



Book of Lairs 6

by Simon Forster

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#6

BOOK OF LAIRS

Desolation

BY SIMON FORSTER

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Introduction

The *Book of Lairs: Desolation* is the sixth and penultimate book in the *Book of Lairs* series. This book consists of twelve lairs spread over two or more spreads, each with an accompanying map or two.

It reintroduces the *Quiet Ones*, a monster that first appeared in my first *Book of Lairs*, and uses monsters from the *ACKS: Lairs & Encounters* book, as well as core monsters from the core *Adventurer, Conqueror, King System (ACKS)* rulebook; this book uses that game as its ruleset, although it is easily compatible with other fantasy games.

As with my previous books, this one has been supported by my loyal and generous patrons over on my *Patreon* site. I am humbled and grateful to all of those, past and present.

If you like this book, check out my others. Follow the links on my website below. And if you really like these, then why not come and show your support by becoming a patron?

I hope this book finds a use in your games, and keep your eyes open for the final *Book of Lairs (Dungeons)* coming later in the year.

Happy gaming.

Simon (July, 2019)

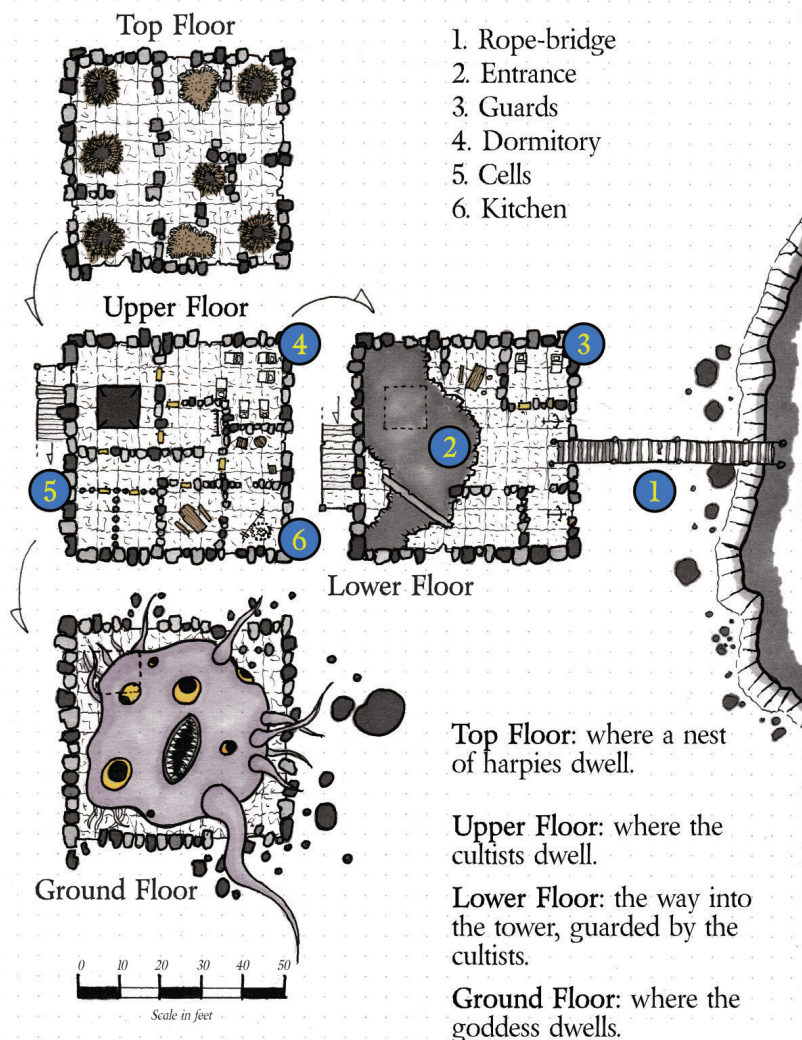
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1

2



The Roiling Goddess

A crumbling tower stands in a deep ravine, a precarious rope bridge connecting its upper levels to the cliff opposite. Most of the tower's floors have crumbled away, but some remain intact.

The Tower

Standing 120' high, most of the floors of the tower have collapsed, scattering rubble across the floor of the ravine. Only four levels are intact: the top floor; two middle levels (upper and lower floors); and the ground floor.

TOP FLOOR

Open to the sky, this top floor

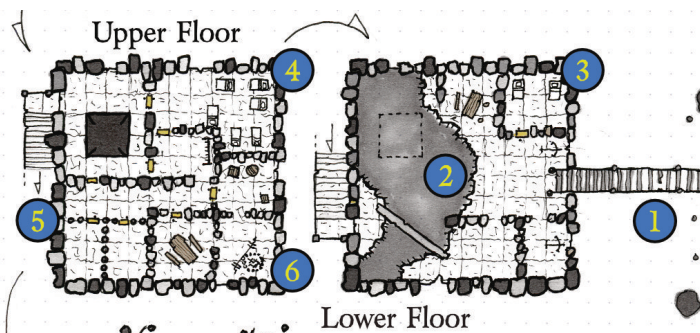
with its low crumbling walls is now the tower's rooftop. Six Harpies nest here, 1d4+2 of which are present, the others out hunting. Two piles of bones, waste and debris are littered with shreds of armour, rags and the rotting hands of their previous victims.

Their leader is an old crone called Cailleach. She has an uneasy alliance with the cult, tolerating them and fetching them victims for their 'goddess'. In exchange, the cultists leave them alone. Cailleach wishes she could be done with them, but their 'goddess' fills her with dread and she has no desire for a confrontation. If this foul creature was slain, well, that would change things.

Harpies (6)

AC 2, HD 3, average hps 15, MV 20' or fly 50', #ATS 2 claws (1d4/1d4), SV F6, ML +1, AL C, XP 65; charm by singing:

▷ *Save vs Spells* or be irresistibly drawn to the harpy, unable to attack. Once in the harpy's 'arms' fall into a deep slumber. If the saving throw succeeds, the target is immune to the song for the rest of the encounter. The charm is broken if the harpy attacks.



Cailleach collects shiny objects and have a collection of eight glass eyes (20 gp each) and 12 silver arrows (5 gp each) in her nest.

LOWER FLOOR

1. **Rope-bridge:** the entrance into the tower, guarded by a pair of **Cultists** who take turns keeping watch. The bridge is worn and rickety, requiring careful crossing.

2. **Entrance:** a pair of crossbows are on tripods by the narrow windows overlooking the rope-bridge.

A cultist stands watch at one of the crossbows. Behind the chasm is crossed by a sturdy plank that leads to the stairs to the upper floor 15' above.

3. **Guards:** the two cultists sleep in the adjacent room.

UPPER FLOOR

This level is where the **Cultists** and their leader live, connected by the only remaining stairs to the lower floor below. A hole in the floor is where they throw food (victims, alive but bound and gagged) to their goddess.

4. **Dormitory:** a shared dormitory, outside of which is a rack by the door, holding eight spears and a quiver of two dozen arrows; amongst them are 11 silver arrows (5 gp each) that are used to 'pay off' the harpies when tensions are high, or to exchange for victims the bird-women bring them. The equipment of their captive (below) are also

Cult Members(7)

AC 1 (dirty, scruffy robes), HD 3, average hps 15, MV 40', #ATS 1 spear or axe (1d6), SV F3, ML +2, AL C, XP 65; spells as cleric (1st, 2). Wear *jade brooches* (100 gp) of an open mouth with too-many teeth, the cult's symbol.

Leader (1)

AC 2 (leather, robes) or 4 (with shield), HD 5, hps 25, MV 40', #ATS 1 sword (1d6 or 1d8 if wielded in two hands), SV F5, ML +3, AL C, XP 350; spells as cleric (1st 2, 2nd 2). Has a necklace with a *topaz* stone in the centre of a toothed mouth pendant (500 gp), has a *shield +1* on the weapon rack, and tucked under his bed is a map of the region.

hanging here: a sword, a bow, and a backpack with a bedroll tied to it

5. **Cells:** in one of the cells is their latest victim, a young adventurer. The harpies caught him and brought him here. He was exchanged for silver, and imprisoned. He has been here a couple of days, and has heard the cultists talking about sacrificing him to their goddess.

That time is drawing near.

[When the PCs arrive at the tower, there is a 1-in-6 chance every turn that the goddess becomes hungry, and the cultists will then get him prepared for her to eat: bound, gagged, seasoned with saffron and coffee granules, which the goddess is partial to].

6. **Kitchen:** these three rooms consist of a room to dine in, a simple kitchen with a fire pit, and a storage room.

In their store room are some supplies:

Young Adventurer "Ned"

(Explorer, Level 2): AC 0, HD 2, hps 8, MV 40', #ATS 1 (+1 to hit with missiles, damage by weapon +1), SV E2, ML -1, AL N, XP 20; +1 to initiative and surprise rolls. His equipment is currently on the rack.

- ▷ 1 quarter-barrel of fine spirits or liquor (50 gp, 4 st)
- ▷ 4 pouches of saffron, worth 15 gp each
- ▷ 2 jars of cooking oil (20 gp, 6 st each)
- ▷ 1 half-crate of terra-cotta pottery (50 gp, 2.5 st)
- ▷ 1 bags of loose coffee (75 gp, 5 st)
- ▷ 4 pouches of belladonna, worth 10 gp each
- ▷ 10 glass eyes (30 gp each) used to gain the harpies help.

GROUND FLOOR

This debris-strewn floor is covered by the roiling mass of the pink-fleshed goddess, her mass shifting and undulating constantly. She lies on a bed of treasure and discarded items, and the leftovers of her victims.



Ground Floor

The Roiling Goddess (1, unique)

Colossal Enchanted Ooze: AC 9, HD 25, hps 125, MV -, #ATS 1 large tentacle (40' reach, 2d8), 6 small tentacles (20' reach, 2d8), 1 bite (5d8), SV Fl5, ML n/a, AL C, XP 16,000, Special Abilities:

- ▷ Grants cultists spells ability as though they were clerics (Level = HD)
- ▷ Grab: if tentacle hits, opponent is grabbed (save vs paralysis to escape)
- ▷ Bite: if grabbed, next round opponent is automatically bitten
- ▷ Crush: if two or more tentacles hit, opponent takes an additional 2d20 damage
- ▷ Terrifying: save vs paralysis or frozen with dread until out of sight or attacks
- ▷ Immune to charm, hold, sleep, poison, cold, fire, blunt and edged weapons.
- ▷ Susceptible to protection from evil and dispel evil

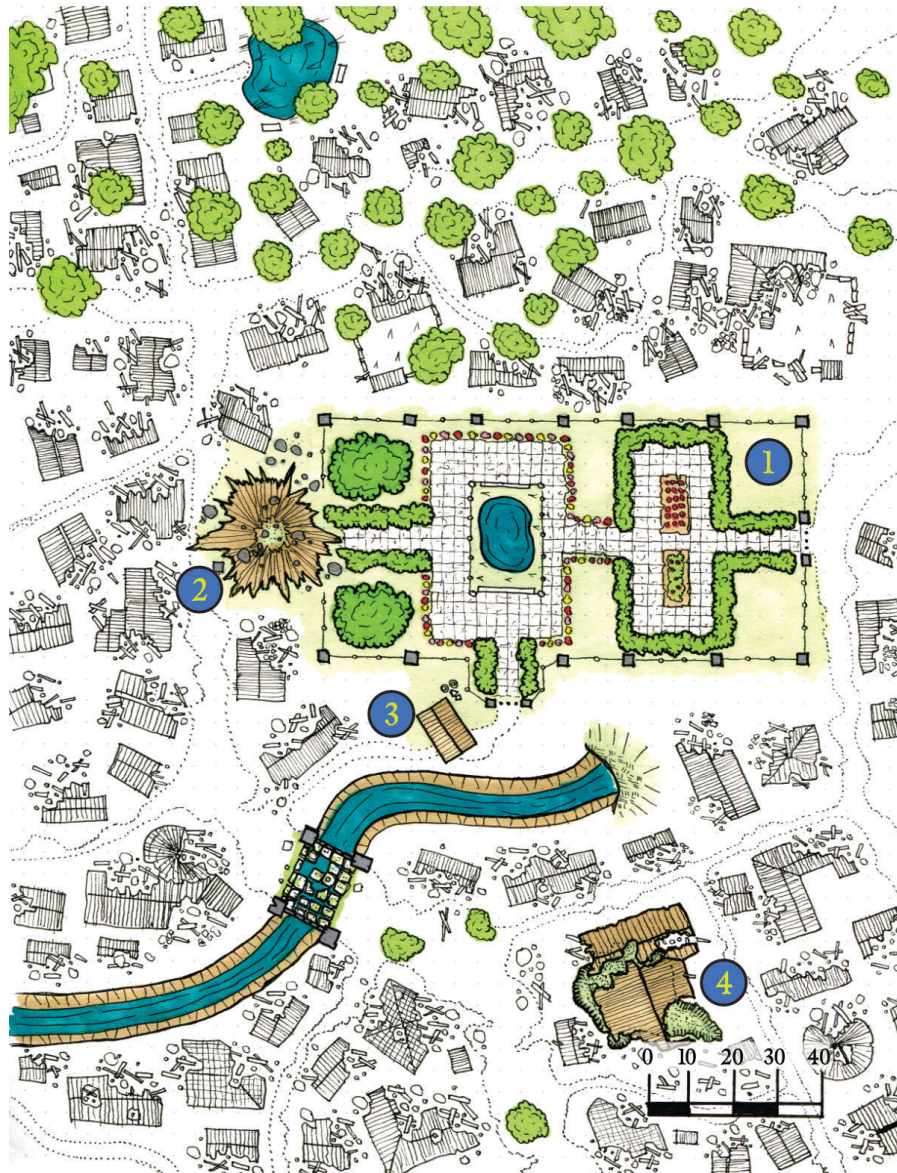
The Roiling Goddess

An immense mass of pink flesh, which is forever swirling and turbulent like muddy water caught in a storm. Tentacles writhe about, disappearing into the mass, only to emerge again moments later. Multiple eyes appear and disappear, all disturbingly human, albeit often giant-sized. A huge maw of a mouth sits atop the mass, swirling along the surface, but always present. It lies on a bed of incidental treasure lost from its victims as they fall into its maw. The cultists worship it as a goddess, but what the creature truly is, no one knows and the creature seems unable or unwilling to communicate other than a near-telepathic signal whenever it is hungry.

