

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

2nd Edition

Official Game Accessory



Rogues' Gallery



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Game Accessory

Rogues' Gallery

Credits

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HOW TO USE ROGUES' GALLERY

The purpose of this publication is to provide the DM™ with a number of pregenerated nonplayer characters who can be inserted into any AD&D® game campaign. The characters may become regulars in your campaign, or they may be used to provide color for just one adventure. The DM can easily drop these characters into a campaign with a minimum of preparation. As an added bonus, collectors of the 1992 AD&D™ Trading Cards can encounter some of the characters they have read about. Although this book is titled *Rogues' Gallery*, it contains many different types of characters, not just rogues.

The characters in this book are presented in alphabetical order. A chart at the back shows their current location, and another lists class and level. Characters of all levels are included—from 1st level thieves to 20th level fighters—and all sorts in between. No matter the level of the campaign, the DM should be able to find someone to impress or intimidate the party, beg the party for aid, or assist the party as an equal.

When using *Rogues' Gallery*, remember that it is a tool to assist you in running a balanced, fun campaign. Do you have a fighter who has acquired a weapon that is simply too powerful? There are five or six thieves in here who could relieve him of it. You might set up a long chase, ending with the fighter obtaining a weapon that is a bit more balanced, and being glad to get that. Or perhaps you have a wizard who is entirely too confident in himself. A magical duel with one of the wizards listed might teach him some humility without having to kill him.

The characters in *Rogues' Gallery* are not presented just as opponents. There are low-level adventurers who could use the help of a strong party, and midlevel adventurers who would like to fight at the side of heroic PCs. If you take the time to read the characters thoroughly, you'll find many nights of adventure inspired by these rogues. On the other hand, if you are hard up for someone for the PCs to talk to, leafing through and finding an old lady beggar or a slick con-man can give you an NPC with motivations and methods already described. *Rogues' Gallery* should be used to help you run a good campaign.

Character Format

The characters are described in the same format throughout *Rogues' Gallery*. The character's name is listed on the first line, followed immediately by his level, race, and class. Some of the classes listed are not standard, such as an 8th level adventurer rogue, or a 3rd level troubleshooter, or a 4th level conjurer. These may be specialists, such as a conjurer, who is a mage specializing in conjuration/summoning magic, or a kit from *The Complete Fighter's Handbook*, *The Complete Wizard's Handbook*, *The Complete Thief's Handbook*, or *The Complete Priest's Handbook*. The rules for specialist mages are covered in the DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide. If the handbooks are not available, the exact class (warrior, mage, priest, or rogue) can be determined from the chart at the back of this product, which lists their basic AD&D game classes.

The next section lists the character's standard abilities: Strength, Dexterity, Constitution, Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma. Other important statistics follow: Armor Class, THACO, movement, hit points, and alignment. This is followed by any special attacks or defenses the character has, then any magic resistance. His size is given and then, if applicable, a listing for psionic abilities.

Following these statistics is a list of equipment, including any magical items the character is carrying. This equipment is assumed to be with the character encountered, unless the listing specifies differently.

After the equipment list comes the physical description of the character. This is only a guideline; the PC may be dressed differ-

ently if circumstances warrant. No one encountered in the middle of a blizzard is going to be dressed in a leather jerkin and a loincloth unless he is magically protected from the cold, for instance. This is a good section to determine how the PCs will first see the character, especially in the case of the rogues, many of whom employ disguises.

Following the physical description is the background section. This details the motivation and history of the character. Any great achievements are told, or perhaps why the character is what he is now. This section can be a great help in understanding how the character would think when interacting with the PCs. If a character's parents were victims of a careless mage's spell, and the PCs are seeking an evil wizard, could these mages be one and the same? With a bit of imagination, the characters detailed here can fit into your campaign very smoothly.

After the background section are the notes on role-playing. The character will not be standing about waiting for the PCs to come by, at least not in most cases. These NPCs are generally successful adventurers in their own right, and have goals and responsibilities just as do the PCs. The role-playing notes help the DM decide exactly what the character is doing when he meets the PCs, and what his attitude and demeanor will be. If a specific circumstance is called for—for instance, if the party is woefully short of fighters—the DM may override the odds given on the character and decide that the nonplayer fighter is broke and looking for a good adventure. Other characters have a definite mission—the Amazon returning home, for instance. They may or may not be turned from their mission to accompany the PCs; that is up to the role-playing of the players and the motivations of the character, as played by the DM.

Terms Used in Rogues' Gallery

Standard terms are used throughout the text of this work. Every DM should be familiar with these terms. They include Basic Abilities: Strength, Dexterity, Constitution, Intelligence, and Wisdom. Armor Class may be abbreviated as AC. THACO is taken straight from the charts, with modifiers (if any) listed behind the THACO.

Movement accounts for the armor the character is wearing. Other types of movement are abbreviated as follows: Fl = fly, Sw = swim, Br = burrowing, Wb = web.

Magic resistance can either be elven or dwarven resistance to magic, or in some cases, resistance to all magic.

Size usually lists the character's height. Remember to check this. It wouldn't do to describe the "big, brawny fighter" who turns out to be 5' 6" tall.

Psionics are listed as a summary. It is suggested that the DM have access to a *Complete Psionics Handbook* before he attempts to use characters boasting psionic powers, especially the pure psionists in this work.

The equipment entry lists notable items a character is carrying. Feel free to add small mundane things to the character, but nothing that doesn't make sense. A mage would not logically be carrying a spare set of plate mail on his back. Of course, if he has a *bag of holding* and he just recently defeated an evil fighter, he might have such an item and might be willing to sell it for only five times the current market value. "How many armor shops do you see out here in the wilderness? I guess you can always take your business elsewhere."

Organization

The characters in *Rogues' Gallery* can be stored in a separate section of your MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM™. The holes are sized to fit the binder. They can also be stored where the DM

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stores the rest of his NPCs, if he has such a file. Many of these characters are going to be too much fun to use just for one night's gaming. You'll want to be able to call upon them again and again. Nothing fleshes out a campaign like NPCs who reappear from time to time, giving the players the feeling that they are more than just passing through a world without having any real effect on it. Store these wherever it is convenient, but make sure it is somewhere you can get at them easily.

Examples

Presented here are three examples of how these characters can be used.

1. Let us say you are getting ready for your regular Sunday night gaming session. You've been preparing the adventure all weekend and you're really looking forward to it. Most of your players show up on time, as usual, but you are still waiting for Bruce. Five minutes after the game is supposed to start he phones, explaining he has a test tomorrow and has to stay home and study for it. Well, the game could go on, but Bruce was going to run the mage in the party. The adventure you have so carefully planned absolutely depends on at least one mage in the party.

You quickly turn to *Rogues' Gallery* and select Gregor Birning, a 7th level half-elf transmuter. Not quite as high a level as the rest of the party, but able to carry the magic load. You then inform the PCs that while they are in the inn waiting for Grelf (Bruce's mage) to show up, they are approached by a confident looking half-elf. "I hear you have need of a wizard. Well, I'm one of the best. Interested?" The players certainly will be interested, having found out that they have no mage going with them tonight. "I get two shares of the treasure, but then it's only fair. After all, I have two wands, and I'm prepared to use them both up if that's what the mission requires." After some haggling back and forth, the PCs agree to let Gregor accompany them, and you start the evening's play.

By the end of the evening, the party has reached the forest where they are supposed to locate the wizard's tower you have not finished laying out yet. You pause the adventure until next week's session, giving you time to finish the tower. When the next session rolls around, Bruce is the first one to arrive, eager to play Grelf. When play begins, Grelf comes flying into camp, apologizing for getting so caught up in magical research that he almost missed the adventure. The rest of the party is glad to see him; Grelf has always been an effective ally. However, two wizards would overbalance the party and are more than you have planned for. Since you have read over Gregor's role-playing notes, this is not a problem. Gregor refuses to travel with a mage more powerful than he is. He confronts Grelf, saying "Two wizards is more than this party needs. Either you go, or I do." Well, Grelf has no intention of leaving, so Gregor polymorphs himself into a swallow and flies away in a huff. The normal adventure can continue. Gregor may still be available to the party, if they have need of a mage in the future. Of course he may want an even higher share next time, to make up for the party's shoddy treatment of him.

2. The next example deals with using characters who don't join the party. The PCs are just returning from a very successful adventure laden with treasure and magic. They don't know what most of the magic is—the mage could only identify a few of the items. They need a way to identify the magic. They are told of a gifted seer, Alenella, who can surely identify their items. Alenella is no more than a 1st level rogue who puts on a good act as a gypsy, but she does know what's going on around town. After

relieving the PCs of a little of their gold, she predicts more adventure in their future with rich rewards. Not exactly a daring prediction, considering the PCs' professions, but one that the PCs enjoy hearing. She then sends them to Malrith Alont, a sage who specializes in the study of the sea. Alenella claims that she sees the sea in the PCs' future and that some of their magic items will be very important. Again, a fairly safe prediction since the PCs are in a port town.

When they locate Malrith Alont, she is indeed able to help them, identifying the helmet as a *Helm of Underwater Action* and two of the potions as *Potions of Water Breathing*. She casts an *identify* spell to identify the other three items in the treasure. This service is not cheap and the PCs' treasure is shrinking. She offers the PCs a bounty if they do go adventuring underwater: She collects sea shells and will pay well for any rare ones they happen to come across.

As the PCs are leaving, they are accosted by Granny Cozzners, a professional beggar. She pleads with them about her starving grandchildren. Facing the winter on the street, she has no money to pay the mortgage. The PCs have heard this story before, and even though several of the more generous party members give her a few gold pieces, she decides to help herself. The PCs are alert to this sort of thing. The rogue in the party spots Granny as she helps herself to the cleric's money pouch. The ensuing hullabaloo brings the city watch. Granny is ready for this; she immediately accuses the thief who spotted her as the real thief. When he denies this, she demands that they both be searched. Granny has safely hidden the gold in her *bag of holding*, but the search of the thief turns up his lockpicks—highly suspicious in this lawful town. Arrests are made and somehow Granny escapes in the confusion.

In court the next morning, the party's thief is convicted of carrying thieving tools, although the robbery charges are dropped since Granny cannot be found to testify. The offense is not serious, no jail time is needed, just a small fine. The small fine turns out to be most of the gold the party acquired on their last adventure. Faced with losing all of their gold, the party is given an option. Someone (or something) has been preying on shipping. If the PCs will stop it, the fine will be forgiven.

A quick return to Malrith's tower gets them some background information, as well as the chance to purchase just enough *water breathing* potions for the entire party. Malrith offers some advice about the type of monsters to be faced in this area of the sea, then wishes the party good luck.

While traveling underwater, the party becomes entangled in a hopeless battle. The monsters are just a bit too strong for the PCs, who are hampered by the fact that their fire magic and their blunt weapons are ineffective underwater. Into the combat charges Kell, a merman sea paladin. He is able to draw off a few of the monsters, allowing the party time to defeat the rest. He accepts no reward; he is glad to have saved good adventurers. He also gives the PCs a bit of information which helps them locate the sea hag who had been preying on ships in the area. After getting their promise that they will do no harm to the innocent sea life, he goes about his own business. After the PCs track down the sea hag, a fierce battle ensues. The PCs manage to defeat her, getting more treasure in the process.

This is just an example. It might be better to use a few of your own established NPCs in a some of the locations, but if the party is new to the area, or you don't have the NPCs to fit, this work can provide most of the NPCs you need to run an adventure. The next example shows how you can plan an entire adventure around a few of these NPCs.

3. For some time your players have been asking for a chance to play their high-level characters—the ones who have been sitting out for quite a while due to a lack of high-level adventures. The

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13th level druid is ready for some wandering; the mage wants a chance to reach 16th level and get an 8th level spell; the rogue is so close to maxing out all of his thief skills that he can taste it. You spend some time checking through the characters in this book, and finally decide that Molacinch, a 19th level assassin, and Minivera, a 20th level wizard, would be good opponents for these PCs. The adventure starts off when one of the druid's low level henchmen is poisoned and dies. It should be an NPC, not a PC. (Killing PCs offstage is not only bad game mastering, it tends to lose players.)

Not only is his henchman dead, but the druid himself suffers a poisoning attempt, which does not prove fatal. He calls upon the other PCs, his old adventuring cronies, to help him investigate this threat. The DM decides that the druid and his friends once foiled a plot that an evil wizard was hatching (what group of high-level adventurers hasn't faced an evil wizard?), and the wizard is trying to get revenge. He might also weave in the theft of a prized sword or staff, to get some of the other PCs involved.

At this point, the party is going to be looking for information and, ultimately, revenge. They try their divination spells, but all of the rolls are failures. Instead of letting the adventure die, the DM decides that the information they get only leads them to the location of Amari, a 20th level wizard. Amari listens to their story and offers her help. She likes returning things to their proper owner. It seems that the party is more than powerful enough to handle the challenge, but she would be glad to help with information. Using a 9th level spell, she provides the party with a guide to the perpetrator of this evil crime. It is a magical locator and leads the party in the straightest line to the intended target.

This means that the PCs might be stumbling through all sorts of country. The trail can lead right through a hill giant lair or through a swamp infested with dozens of trolls—whatever it takes to give the party a bit of a tussle. On the way, they encounter a herd of deer. Being on the road, the party probably decides to hunt for some food, or the druid may decide to speak with the deer and get information. Either way, one of the deer transforms into a human, Phun Ach-mana Phun, the barbarian priest. He warns them against harming his lands, although he recognizes the druid as someone worthy of respect. He doesn't have much use for the mage and shows it. The party makes some contacts with his barbarian tribe, and spend a little time role-playing with them. Barbarians like to throw feasts for guests, and if the PCs are suitably impressive, they can be the guests at such a feast. During the night, an invisible stalker, sent by the wizard, visits one of the PCs. The party manages to defeat it before the PC is seriously injured, but the superstitious barbarians throw the PCs out into the night.

Later that night, the party is again interrupted, this time when a delayed-blast *fireball* goes off near the camp. It doesn't injure anyone, but it certainly gets everyone's attention. As a result of these disturbances, the PC mage is unable to relearn any of his spells today. As they continue to travel, they may encounter Boelle, who can provide a bit of healing if the party is in desperate need. If not, she knows of a village which was ransacked by giants, and there are many wounded villagers who could use the clerics' help.

It shouldn't take much persuading; Boelle is very good at describing the plight of the families and the children who will starve if their parents are left to die. The PCs discover the village; it has many wounded. The clerics labor most of the night after they have used all of their healing spells. Any PCs with healing proficiency will also have to work through the night.

The others can help rebuilding the village's defenses, repairing buildings damaged in the raid. There is a clear trail for the party to follow: They must decide whether to avenge the village or follow the assassin. Boelle is all for following the trail. If they listen to her, they can track down the giants in only a few hours. The giants didn't think there was anything in this part of the country that could stand up to them. There are over a dozen giants. The PCs face a tough battle, and the priests still have not been able to pray for healing spells. After defeating the giants, the party is somewhat battered. Boelle thanks them for their help, then returns to care for the village. By this time, the guiding spell has worn out, and the party is on their own again, although they can keep traveling in the same direction.

Later that day, a young woman comes riding up, saying that she is a fighter from the village. When she heard what the party did, she just had to join them. She offers her services as a herald for the paladin in the party, or perhaps as a bodyguard for the archmage in the party. There may not be a paladin or an archmage in the party, but Molacinch knows the value of flattery. She even offers her last healing potion to the PC most in need of healing. She presents herself as a 6th level fighter, not very well equipped. Two hours after the potion is drunk, the encounter reaches a climax.

Minivera is waiting for the PCs; she has been watching them through her *crystal ball*. As the two-hour limit passes, one of the PCs must save vs. poison or die in great pain. If he saves, he suffers 20 points of damage, possibly falling unconscious. At the same time, 2 *summoned* hydra emerge from the forest and attack the PCs. Minivera is invisible as she is hiding in the forest and lets go with a lightning bolt at one of the PCs. Molacinch attacks one of the priests from behind, probably getting a surprise backstab. The party has been set up and could be in for the battle of their long adventuring careers. They may win, although Minivera probably teleports away, returning to trouble them another day.

These are just examples for you to use. The evil wizard in the last example could just as easily have been an old foe of the PCs from your campaign, but if you have no such wizard readily available, one of these new NPCs may have some motives and background for you to draw on. Remember that these are to be used in your campaign. If you need to subtly alter their background to mesh them with your characters, feel free. The wizard who lost her parents to a careless spellcaster in her youth may discover that a PC wizard was responsible. Maybe he didn't throw the spell that killed her parents, but he may have dodged, letting them get hit. Now the wizard is demanding an accounting. The characters in *Rogues' Gallery* are intended for you to use to your advantage in your campaign.

Other References

Rogues' Gallery is intended for use with the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game. The *Player's Handbook* and the DUNGEON MASTER™ Guide are important for understanding and playing these characters correctly. Much use can also be derived from *The Complete Fighter's Handbook*, *The Complete Thief's Handbook*, *The Complete Priest's Handbook*, and *The Complete Wizard's Handbook*. None of these latter works is necessary, but they do add background and color, as well as suggestions for playing characters. No other source books should be required for these characters, but plenty of your own imagination will make these characters come to life.

Combined Statistics Chart

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Name	Class	Level	Race	Align	AC	THAC0	hp
Alakabon of the Legion	Rogue	14	Human	Chaotic Evil	-4	14	84
Alenella	Rogue	1	Human	Lawful Evil	6	20	6
Malrinth Alont	Diviner	3	Half-elf	Lawful Good	8	20	14
Amari the Warder	Abjurer	20	Human	Neutral Good	5	14	46
Argripina	Amazon Priestess	7	Human	Lawful Good	2	16	42
Aruthir	Druid	9	Half-elf	Neutral	0	16	71
Atropos	Enchanter	11	Elf	Neutral Evil	9	17	26
Aurora	Wizard	9	Human	Neutral Good	-1	18	47
Dell Bandenwick	Adventurer Rogue	4	Halfling	Lawful Neutral	4	19	21
Hrulgín Beefbone	Bounty Hunter	7	Dwarf	Lawful Neutral	3	17	49
Benhi the Leech	Rogue	8	Gnome	Chaotic Neutral	-7	17	40
Bertilde the Brazen	Amazon Bard	11	Human	Neutral	10	15	54
Martha Bigbones (the Great)	Illusionist	7	Human	Neutral	4	18	20
Gregor Birning	Transmuter	7	Half-elf	Chaotic Neutral	7	18	21
Boelle	Priest	16	Human	Lawful Good	7	10	97
Borealis	Druid	10	Human	True Neutral	4	14	66
Zera Brighthammer	Amazon Warrior	6	Dwarf	Chaotic Good	1	15	31
Bronwen the Bold	Paladin	5	Human	Lawful Good	2	16	26
Mariko Bureshu	Wu Jen/Ninja	9/8	Human	Lawful Good	7	17	26
Burtelessar	Fighter/Thief	10/6	Human	Chaotic Neutral	2	11	75
Calla	Amazon Wizard	3	Human	Neutral	5	20	8
Callran	Wizard	2 (18)	Half-elf	Neutral Good	8	20	35
Callvyn	Berserker	14	Half-elf	Chaotic Neutral	1	7	36
Caysmal	Fighter	14	Dwarf	Lawful Good	-1	7	77
Chobin "the Punkster"	Wizard	6	Human	Chaotic Neutral	4	19	14
Corinne	Abjurer	5	Human	Neutral Good	5	19	15
Coyenny the Shark	Rogue	11	Doppelganger	Neutral	4	15	32
Granny Cozzners	Beggar Rogue	8	Human	Neutral	2	17	28
Lady Elorelei	Bard	4	Human	Chaotic Neutral	6	19	14
Harlo Everwinter	Bard	7	Human	Chaotic Neutral	9	17	21
The Great Druid	Druid	14	Treant	True Neutral	0	7	85
Guido del Confuso	Priest	8	Human	Neutral Good	7	16	42
Talgat Hardfist	Warrior	12	Dwarf	Lawful Neutral	-1	9(6*)	92
Lady Sharl Harlena	Cavalier	15	Human	Lawful Good	-4	6	94
Jackdraw	Enchanter	8	Human	Neutral	5	18	20
Jaht	Wizard	17	Human	Lawful Neutral	8	15	29
Jalavier	Swashbuckler Rogue	13	Human	Chaotic Neutral	5	14	55
Alvestar Jankins	Cat Burglar	6	Half-elf	Chaotic Good	6	18	26
Jastus	Barbarian Warrior	5	Human	Chaotic Good	6	16	40
Javair	Noble Warrior	12	Human	Lawful Neutral	2	9	72
Thyl Kealta	Ranger	9	Elf	Lawful Neutral	3	12	62
Kell	Sea Paladin	10	Merman	Lawful Good	5	11	50
Korska Kellukuscha	Bandit	14	Human	Lawful Neutral	2	14	41
"Slipper" Kendric	Rogue	4	Human	Lawful Evil	9	19	18
Kerisis	Amazon Wizard	10	Human	Neutral Evil	0	17	30
Lachesis	Conjurer	15	Human	Chaotic Good	9	16	42
Liana	Druid	4	Human	True Neutral	5	18	15
Syllendel Mallandiara	Noble Priest	5	Elf	Lawful Good	10	18	21
Meari	Psychometabolicist	15	Human	Neutral Good	10	13	42
Mellenea	Psionicist	14	Human	Neutral Evil	10	14	41
Lady Dahlia Mingor	Conjurer	6	Human	Lawful Neutral	6	19	19
Minivera	Wizard	20	Human	Chaotic Evil	0	14	41
Molacinch	Rogue	19	Human	Neutral Evil	10	11	45

Combined Statistics Chart

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Name	Class	Level	Race	Align	AC	THAC0	hp
Moonshadow	Troubleshooter	3	Human	Neutral Good	7	19	12
Layla Necuurluf	Druid	3	Half-elf	True Neutral	9	20	16
Nendalin	Noble Priest	1	Halfling	Neutral Good	7	20	7
The Old Man	Polar Shaman	17	Human	Chaotic Good	8	10	63
Phun Ach-mana Phun	Barbarian Priest	14	Human	Neutral	9	12	63
"Polly" the Pirate	Warrior	8	Elf	Neutral Evil	6	13	24
Pontum	Warrior	8	Gnome	Chaotic Good	3	13	62
Ooma Ptermani	Wizard	1	Elf	Chaotic Neutral	8	20	4
Thom "Pug" Puggilly	Wizard	2	Human	Neutral Good	10	20	7
Rhymer	Wizard	1	Wood Elf	Lawful Good	10	20	4
Riallus	Conjurer	4	Human	Neutral Evil	5	19	10
Istha Rockhead	Berserker	5	Dwarf	Chaotic Evil	9	16	45
Delynn Rosabell	Warrior	4	Elf	Lawful Neutral	4	17	72
Triestar Silvarost	Conjurer	4	Half-elf	Chaotic Good	1	19	12
Ellayni Silverdelve	Illusionist	10	Gnome	Lawful Good	7	17	27
Stalounge	Wizard	9	Human	Lawful Good	10	18	24
Ari Stauffan	Wizard	19	Human	Neutral	5	14	29
Stelectra	Psychoporter	5	Human	Neutral Good	7	18	20
Stonewright	Psionicist	8	Dwarf	Neutral Good	10	17	31
Darwell Tectite	Box-man Rogue	11	Dwarf	Neutral Good	6	15	43
Teryss the Resourceful	Bard	3	Elf	Chaotic Good	10	20	10
Theopolis the Thoughtful	Clairsentient	10	Gnome	True Neutral	10	16	37
Thevila of the Vale	Psychokineticist	6	Elf	Neutral Good	10	18	19
Riccih Thicctoh	Shaman	17	Human	Chaotic Neutral	10	10	67
Zod Thistlethyme	Monk	1	Halfling	Lawful Good	10	20	4
Finne Tuain	Wizard	3	Half-elf	Chaotic Neutral	10	20	8
Tuiggi	Wizard	5	Half-elf	Chaotic Good	10/8*	19	15
Udo	Abjurer	3	Human	Chaotic Good	8	20	4
Usteria	Transmuter	10	Half-elf	Neutral Good	6	19	22
Warburton	Paladin	10	Human	Lawful Good	1	11	59
Warton the Wiley	Paladin	4	Human	Lawful Good	4	17	19
Wel Jon	Peasant Hero	6	Elf	Chaotic Good	8	15	30
Lady Wendolyn of Gaunt	Cavalier	10	Human	Lawful Good	-3	11	83

Urban Encounters

2	Malrinth Alont
3	Amari the Warder
4	Aurora
5	Benhi the Leech
6	Gregor Birning
7	Mariko Bureshu
8	Burtelessar
9	Callran
10	Chobin the Punkster
11	Granny Cozzners
12	Lady Elorelei
13	Harlo Everwinter
14	Jalavier, Rogue Extraordinaire
15	Slipper Kendric
16	Lady Dahlia Mingor
17	Minivera
18	Darwell Tectite
19	Teryss the Resourceful
20	Theopolis the Thoughtful

Sylvan Encounters

2	Aruthir
3	Atropos
4	Dell Bandenwick
5	Callran
6	Callvyn
7	The Great Druid
8	Alvestar Jankins
9	Thyl Kealta
10	Syllendel Mallandiara
11	Layla Necuurluf
12	Polly the Pirate
13	Ooma Ptermani
14	Rhymer
15	Delynn Rosabell
16	Triestar Silvarost
17	Ellayni Silverdelve
18	Teryss the Resourceful
19	Thevila of the Vale
20	Tuiggi

Desert Encounters

2	Amari the Warder
3	Martha Bigbones (the Great)
4	Borealis
5	Chobin the Punkster
6	Guido del Confuso
7	Kerisis
8	Lachesis
9	Syllendel Mallandiara
10	Mellenea
11	Nendalin
12	Pontum
13	Riallus
14	Staloungue
15	Ari Stauffan
16	Stelectra
17	Thevila of the Vale
18	Riccih Thicctoh
19	Warburton
20	Warton the Wiley

Forest Encounters

2	Argripina
3	Aruthir
4	Dell Bandenwick
5	Hrulgin Beefbone
6	Borealis
7	Corinne
8	The Great Druid
9	Alvestar Jankins
10	Jastus
11	Thyl Kealta
12	Korska Kelluskuscha
13	Liana
14	Layla Necuurluf
15	Phun Ach-mana Phun
16	Rhymer
17	Triestar Silvarost
18	Finne Tuain
19	Tuiggi
20	Wel Jon

Mountain Encounters

2	Amari the Warder
3	Hrulgin Beefbone
4	Boelle
5	Zera Brighthammer
6	Bronwen the Bold
7	Callvyn
8	Caysmal
9	Talgat Hardfist
10	Lady Sharl Harlena
11	Lachesis
12	Meari
13	Pontum
14	Thom "Pug" Puggilly
15	Riallus
16	Istha Rockhead
17	Staloungue
18	Darwell Tectite
19	Theopolis the Thoughtful
20	Lady Wendolyn of Gaunt

Water/Seashore Encounters

2	Malrinth Alont
3	Boelle
4	Bronwen the Bold
5	Mariko Bureshu
6	Coyenny the Shark
7	Harlo Everwinter
8	Guido del Confuso
9	Jaht
10	Jalavier, Rogue Extraordinaire
11	Kell
12	Minivera
13	Molacanth
14	Moonshadow
15	Nendalin
16	The Old Man
17	Polly the Pirate
18	Ooma Ptermani
19	Rhymer
20	Lady Wendolyn of Gaunt

Plains/Hills Encounters

2	Alenella
3	Aruthir
4	Martha Bigbones (the Great)
5	Boelle
6	Zera Brighthammer
7	Callran
8	Callvyn
9	Caysmal
10	Corinne
11	Coyenny the Shark
12	Javair
13	Meari
14	Molacanth
15	Moonshadow
16	Riallus
17	Istha Rockhead
18	Zod Thistlethyme
19	Finne Tuain
20	Usteria

Tropical Encounters

2	Alakabon of the Legion
3	Atropos
4	Aurora
5	Bertilde the Brazen
6	Boelle
7	Calla
8	Lady Sharl Harlena
9	Jastus
10	Korska Kelluskuscha
11	Lachesis
12	Liana
13	Phun Ach-mana Phun
14	Pontum
15	Ooma Ptermani
16	Riallus
17	Staloungue
18	Tuiggi
19	Udo
20	Warton the Wiley

Character Whereabouts (alternate version)

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Name	Primary Location	Secondary Location	Tertiary Location
Alakabon of the Legion	City (40%)	Hunting Wanted Man (40%)	Espionage (20%)
Alenella	City (100%)	—	—
Malrinth Alont	Tower (90%)	Search For Answers (10%)	—
Amari the Warder	Anywhere	—	—
Argripina	Shrine (95%)	Wilderness (5%)	—
Aruthir	Forest (70%)	Mountains (20%)	Plains (10%)
Atropos	City (60%)	Adventuring (30%)	Social Functions (10%)
Aurora	Research (40%)	Adventuring (30%)	Tower (30%)
Dell Bandenwick	Adventuring (50%)	Scouting (35%)	Meeting Silversteel (15%)
Hrulgín Beefbone	Hunting Someone (60%)	Returning Prisoner (40%)	—
Benhi the Leech	Investigation (60%)	Social Functions (40%)	—
Bertilde the Brazen	On The Road (50%)	At An Inn (50%)	—
Martha Bigbones (the Great)	Adventuring (100%)	—	—
Gregor Birning	In Town (40%)	On The Road (40%)	Looking For A Job (20%)
Boelle	Adventuring (100%)	—	—
Borealis	On Foot In The Land (70%)	In Eagle Form (30%)	—
Zera Brighthammer	On The Road (60%)	At An Inn (40%)	—
Bronwen the Bold	Adventuring (100%)	—	—
Mariko Bureshu	Searching For Spells/Adventuring (100%)	—	—
Burtelessar	On The Road (45%)	At An Inn (30%)	With The Group (25%)
Calla	Adventuring (90%)	Going Home (10%)	—
Callran	Traveling (100%)	—	—
Callvyn	On The Road (100%)	—	—
Caysmal	Adventuring (100%)	—	—
Chobin "the Punkster"	Searching For Parents (100%)	—	—
Corinne	With Val Jon (60%)	Shopping For Val Jon (40%)	—
Coyenny the Shark	In Town (100%)	—	—
Granny Cozzners	In Town (100%)	—	—
Lady Elorelei	In Town (100%)	—	—
Harlo Everwinter	In A Tavern (80%)	Adventuring (20%)	—
The Great Druid	Gaderen (100%)	—	—
Guido del Confuso	In Taverns (40%)	Adventuring (40%)	With The Group (20%)
Talgat Hardfist	With His Clan (80%)	Adventuring (20%)	—
Lady Sharl Harlena	Traveling (100%)	—	—
Jackdraw	Traveling (100%)	—	—
Jaht	On The Road (100%)	—	—
Jalavier	On The Docks (50%)	In A Tavern (30%)	Onboard Ship (20%)
Alvestar Jankins	In Town (40%)	Eavesdropping (30%)	Roaming the Streets (30%)
Jastus	Hunting (70%)	With Tribe (30%)	—
Javair	Traveling (100%)	—	—
Thyl Kealta	Forest (100%)	—	—
Kell	In The Sea (80%)	Near The Shore (20%)	—
Korska Kellukuscha	Forest (50%)	Light Woods (25%)	On The Road (25%)
"Slipper" Kendric	In Town (100%)	—	—
Kerisis	City (70%)	On The Road (20%)	Searching Ruins (10%)
Lachesis	At An Inn (50%)	On The Road (25%)	Open Hills/Grasslands (25%)
Liana	Rain Forest (100%)	—	—
Syllendel Mallandiará	On The Road (40%)	Research Undead (30%)	Recovering From Wounds (30%)
Meari	At Her Keep (100%)	—	—
Mellenea	Astral Plane (50%)	Guild Hall/Study (40%)	On The Docks (10%)
Lady Dahlia Mingor	Home (40%)	Shopping (40%)	With Mentor (20%)
Minivera	Townhouse (100%)	—	—
Molacanth	Traveling (100%)	—	—
Moonshadow	City (90%)	Tavern (10%)	—
Layla Necuurluf	Forest (100%)	—	—
Nendalin	On The Road (60%)	Inn Or Tavern (20%)	Temple (20%)
The Old Man	Hunting/Fishing Away From Tribe (60%)	Hunting/Fishing Near Tribe (40%)	—
Phun Ach-mana Phun	With/Near Tribe (60%)	Collecting Herbs/Plants (30%)	On The Road (20%)
"Polly" the Pirate	In Port (50%)	Tavern (30%)	Being Nefarious (20%)
Pontum	Looking For Adventure (50%)	Preparing For An Adventure (25%)	Returning From An Adventure (25%)
Ooma Ptermani	Village/Town (40%)	City (30%)	Wilderness (30%)
Thom "Pug" Puggilly	Home (40%)	Dungeon (35%)	Mountains (15%)
Rhymer	Forest (70%)	Plains (20%)	Town (10%)
Riallus	City (55%)	Hills (35%)	Plains (10%)
Istha Rockhead	Subarctic Mountain (50%)	Plains (25%)	Village/Town (25%)
Delynn Rosabell	City (65%)	Village/Town (25%)	Forest (15%)
Triestar Silvarost	Castle Vicinity (40%)	Countryside (35%)	Elf Kingdom (25%)
Ellayni Silverdelve	Hills (95%)	Human Settlement (5%)	—
Stalounge	Plains (35%)	Hills (25%)	Town (25%)City (15%)
Ari Stauffan	Tower (95%)	Various (5%)	—
Stelectra	Prime Material Plane (75%)	Dreams (25%)	—
Stonewright	Hills (50%)	Mountains (35%)	Forest (15%)
Darwell Tectite	City (100%)	[Thieves' Quarters (35%)]	[Marketplace (10%)]
Teryss the Resourceful	Tavern (40%)	Street (30%)	Horse Trough (30%)
Theopolis the Thoughtful	City (55%)	Countryside (35%)	Hills (10%)
Thevila of the Vale	Forest (40%)	Plains (35%)	Village/Town (15%)
Riccih Thicctoh	Wilderness (100%)	—	—
Zod Thistlethyme	Monastery (75%)	Woods (20%)	Village (5%)
Finne Tuain	Village/Town (50%)	Plains (35%)	Forest (15%)
Tuiggi	Forest (70%)	Plains (20%)	Hills (10%)
Udo	Jungle (100%)	—	—
Usteria	Magic School (90%)	Various (10%)	—
Warburton	Castle (45%)	Town (25%)	Plains (15%)
Warton the Wiley	Wilderness (45%)	Castle (35%)	Town (20%)
Wel Jon	Village (65%)	Forest (35%)	—
Lady Wendolyn of Gaunt	Wilderness (75%)	Town/Village (25%)	—

List By Class

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Warriors:

Card #	Name	Level	Race	Class
295	Brighthammer, Zera	6	Dwarf	Amazon Warrior
228	Bronwen the Bold	5	Human	Paladin
300	Callvyn	14	Half-elf	Berserker
415	Caysmal	14	Dwarf	Warrior
345	Hardfist, Talgat	12	Dwarf	Warrior
62	Harlena, Lady Sharl	15	Human	Cavalier
726	Jastus	5	Human	Barbarian Warrior
176	Javair	12	Human	Noble Warrior
416	Kealta, Thyl	9	Elf	Ranger
227	Kell	10	Merman	Sea Paladin
178	Polly the Pirate	8	Elf	Warrior
182	Pontum	8	Gnome	Warrior
297	Rockhead, Isth	5	Dwarf	Berserker
727	Rosabell, Delynn	4	Elf	Warrior
229	Warburton	10	Human	Paladin
226	Warton the Wiley	4	Human	Paladin
177	Wel Jon	6	Elf	Peasant Hero
724	Wendolyn of Gaunt, Lady	10	Human	Cavalier

Wizards:

Card #	Name	Level	Race	Class
457	Alont, Malrinth	3	Half-elf	Diviner
335	Amari the Warder	20	Human	Abjurer
579	Atropos	11	Elf	Enchanter
734	Aurora	9	Human	Wizard
455	Bigbones, Martha (the Great)	7	Human	Illusionist
336	Birning, Gregor	7	Half-elf	Transmuter
303	Calla	3	Human	Amazon Wizard
310	Callran	2	Half-elf	Wizard
723	Chobin "the Punkster"	6	Human	Wizard
218	Corinne	5	Human	Abjurer
338	Jackdraw	8	Human	Enchanter
184	Jaht	17	Human	Wizard
304	Kerisis	10	Human	Amazon Wizard
578	Lachesis	15	Human	Conjurer
337	Mingor, Lady Dahlia	6	Human	Conjurer
185	Minivera	20	Human	Wizard
191	Ptermani, Ooma	1	Elf	Wizard
66	Thom "Pug" Puggilly	2	Human	Wizard
183	Rhymer	1	Elf	Wizard
113	Riallus	4	Human	Conjurer
344	Silverdelve, Ellayni	10	Gnome	Illusionist
334	Silvarost, Triestar	4	Half-elf	Conjurer
190	Stalounge	9	Human	Wizard
187	Stauffan, Ari	19	Human	Wizard
188	Tuain, Finne	3	Half-elf	Wizard
426	Udo	3	Human	Abjurer
577	Usteria	10	Half-elf	Transmuter

List By Class

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Rogues:

Card #	Name	Level	Race	Class
433	Alakabon of the Legion	14	Human	Rogue
313	Alenella	1	Human	Rogue
316	Bandenwick, Dell	4	Halfling	Adventurer Rogue
80	Beefbone, Hrulgin	7	Dwarf	Bounty Hunter
436	Behni the Leech	8	Gnome	Rogue
237	Bertilde the Brazen	11	Human	Amazon Bard
435	Coyenny the Shark	11	Human/Doppelganger	Rogue
79	Cozzers, Granny	8	Human	Rogue
234	Elolelei, Lady	4	Human	Bard
235	Everwinter, Harlo	7	Human	Bard
730	Jankins, Alvestar	6	Half-elf	Cat Burglar
180	Jalavier, Rogue Extraordinaire	13	Human	Swashbuckler Rogue
319	Kellukuscha, Korska	14	Human	Bandit
736	Kendric, "Slipper"	4	Human	Rogue
318	Molacanth	19	Human	Rogue
315	Moonshadow	3	Human	Troubleshooter
722	Tectite, Darwell	11	Dwarf	"Box-man" Rogue
236	Teryss the Resourceful	3	Elf	Bard

Priests:

Card #	Name	Level	Race	Class
81	Argripina	7	Human	Amazon Priestess
721	Aruthir	9	Half-elf	Druid
327	Boelle	16	Human	Priest
211	Borealis	10	Human	Druid
210	The Great Druid	14	Treant	Druid
733	Guido del Confuso	8	Human	Priest
571	Liana	4	Human	Druid
322	Mallandiara, Syllendel	5	Elf	Noble Priest
454	Necuurluf, Layla	3	Half-elf	Druid
328	Nendalin	1	Halfling	Noble Priest
449	The Old Man	17	Human	Polar Shaman
728	Phun Ach-mana Phun	17	Human	Shaman
209	Thistlethyme, Zod	1	Halfling	Monk

Psionicists:

Card #	Name	Level	Race	Class
732	Mellenea	14	Human	Psionicist
230	Meari	15	Human	Psychometabolicist
231	Stelectra	5	Human	Psychoporter
587	Stonewright	8	Dwarf	Psionicist
232	Theopolis	10	Gnome	Clairsentient
233	Thevila of the Vale	6	Half-elf	Psychokineticist

Multi-Classed:

Card #	Name	Level	Race	Class
117	Bureshu, Mariko	9/8	Human	Wu Jen/Ninja
592	Burtelessar	10/6	Human	Warrior/Rogue

14th Level Human Rogue

STRENGTH: 11
DEXTERITY: 18
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 17
WISDOM: 11
CHARISMA: 17

ARMOR CLASS: -4
THACO: 14
MOVEMENT: 12

HIT POINTS: 84
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Disarming (see below)
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills:

Pick Pockets 82% Move Silently 90%
Climb Walls 91% Open Lock 85%
Hide in Shadows 90% Read Languages 70%
Find/Remove Traps 85% Detect Noise 73%
+4 to hit, 5× damage with surprise backstab

Equipment: *Scourge +1, elven boots, stiletto +2*, ring of protection +3, bracers of defense AC 3, girdle of many pouches, disguise kit, blinding powder, sharkskin gloves, leather bodysuit, wire garotte, miscellaneous equipment including many changes of clothes—both plain and fancy.*

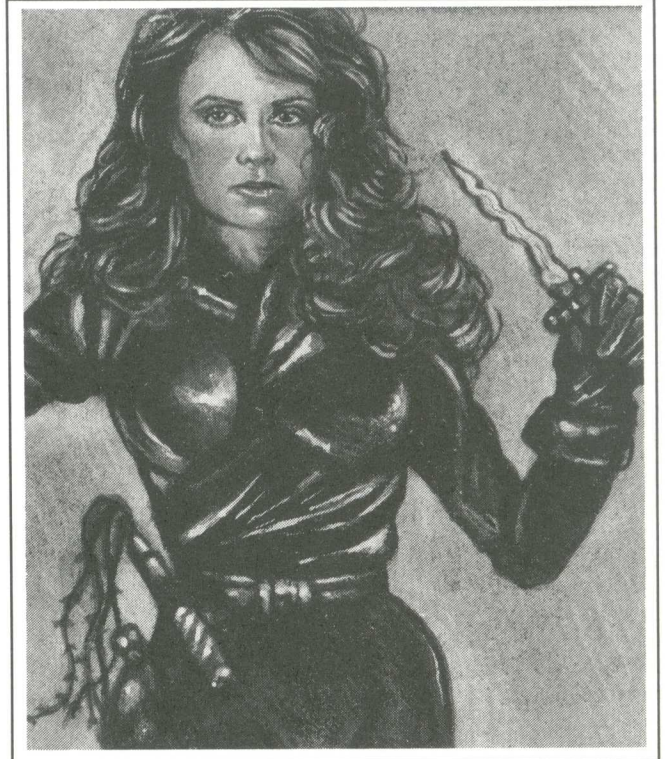
Physical Description: Alakabon is aware of her beauty and does not hesitate to take advantage of it. Her black, skin-tight leather bodysuit accentuates her figure while giving her a sinister appearance and earning her the nickname of the Black Widow. She has an attractive, sultry voice and has practiced changing it to fit her many disguises.

