use the spell



XP	LVL	HD	ATK	F	R	W	TITLE
0	1	1d6	+0	15	13	15	Penumbra
1,500	2	2d6	+1	15	12	15	Duskwalker
3,000	3	3d6	+1	14	12	14	Umbra
6,000	4	4d6	+2	14	11	14	Gloomwalker
12,000	5	5d6	+3	13	11	13	Phantom
24,000	6	6d6	+3	13	10	13	Shadow Walker
48,000	7	7d6	+4	13	10	13	Shadow Bender
96,000	8	8d6	+5	12	9	12	Shadow Dancer
200,000	9	9d6	+6	12	9	12	Shadow Master
400,000	10	10d6	+6	12	8	12	Shadow Lord
600,000	11	+2 hp	+7	11	8	11	Shadow Lord
800,000	12	+2 hp	+8	11	7	11	Shadow Lord
1,000,000	13	+2 hp	+8	11	7	11	Shadow Lord
1,200,000	14	+2 hp	+9	10	6	10	Shadow Lord
1,400,000	15	+2 hp	+10	10	6	10	Shadow Lord
1,600,000	16	+2 hp	+10	10	5	10	Shadow Lord
1,800,000	17	+2 hp	+11	9	5	9	Shadow Lord
2,000,000	18	+2 hp	+12	9	4	9	Shadow Lord
2,200,000	19	+2 hp	+12	9	4	9	Shadow Lord
2,400,000	20	+2 hp	+13	8	3	8	Shadow Lord

*deeper darkness* three times per day.

At **2nd level**, a shadowdancer can create visual illusions per the spell *silent image* once per day, but only if in a shadowy area.

At **3rd level** a shadowdance learns to separate her own shadow into an independent entity. Unlike a normal shadow, this shadow's alignment matches that of the shadowdancer and the creature cannot create spawn. The summoned shadow cannot be turned, rebuked, or commanded by any third party. This shadow serves as a companion to the shadowdancer and can communicate intelligibly with the shadowdancer. Every third level gained by the shadowdancer adds +2 HD to her shadow companion.

If a shadow companion is destroyed, or the shadowdancer chooses to dismiss it, the shadowdancer must attempt a Fortitude save. If the saving throw fails, the shadowdancer loses 200 experience points per shadowdancer level. A successful saving throw reduces the loss by half, to 100 XP per class level. The shadowdancer's XP total can never go below 0 as the result of a shadow's dismissal or destruction. A destroyed or dismissed shadow companion cannot be replaced for 30 days.

At **4th level**, a shadowdancer gains the ability to travel between shadows as if by means of a *dimension door* spell. The limitation is that the magical transport must begin and end in an area with at least some shadow. A shadowdancer can jump up to a total of 20 feet each day in this way; this may be a single jump of 20 feet or two jumps of 10 feet each. Every two levels higher than 4th, the distance a shadowdancer can jump each day doubles (40 feet at 6th, 80 feet at 8th, and 160 feet at 10th). This amount can be split among many jumps, but each one, no matter how small, counts as a 10-foot increment.

Starting at **6th level**, once per day, when a shadowdancer would be reduced to 0 hit points or less by damage in combat (from a weapon or other blow, not a spell or special ability), she can attempt to roll with the damage. She makes a Reflex saving throw and, if successful, takes only half damage from the blow. She must be aware of the attack and able to react to it in order to execute her defensive roll.

At **8th level**, the shadowdancer can cast the *blacklight* spell once per day.

At **10th level**, the shadowdancer can cast the *shadow conjuration* spell once per day. Their use of the blacklight spell increases to three per day, and they can use deeper darkness and silent image five times per day.

At **12th level**, the shadow dancer can cast the *shadow evocation* spell once per day. Their use of shadow conjuration increases to three times per day, they can use blacklight and silent image five times per day and cast deeper darkness at will.

JMS

## RULES

# Making Alignment Count

*Illustration by Howard Pyle*

Every good blog / magazine / forum devoted to fantasy gaming needs to address alignment eventually, especially if it can find a way to annoy its readers in doing so. Today is the day for NOD! And before I go any further, this article is declared Open Game Content!