Treasure

- ▷ 5000 gold pieces (5 st)
- ▷ 1000 platinum pieces (5000 gp, 1 st)
- ▷ 18 ingots of gold (300 gp, 2 st each)
- ▷ 18 rare books (150 gp, 1/2 st each)
- ▷ 1 silver studded elephant statuette with turquoise eyes and tusks (1000 gp)
- ▷ 1 tattered harpy wing (worth 17 gp)
- ▷ 1 dream-catcher made of raven feathers, sea-shells and acorns (8 gp)
- ▷ 1 opal (4000 gp)
- ▷ 1 Wrought orichalcum armband in the shape of a coiled dragon (3000 gp)
- ▷ 1 wrought silver torc (500 gp)
- ▷ 1 wrought silver belt buckle shaped like a mermaid (400 gp)
- ▷ 1 bronze trumpet, a bit dented (160 gp)
- ▷ 1 ivory drinking horn etched with abstract line art (800 gp)
- ▷ 3 vials of common poison (hemlock) (1100 gp each)

1. Gardens
2. Crater
3. Shed
4. Compost Heap



A ROSE Amongst Thorns

In the middle of a ruined city stands a garden, tended by a gardener who has made her home in a reclaimed house on the edge of the cultivated garden. Recently, her hard work has come under attack by a shambling mound of compost that wants to destroy the flowers, uproot the trees and shatter the paved path. The gardener needs help, but is all alone amongst the ruins.

The Garden of Delight

A well-manicured garden stands in the middle of a ruined city. At one end there is a crater, where a tree was recently uprooted.

Gardens

Roses line the paths that lead from one gate to another, around a pond in the middle that has been populated with small, colourful fish. Pruned trees provide shade and

hedges border the paved paths. The garden is surrounded by rusty old railings, not yet polished and repaired.

Tending to this garden, always present during the day, is the **Gardener**. She has dwelt here for nearly a year now, carefully recreating this garden, and is fiercely protective of it.

Recently a **Shambling Mound** of compost and broken brickwork, has come to spoil the garden. It uprooted a tree, smashed a few pots that were to be planted, and was only driven away by the **Gardener** wielding a flaming torch. She knows it will be back and is worried that this time it won't stop until her garden is destroyed.

Crater

A huge oak stood here, but was uprooted by the Shambling Mound, who then dragged it to its lair and tore it apart. Splinters of the tree still remain, as do tendrils of its torn roots. At the bottom of

the crater, partially buried, is the crushed remains of a Skeleton. On one finger is a Gold ring with arcane runes engraved both inside and out: this is a *Ring of Spell Turning*.

ShEd

A re-purposed house, which has been converted into a shed, nursery for plants, and a home for the **Gardener**. She sleeps here at night, surrounded by potted plants, flowering vines and sacks of soil and compost. Amongst the items here are spades, forks, trowels, plant pots and so on. Numerous plants, bulbs, and fruit are growing here. The air is warm and humid, so long as the door is not left open.

The **Gardener** goes by the name *Tilly* and is actually a friendly, non-violent **Ogre** who has sworn to protect the garden, having decided to bring some life to this ruined

city. She calls it her home now, and will fight with everything she has to keep it safe.

Treasure

Amongst the pots and plants are dozens of glass jars, vases, bell jars; the equivalent of:

- ▷ 4 crates of glassware
(200 gp, 5 st each)

Compost Heap

In a ruined building not that far from the garden is a growing heap of compost, within which lairs a **Shambling Mound**. It ventures forth at night, determined to destroy all the plant life that strives to survive and flourish in these ruins. The detritus of this destruction is absorbed into its growing mass, allowing it to live a little longer. If isolated and unable to absorb new life, it will rot away and die within a few days.

The Gardener (Ogre) "Tilly" (1)

AC 4, HD 3+1, hps 16, MV 30', #ATS 1 claw or spade (2d4 or 1d6+1), SV F3, ML +2 (+4 defending garden), AL N, XP 65; strong, +1 damage.

Treasure

Scattered about its lair, beneath rotting compost and broken masonry, are:

- ▷ 2000 ep (1000 gp, 2 st)
- ▷ 2000 gp (2 st)
- ▷ 400 pp (2000 gp, 04 st)



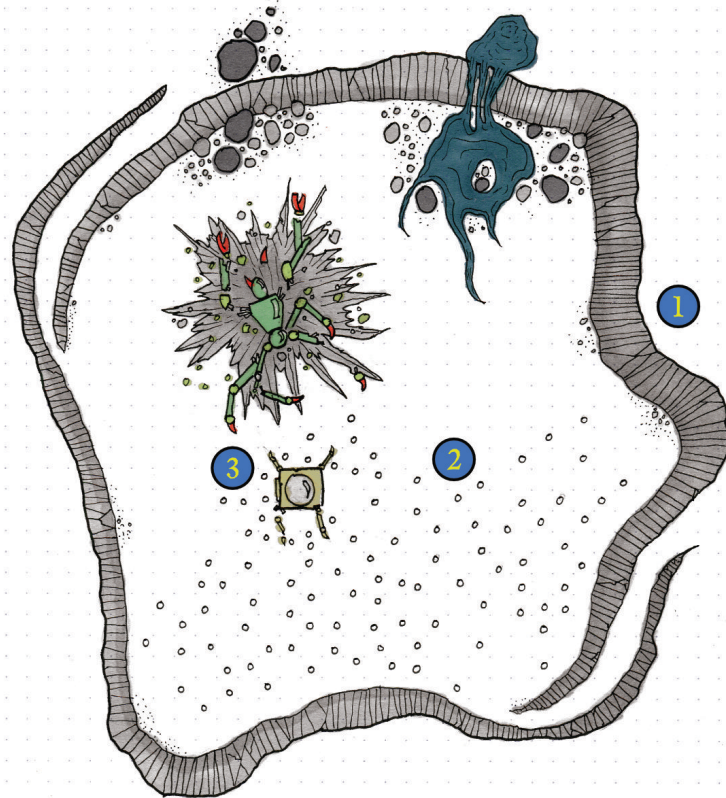
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Artwork by Jacob E. Blackburn

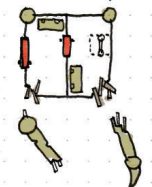
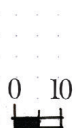
Shambling Mound (1)

AC 7, HD 8+2, hps 42, MV 20', #ATS 2 slams (3d6/3d6), SV F4, ML +3, AL C, XP 1,600; grab and constrict for 4d6 damage; immune to lightning, charm, sleep and hold spells, stunning, and poisons that do not affect plants.

1. Quarry
2. Clockwork Angels
3. Command Cube

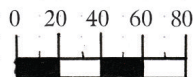


Ground Floor



Top Floor

3



Clockwork Angels

In a quarry stand a hundred rusting, broken, clockwork angels: killing machines built for a war that ended centuries ago. These automatons stand in different poses, wings unfurled to catch the sun. During the day they stand statue still, but at night they begin to move, dancing to music only they can hear. Get too close, and they suddenly attack, as if a switch was thrown.

quarry

A deep pit of excavated stone, two paths curving down. Opposite the clockwork automatons is a fallen juggernaut, a rusted, broken hybrid with the upper body of a horned humanoid, the lower half with fractured spider-like legs. This fallen giant is dead, its insides exposed and rusted, crumbling at a touch.

In the middle of the Clockwork Angels is an iron cube with broken legs twisted beneath it. A glass dome, cracked but intact catches the light.

Clockwork Angels

A hundred automatons, taller than an average human, built of brass and iron, cogs and gears. Wings unfurl during the day, twisted and broken, with cracked glass feathers catching the sunlight and channelling energy into their broken forms.

At night they are recharged, enough to dance to unheard music, their rusty swords and spears twirling in a dance of death.

Anyone who gets too close, within ten feet or less, suddenly finds themselves the focus of one or more of the automatons (1d4, more if others are within range) and are attacked.

Command Cube

An iron cube, pitted and rusting, with holes in two corners where the legs have broken loose, and a single door rusted half-shut.

Ground Floor

Accessed through a rusted iron door (squeeze through) are two rooms: the first holds an iron, copper and brass chest with a hinged lid.

Inside are cogs, gears, wires, which once controlled the front legs and allowed the cube to move.

They are useless now, although the parts have some value still (1 stone worth about

Clockwork Angels (100)

(Mindless Humanoid Construct)

AC 4, HD 4, average hps 20, MV 40', #ATS 1 weapon or fist/kick (1d10 or 1d4), SV F3, ML n/a, AL N, XP 190: immune to gas, poison, charm, hold and sleep, magic resistance (16+).

The automatons run out of energy after dancing until midnight, or after six rounds of combat.

50 gp, 2d6 stone are salvageable).

The second room also has a chest that controlled the rear legs, also broken, and a ladder that leads to the top floor.

TOP FLOOR

On the top floor is a throne of brass, with two levers before it. The levers once controlled the movement of the cube, but are now useless.

Anyone sitting in the throne and concentrating can telepathically command the automatons: requires a *save vs spells* to succeed. The control range is a mile and line-of-sight.

A cracked glass window covers most of the wall opposite, giving a view of the quarry outside.

On either side of the throne, on the walls, are red-glass hemispheres, filled with some sort of turbulent liquid.

These are the command units that control the automatons outside. They still function.

The units can be smashed and destroyed (*AC 4, hps 10 each*), although shattering them releases the liquid, which reacts to the air and becomes a poisonous gas: it expands to fill the cube, and 5' beyond, lasting a turn before it disperses. Anyone caught in the cloud must *save vs breath* each round or die from burning lungs, skin and heart failure.



Stippled: ashen ruins.

15



Ashes to Ashes

A ruined city centre with several craters surrounded by charred buildings and mounds of ash. The devastation gets less the further from the craters, but the ruined city has long been abandoned and nature is slowly reclaiming it.

Searching the Ruins

There are two areas that can be searched and explored: the ashen ruins, and the colourful derelict buildings that surround them.

For the ashen ruins or craters, roll 1d6. For the others, roll 1d4 for yellow ruins, 1d6 for red ruins, and 1d8 for blue ones. The green are empty, but roll some dice anyhow, to help create tension while the characters search.

Ashen Ruins

1. *Empty*, nothing but ash.
2. *Charred bones* (humanoid), with a 1-in-6 chance of treasure (roll on the *Treasure* table).
3. *Unsafe*, building collapses doing 3d6 damage to all inside (make a Save vs breath for half).
4. *Trapped!* Someone has lain a trap, crossbow or pit; make a Save vs breath or take 1d6 damage.
5. *Treasure* buried beneath the rubble (roll on *Treasure* table).
6. *From the Ashes!* 1d4 shadowy Wraiths rise out of the ashes.

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Craters

1. *Rocks*, dust, mounds of ash.
2. *Shattered bones*, torn mail, splintered shields, rusty swords.
3. *Scattered coins* (2d20 cp, 2d6 sp, and 2d4 gp).
4. *Irradiated Giant Centipedes* (2d4) scavenging for food.
5. *Meteoritic iron fragments* (2d6).
6. *Random magical miscellaneous weapon* embedded in the ground.

COLOURED RUINS

1. **Unstable!** The building collapses, dealing 4d6 damage to all inside (Save vs Breath for half).
2. **Weakened!** the floor gives way, plunging 1d4 characters into a 1d4x10 foot pit (falling damage, plus 2d6 from the debris).
3. **Gas!** A pocket of toxic gas is released; all inside must Save vs Poison or collapse, falling unconscious for 2d12 hours.
4. **Total Collapse!** The floor gives way and the building topples, firstly dealing 6d6 damage to all inside (Save vs Breath for half), then, if a Save vs Paralysis fails, characters are trapped beneath the rubble until dug out (takes 2d4 person-hours).
5. **The Dead Rise!** Rising from the rubble are 2d4 **Skeletons** dressed in a mixture of rural and military garb.
6. **Webs!** The characters stumble into some webs, home to 1d4 **Giant Black Widow Spiders**.
7. **Trapped!** A crossbow and tripwire have been placed to trap intruders: treat as a 5 HD monster, dealing 1d8 damage.