Background: At a young age, Alakabon's father ran off with another woman, taking with him most of the family wealth and leaving his debts behind. The struggle to raise the family single-handedly aged Alakabon's mother before her time. Alakabon never forgave her father. She took to the streets, where her natural gifts allowed her to quickly rise through the ranks of the thieves' guild. She became somewhat renowned as an executioner—at least within the guild. She was taught disguise skills and discovered a natural acting talent. This, combined with her bitter outlook on life, made her extremely successful.

The guild-master began to fear her. He developed a relationship with her to try to eliminate her. She killed him instead. She then joined a mercenary company, where she learned about fighting and the outdoors. She is competent in the wilderness, but more at home in the cities.

She soon tired of the life of a mercenary and decided to leave the legion. The commander was sorry to see her go and they parted on good terms. She occasionally returns to the legion—if they have an important, high-paying mission. She can still call on the legion for aid if she needs to. She seldom needs to do this, but the legion has learned that she can be an excellent source of information—if a skillful spy is needed.

She began her career as a bounty hunter when she noticed that an old acquaintance from the thieves' guild was wanted. There was a substantial reward for turning him in. She hunted him down and brought back the body. The reward seemed like



easy money and she has pursued her career as a bounty hunter for the last three years. In that time, she has failed only once to get her prey. She is coldly ruthless during the hunt, tolerating no one who gets in her way. She is also aware that by using her feminine charms, she can attack a man with little danger to herself. The only person to escape her was a wizard, Ramael the Reader, who apparently escaped to another plane.

Role-playing Notes: When Alakabon is encountered, she will be in the city (40%), on a hunt for a wanted man (30%), on a spying mission for the legion (20%), or returning with a prisoner or with the body of a hunted man (10%). She is generally quiet and reserved, although if necessary, she can show a charming, open personality. She will spurn any advances and is quick to use The Eviscerator on anyone who is too persistent. She generally ignores other women, unless they are obviously women of wealth and breeding.

Alakabon is still looking for Ramael the Reader. If the party has any information about him, she will pay well. There is no reward for him any longer; it is now a personal vendetta. If she is not on a hunt, she might consider adventuring with the PCs, but her share of the treasure would have to be substantial. She prefers missions where someone is being hunted—it is what she does best. If the party wants her help locating and hunting down a dragon, for instance, she will not be daunted, but will coldly assess the strength of the party. If it is powerful enough to challenge a dragon, she will join, demanding an appropriate share of the treasure. If not, she will leave without a backward glance.

*Alakabon's favorite weapon is a stiletto she calls The Eviscerator. It is +2 to hit and damage, and has a curved blade. In combat, Alakabon can use it to slice the back of a man's hand, requiring a "to hit" roll at -2. If she succeeds, she cuts through the tendons, making it impossible for the man to grasp a weapon. The Eviscerator also becomes warm to the touch if a magical trap is within 5'.

1st Level Human Rogue

STRENGTH: 10
DEXTERITY: 16
CONSTITUTION: 13

INTELLIGENCE: 15
WISDOM: 12
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 6
THACO: 20
MOVEMENT: 12

HIT POINTS: 6
ALIGNMENT: Lawful evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills:

Pick Pockets 30% Move Silently 30%
Climb Walls 70% Open Lock 35%
Hide in Shadows 25% Read Languages 0%
Find/Remove Traps 10% Detect Noise 15%
+4 to hit, 2× damage with surprise backstab

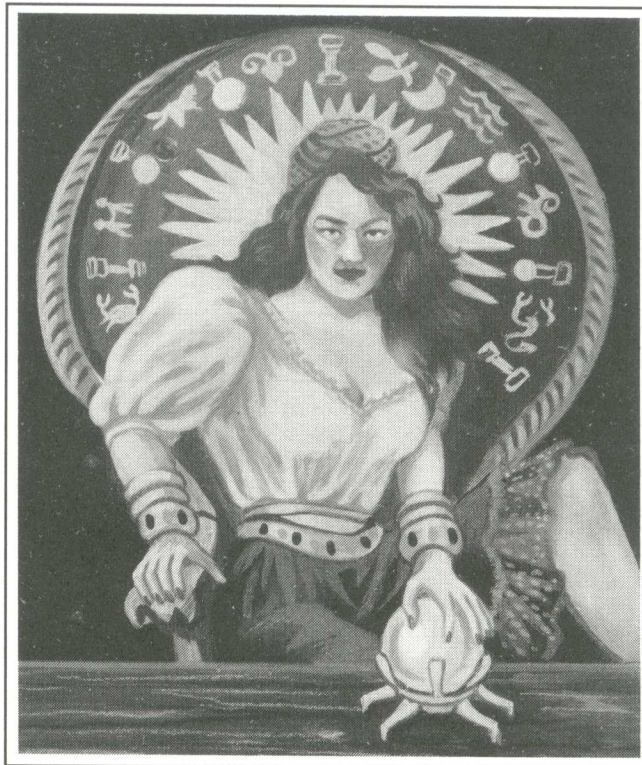
Equipment: *Ring of protection* +2, crystal ball (nonmagical), marked cards of many different types, 2 throwing daggers, gypsy robes and dresses, backpack.

Physical Description: Alenella is dark-skinned and attractive. She is not a gypsy, but dresses like one in an attempt to convince the public that she is a gifted seer. Her hair is tied back in the gypsy fashion. She is fond of colorful dresses and robes.

Background: Alenella was born to poor parents and grew up on the streets. She was quick-witted and as she grew, she learned much of the ways of the people of the streets. Her parents abandoned her, or she abandoned them. She lived for a time with a gypsy tribe, her education provided by an old gypsy woman named Lasari Delago. Lasari taught her that people do not really want to know the future—they merely wish to hear good things about themselves. The greatest advantage that a fortune-teller has is the willingness of people to believe what they want to believe. The art of fortune-telling consists of finding out what people want to hear, and telling them that is what will happen.

Alenella stayed with the gypsies until she reached the age of 15, then started out on her own. She had to employ liberal makeup to disguise her age, but was able to convince several wealthy patrons that she had the second sight. In reality, she would ply them with drink, get them talking, and then amaze them with what she knew about their private lives on the next occasion. She is also fond of using her rogue skills to remain hidden—outside a bedroom window, for instance—and learn many secrets that are not discussed anywhere else.

Alenella was successful and has been making her living as a fortune-teller for almost 10 years now. She has become quite adept at reading body language and at discerning a person's profession and level of power from a single glance. In game terms, she has the "skill" of observation. With a successful Intelligence check, she can correctly identify the class and level of a charac-



ter. She listens to all the gossip around town, and usually knows a good deal about her subjects before the first "seeing."

Alenella has practiced with the tarot cards, and if she has any skill at all, it is in the use of these cards. She also interprets them ambiguously enough that they seem to apply to the subjects, no matter what the reading. In this manner, she has made herself a comfortable living.

Role-playing Notes: If encountered, Alenella will always be in a city. She has little use for the wilderness, and only moves on if she gets in trouble in her current location. She always greet potential subjects as "your lordship," or with some flattering reference. She may appear in front of the PCs and surprise them by citing their classes and levels, all of them accurate. She tries to get them in for a reading, claiming a vision of trouble and fortune ahead. She tries to tell the PCs what they want to hear, although she has little valuable information. She is usually well-versed in the politics of her current city, both public and behind-the-scenes. She is also a good judge of the relative wealth of characters, and her fees reflect the fact. A first level adventurer may be charged only a few silvers, while a powerful party might be charged as much as a hundred gold pieces. Other than local gossip and political information, she never has any real information of value to the PCs, just a desire to lay her hands on their gold. She can be used as a source of local information, and her tarot readings may be close enough to the truth to bring the PCs back time after time. If she gets some customers who come back, she will have learned more about them, and can be used to drop a few hints about adventures planned for the city where the PCs are staying. If they have begun to make a local name for themselves, she will usually have heard of it (90%), and might be able to amaze the characters with her knowledge.

3rd Level Half-Elf Diviner

STRENGTH: 9
DEXTERITY: 11
CONSTITUTION: 15

INTELLIGENCE: 15
WISDOM: 13
CHARISMA: 13

ARMOR CLASS: 8
THAC0: 20
MOVEMENT: 12

HIT POINTS: 14
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Spells
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30% resistant to sleep and charm spells.

SIZE: 5' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: *Ring of protection +2, necklace of adaptation, quarterstaff, backpack, dagger, spell book, spell components, robes (usually dusty and dirty), seashell collection.*

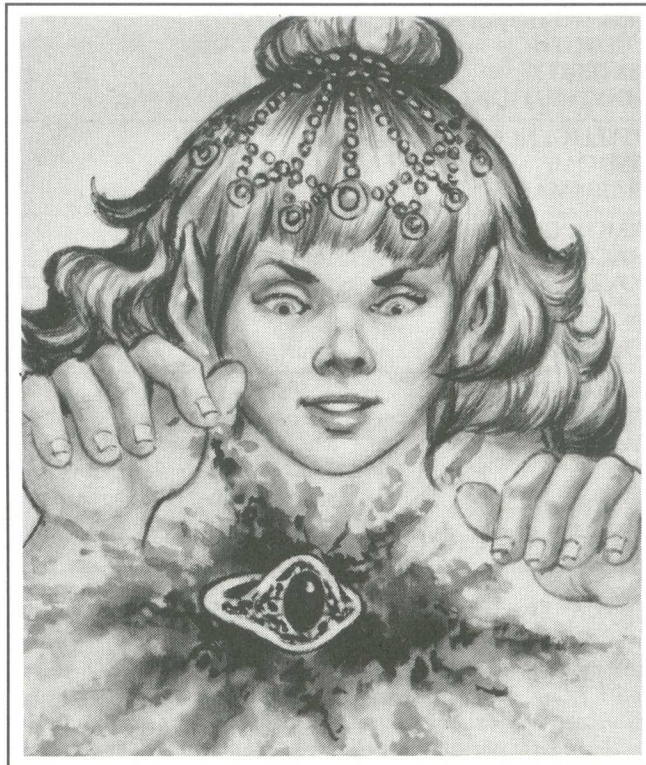
Physical Description: Malrith Alont is a lady who cares little for physical appearance, believing that the mind is all that matters. She is not sloppy, but tends to ignore physical things like clean robes and fancy hairdressing. She is likely to be in a dusty robe with her hair a bit disheveled. When adventuring, she dresses practically, in trousers and a shirt.

Background: Malrith Alont is a mage who specializes in divining magic. Her father was a sage who taught her the value of information. In fact, she grew up believing that knowledge is the key to success in any venture. Growing up among the academic community gave her access to libraries, musty tomes, and ancient artifacts. She was fascinated by them and had a very reclusive childhood.

When her father died, she became an apprentice to a wizard—a friend of her father. Alont was a crusty old man, but he too believed that knowledge was the key to success. He was very powerful, making Malrith put in long hours of drudgery as well as study. This has stood her in good stead, as she now thinks nothing of spending 15 to 20 hours poring over books and scrolls, searching for the answer to a question.

Alont taught her well, and she discovered she possessed a talent for informational magic. She quickly advanced to her current level, but then Alont was killed while they were adventuring. Malrith barely survived and has cared little for adventuring since. She took Alont's name as her last name, out of respect for her mentor. She also took his *ring of protection* and his spell books. She occupied his tower (and still does) and began trying to build a reputation as a sage.

Alont's tower overlooked the sea. The long nights of listening to the sea began to fascinate her. She took to studying the sea and all that pertains to it. She now qualifies as a sage with a major field of the sea and related matters and with a minor field of sea life. She has an extensive seashell collection. Some of her shells are extremely rare and valuable.



Even though she dislikes adventuring, she found that she had to go to the sea; she just couldn't help herself. Using her necklace, she has adventured under the sea. This eventually convinced her that adventuring was not all that terrible—if she didn't do it very often. It certainly did not match the thrill of discovering a new fact about the sea in a musty old book.

Role-playing Notes: If encountered, Malrith will be in her tower (90%), or on a search for the answer to a difficult question (10%). Any question she is researching has a 70% chance to pertain to the sea or sea-life. If she is adventuring, and the party is free, she may offer them a portion of her fee to accompany her. Malrith can also be consulted; she has a 60% chance of being able to answer any questions that the party has about the sea.

The chance rises to 90% if they are willing to wait a few weeks for her to do research. Such research is expensive; Malrith knows the value of good information. She is also willing to cast divination spells of 1st and 2nd level—also for a hefty fee. She cares little for the flashy spells, although she usually carries a *magic missile* in memory for self-defense. If attacked, she tries to escape the battle as soon as she can. The experience with Alont taught her that divination magic is of little use in a fight.

If the DM has an underwater adventure he wishes to run, Malrith is the perfect hook. She is eager to adventure in the sea, and can provide the PCs with information needed to start the adventure—such things as where to buy *potions of water breathing*, for instance. She will expect an equal share of the treasure, although she is of little real use in combat. The helpful information she can provide should more than make up for the lack of combat spells.

Amari the Warder

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20th Level Human Abjurer

STRENGTH:	12
DEXTERITY:	13
CONSTITUTION:	10
INTELLIGENCE:	18
WISDOM:	16
CHARISMA:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	5
THACO:	14
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	46
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spells
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Spells, spell-turning
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	5%, +4 to saves vs. hold person, charm person, charm monster, friends, hold monster, polymorph other, and suggestion

SIZE: 5' 1"

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

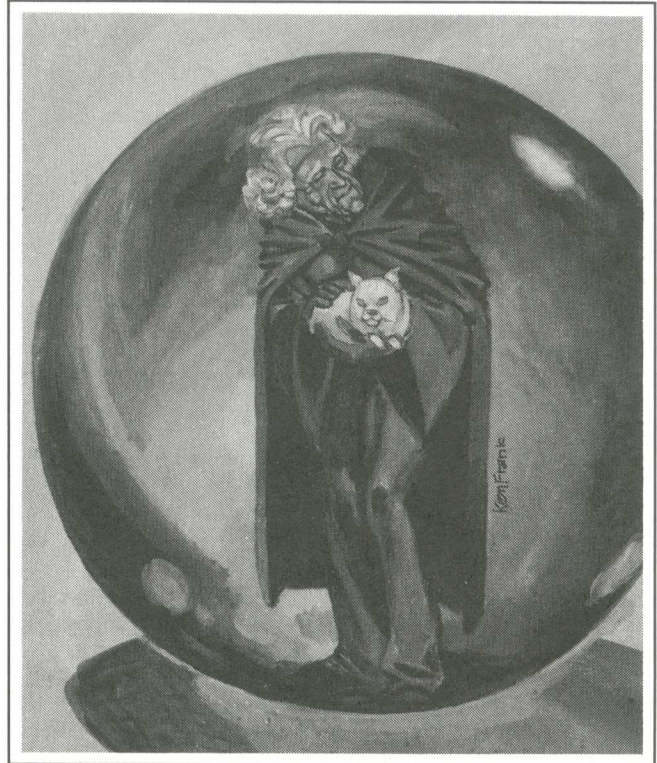
Equipment: *White robe of the archmagi*, *ring of warmth*, *ring of spell-turning*, *staff of the magi*, *bag of holding*, *wand of paralyzation*, *periapt of wound closure*, *pearl of power* (3rd level), *wand of magic detection*, spell book, spell components, miscellaneous equipment.

Physical Description: Amari the Warder is a short woman, but still presents a very striking figure in her *white robe of the archmagi*. She is not particularly attractive, but there is an air about her which commands respect. She keeps her red hair tied back, so it does not interfere with spellcasting. Her short stature may cause men to take her lightly, but they only do that once. Amari is meticulously neat. Every hair on her head is always perfectly in place.

Background: Amari the Warder was apprenticed at an early age to a wizard who used her mainly as a scrubwoman. She put up with this because the wizard, Alphonsis, had an extensive library and she was avid to learn. In only a few years she had learned all that he could teach her, then set out on her own.

Amari joined an adventuring group known as the Silver Spear Company, a group of other young adventurers. The group had some limited success, but most of the company was frozen when they ran afoul of a white dragon. Since then, Amari has always had a very healthy respect for cold and, of course, for dragons. When she reached sufficient level, she crafted her *ring of warmth* herself. She has since manufactured several other items, the most notable of which is her *ring of spell-turning*.

Amari adventured for years with one group or another. She found that she liked championing good causes. She finds a great deal of satisfaction in locating lost children, returning a misplaced treasure to its rightful owner, or driving back an invad-



ing army. Yes, she has even driven back an invading army virtually single-handed. She was with a group of adventurers when the incident happened, but all present agreed it was Amari's powerful spells that broke the morale of the invading army. Nothing breaks the morale of a common soldier faster than a wizard who teleports in, casts a meteor swarm, and flies away before an arrow can even be fired. The army never reached the country she had sworn to defend. Their morale broken, they turned in fear. She pursued them until they reached their own land, but used no more killing spells on them. Amari has a fierce respect for life and hates to kill even an enemy—if the enemy can be driven off instead.

Role-playing Notes: There are two ways that the party can encounter Amari. She may be looking for something lost, such as a child, a treasure, or an extra-dimensional monster. If the party has such an item, they may be asked to return it. If not, she would be glad for their help. She is very sure of her own abilities, but her years with an adventuring company taught her that a balanced party is much stronger than any individual. She might join the party if they are facing a very dangerous opponent, or if they are on a particularly noble quest. Otherwise, her aid is mostly in the form of information or protective spells. If attacked, Amari tries to drive the PCs away or immobilize them. She prefers spells like *power word stun* or *hold monster*. Even an evil opponent is not killed if she can immobilize him and leave in peace.

7th Level Human Amazon Priestess

STRENGTH:	17
DEXTERITY:	10
CONSTITUTION:	13
INTELLIGENCE:	11
WISDOM:	16
CHARISMA:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	2
THAC0:	16
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	42
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Soothing Word, magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Immune to <i>confusion</i> and <i>feeblemind</i> spells
SIZE:	6'
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Leather armor +2, shield +3, spear +2, 3 potions of healing, elixir of health, longbow and sheaf arrows, backpack, silver holy symbol (owl), herbs and spices useful for healing, spell components, miscellaneous equipment.*

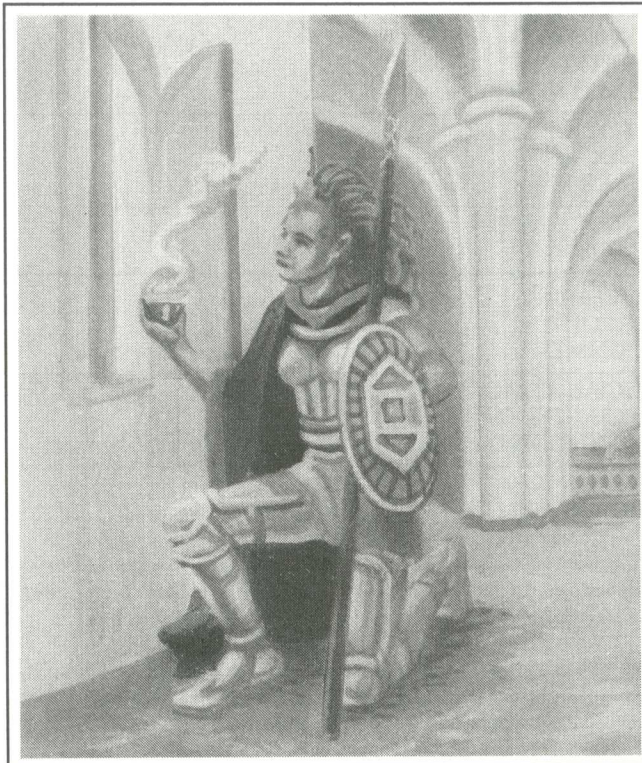
Physical Description: Argripina is a beautiful woman who has dedicated her life to the worship of the Goddess of Wisdom. She dresses in rough clothes, usually brown or green. She has lustrous blond hair which grows past her waist. She is a striking figure, especially if she is encountered in the wilderness.

Background: Argripina was born and raised in a tribe of Amazons. The women are in charge in her tribe because (according to their beliefs) women are smarter than men. The women are also the warriors of the tribe. Argripina was trained from a young age in the use of the spear and the longbow. She was a very wise young woman and the tribal elders selected her for training. A few years of this made her realize that she had found her true calling.

She went out on her own, adventuring in the wilderness. It was during this time that she developed a deep love for the wilderness and began her studies of herbs and plants. When she returned, she was inducted into the Sisterhood of the Wise. Her studies continued in the fields and forests. She developed a clear sense of the way things should be, as well as developing her skills as a healer.

She advanced through the Sisterhood until she became Keeper of the Shrine. She now spends much of her time caring for and watching over the shrine of her goddess. It is a job she takes seriously. One of her duties is settling disputes within the tribe. Argripina has learned to be patient with the boorish, and merciful to the repentant. Her judgements are just. This has earned her respect throughout the tribe and even with the tribe's neighbors.

Recently, Argripina helped a mage wounded too grievously for her to heal. Before he died, the wizard prophesied that she would one day leave the Sisterhood to wed a mighty hero. This prophecy terrifies her, and she has vowed before her goddess that she will only wed the man whose virtues exceed her own.



Role-playing Notes: If encountered, Argripina is likely at her shrine (95%). The rest of the time she is in the wilderness, searching for herbs to aid in her healing. Argripina is glad to aid those in need of healing. She ignores any male prejudice and is patient with demanding characters. She is not easily fooled. If the party has ulterior motives, such as robbing the shrine, for instance, she is likely to catch on very quickly.

If attacked, Argripina is not afraid of combat. If faced with an angry mob, she is likely to use her *soothing word*, a special power granted to the priestesses of the goddess. Argripina selects her spells from the spheres of all, charm, divination, healing, combat, and has minor access to the plant and sun spheres.

Argripina may join a party if there are powerful males present. She is very concerned about the mage's prophecy and wants to prove to herself that the men she meets are not worthy. Argripina tries to prove this by outdoing men—in combat and in the other aspects of adventuring. Once she has proved this to herself, she returns to her shrine with her fears allayed—at least for a time. She won't leave a party she has joined in the middle of an adventure; she has too much honor for that. Remember that Argripina is fiercely afraid of finding a man who is her better, and uses any legitimate excuse to satisfy herself that this is not the man. If a man out-fights her, but requires her healing afterward, she can say that he cannot protect himself as well as she can. If she suffers more damage than he does, it proves he is too concerned with defense and is not a true warrior. As you can see, Argripina's standards are very high.

Soothing Word: This ability can be used three times a day. It can either dispel one application of the *fear* spell on a victim, eliminate a warrior's berserker rage, or momentarily calm down a number of characters or monsters equal to 2 times her level.

9th Level Half-Elf Druid

STRENGTH:	17
DEXTERITY:	12
CONSTITUTION:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	10
WISDOM:	15
CHARISMA:	19
ARMOR CLASS:	0
THACO:	16
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	71
ALIGNMENT:	True neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i> spells
SIZE:	6'
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Bracers of defense* AC 2, *scimitar* +3, *medallion of adaptation*, *ring of protection* +2, *ring of feather falling*, *staff of Kitsyrral*, robes, backpack, miscellaneous equipment.

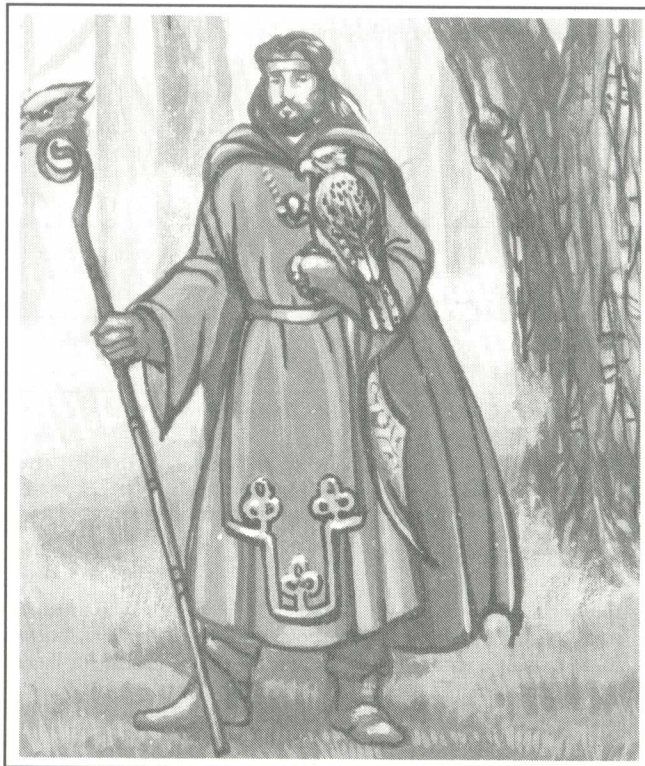
Physical Description: Aruthir is particularly fond of spending time in hawk-form, but as a humanoid is of sturdy build with golden-brown eyes and dark brown hair tinged with streaks of red. He favors loose clothing in shades of brown.

Background: Aruthir grew up among the elves and came to love nature through their influence, but he never really felt as though he was part of the clan. His human traits—boisterousness, quick temper, loudness, clumsiness, vanity—were too prevalent to allow him to blend in. Nevertheless, his clan treated him well.

When he reached his late teens, he journeyed to the nearest human city and quickly hooked up with a band of young, transient adventurers. They came to refer to themselves simply as "The Group." Among them were Aurora, a budding genius with a taste for the arcane; Burtelessar, a huge carousing fighter; Zera Brighthammer, a dwarf mounted on a trained boar; and Alexander, Aruthir's cousin who dabbled both in magic and in other people's pockets. There would be others who would leave and join The Group, but these five remain the foundation of the adventuring party to this day.

The exploits of The Group are extensive; some have even been celebrated in song. Perhaps their most notorious achievement is the destruction of a planar gate to the Abyss through which Orcus had managed to press his claw before the gate came crashing down. Aruthir was left half-insane after spending three months underground searching for the gate, yet he pulled through, thanks to the support of his friends and fellow adventurers. To this day, The Group continue to hunt the black dragon called The Malleck, who almost opened that gate and made his escape when The Group destroyed it.

Aruthir was blessed with perfection of beauty, enhanced by his half-elfen parentage. He is insufferably vain about his looks, often pointing out to his friends that they would know him in any animal form because they "would never have seen such a beautiful specimen in their lives"! Even so, he remains celibate and unattached, disdaining the constant attention of even the most beautiful and wealthy women. He has never known any sense of belonging and because of this, fears any commitment. Aruthir's ultra-high Charisma makes him an excellent spokesman for The Group and he uses his gifts to great effect.



Aruthir's prize possession is his *staff of Kitsyrral*, an oaken staff with a hawk's head at its tip. He received the staff as a gift from a group of sea elves who were impressed with his beauty while in the shape of a dolphin. They had been caring for the staff for thousands of years, since a Hierophant Druid named Kitsyrral had died in their domain. In a long, solemn, and secret ceremony, the sea elves communed with the spirit of Kitsyrral, receiving permission to allow Aruthir to use the staff. The staff became attuned to him, and it fails to work for anyone who does not have the favor of its maker.

The staff allows Aruthir to store ten spell charges in it (five charges per day, which are counted as casted spells). When the staff is charged, Aruthir may then cast ANY spell in his repertoire upon demand in half the time it would take to cast the spell normally. Thus, if Aruthir wishes to *call lightning*, he does so in five rounds, expending three charges from his staff, leaving seven more (if the staff were fully charged).

Role-playing Notes: When Aruthir is encountered, he will be on a sabbatical leave from The Group. He will be found in a forest setting (70%), a mountainous setting (20%), or in open, grassy plains (10%). There is a 50% chance that he will be in hawk-form when encountered, circling in the sky with his pet hawk, Lari. Aruthir is generally friendly with all alignments although he travels with good-aligned characters. Should he be attacked, he will (90%) change into animal form and run away, but he will track the attackers from that point and take revenge against them at a time of his choosing.

Should someone steal the staff, Aruthir comes after them with no thought of mercy. If Aruthir is killed and robbed, a group of sea elves, guided by the spirit of Kitsyrral, are dispatched to recover the staff. The elves have whatever abilities are necessary to recover the staff, maybe not with the first party they send out, but each group will get more powerful until they have recovered the staff.

11th Level Elf Enchanter

STRENGTH:	12
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	11
INTELLIGENCE:	18
WISDOM:	12
CHARISMA:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	9
THAC0:	17
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	26
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90% resistant to sleep and charm spells
SIZE:	5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Staff of withering*, *ring of free action*, *brooch of shielding*, *ring of flying*, spell book, spell components, throwing daggers (2), wineskin, backpack, fancy robes and clothes, makeup case.

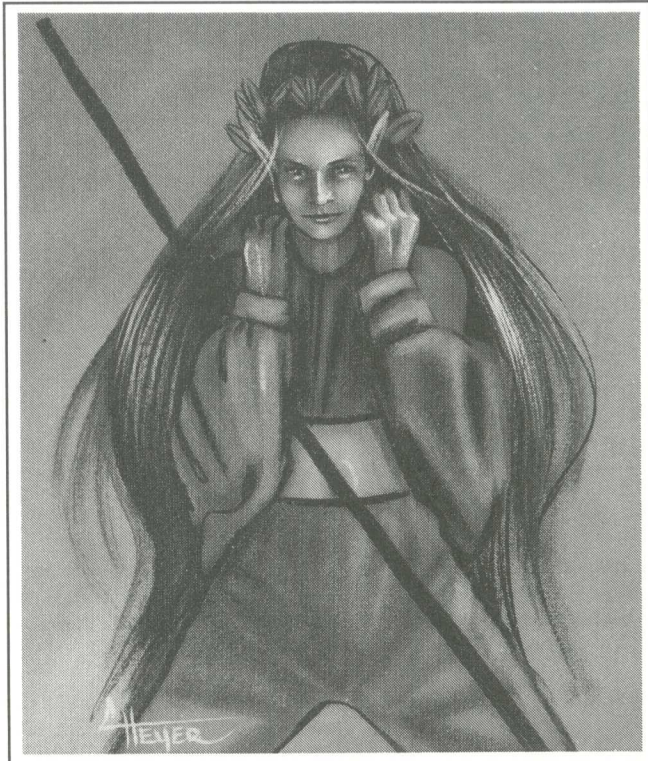
Physical Description: Atropos is very beautiful, at least on the outside. She has lustrous blond hair and the most fascinating purple eyes. She spends much of her money on clothes and jewelry. While adventuring, she dresses in more practical clothes, but always well-fitted, clean, and attractive. The long black staff she carries may seem a bit out of place, but she never goes on the road without it.

Background: Atropos is an elf of surprising cruelty. She wasn't always like this, growing up as a typical elven lass. She discovered a talent for magic and began to study under the elders. She was still young and learning when her tribe was attacked by a band of orcs. One of the elders gave her a *ring of flying* and asked her to go for help. She tried several settlements—both human and dwarven. Neither would provide help, so she had to go far to find a group of elves who would aid her. When they finally returned to her home, they were only able to disturb the orcs at their looting—not a single elf remained alive.

Atropos led the charge with her spells, and when they were finished, not a single orc remained. This did nothing to relieve the grief she felt, and the anger at those who would not help. She continued her studies with her new tribe, but the anger in her grew and festered. She eventually returned to the human community where she created a wave of fear, as many men were found dead.

But, her anger was not appeased by these actions. She then recruited a tribe of orcs to attack the dwarves who had ignored her pleas for help. With the aid of several dwarves who Atropos had charmed, the orcs overran the dwarven village. The tribe was avenged, but Atropos had completed her fall into evil. She would never again be a trusting young elven lass. Instead, she is as cold as ice and as hard as steel. Anyone who gets in her way is to be brushed aside or wiped out.

It was about this time that she acquired her favorite magic item: a *staff of withering*. The sight of an opponent, damaged,



aged, and withered, fills her heart with satisfaction, as though she is venting her anger on the world that forsook her. With her looks, and her long years of practice, most people she meets think that she is a charming girl, and she has many suitors. She spurns them all, but in a manner that doesn't hurt their feelings. If someone earns her dislike, however, he is likely to be charmed, taken somewhere alone, and struck repeatedly with the staff.

Atropos lives lavishly. She has discovered that she likes the luxuries to be found in the cities. She spends quite a bit of time adventuring, for she needs lots of cash to maintain her lavish lifestyle. She is fair with the groups she travels with, so long as she gets the largest share of the treasure. Should someone try to cheat her, she enjoys using the staff on them, taking everything of value that they have and leaving them in the wilderness. All in all, a lady to stay away from.

Role-playing Notes: Atropos can be encountered in the city (60%) or adventuring (40%). She will be carrying her staff at all times, unless the PCs meet her at a social function or a ball (only a 10% chance). She is charming and beautiful. If the party seems interested, she may use a *charm person* spell on one of them. She doesn't require any onerous service, but she might tell the charmed PC about a charity, or a family in need, *suggesting* that they should make a large donation. The PC may find himself broke before he realizes what happened. PCs who earn her dislike are targets for her staff. If attacked, she attempts to charm the attackers, but either way, she uses the staff on them. She particularly dislikes paladins, because they remind her of the stuffy dwarves who doomed her village. A party with a paladin or another noble fighter may find themselves with a powerful enemy, one they have done nothing to earn.