### LAW MEANS SACRIFICE

Let's assume, for the moment, that human beings, and therefore all characters in an RPG, have free will. They can choose to kill the goblin children or leave them alive, steal the sacred goblet or leave it alone, etc.

Adhering to a code - call it Law or Good or Lawful Good or whatever - means choosing to sacrifice your freedom to do things that might seem tactically or strategically wise, or just emotionally satisfying, in deference to a higher authority.

In old rule editions, there was a hint of this in terms of which alignments were allowed to use poison and flaming oil. Clearly, poisoning a weapon (especially when poison usually meant save or die) was tactically a smart thing to do for adventurers. Kill your opponents more quickly, save your hit points for later battles, collect more treasure and thus collect more XP. The paladin, however, chooses not to do such a thing - just isn't cricket you know! So, the notion here is that characters who choose to obtain their XP the hard way receive "compensation" from the higher powers that they serve.

### ADDITIONAL ASSUMPTIONS

Besides the assumption of free will above, an alignment system like the one presented here makes a couple other assumptions



that probably make it anathema to many campaign worlds and play styles.

Assumption #1: The deities of Law created the universe. This isn't too far afield for a fantasy game - many mythologies work on this concept. First there was chaos, then there were titans/giants who gave birth to the gods who destroyed their parents and used them for spare parts while creating the universe and setting up its laws physical and spiritual. If you're working on a more temporal universe or a Lovecraftian universe, this alignment system is almost certainly not for you.

Assumption #2: The deities of Law are doing their best to hold back or defeat the bad gods/demons and they reward mortals for toeing the line. This alignment system operates on the idea of XP rewards for good behavior, which means experience points don't just represent training and skill, but also the blessings of higher powers. It also means there is a universal establishment of right and wrong in the campaign, and those who submit themselves to it gain a palpable benefit. If this does not fit with your or your player's sensibilities about life or how things should operate in a campaign, then this system is probably not for you.

### VIRTUE AND VICE

Now that we have the assumptions out of the way, we get to the system. Since this is a magazine for rules light, old school gaming, the system is simple and draws on an existing system in the game, i.e. experience point bonuses. You can use this system

alongside XP bonuses for high ability scores or have it replace the existing system as you like.

Before we get into the rewards, let's discuss virtue. This article will present virtue on quasi-Abrahamic grounds, since the Abrahamic religions were kind enough to put down things like Commandments and Cardinal Virtues and Seven Deadly Sins in writing. The point here isn't to promote one faith over another, so feel free to rewrite the commandments as you see fit.

Using the medieval concept of the chain of being, I'm going to put down a few commandments for adventurers in an order based on how difficult these commandments make dungeon delving. Commandment 1 is the most difficult to keep, Commandment 10 the easiest. I am then going to write down three systems of rewarding player characters with XP bonuses based on how they interact with these commandments.

### **I GIVE YOU THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR ADVENTURERS**

1. You shall not murder/kill
2. You shall not steal (even from evil temples, though feel free to destroy their idols)
3. You shall defend the innocent and helpless with your life
4. You shall donate a minimum of 10% of your acquired wealth to the poor / the temple / etc.
5. You shall not use wicked tactics in combat (i.e. poison weapons, flaming oil)
6. You shall not lie
7. You shall share treasure equally with other adventurers
8. You shall obey legal authority anointed with legitimacy by Law
9. You shall not have improper relations with tavern wenches / stable grooms / etc.
10. You shall only worship (i.e. tithe, sacrifice to, call on) Law

Note that you can interpret "Law" in the above commandments as The God of Law, Creator of the Universe or The Deities of Law, Creators of the Universe or however the concept best makes sense in your campaign.

### **SYSTEM ONE - HUMANS ARE BASICALLY EVIL**

System one establishes that human beings are basically wicked and incapable of following any of these rules, and therefore rewards adventurers for adhering to any of these

commandments. After an adventure, the Referee should award a +3% bonus to earned XP for each commandment an adventurer obeyed, working up from #10. As soon as you come to a broken commandment, the accrual of bonus XP stops.

For example, Sir Rodd of Todd gets back to town after delving in the Kaverns of Kaos. During that foray, he never called on Neutral or Chaotic gods, had no improper relations with men or women, obeyed the castellan, paid his taxes and fees and shared treasure equally with the other adventurers. Unfortunately, he did tell a lie to an orc sentry. So, he managed to obey the first four commandments, and thus earns a +12% bonus to earned XP on the adventure.