8. **Pit Trap!** Rotten floorboards and planks disguise a pit 1d6x10 feet deep, lined with rubble (1 to 6d6 damage from the fall, plus 1d6 from the rubble).

Treasure

1. 1d100 cp, 1d20 sp
2. 1d20 cp, 1d12 sp, 1d10 gp
3. 1d10 bloodstones (50 gp each)
4. 1d4 bloodstones and 1d6 crystals (50 gp each)
5. **Jewellery:** 1d6 silver armbands (worth 150 gp)
6. **Random magic item.**

Wraith (1d4)

AC 6, HD 4, average hps 20, MV 40' or 80' flying, #ATS 1 touch (1d6), SV F4, ML +4, AL C, XP 190: immune to gas, poison, charm, hold and sleep; half-damage from silver or magical weapons, immune to others; touch drains 1 Level from victim.

Skeletons (2d4)

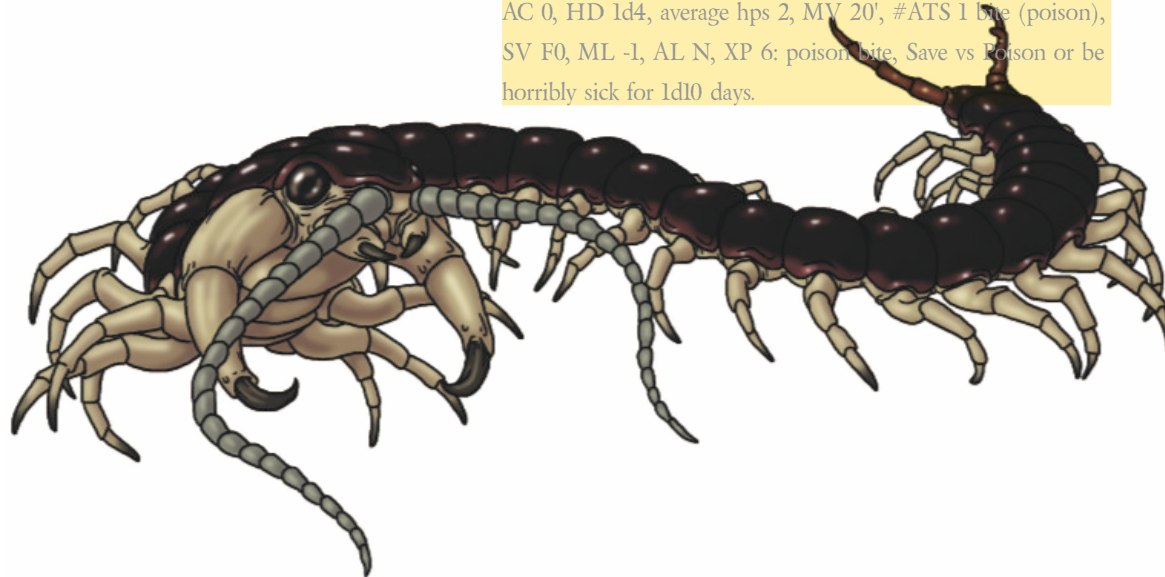
AC 2, HD 1, average hps 5, MV 40', #ATS 1 weapon (1d6), SV F1, ML n/a, AL C, XP 13: immune to gas, poison, charm, hold and sleep.

Giant Black Widow Spider (1d4)

AC 3, HD 3, average hps 15, MV 20' or 40' in webs, #ATS 1 bite (2d6), SV F2, ML 0, AL N, XP 80: webs as per the spell; poison bite, Save vs Poison or die in 1 turn.

Giant Centipedes (2d4)

AC 0, HD 1d4, average hps 2, MV 20', #ATS 1 bite (poison), SV F0, ML -1, AL N, XP 6: poison bite, Save vs Poison or be horribly sick for 1d10 days.

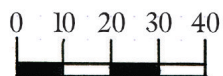


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1. Lair
2. Command Deck
3. Quarters

Ground Floor

Top Floor



Deus EX Machina

Stuck in the middle of nowhere is a giant, rusting iron cube, with a demonic face painted on the front, two red glass eyes staring unseeing across the wasteland. The cube is broken, two metal arms protrude from its sides, slumped and battered, debris scattered all around, four tracked 'feet' below it, half-buried in the dry earth. Verdigris copper and battered bronze fittings glint inside, catching the faint light. All around it, a heavy musk, the smell of some beast, primal, present.

Ground Floor

Inside are rusting metal plates and the remains of machines that once manipulated the arms and feet.

A narrow stairs leads to the upper floor, where the musty

smell is strongest and laboured breathing can be heard... or perhaps loud, troubled snoring.

In the ceiling is a grate, from where the commander would have shouted down orders to the workers below.

This was the heart of this siege engine, but nothing now works. The fittings are copper and bronze, with rusty iron bolts and rivets.

TOP FLOOR 20

LAIR

The beast occupies one half of the top floor, a bed of bones, earth, rusting metal plates and rotting flesh from vultures, wild dogs and rabbits. The beast is found here, either dreaming of its former godhood (2-in-6 chance) or else prowling, restless and hungry.

Command Deck

There is a grill in the floor, a pedestal of dull bronze and

levers that allowed finer control over the claws. The red glass windows, cracked with a few pieces missing, look out over the land.

quarters

Formerly the commander's, with a rusty bedstead, and a dented, locked iron chest that remains unopened.

Inside the chest are:

- ▷ 1 brass telescope, dented (worth 150 gp)
- ▷ Ring of X-Ray Vision
- ▷ A folded scroll of Ward against Elementals
- ▷ Dagger +1, Flame Tongue

The God from the Machine

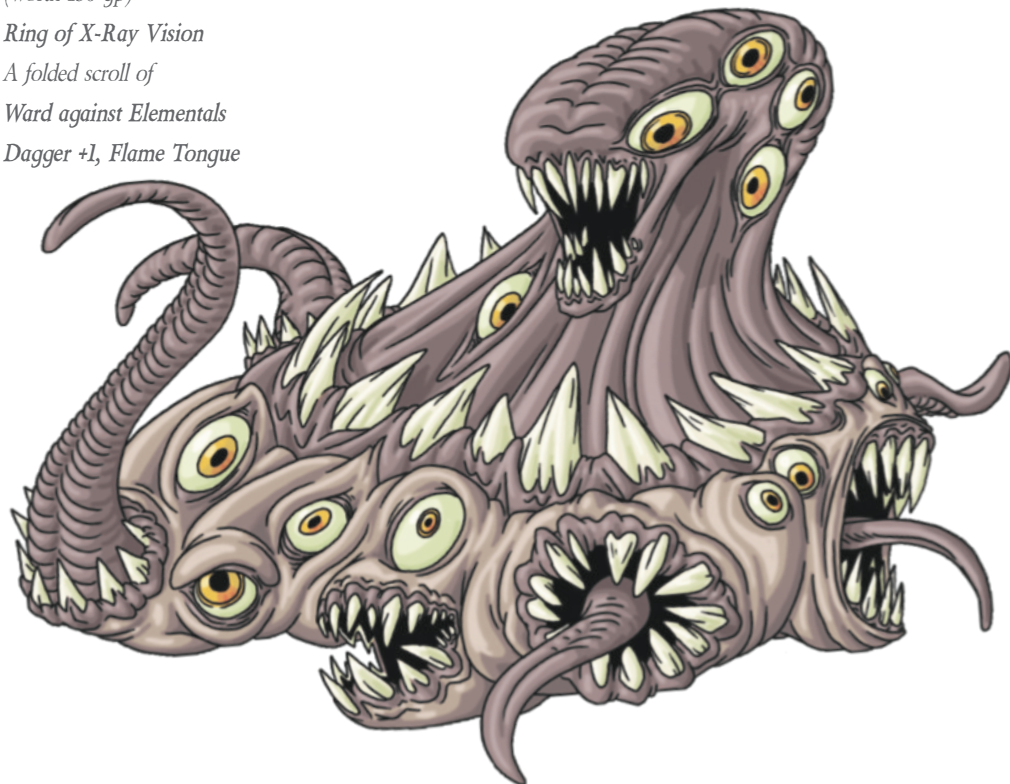
Making its lair in the upper level of the siege engine is a monstrous **Chaos Hulk**, once thought of as a god by the natives of this now desolate valley. The beast was forced out of its original home by hunters unafraid of its godhood, and it has taken up its lair here, in an isolated region. It hunts what game it can find, nostalgic for its bygone glory days.

Chaos Hulk

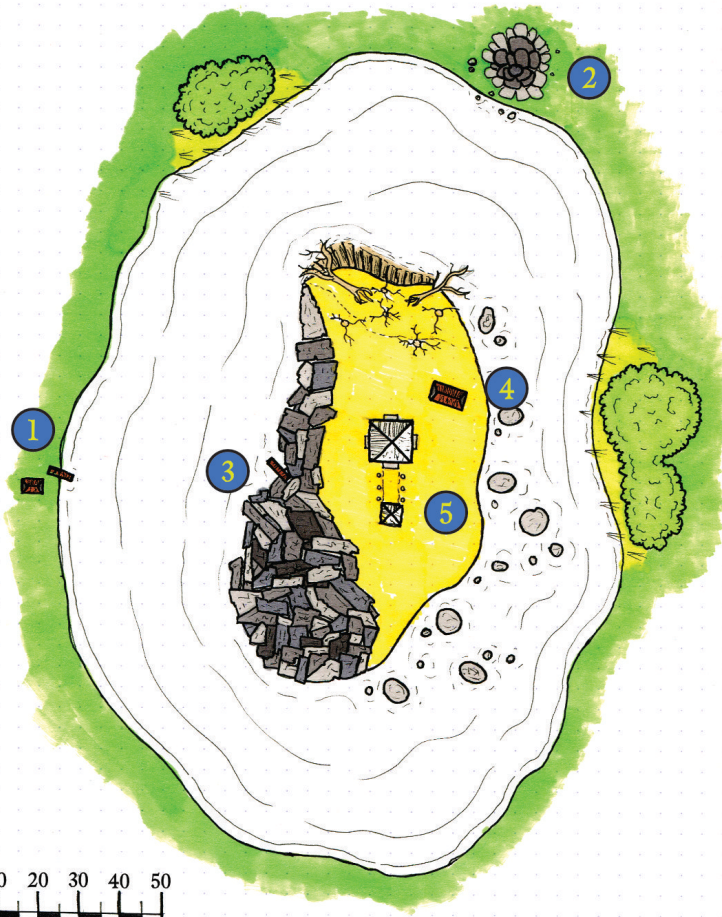
AC 5, HD 10, hps 63, MV 60', # ATS 1d6 tentacles, claws, mouths (random each round, 1d12 each), SV F10, ML +3, AL C, XP 3,650:

- ▷ immune to transformation magic, sleep, charm, hold
- ▷ susceptible to protection from/dispel evil
- ▷ regenerate 1d12 hps/round
- ▷ chaotic infection on a successful hit, save vs spells to avoid mental affliction, save vs death to avoid physical affliction (roll each round to recover). If physical, body undulates and reforms, becoming a chaotic mess and preventing actions unless also mentally afflicted: mentally affected creatures roll on the following table every round until they make a saving throw:

1. It cackles and sways to unheard music.
2. It stands utterly motionless and unchanging for the entire round.
3. It rants gibberish in tongues known and unknown.
4. It mews piteously, twitching and drooling.
5. It savagely attacks itself for the round.
6. It attempts to devour the nearest thing, living or dead, animate or inanimate.
7. It assaults the nearest shadow or inanimate object.
8. It screams terrible howls and roars as it thrashes wildly.
9. It flees the area in a random direction as swiftly as possible for the entire round.
10. It experiences a round of lucidity, and may even briefly converse with others.
11. - 20. It attacks the nearest living things madly, without regard for its own safety



1. Wharf
2. Cairn
3. Shore
4. Fisherman's Hut
5. Mausoleum & Obelisk



HUSKS

Deep in the Desolation is a salt lake with an island in the middle. Here, beneath the ground, lives a necromancer determined to create life from death, albeit it with limited success.

Wharf

On the edge of the lake is an old hut and a wharf. Inside the hut is an decrepit rowing boat, a tatty fishing net, and a splintered fishing rod with a snapped line.

Cairn

North of the lake stands a mound of carefully placed boulders, a giant cairn that overlooks the island. Daises grow around it, and at the very top a flat stone bears an inscription:

Here lies Mildred, my one and only love. Never forgotten.

There is no body buried here.

Giant Undead Crabs (2d6)

AC 7, HD 3, average hps 15, #ATS 2 pincers (2d6/2d6), SV F2, ML n/a, XP 65; immune to sleep, charm, hold, gas or poison.