9th Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH: 8
DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 19
WISDOM: 14
CHARISMA: 11

ARMOR CLASS: -1
THAC0: 18

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 47
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Bracers of defense AC 2, ring of air elemental command, wand of lightning, ring of invisibility, boots of elvenkind, dagger +1, bag of holding, spell books, spell components, backpack, several journals, research books.

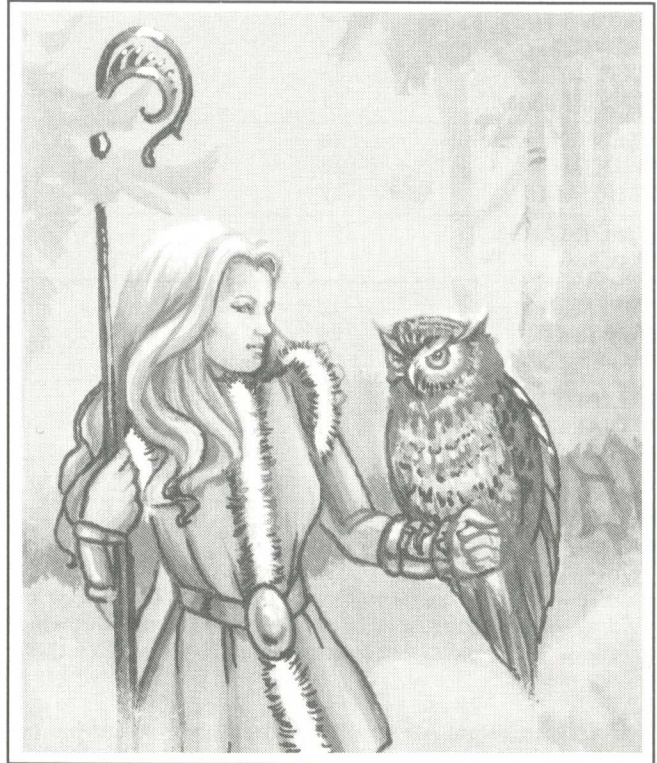
Physical Description: Aurora is a rather plain woman, but she doesn't really care. Since she views the world as one giant research laboratory, she may go for days without changing to a different robe. She keeps herself clean, but is usually dressed in plain robes with a pad for her owl, Ossie. Her only unusual feature is her eyes, which resembles Ossie's, deep brown and compelling.

Background: Aurora was a bright child and as she grew it became apparent that her intelligence was exceptional. She was reading by the time she was 3, entering her apprenticeship at the age of 11. Her master realized she would soon outstrip him in knowledge and passed her to still more powerful mages. By the time she was 15, she was ready to begin adventuring.

She joined a band of young, transient adventurers. They came to call themselves "The Group." Among them were Aruthir, a young nature priest; Alexandar, his cousin, who dabbled in magic and in other people's pockets; Burtlessar, a fighter with an ebullient personality and a knack for getting into trouble; and Zera Brighthammer, a female dwarf with a boar for a mount. Others would join and leave the group, but these five remain the foundation of the adventuring party to this day.

The exploits of The Group are extensive. Some have even been celebrated in song. They even managed to drive back a greater tanar'ri that had almost gained access to this plane. To this day, The Group continues to hunt the black dragon called The Malleck, who almost opened that gate and made his escape when The Group destroyed it.

Aurora is a scholar first and an adventurer second. She would always rather check out a library before a treasure room. Her goal is to build the most extensive library she can, and she has already made a very good start. In her tower, she has thousands of books, most of which she has read and studied thoroughly. Her genius Intelligence allows her to understand many things,



and she is adept at translating languages which have long since passed into history.

Aurora's constant companion is her great horned owl familiar, Ossie. He has been with her since before she joined The Group, and has saved her life many times. He is the only thing in the world that she cares about more than knowledge.

Role-playing Notes: When Aurora is encountered, she will be in her tower studying (30%), on her way to find some new research material (40%), or on an adventure with The Group (30%). She is friendly to people who are friendly to her, and hostile to those who attack her. Aurora uses her intelligence in combat; she can decide on the proper spell or reaction with only a second's thought. She is especially friendly to those who can provide her with some new knowledge like a new language, an old tome, or a new spell. She is also searching for any information about the dragon known as "The Malleck." She will pay well in spells, information, or gold for a hint of his whereabouts.

She would consider adventuring with a party in need of a wizard, but there must be new knowledge in it for her. A party searching for a lost wizard's tower will find her an eager participant. She has much less interest in raiding an orc stronghold.

Ossie (Giant horned-owl familiar)

AC 5, Mv 1, Fl 27 (D), HD 1, HP 13, 19, #Att 3, Damage 1-2/1-2/1, SA swoop for +2 to hit, -6 to opponents' surprise rolls in darkness, SD never surprised from dusk to dawn, -3 to surprise roll during daylight. Size S (4' wingspan).

4th Level Halfling Adventurer Rogue

STRENGTH:	8
DEXTERITY:	16
CONSTITUTION:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	13
WISDOM:	10
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	4
THACO:	19
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT POINTS:	21
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	+4 save vs. magic and poison
SIZE:	3' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Rogue Skills:

Pick Pockets 40%	Move Silently 50%
Climb Walls 45%	Open Lock 40%
Hide in Shadows 90%	Read Languages 10%
Find/Remove Traps 50%	Detect Noise 45%
+4 to hit, 2× damage with surprise backstab	

Equipment: *Padded armor +2, cloak of elvenkind, walking staff, thieves' picks and tools, backpack, wineskin, dagger, dog pepper, carved wooden flute, sling and silver bullets.*

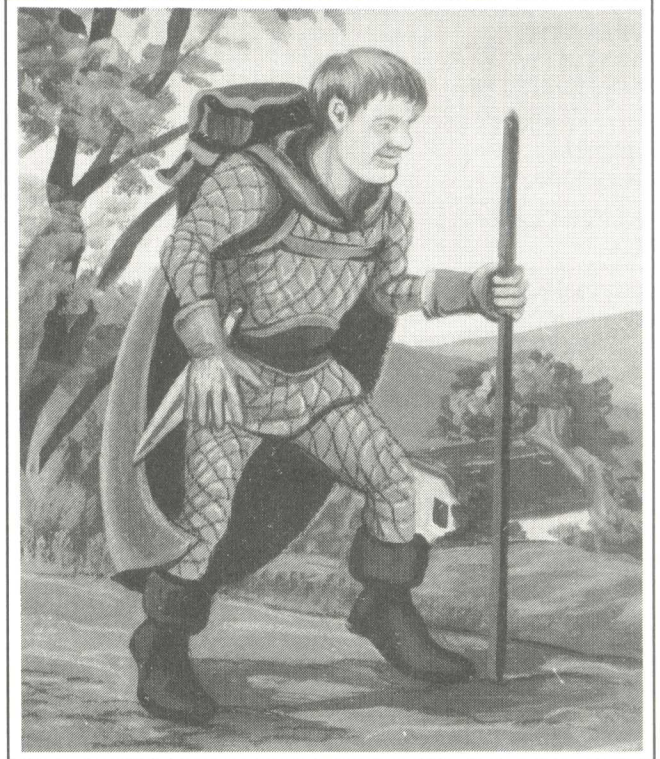
Physical Description: Dell Bandenwick is a cheerful-looking halfling with a ready smile. He prefers comfortable elven garb in brown or green. He is a roly-poly little chap with a tune always on his lips, and his brown eyes dance with merriment.

Background: The shire of his birth was much too quiet for Dell and he left as soon as he "came of age." He was bound to be an adventurer, but when he got out in the wide world, he found more than he bargained for.

Dell's first experience was with a group of confidence men on his first trip to a large city. They quickly bilked him out of all of his cash and most of his equipment. Left penniless on the streets, Dell was forced to steal to survive. At least he tried to steal. His first attempt was on an elf who happened to be a trained rogue. The elf easily stopped Dell and was prepared to turn him over to the city watch, where Dell would have lost a hand. But the elf took pity on him, and fed him instead.

Dell was very moved by this act of mercy and swore never again to break the law or have anything to do with thievery. "That's all very well," replied the elf. "But someone's got to find the traps that the evil ones use to guard their lairs." Sensing a natural aptitude in Dell, the elf, Silversteel, began teaching him the ways of an adventuring rogue.

The next few years were a delight to Dell as he wandered with Silversteel. He learned the arts of thievery, but never used them against the poor or innocent. He saved his skills for skulking into a bandit's camp to find out their plans, or for finding the trap on a door to an ancient treasure room. Dell still had a bit of hard luck—once, he detected a trap just after he accidentally tripped it. He managed to duck, but the party leader was hit by



a poison dart in the leg. He would have died, but the party had a skilled healer with them. This sort of thing seems to happen every so often to Dell; it's one of the reasons he doesn't adventure much.

Silversteel also took Dell to live with the elves. Dell's ready smile and merry demeanor endeared him to the elves, and he eventually came to consider the elven village his home. He still enjoys occasional adventures, and the elves are usually glad to have him along.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Dell will be on one of his adventures. He is either on his way to meet Silversteel (15%), on his way to do a little scouting on his own (35%), or out looking for a band to adventure with (50%). He offers his skills for a fair share of the treasure and a chance to sing a bit along the way. If the offer is accepted, Dell will be a helpful and honest aid to the party. He insists on a fair split of the treasure and if it is withheld, he will disappear during the night, taking his share and only his share. Otherwise, he is a halfling of his word. If attacked, he will try to slip off somewhere and use his cloak to disappear into the background. He may return to attack from behind if the party is particularly lawless, but more than likely, he just disappears and returns to the elves. Remember that Dell *tries* to be helpful—it just doesn't work out that way, at least not all of the time. Feel free to use Dell's bad luck to liven things up a bit. It doesn't take the form of something life-threatening, but he has a tendency to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. He may successfully detect the poison needle trap in the bottom of the chest, but when he turns the chest over so that the needle hits the floor, some of the potions in the chest are broken and ruined.

7th Level Dwarf Bounty Hunter

STRENGTH: 17
DEXTERITY: 16
CONSTITUTION: 17

INTELLIGENCE: 12
WISDOM: 13
CHARISMA: 7

ARMOR CLASS: 3
THACO: 17

MOVEMENT: 24
HIT POINTS: 49
ALIGNMENT: Lawful neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: +4 save vs. magic and poison

SIZE: 5'
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills: (adjusted for Dexterity, race, and armor)

Pick Pockets 20% Move Silently 40%
Climb Walls 60% Open Lock 45%
Hide in Shadows 40% Read Languages 5%
Find/Remove Traps 33% Detect Noise 25%
+4 to hit, 3× damage with surprise backstab

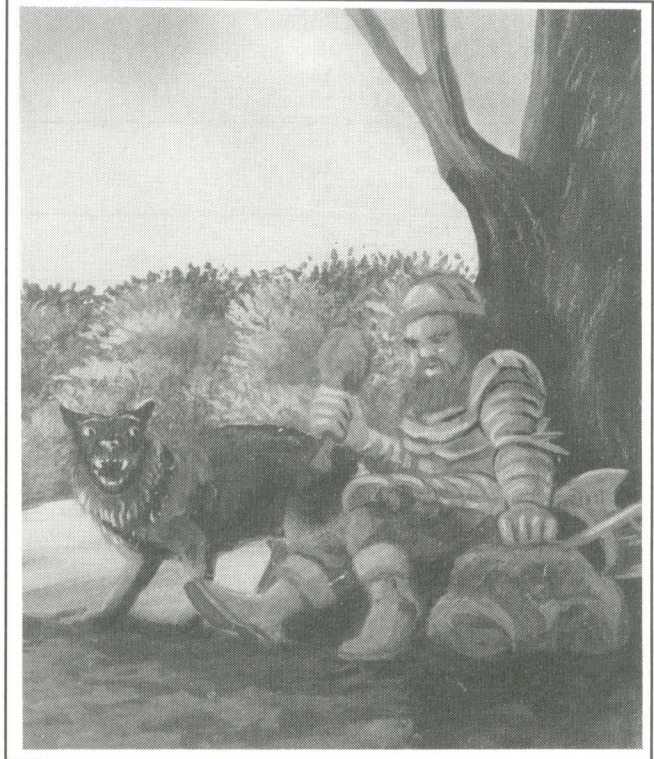
Equipment: Spiked leather armor +2, bladed boots of speed, rope of entanglement, lens of detection, jagged long knife, manacles, backpack, thieves' picks and tools, sling and bullets, other equipment useful for capturing men.

Physical Description: Hrulgin Beefbone is a tough-looking dwarf and his appearance is no deception. He wears leather armor with spikes jutting out at the elbows and knees and smaller spikes in the breastplate. He also has a well-made pair of boots which can project sharp blades when he clicks them together. He is always accompanied by Slaver, his black wolf. He has many scars. The most prominent is on his ear, part of which is missing. He has several other scars on his face, but Hrulgin is proud of them, rather than ashamed.

Background: Hrulgin was born in a simple mining village, just another dwarf in the crowd. He worked at mining and even trained as soldier for a little while, but didn't like it. The training was okay, but not the taking of orders from others all day. Volunteering for the scouts got him some training in rogue skills, and it gave him a chance to be on his own most of the time.

Hrulgin probably would have continued in this fashion for all of his long life, but one day a wealthy citizen came and offered him a sack of gold if he could track down and capture a thief. Hrulgin took the job and brought the thief back alive. This started him on a new career. He has trailed many a fugitive. His dogged persistence has made him very well respected among those who seek other men.

Hrulgin's most famous chase was that of another dwarf. The dwarf, an unfortunate being named Dagarda, led him on a chase across half of the world. It started in a large city and ended in the far north, in the mountains of ice and snow. The chase took months and Hrulgin never faltered once. He met his wolf, Slaver, on that trip. The two became fast friends. According to Hrulgin, Slaver was the one who took part of his ear and he



only stays around because he likes the "taste o' me."

Finally, he cornered Dagarda and offered him a choice: death or surrender. Dagarda chose to attack and appeared to have Hrulgin in trouble, when Hrulgin sprung his trick boots, kicking Dagarda in the stomach. This allowed Hrulgin to use his rope of entanglement on Dagarda and bring him back alive.

Hrulgin has chased many men down, and while he prefers to bring them back alive, he is perfectly content if they would rather be brought back dead. He has worked for all kinds of employers, both evil and good. He never questions motives, and as long as he has a contract, he carries it out to the letter.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Hrulgin is either hunting someone (60%) or returning with a prisoner (40%). The party had better hope that he is not on their trail, for Hrulgin is very persistent and not a bit foolish. He trails the party until his subject is alone, then tries to use his *rope of entanglement* on the subject. If attacked, Hrulgin uses his jagged dagger to defend himself. A favorite trick is to jump on the opponent with boot blades out, using elbows, knees, and feet. This gives him six attacks at -2 to hit, each attack doing 1d4 + 2 points of damage.

Hrulgin may enlist the party's aid if he is after a particularly dangerous man. He will negotiate fair terms and expects those terms to be carried out to the letter. He only considers this idea if the man he is after is substantially more powerful than he is. DMs can use this hook to get a party to band together and go after a high-level bad guy.

Slaver (black wolf)

AC 7, Move 18, AL Neutral, HD 2 + 2, HP 14, 19, #Att 1, damage 1d4 + 1, Size 3' at the shoulder. Slaver has been trained to attack on command.

8th Level Gnome Rogue

STRENGTH:	9
DEXTERITY:	18
CONSTITUTION:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	11
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	-7
THAC0:	17
MOVEMENT:	24
HIT POINTS:	40
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	+4 saving throw vs. magic
SIZE:	3' 2"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Rogue Skills: (adjusted for Dexterity, race, and no armor)

Pick Pockets 50%	Move Silently 73%
Climb Walls 65%	Open Lock 75%
Hide in Shadows 68%	Read Languages 75%
Find/Remove Traps 65%	Detect Noise 60%

+4 to hit, 3 × damage with surprise backstab

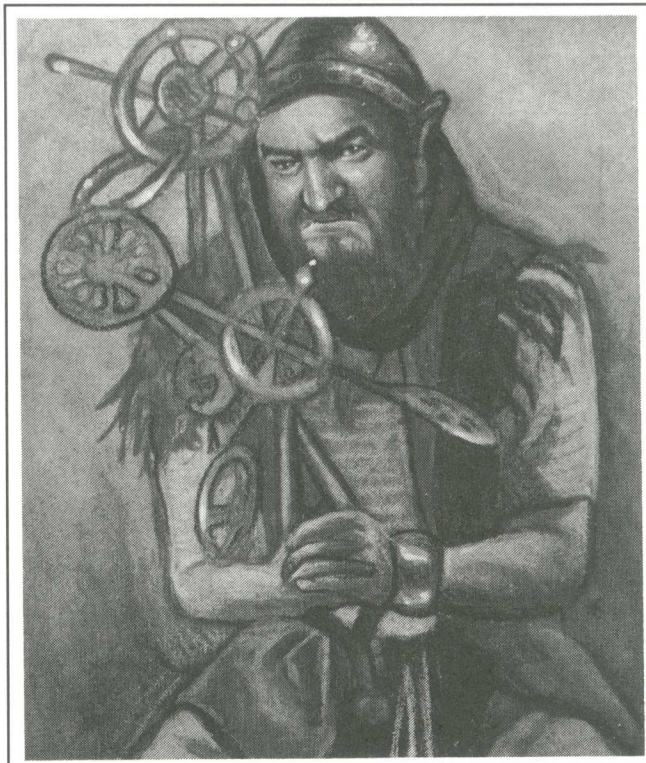
Equipment: *Boots of speed*, *gloves of thievery*, *ring of protection* +4, *bag of holding*, *express ladder*, *cloak of protection* +4, *bracers of defense* AC 5, *dagger* +1, *short sword* +2, *magnifying glass*, *backpack*.

Physical Description: Benhi the Leech is a sly little gnome who dresses very conservatively. He tries to present an appearance as a serious government investigator and usually succeeds at this. His darting black eyes give him an intelligent look, and, in truth, there is little that they miss. He usually wears his blue *cloak of protection* over whatever uniform the government he is working for provides. He is at all times polite and professional with his hair neatly combed and his beard trimmed.

Background: Benhi was raised the son of a politician. He grew up in a liberal town, but didn't like the in-fighting of politics that his father was forced to undergo. He fell in with bad companions and learned the arts of a rogue. His father finally lost an election, and Benhi went to work for the government as an investigator. He was responsible for investigating robberies and other crimes within the city (and he still is today.) His skills have allowed him to rise to the top of his bureau.

Benhi soon grew bored with this life—he was always looking for excitement. Of course, gambling, partying, and such amusements cost money, and Benhi soon was looking for ways to supplement his income. He was investigating a theft when he noticed a particularly nice gem in a lady's jewelry box. He pocketed it, then reported it stolen. When he got away with this theft, stealing became standard practice with him. Benhi always collects his "fee," as he calls it. His most profitable fee is his *express ladder*, an item that has gained him entry into many restricted places. He has even pulled a few "locked room" jobs, where he was the only thief and his investigation turned up a wizard as the cause of the theft.

Benhi is very sly and never takes anything that might be



traced to him. A gold statue in plain sight won't be touched because the owners might notice that its loss occurred after the reported theft. A hidden box of gems or sack of gold is another story. As the man responsible for making up the lists of what's actually stolen, Benhi is in prime position to cover his tracks.

Role-playing Notes: When the party encounters Benhi, he is on an investigation (60%) or out for a good time (40%). If he can get away with it, he helps himself to his "fee." He is never blatant about it, and if there is a risk, he tries for something else. Benhi is very polite and proper, always appearing to act through proper government channels. He has a staff of lesser investigators, mostly humans and dwarves, who are unaware of his method for gaining extra income. If he is attacked, Benhi uses his *boots of speed* to escape and bring the city watch down on the PCs.

Benhi can become involved with the characters if they have been robbed, or if they are involved with a robbery or other crime in the city. If they are well off, he notices, and tries to either adventure with the group, if it's in the city, or get them involved with an investigation.

Benhi's Express Ladder: The *express ladder* is the prized possession of Benhi. He keeps it in his *bag of holding* until he needs to sneak into the upper levels of an edifice. The ladder's rungs are made of an unknown material that vibrates harmonically as they are climbed, creating a *plane shift* effect that sends Benhi into the Ethereal plane. Once there, he draws the ladder into the alternate plane behind him and continues to climb until he reaches his destination. Then he puts his ladder back into his *bag of holding* and re-enters the Prime Material plane one round after the rungs cease vibrating.

11th Level Human Amazon Bard

STRENGTH: 16
DEXTERITY: 13
CONSTITUTION: 15

INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 11
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 15

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 54
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Bard Skills:

Climb Walls 80% Detect Noise 80%
Pick Pockets 30% Read Languages 75%
Influence reactions: -3 to saving throw vs. paralysis
Identify general purpose of magic items: 55%
Inspirational songs: +1 bonus to attack or saving throw, or +2 bonus to morale in a 110' radius, lasting 11 rounds.

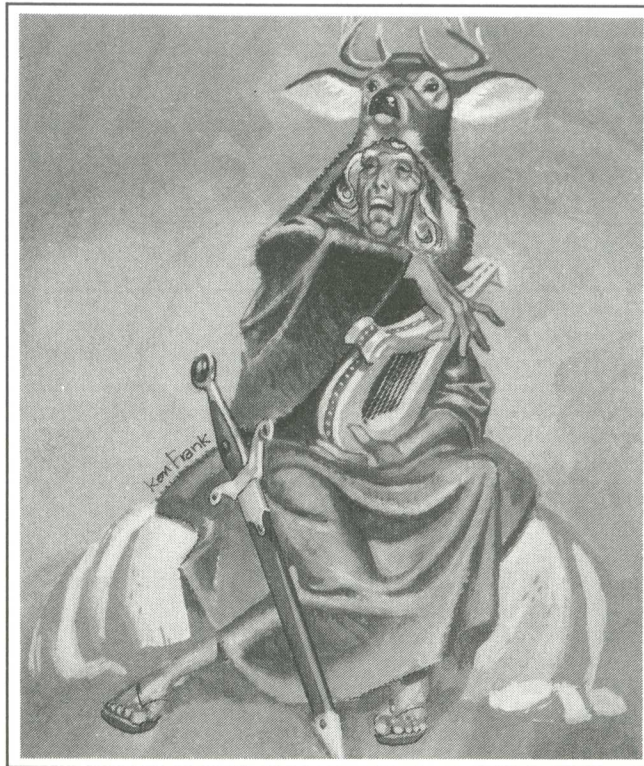
Equipment: Rusty short sword, backpack, flute, lyre, leash for Sardakam, sling and bullets, spell book, spell components, rope and grappling hook.

Physical Description: Bertilde the Brazen is a beefy woman, who once was strong as an ox. Even now, in her declining years, she is a formidable woman. She used to dress lavishly, but, as her income has gone down, she has taken to wearing plainer clothes. She still knows how to turn men's heads—or at least she thinks she does. She often dresses in provocative clothes which reveal more than men really want to see. Her voice still carries across a crowded bar, but she has a bit of trouble with the high notes. Her hair has begun to show some gray and she persists in pulling out a gray hair whenever she finds one. It is a battle she is losing. She has taken to wearing a cloak made from a whole elk skin, complete with head and antlers. It makes her a figure that stands out, but not necessarily the way she thinks.

Background: Bertilde was raised by a tribe of Amazons who found her as a babe and admired her size. She was beefy and strong for a baby, growing into a beefy, strong woman. She had a lusty voice, one that could carry across a battlefield. She trained to be an Amazon warrior, but it was in her first battle that she found her true calling.

The tribe was hard pressed and it looked like the women of the tribe would rout. Bertilde used her voice at its finest, inspiring the women with the tales of Amazon heroines that she had been told as a youth. It worked; the women rallied and won the day. It was then that the elders finally told her of her unknown beginnings.

Bertilde remained with the tribe for a while, learning songs and music as well as fighting skills. Eventually, she left the sisterhood to seek her true identity.



She has searched the world, always looking for her parents, or for anyone who would know something of her past. She has followed many false leads, but the truth of her origin has always eluded her.

When she reached her fiftieth year, Bertilde finally gave up her search. She began to travel. Her voice began to have trouble handling the high notes of songs, and most of the places she liked had heard all of her good tales. Her income started to drop and she began staying in moderately priced inns instead of the expensive ones. Soon she acquired a trained bear, Sardakam, and taught him how to wrestle.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Bertilde is on the road (50%) or in an inn (50%). If she is in an inn, she will be putting on a show or wrestling Sardakam. If on the road, she has a wagon with Sardakam in a cage. She is not unfriendly, but she is just passing her time in life—a woman who never fulfilled her dream. If attacked, Bertilde and her bear both fight viciously; that much of her Amazon upbringing remains.

Sardakam (trained brown bear)

AC 6, AL Neutral, Move 12, HD 5+5, HP 33, 15, #Att 5+5, #Att 3, Damage 1d6/1d6/1d8, SA if a paw hits with an 18 or better, Sardakam will also hug for 2d6 points of damage. Sardakam continues to fight for 1d4 melee rounds after reaching 0 to -8 hit points. He is trained to wrestle, but only with Bertilde. If someone else tries it, he is likely to hurt them seriously. He does not try to kill, but he probably breaks some bones. If attacked with a weapon, Sardakam defends himself by attacking.

Martha Bigbones (the Great)

9380

7th Level Human Illusionist Wizard

STRENGTH:	16
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	11
INTELLIGENCE:	16
WISDOM:	9
CHARISMA:	11 (15 when using illusions)
ARMOR CLASS:	4
THACO:	18
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	20
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	+1 save vs. illusion spells
SIZE:	6' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Robe of blending*, *ring of human influence*, *ring of protection* +5, *wand of illusion*, 3 +2 daggers, spell book, spell components, 10 throwing daggers concealed all over her body, *Bucknard's Everfood Pouch*, backpack, cooking pans, and supplies.

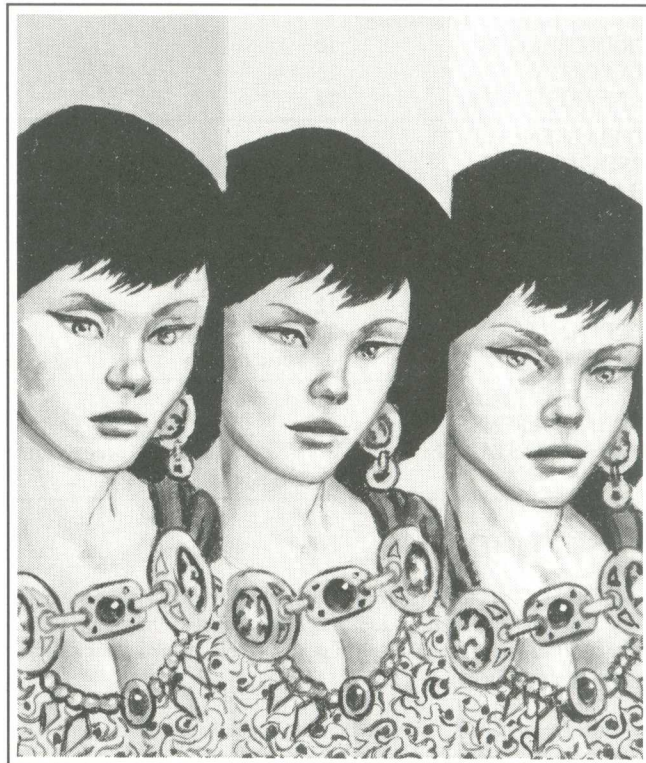
Physical Description: Martha was not a small child and she is not a small woman. From a very early age she was large, and spent much of her youth alternating between stringent diets and going on food binges. She would lose a few pounds, get hungry, and go on an eating frenzy, gaining back more than she lost. Her problem was solved when she discovered illusions, for she stopped worrying about her weight. Now she always appears to be trim, svelte, and very feminine. She is a very pretty brunette, and her illusions extend to her clothes as well, so she always appears to be wearing expensive dresses and robes.

Background: Martha knew at an early age that she was not going to be a small girl. She tried hard, but food was just too attractive to her. She spent a lot of time at home reading and eating. Her parents despaired of ever marrying her off and were very pleased when she showed a talent for illusion magic.

Martha trained with an old wizard who didn't care how she looked, as long as his socks were clean and the food was good. She showed a real talent as well. Martha liked illusions, one of the first spells she learned was *change self*, which she used to make herself look slim and trim. Without the weight, Martha is a very pretty girl, and she really likes the attention she receives from the men.

After she completed her training, Martha began adventuring. Her assumed looks and her unquestionable talent with illusion spells won her invitations to join several adventuring groups. She has moved from group to group, always doing a good job and always amazing her companions. She has sat down with dwarves and halflings, ogres and elves, and has out-eaten them all. She really likes the look on the faces of big burly fighters when she starts on her third whole duck or her ninth piece of apple pie. Martha doesn't care; she still looks trim and slim.

On one adventure, which involved chasing a group of giants who had kidnapped a child, Martha received her favorite treat.



sure. The child was recovered, and as her share of the reward, Martha got a magical pouch and a faintly magical ring. Martha looked into the pouch and saw coins. "Drat, I wish there was food in there instead," she said. When she looked again, there was food in the pouch. The ring was no longer magical, either. Ever since, she has been carrying her *Bucknard's Everfood Pouch* which produces 26 apples, 26 jelly doughnuts, and 26 ham sandwiches, every day.

Martha's greatest adventuring exploit was when she got a young foolish dragon to chase one of her illusions for miles. The party she was with was no match for a dragon. Martha created a shadow lammasu which appeared to the dragon and challenged him. The dragon accepted and the lammasu then fled, always keeping just enough ahead of the dragon so that the lammasu could not be detected as an illusion. While the dragon was off chasing the illusion, her party moved in and cleaned out the dragon's modest hoard. They just barely escaped before the dragon returned. To this day the dragon is looking for them—another reason for Martha to keep her true appearance hidden.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Martha is between engagements. That is, she doesn't have a current adventuring group. Her assumed beauty makes her stand out, even in a crowded room. She is a very pretty woman, dressed very well. She may also be eating like there's no tomorrow. If the party has need of a mage, she might consider hiring on. She wants a fair share of any treasure and all her expenses paid. If attacked, Martha attempts to mislead the party with illusions, escaping in another direction. She is not afraid of a fight, and people who mess with her are likely to chase an illusion right off a cliff.

7th Level Half-Elf Transmuter

STRENGTH:	10
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	17
WISDOM:	10
CHARISMA:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	7
THAC0:	18
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	21
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% resistant to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i> spells
SIZE:	5' 2"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Cloak of protection* +2, *dagger* +2, *ring of invisibility*, *brooch of shielding*, *wand of fire*, *wand of magic missiles*, *deck of illusions*, spell components, spell books, backpack, traveling equipment.

Physical Description: Gregor Birning is for hire and he looks it. He usually wears a pair of wands on his belt, and his robes are always decorated with many flashy designs. He prefers stars and moons, but has one red robe with a huge yellow sunburst on the back. Everything about him says "mage." He has a handsome face framed by long, curled white locks. He is very vain about his appearance, washing regularly, even on the trail.

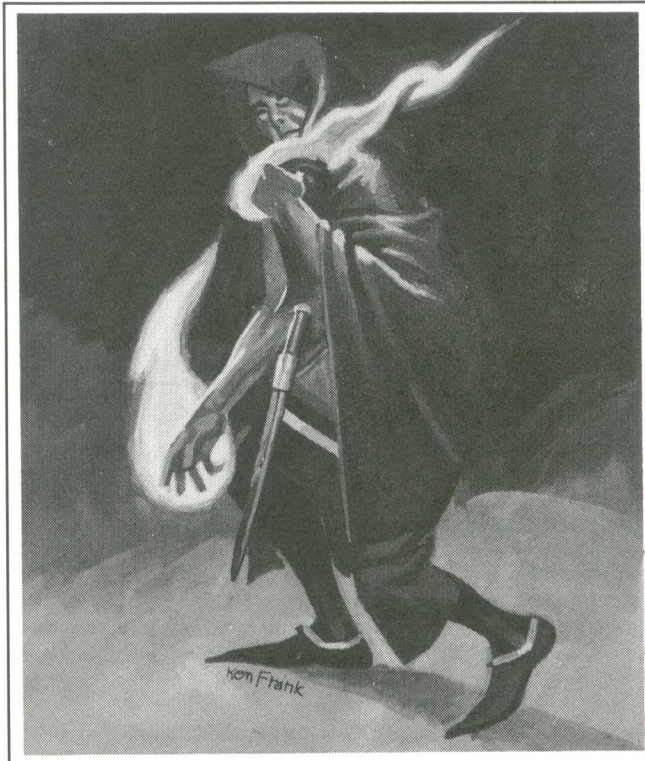
Background: Gregor learned magic from his elven mother. She was a regular mage and Gregor found that he wanted to concentrate more on changing things. This may be partly because he was never treated as an equal among the elves. His strident authoritarian manner just did not sit well with the elves; because of this, he had few friends. Gregor left the tribe before he was 25, a very young age for half-elves.

He journeyed for almost a year, until he found his father. His father was a mercenary, but an honest one. He accepted responsibility for his child's upbringing, and got him training with an experienced transmuter. Gregor loved alteration magic, and soon was ready to join his father as a mercenary.

A few years as a "wizard for hire" taught him much. He progressed in power, returning frequently to his master for more training. He also learned to hate the outdoors and the military way of life.

Finally, when his father was killed, he struck out on his own. The years of war had taught him that both sides in any conflict have their own viewpoint—and that the winner writes the history scrolls. He decided that if he was going to hire out, he would hire out to the highest bidder. No hovel in the slums or barracks with the foot soldiers for him. If he was going to die tomorrow, he'd enjoy himself today.

Gregor has made a career out of taming towns. He is hired to come in, handle a monster or a troublesome situation, impress the local populace, and deal with recalcitrant individuals. He has found that even the most stubborn man is much more



reasonable when he has been changed into a tree frog. Gregor gets results; thus, his fees are high. Most pay them without complaint, for the chirping of a frog is enough to make the slow-to-pay very nervous.

Gregor doesn't like to lose. His only real setback came when he was hired by a good temple to help them against some evil priests. He was in a battle when an evil priest offered him more money to switch sides. He accepted, but the good side had the fortune to find Amari, a high-level abjurer, who stunned him with a word. When Gregor regained consciousness, the rest of the evil side was dead or fleeing, and he slunk out of town. Since then, he prefers to be the most powerful wizard in the area. If a more powerful mage appears, he usually moves on. If Amari is even rumored to be in the area, Gregor takes off like a scared rabbit.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Gregor is either in town doing a job for someone (40%), on the road on his way to a job (40%), or looking for work (20%). He won't join a party if they do not promise him at least two shares of any treasure; he also won't join if they have a more powerful mage with them. If attacked, he fights hard and intelligently. He uses his *deck of illusion*, his wands, and his polymorph spells to best effect. If confronted by obviously superior magic, he tries to flee.

Gregor can be a boon to a party with no mage, for he can be undeniably effective. He is the type who is very aggressive when things are going right. Unfortunately, he disappears when the magic becomes intense. If the party runs up against a more powerful mage, Gregor may decide that he has business elsewhere, polymorph into a swift, and leave the party when they need him the most.

16th Level Human Priest

STRENGTH: 16
DEXTERITY: 10
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 12
WISDOM: 18
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 7
THACO: 10

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 97
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: *Ring of animal friendship*, *beads of force* (10), *necklace of prayer beads*, *staff of healing*, vestments, holy symbol, spell components, backpack, bandages and healing herbs, studded leather armor.

Physical Description: Boelle is a friendly woman. She is not the prettiest of women, but her ready smile and inner warmth make her welcome wherever she goes. She dresses in practical clothes and doesn't worry much about her hair. She is always clean, both because it is important while healing and because it is her natural style. She is not 50 yet, but her brown hair is already streaked with gray.

Background: Boelle was born Ella Hightropfen. She had an easy start in life. Her parents were wealthy merchants and they doted on their only daughter. Every wish she had was granted, and Ella became the typical spoiled brat.

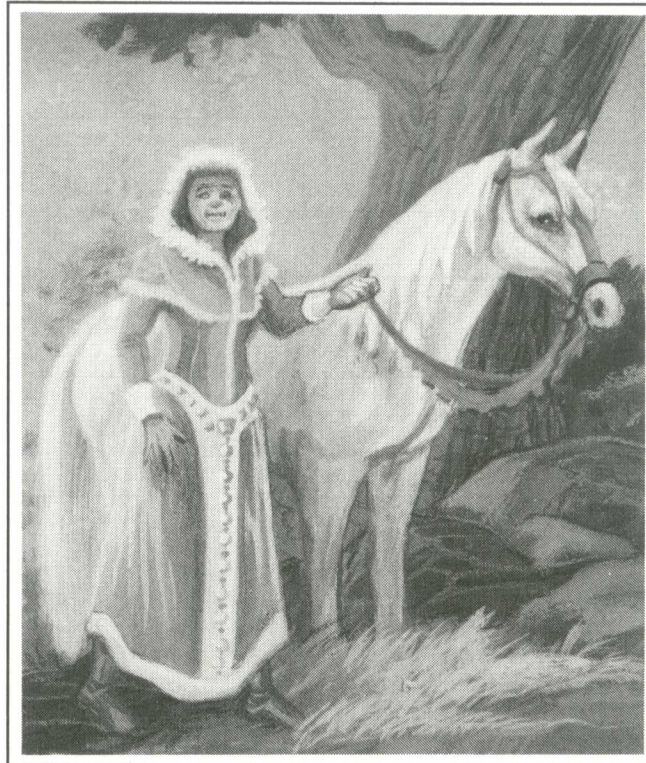
When she reached her teens, her father arranged a marriage with a fat old merchant who Ella could not stand. She ran away, preferring poverty to having to submit to another's will, even her father's.