### **SYSTEM TWO - SETTING SAINTLY STANDARDS**

In system two, we divide the commandments into the Greater Commandments (1-5) and Lesser Commandments (6-10). This scheme works much as the first, except one starts with an XP penalty and gradually lessens the penalty before it becomes an XP bonus. So, the commandments now look like this ...

1. You shall not murder/kill [+15%]
2. You shall not steal (even from evil temples, though feel free to destroy their idols) [+12%]
3. You shall defend the innocent and helpless with your life [+9%]
4. You shall donate a minimum of 10% of your acquired wealth to the poor / the temple / etc. [+6%]
5. You shall not use wicked tactics in combat (i.e. poison, flaming oil) [+3%]
6. You shall not lie [-3%]
7. You shall share treasure equally with other adventurers [-6%]
8. You shall obey legal authority anointed with legitimacy by Law [-9%]
9. You shall not have improper relations with tavern wenches / stable grooms / etc. [-12%]
10. You shall only worship (i.e. tithe, sacrifice to, call on) Law [-15%]

With this scheme, you again look for the highest level of "goodness" you manage to achieve, and are rewarded accordingly. Using the above example of Sir Rodd of Todd, the best he manages to do is share treasure equally, so he suffers a 6% penalty to earned experience points.

Obviously, this represents a much more severe attitude by Law to vice and virtue, and chaotic types had better make sure they scores lots of XP with their evil, because the universe is going to be acting against them at every step of the way.

### SYSTEM THREE - KARMA

Our last system is a modification of system one. In this case, you receive a 3% bonus for each commandment you obey and a 3% penalty for each commandment you break. All commandments are considered equal in this scheme - there is no chain of commandments from low to high - every one kept is a bonus, every one broken is a penalty.

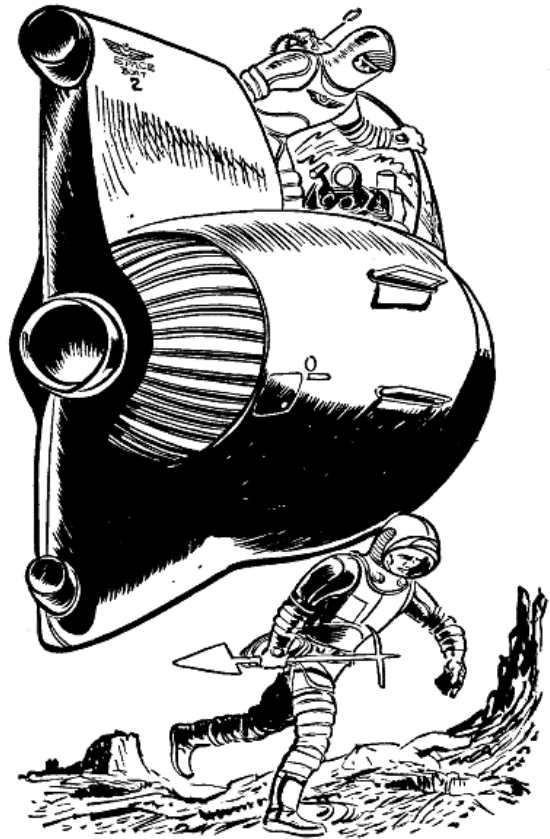
Let's again look at Sir Rodd. In our first example, we know that he kept the first four commandments and then broke the fifth. Perhaps he also abstained from wicked tactics, gave 10% of his treasure to the poor and defended the innocent with his life. That would give him 7 commandments kept (+21% XP) and 3 broken (- 9%), giving him a total XP bonus of +12%.

### CONCLUSION

Obviously, this is not a system for everyone. Take it as nothing more as a notion that struck me one day in regards to how one might design an alignment system based on deeds (i.e. what you do) rather than words (i.e. what alignment you profess). If you find something of value in it, feel free to play with it, modify it and use it. If you think it sucks, feel free to ignore it.

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# TALES OF THE SPACE PRINCESS



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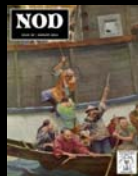
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