The Island

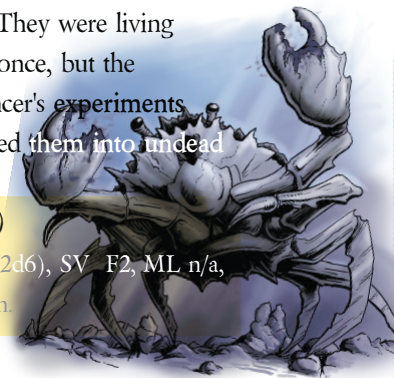
A wooden wharf, rotten with a frayed rope hanging loose in the water, leads to a shore of huge rock slates that borders the sandy ground that covers most of the island.

The island rises to a cliff to the North, where stunted, dead trees cling precariously to the broken ground.

Rising from the sandy ground are two monuments: a large marble pyramidal mausoleum and a small stone obelisk, both with bronze doors worn and weathered. Close to these is an old fisherman's hut.

Shore

Hidden amongst the huge slates are a colony of giant crabs, whose shells resemble the slate. They were living creatures once, but the necromancer's experiments have turned them into undead husks:



Fisherman's Hut

A split hut, one half holds an old bed, rusty stove, and worn fishing equipment, the other a dilapidated rowing boat with only one oar. Dozens of fish bones litter the floor.

Hidden under a pile of nets and bones is a trapdoor: a ladder leads to passage that slopes down and around to the necromancer's lair. The necromancer keeps forgetting it is there and hasn't got around to warding or sealing it off.

The Mausoleum and Obelisk

The *mausoleum* holds a plain white marble sarcophagus that is actually empty.

On shelves along the walls are urns containing the ashes of the dead.

Marks on the black tiled floor show that the sarcophagus can be pushed to reveal stairs leading to the tombs below.

The smaller *obelisk* has a shrine to the deity of death and rebirth, covered in a thick layer of dust. Statuettes of the deity in both guises are to either side of the altar.

Tombs

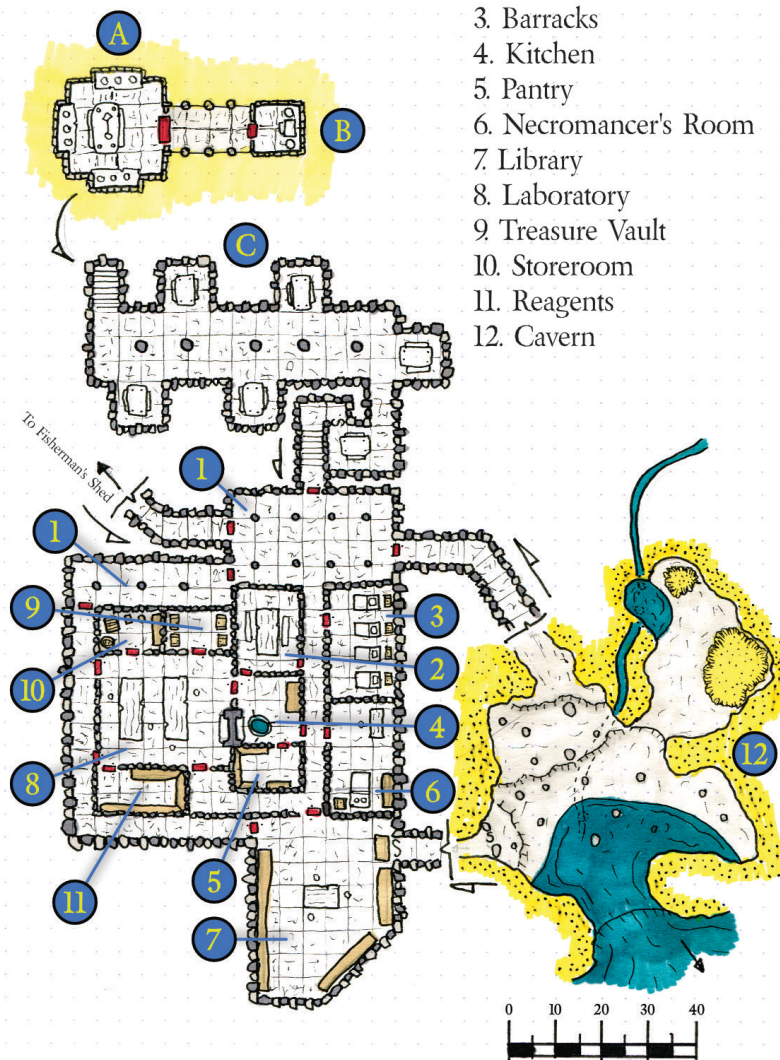
The stairs from the mausoleum lead down to the dank tombs, with alcoves holding stone sarcophagi patchy with mould and damp. These each hold the skeletal remains of former knights, entombed with their ancient chain mail (rusted, worthless) and swords (dull, rusty, useless). One tomb has a secret door that leads to stairs descending further, to the necromancer's lair.

The Lair

Trapped Hallways

Two dark halls of trapped pillars. Anyone crossing the line between two adjacent pillars is struck by a jolt of lightning that sparks between them: 3d6 damage, *save vs*

- A. Mausoleum
- B. Obelisk
- C. Tombs
- 1. Trapped Hallways
- 2. Guard Room
- 3. Barracks
- 4. Kitchen
- 5. Pantry
- 6. Necromancer's Room
- 7. Library
- 8. Laboratory
- 9. Treasure Vault
- 10. Storeroom
- 11. Reagents
- 12. Cavern



breath for half damage.

Guard Room

The necromancer's guards, once living *Gnolls*, keep watch here. Now mere animated **Husk Gnolls**, 1d4 are here on guard, the rest 'resting' in the barracks opposite. Untouched food rots away on the table (legs of meat, bleached vegetables, stale bread and corked wine).

Barracks

A dirty, foul smelling chamber, where the **Husks Gnolls** pretend to rest, simply lying motionless and seemingly dead in their beds.

In the chests at the head of each bed are mouldy rags, blunt daggers, and pouches with 2d6 gp, 2d10 sp, and 2d20 cp.

Husk Gnolls (Undead) (4)

AC 4 (leather, hides), HD 2, average hps 10, MV 30', #ATS 1 bite or sword (2d4 or 1d6+1), SV F2, ML n/a, AL C, XP 29; immune to sleep, charm, hold, gas or poison.

Kitchen/Pantry

The pantry is well-stocked with:

- ▷ 43 bags of grain or vegetables (5 sp, 4 st each)
- ▷ 37 wheels of cheese (3 sp, 1/3 st each)
- ▷ 19 bricks of salt (7sp, ½ st each)
- ▷ 1 half-crate of terra-cotta pottery (50 gp, 2 ½ st each)

Necromancer's Room

A simple bedroom with a desk, chest, and bookshelf. He sleeps here for only a few hours a night, spending most of his time in his laboratory.

The bookshelf holds his *wizard locked* spell-book, poetry books, and his spell-research journal that details his creation

of the husks and his continued failure to resurrect his late wife.

In the chest are spare clothes, and *two bundles of large polar bear fur pelts*, used as blankets (200 gp, 4 st each), and 100 gold pieces in a leather pouch.

Library

Tall bookshelves filled with ancient tomes, self-penned books, manuscripts and scrolls.

One bookshelf swings open to reveal a secret passage that leads to the cavern, the lever disguised as a book of freeing the mind from domination.

The books here cover topics such as spell-research, life, death, necromancy, natural and ancient history, ecology, and mythology. It is worth 12,000 gp.

Laboratory

A well-lit chamber, where the necromancer spends most of

his time (4-in-6 chance; otherwise in the cavern or sleeping, depending on the time of day).

One table is full of alchemical apparatus (worth 8,000 gp), the other is stained in foul-smelling fluids and bits of flesh.

On that table is a recently deceased woman (a serving maid from a tavern in the nearest settlement, who went missing a week ago), who the necromancer is trying to bring back to life, so far without any success.

Treasure Vault

four wizard locked chests, holding the following treasure:

- ▷ 5,000 sp (500 gp, 5 st)
- ▷ 5,000 ep (2,500 gp, 5 st)
- ▷ 24,000 copper pieces (240 gp, 24 st)
- ▷ 12 ingots of copper (1 gp, ½ st each)

storeroom

In this room are:

- ▷ 4 jars of dyes and pigments
(50 gp, 5 st each)
- ▷ 2 jars of lamp or cooking oil
(20 gp, 6 st each)
- ▷ 4 quarter-barrels of cherry liquor
(50 gp, 4 st each)
- ▷ 3 jars of lamp oil
(20 gp, 6 st each)
- ▷ 2 jars of cooking oil
(20 gp, 6 st each)

- ▷ 51 common animal antlers,
horns, and tusks
(1 gp, 1/10 st each)

cavern

There is a way out into the lake here: a cave opens into the side of the lake, about a dozen feet from the surface.

In this cavern dwells the near-skeletal corpse of a woman dressed in the tattered remains of a wedding dress. This is **Mildred**, the necromancer's long dead wife, who he is trying to bring back to life.

She is currently a **wight**, a result of a failed attempt to bring her back.

The necromancer keeps her here, together with her dead pet wolf (also brought back to a false life), which protects her.

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Reagents

Alchemical ingredients and spell components are kept in this room.

There are 7,000 gp (or 1,250 xp) worth of chemicals, components and ingredients, specifically for necromancy spells and research; as well as the following items:

- ▷ 7 bundles of rabbit fur pelts
(15 gp, 1/3 st each)
- ▷ 10 bundles of large wolf pelts
(15 gp, 1/2 st each)
- ▷ 2,000 owl feathers
(400 gp, 13 st in total)

Mildred (Wight)

AC 4, HD 3, hps 18, MV 30', #ATS 1 touch (drain 1 Level), SV F3, ML +4, AL C, XP 80; drain energy with touch; immune to sleep, charm, hold; harmed only by magical or silver weapons.

Zombie Wolf "Fluffy"

AC 2, HD 3+2, hps 22, MV 60', #ATS 1 bite (1d6), SV F1, ML n/a, XP 100; immune to sleep, charm, hold, gas and poison attacks.

Necromancer "George" (Mage, Level 9)

AC 0, HD 9d4, hps 27, #ATS 1 dagger (1d4), SV M9, ML +3, AL C, XP 1,900; arcane spells.

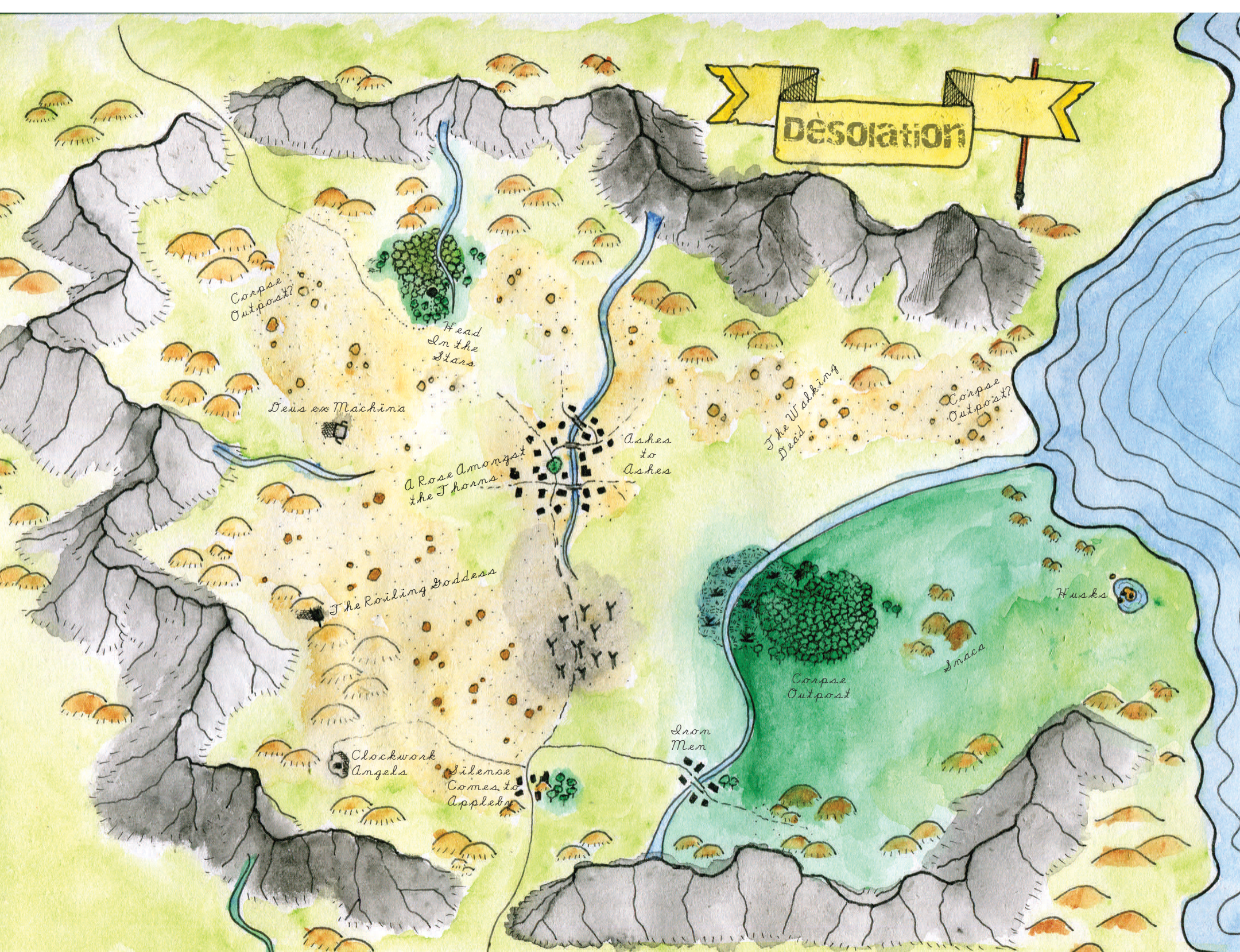
- ▷ 1st (3/day): Floating Disc, Light, Protection from Evil, Shield, Sleep.
- ▷ 2nd (3/day): Detect Evil, ESP, Levitate, Mirror Image, Wizard Lock.
- ▷ 3rd (3/day): Clairvoyance, Dispel Magic, Fly, Lightning Bolt, Water Breathing.
- ▷ 4th (2/day): Confusion, Dimension Door, Wall of Ice, Wizard Eye.
- ▷ 5th (1/day): Animate Dead, Contact Other Plane, Magic Jar.