Out on the street, Ella quickly learned how cruel the world could be. She was robbed, beaten, and almost sold into slavery. She was rescued by an old man, a very ugly one.

The old man, Bobbarin, was a priest of good. He had no formal training; he just liked to help people. He was wise enough, and devout enough, to be able to cast clerical spells. Ella grew to love the old man, and he taught her much. When she had to look out for herself, she quickly shed her spoiled ways and showed a natural wisdom and an empathy for the sick and the weak.

When the old man died, Ella changed her name to Boelle, to honor her mentor. She began preaching the philosophy of good morals and positive standards. Moving about constantly, she does not belong to any organized religion, but just tries to help where she can. She has adventured with many bands, but not usually to find and recover some lost treasure. If an adventuring group wants to get her help, they must be defending a small village from monsters, or protecting farmers from raiding orcs.

Even though she does not adventure for treasure, some useful magical items have come her way. She loves animals and her *ring of animal friendship* lets her quickly befriend and tame them. She is a skilled animal trainer, and for a time even had a pet monkey that she taught to bandage wounds. This was an experiment which didn't work out too well, but Boelle is still



likely to have some sort of animal with her. Boelle is quick to heal wounded animals, although in an emergency, she knows she must tend to people first. On the other hand, an animal that is wounded defending her will certainly get healing before someone who attacked the animal in the first place.

Boelle is always on the lookout for people who need help. Her experience with old Bobbarin taught her the joy of helping, and she has never lost that joy. She gets a great deal of satisfaction from helping a village that has been wrecked by fire, while at the same time grieving for those she cannot save.

Role-playing Notes: When the party encounters Boelle, she is on her way to help a village that was recently attacked by a group of monsters. If there are any healers in the party, Boelle will urge them to accompany her to help the weak and wounded. If someone in the party is badly wounded (not a 5-point nick on a 50-point fighter), she will aid the party with healing. She currently has a chipmunk named Kipper, which rides on her shoulder. If attacked, Boelle uses her spells to powerful effect, she has no time or mercy for evil. She carries mostly healing spells, but usually has at least a *blade barrier* and a *flame strike* in memory.

If the party helps Boelle with healing, she becomes a friend. She can join them on an adventure, especially if the party is doing something to defend the weak and helpless. If the party is out after a ravaging band of trolls, for instance, she agrees that the trolls must be stopped or more innocent people will be hurt. She won't stay long, but the party can encounter her again and again as she searches for causes to defend and people to heal. Remember that Boelle sees more reason to heal a poor farmer whose family depends on him than a powerful adventurer who is wearing full plate mail and has other powerful adventurers in the party with him. She won't become a mobile temple for the PCs, but she can show up and provide aid when the adventure is about to grind to a halt due to lack of healing or the death of an important PC, like the party's only cleric, for instance.

10th Level Human Druid

STRENGTH:	10
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	9
WISDOM:	16
CHARISMA:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	4
THAC0:	14
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	66
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	+2 to saving throw vs. fire, electricity
SIZE:	6' 2"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Bracers of defense AC 4, quarterstaff +1, ring of the ram, holy symbol (gold sunburst), spell components, backpack, brown robe, healing herbs.

Physical Description: Borealis is a tall, handsome man dressed in plain brown robes. He has a tendency to look up into the sky, even when talking to someone. He is fascinated with the sun and wants to talk about it. Borealis can project an image of stupidity, but he is probably just daydreaming.

Background: Borealis has always been fascinated by the sun. When he was a small child, his parents found him outside, blind. He had stared at the sun until his eyes burned out. He claimed the sun was calling him.

He was miserable for the next year, until a wandering druid chanced to find Borealis sunning himself outside. He cured his blindness and offered to show Borealis the true worship of the sun.

Borealis barely stopped to say goodbye to his parents. He followed the druid wherever he went for the next 10 years. He learned much of the ways of nature. He showed a remarkable aptitude for learning, always striving to move up in the ranks of the druids.

When Borealis reached his 21st birthday, the druid finally began instructing him in the druidic art of changing shape. The druid had planned to start with a wolf or a rabbit, something a simple and safe. Instead, Borealis insisted that the eagle should be the first form he learned. The druid finally gave in, and Borealis had his dream fulfilled. Far before he was ready, or so the druid thought, Borealis succeeded in changing his form to that of an eagle, and took off for the sun.

He soared for days in the sunlight, far above the earth. For the first time he was truly happy. Eventually, his form began to require food and he realized that if he didn't change back, he could be stuck in the form of an eagle forever. While the thought was tempting, Borealis wanted to do things other than just soaring in the sun, for the worship of nature had been deeply instilled



within him. It was the hardest thing he ever did, but he returned to the druid for more training. Actually he passed out as soon as he resumed his human form and the druid had to nurse him back to health. He had been flying for days with no food or water.

This also taught him of the dangers of getting too involved with the sun, and he has never flown for that long again. The eagle is still his favorite form, and if he must travel somewhere, it is always as an eagle that he makes the trip. If he is with someone who must walk, he is quite content to fly slow, lazy circles above them, waiting for them to catch up.

Borealis also spends considerable time circling above the lands he has been assigned to watch over. An eagle's eyesight can spot trouble miles away, and he usually knows exactly what he's getting into before he enters any combat or unpleasant situation. He is not as good in cities; he dislikes the fact that the sky is cut off from view. He always sleeps outdoors, unless it is freezing cold. Even then, he insists on a cot near an east window, so he can see the sun come up.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Borealis is on a routine patrol, just checking on the lands he is watching. He will either be on foot (70%) or in eagle form (30%). He is friendly and open, but he has little use for wizards or people with axes. He hates orcs and other creatures of the night with a passion, and gladly assists the party if they are after such creatures.

If attacked, Borealis tries to change to an eagle and fly away. He will track any attackers, and decide what to do about them based on their subsequent actions.

6th Level Dwarf Amazon Warrior

STRENGTH: 18 (44%)
DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 15

INTELLIGENCE: 11
WISDOM: 8
CHARISMA: 10

ARMOR CLASS: 1
THACO: 15

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 31
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: +4 saving throw vs. poison, magic

SIZE: 4'
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Warhammer +1, *potion of hill giant strength*, dwarven plate mail, two-bladed battle axe, small shield, backpack, caltrops, saddle for her mount (Bacon).

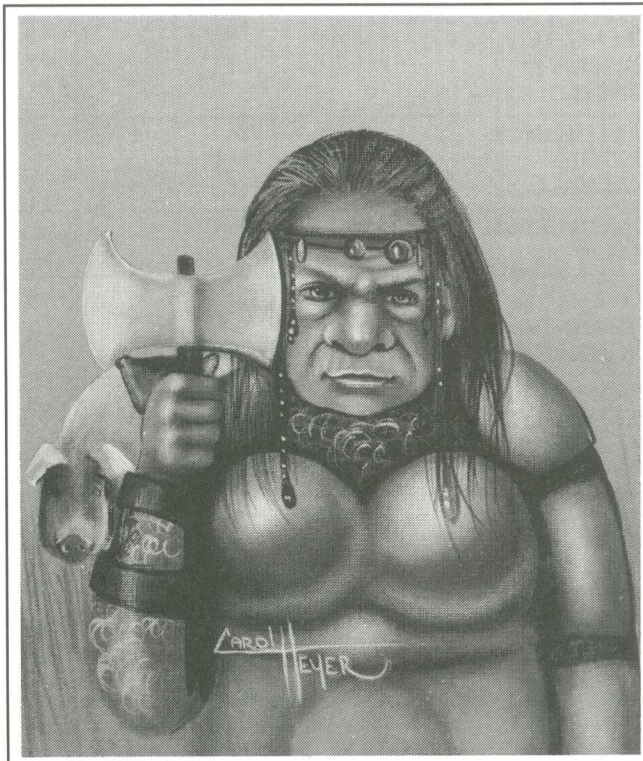
Physical Description: Zera Brighthammer is a typical-looking dwarf, perhaps even a bit plainer than the average dwarf. She is usually mounted on her boar, Bacon, so she cuts a bit of a comical figure. With her hammer or axe in her hand, she is a terrifying sight, because Zera grimaces and uses all sorts of facial contortions in combat. She dresses practically, and her armor is always clean even if the rest of her clothes are not. Similarly, her brown beard is always neatly combed, but the rest of her hair may resemble a crow's nest.

Background: Zera Brighthammer was a member of a hidden tribe of dwarven females. The Amazons were a tough bunch and protected their privacy fiercely. Zera learned to fight, her natural strength making her a good pupil. She specialized in training with the hammer, both thrown and in melee. Few dwarves could match her skill.

One day, while out on patrol, she chanced upon a handsome male dwarf. He was being attacked and Zera went to his rescue. Together the two defeated the wyvern and became fast friends. The dwarf was allowed into the village, and Zera fell in love with him. When he left the next week, Zera followed him. He led her to the city where he was a member of a thieves' guild.

The shock of civilization, and the knowledge that her loved one stabbed people in the back for a living, deflated any attraction Zera had. She found herself in the city, knowing nothing about civilization, but a lot about using her warhammer. There were two choices: working as a guard or becoming an adventurer. Being a guard sounded extremely boring, so she hooked up with a group of young adventurers just starting out. The band came to call itself merely "The Group." It consisted of Aruthir, a nature priest; Alexander, his cousin, who dabbled in both magic and thievery; Burtelessar, a brusque fighter; and Aurora, a bookish mage. Many others adventured with this group, but these five were the core members.

Zera came to love the other members of The Group—they were her family. They constantly kidded her about Bacon, her



mount. The kidding never extended to her fighting skills; she'd saved The Group several times, especially when they were just starting out.

Zera's strength and love of parties gets her into many a brawl. She loves a good bar fight as much as anything and has broken one man's arm while arm-wrestling. She is tough and solid, most men are in for a surprise if she agrees to arm-wrestling. The other members of The Group have learned to get bets down early, for Zera doesn't usually take very long to finish off her opponent.

The one thing she loves more than a good bar fight is a thrilling adventure. She never hesitates if a good cause is offered. There isn't an ounce of fear in her body.

Role-playing Notes: Zera is encountered in an inn (40%), or on the road (60%). If she is in the bar, there is a good chance that the strongest member of the party will be egged into an arm-wrestling match. If she is on the road, she is mounted on Bacon and presents a thoroughly ridiculous appearance. She takes kidding good-naturedly, but she is proud of her fighting skills and takes no kidding about that. She might consider joining the party, but the mission must sound exciting and heroic or she won't be interested. This is actually more important than the fee offered, because Zera loves a just fight. If attacked, both she and her boar fight fiercely with no quarter asked or given.

Bacon (trained boar)

AC 5 (leather barding), AL Neutral, Move 15, HD 3 + 3, HP 24, 17, #At 1, Damage 3d4, SA nil, SD nil. Bacon has been trained by Zera. Bacon can follow simple commands like "charge," "kill," and "back," and is completely devoted to Zera.

5th Level Human Paladin

STRENGTH:	17
DEXTERITY:	11
CONSTITUTION:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	11
WISDOM:	14
CHARISMA:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	2
THACO:	16
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	26
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Permanent protection from evil 10' radius
SIZE:	6'
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Ring of water breathing*, *medium lance +1*, white dragonscale armor, shield, long sword, backpack, grooming supplies, picture of her parents.

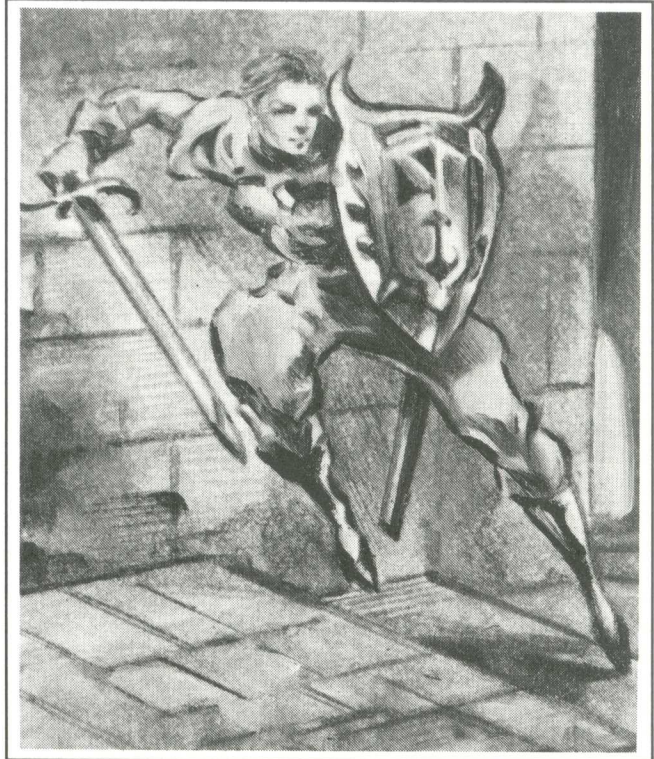
Physical Description: Bronwen makes a handsome man, even though she isn't—a man that is. Bronwen could also be a beautiful woman, if she ever dressed like one. She wears her hair short in a male fashion, and with her white armor, she presents an imposing, masculine image. Her dark black hair and boyish good looks let her pass herself off as a stripling who has just begun adventuring. She has practiced using a deep voice, one which sounds masculine.

Background: Bronwen the Bold, whose name means "snow-breasted bird," owes her life to her boyish good looks. She would have been dead years ago if people knew her real identity.

When she was a young girl, her parents, both adventurers, got into some trouble they couldn't get out of. They assisted in a raid on an evil temple, and her father slew the evil high priest personally. When the priests of the evil temple heard about the incident, they hired mercenaries to extract revenge.

Bronwen knew nothing about the incident until her mother packed her up and told her to "run for her life." She hid in the woods outside her home while her parents fought their last fight. She was very proud of her mother and father as they stood their ground defending their home. But there were too many mercenaries, and first her father and then her mother fell in combat. Bronwen ran off into the woods, weeping. The mercenaries heard her and followed.

Bronwen led them on a chase for several weeks, finally reaching a monastery she knew about. She knew that the monks would only allow men in, so she cut her hair short and passed herself off as a boy. This worked for a while, but eventually one of the elder monks discovered her secret. She told him why she was hiding and the elder promised to guard her secret. He did ask for permission to share it with a chosen few, and Bronwen could not object. Only three of the elders and, unknown to her, two young monks, knew the secret of her true identity.



Bronwen grew up a pious woman and a fierce fighter. She sparred with the monks and became an accomplished fighter. The urge to become a fighting priest, a paladin, was just too strong. Bronwen had to follow her parents and become an adventurer. It was the only life she deemed possible.

When she reached the age of 19, she left the monastery and began adventuring. She was almost ready to appear as a woman when she discovered some mercenaries still looking for anyone in her family. The evil temple had long memories and had sworn to wipe out everyone in her family.

Bronwen thought she was the only one left, but she learned that the mercenaries also searched for her brother—a blond boy with the same facial features she had. She defeated the mercenaries with the aid of two young monks who had escorted her to "civilization." The monks, Trolen and Striker, became her adventuring companions, although they still spend much time at the monastery. Both of the monks are aware of her true identity. Striker hopes one day to marry Bronwen, but neither monk has let on, even to her, that they know who she is.

Role-playing Notes: Bronwen is a crusader for the cause of justice and mercy. Nothing gets her dander up like a family or a child being attacked or abused. Several times she has led her companions into trouble, attacking to defend a besieged home or an outnumbered caravan. When she is encountered, she is on the road searching for wrongs to right and helpless people to defend. She will be dressed as a man and her disguise is excellent. If attacked, Bronwen charges into battle with reckless abandon and considerable skill. She has no mercy for anyone who is evil, nor for those who takes advantage of others.

9th/8th Level Human Wu Jen/Ninja

STRENGTH:	13
DEXTERITY:	17
CONSTITUTION:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	17
WISDOM:	13
CHARISMA:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	7
THAC0:	17
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	38
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 7"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Pearl of protection from fire, naginata of quality, shurikens +2, wand of elemental bursts, spell books, spell components, backpack, disguises, garotte, coal-black, black night-suit, robes, climbing gear, miscellaneous ninja and wu jen equipment.*

Physical Description: Mariko is a pleasant, engaging woman with a charming smile, but the smile is rarely seen. She dresses as a wu jen in colorful robes with stars and spirits on them. Her hair is coal-black and her skin is fair.

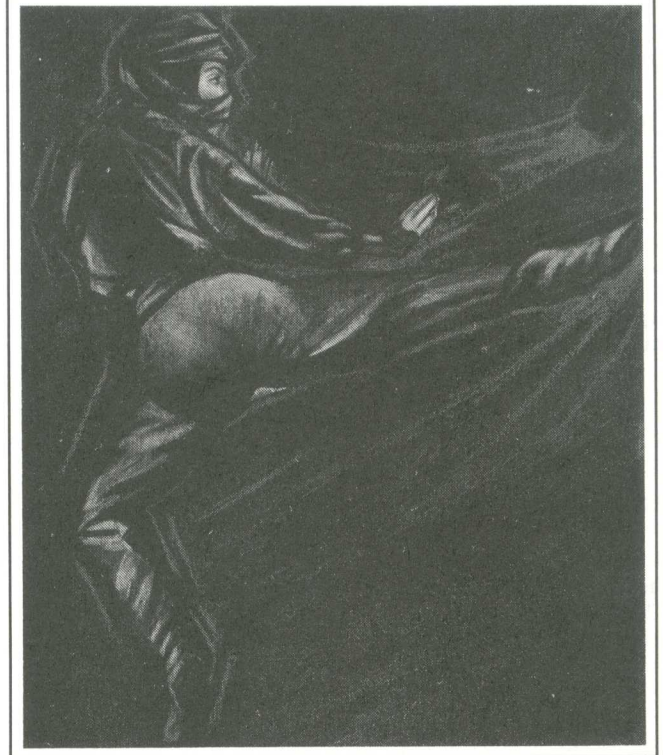
Background: Mariko Bureshu was brought up in the ranks of the ninja. She did not know of her parents' true calling when she was small, but they had no doubt that their daughter would join them in the ranks of "those who move through the night unseen."

Mariko was surprised when her parents offered to indoctrinate her into the ranks of the ninja, but she was smart enough to realize that it was an offer that could not be turned down. In spite of some qualms, she joined and began training. Her natural gifts and high intelligence allowed her to learn quickly and prosper.

Mariko went on many successful missions and she became an accomplished spy. She was successful in infiltrating and assassinating a rival of her lord's, and almost single-handedly brought about the downfall of the rival lord's house. When the soldiers she had let in finished their work, Mariko was sickened. The entire family of the rival lord was wiped out, and Mariko began to doubt her lifestyle.

Her doubts continued. She grew more and more dissatisfied with the life of a spy. She began looking about for another avenue to follow and discovered an affinity for the arts of the wu jen. She blackmailed a powerful wu jen into training her, but got more than she bargained for.

The wu jen Arikisha was a man of honor as well as learning. He taught her not only magic, but his own code of ethics as well. Arikisha believed in the rule of the emperor's law above any-



thing else. This was met with scorn from Mariko, at least at first. As she trained with him, she came to appreciate the fierce honor in the man and even to begin to emulate it.

Mariko has been a wu jen for years now and is very powerful. She travels about, seeking to learn new spells and ways to help keep the emperor's rules. Her past as a ninja continues to haunt her. Even though she was known as a bushi, she gained quite a reputation. Everywhere she goes, the whispers follow: "That's the lady that brought down Lord Ko, and wiped out his whole family all by herself." Everywhere she goes there is a young samurai or kensai who seeks to prove himself by defeating the evil lady. Thus, while Mariko prefers the ways of the wu jen, she is constantly forced to take up her ninja role and kill strangers with whom she has no quarrel. The problem bothers her a great deal and is the reason her charming smile is so seldom seen.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Mariko is searching for a spell to allow her to travel great distances in a blink of an eye. If the party encounters her in a town, she has a 15% chance to be challenged to a duel to the death by a young samurai of 3rd level. She tries to avoid the combat, but the samurai will not hear of it. Mariko is interested in magic and any wu jen or mages in the party will find her a willing conversationalist, eager to talk shop. She may join the party, if asked, but only as a wu jen. She does not hire out as a bushi (or ninja) any longer. If attacked, Mariko tries to use spells, but has her naginata ready at hand. She figured out long ago that she couldn't change anything if she was dead, so she fights to win.

10th/6th Level Human Fighter/Thief

STRENGTH: 18/15
DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 11

INTELLIGENCE: 12
WISDOM: 9
CHARISMA: 12

ARMOR CLASS: 2
THAC0: 11

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 75
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills: (adjusted for Dexterity)

Pick Pockets 22% Move Silently 80%
Climb Walls 61% Open Locks 39%
Hide in Shadows 76% Read Languages 18%
Find/Remove Traps 39% Detect Noise 21%
+4 to hit, 3× damage with surprise backstab

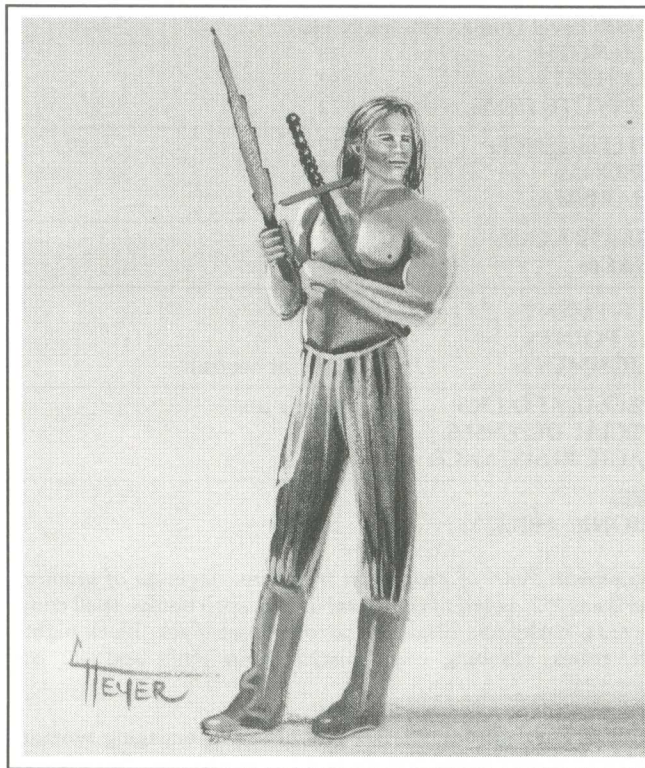
Equipment: *Leather armor +3, longsword +1, ring of feather-falling, dagger, thieves' picks and tools, backpack, wineskin, longbow and quiver of arrows, 3 grappling hook arrows, 2 stonebiter arrows, footpads (add 5% to move silently chances).*

Physical Description: Burtelessar is a big, burly, ebullient man. He has a few scars, all received in brawls and quarrels. He always wears his armor and carries a dagger in his boot. He prefers dark cloaks and overgarments, but he does like colorful shirts. Lately he has taken to wearing mostly blue, for it blends in with the night without being as dreary as black.

Background: Burtelessar was brought up to be a fighter. He believes that it is a man's place to fight. Women have no place as fighters; they can be just as powerful with spells, and "womin is better a' clericking and maging nor men." He has great respect for women—actually, they scare the "bejeebers" out of him. His mother was a mage and more than once turned him upside down when he got too sassy. His only snobbery comes from his unquestioned mastery of the blade: he is the best fighter he's ever seen. He's happy to tell this to anyone he meets.

Burtelessar began his career as a fighter when he joined a young group of adventurers all just starting out. The band came to call itself "The Group." It consisted of Aruthir, a nature priest; Alexandar, his cousin, who dabbled in both magic and thievery; Zera Brighthammer, a female dwarf fighter mounted on a trained boar; and Aurora, a bookish mage. Many others adventured with this group, but these five were the core members for years.

Burtelessar continued to get into trouble, for his habit of proclaiming himself the best fighter in the world got him into hot



water more than a few times. Finally, the chiding of his comrades sunk in and he turned to the ways of stealth and silence. Alexandar taught him a few things, and Burtelessar learned more on his own. His comrades are now amazed at how quickly he can go from being the life of the party to disappearing into the shadows.

The ways of the rogue appeal to a different side of Burtelessar. He still likes to party with the best of them, but he is not so prone to making loud proclamations. He prefers to get a party singing and laughing, then fade into the background to go see what's around. Even his companions don't know he's gone, although Alexandar has a pretty good idea of what Burtelessar has been up to. He thoroughly approves, having had to get Burtelessar out of many a brawl.

Role-playing Notes: Burtelessar can be encountered on the road (45%); with The Group (25%); or in an inn (30%), leading a group of men in song. He won't try picking any pockets, since he doesn't really care for that type of thing. He is quick to laugh, ready with a rough joke, and presents an image of a big, dumb fighter. He is anything but, and if he can get the PCs talking, he attempts to learn what treasure and magic they may be carrying. If they have something particularly nice, they may get a visit in their sleep from Burtelessar. If he is with The Group, he is more circumspect. If alone, he might join the PCs if he gets a good offer, or at least a promise of a rousing good time. If attacked, Burtelessar fights only until he can withdraw safely, even if he knows he can win at any time.

3rd Level Human Amazon Wizard

STRENGTH:	13
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	8
INTELLIGENCE:	15
WISDOM:	12
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	5
THACO:	20
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 24 (cape)
HIT POINTS:	8
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 10"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Bracers of defense AC 6, cape of the bat, wand of magic missiles, pendant from her mother (actually a luckstone), spell book, spell components, robe, backpack.

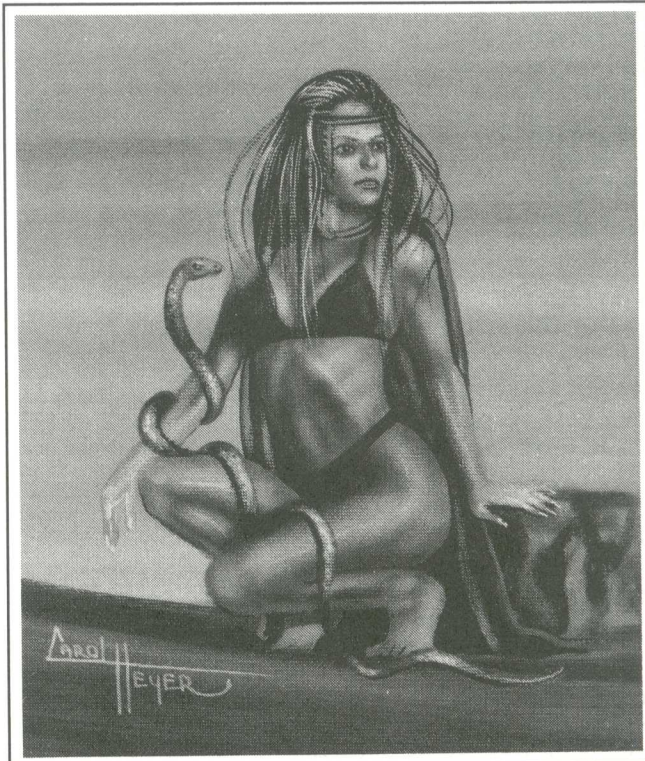
Physical Description: Calla is an attractive, tall woman with a friendly smile on her face. She has stunning blond hair and pretty, if not beautiful, features. Her appearance is somewhat marred by the dirty black cloak she wears whenever she leaves her tower. The wand slung at her side and the sparkling bracers on her wrists suggest a mage of power and talent. Her youth and dirty cloak suggest just the opposite. Calla knows that her appearance is a bit confusing and she delights in taking people, especially men, unawares.

Background: Calla grew up in the jungle. She was the heir to the position of tribal supervisor, but the ways of the shamans were not for her. While she had the aptitude for it, she had no desire to spend her whole life in the middle of the jungle. She wanted to see those lands she'd only heard about.

Her mother urged her to wait until she was older, but before she was 18, Calla could wait no longer. She headed out into the wilderness armed only with a dagger and her natural wits. The world proved to be a friendly and fun place. She hooked up with a powerful sorceress who recognized her talent. Calla learned quickly, then set out to see the rest of the world, and to have some fun in the process.

Again, her mentor urged her to remain for more training, but Calla would have none of it. She joined an adventuring group and went right out adventuring. The band ended up against a tribe of orcs, and her ability to put numbers of orcs to sleep with a simple spell helped out a lot. She wasn't really powerful enough to adventure with the band, but she always seemed to have just the right spell to accomplish what was needed.

She acquired a magical cape as her share of the spoils. It allowed her to see at night and fly as silently as a bat. This made her even more valuable as an adventurer, for she became a superior scout, especially at night. She was presented her magical bracers by a grateful town when she flew ahead to warn them of giants invading.



Calla has been having a good time at whatever she does. Luck just seems to follow her. She is fairly lazy and is in no hurry to become a powerful sorceress. She likes acquiring knowledge. She has become something of an expert on priests and the spells they can cast. Not for any special reason—it's just a hobby of hers.

Calla also travels with a friend, Issa. Issa is her garter snake familiar and he has helped her many times. Issa loves sugar lumps and Calla always carries a supply for him. Issa's biggest contribution was when he snuck off and told a group of poisonous snakes about all of the food in the next camp. They responded by attacking the orcs, driving them off in fear. Again, Calla was given credit for magically driving off the orcs, and another town presented her with a wand of magic missiles.

Lately, Calla has been feeling guilty about abandoning her tribe. Why should she have all the fun when they have to exist in a hostile jungle?

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Calla is on her way home. She could use a little help, because she will have to sail across the sea and does not have enough money for passage. She would be glad to adventure with the group, for a fair share of the treasure. She is glad to talk to the party, discuss religion with the clerics, magic with the mages, forests with the rangers, and whatever else comes up. She likes people and finds that nearly all of them like her. She will not reveal the exact location of her home, but may drop a few hints to female PCs in the party. If attacked, Calla flies away; she thinks that people attacking her are rude.

2nd Level (18th Level) Half-Elf Wizard

STRENGTH:	11
DEXTERITY:	16
CONSTITUTION:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	18
WISDOM:	8
CHARISMA:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	8
THACO:	20
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	35
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% resistant to sleep and charm spells
SIZE:	5' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Cloak of arachnida, ring of wizardry (doubles 5th level spells), pearl of power (3rd level), spell book, spell components, quarterstaff, 2 daggers.

Physical Description: Callran is a young (18,) innocent-looking girl. She is pretty and has many expensive dresses and robes, although she's not exactly sure where she got them. She usually has a confused look on her face, except when she's doing magic.

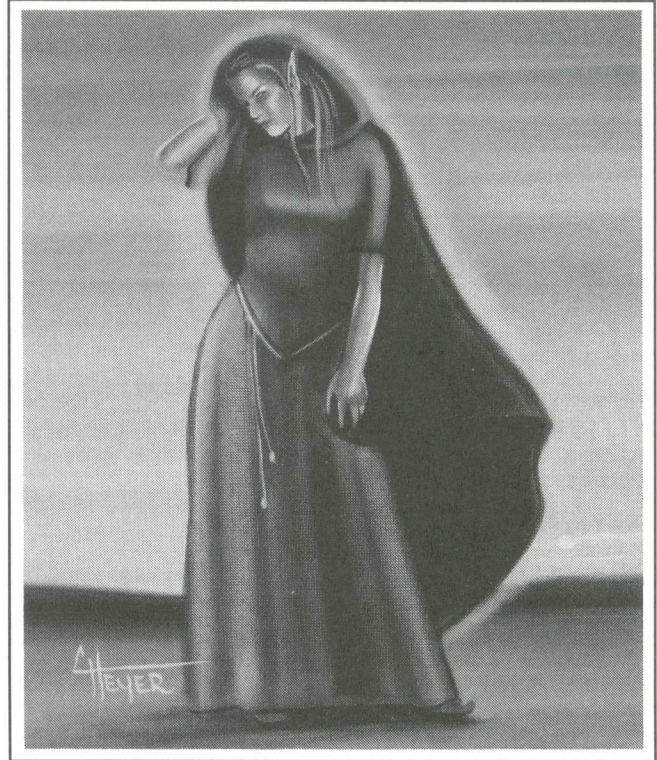
Background: Callran is a young, inexperienced mage. She wasn't always like that. No one knows that she is actually the famous Alhera Sunbreeze, an archmage of incredible abilities. She adventured long and did much good. When she finally reached 18th level, she cast her first 9th level spell. She *wished* "to be young again." She lost years of experience as she returned to the age of 18.

Callran's unique situation caused her many confusing problems. She found herself in an inn, with no memory of where she had been or who she was. She had several very fine magical items, so she assumed that a wizard could help her. Seeking out the most powerful local wizard, she became an apprentice to Wazzisnom, a great wizard—if he does say so himself.

The young girl showed immediate aptitude for magic, and Wazzisnom was very impressed with himself for being able to bring out such power in one so young. She continually surprised him, as when she cast her first *burning hands* spell. Callran should have barely been able to light the fire; instead she completely incinerated the logs she was supposed to light.

To date, Callran has only learned four spells: *read magic*, *detect magic*, *burning hands*, and *light*. These all seem to last much longer than they should; Wazzisnom is sure it is because of his enhanced training methods. Actually, Callran is still an 18th level wizard—she just has no way to access the knowledge. Her spells all function as if cast by an archmage, but she can only consciously remember as many spells as a 2nd level mage.

Wazzisnom is too foolish to ever see the truth, and part of the magic of the *wish* keeps Callran from figuring it out. Whether



she will eventually figure out what happened, or merely rise in power and repeat her mistake, only time will tell. In the meantime, she has a very promising future in the magical arts.

Callran carries several magical items that will aid her only when she becomes more powerful. She assumes that the ring is *protection* and the pearl is *wisdom*. Her master never questioned her, because he has his own rings and feels that he is wise enough already. This is certainly not true, but it has kept any questions about her past from coming up. Meanwhile, across town, the servants of the great wizard Alhera Sunbreeze mourn for her and wonder what evil fiend may have caused her disappearance.

Role-playing Notes: Callran is very eager to learn about the world. She is very inexperienced, at least to her knowledge. She will be encountered fetching something for her master. She carries only two spells, but one of them is a *burning hands* capable of causing 1d3 + 20 points of damage. She is confused and will pay attention to anyone who claims to be able to help her remember her past. It should be noted that divination spells will not work, for they are opposed by the power of the *wish*. Only communing directly with one's deity could grant a possibility of an answer, and the deity might not choose to expend the effort required to overcome the *wish*. Callran will be grateful for any attempt, however. She looks innocent, but she is an extremely intelligent girl and is not fooled by fakes and charlatans. If attacked, Callran responds with her fire spell, which is usually enough to discourage, or fry, most common thugs.

14th Level Half-Elf Berserker

STRENGTH:	18/95
DEXTERITY:	16
CONSTITUTION:	6
INTELLIGENCE:	10
WISDOM:	9
CHARISMA:	11
ARMOR CLASS:	1
THACO:	7
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	36
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Berserking (+1 to hit, +3 to damage)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Immune to charm/death spells while berserk
SIZE:	6' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Elven chain mail* +1, small shield, long sword +2, figurine of wondrous power (golden lions), *ring of sustenance*, *ring of rainbow hues*, stiletto, purple and green clothes, backpack, wineskin with a hole in it, tent with no pegs.

Physical Description: Callvyn is insane and he looks it. His purple eyes are strained and he talks to things that aren't there. His favorite colors are purple and olive green worn together. He also uses his *ring of rainbow hues* to change the color of his skin at will. He again prefers purple and green, but he can't always get them at the same time.

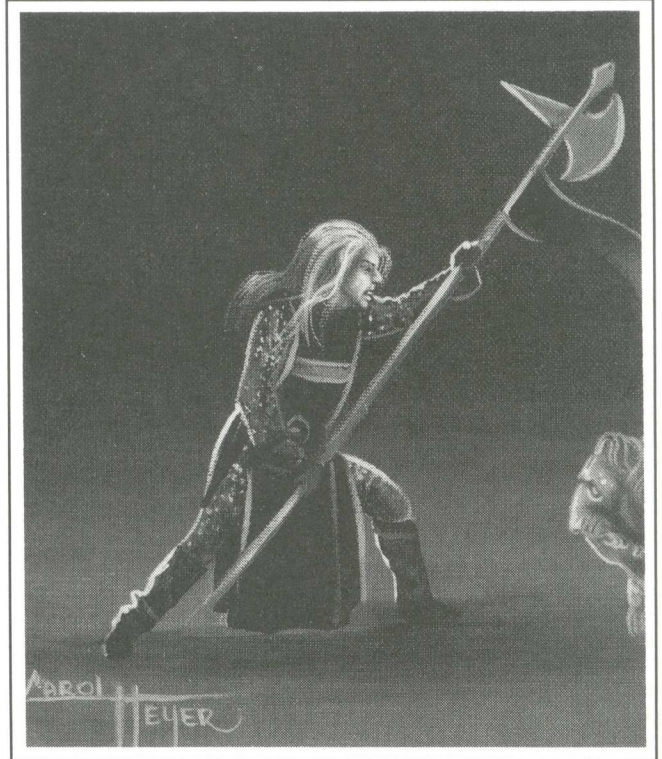
Background: Callvyn grew up with the elves, where his strength and stamina made him a legendary fighter. He was appreciated for what he was, although there were occasional remarks about the short-lived swordsman. Callvyn was content, for he knew he was needed.

Then he came down with a dread disease, something he caught fighting a mummy. He defeated the monster, but he nearly died from the disease. The most powerful elven clerics could not save him. They despaired and gave up. Callvyn was to be made comfortable and left alone until he passed away.

To everyone's surprise, Callvyn did not die. He somehow resisted the incurable disease. The effort sapped what little the disease had left of his mind. Callvyn was left incurably insane.