Items: dagger, white-gold wedding Ring of Water Walking, scroll of Ward Against Undead, half-moon spectacles of Eyes of Charming.

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Artwork by Jacob E. Blackmon



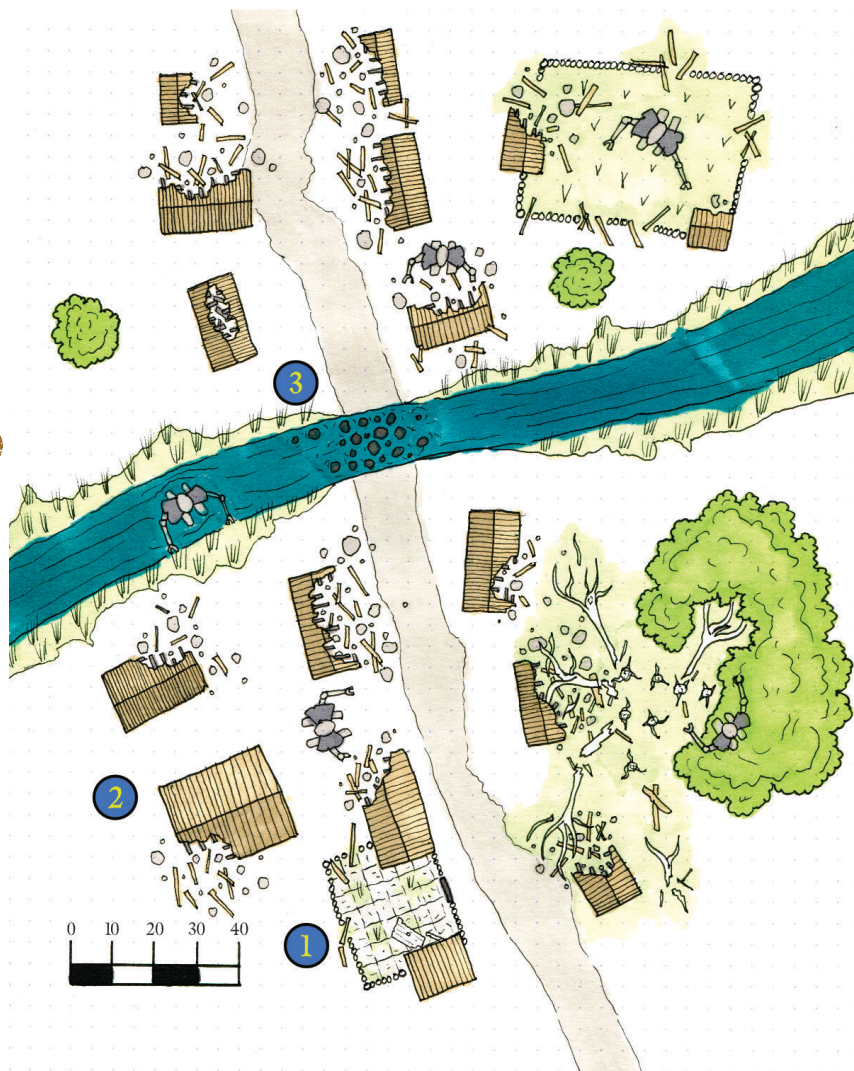


1. Blacksmith
2. Village Hall
3. Ford



Iron Man

33



Iron Men

A ruined village with giant iron men standing motionless among the ruins. The village had a blacksmith, a large barn that doubled as a meeting hall, tavern and inn, and a ford that allowed the river to be crossed easily. Now the farmhouses are fallen into disrepair, trees are uprooted, and bones are buried beneath fresh grass and weeds.

Blacksmith

The smith's house is a ruin, but the forge is intact. Among the tools and scrap are a pair of *masterwork swords* (worth 800 gp each).

Village Hall

A large barn, one corner smashed, that has a row of splintered kegs and smashed, crushed bottles strewn across the floor. Hanging above the barn doors a *rainbow fan shell* has been hung (worth 90 gp).

Buried beneath broken tables

is a crushed skeleton, one hand clutching a leather satchel. Inside, with other broken vials, are *ten intact vials of poison* (giant rattlesnake, worth 300 gp apiece), and a larger bottle, a *Potion of Levitation*.

Ford

A stony ford where a *Spear +1* sticks out from the ground. Where the tip is embedded in the ground underwater, are a pair of *Boots of Speed*, a pair of skeletal feet still inside.

The Iron Men

Giants made of iron, bucket-shaped heads atop bulbous iron bodies slowly rusting away. Their three arms are long, flexible and their legs are a pair of tracks. Each arm ends in a clamp-like claw.

They stand still, seemingly dead, but are aware of all that goes on around them.

They are judging passersby, and if non-threatening, they will remain still and silent.

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If the **Iron Men** decide they are hostile, they seek to eradicate them, before returning to their silent vigil.

The criteria for hostility are:

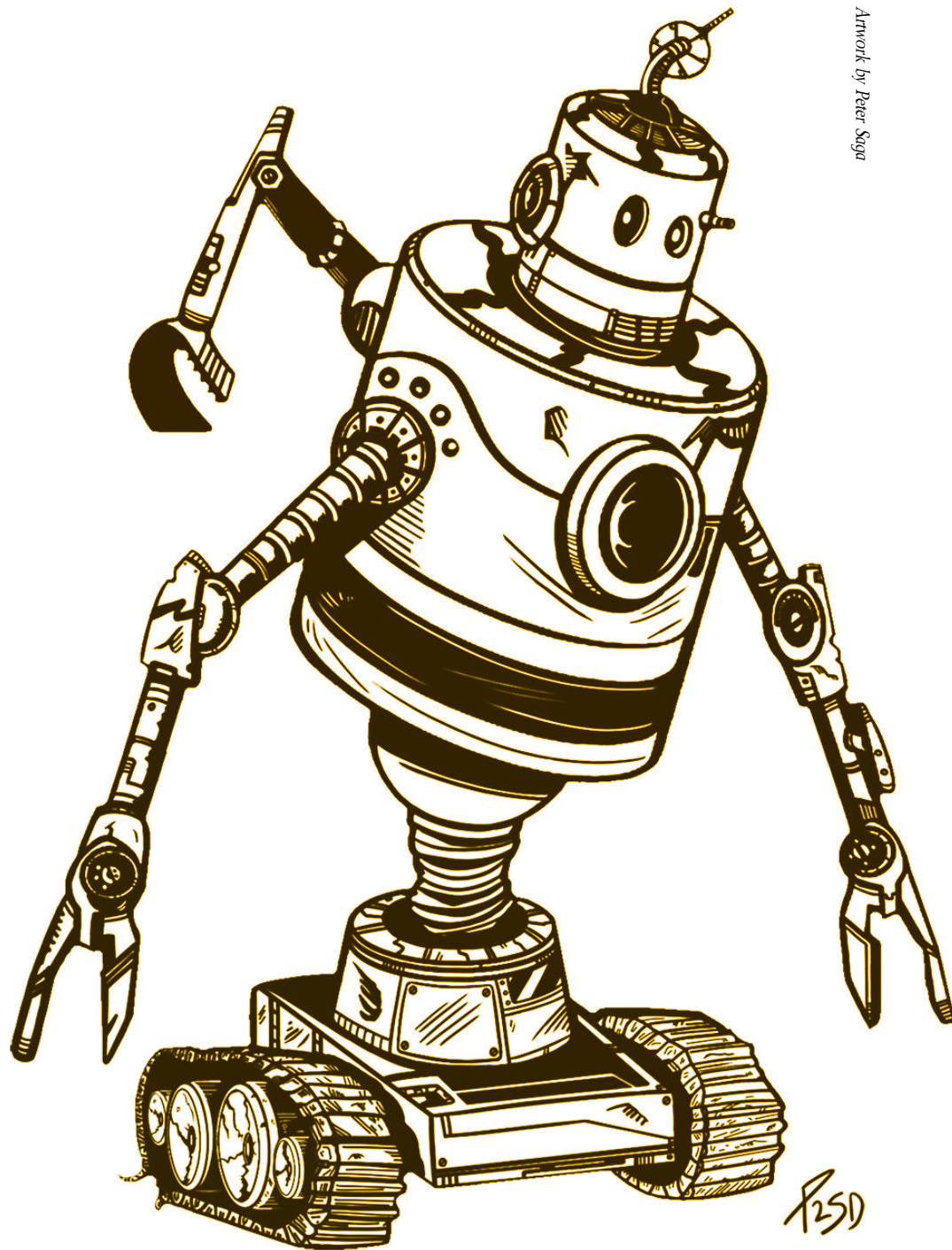
- ▷ *Aggressive actions against any of the Iron Men.*
- ▷ *An open display of force (brandishing weapons in a threatening manner, casting dangerous spells, stating that they are going to kill the Iron Men).*
- ▷ *Anyone wearing the colours and/or symbols of Iron Men's enemies (choose from any nearby kingdoms)*
- ▷ *Damaging any of the buildings.*

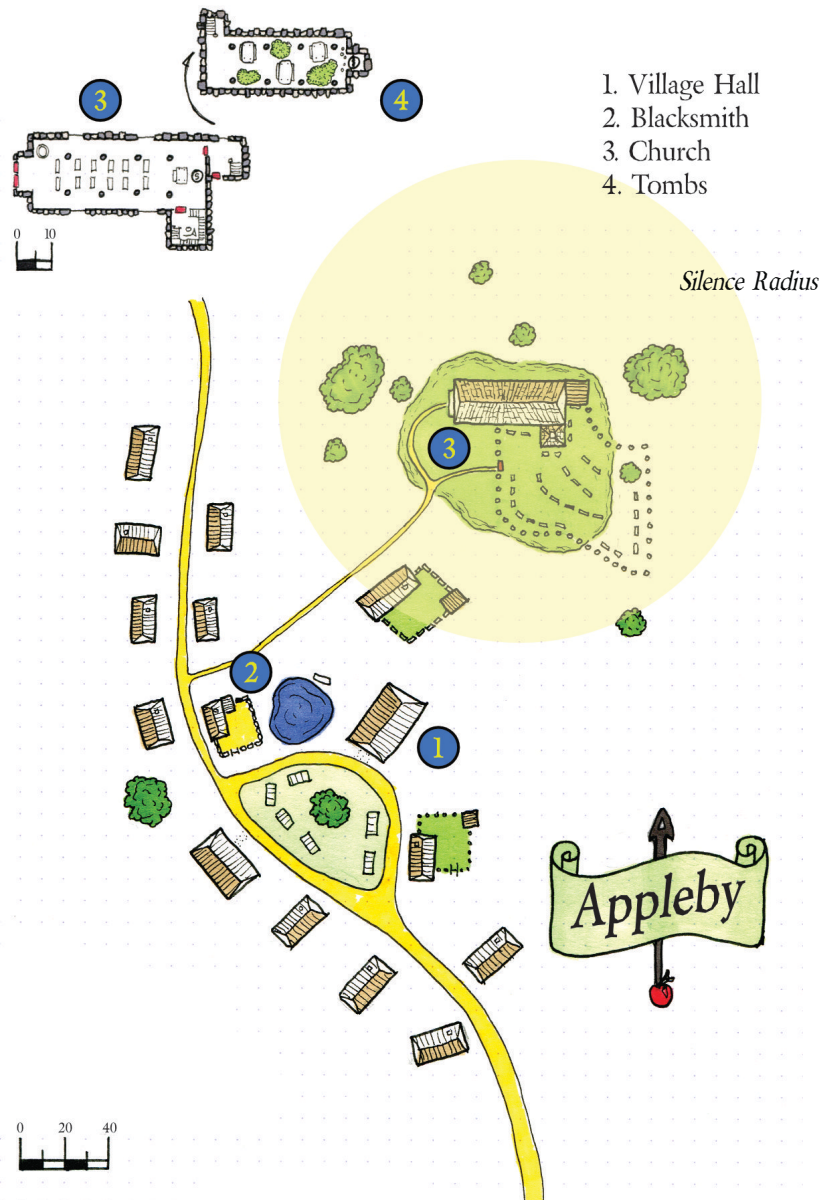
Iron Men (5)

Huge 15' tall, semi-intelligent humanoid construct

AC 4, HD 8, average hps 40, MV 40', #ATS 3 clamping claws (1d10 each), SV F8, ML n/a, AL L, XP 2,100

- ▷ *susceptible to protection from/dispel evil*
- ▷ *immune to gas, poison, sleep, charm and hold magic*
- ▷ *goes berserk if reduced to half hps: +2 attack and damage for remainder of battle*
- ▷ *trample opponent as first action, dealing 2d8 damage if it hits, +4 attack vs man-sized, +2 vs large-sized opponents*
- ▷ *grab opponents if a claw hits*
- ▷ *hugs for 1d10 damage against grabbed opponents.*





Silence comes to Applesby

The simple village of Appleby is remarkable only for its apples. It has a church atop a low hill, a blacksmith, a barn used as both a local tavern and inn for travellers, and cottages for the farmers and labourers who pick the apples and look after the orchard. Those that live there have enjoyed a simple but rewarding life... until the Silence descended.

Recent Events

It started at the church. One day the bell didn't toll for morning prayers and those that went to investigate found it ringed in silence. Those that entered never came back, and the local priest is missing. Then, as night fell, creatures came forth from the church, scaring villagers and spooking

the animals. They broke into the blacksmith and the village hall, took decorative bells from the smith, and handheld bells from the hall, and returned to the church.

The next day the Silence had grown, shrouding the hill. The villagers sent their fastest runners to get help from the nearest village (*Ravensmere*), but no help has come. And the silence continues to grow.

Current Events

The villagers have gathered at the village hall, while a couple of farmers have left to get help from the town of *Cricklewood*, a couple of days travel. No one wants to go near the church to confront the creatures. They need help.

The silence grows an additional 5' every night.

The Village of Appleby

A once sleepy, gentle village that has become a place of quiet terror.

Village Hall

The villagers meet here to discuss matters concerning their small community.

Now acting as a temporary shelter for those driven out of their homes, the villagers are gathering here to fret and worry while they wait for someone to save them; all except for **Little Red**, a young girl who is determined to investigate the church by herself, if no one comes forth to help.

Music lessons took place here, taught by **Old Mother Dot**, using bells forged by the smith. One of those bells has rolled under the central table; the others were taken by the **Quiet Ones**.

The Blacksmith

A small hut adjacent to a

forge, famous for the bells that the smith makes for horses and that he sells at the market every week, down in *Cricklewood*.

The Church

A small, simple church of stone with a bell-tower. Inside are the usual pews, altar, a font, a cloakroom, and the bell tower, which is now missing its bell.

The priest lived in one of the cottages in the village, but his dead body now lies at the body of the bell tower where it was crushed by the bell.

Another couple of bodies, the poor villagers that came to investigate, lie in the navel of the church, their necks snapped.

Tombs

A small tomb, now home to a cadre of **Quiet Ones**, a race of xenophobic religious fanatics, have taken over the church and has confiscated the bells that sensed inside the village.

They have missed a couple, but do not believe the villagers pose a threat. They are spreading their Silence from the tombs beneath the church.

The Quiet Ones

Religious fanatics from another realm, wanting to bring Silence to the world. They meditate at night to increase the radius of their Silence by 5' per night.

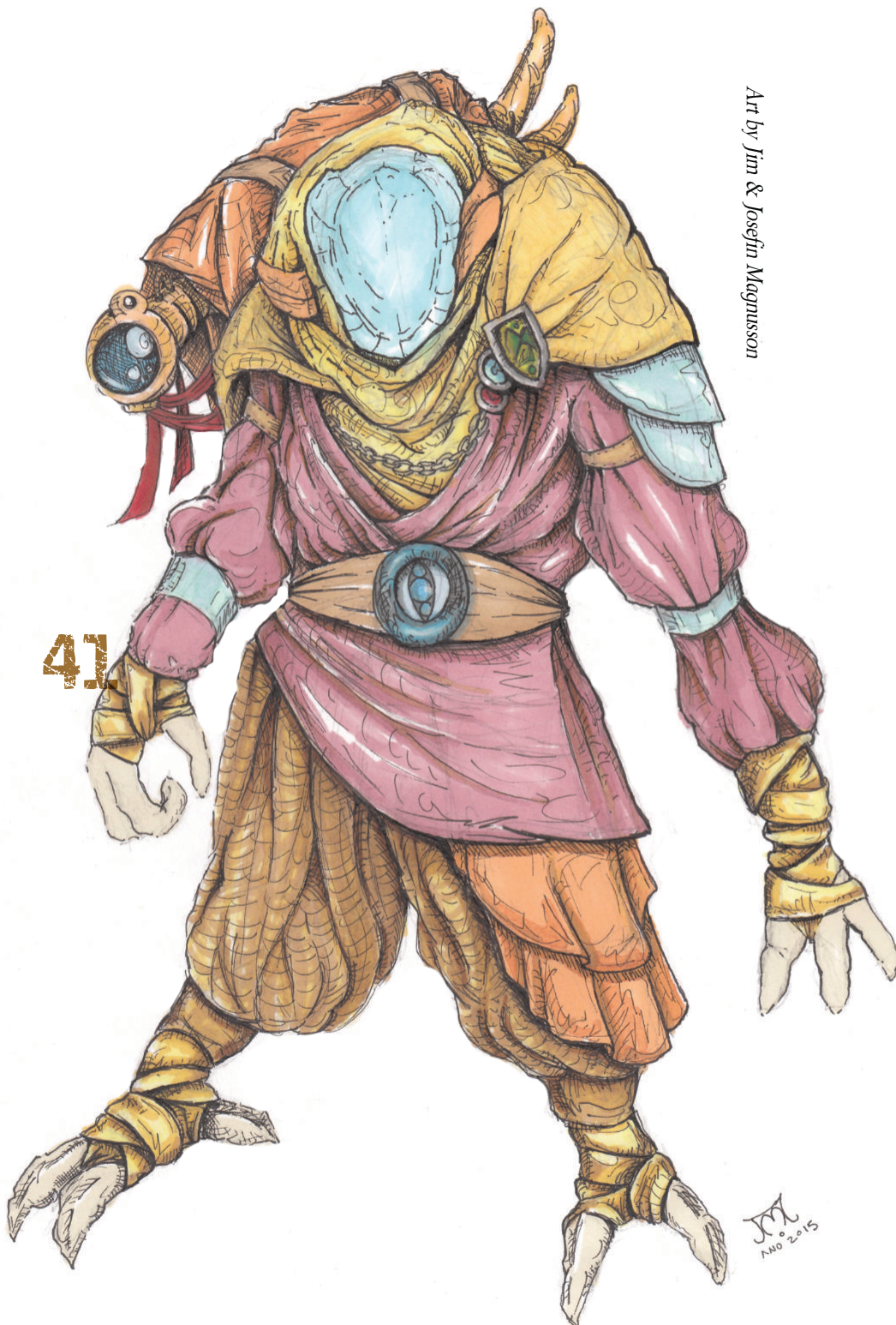
Each **Quiet One** has the spellability of a 4th-level cleric at the moment, but are reluctant to cast any spells as it would reduce the size of their Silence by 5' per spell level cast.

There are three (*hps* 35, 37, and 24) in all, all armed with ivory-handled iron maces that pack a considerable punch: each deals 1d6+1 damage.

Villagers of Importance

All are Level-0 humans and not really fit for fighting.

- ▷ *Smith: Oscar, a strong and bright man who delights in beautiful things and abhors violence.*
- ▷ *Village Elder: an old farmer who wants everyone to wait until help arrives and not to do anything rash. He is scared but shamed to show his fear.*
- ▷ *Old Mother Dot: the music teacher and midwife, has a talent for healing the sick. Believes the monsters are sent by the devil to torment them for their sins.*
- ▷ *Young William: a young farmer who saw the creatures up close when they stole the bells, and can describe them well enough, and saw them take the bells.*
- ▷ *Little Red: a brave young girl, fearless and reckless, who wants to be an adventurer and will follow anyone who enters the Silence to investigate the church.*



Art by Jim & Josefín Magnusson

quiet ones

% in Lair:	60%
Dungeon Enc:	Cloister (1
d6) WildernessEnc:	Cloister(2d6)
Alignment:	Lawful
Movement:	120' (40')
Armour Class:	2
Hit Dice:	5**
Attacks:	1 by weapon
Damage:	1d6
Save:	C5
Morale:	+1
Treasure Type:	None
XP:	500

Quiet Ones are devotees of an alien deity of Silence. They are divine crusaders, seeking to eliminate noise from the planes, by spreading Silence and consuming noise.

They move in utter silence and communicate to each other by some form of telepathy. They can sense everything around them within 120', including insubstantial or invisible creatures and objects.

Each Quiet One naturally emits an aura of Silence 15' radius (as the spell), which increases in size as the Quiet Ones consume the sounds around them. For every day that the Quiet Ones occupy a location full of noise

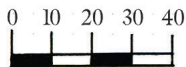
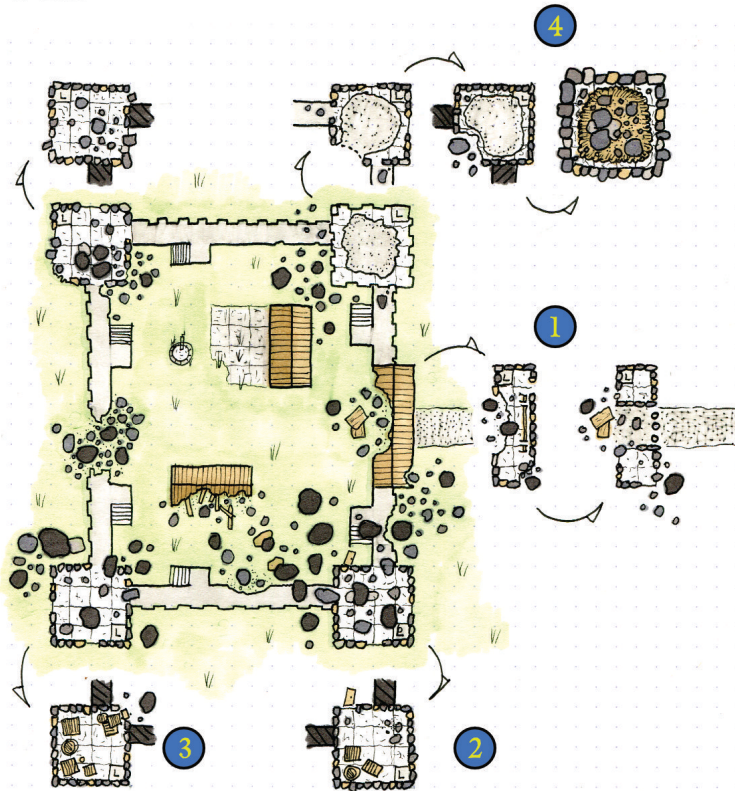
(anything from a village upwards, and they prefer to occupy large cities), the aura grows by 5' per day.

Each Quiet One has the spell ability of a Cleric, with a level equal to the number of days they have been active (maximum of Level 14, even if they have been consuming noise for longer than two weeks). As they cast spells (gesture only), the noise that they have consumed is used up and their power dwindles: once their daily spell allowance is used up, they must consume more noise to regain their power; their Silence aura is reduced back to 15' radius.

As such, the Quiet Ones only resort to using their spells if there is no other option, or if there are enough of them to take up the burden of spreading the Silence.

The sound of bells can somehow pierce their Silence, and causes them harm: tiny bells do 1 point of damage, small ones do 1d6, while a church bell would deal 1d12.

1. Gatehouse
2. Tower A
3. Tower B
4. Lair



snaca

A ruined fort in the middle of the wasteland, where a lindworm has taken up residence in the crumbled remains of a tower.

Gatehouse

Partially collapsed. A portcullis, rusted and jammed halfway.

Hanging from the tunnel ceiling are *wind-chimes made from bones* (13 in all, worth 15 gp each) that reach a foot from the floor, making it difficult to pass without knocking them and alerting the *lindworm* to intruders.