Callvyn now lives in a mythical world of his own devising. He wanders about talking to people who aren't there, and fighting monsters that look different from the monsters he's actually fighting. More than one companion has been confused when Callvyn cried, "Death to the foul dragon and all his kind," and then charged a hill giant.

The berserker has no real connection with reality, but somehow his actions always seem strangely appropriate. He charges when there are monsters, he sleeps when it gets dark, and he binds wounds when his comrades are wounded. He also changes the color of his skin at will, calls people by names that are not theirs, and every so often attacks and kills a tree or a bush. Few companions stay long; a berserker that acts like this is almost as dangerous as the monsters themselves.



Callvyn has acquired two companions that don't care about his actions, however. They are his *figurines of wondrous power*, his golden lions. He has named them Descartes and Leviathan and summons them whenever he can. They are loyal to Callvyn and obey his every command. He does not command them to attack anyone who is not attacking him, another example of his strange connection to reality.

Callvyn insists that his clothes and skin changes protect him from "them." He won't say who "they" are, and shushes anyone who tries to talk about "them" or about his past experiences. He is not afraid—he says he it is "better if they don't hear."

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Callvyn is on the road with his two lions. The three will be frolicking along the roadside, apparently unconcerned and unobservant. When the party gets close, Callvyn will greet them as long-lost friends, calling them all by weird variations of their names. He assumes that they have come to have a picnic with him and wants to settle down right in the middle of the road and eat. His skin changes color several different times while he talks, but neither he nor the lions seem to notice it. If attacked, Callvyn laughs and says, "So you want to play. Let me get my sword. Tag, you're it." The lions defend him intelligently, Callvyn fights appropriately, even though he sees everything as something else.

If asked to join the party Callvyn cries, "What? Adventure with you people? Not until the sun turns puce." He then looks up and says, "Will you look at that, a puce sun. Well, come on, let's go." Callvyn never stays long, and his actions should make this a welcome thing.

14th Level Dwarf Fighter

STRENGTH: 17
DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 10
CHARISMA: 11

ARMOR CLASS: -1
THAC0: 7

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 77
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: +4 to saving throws vs. poison and magic

SIZE: 4'
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: *Battle axe of sharpness* +1, *plate mail* +2, small shield, sling, silver bullets, backpack, large blue amethyst on a chain (an award for winning a sparring tourney).

Physical Description: Caysmal is a beauty—for a dwarf. Her deep blue eyes make her stand out in any group of dwarves. She prefers neat brown clothes, and her armor is always polished and shiny. She is very proud of her appearance and feels that to be less than perfectly attired would cast a slur on her tribe. She would like to have a fiery red beard, but being fashion conscious, she stays clean shaven.

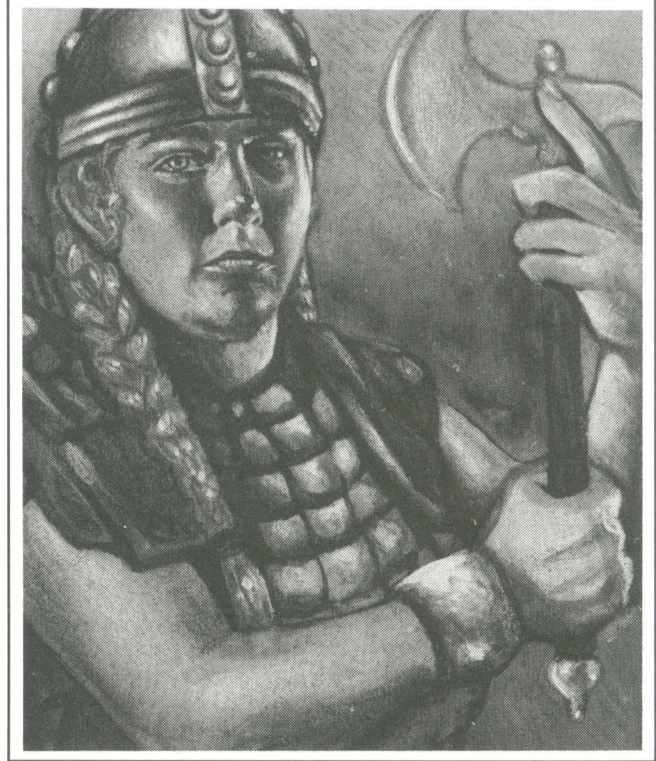
Background: Caysmal is a rarity among dwarves. She is a very good fighter in a tribe that doesn't allow women to fight. She has trained for years and years, but has never been in a real battle.

Before Caysmal was born, her tribe was visited by a being from the elemental plane of Earth. This being, who was also named Caysmal, took refuge with the tribe as it was hiding from an evil priest. The being was extremely good with stone and taught even the dwarves a few things about the earth. They came to respect it, and when the dwarf Caysmal was born, the being proclaimed that she had a great destiny with the tribe. The tribe accepted this and the baby was named after the elemental being.

Growing up, Caysmal was a favored child. She got the best of everything. When she decided she wanted to become a fighter, the dwarves couldn't say no. She has trained with the best dwarven warriors for years and has become an extremely good fighter.

Of course, the dwarves of her clan have always discouraged their women from fighting. There are too few dwarven women to take a chance on losing one this way. Thus, while Caysmal was able to have her way and train with the fighters, she has never been able to convince the elders to let her take part in a real fight.

She has insisted on being allowed into their sparring tournaments, and the dwarves allow her to participate. She has shown her skill many times and has become one of the most accom-



plished dwarven fighters with this kind of training. She has a pendant she won at a local tournament, and, after she won there, the dwarf king allowed her to compete with other dwarven tribes. She has always been victorious. The king has awarded her a magical axe that works just like a *Sword of Sharpness*. It is her proudest possession. She has spent many hours practicing with it.

Caysmal has always chafed at the restrictions on her and lately has begun to wonder about the "great destiny" that was foretold for her. She has begun to believe it is just a ploy to keep her from fighting with the other dwarves. She is constantly looking for a way to get out on her own and see the world. She has too much love for the elders of the tribe to openly demand the right to fight, because she thinks that they are trying to protect her. Instead, she has begun to make plans to sneak out on her own and join an adventuring party.

Role-playing Notes: When the party encounters Caysmal, she has escaped from the tribe and is out looking for adventure. She offers to join any group that will have her. Caysmal has been sheltered all of her life and is easy prey for con-men or thieves. She has never really been in combat and in her first battle, she will suffer a -2 penalty to hit, because she is not accustomed to using her axe to cause real damage. The sight of flowing blood will also upset her; she hasn't realized that it can be this messy. She may be sickened by the sight, and is likely to want to give the whole thing up and go home. In any event, within a week or two after she joins a party, a group of dwarves will track her down and take her back home where she belongs.

6th Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH:	10
DEXTERITY:	18
CONSTITUTION:	10
INTELLIGENCE:	17
WISDOM:	8
CHARISMA:	11
ARMOR CLASS:	4
THACO:	19
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	14
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

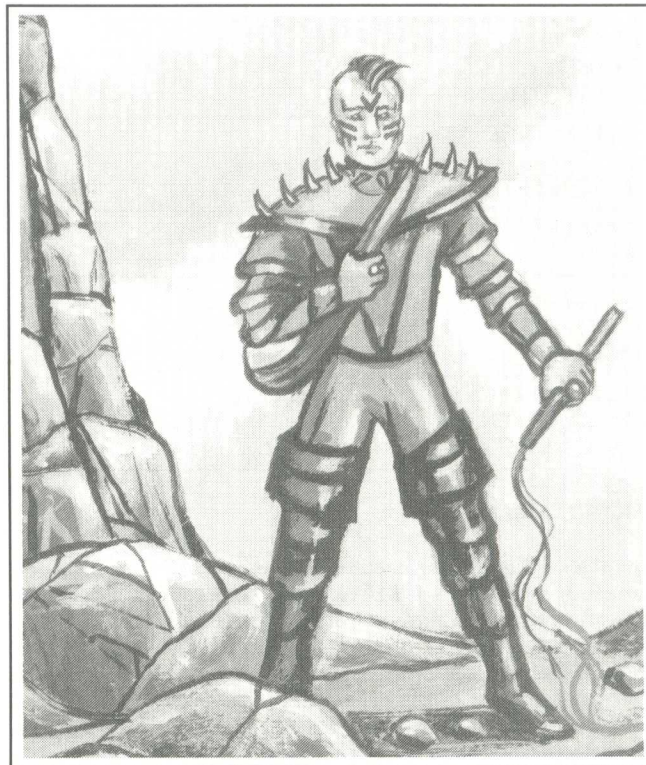
Equipment: *Ring of protection +2*, *ring of shocking grasp*, *crystal hypnosis ball*, bag of overripe tomatoes, backpack, spell book, spell components, miscellaneous equipment.

Physical Description: Chobin is a brash young man with sandy hair and brown eyes. He has a mischievous grin on his face most of the time, at least he used to. Lately he has become a bit jumpy, prone to jump up violently if someone taps him on the shoulder from behind. He favors clothes in bright orange and pink, although not at the same time.

Background: Chobin was “orphaned” at an early age, kidnapped from his parents. Later, he became a deck scrubber on a pirate ship for several years. When he finally learned how to swim, he jumped ship as soon as it was near land. The sharks almost got him, but he made it to shore. He discovered that he knew nothing of the life of a landlubber and went to the authorities for help. He was about to be jailed as a vagrant, but when the judge asked him if he had anything to say, Chobin replied, “If you gave me a job, I wouldn’t be a vagrant anymore.” This brashness impressed the judge, who assigned Chobin to work for the local wizard. Once again Chobin found himself with a scrub mop in his hands.

The wizard proved to be a good master, well able to deal with Chobin’s brashness. Chobin was very intelligent. It wasn’t long before the wizard realized that Chobin would make a good pupil. Chobin learned quickly, but his active mind was still bored, so he turned to pranks to liven things up. It was after the wizard woke up one morning with his beard stretching across the room and down the stairs that he finally put up a *protection from cantrips* on his whole tower.

Chobin learned magic, but he never got over his love of pranks. He is still fond of slapstick humor, puns, bad jokes, good jokes—anything that strikes him as funny. He likes nothing better than to stand looking over a balcony and pour a pail of water or drop a rotten tomato on a passing pedestrian. The richer they are dressed, the better he likes it. He has learned that



such victims might not have the greatest sense of humor, and he is usually invisible when he does this.

Recently Chobin’s life changed. His master made a casual comment about his parents, leading Chobin to think that they may still be alive. Chobin asked to be allowed to search for them and was turned down cold. He rebelled, stole his master’s *crystal ball*, and went off in search of his parents.

Unknown to Chobin, the ball was actually a *crystal hypnosis ball*, one his master was going to try to fix. Chobin consults it frequently and it always shows him a picture of two people who Chobin imagines are his parents. When he travels there, all he ever finds are monsters. So far Chobin has managed to survive, but he has lost more than a few adventuring companions and is starting to develop an attitude about his “bad luck.” He has still not figured out that the cursed ball is responsible, blaming the world, his companions, his luck, everything and anything else.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Chobin is on another fruitless search for his parents. He is currently full of hope and fire, thinking that this time he’ll find his parents for sure. If the party accompanies him, they find nothing but monsters. Chobin blames the party, saying that they must have done something wrong, or they would have found his parents. He tries to take revenge by short-sheeting a PC’s bed, dropping overripe tomatoes down their back, or whatever rude jokes he can think of. If the PCs protest, Chobin declares them a bunch of “humorless and insensitive boors,” and stomps off to continue his quest.

5th Level Human Abjurer

STRENGTH: 9
DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 11

INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 15
CHARISMA: 14

ARMOR CLASS: 5
THACO: 19

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 15
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 2"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Ring of protection +2, wand of magic missiles, brooch of shielding, spell book, spell components, backpack, drab adventuring clothes, hairbrush, comb.

Physical Description: Corinne is a demure little bit of a girl. She is shy and quiet with big brown eyes that stare out of a small face. She prefers plain brown or grey clothes, especially out on the road. In town she dresses a bit more in fashion, but she never takes a fashion risk or wears anything very revealing.

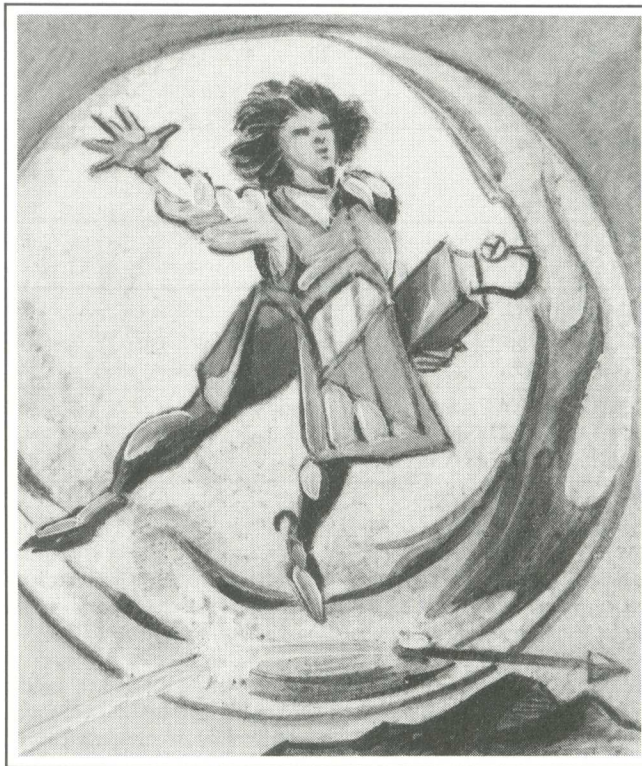
Background: Corinne's parents were killed in a magical duel. They weren't in the duel—they just happened to get caught when two mages started trading *lightning bolts*. Never an outgoing girl, Corinne spoke less and less, but she did tell her uncle that she was going to keep that from happening to anyone else ever again. Her uncle replied that the only way to stop magic was with stronger magic. So Corinne set out to learn magic.

It was very hard for her, but she approached a grouchy old mage and told him she wanted to learn to stop bad magic. He laughed, but she persisted. Finally he agreed to give her a try, and she impressed even him. She became very adept with abjuration magic, and soon was a full-fledged abjurer.

Corinne began to travel, looking for mages to stop. She adventured with a few bands, always staying in the back, helping with her spells. She didn't like adventuring very much and was leaning toward a life of pure research when she met Val Jon.

Val Jon is a tall, strapping fighter, and he is the most beautiful thing that Corinne has ever seen. She had never given a single thought to men or romance and when romance did hit her, it hit like a ton of bricks. She fell head over heels in love with Val Jon and it is fortunate that he cares for her.

Corinne still hates adventuring, but Val Jon loves it. She will endure anything to be near him and even pretends to enjoy sleeping out in the disgusting wilderness, or slogging through some horrid ruins in search of monsters to fight. Val Jon is happy to have found someone who loves adventuring as much as he does, Corinne is happy to have found Val Jon.



In a battle, Val Jon is a "charge in and fight" type of adventurer, so Corinne tries to establish a defensive position and protect Val Jon. Her defensive spells have saved Val Jon more than once and he has come to appreciate his "pretty little mage." Even though she would be very angry if anyone else called her that, when Val Jon says it she gets a thrill all the way to her toes.

Corinne is still very soft-spoken, even around Val Jon. Val Jon likes the arrangement the way it is; he thinks that he is the smartest of the pair anyway. Corinne guides him by subtle hints and clues, and she herself thinks that Val Jon is the one coming up with the brilliant plans. Val Jon usually answers any question asked, even if it is directed at Corinne, and she accepts it and lets the answers stand. The loss of her parents gave her a deep need to be protected and Val Jon fills that niche perfectly.

Role-playing Notes: Corinne never wants to be away from Val Jon. When she is encountered, she is traveling with him (60%), or on her way to the market to get him a gift or something for his supper (40%). She is very proud of him, and any conversation will inevitably lead to discussions of Val Jon's fighting prowess, how handsome he is, and what a great man he is. If attacked, Corinne uses her defensive spells to escape as quickly as possible. If Val Jon is involved, she fights fiercely at his side. A party that wants her to join must also accept Val Jon as a member. Val Jon is a 6th level human fighter with no particularly high abilities except for a 15 Charisma and a 16 Strength.

11th Level Human (Doppelganger) Rogue

STRENGTH:	12
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	16
WISDOM:	10
CHARISMA:	14 (in human form)
ARMOR CLASS:	4
THACO:	15
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT POINTS:	32
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	ESP
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Immune to sleep and charm effects
SIZE:	5'
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Rogue Skills:

Pick Pockets 05%	Move Silently 90%
Climb Walls 95%	Open Locks 05%
Hide in Shadows 95%	Read Languages 00%
Find/Remove Traps 05%	Detect Noise 15%

Equipment: *Amulet of nondetection*; *ring of protection +1*; *dagger +2*, *+3 vs. good-aligned creatures*; *lens of valuation*; *girdle of accessibility*; *backpack*; *gems for trading* (10-100 of all types and values); *thieves' picks and tools*.

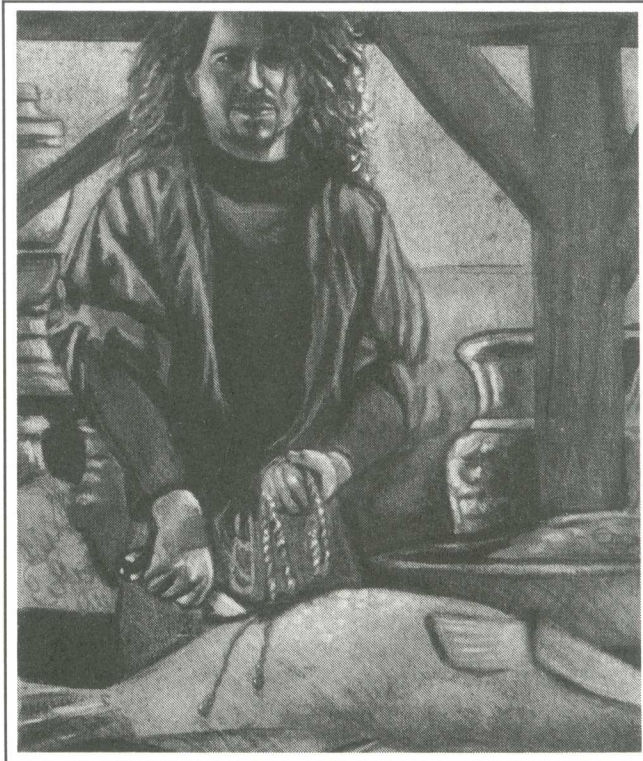
Physical Description: Coyenny the Shark (at least the real one) is a stoop-shouldered little man with dull brown hair and darting, quick black eyes. He has several flashy rings on his fingers and a gold earring in his ear. He prefers loose clothes that allow him plenty of places to stash things. He appears to be in his mid-thirties, although his acquaintances know that he can't really be that old.

Background: Danny Coyenny was a fence, and he was good at it. He is wanted all over the country for buying and selling stolen goods, but he has always remained one step ahead of the law. He seems to know just when to move to avoid a raid, or just when to unload all of his stolen goods so that nothing can be proven.

Coyenny the Shark, as he came to be called, has earned a different kind of respect in the shadier circles. "The shark can move it if anyone can, and he'll know exactly what it's worth, too." So it is said in the upper circles of the thieves' guild. He has a very respected reputation when it comes to figuring out whether something is a fake or not, and when it comes to moving rare, one-of-a-kind merchandise that is very hard to fence.

Coyenny was a sly thief. He never revealed the location of his home, his own treasure stash, or his next fencing location. The word would go out to the guilds, and those with merchandise to sell would have to hurry, or he'd have moved on. Such secrecy made him very successful. It also got him killed.

Danny was handling a lucrative transaction with a dwarf one night, although the dwarf seemed more impressed by the money Danny carried than by the money he collected. When Danny left, he took the usual precautions against being followed and



was not surprised when he saw the dwarf following him. He lost the dwarf and went home very satisfied with himself.

When he settled into a comfortable easy chair, he realized that he had made his one and only mistake. He had not worn his *amulet of nondetection* that night. If the dwarf was a mind-reader. . . *Naw*, he thought. Dwarves didn't usually go in for that sort of thing. Congratulating himself on his good fortune, Danny settled back for a well-deserved brandy. That was the last thought that Danny ever had, for the dwarf, actually a doppelganger, was waiting behind the chair. Danny never saw the blow that killed him.

The doppelganger took Danny's form and for two years has successfully masqueraded as Coyenny the Shark. He was able to glean most of the information he needed about Coyenny from Danny's mind before he died. He has been able to fake the rest, aided by the secrecy that Coyenny is so famous for. The doppelganger has become fabulously wealthy and has no intention of ever leaving this soft, cushy job.

Role-playing Notes: Coyenny the Shark is difficult to locate for anyone but thieves. He will be encountered if the party has something they need to sell or to get evaluated. His fees are high and he always seems to know exactly how much the party can afford (using ESP, of course). He uses the same powers to determine the minimum amount that the party will settle for when he is buying something. If he is somehow exposed, he takes the shape of a party member, attacks, and tries to escape in the confusion. If attacked as Danny, he tries to flee, leaving behind his money if he must; he knows that he can swiftly replace it through his normal business. If this assault happens, he informs the guild, and the party will have trouble with thieves in their future.

8th Level Human Beggar Rogue

STRENGTH: 7
DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 10

INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 14
CHARISMA: 13

ARMOR CLASS: 2
THACO: 17

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 28
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 5"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills:

Pick Pockets 85% Move Silently 75%
Climb Walls 70% Open Locks 30%
Hide in Shadows 75% Read Languages 20%
Find/Remove Traps 25% Detect Noise 65%

Equipment: Rags (concealing *bracers* AC 5, *dagger* +1, thieves' picks and tools), *bag of holding*, wooden alms bowl.

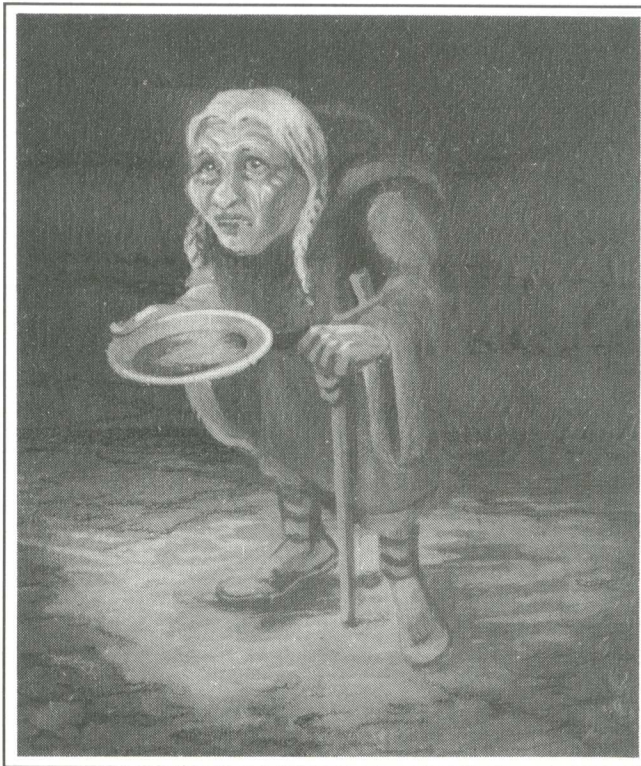
Physical Description: Granny Cozzners can appear as many different people, but they all share one thing. They all are sweet and innocent, and all appear helpless to some degree. She is expert at posing as a penniless widow, a sweet old grandmother, a befuddled aunt, or an ineffective protector of street urchins. She wears rags, but their condition depends on her chosen role.

Background: Granny Cozzners was brought up on the streets, and she has learned the lesson of the streets well. She used to be a guild thief, but when age began to catch up with her, she turned to the life of a beggar and the myriad scams she had learned. Granny has played the big con games with some of the best.

Playing the "big cons" taught her many tricks she finds useful now. When they fleeced the king's captain out of his armor, she had to learn how to recognize heraldry. When they plucked a fat merchant of his entire store, she learned how to evaluate goods. When they cleaned out a wealthy noble's strongbox, she had to learn to disguise herself as a charwoman. The substitution of a young Granny for a lost heir made her learn to do different voices. All of Granny's life has helped in the education of someone who has been described as "the beggar who could buy and sell most nobles."

Granny is very wealthy and she loves it. She was really poor once, and she has no desire to go back to it. She uses the beggar racket because, frankly, it pays even better than the big cons, and it's steadier, too.

Granny has developed dozens of scams for relieving people of their money. She is skilled at observation, trailing, picking pockets, and all forms of disguise. She can spot a wealthy merchant, a rich noble, or a powerful adventurer just returned from the wilderness with his pockets full of gold. She has different



scams for each of them.

The merchant wants to make more money, so she uses his greed against him. She claims to be worried that thieves are going to steal her 3 gold pieces, the ones she has saved to get Johnnie out of jail. If the merchant would just carry them in his pouch for her, she'd feel much safer. She will agree to meet him someplace later. Whether or not the merchant actually goes to meet her, he eventually discovers that the purses have been switched, and he now has a bag full of lead slugs.

Nobles like to be flattered and, in Granny's opinion, are really stupid. They can be bilked by just a fancy story and a chance to get something valuable for an incredibly low price.

Adventurers are her favorite mark. She can spot a noble priest or paladin in her sleep, and she is always prepared with a wrenching story of grandchildren to feed, creditors to fend off, or a heartless landlord to deal with. Often, those soft-hearted marks give her enough to feed a hundred people for a year—adventurers have no sense of what money is actually worth.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Granny is working the streets. She spots the adventurers as rich dupes, and has a story and a disguise ready for them. If they give generously, she may come back in a different disguise and try again. If not, she is likely to try to help herself to a purse or two. Granny does not try again on people whose pockets she has picked; she is no dummy. If she is caught somehow, she begins shouting for the watch, and she has a convincing story ready about the brutish adventurers (the real "thieves") who accosted an old grandmother. The party may have a bit of explaining to do, and Granny can usually slip off in the confusion.

4th Level Human Bard

STRENGTH: 9
DEXTERITY: 18
CONSTITUTION: 11

INTELLIGENCE: 12
WISDOM: 16
CHARISMA: 16 (18)

ARMOR CLASS: 6
THAC0: 19

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 14
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use, inspiration
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Bard Skills:

Climb Walls 50% Detect Noise 20%
Pick Pockets 75% Read Languages 30%

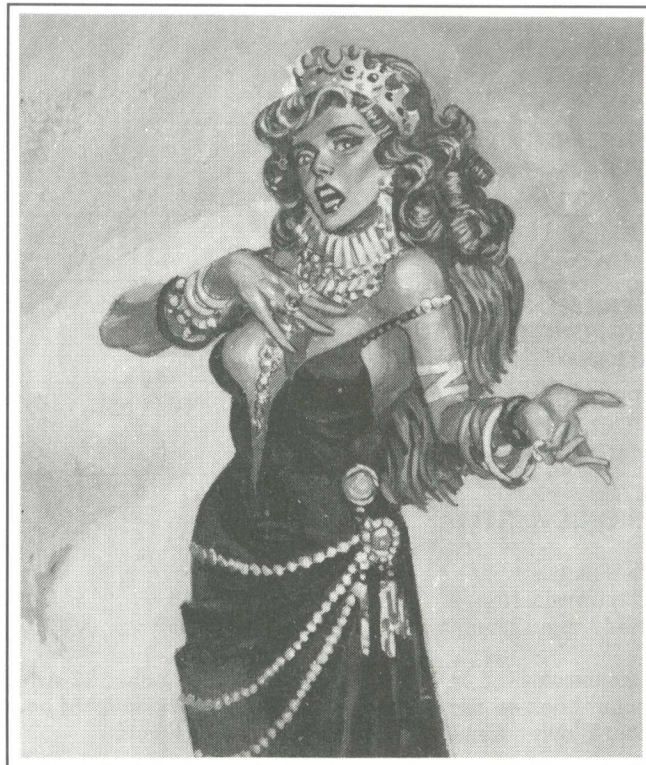
Equipment: Stiletto, *dress of amazement*, songbook, music scrolls, spell books, travel journal in water-tight pouch, pen and ink (tightly sealed).

Physical Description: The lovely Lady Elorelei has full-bodied light brown hair, lightly tanned skin, petite facial features, a dazzling smile, and crystal blue eyes.

Background: The daughter of travelling performers, Elorelei has spent her entire life on the road. During the family's years of travels, Elorelei saw many strange sights and learned every trick in the book. Her parents took great pains to see that Elorelei received a complete education: reading, writing, basic arithmetic, singing, dancing, simple acrobatics, and, of course, some handy "professional" skills. She learned early on that who you know carries much more weight than what you know, so Elorelei carries a large, well-worn journal with descriptions of each city, complete with the names and stations of the nobility who attended her parents' performances and telling tidbits of each (in case familiarity might be required). This journal has proven invaluable, assisting her in several compromising incidences where dropping a particular name or two gained her nothing less than an earnest apology and some of the best meals she's had!

Elorelei also learned that audience members become so focused during a show that many fall prey to even the simplest of thieves' skills. Lady Elorelei, as she now calls herself due to her many noble "contacts," relies on her feminine wiles and storytelling. She enthralls male audiences with her *dress of amazement* while singing seductively. Elorelei prefers to stroll through the crowd while performing. This mobility allows her many opportunities to pilfer from unsuspecting (male) patrons. She often hides her loot in her ample bosom, knowing that any self-respecting officer of the law (and most of them are!) will, at the very least, keep his hands to himself.

Role-playing Notes: Lady Elorelei is nobody's fool. She is not duped easily. She is worldly yet lacks cynicism, preferring to enjoy the world and see only its good points. She enjoys male



companionship, but views winning the confidence of another woman as a sweet challenge. She carries only a dagger, preferring vocal self-defense over physical violence.

Lady Elorelei's singing abilities come from years spent with her parents as traveling performers. Elorelei is blessed with a golden soprano voice and perfect pitch. Her luxurious voice and seductive eyes have beguiled many an admirer.

Elorelei loves to flirt. She often uses double entendre when she speaks. She is masterful at acting innocent and plays dumb without seeming stupid. Elorelei plays on her self-proclaimed title, "Lady," using her refined yet modest ways to entice nobles, social climbers, and working stiffs alike.

Elorelei often attempts to join a predominantly good (for image) and always strong (for protection) adventuring party when traveling between towns. She will entertain her companions for free each evening by the fire in order to win their trust. She may use the *dress of amazement* to seduce a particularly wealthy male party member and have him give her gold and jewels in exchange for certain private (albeit innocent) performances. The ruse is always short lived, since he is unceremoniously "dumped" when the party enters the next town.

Dress of Amazement: The *dress of amazement* can take on any form, style, or color the owner desires, but always retains an opulent appearance. When worn, the *dress of amazement* sparkles and reflects light in a pleasing way. Charisma is raised to racial maximum (or 18). Anyone who looks at the dress must successfully save vs. spell or be subject to *hypnotism* (as per spell at 8th level). If no light source is near, the dress will not work. The spell *darkness* negates any effect from the dress. *Dispel magic* renders the special effects of the dress non-operational for 1d4 rounds. The touch of the blind also inhibits the dress from operation for one turn, although no one is quite sure why.

7th Level Human Bard

STRENGTH: 16
DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 13

INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 14
CHARISMA: 17

ARMOR CLASS: 9
THAC0: 17

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 21
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use, inspiration
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 0"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Bard Skills:

Climb Walls 50% Pick Pockets 35%
Read Languages 60% Detect Noise 65%

Equipment: Dagger, *hat of disguise*, 6-string guitar, 12-string guitar, book of plagiarized love songs, specially designed boot (that allows normal movement), traveling spell book.

Physical Description: Harlo always wears large flamboyant earrings. He walks with a slight limp, and observant eyes will notice that his left boot is of a different make and quality than that of his right.

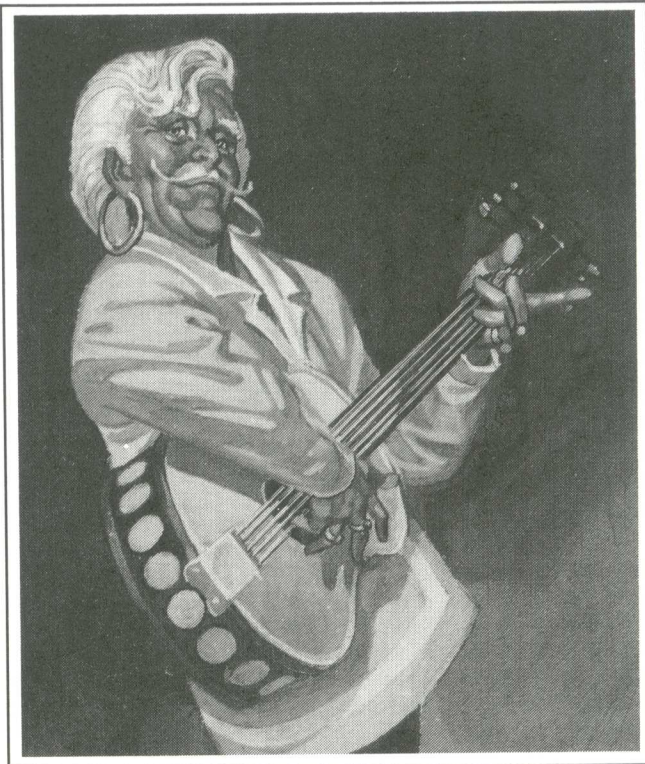
Background: Harlo's father was a military man, serving for many years in the baron's militia. So, it was only natural that Harlo follow in his father's footsteps.

Alas, he worked hard to fit in, but found the discipline of the guard very tough to take. Harlo's quick wit and constant humorous chatter kept him working in the kitchen as much as on the practice field. Harlo spent each evening entertaining the officers and fellow foot soldiers with wondrous stories animated by his wild gestures and skilled guitar.

Harlo enjoyed the evenings, but not the days. During drills, his mind would often wander and soon he found himself marching along in a different direction from the rest of the company. It was probably his lack of concentration on serious soldiering that caused him to accidentally chop off part of his left foot.

During the first real battle his company ever engaged in, they encountered a band of goblin raiders. For the life of him Harlo could not remember what he was taught about fighting foes shorter than himself. Throwing caution to the wind (not an uncommon occurrence), Harlo leapt into combat with his two-handed sword. He attempted to strike a mighty first blow to the evil creature, but the goblin had other ideas. As Harlo swung, it ducked between his legs. Unable to stop the sword in time, Harlo sliced off the front of his left foot, whereupon he promptly fainted. But the fight was not a total failure. Harlo pinned the goblin beneath him until the end of the battle. The goblin (the only goblin left alive at the end of the battle) was questioned and valuable information was gained. Harlo was given a ribbon, a specially fitted boot, and a meritorious discharge from the militia.

Harlo now spends his time travelling from one favorite inn to another. He will perform throughout the evening, intermixing stories and songs (and occasionally passing the hat to pick up a



few silver pieces). In the early evening, Everwinter will perform a free concert for the local youngsters. The stories are always filled with positive proverbs. They usually stress truth, honesty, and the reward of hard work. Parents often pass the hat for him when he is performing for the children.

Role-playing Notes: Harlo is a very likeable guy, a real people person. He is comfortable in almost any setting and is not easily impressed. He is generous with his time and talents, taking great pains to cater to the likes of his audience. If an evening's performance is going poorly, he will unceremoniously leave the establishment, then use his *hat of disguise* to change his appearance, and later re-enter with a different approach to the performance. He is usually better the second time because he already knows what the crowd does not want to hear. Occasionally, he will use a couple of flashy spells from the school of alteration if the patrons wish to see a little magic. He is careful not to offend any mages in the audience.

Harlo is an excitable individual, taking in all he sees and hears in one brief moment. He is quite animated, punctuating all he says with gestures both big and small. Not highly motivated, he tries to make just enough money to cover his expenses. His skill with the guitar is unimpressive, but he has a keen sense of theatrics and uses music mostly to accentuate the story. He will turn any and all events into a cause for celebration.

Harlo often resists using his thieves' skills on undeserving targets, particularly the poor and needy. He has, however, no qualms about stealing from, or setting up, people of high stations who trod on those they view as beneath them. For this reason, he is often embraced by good adventuring groups, though he does not judge people based on their outlook on life. Harlo prefers to be included in a group, as he spent so much of his earlier life as a misfit. His favorite place is a tavern, any tavern, and he will often entertain in exchange for food and beverage.

14th Level Treant Druid

STRENGTH:	19
DEXTERITY:	10
CONSTITUTION:	17
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	18
CHARISMA:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	0
THAC0:	7
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	85
ALIGNMENT:	True neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	4-24 points damage, animate normal trees
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Never surprised
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	17'
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil
SPELL SPHERES:	Major: Plant, Weather Minor: All, Animal, Healing
SPELL PROGRESSION:	8/8/7/5/3

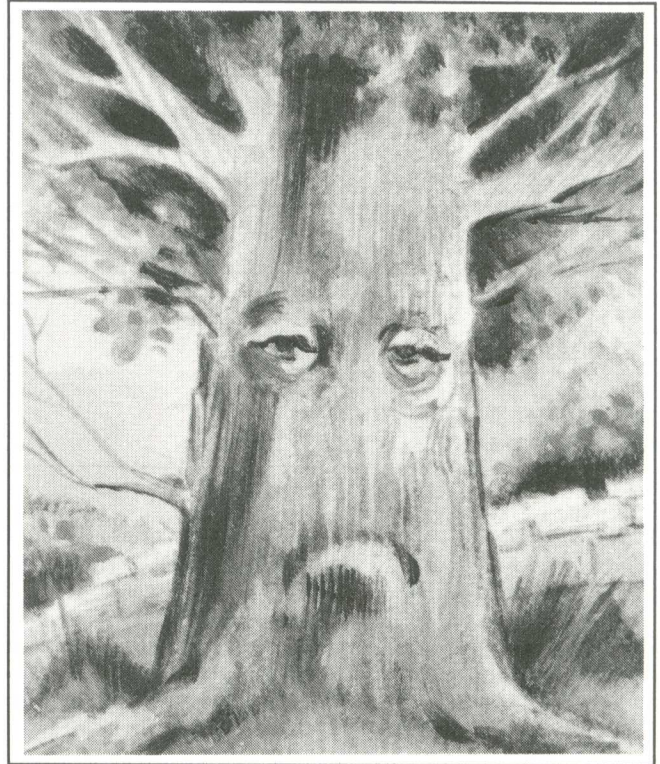
Equipment: *Potion of clairaudience, potion of clairvoyance, jug of cider (for entertaining), 2 large stone containers for rainwater.*

Physical Description: The treant has light brown barklike skin resembling that of a red maple tree with long limbs of gold-green leaves. The facial features appear masculine although treants are asexual.