TOWER A

Mostly collapsed, upper floor has no roof, ground floor has several rotten crates and barrels:

- ▷ 2 crates of armour and weapons (225 gp, 10 st each)

TOWER B

Damaged, roof still intact, ground floor has a rusted

locked door and a bolted trapdoor over the ladder. On the ground floor are several crates, barrels and smaller kegs:

- ▷ 4 crates of fine porcelain (500 gp, 5 st each)
- ▷ 3 half-crates of terra-cotta pottery (50 gp, 2.5 st each)

COURTYARD

In the central courtyard are two buildings, one a ruin, the other intact. Both were barracks.

A search of the intact barracks uncovers some forgotten treasures:

- ▷ 10 dire wolf fangs (70 gp each)
- ▷ 1 chryselephantine (700 gp)

Lair

The interior is a crumbling shaft, with a crater revealing the foundations, where the *lindworm* beds down on a heap of bones, rotting meat, and a pile of treasure.

Treasure

Loose coins, teeth, old glass bottles and leaves, dirt, stones.

- ▷ 20,000 copper pieces
(200 gp, 20 st)
- ▷ 24,000 silver pieces
(2,400 gp, 24 st)
- ▷ 12,000 electrum pieces
(6,000 gp, 12 st)
- ▷ 1,100 gold pieces (11 st)
- ▷ 4 old, broken teeth tusks (from the lindworm)
(250 gp, 3 st each)
- ▷ 3 sets of engraved teeth
(70 gp each)
- ▷ Potions of Heroism (2)
- ▷ Potion of Sweet Water
- ▷ Potions of Water Breathing (2)
- ▷ Scroll of Ward against Undead
- ▷ Treasure Maps (2)
- ▷ Short Sword +1



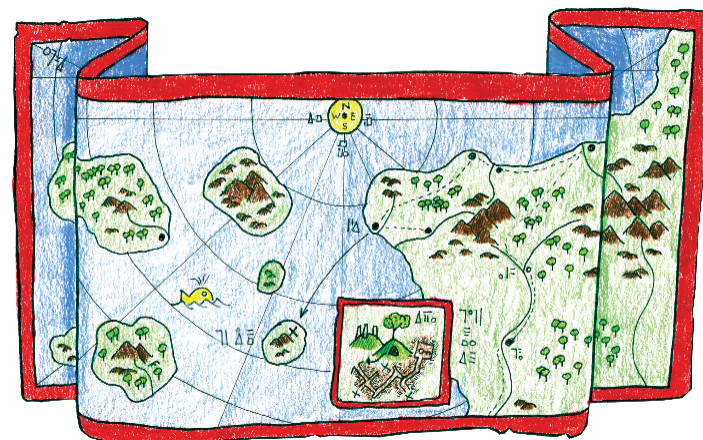
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Lindworm "Snaca"

Medium (8' long) Intelligent, sapient, Fantastic serpentine creature

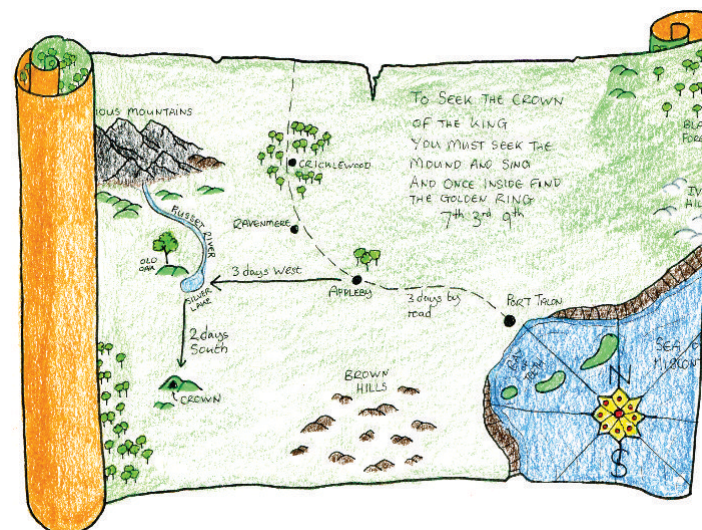
AC 7, HD 13, hps 65, MV 30', #ATS 1 bite, 1 constriction (3d8, 1d8), SV F15, ML +2, AL C, XP 3,400:

- ▷ poison bite, save vs poison at -2 or die
- ▷ tail grabs on a successful constrict attack, dealing 1d8/round until freed
- ▷ susceptible to charm/hold monster spells.



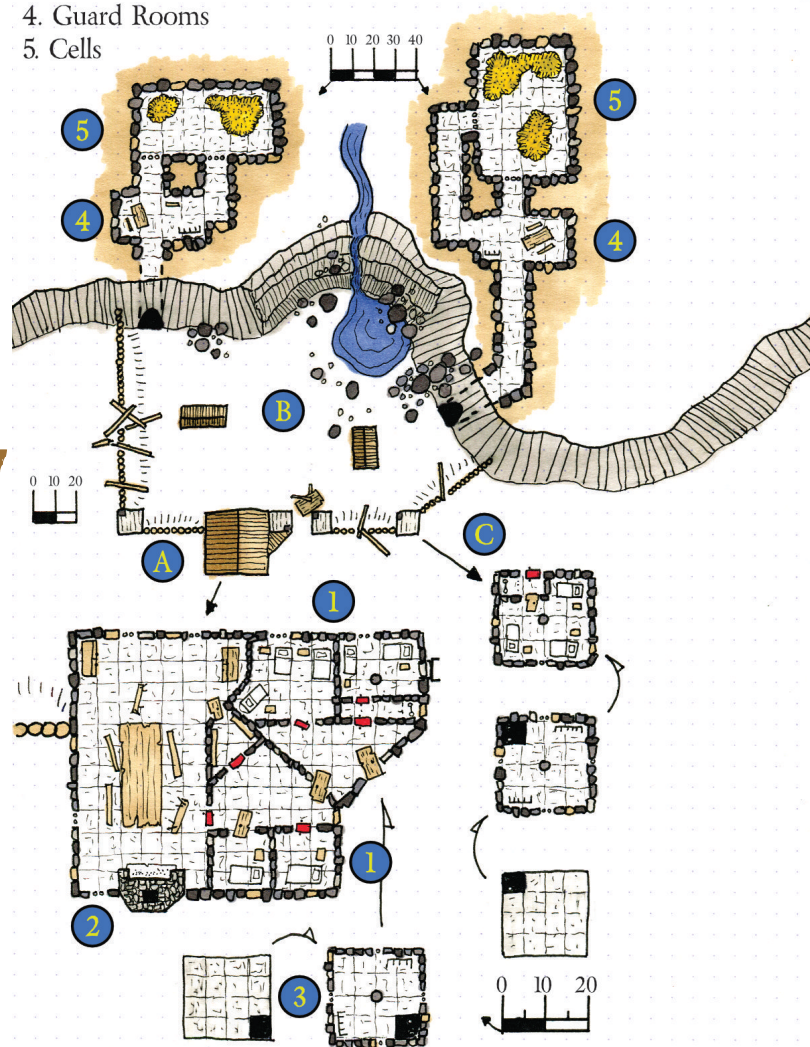
Treasure Maps

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1. Quarters
2. Hall
3. Watchtower
4. Guard Rooms
5. Cells

- A: Wardens
B: Courtyard
C: Towers



The Walking Dead

A former prisoner of war camp, this abandoned outpost is now home to the dead. Cold winds bring daily frost, and at night icy fog swirls around the walls and rubble. The tunnels are cold, damp, the floors slick underfoot. A muted smell of decay is carried on the wind.

During the day the outpost looks deserted, as the undead cannot abide the touch of the sun. But as soon as night falls, the dead walk: the dead prisoners mine or exercise in the courtyard; the wardens patrol and do chores; the dead copying their actions as in life.

If left undisturbed the dead remain focused on their activities; but if they are disturbed, or someone gets too close (within arm's reach), they react to the living, violently.

Wardens

The undead **wardens** are concentrated in the main outpost (A) and the towers (C), each a partially frozen corpse.

Courtyard

During the night, the courtyard is full of **zombies** (4d6) and **skeletons** (3d6) taking turns around the ground, exercising, silently talking to each other. They are watched by the dead **wardens** in the towers.

Towers

Three towers stand over the outpost, two flanking the main gate. Each has a ground floor barracks (occupied by 1d3 **wardens** during the day or night), a guard room on the middle floor (the remaining wardens will be here; there are three to each tower), and the rooftop battlements. During the night one of the Wardens will be here, watching the prisoners.

Quarters

Inside the main outpost are several barracks for the **wardens**. During the day each bed is occupied; at night the barracks are empty.

Chests by the foot of each hold old, worn clothes, a purse or pouch of old coins (2d12 gp, 2d20 sp, 1d20 cp), and a dagger.

Hall

A meeting hall and mess, during the day 1d6 **Wardens** are here, pretending to eat. At night they are on guard duty in the prison guard rooms.

Watchtower

Empty in the sunlight, at night a lone **Warden** stands watch from the rooftop. On the middle floor are racks holding half-a-dozen blunt spears.

Guard Rooms

Each of these rooms is empty during the night, but a pair of **Wardens** comes to stand guard here during the day. Racks hold a couple of blunt spears, as well as a set of keys for the cells.

Cells

These two communal cells are dirty, cold, and hold the **zombie** and **skeleton** prisoners during the day; at night they are out in the courtyard. Each cell has two locked barred doors, the keys in the guard rooms.

Skeletons (Prisoners, 3d6)

AC 2, HD 1, average hps 5, MV 40', #ATS 1 claw or weapon (1d4 or 1d6), SV F1, ML n/a, AL C, XP 13
 ▷ immune to gas, poison, charm, sleep, and hold magic

Zombies (Prisoners, 4d6)

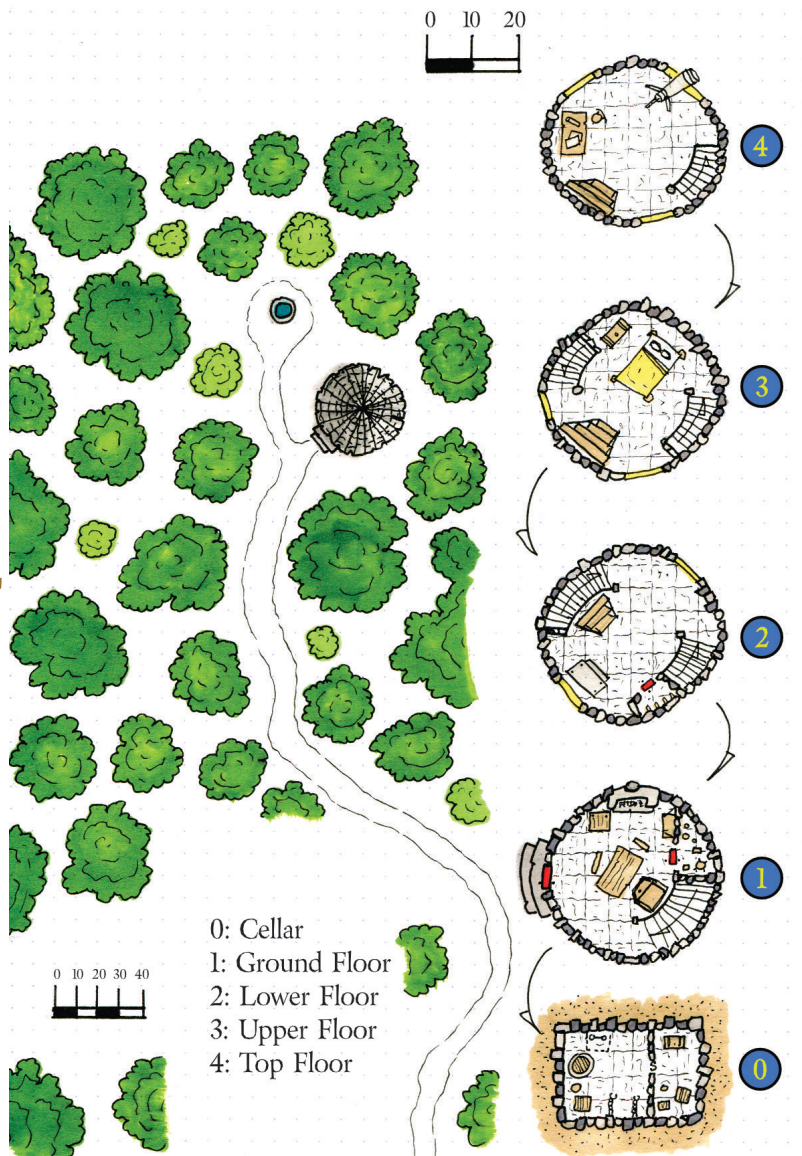
AC 1, HD 2, average hps 10, MV 20', #ATS 1 fist (1d8), SV F1, ML n/a, AL C, XP 29
 ▷ immune to gas, poison, charm, sleep, and hold magic
 ▷ slow, attack last

Frozen Dead (Prison Wardens, 15)

AC 5, HD 3, average hps 15, MV 20', #ATS 1 claw (1d10), SV F3, ML n/a, AL C, XP 80
 ▷ immune to cold, poison, charm, sleep, and hold magic
 ▷ vulnerable to fire (50% extra damage)
 ▷ frozen aura, 1d4 damage to all in 20'
 ▷ Turned as wights.



Artwork by Dean Spencer



Head in the Stars

Deep in the Desolation is a small woods, with a solitary tower by a deep well. A path leads to the door.

Inside lives a sorceress, actually a **Leyak**, called **Stenneo**, who is obsessed with the stars. She struggles with her observations, as when night falls her head pulls free of her body, and she feels the urge to hunt and feed.

She spends part of the night hunting what she can, and the rest (until dawn) looking through her telescope. When day comes she writes down her observations, illustrates the constellations she recalls from memory.

Tower of the Stars

A sturdy stone tower with a tiled roof, thick, distorting

glass windows, and steps up to a iron-bound oak door. It is cold inside, the fire seldom lit, as the **Leyak** doesn't feel the cold, and sustains herself on the blood of the prey she hunts.

Ground Floor

The exterior door and the trapdoor inside are both **wizard locked** (as 6th level mage).

An open space, a kitchen and dining room, with a trapdoor to a cellar and a pantry under the stairs. Inside the pantry are *11 bundles of healing herbs (100 gp, 1st each)* hanging from hooks, while the crate, sacks and boxes are all empty save for dust and old crumbs.

Cellar

A ladder leads down into a cold cellar, with an unlit lantern sitting on a nearby barrel of stagnant water. A crate holds mouldy flour, and jugs of vinegar and damp salt are in the corner.

Manacled to the wall is a **wild child**, feral and raised by monsters. He was caught by the **Leyak** last night and she is planning on feeding off him tonight, so that she can avoid going out hunting. He is more animal than human, a lost child whose parents were rich merchants ambushed by beastmen whilst crossing the barrens.

Wild Child (1)

AC 1, HD 1, hps 4, MV 40',
#ATS 1 bite or scratch (1d2), SV
FL, ML 0, AL N, XP 5 if rescued.

In the secret room is a **wizard-locked** (6th-level) chest holding:

- ▷ a collection of fine porcelain plates, cups and teapots, several decades old, all painted with woodland scenes (500 gp, 5 st).

There are also a couple of thick, brown glass bottles:

- ▷ Potion of Giant Strength
- ▷ Potion of Longevity

LOWER FLOOR

An altar adorned with petals and acorns, the wooden surface engraved with constellations, is the main focus of this floor.

It is a shrine to the *Goddess of Signs & Portents*, and **Stenneo** comes here every morning to utter a prayer.

Against the wall is a bookshelf. A *dozen rare books* (150 gp, 0.5 st each) sit on the shelves, each a large, heavy tome all about prophecies, reading signs and omens, and poetry concerning the stars, moon, and the sky at night.

UPPER FLOOR

If anyone enters this floor when the **Leyak** is out, a **Magic Mouth** forms and calls out that there are intruders.

Stenneo then comes hurrying to protect her body if she is in the tower.

This floor serves as Stenneo's bedroom, although she doesn't use it to sleep in. At night,

when her head detaches from her body, she makes sure she is lying here so that her body is safe and comfortable whilst she goes hunting, or heads upstairs to watch the stars.

Her hollow body is protected by *Protection from Evil*, *sustained* and *Protection From Normal Missiles* when it lies here (both last two hours, the normal length of time she goes out hunting).

By the bed is a chest, in which are *3 bundles of mink fur pelts* (300 gp, 3 st each), a gift from a long-dead lover. They are thick with dust, but intact.

A closet holds her spare clothes on pegs (robes, a cloak, and a long black dress decorated with silver stars, seldom worn). There are also three pairs of worn boots by the door.

Another bookshelf stands against the wall, holding *half-a-dozen books on ancient history and local geography* (150 gp, 0.5

st each). Amongst these, disguised as just another book on the weather, is Stenneo's spell-book, warded with another **wizard lock**.

TOP FLOOR

The top floor is an observatory with another bookshelf, a desk and chair. A large window, which slides along the inner wall, allows a good view of the sky above the trees. Standing here is an expensive *telescope* (1,500 gp, 2 st).

This is where **Stenneo** spends most of her time, especially during the day, and between midnight and dawn most nights.

The bookshelf holds *half-a-dozen rare books* (150 gp, 0.5 st each) on the constellations in the world, along with many loose parchments written in her own hand, with her own illustrations and commentary on the constellations. More, along with inks and quills, are on the desk.

Hanging from hooks on the wall above the desk is a broad-blade, double-edged red-steel *Two-handed Sword +1*.

Leyak, "Stenneo" (1)

AC 2 (5 in flight), HD 6, hps 30, MV 40' (foot/flight), #ATS 1 dagger or tongue (1d4+1 or 1d4 plus blood drain), SV M6, ML 0, AL C, XP 1,070:

- ▷ cast spells as a 6th-level mage
- ▷ head detaches from body, if hollow body is slain or head does not reattach before dawn, Leyak dies
- ▷ sight of flying head causes dread if a save vs paralysis fails, victims become paralysed until out of sight or leyak attacks
- ▷ if tongue hits, attach and drain 1d4 blood each round, severed if it takes 8 damage
- ▷ susceptible to Protection from Evil and Dispel Evil.

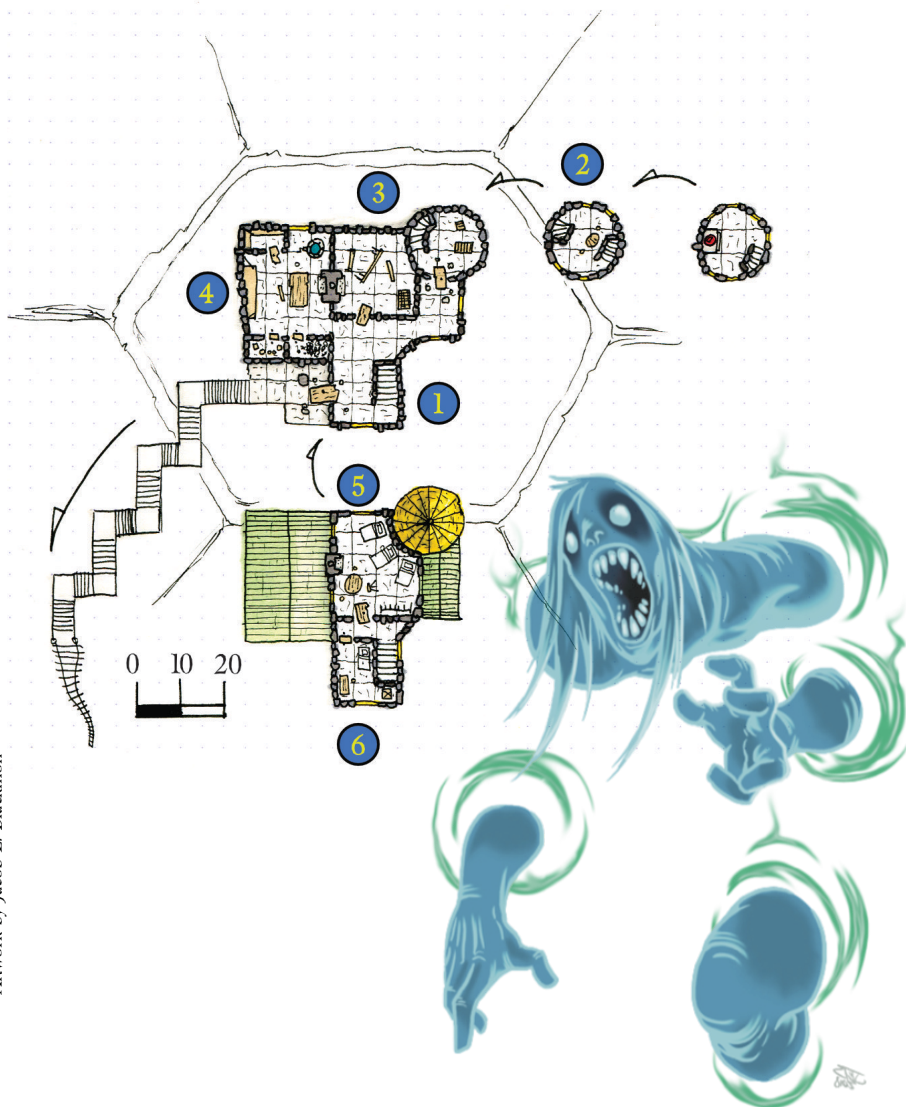
Spells: (1st) 2, (2nd) 2, (3rd) 2.

Spells Known: (1st) Charm Person, Magic Mouth, Protection from Evil/Good; (2nd) Mirror Image, Phantasmal Force, Wizard Lock; (3rd) Hold Person, Protection from Evil/Good-sustained, Protection from Normal Missiles.

Items: dagger +1, robes decorated with silver constellations, red scarf to cover neck during the day (hides join where her head attaches to her body).



1. Hall
2. Tower
3. Common Room
4. Kitchen
5. Dormitory
6. Master's Quarters



CORPSE OUTPOST

Sitting atop of a giant tortoise that was bred for war, this outpost travels around the Desolation, ponderously, about a league a day in roughly a clockwise direction. The tortoise tramples everything underfoot, pauses at the woodlands to chomp down a few trees, then carries on. It will stop when it dies, which may not be for decades yet.

The outpost itself was once occupied by artillery spotters and look-outs, but is now the lair of the spirits of those that died here.

SPIRITS

Four spirits roam this outpost, the dead soldiers and their commander, who were slain in their sleep by assassins.

The spirits manifest in random locations: when the outpost is first entered, roll 1d6 for each of the soldier's spirits, the number matching the location

the spirit will appear in a few rounds after that location is entered. On a roll of a 6, the spirit manifests outside their commander's room, knocking fruitlessly on the locked door.

Hall

The walls here are smeared with old blood, forming the words "No More". A chill permeates the hallway, and the smell of rotting flesh rises from the very stones.

If any spirits are found here, they manifest from the stairwell and main entrance, screaming.

TOWER

A three storey tower with a conical roof. Tables and chairs are found on the ground and middle floors, while the top floor holds an altar to some nameless deity.

On the ground floor there is also a crate of armour and weapons (225 gp, 10 st)

Artwork by Jacob E. Blackmon



Soldier's Spirits (Wraith, 3)

AC 6, HD 4, hps 13, 24, 20, MV 40' or 80' flying, #ATS 1 touch (1d6), SV F4, ML +4, AL C, XP 190; immune to gas, poison, charm, hold and sleep; half-damage from silver or magical weapons, immune to others; touch drains 1 Level from victim.

Master's Spirit (Spectre, 1)

AC 7, HD 6, hps 24, MV 50' or 100' flying, #ATS 1 touch (1d8), SV F6, ML +3, AL C, XP 820; immune to poison, gas, charm, hold and sleep, and ordinary weapons; touch energy drains 2 levels.

Giant War-Tortoise (1)

AC 11, HD 30, hps 141, MV 10', #ATS 2 stomps (3d8/3d8), SV F15, ML +2, AL N, XP 4,250; due to its size, it takes minimum damage from non-magical attacks except area effects.

Master's Quarters

This room is locked, and inside is a bed with a skeleton under the covers, its skull shattered, a desk and a locked chest.

In the chest are:

- ▷ 3,000 gp (3 st)
- ▷ 3,000 ep (1500 gp, 3 st)
- ▷ 2 vials of rare perfume (25 gp each)
- ▷ Potion of Sweet Water
- ▷ Potion of Flying
- ▷ Scroll of Ward against Elementals
- ▷ Cursed Scroll
(Inflicting: The victim may not gain new experience)

Only the Master's Spirit will be found here, and it manifests if anything in the room is disturbed.

Any spirits found here will be praying at the altar, and if not disturbed they spend a turn there before fading away.

Common Room

Signs of a battle are all around: overturned furniture, blood stains, broken teeth and a couple of rusty daggers.

There is also the *horn of a wyvern* (400 gp, 5 st) embedded in the fireplace

- ▷ 3 crates of glassware (200 gp, 5 st each)
- ▷ 25 rugs of rabbit fur pelts (40 gp, 1 st each)
- ▷ 10 bundles of healing herbs (100 gp, 1st each)
- ▷ 20 sticks of rare incense (16 gp each)

Any spirits found here are preparing an imaginary dinner, and will shoo any intruders away.

Dormitory

Upstairs is a three bed dormitory, each bed's sheets torn and sliced, the pillows little more than rags.

Under the beds, in small strongboxes, are:

- ▷ 1 Carved jade broach (1,000 gp)
- ▷ 1 set of superior thieves tools (200 gp)
- ▷ 3 sets of engraved teeth (50 gp each)

Spirits here will be 'asleep' in their beds, and react badly if disturbed.

59 Spirits manifesting here are in the midst of a fight and will see any intruders as their enemy.

Kitchen

With a small well in the corner (that has a *Decanter of Endless Water* attached to the side, the top tapped), this kitchen has a few side-rooms of supplies, coal and wood for the fire, and a pantry that has no food left in, since it has all long since rotted away.

In the stores can be found:

60

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