Background: The Great Druid has spent hundreds of years living in a hidden box canyon known as Gaderen, or the gathering place. Druids from hundreds of miles around frequently congregate in Gaderen to discuss philosophical riddles and questions for days at a time. After many years of listening and learning, the Great Druid (who came to be known by the name Gaderes to the wood elves who serve it) began to offer sagely advice to the frequent visitors. Eventually, Gaderes the Treant joined the ranks of the druids with the tree and plant realm as his special focus.

Although uncommon, treants have become druids during the centuries and almost always rise to levels of great importance due to their particularly long lifespan. Gaderes is known throughout druidic circles as extraordinarily wise, having achieved and retained Great Druid status through indisputable philosophical debates.

Gaderen is located in the foothills of a large mountain range. The mouth of the canyon faces a rolling brook which must be crossed in order to enter the treant's home. The stream banks are 50-70 feet high. They were cut by spring run-off from mountain snow over thousands of years. The entire area is filled with various species of evergreen trees. The climate is temperate and, because the box canyon faces south, it receives a good amount of sun. The entrance to the canyon is protected by a *living door* created by the druid Aruthir. Aruthir placed the *living door* over the entrance to the box canyon where Gaderes resides. It was a gift from Aruthir to the wood elves who introduced him to the Great Druid. It is the neighboring wood elves who serve and attend the Great Druid. Unlike others who have achieved the status of Great Druid, Gaderes does not have initiates who serve. Rather, this Great Druid prefers that younger initiates visit on a regular basis for philosophical discussions.



Gaderes is unusual for a treant in that all his life he has longed to soar above the world and dance with the clouds. Through his druidical shape-changing ability, his dream has been realized. The ability to fly in the shape of a condor has revealed much to him about the surrounding lands and the folk who reside there. This allows Gaderes to continue his search for new perspectives and philosophical horizons. In addition, it is in this way that the Great Druid knows when visitors are coming to call.

Role-playing Notes: Gaderes the Treant speaks in a slow, steady, melodic voice. Nothing pleases the Great Druid more than long discussions on esoteric subjects. Discussions are known to last days and, in some cases, weeks. Gaderes is intolerant of people in a hurry. Life is long and one should take plenty of time to enjoy its simpler aspects.

Usually slow to anger, the Great Druid abhors the use of fire in his woods. Hunting game is certainly acceptable for food, and sport is tolerated as long as undue suffering is not a part of it. If Gaderes hears any chopping sounds within the forest, he will hurry to the scene and berate the offender in a long-winded sermon on The Meaning of Life. If the chopper apologizes and offers a reasonable explanation or expresses a need for the wood, the Treant will pause, consider the request, and either give permission or promptly engage the trespasser in a philosophical debate on the use of wood in the modern world. If the person or party flees, Gaderes will tirelessly pursue, lecturing all the way until the offender leaves the forest. Gaderes will attempt to subdue any attackers. Failing that, he will turn them into plant food.

Gaderes loves politeness and being deferred to, especially by races with substantially limited longevity. He takes little interest in the practical side of life, being much more focused on the philosophical. The Great Druid will not leave Gaderen but may join a passing group who are traveling through the forest in order to enjoy the company and a chance to debate.

8th Level Human Priest

STRENGTH: 15
DEXTERITY: 10
CONSTITUTION: 17

INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 16
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 7
THAC0: 16

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 42
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Spell use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 8"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
SPELL SPHERES: Major: Combat, Protection
Minor: All, Divination, Healing

SPELL PROGRESSION: 5/5/3/2

Equipment: Cloak of protection +3, robe of blending, mace of disruption, shield, holy symbol, prayer beads, golden goblet, knuckle bones (dice), money belt, bedroll and pillow, cooking utensils and several bottles of wine.

Physical Description: When someone is looking for adventurers at an inn or tavern, Guido del Confuso is the individual most likely to blend in and be overlooked. His looks are average in every way. Guido never goes anywhere without his golden drinking goblet strapped to his waist.

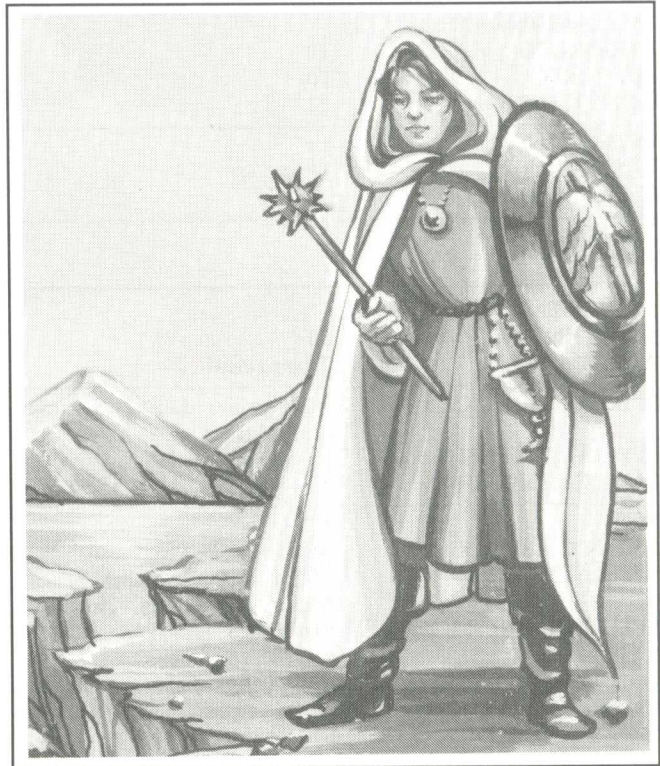
Background: Abandoned as a child at a monastery, Guido was raised without want. He was a happy child who loved to work in the vineyards. As he grew older and discovered the benefits of fermented grapes, he worked even harder growing and refining the "nectar of the gods." He is an excellent judge of wine.

Guido's first love was a farm girl who lived on the neighboring estate. His second was her older sister. To keep a small scale war from erupting next door, the monastery sent Guido on a pilgrimage to a rectory some leagues away. Guido discovered a freedom he had never known or expected to love. He could go anywhere and do anything he wanted.

Adventuring has proved to be a fine life, offering ample opportunity for wine, women, and gambling. If Guido has any fault, it's that he loves to kibitz while rolling the dice or deciding what cards to throw. Guido spends many a long hour imbibing, dealing, and flirting—so much so, that he often gets too little rest for his spells to be heeded. Yet, his god knows of his truly good heart and has not forsaken him completely.

Guido occasionally travels with a band of adventurers known simply as "The Group." Included are Aruthir, a vain half-elven druid; Aurora, a budding genius with a taste for the arcane; Burtlessar, a brusque fighter; Zera Brighthammer, a dwarf; and Alexandar, Aruthir's cousin who dabbles both in magic and in other people's pockets. Others have joined and subsequently left The Group, but these five remain the foundation of the party to this day. Guido is a "sometimes" member.

The exploits of The Group are extensive. Some have even been regaled in song. Perhaps their most notorious achievement lay in the destruction of a planar gate to the Abyss through which Orcus had managed to press his claw before the gate



came crashing down. To this day The Group, either collectively or separately, continues to hunt the black dragon called The Malleck, who almost opened that gate and made his escape when The Group destroyed it.

During The Group's last attempt at tracking the dragon a year or so ago, they stumbled upon a Lich King's lair in an underground maze. Confusion followed, during which Guido was accidentally knocked semi-unconscious. Upon regaining his focus, he discovered that he had crawled to within a few inches of the Lich King, who was poised to touch. Out of pure and utter fear, Guido blindly grabbed a stick of some size—which was barely poking from among a mass of gold and jewels—and swung with all his might. His god was with him then, for he had grabbed a mace of disruption. The Lich King screamed with pain. Guido struck a mighty blow again and the Lich King exploded into nothingness. That night Guido said the most heart-felt prayer ever heard by any god.

Role-playing Notes: Guido is a fun-loving individual who rarely takes life seriously. He knows that greater rewards face him after life as long as he is a "good priest," so he is often nonchalant about death ("everybody's got to go sometime"), especially with a full cup in his hands. He will talk to anyone, particularly if that anyone happens to be female, but he is a harmless flirt. He laughs easily and favors those who love life as much as he does. He often finds these people in taverns and roadhouses.

Guido is not foolhardy. In fact, he is quite wise and worldly. He rarely offers council out of hand, preferring to help lost souls find their own answers. He will aid adventurers so long as what is asked of him does not affect his current level of comfort in any way. Guido does not adventure for profit but rather for fun—"Life is a great gambling game, so why not take a chance and roll the dice?!" His greatest reward is a stray and captured wine keg or two.

12th Level Dwarven Warrior

STRENGTH:	17 (20 with girdle)
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	18
INTELLIGENCE:	12
WISDOM:	14
CHARISMA:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	-1
THAC0:	9 unmodified (6 with girdle)
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT POINTS:	92
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	3/2 rounds
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+5 save vs. poison
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	+5 save vs. magical wands, staves, rods, & spells
SIZE:	4'
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Full plate mail, small shield, war hammer +2, girdle of stone giant strength

Physical Description: Talgat is a burly dwarf with wild dark-brown hair and an almost untameable beard. Many avoid his black glassy eyes. His wild, manic expressions can frighten those who don't know him.

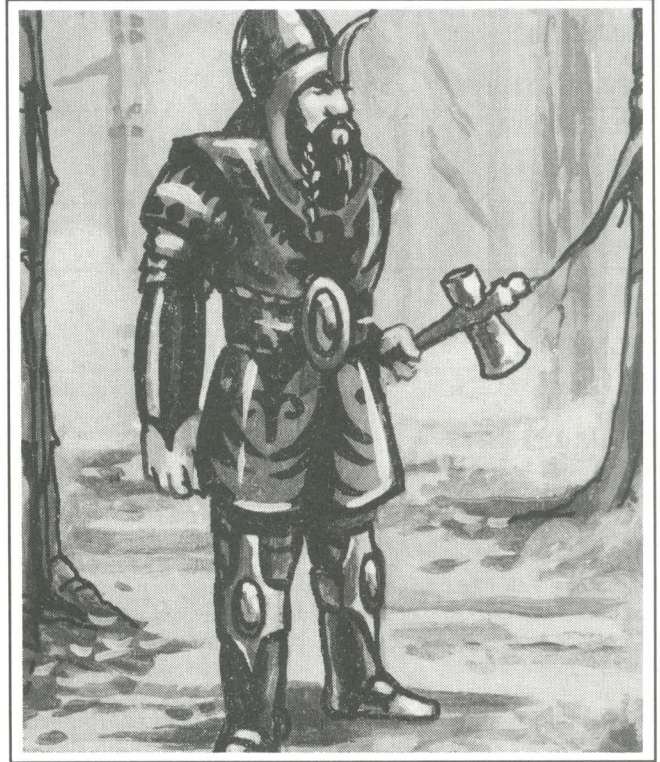
Background: The firstborn of a poor family, Talgat was given up to the clan at a young age because his parents could not care for him. As a ward of the clan, Talgat moved from foster home to foster home on a regular basis, as dictated by clan custom.

Talgat became the recognized clan champion when, single-handedly, he defeated a young black dragon. The dragon had chosen a cavern near the clan stronghold as its new home, but soon realized that life would be more pleasurable if it was the master of the stronghold. One hot summer night, the evil creature sped toward the stronghold on silent wings.

The dwarves who fell in the first acid blast died without warning. The remaining guards were without their heavy armor due to the summer heat and were easily dispatched. The dragon quickly moved into the stronghold, leaving a caustic path of death. Talgat awoke amidst cries of "Dragon!". Fearing the worst, he leapt from his bed (Talgat wears the *girdle of stone giant strength* to bed, removing the girdle only when he bathes, which is seldom) and raced to the great hall of the keep.

He beat the foul creature to the room and climbed the great stone arch just inside the front entrance to the hall, where he could do little but wait. The wait was short. The head of the young black dragon thrust through the archway, looking for more opponents to slay. Seeing none, it relaxed slightly and moved slowly into the hall.

The moment of reckoning arrived. Summoning all his courage, Talgat leapt from the arch onto the neck of the dragon just behind the head. His standard weapon shattered on the first blow. Screaming clan war songs, Talgat began to pound the dragon on the head with his bare fists. The dragon, caught completely off guard by the attack, moved into the room, attempting to dislodge his attacker along the way. For many minutes the dragon bellowed and smashed his small attacker against the great stone walls of the hall. For what seemed an eternity, Talgat hung on and continued to pound the horrible creature with his fists. Sensing an end was near, Talgat struck a mighty double-



fisted blow. The dragon's screams hissed into silence. Then Talgat realized they were falling. The hall floor rushed up to meet them, and a great noise reverberated throughout the stronghold as the dragon expelled its final breath. Talgat walked away exhausted and sore, but alive.

Talgat had killed the dragon with his fists. Clan code awarded him the right of "spoils" from the dragon. Talgat was not a greedy dwarf and his love for the clan who raised him was strong. He took a single item from the hoard, a magical dwarven hammer (+2), and kept a single tooth as a reminder of the great battle. He bequeathed any product or profit from the young black dragon to the families of those who had died. He had become "Talgat Hardfist," hero and champion of the clan.

Role-playing Notes: "Do it as hard as you can" is Talgat's motto on life, be it fighting or playing. He has a saying for any and everything—such as "Never look before you leap lest they know you're coming," or "He who hesitates swings last."

Talgat learned two lessons that he carries with him through life: "Depend on yourself" and "The clan will provide for you if you obey the codes of the clan." The latter occasionally causes him problems. Talgat suffers from almost debilitating headaches when he must make decisions that involve conflicts between clan law and dwarven law. Invariably he follows clan laws since they were what guided him as a child.

Talgat throws himself headlong into whatever he does. He has a zest for life that is unmatched by most of his race. He loves to be included in almost any undertaking, and follows directions well, as long as they do not conflict with his very strong principles. He rarely takes a leadership role, but will insist on a forward position as he believes that he is the strongest member of any party. Talgat is suspicious of magic. He has seen its many uses enough to know that it can be used to great advantage. But he simply prefers a good fight.

15th Level Human Cavalier

STRENGTH: 16
DEXTERITY: 16
CONSTITUTION: 17

INTELLIGENCE: 17
WISDOM: 12
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: -4
THAC0: 6

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 94
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Weapon specialist: long sword
5/2 round

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Full plate armor +1, shield +1, sword +3, lance, war horse, equestrian barding, golden locket containing a portrait of her father, book of poetry, bedroll and pillow, cooking utensils, music box.

Physical Description: She is tall and svelte, with pageboy-cut blond hair, fair skin, small facial features, and dark blue eyes. Although she is an errant knight, she will carry no ruler's colors even when conscripted. She carries only the standard and colors of the country that betrayed her. Lady Sharl is always in armor.

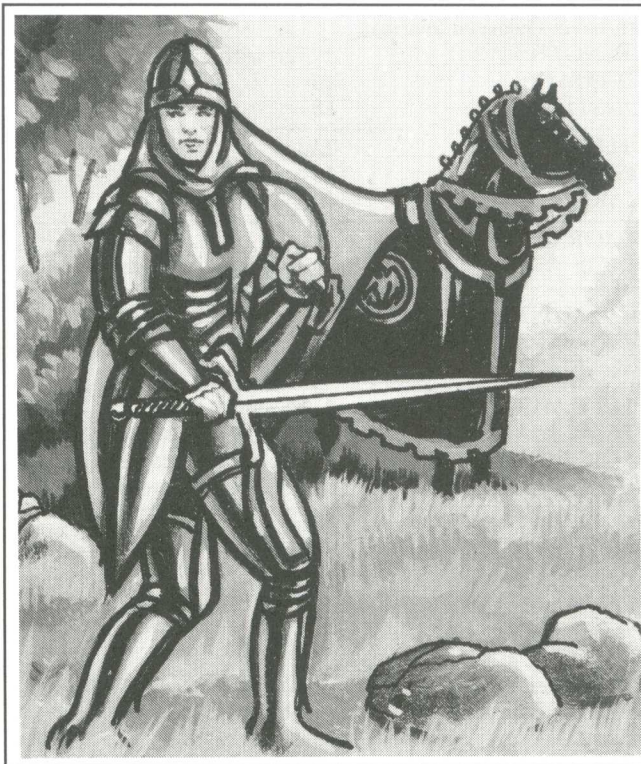
Background: Lady Sharl is the son her father never had. When the baroness died in childbirth, Sharl became the baron's only heir. He swore on his wife's deathbed that he would never love another woman and that he would be faithful until they were reunited in death.

Sharl's childhood was confusing. She was never treated as a girl but rather as a tomboy, though she was frequently aware of the differences. Tall and deceptively quick, she excelled in squire schooling, which was not available to many females (something of a local scandal). However, her excellence pleased the baron, which in turn pleased Sharl.

In her 17th year, a feud over water rights broke out between her father's estate and a neighboring barony. Heated words gave way to the sound of clashing swords. Lady Sharl was with her father in battle when the fatal blow to him was struck. No one saw who struck the baron, but the battle halted when his form slipped from his horse and fell into the rivulet.

Water rights were conceded by a committee of advisors. The baron was buried. Then the unthinkable occurred. The baron's advisors refused to recognize Sharl as the new baron, seeing a chance to forward their own ambitions. These men of politics began spreading iniquitous rumors about her, and soon she realized there was no haven for her in her ancestral home. Bitterly, she gathered the few belongings she was allowed to take and departed, vowing never to return.

She has kept her promise and wanders the lands searching for other oppressed individuals to aid. She rides no road which passes through her former home.



Role-playing Notes: Sharl seems gentle and understanding, but carries a real chip on her shoulder. She will not talk about herself or the reason she is an errant knight. Sharl prefers people to believe she must be of meager resources, since she always fights on the side of the oppressed. Sharl uses an "up-close" fighting technique. Rather than stand back and exchange sword blows, she prefers to get in close where she can attack inside another fighter's guard. Her most deadly combat move is the feint. In combat she will make a false motion with her sword (either high to the head or low to the legs) then swing her weapon quickly around to strike in the opposite location.

Her attractive physique and petite features often bring Sharl attentions she is not quite sure how to handle. While she has no aversion to men (except those politically motivated or holding ignoble values), she finds them curious creatures and will question their motivations extensively, openly, and without hesitation or embarrassment. She respects anyone of single-minded noble purpose, principle, or devotion. Prissiness or prudishness are traits to be impatiently tolerated.

Javair, a so-called "Noble Warrior," is her sworn enemy. Twice they have met on the battlefield. Both times the coward killed as many peasants as he could before she could stop him. Twice the battle ended before she could slay him. Their next meeting will be his (or her) last. She will ask anyone she comes in contact with if they have heard of him and his most recent whereabouts. Lady Sharl will travel with groups only for short periods of time for fear she will be seduced by other noble causes and lose focus on her own goal . . . which is regaining her title of baroness to the country of which she was born.

8th Level Human Enchanter

STRENGTH:	15
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	17
WISDOM:	16
CHARISMA:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	5
THACO:	18
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	20
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Wild talent—psychoportive devotion: time shift (PSP 16).
SPELL PROGRESSION:	4/3/3/2

Equipment: *Robe of useful items*, *ring of protection* +3, *brooch of shielding*, stiletto, hand crossbow, small quiver and 6 quarrels, thief's tools, tattoo needles, 40' fine silk rope, multi-pouched shoulder sling (for spell components), spell books, small sack of 50 gold-plated lead coins.

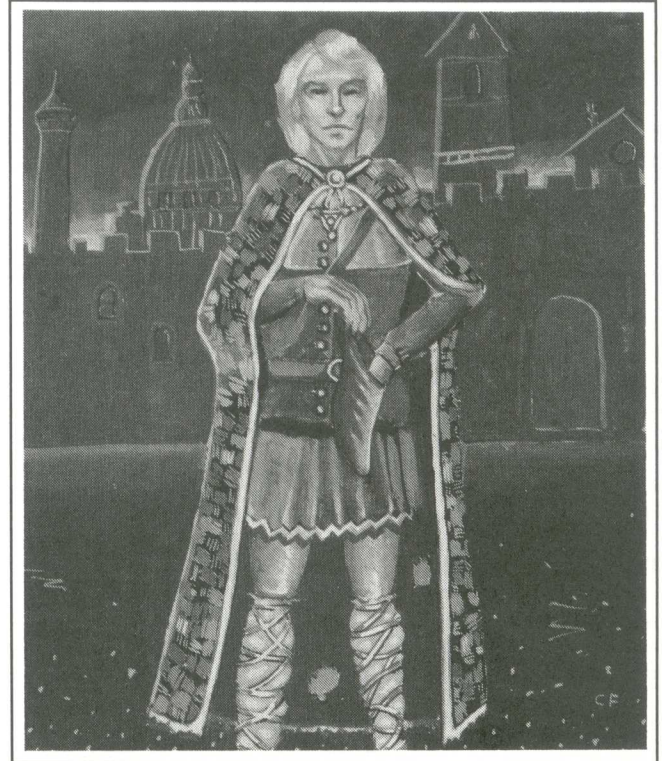
Physical Description: Shoulder-length blond hair, blue eyes flecked with gold, boyish face, mischievous smile. Jackdraw usually wears a blue-green tunic beneath a multi-colored robe. Golden leggings complete the outfit. Jackdraw tries not to show any outward appearance of being a spellcaster.

Background: Jackdraw (he has never been known to reveal his true name) is a thief in mage's clothing. With the mind and training of a mage, and the heart of a thief, he is a clever adversary who almost always gets the material objects of his attention.

Jackdraw was a better-than-average student at the magician's guild. Had he possessed any true desire, Jackdraw could have been a great scholar. But his mind constantly wandered, obsessed with the riches the world has to offer. Money was (and is) the only concern for Jackdraw. And the only money worth having is easy money!

Jackdraw does not suffer from bouts of moral ethics when it comes to stealing. Being a learned mage, he believes that the world is his oyster and every pearl in it is his for the taking. Jackdraw firmly believes that most people can't or don't guard their wealth, so it is his right to take whatever he can from these fools: They don't deserve to have it if they can't protect it. His goal in life is to acquire as much personal wealth as possible, and if his magical abilities can help that goal, so much the better.

Role-playing Notes: Jackdraw radiates self-confidence. He looks, acts, and talks like a rogue. Many of his compatriots are unaware of his spellcasting or psionic abilities. To them he is just another rogue. He prefers to speak in a quiet, rasping voice. His speech is monotone, and he often follows statements with questions. For example: If he is asked to pick an individual out of a



crowd in exchange for a fee, he might say, "The one you seek is standing over to the left. Wanna guess which one is the one you want?" or "I see the one you seek. How much do you think they would pay me not to tell you?"

Jackdraw will not travel with any group, but will seek to con any seemingly wealthy party for sport and profit. He is highly charismatic and will play on people's need to take a break and have some fun. He knows all the "best" places to go, catering to the party's tastes and is accomplished at drawing out even the most reserved individual. He will rob them blind of their most prized possessions during the fun, and cheerfully get the group on its way. Most people are convinced that the break is truly what was needed to regroup and refocus. Once the missing treasures are realized, however, Jackdraw is long gone and difficult to find.

Jackdraw's favorite magical item is his *robe of useful items*. The magical cloth patches have gotten him out of more than one jam. He is especially interested in locating a new one since he has used over half of the patches on the one he wears. Jackdraw favors enchantment/charm spells for "cons" and alteration spells for "jobs." In cons, Jackdraw will use *charm person*, *friends*, *hypnotism*, or *suggestion* coupled with a *forget* spell. It is amazing the number of people who will do just about anything for Jackdraw when they first meet him. For robberies, Jackdraw always takes these spells: *invisibility*, *knock*, and *spider climb*.

Jackdraw only uses his psionic ability to time shift in dire emergencies, to escape from an undesirable situation. While he is an accomplished fast-talker, he knows better than to tempt fate, especially when muscle and numbers are involved.

17th Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH: 12
DEXTERITY: 16
CONSTITUTION: 14

INTELLIGENCE: 17
WISDOM: 16
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 8
THACO: 15

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 29
ALIGNMENT: Lawful neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 10"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Wild talent—telepathic devotion: Truthear (PSP 12).

SPELL PROGRESSION: 5/5/5/5/5/3/3/2

Equipment: Darts, *ring of invisibility*, *robe of stars*, *dust of appearance*, mouse cart, staff, travelling spell books in waterproof box, bedroll, map case, maps, lodestone.

Physical Description: Jaht sports shoulder-length brown hair. Broad shoulders have led some to think Jaht is a fighter at their first glance. His olive complexion sets off his bright green eyes. Jaht wears as few clothes as possible.

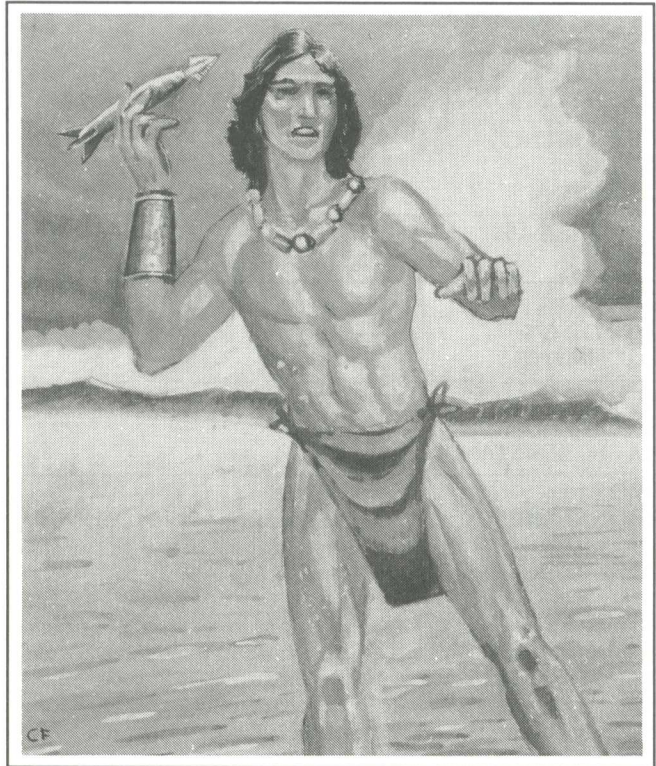
Background: Jaht was brought up in a loving family in a major coastal city. The third son of a wealthy trader-merchant, Jaht grew up with the wonder of everything foreign. Every week new people and demihumans brought exotic trade goods to his father's warehouse. When not in school, Jaht spent many an hour in his father's shop and quickly learned the sign languages of the traders. He loved to listen to the foreigners talk of themselves and their homelands far away. His curiosity about people and the world at large were boundless.

When Jaht was 10 he convinced a visiting conjurer to try to teach him a simple magic trick. Jaht learned to cast the spell *cantrip* in a single day. Noting that his son was magically inclined, Jaht's father apprenticed him to a prominent mage that same week.

Jaht's fascination with the riddles and challenges of the magic arts was both a bane and a bounty. More than once did Jaht create havoc by attempting spells that he was not yet ready to learn. But always, Eppler the Enlightened would merely scold the impetuous youth and show him his errors. The old mage saw a great future for his talented student, if only Jaht could harness his impatience and exuberance. Yet Eppler never discouraged Jaht from embracing life, even encouraging the young lad's curiosity.

After nine years of apprenticeship, the old mage sent Jaht out into the world to travel and broaden his understanding of people. Jaht had not mastered as much of the arts as his teacher had hoped, but Jaht was suffering from sheltering and isolation. Jaht's parents readily agreed. His two older brothers were now firmly entrenched in the family business and they wanted Jaht to follow his heart.

Jaht has been on the road ever since. He pays for his travels by setting up dart matches or tournaments at various inns and



roadhouses, often with the backing of the innkeeper, who exchanges room and board for a cut of Jaht's winnings and a full house. Jaht has excelled as a dart thrower, having won virtually every match he's ever been in. Jaht is none too worried about continuing to master his magic—time is on his side. He has even considered retiring from active spellcasting to spend more time playing darts. Jaht currently resides in the hot, humid southern isles. Local natives there favor the dart as a weapon and are considered the best in the world in its use. Jaht is there studying their dart-throwing techniques.

Role-playing Notes: Jaht is a free spirit and a believer in the philosophy that if one embraces life, one cannot be hurt by it. Jaht has only two rules which guide his life: He believes that nothing is good or bad, making him one of the most nonjudgmental beings one may encounter, and that everything *must* be tried at least once. He is steadfast on these rules, regardless of circumstance.

Jaht loves to hear of experiences others have had that he has yet to taste. He is relentless in obtaining graphic and detailed descriptions, almost insensitive as to whether or not the event was pleasurable or painful. Occasionally he will travel with an adventuring group who seek knowledge rather than monetary gains, as his way of testing and improving his magic skills.

Jaht has never spent much time on his manual fighting skills, preferring spells to melee. Jaht will use his *ring of invisibility* or *robe of stars* to retreat from a possibly dangerous situation. He also uses them in order to steal the advantage from an attacking foe.

A primary student in the school of conjuration/summoning, Jaht never hesitates to call forth help. Jaht favors the *monster summoning* spells and has just recently learned *prismatic wall*. He often uses an *unseen servant* to retrieve his darts during practice.

13th Level Human Swashbuckler Rogue

STRENGTH:	17
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	16
WISDOM:	12
CHARISMA:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	5
THACO:	14
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	55
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Ambidexterity; backstab (damage × 5)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	6' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Wild Talent—Clairsentient Devotion: Danger Sense (PSP 16).

Rogue Skills:

Climb Walls 95%	Move Silently 85%
Open Locks 75%	Pick Pockets 75%
Read Languages 20%	Detect Noise 65%
Find/Remove Traps 70%	Hide in Shadows 85%

Equipment: Rapier, main-gauche, stiletto, *bracers of defense* AC 5, richly colored clothing (usually varying shades of deep purple), matching cape, chapeau with large feather in the brim, small bottle of perfume, thieves' picks and tools, small metal mirror, spyglass.

Physical Description: A strong and limber frame, darkly tanned, with shoulder-length raven-black hair. Jalavier is always clean cut—the better to show off his strong chin. He dresses flamboyantly and is known to complain (in jest) about always losing his hat (which he constantly does during heroic or mischievous acts).

Background: Jalavier's father was a first mate—the “best dirty fighter” on the pirate ship *Nightsong*. He has only vague recollections of his mother, for he was whisked away at a tender age to grow up aboard ship. His youth was filled with hours of hard work coupled with an equal amount of weapons and physical combat training. His father stalwartly though good-naturedly pushed Jalavier to excel—and excel he did. By the time he was 15, few on board could best Jalavier with sword, rapier, or dagger. His ambidexterity and keen senses played to his advantage, and he became one of the most respected combatants on ship.

Jalavier's most restful times were spent while in port with the ladies of the night who worked and lived at the wharves. They thought he was cute and would talk to him about women and what they were “really” like—and since he knew nothing he took their words to heart! The attentions and insights of these women became his most precious memories of youth.

Jalavier worked and lived alongside his father for many years



where he learned his pompous, roguish ways. One winter's night five years ago, the ship was attacked by a kraken during a storm. Only a few were thought to have survived, Jalavier among them. But the wild, stormy sea separated the lucky ones. Since then, Jalavier has traveled from port to port, making inquiries through mages and sages concerning his father. All say his father still lives, but none can locate him with their magical skills.

Role-playing Notes: Jalavier is a man who tempers bravado with a zest for life. He will stay in a fight until the last moment before fleeing, which he seldom must do. He prefers to be on the offensive, but fights a defensive retreat with remarkable skill. He is a master with a rapier and will fight with two weapons if pressed. He has a sharp, witty tongue, is slow to anger but insults easily, and is outrageously gracious and flirtatious with the ladies, taking care to flatter each more sincerely than the last. He is known in almost any port, if not by name, then by his multilayered reputation.

If the PCs are sailing a poorly defended merchant ship, there is a 20% chance that Jalavier is aboard to pull an inside job if/when a pirate ship attacks. If the PCs are in a port tavern when an altercation occurs, there is a 30% chance that Jalavier is involved. If the PCs are looking for information along the docks of a salt-water port, there is a 50% chance that they will be taken to see Jalavier for a small fee. He will, of course, cross-examine the party as to which ports they have traveled, what ships they have sailed, who they have met, and if they ever recall seeing or hearing of a man who may fit his father's description or character.

6th Level Half-Elf Cat Burglar

STRENGTH:	16
DEXTERITY:	18
CONSTITUTION:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	13
CHARISMA:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	6
THAC0:	18
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	26
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Backstab (damage $\times 3$)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% to sleep and charm spells
SIZE:	5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Rogue Skills:

Climb Walls 60%	Move Silently 55%
Open Locks 95%	Pick Pockets 50%
Read Languages 10%	Detect Noise 30%
Find/Remove Traps 95%	Hide in Shadows 60%

Equipment: Thieves' tools; *slippers of spider climbing*; flatbox; cudgel; sap; 30' thin, strong rope; folding grappling hook; crowbar; silver inlaid puzzle box; spare set of thieves' picks concealed in heel of right boot.

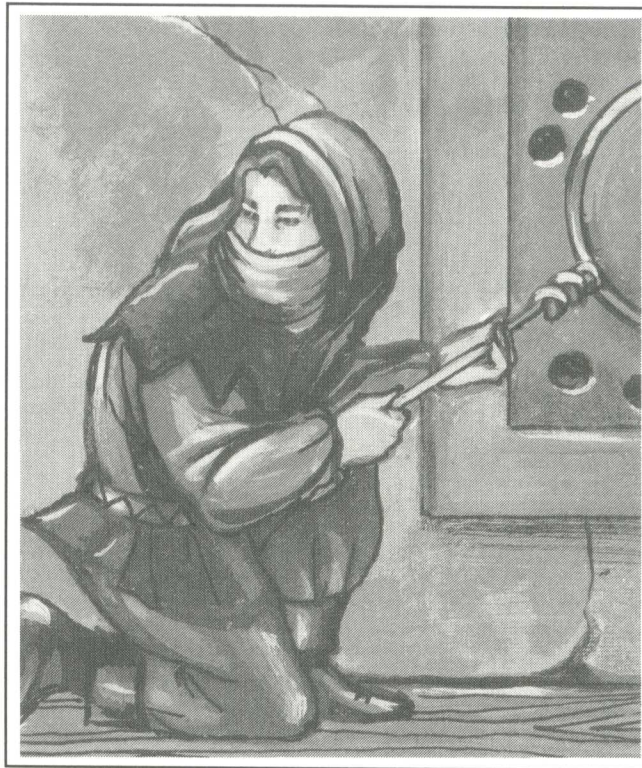
Physical Description: Alvestar wears tight-fitting double tunics, deep purple over black, and contrasting colored leggings. He moves so gracefully that he seems to glide rather than walk.

Background: Alvestar was the name of a very important inland elven trading family. Tania Alvestar, the oldest, raised her three younger siblings when their parents failed to return from a dangerous trading trip. She was almost 300 when the last of the children was grown and off on his own. Finding time for herself and feeling the need to rebel, she took a human husband, a miller named Hien Jenkins, and bore him a strong, healthy son named for her homeland, Alvestar.

Precocious was an understatement where Alvestar was concerned. Tania encouraged him early to develop his strength and dexterity. At three he opened his first lock. At five he had mastered all the locks in the house. Alvestar suffered from insatiable curiosity. He had to know what was behind each and every locked door, cupboard, or container. Fearing his son would soon get curious about the neighbors' locks, Alvestar's father began to randomly change the locks around the house and mill. This game fascinated Alvestar for several years. On his eighth birthday, he was apprenticed to a local locksmith.

Alvestar never steals for wealth. He steals simply for the thrill of getting away with it. Faced with a choice between an easy big treasure or a small tough treasure, he picks the latter every time. For a very brief period early in his career, he took to leaving a small cloth star at the scene of a robbery. Someone used the same gambit to attempt to frame him for a crime he did not commit, a conviction he narrowly escaped simply by leaving town. Needless to say, he no longer leaves mementos.

Alvestar generally works alone but is sometimes accompanied by a female accomplice. Alvestar and "Slipper" Kendric could not be more different, but both have found themselves



inside the same building at the same time so often that now they sometimes go in together. Neither understands what motivates the other—"Slipper" keeps looking for the big payoff while Alvestar looks for a challenge—but they seldom fight over the spoils.

Role-playing Notes: Alvestar is handsome in a quiet and charming way. He never raises his voice. It is said that he cannot be angered, although several former members of the local guild have tried at one time or another. Alvestar's low-key personality allows him to keep his head when under great pressure. Alvestar will never kill in cold blood; he even hesitates to fight at all. Alvestar might reason, "Knocking a guard unconscious from behind is fair game. At least that way the guard will not be a suspect following the robbery."

It is said that "Curiosity killed the cat." Lucky for Alvestar, the old saying has yet to come true. Young and impetuous, life is just another unlocked door. He is generally quiet, knowing that a good listener gets better information. In public, he prefers yellow clothing since it is a color not typical to one of his profession. The less scrutiny, the better.

When the PCs are in a large building (with lots of locks) in an urban encounter, they have a 20% chance that Alvestar is already in the building, or a 20% chance that he has followed them and will offer his services if they cannot get past a locked barrier. The remaining time he will be in a local tavern (30%) listening for stories of new challenges or roaming the streets (30%) with "Slipper" Kendric.

Alvestar's favorite possessions are his *slippers of spider climbing*. On more than one occasion he has stood on the ceiling while watching guards rush in to investigate. He often practices his lock-picking skill while hanging upside down, hoping that an opportunity to use this skill will arise.

5th Level Human Barbarian Warrior

STRENGTH: 18/88
DEXTERITY: 18
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 12
WISDOM: 10
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 6
THACO: 16

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 40
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Stone knife, *boots of the north*, bearskin cape, medium leather pouch containing 4 flat throwing rocks.

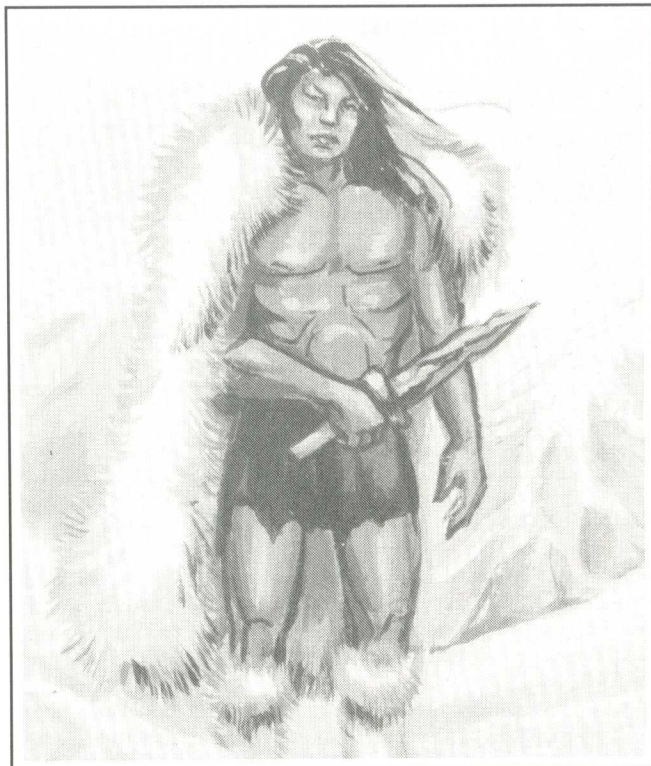
Physical Description: Magical footgear allows him to wear only a breechcloth in even the coldest weather, although he is seldom without his pure white bearskin cloak.

Background: Jastus comes from a warriorlike tribe of nomads. Children are raised communally, with a bonding rite performed between a child and adult when the child is six years old and ready for training in a particular skill. Until that age, the children are left wild and carefree with only the selected Matrons—adults whose job it is to watch and care for the tribe's children—to lend guidance and keep them alive. When Jastus demonstrated superior strength at an unusually early age, the Matrons took great care to develop his abilities until he was bonded to the tribe's leader, a fierce and noble warrior.

Jastus joined the other tribal warriors in the "hunt" years earlier than any his age. He was faster than any man in his tribe by the time he was waist-tall to his "father." Together the two of them made a formidable pair of hunters. During one outing, father and son came across a strange sight. A large pile of broken wood had appeared on a frozen lake several days from the tribal camp.

The ice on the lake was cracked, and human bodies could be seen in the debris. Cautiously, Jastus and his father probed the area looking for survivors. A short, squat, dark-skinned humanoid creature seemed to be alive but buried under the large fragments of wood. Hoping for an explanation, they tried several times to wake the creature but to no avail. During the night it died. After stripping the body of anything useful (as is their custom), they returned the creature to the lake so it could rest with the others of its strange tribe. The creature's clothes were too small for either of them, but when Jastus tried on the creature's boots (*boots of the north*), they fit perfectly!

The years passed. Jastus learned fighting skills and how to make and repair the stone weapons of his tribe. But all was not well. Jastus was unhappy. He lacked a sense of purpose. He was not content to raid towns, villages, and keeps for the sake of shedding blood. He wanted more challenge and some honor to what he did. The tribe leader was getting old, his strength waning. Soon, another would need to take his place. Jastus knew that he would be the next leader. He took to brooding and wandering alone for days, then weeks at a time. It was during one of his solo journeys that disaster struck.



His tribe clashed with another warrior clan. The battle was fierce, but did not endure long—Jastus's tribe was outnumbered and missing their mightiest warrior. Four days passed before he found their remains. He was sickened by his desertion and selfishness. And, yet, somehow he felt free. He did not blame the victorious tribe. They fought. They won. Jastus turned his back on the devastation and began walking.

Role-playing Notes: Jastus prefers to travel alone, but may accompany a "strange" party travelling through his realm. He will be wary but fascinated by demihumans. Other than humans, he has only seen wild dwarves. He will be equally fascinated by steel or other metallurgical weapons as the technology is unknown to him—although he believes with all his heart that his own stone knife is the deadliest weapon ever constructed. He understands noble causes (fighting for one's tribe) and may even offer to lend his strength if the cause is good and meets his conditions.

Jastus is always found in the colder southern lands. He has never travelled north, for he believes in the stories of his childhood. Such stories say the north is inhabited by fire creatures, and he wants no part of those creatures. He will not stay with a party who indicates that they are headed north.

Jastus is a realist. He is intellectually unable to follow higher reasoning or abstract concepts. He believes in things that he can see, taste, and touch. Jastus has seen the magic of priests and shamans, but never the ability of a mage or wizard. His reaction will be dictated by the context of the encounter. He will not be able to comprehend what magic is or how magic works despite repeated explanations. Jastus spends most of his time alone (70%) hunting in the frozen wastes for food for his newly adopted tribe, and is often successful (half of the time when encountered he will be returning from a successful hunt). The remainder of the time (30%) he is with the other forty or so members of his tribe.

12th Level Human Noble Warrior

STRENGTH: 17
DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 13

INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 12
CHARISMA: 8

ARMOR CLASS: 2
THACO: 9

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 72
ALIGNMENT: Lawful neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: 3/2 rounds
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6'
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Plate mail; shield; *long sword* +2, +4 vs. *peasants*; horseman's flail; whip; heavy warhorse; light riding horse; equestrian barding; ermine lined cloak; book of civil law; sharping stone; grooming kit; court clothing.

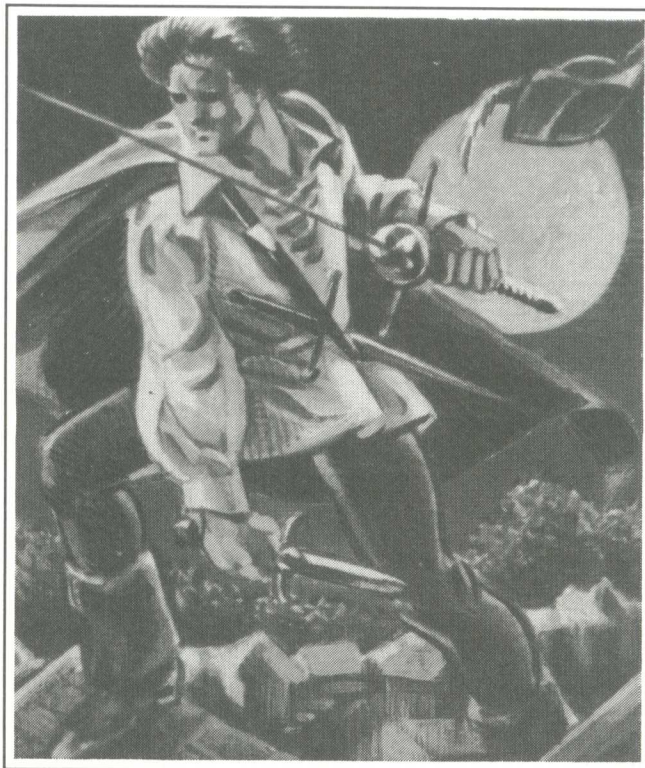
Physical Description: Javair is an impressive figure when clad in his shiny partial plate armor. His vambraces, gauntlets, knee pieces, and greeves are edged with rich seams of blue fretwork. His seldom-worn helm is studded with semiprecious stones.

Background: Javair was never given a proper name at his birth. His parents and eight older siblings called him Fish-Boy. Born to a poor river-family, he spent most of his early life trying to catch enough fish to stay alive. Occasionally, the family would trade fish for a little flour or meal. The local farmers' kids taunted the family, calling them "river rats" and other degrading names. Living in rags and stinking like fish all day long, the youngest son lived in shame, a shame not shared by the rest of the family for reasons he never understood.

In the spring of his thirteenth year, Javair staged his own drowning, allowing himself to be swept downstream when the river's waters were at their highest. "Fish-Boy" spent the next two days floating on a log down the river until he came to a city. He was spotted by a man named Havier, a sergeant-at-arms at the port. "Fish-Boy" feigned amnesia when questioned by Havier, claiming he did not know who he was or where he came from. Havier and his wife took pity on the boy and took him in, giving him the name Javair, the name of their only child, who had died at the age of 3 months.

Havier taught young Javair the skills of arms. Javair became an accomplished student, driven to improve and excel despite his late start. He learned to read and write with a relish. But the most meaningful element of Javair's newfound life became the prestige of his father's position in the city, which Javair took with much seriousness. Javair learned arrogance and a respect for law. He developed a pronounced hatred for peasants and the downtrodden, believing that they had only themselves to blame for their position. Though his parents loved him and spared him nothing, they were concerned at the intensity of his developing attitudes.

Javair became obsessed with the laws of the land, and learned how to use them to the advantage of the landowner. When he was twenty, Javair defied his parents and entered a contest spon-



sored by local nobility, open only to unconscribed youths. The winner of this contest of arms would receive a noble title and a magical sword. Though badly wounded and scarred during the contest, Javair was victorious. He was bestowed with the "sword of nobles (+4 vs. *peasants*)," and awarded the title "Noble Warrior." His duty was clear: Protect our prosperity.

Javair rides the countryside as a "noble warrior," squelching peasant rebellions at any cost. He has crossed swords with the Lady Sharl Harlena on more than one occasion. Her fight to free the oppressed will be the death of her yet, if Javair has any say in the matter.

Role-playing Notes: Javair is haughty, suspicious (if not paranoid), and quick to anger. He knows most laws as they relate to nobility and commerce, and believes strongly in preserving the order of things. Javair would like to convince himself that by fighting for the aristocracy he is one of them himself. He surrounds himself with people of position and power. While he feels they accept him, he is never really sure—a point of constant concern (which accounts for his nervous state). Javair zealously guards his early background. He loathes the fact that he was once a peasant himself and will keep this knowledge hidden at all costs. With an explosive temper and a short fuse, he is quick to anger when challenged. Need be, Javair will goad an individual into attacking him so that he may "legally" kill them while defending himself.

Javair's run-ins with the Lady Sharl Harlena have been violent and unsatisfactory. While many believe she is a knight errant only because her resources are humble, Javair believes that, like himself, she harbors a deep secret about her past. She is an upstart and a very dangerous nuisance. Her troublesome meddling only causes more uprisings than should occur, and he looks forward to the day when he parades her head for all those sorry eyes to see.

9th Level Elf Ranger

STRENGTH:	15
DEXTERITY:	17
CONSTITUTION:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	17
CHARISMA:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	3
THAC0:	12
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	62
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Two-handed (no penalty), +4 vs. giants, magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i> spells
SIZE:	5' 5"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Ranger Skills:

Hide in shadows 56% Move Silently 70%

Equipment: *Elven chain mail*, dagger, *scimitar of speed*, hand axe, surcoat, bearskin cloak, 60' twine, flint and steel, oilskin poncho, cooking gear.

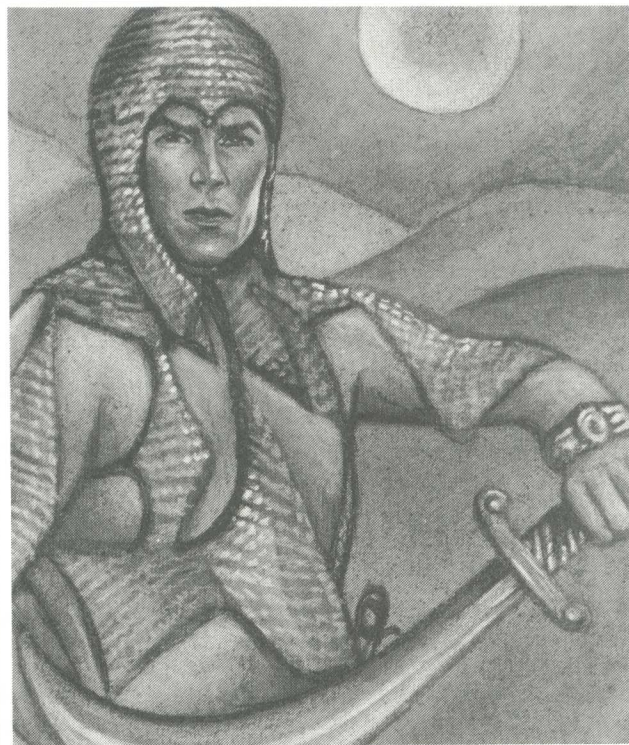
Physical Description: An albino, Thyl's skin is pale and his hair almost pure white. The irises of Thyl's eyes lack pigment and are close to transparent. The effect is heightened by the white surcoat emblazoned with a silver unicorn that he wears over his armor. Thyl is very lean and muscular.

Background: Thyl Kealta, also known as "unicorn friend," is a unique champion of the forest. Because his appearance is so rare, travellers in his wood often believe they have glimpsed a ghost. At only 221 years, Thyl is in the prime of his life. He moves silently and effortlessly through the forest he protects.

In Thyl's 112th year, a monster came to reside in the forest—a kodiak bear of epic proportions. Standing 14' at the shoulders, the bear proclaimed himself king of the wood and demanded that all who lived there serve him. Thyl's response was to ignore the bear for the first few months, hoping he would move on. Thyl was wrong.

The bear began to raid neighboring elven hamlets and villages, dragging the dead back into the forest to be devoured. Its taste for human flesh became insatiable. Soon the local village elves decided to take matters into their own hands and go after the bear. Many died in Thyl's woods, and the forest inhabitants became scared. Some began to pay homage to the bear. Eventually Thyl convinced them all that he would handle the problem of the bear. Thyl constructed a series of rope traps. His plan: He would use himself as bait and attempt to talk the bear into leaving the forest after it became ensnared.

The plan would have worked, except Thyl underestimated the bear's power and intelligence. Within moments of being captured, the bear broke the frail ropes and a fierce hand-to-hand battle ensued. In the struggle, the bear locked its powerful arms against Thyl's throat. The pressure was enormous. Keeping his wits about him, Thyl grabbed the bear's jaws in his hands while wrapping his strong legs around its neck. His desperation and adrenaline were his triumph in the end, but not before the great bear rendered permanent damage to Thyl's vocal cords. He



would never speak again. As a show of gratitude, Thyl was given a suit of fine suit of *elven chain mail* and a magical *scimitar of speed* by the neighboring elven communities. So touched was he by the gift that he vowed to never part with them as long as he lived.

Currently, four unicorns are living in the forest which Thyl protects (parents and two young offspring). On a warm summer's eve it is not unusual to find Thyl and the young unicorns involved in a frolicking game of tag.

Role-playing Notes: Thyl is a fearless defender of the forest. Although mute, he is very literate and skilled in the use of sign language. Thyl can communicate freely with unicorns due to his long association with the ones who live in his protectorate.

Thyl is a free spirit. He is dedicated to his duty of protection, but not at the exclusion of enjoying his beautiful and inspiring surroundings and their inhabitants. He is mildly interested in hearing about the world at large, particularly of other woods. He will camp or journey with no party, but may join a good group for an evening around a camp fire. A hostile or evil party will be prodded to "move on" through the woods rather than spend a night. Thyl will sling stones from a safe distance at the party randomly through the night in order to keep any spellcasters from getting a good night's sleep.

If the PCs are passing through Thyl's sacred wood, there is a 25% chance that one of the party may see a ghost-like figure following them at a distance (upon investigation he will be gone). There is a 50% chance that the PCs may catch a glimpse of Thyl if they build a fire in his area (Thyl does not like the destructive nature of fire). If the party is of good alignment and/or a good paladin is among them, Thyl will stop and introduce himself. If the party is in the forest at night and very well concealed, there is a 5% chance that Thyl and the young unicorns may be seen playing tag.

10th Level Merman Sea Paladin

STRENGTH: 17
INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 14

DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 13
CHARISMA: 17

ARMOR CLASS: 5
THACO: 11

MOVEMENT: 1, Sw 18
HIT POINTS: 50
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: 3/2 rounds, turn undead, magic use

SPECIAL DEFENSES: 10' aura of protection, +2 bonus on all saves

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' (long)

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Shell mail, shield, trident, *harpoon* +3, bandolier of seaweed, shark's tooth necklace, conch shell horn.

Physical Description: A bright red crop of hair and flash of beard separate him from other mermen. He has a large expressive face and laughing eyes. Kell's skin tone is fair and he possesses finned legs instead of a true tail like most mermen. Supposedly at home in the water, his motions are little clumsy. He tends be more graceful when he is on dry land. His hands are unusually large. Kell wears a shimmering light grey eel-skin vest over his mail.

Background: Kell's unusual alignment and ability to speak common lend support to his claim that he was once human.

According to Kell, he was a simple fisherman living a life of peace and prosperity along the seashore. He was a solitary soul. He left his inland home when he was seventeen to seek his fortune, travelling in no particular direction and picking up a few skills here and there to earn his keep before moving on. After two years, he happened upon a port town and landed a job as a deck hand aboard a small merchant vessel which specialized in short-distance transportation. Kell fell in love with the sea. He worked hard for three more years to learn all he could of net-making, knots, and fishing. As soon as he had earned enough money, he bought a small boat and embarked on his new profession. He made enough to live in simple comfort, loving his days spent on the water.

Alas, Kell's life would not remain simple. One foggy day, as he was pulling his nets from the waters, he heard a terrible sputter followed by many unintelligible noises. Curious rather than afraid, Kell continued to pull in the net only to find tangled within it a very angry and vengeful "mer-mage." Despite his attempts to untangle the creature, nothing he did seemed to appease it. Kell doesn't recall what happened next, but as soon as the being was free it grabbed Kell and plunged into the water. The deeper he was dragged, the more the pressure pushed upon him until he felt his lungs explode and he lost consciousness.



All that happened about 50 years ago. Kell will not say whether he remembers anything else. The curse has not been terrible, for it has brought Kell the ability to live within the water he loves. He has devoted his life to resuscitating shipwrecked damsels, thwarting pirates, and combating undead creatures of the deep. Over the years Kell has attracted a merry band of 30-odd mermen due to his charisma and devil-may-care attitude.

Role-playing Notes: Kell can only be found near shore or at sea. He is extremely charismatic and is easily smitten by attractive ladies. If he has any regrets at all, it is that he never found the right woman to settle down with, a point he does not hesitate to make to any female party member.

Kell takes a profound interest in the happenings on land. He laughs at what he perceives to be the pettiness of politics and boundary disagreements. He loves to relate the story of how he became a merman and good-naturedly warns landlubbers to beware of angry "mer-mages." He keeps a protective eye out for those whose business upon the seas is honest.

Kell has heard of Jalavier, a swashbuckler, and is looking forward to their meeting. Although Kell thinks little of Jalavier's exploits (and even less of his boasting), Kell has heard rumors that Jalavier is obsessed with finding the whereabouts of his father. It is possible that Jalavier's father was one of the men Kell aided when a kraken attacked a ship years ago. Kell would be willing to trade this information for a promise from Jalavier to quit raiding (pirating) ships along the coast.

14th Level Human Bandit

STRENGTH:	17
DEXTERITY:	16
CONSTITUTION:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	12
WISDOM:	16
CHARISMA:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	2
THACO:	14
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	41
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Backstab (damage × 5)
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 7"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Rogue Skills:

Climb Walls 90%	Move Silently 90%
Open Locks 75%	Pick Pockets 65%
Read Languages 10%	Detect Noise 95%
Find/Remove Traps 95%	Hide in Shadows 85%

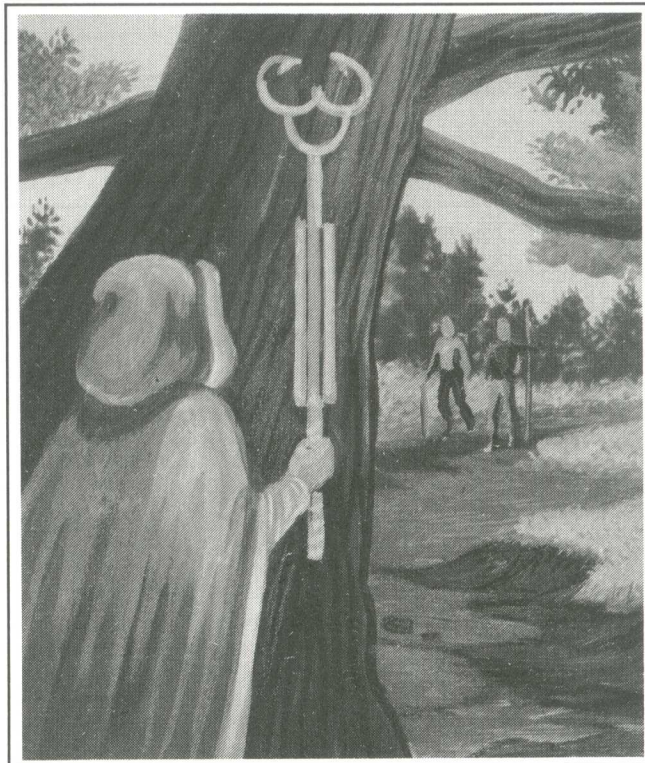
Equipment: *Robe of protection* +4, mancatcher, sap, leather armor, hood, 100' rope, shovel, axe, saw, large net, several large sacks, mule, lucky rabbit's foot.

Physical Description: Korska has never used a razor in his life. A nest of scraggly brown hair tops his head. Bushy sideburns and a beard cover his face. He has hairy arms, legs, and back. Korska's clothes are stained mud-brown from living in the woods all his life. Brown mud-caked boots have holes and are wrapped in oiled rags to keep out the morning dew. Korska sometimes wears a floppy brown hat with leaves tucked into the band.

Background: The only child of a woodland trapper, Korska spent his formative years learning the trade from his widowed father. The days were long, spent setting traps over a several mile area to catch only enough to survive and purchase scanty supplies.

In his 16th year, Korska came across a man dead in a pit trap that he and his father had built. The dead man wore fine clothes and a beautiful, strong robe (protection +4), plus he had many gold coins in his purse. Knowing the dead have no use for such things, Korska kept them. It did not take long for Korska to realize that a better life could be made from the skills he had, and he soon formulated a plan. Of course, he did not want anyone else to die but catching travelers and "liberating" their gold, now that was another matter.

His father objected to Korska's change in profession, and the boy left to be on his own. He had not been at his work long before he had his first clash with the law. Korska managed a narrow escape. But he feels the price of running from the law is



well worth the living he now makes. Korska has spent years honing his skills and is now a formidable adversary to solitary travelers.

Role-playing Notes: Except for the shady merchants who buy his ill-gotten gains, few people have talked to Korska face to face—usually it's from the bottom of a pit or while hanging upside down from a tree. For this reason, Korska has a difficult time looking a person in the eye while engaged in conversation, business or otherwise.

A no-nonsense individual, Korska is quite clever at devising traps to catch innocent travelers. Korska never intentionally kills or designs traps that will kill. He prefers to catch his victims unaware, rob them, gain any useful information about travel conditions and patrols, then depart. He always leaves his victim a method of extracting themselves from the trap (although in some cases it could take a day or two).

Korska is not much of a conversationalist. He detests "ladies," as they usually scream and fuss too much. Men also tend to fall all over them, and usually the pursuit lasts longer as a matter of honor. Bother!

When Korska is encountered the party will (50%) be taking a "short cut" through a thick forest, (25%) moving across a lightly wooded area, or (25%) traveling on the open road. Anytime Korska is greatly out-numbered, he will watch the trap being sprung from a position of concealment but will not approach the party (better to run away and return to trap another day).

4th Level Human Rogue

STRENGTH: 12
DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 15
WISDOM: 13
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 9
THACO: 19

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 18
ALIGNMENT: Lawful evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Backstab (damage × 2)
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5'5"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills:

Climb Walls 60% Move Silently 45%
Open Locks 40% Pick Pockets 90%
Read Languages 10% Detect Noise 15%
Find/Remove Traps 35% Hide in Shadows 45%

Equipment: Thieves' tools, *manual of stealthy pilfering*, 2 daggers, 2 jars of poison (A/P), dozen caltrops, prybar, hood, make-up, folding grappling hook, 30' rope, mallet, 4 iron spikes, belt, pouches.

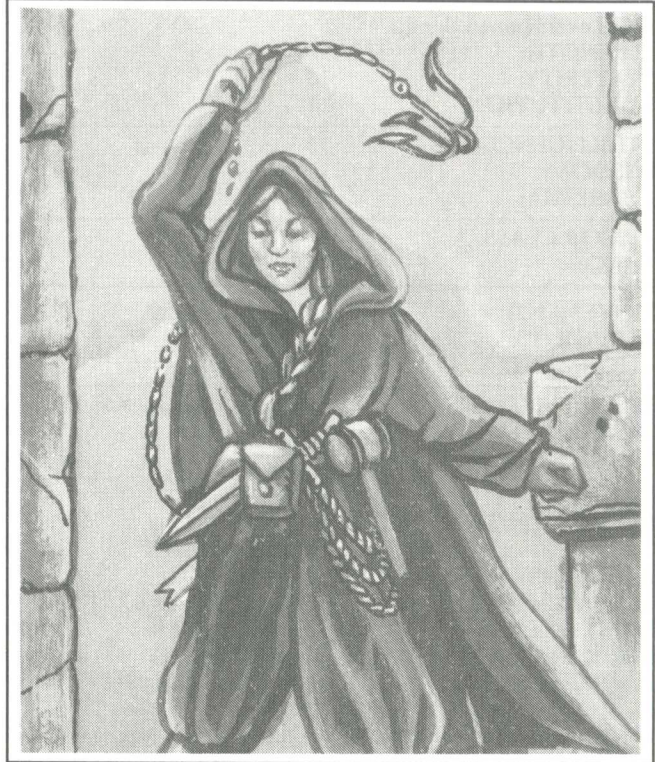
Physical Description: “Slipper” could be mistaken for a young boy except for her long, braided pony tail. She has a devilish grin that she flashes whenever she is in trouble, which is most of the time. Kendric always wears loose-fitting black clothing and a flowing black hooded cape. She fastens the cloak with an old broken clasp that will break if the cloak is grabbed (allowing her escape).

Background: The master of the local thieves' guild almost didn't feel his secret money pouch being removed . . . almost. He was quite surprised to find it in the hands of a young boy. A comical dash through the city streets ended in embarrassment for the guildmaster as the street urchin gave him the “slip.” The surprise was compounded when the pouch was presented to him later that night at the thieves' guildhall by a small, svelte young lady looking for entry into the guild. Since that day Kendric has been known as “Slipper” to all members of the guild.

No one knows her background, which suits Slipper just fine. She is dedicated to her profession and even more so to her guildmaster. Her only goal is to please him so that she can work her way through the ranks and become a guildmaster herself one day. Her ambition toward this goal may be her undoing, for she frequently volunteers for jobs that are beyond her capabilities.

Slipper's professional exploits thus far have been a comedy of errors. Though frequently caught at the scene of the crime, she has yet to be apprehended. Her “bumbling” causes a number of problems for the guild, which is forever perfecting its knowledge of legal bureaucracy.

Slipper can often times be found with Alvestar Jenkins, a loner of the streets. The two first bumped into one another by accident while “exploring” a dark and desolate warehouse in the middle of the night. From a dark corner Slipper watched in fas-



cination while Alvestar picked a particularly tricky lock with much finesse. When the lock was sprung, Alvestar invited her to examine his handiwork. She never thought to ask him how he knew she was there. After that time, they have found themselves in the same location so frequently that they now will go in together. Slipper will never understand Alvestar's motivations, for he doesn't help himself to too much. But he sure has been a help. Her guildmaster feels Slipper is making marked improvements.

Role-playing Notes: If she had not earned her current nickname, “silver tongue” would be equally appropriate. Truth and lies roll from Slipper's lips in equal measure. If conversed with she comes across as unusually happy, bouncy, and perky—with a penchant for everything dark and vile. Slipper is a master at doublespeak.

Slipper delights in the macabre. She is enchanted by the arcane arts and will sometimes bargain with evil magicians to show her some minor display in exchange for profit and immortality. She is especially enthralled by the spell *Speak with Dead*.

Slipper has begun a small collection of pins and brooches. They all look like the type of item that could/would/should be enchanted. Slipper is stockpiling them for some future scam. She also possesses a yet unread *manual of stealthy pilfering*. Kendric feels her skills improving daily, and she is waiting until there is nothing “new” for her to learn before reading it (maybe a couple of years away).

She will avoid good parties or party members at all costs, but may take an interest in cornering any neutral or evil magic-user for some simple and private conversation. If she is with Alvestar Jenkins, she will seek to avoid detection until she is able to establish who in the party is worth approaching. Otherwise, she will simply leave and go about her business.

10th Level Human Amazon Wizard

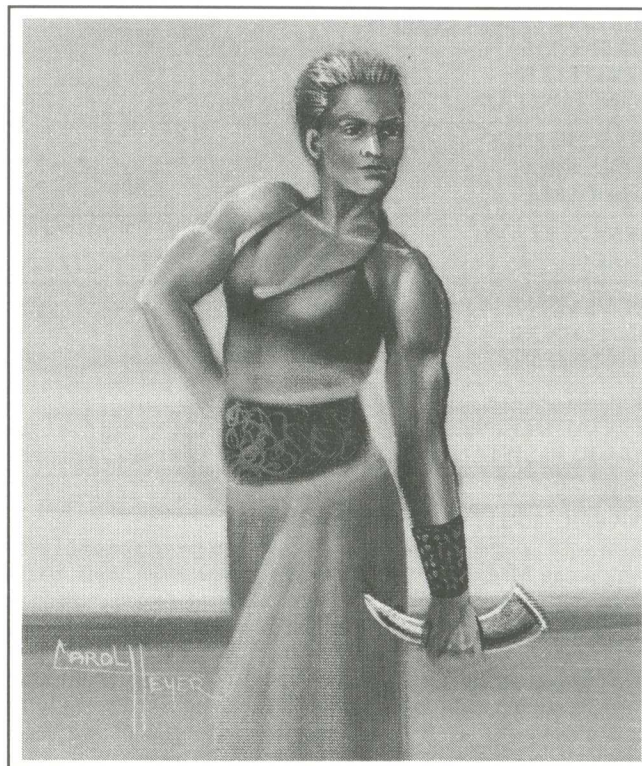
STRENGTH:	15
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	18
WISDOM:	16
CHARISMA:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	0
THAC0:	17
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	30
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic Use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	6' 0"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Bracers of defense AC 0, girdle of femininity, horn of blasting, traveling spell books, shaving kit, pipe and smoking weed, several changes of male clothing.

Physical Description: Kerisis is a macho woman. Dirty blonde shoulder length hair that once fell to his broad sun tanned shoulders has been cut very short in length. Kerisis dresses with little regard to modesty or covering his/her full breasts and muscular body. Kerisis wears a backless shirt and floor length waist wrap. Kerisis always wears a broad metal girdle (not by choice). Otherwise, he/she prefers to dress in drab men's clothes with no adornments of any sort. Kerisis's clothing smells of smoke, as if hung near a camp fire at night.

Background: Kerisis is methodical in the identification of magic items, since the process is so dangerous. Once a male, he was tending to the identification of various items after his party killed a dreaded hydra, he mistakenly donned the wrong girdle and became a very unhappy woman. Sometime after he fell asleep on the pile of gold in the dead hydra's lair, the belts must have been switched. Now she's trying to find someone to remove the girdle, but has had no luck so far. Until she can change back, Kerisis is determined to be the most manly woman alive.

Kerisis is so distraught over her current condition that she will speak of little else. She is despondent over her lost identity, and therefore will talk little of her background. Her only pleasure comes while relating stories of past accomplishments from when she was a man. Kerisis is forever droning on about the time when she cast *fireball* then *lightning bolt* spells at the hydra. Or the time the party was saved when his/her *lightning bolt* fired down the corridor filled with orcs to thwart their attack and give his/her group the advantage. Her "changed" condition caused much conflict in the party for whom she was associated with at the time of transformation that she felt compelled to leave them until she is a he, again (it would not have been so bad except the warriors had started fighting over her!).



Role-playing Notes: Kerisis is morose and indignant at being a woman. She walks like a man and talks like a man, but is often the most attractive female anywhere she visits. Kerisis will only tell a person to "back off" once. Otherwise a painful death at the hands of the spell caster usually occurs. Kerisis has no remorse when it come to killing. She often follows any such act with a dour litany of past manhood stories before leaving, frequently leaving people bewildered at what just happened.

When encountered, Kerisis will be on a quest to find someone (or something) who can remove the girdle. She will be found in an urban setting (70%), traveling upon the road (20%), at a remote location or ruins of some kind (10%). She is cautious around new people and tends to get along better with women in the party better than the male members. Kerisis will seek to avoid contact with all male groups for obvious reasons.

Kerisis' real enjoyment in life is watching things explode. As a magic student Kerisis enjoys the Invocation/Evocation school of magic best. *Fireball* and *lightning bolt* spells are basic. They are very reliable especially when the enemy attacks in a nice, neatly ordered formation. Kerisis will put up a *minor globe of invulnerability* (Abjuration) and blast away in small quarters.

Girdle of Femininity: Kerisis has been attempting to have the affect of this girdle removed for some time. No *remove curse* or *wish* spell has worked yet. Once the girdle is in place, it changes the wearer's sex, then it is no longer effective.

15th Level Human Conjurer

STRENGTH: 9
DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 12

INTELLIGENCE: 17
WISDOM: 14
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 9
THAC0: 16

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 42
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic Good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic Use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

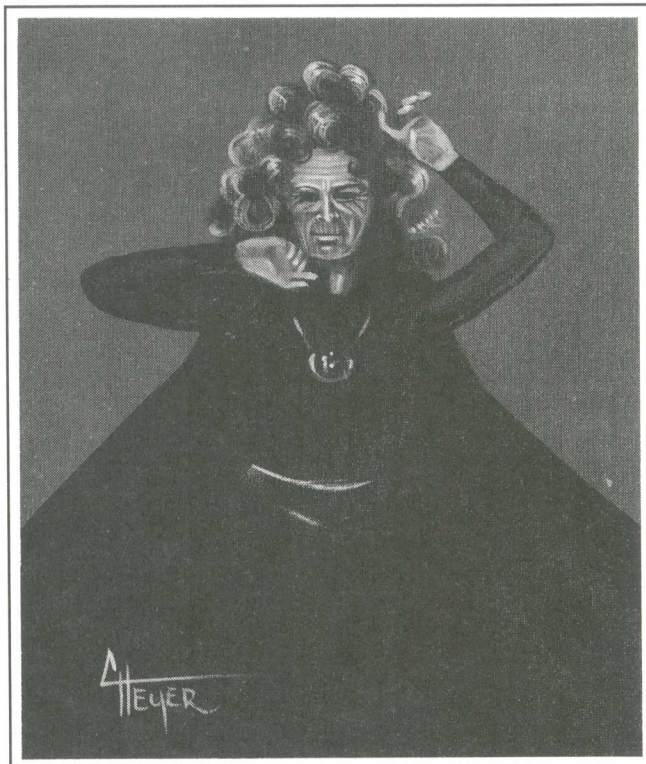
Equipment: *Medallion of ESP, wand of conjuration, staff, backpack, traveling spell book, book of cooking recipes, cooking gear, herbs and spices, flint and tender, abacus, silk robe, flute.*

Physical Description: Lachesis looks like a healthy grandmother who refuses to admit she is aging. In fact, she is remarkably fit for someone her age, though the wear and tear of the years shows clearly in her weathered face. Her blonde hair is curly and long. She loves to dress in bright blues and golds (to match her eyes), which sparkle when a mischievous smile appears on her face.

Background: Lachesis is an enigma. Born of the fair skinned folks of the northlands, she grew up with her three sisters in a southern trading city. The youngest daughter of a explorer/trader, Lachesis, or "Ches" as she likes to be called, had the best of both worlds—an active physical life typical of the rugged northerners and the opportunity to learn from city scholars.

Because of the lack of spell-casters in her native land and the social distrust her people have of practitioners, Ches's fancy was instantly captured by magic the first time she saw it performed. By saving her monies, she secretly learned the "art" without the knowledge of her family. Her secret was revealed when she was forced to use a spell to defend herself and her sisters late one night when they were attacked by ruffians while returning home from a musical recital. Her sisters were both afraid and proud of her. They had never known any spell-casters, let alone anyone from where they came from and they were bursting to tell their parents what happened. Ches convinced them to keep the secret, fearing her parents would forbid her to continue in the arts.

A little time passed, and the secret was becoming harder to keep, both by herself and her sisters. To avoid a rift in the family, Ches set out to discover all the world had to offer.



Ches likes to wander. She never stays in one place for any length of time, preferring new sights and sounds to old ones. The one time she ever settled down for an extended stay was the year she lived in a small halfling village, recovering from injuries she suffered in a battle with a slaad. Ches grew to love and respect their simple but pleasure-filled life. Two halfling brothers fell in love with her and now follow her wherever she goes. When encountered Lachesis will always be flanked by her two halfling fighter (8th level) bodyguards, S'van and D'rolan Dar.

Role-playing Notes: Lachesis is fun-loving and impish. She often travels in the company of halflings since they tend to make more enjoyable travelling companions. A hopeless flirt, Ches has often been courted because of her gentle wit and mischievous ways, though she can never be serious about any relationship.

When encountered, Lachesis will be found next to the fire at a roadside inn (50%), traveling a rural roadway (25%), or camping on open hills or grasslands (25%).

In battle, Lachesis's favorite tactic is to call up a *curtain of blackness* from her *wand of conjuration* and use her *medallion of ESP* to locate her enemies. She can then take advantage of the situation as she sees fit. Her bodyguard brothers have blind fighting as a skill. Lachesis uses *illusion/phantasm* and *alteration* spells for the most part. She favors spells that effect light, darkness, and shadows.

4th Level Human Druid

STRENGTH:	16
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	15
WISDOM:	17
CHARISMA:	18
ARMOR CLASS:	5
THAC0:	18
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	15
ALIGNMENT:	True Neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spell Use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 8"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil
SPELL PROGRESSION:	5/4

Equipment: *Bracers of defense* AC 5, body paint, scimitar, sickle, golden bowl, spell components in a handwoven vine pouch.

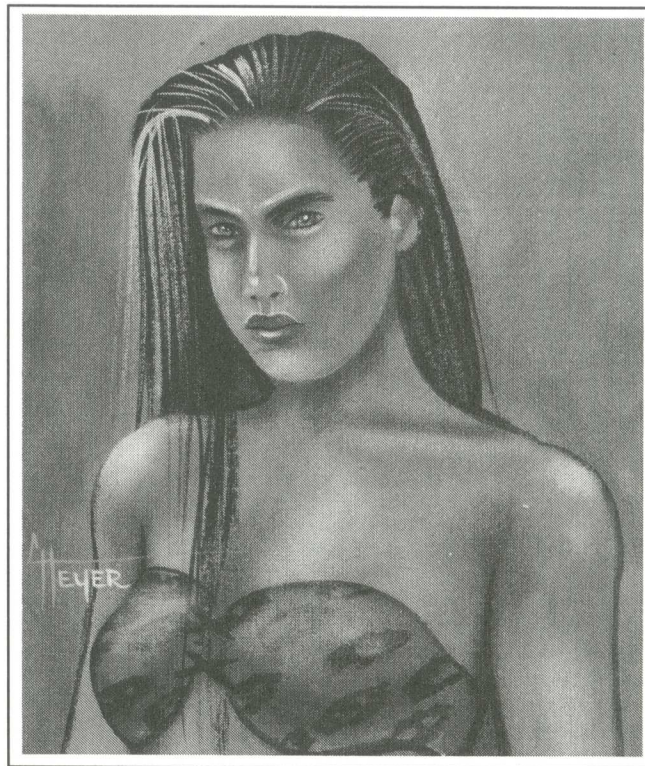
Physical Description: Liana's striking beauty and charismatic air makes her seem like a forest goddess. Liana wears only the furs and skins of animals that died of natural causes. Otherwise, she weaves a corset garment from the many vines that encircle the forest trees. The garments are usually hidden beneath the body paint she wears. She camouflages herself with colored mud and dyes from certain plants which allow her to simulate the colors and shadow patterns cast by the trees in her rain forest homeland. Liana's only vanity is her hair which is the color of the setting sun. Liana has sparkling green eyes that sometimes seem too big for her face (but all her life she has wished they were a little larger so that maybe she could see like the elves).

Background: Liana does not remember her parents and only has a vague, painful sensation when she thinks of them. She ran away to the forest when she was very young and has lived there all her life. Her only real friend was an old hermit druid called Burr, who looked after her during her early years.

Burr lived deep in the rain forest, waiting for his time to pass. For a time he feared he would have no successor to protect the precious and delicate world in which he lived and loved. Liana's coming was surely an omen. He taught her of the forest god and, to his great relief, Liana embraced his teachings. He taught her to speak a limited amount of the common language in order to deal with forest travellers, should the situation arise. Burr identified helpful, healing, and poisonous plants to Liana. He explained that each had their use in maintaining the "balance."

Just before his passing, Burr gave Liana his *bracers of defense* (AC5) since he no longer had any use for them. Liana did not mourn Burr's passing—she accepted it with quiet celebration as he had taught her.

Always shy of humanoids, Liana has become an expert in the use of natural body paints for camouflage. She uses tinted mud and dyes from certain plants to color her body in order to simu-



late the light and shadow patterns cast by the trees in her rain forest homeland. She has found this technique to be advantageous for reconnoitering, tracking, and ambushing parties which threaten her beloved rain forest.

Liana has an intense hatred for poachers and animal hunters of any kind. Liana will not disturb any hunter who enters the rain forest alone, naked, and bare-handed (a fair fight). She reserves her wrath for armed hunters. Liana has a knack for setting very well-disguised traps, pits, and snares (–25% to detect), which are always non-lethal. Loath to shed blood, Liana merely wishes to subdue the intruder and remove them from the area. Liana has created animal "puppets" from hunter's kills in order to lure hunters into her traps. She has an excellent ability to mimic animal cries to lend credence to the deception.

Role-playing Notes: Queen of her jungle, Liana is a beauty among the beasts and highly protective of the forest and its animals. Shy and elusive, Liana is seldom met face to face.

Traveling through her rain forest, a party has a 75% chance that one of them will be caught in one of her snares. Liana will talk to the party from a concealed location to warn them against hunting or killing animals in her forest lest they suffer the consequences. Otherwise, they have a 25% chance that she will warn the PCs during the cover of darkness the first night they set up camp. Under no circumstances will she hold a lengthy conversation with the PCs as her language ability is limited. She will provide healing herbs to those in need, as quickly as she will poison those who kill her woodland friends.

5th Level Elf Noble Priest

STRENGTH:	13
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	10
INTELLIGENCE:	16
WISDOM:	18
CHARISMA:	16
ARMOR CLASS:	10
THAC0:	18
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	21
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic Use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90% resistance to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i> spells
SIZE:	5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

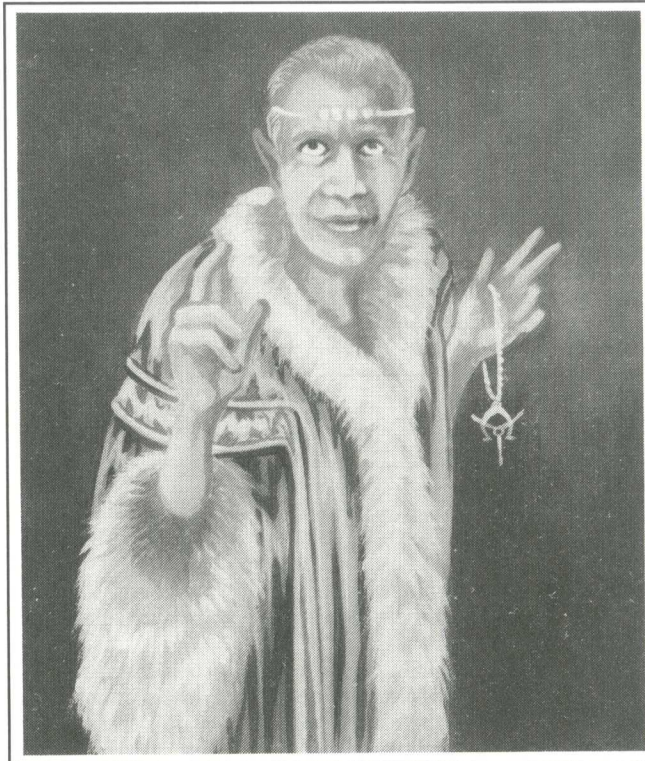
Equipment: Vestments, holy symbol, *circlet versus undead*, mace +1, heavy wool mantle (cloak), knapsack, incense, holy water sprinkler, holy water, lantern, flask of oil, flint and steel, bedroll, light riding horse.

Physical Description: Syllendel is slim even for an elf. His prematurely gray hair is closely cropped. The clothing he wears must be soft or it irritates his skin. He only wears the finest linen often bordered with fine woolen fringe. Syllendel wears a light robe of pale blue over natural-colored breeches and tunic. He keeps a heavy woolen mantle with him as he occasionally suffers chills when exploring subterranean burial chambers.

Background: Syllendel was a frail child who staved off death in the early years of his life. He spent many years in the care of elfen healers, experiencing first hand their prayers, polices, and devotions.

What he lacked in strength, Syllendel made up for in studiousness. He was a good student and read everything he could get his hands on, whether it was poetry, elfen law, or healing books. In his 45th year it was time to cast the stones of life and decide on a profession. Syllendel wrestled little with his choice, for he long ago modeled his behavior to that of the accomplished healers and teachers. Syllendel went to his father, Alyendel, to announce his decision. The two of them spent many days discussing Syllendel's future. So pleased was Alyendel with his son that he proffered Syllendel a rare and secret family heirloom. This heirloom, a *circlet versus undead*, dates back to a time beyond even the recorded history of the elves. The circlet appears to be a simple single thin band of sliver that might be used to hold hair in place (the circlet operates as a 9th level *amulet versus undead*).

Syllendel was awed and honored by the gift, for he had long been studying the histories and sciences of undead creatures. He



felt his destiny might lie upon the path of their annihilation, and his family's powerful heirloom confirmed this.

Syllendel never speaks of the powerful circlet he wears. He travels the land lending his services and powers to those who need assistance in battling the living dead. A consummate perfectionist, he researches as much information as available about the creatures of darkness before he leads a campaign against them.

Role-playing Notes: Serious and scholarly, Syllendel is ruled by his emotions. He tends to be quiet and sullen except when the discussion turns to his favorite subject . . . undead. His talk is peppered with condemnations against the black arts and religions and all that they create. His is a single-minded existence.

Whenever Syllendel is encountered he will be researching (30%), recovering (30%), or en route (40%) to a battle against the living dead. He will question any party he meets as to where they've been, where they're heading, and if they have encountered or will encounter any of the foul ranks of the undead. If the group has, he will elicit a detailed account. If the party failed to destroy all the creatures, Syllendel will immediately leave to finish the job. If the party was successful, he will offer his curing powers. If they are headed on such a campaign, Syllendel will accompany the group if asked. Otherwise, he will trust them to take care of the matter and go on his way.

15th Level Human Psychometabolist

STRENGTH: 14
DEXTERITY: 13
CONSTITUTION: 14

INTELLIGENCE: 17
WISDOM: 18
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THACO: 13

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 42
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Psionics
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Psionics
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY:

Level	Dis/Sci/Dev	Attack/Defense	PSPs
15	3/8/14 (21)	PB/IF,M-,MB,TS,TW	210

Psychometabolism: **Sciences:** animal affinity (griffin), complete healing, energy containment, life draining, metamorphosis; **Devotions:** absorb disease, biofeedback, body control, body equilibrium, catfall, cause decay, cell adjustment, displacement, ectoplasmic form, flesh armor, heightened senses, lend health, mind over body, reduction, suspend animation.

Telepathy: **Sciences:** iron tower of will*; **Devotions:** contact, intellectual fortress*, mental barrier*, mind blank*, psionic blast, telepathy, thought shield*

Metapsionics: **Sciences:** psychic surgery; **Devotions:** grid, receptacle

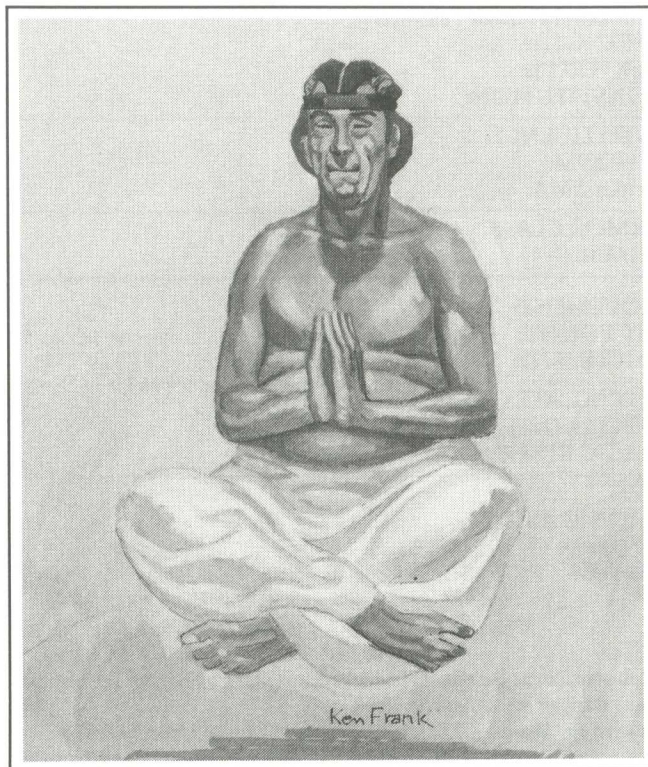
* Defense modes do not count toward the psionist's maximum number of powers.

Equipment: 2 daggers, bedroll, pipe and smoking weed, scroll case, paper, ink and writing instruments, tunic, cloak, sandals, several books on philosophy.

Physical Description: When first encountered, most travelers balk at Meari's lack of reaction to their greetings. This is from his adeptness at masking his emotions and feelings. They generally relax when he allows himself a gentle understanding smile.

Background: Meari's childhood memories are filled with beautiful books. The only child of a pair of loving scribes, Meari's nursery was a library. His mental capacity developed rapidly and he learned to talk early in life. The happy couple took pride in all of their son's accomplishments and encouraged his studious habits.

One day when Meari was five, he and his pet dog were out playing near the road. The animal was accidentally hit by a passing cart. Knowing the pet would die, Meari's parents said that it would be best to take the animal to a quiet place and comfort him during the last hours. Meari gently wrapped the grievously injured animal in his robe and took him to the quiet garden behind the house. Meari cried one of the few times in his life, and wished with all his might that his beloved pet would get well. Suddenly, a flash of blinding yellow light seemed to explode in Meari's head and he passed out. Later that evening, his parents found an exhausted Meari and a healed dog asleep in the garden.



Sensing that their son was the recipient of some special gift, Meari was taken to a local sage. For a week the learned man observed and tested the young lad. When the boy's special talent was determined, the wise old sage explained to Meari's parents that he had a great gift which could be used for good or evil. According to the sage, Meari required professional instruction in order to master his talents. His belongings were packed and Meari was sent to a nearby keep where a master psionist had recently established residence. It was there that Meari learned to fully control his psychometabolist abilities. Meari became the master's first and favorite student, and was deeded the keep following the his master's death (natural causes). Meari lives there to this day, earning his living as a healer. He shares his keep with a number of dogs.

Role-playing Notes: Meari is a difficult man to read, a perception much to his liking. He prefers to ask questions than to give answers, and takes to mumbling to himself when thinking. He will rarely discuss what he is thinking, preferring long periods of silence or mumbling, only to announce with atypical animation his final brilliant solution.

With his flesh armor power, Meari's AC is typically 6 or better. He can cauterize and heal a wound with his touch, doing all in his power to aid good. Meari can also use his powers to inflict injury and does so on occasion against any forces of evil—a practice that makes healing himself (often while playing dead) a necessity. In situation of extreme emergency, Meari will call upon his animal affinity and claim the ability of a griffin. He hesitates to use his metamorphosis power because of the possible side effects.

Meari understand the workings of "magic" but feels that they are inferior to psionics. For personal reasons he chooses not to use or wear magic items, except in personal life threatening situations.

14th Level Human Psionist

STRENGTH: 12
DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 13

INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 18
CHARISMA: 14

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THACO: 14

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 41
ALIGNMENT: Neutral evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Psionics
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Psionics
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 8"
PSIONIC ABILITY:

Level	Dis/Sci/Dev	Attack/Defense	PSPs
14	4/7/19	EW/IF,M-, MB,TS,TW	196

Clairsentience: *Sciences:* precognition; *Devotions:* all-round vision, danger sense, spirit sense

Psychometabolism: *Sciences:* energy containment; *Devotions:* body equilibrium, cell adjustment, displacement, double pain, graft weapon

Psychoportation: *Sciences:* probability travel, teleport, teleport other; *Devotions:* astral projection, dimension door, dimension walk, teleport trigger, time shift, time/space anchor

Telepathy: *Sciences:* domination, iron tower of will*, mindlink; *Devotions:* awe, contact, ego whip, inflict pain, intellectual fortress*, invincible foes, mind bar*, mind blank*, thought shield*

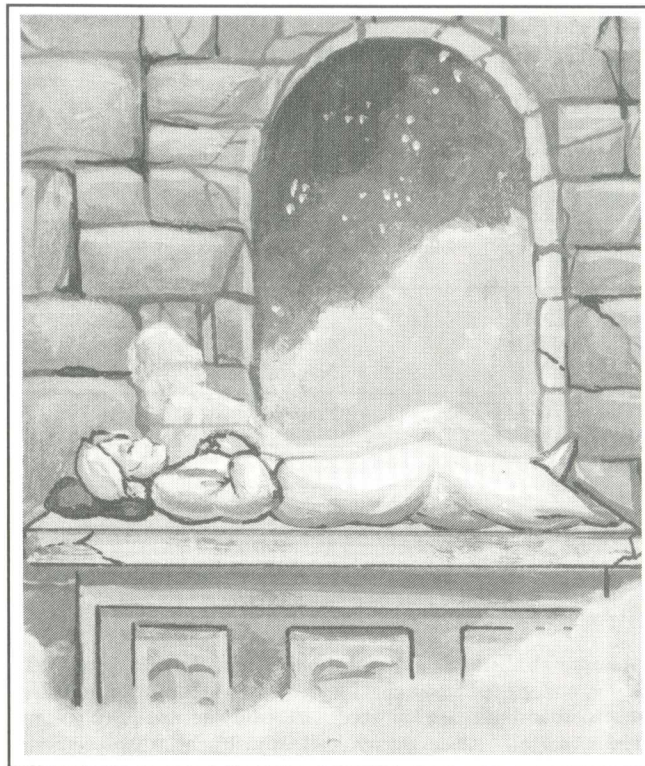
* Defense modes do not count toward the psionist's maximum number of powers.

Equipment: *Robe of scintillating colors, silver sword, elemental compass.*

Physical Description: Mellenea exclusively wears white, loose-fitting clothing. Sashes are used to tie gathered folds of cloth at her waist, elbows, ankles and wrists. She uses the extra cloth to pad her thin bony body (she spends so much time in the Astral plane she has little or no regard for her looks on the prime material plane).

Background: Mellenea is adept in psionic psychoportive devotions and spends a great deal of time probability traveling on the Astral Plane. The eldest daughter of a slave trading family, Mellenea spends her time looking for lost wanderers on the Astral Plane to rob or enslave. Occasionally, she "rescues" an important traveler and then extorts an exorbitant fee (ransom) for the individual's release by threatening to return them to the Astral Plane (and cut their silver cord) if the money is not paid. In the end, Mellenea usually gets her money and the individual.

On one outing, she came across a githyanki warrior and, though severely wounded, was victorious in combat. She managed to retain the githyanki's silver sword, which she now uses in conjunction with her psychoportive ability graft weapon in order to sever the silver cords of those who refuse to serve her. (The snapping of the a silver cord has disastrous effects. The traveler's astral form dissolves into the plane in 1d10 turns, leaving behind the astral entities of those magic items brought to the plane. The body on the Prime Material perishes and is unrecoverable (except by a wish). Any magical items that were taken to the plane rot and evaporate, save for artifacts which will return to the prime material plane with their powers intact. See *Manual of the Planes*.)



erale (except by a wish). Any magical items that were taken to the plane rot and evaporate, save for artifacts which will return to the prime material plane with their powers intact. See *Manual of the Planes*.)

Role-playing Notes: Ruthless and heartless, Mellenea is devoid of any compassion except for the joy of conquest and power over others. Not boastful, she is very matter-of-fact with anyone she meets and is meticulous in her details of what she will do if her wishes are refused. Mellenea uses her telepathic abilities to intimidate her foes. She will attempt the following psionic powers (in this order) until the victim is effected: domination, invincible foes, awe, and finally inflict pain. Mellenea derives great pleasure from watching her victims grovel and beg for mercy.

Mellenea spends one day a week dictating letters to an enslaved scribe concerning her adventures on the Astral Plane. These letters are delivered by special messengers to mages all over the realm in order to encourage them to promote travel to the Astral Plane. In this way she increases the number of her potential victims. Mellenea spends time (10%) at the docks of her family's shipping business and (20%) at the Magic Guild Library where she pays dues in order to use the ancient tomes found there. She spends (20%) some of her time in her private study by her pool portal, but the majority of her time (50%) is spent exploring the Astral Plane.

Mellenea's Pool Portal: The pool portal is the favored mode of planar travel for the psionist Mellenea, but hers is not the only such portal known to exist. Rumors persist of one somewhere in a Sla-mori beneath Qualinost, Ansalon, and in other worlds as well. Methods of activating the portal vary from just touching the magical liquid to placing astrally-linked material in it and performing an incantation, but the end result is the equivalent of invoking the psychoportive discipline, probability travel—sending the traveler, including his or her physical body, into the Astral Plane.

6th Level Human Conjurer

STRENGTH:	7
DEXTERITY:	13
CONSTITUTION:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	15
WISDOM:	10
CHARISMA:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	6
THAC0:	19
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	19
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic Use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 7"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Bracers of defense AC 6*, a multitude of fine dresses and matching shoes, wigs, make-up, perfume, extravagant jewelry, spell components, spell book.

Physical Description: The Lady Dahlia Mingor always wears tightly fitting gowns or flamboyant dresses that show off the best "features" of her hour glass figure. She prefers floor length gowns with myriads of buttons on the bodice and the sleeves. In court she keeps her flaxen hair pinned beneath a veiled wimple with matching riband on the forehead. Short, thick chestnut brown hair frames an oval face with small almond eyes and petite features.

Background: "Court life had become so boring. Surrounded by the most important people in the kingdom and nothing to do but talk politics and economics. Really. Do you know how dull that can be? Of course you do, never mind. Anyway, magic is where real fun lies. Those dancing minstrels become such a bore after a while. And they preform the same thing over and over, and over. How many times can you be expected to watch the same performance in a year? Really. But back to my magic . . . Oh, the stupid studying seem to take forever, but it is so much fun when you learn how! I still love cantrips. What fun they are! Conjuring is the only real magic. Creating something out of nothing or summoning some creature from somewhere else to do your bidding or perform tricks. How wonderful! My parents? Oh, they're fine, counting their money as usual. Did I tell you that I can create almost anything by just thinking about it? Really, Anything! I could create an illusion of a handsome male dancer if you like . . . I kid you not! If you don't believe me I'll create one right here! No, really, I will! Very well, I will save the spell for later. What? Adventuring? You mean going who-knows-where looking for gods-knows-what? Have you lost your mind? You mean, you've gone into dirty, icky, nasty dungeons to recover mere money? That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard! Would I like to come? Certainly not! Why I could send servants to do filthy work like that. Besides, my magic is an art form. My mentor said so. It is for the rare and



privileged few. Not for the rabble that goes out beating up monsters for their meager copper pieces."

Role-playing Notes: Lady Dahlia is flashy, intense, and excitable. Little interests her but magic, and mostly the conjuring she herself performs. She loves to put on demonstrations and has been known to throw a temper tantrum if her audience is not as appreciative as she thinks they should be. Her attention span is limited. She has little patience in listening to long stories, and even less to demonstrations by fellow practitioners, unless they have something new they are willing to teach her (she will pay generously for such assistance). Considered an eccentric by her social peers, she nonetheless prefers her comfortable lifestyle and familiar surroundings, working her spells in the safety of a civilized world.

The Lady Dahlia Mingor is an anti-adventurer. She would never leave the comfortable confines of her noble house to face danger and the unknown. She is stuffy, spoiled and self-centered. A broken fingernail is a terrible hardship for her. She spends (40%) most of her time at home or with friends (40%) shopping. She also spends time (20%) with her magic mentor learning new spell and perfecting old ones.

Her mentor is currently teaching her the lovely art of Illusion/Phantasm. He is trying to only teach her spells that create a beautiful effect without being dangerous. He greatly fears her "misusing" her abilities in the royal court (whether by accident or on purpose). The Lady Dahlia Mingor seems content with *cantrips* and creating minor benign artistic figures with her *phantasmal force* spell.

20th Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH: 8
DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 10

INTELLIGENCE: 18
WISDOM: 15
CHARISMA: 18

ARMOR CLASS: 0
THAC0: 14

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 41
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 8"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Wild talent—Telepathic Devotions: Attraction, Contact (PSP 86).

Equipment: *Dress of protection* +5, *ring of protection* +5, exquisite silver make-up mirror, make-up, perfume, extravagant jewelry, spell components, spell book.

Physical Description: At a social function she is at her best, her sharp piercing eyes surveying the crowd for the perfect companion to be seen with. She can say more with her eyes and pouting mouth than most literate scholarly scribes.

Background: All that is known of Minivera's early life is that she came from an upper middle class family and was apprenticed to a wealthy duke's wizard at the age of ten. She was such a favorite that he granted Minivera many household privileges, giving her free rein throughout the castle.

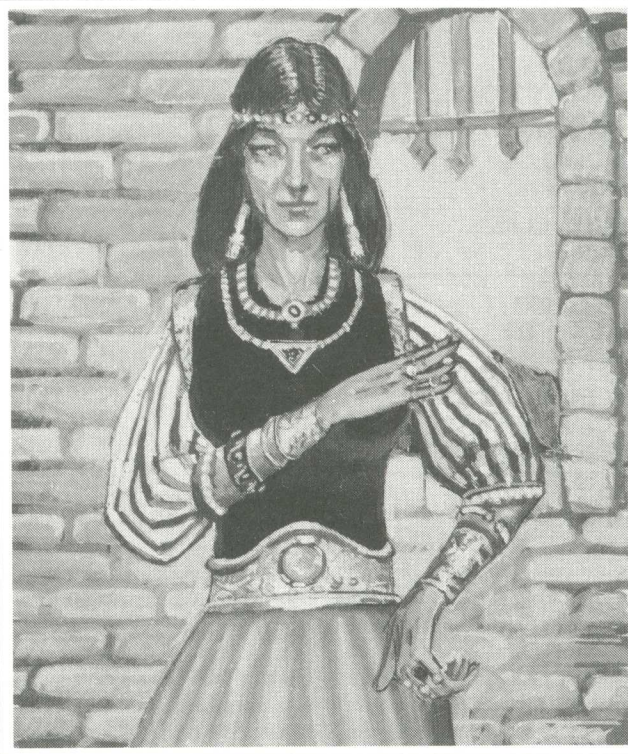
Minivera's ambitions knew no bounds. A voracious learner, she paid as much attention to the political machinations throughout the duke's household as to her studies. Minivera was driven by success and power. Manipulation tempered with beauty, sophistication, and grace earned her many attentions and favors among the duke's male staffers. She excelled in all she did. And she became quite adept at hiding her dark, cruel nature to any and all by feigning a glowing, gushing exterior.

Soon after the duchess's early death at the hand of a poisoner who was never discovered, Minivera was seen on the arm of the duke himself, guiding his social commitments with such skill and elegance that he rewarded her handsomely. It was only when the game lost its allure that she left his service—with his blessing and a very generous . . . endowment.

Minivera lives and works from a very comfortable and posh townhouse in a prosperous inland city along a major river's tributary.

Minivera's only close associate is Molacanth, an ancient rogue whose background is more obscure than Minivera's. In truth, Molacanth and Minivera are kindred souls: devilish and cunning with a "good" exterior cover. The two were introduced by a regional baron who required services of more than one professional in order to hit multiple targets simultaneously. Since that time, Minivera and Molacanth have had cause to cooperate on various assignments when mutually profitable. Though neither trusts the other, and for very good reasons, they share a healthy respect of one another.

Role-playing Notes: Calm yet unpredictable, Minivera is like the most popular girl in school who everyone secretly hates. Her



wicked tongue makes up for her lack of physical beauty. Her elegance and sophistication are the envy of all. Outwardly gracious and vibrant, an encounter with Minivera leaves a person breathless and confused.

Minivera has been drawn toward the magic schools of Enchantment/Charm and Greater Divination. One allows her to gain cooperation from those not so inclined. The other allows her to learn guarded secrets of the court. For Minivera, information is power. The more she can learn about what is going on behind the scenes the greater the chance is to predict the possible outcome. This allows her to lend her support to who she believes will be the winner.

Dress of Protection:

This garment appears as a small black dress or tunic with the interior lined by a series of magic (linked) rings. When the dress is donned, it will automatically (magically) fit the wearer. Additionally it provides the wearer the same benefits as a *cloak of protection*. Each plus of the dress of protection better's Armor Class by one and adds one to the saving throw die rolls. Each dress of protection is slightly different in design. To determine how powerful any particular dress is, roll percentile dice and check the table below.

D100 ROLL	POWER
01-10	Cursed (−1 to AC and saves)
11-20	Dress (+1) to saves but not AC
21-50	Dress +1
51-70	Dress +2)
71-86	Dress +3
87-94	Dress +4
95-00	Dress +5

Optional: The dress is vulnerable to blades that have more "to hit" bonuses than the dress has pluses of protection. If the dress is cut by a magic blade with more pluses an equal or greater number of times that the dress has pluses, it ceases to function (until magically repaired).

19th Level Human Rogue

STRENGTH: 11
DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 13

INTELLIGENCE: 18
WISDOM: 18
CHARISMA: 17

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 11

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 45
ALIGNMENT: Neutral evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Backstab (damage $\times 5$)
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Rogue Skills:

Climb Walls 95%	Move Silently 95%
Open Locks 95%	Pick Pockets 95%
Read Languages 95%	Detect Noise 95%
Find/Remove Traps 95%	Hide in Shadows 95%

Equipment: Molacinch is a genius with disguises. She always carries whatever equipment that is appropriate to her current facade, and several different poisons as well.

Physical Description: Changes constantly. Her ability to change her appearance is infamous. It is said that she attended a single party disguised as two different women: one old, one young. Molacinch most frequently appears as a sweet and innocent older lady with a girlish smile. Many have met Molacinch and don't realize it. She is capable of contorting her body to vary her height by as much as five inches and her girth by 30 pounds. Some of this is possible by muscle control and carriage, the rest by attire and padding.

Background: Molacinch has kept her personal history shrouded in mystery. Her professional exploits, however, are legendary. Widely recognized as one of the premier assassins in the land, Molacinch has gained notoriety through her creative methods and her knowledge and use of poisons.

In her younger days, Molacinch was reputed to be a contortionist and rather accomplished acrobat. Though many attribute her lessening physical accomplishments to age, the real story is that Molacinch suffered a severe loss of dexterity about 40 years ago at the hands of a powerful mage. The mage tortured her with abundant relish before Molacinch was able to finally trick him into an opening and cut his throat. She laid low for many years, holed up in the evil mage's stronghold recovering and gaining knowledge. She had ample time to study his vast library.

It was here that her mind was opened to the tremendous volumes of literature on poisons and ways to extract information from the unwilling. This knowledge has assured her continued status as a powerful and feared master assassin. During her stay, she took advantage of certain potions and elixirs to restore her strength and youth. Unfortunately, the combination of the magical fluids restored her youthful strength, but did not restore her youthful appearance. Even though some abilities were lost, she made up for them in different ways. Her life has spanned a time far greater than meant for normal humans.

Molacinch met Minivera—an accomplished wizard in her



own right with a twisted bent—a few years ago. Though Molacinch can never truly recover from her hatred of magic users, she has deigned to cooperate with Minivera on an occasional assignment when it was mutually profitable. Neither trusts the other but the two share a healthy distrust between them.

Role-playing Notes: Molacinch has successfully replaced her lost physical prowess with a cruel cunning and devilishly clever mind. She prefers to speak and be spoken to in riddles and innuendo, detesting the simplicity of directness. Her voice usually hisses in a raspy and hoarse monotone when she speaks, though, like her appearance, she is capable of imitating many tones and accents.

Molacinch has a deep-seated hatred of magic-users of any kind, making them a favorite target. Her skill and knowledge with poisons of any kind is extensive—the more unusual the reaction, the more she enjoys the task. She will pay dearly for rare and unusual herbs and their lore so that she may concoct some new and deadly potion. Money is her one true motivation for any job and her services are quite expensive.

Her use of poison is legendary. She once convinced a man that he was dying of poison (actually a spice-induced stomach-ache) and gave him poison as an antidote. Molacinch will occasionally cause injuries or “rearrange” a body after her victim is dead in order to make the death look an accident. She can make a simple (for her) killing look like a robbery or other senseless crime of violence. She may also place an object on the body that will point the crime toward another individual or group.

Molacinch relies on her wile and guile rather than force, hence, she never carries magic of any kind. It is easier to believe that she is a helpless old lady if a *detect magic* shows that she possesses nothing of magical value.

3rd Level Human Troubleshooter

STRENGTH: 13
DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 15

INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 17
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 7
THACO: 19

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 12
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Backstab (damage $\times 2$)
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 7"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Wild talent—Clairsentient Science: sensitivity to psychic impressions. Clairsentient Devotion: danger sense (PSP 28).

Rogue Skills:

Climb Walls 60%	Move Silently 35%
Open Locks 50%	Pick Pockets 30%
Read Languages 10%	Detect Noise 25%
Find/Remove Traps 35%	Hide in Shadows 50%

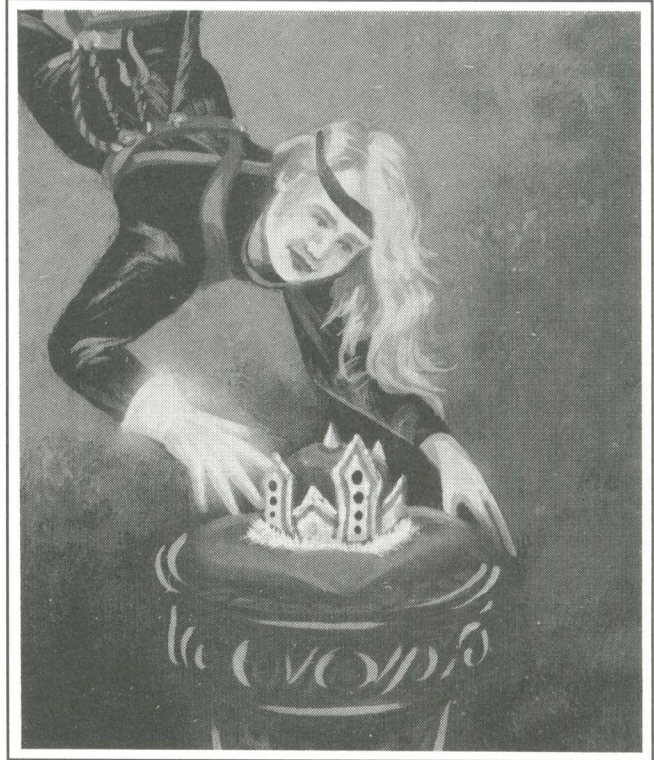
Equipment: *Rope of climbing*, thieves' picks and tools, 2 daggers, 4 pouches of pepper, 2 pouches of flour, glass cutter, prybar, floppy hat, male clothing.

Physical Description: Moonshadow's cascade of free flowing blonde hair falls just past her waist, but is often pushed under the floppy brimmed hat she frequently wears. From beneath the brim, honest hazel eyes peer curiously. During the day she dresses as a male, but at night she wears the clothing appropriate for what she expects to encounter. She bathes daily with lilac water and even marks her notes with the lilac scent. Her compact, physically-fit body allows her to look equally "at home" in an evening gown as in beggars' rags.

Background: Sometimes the head of the class goes astray. This was certainly the case where Moonshadow was concerned. At sweet sixteen, she joined the thieves' guild and quickly earned the spot as favored student. Her innate psychic abilities helped her to excel and early on she was assigned to some difficult "procurement" jobs. While she enjoyed the work, she was less than enamored with many guild members and their attitudes towards those they profited by. The politics of the guild also became a source of discontentment.

An intelligent girl, Moonshadow soon realized how much money could be made "recovering" the items stolen by the thieves' guild. The logic was simple: These people paid a lot of money to possess these items in the first place . . . would they not pay a decent sum to have them returned? She secretly began a side operation to this end. It took many long months for the guild master to uncover Moonshadow's covert undertaking and almost as long to weigh the politics against the results.

It was sometimes to the guild's advantage to have her around, especially when she could be set up to return documents (which



the guild had already copied) to the original owner, thus doubling the profit. For this and a few other reasons, the guild allowed Moonshadow to "troubleshoot."

Breaking away from the thieves' guild was emotionally painful as well as dangerous for Moonshadow. She currently sells her services as a "finder of lost items." She will attempt to recover any stolen item for a price. If the price is high enough she may even attempt to buy the object back from the guild at a rate by which everyone involved (except the victim) will turn a profit. Otherwise she will use her psionic wild talent sensitivity to psychic impressions to find the thief who stole the object in question and steal it back. While she currently does not have a price on her head, Moonshadow knows that one day the guild will no longer tolerate her "meddling."

Role-playing Notes: Moonshadow is a cautious individual. She is somewhat nervous, yet very earnest, in conversation. She does not like to stay in one place for any length of time. Her "residence" is known only to her. Those seeking Moonshadow can usually make discreet inquiries at local respectable taverns—then she will find you.

Moonshadow's familiarity with the way in which the thieves' guild operates makes her quite a thorn in their side, although they will sometimes contract her services. She is hesitant to talk of the guild and its practices unless the need to do so is unavoidable. If the PCs need to recover or find an item in a major city they will most likely be steered to Moonshadow.

If an adventuring party has lost or needs to recover an item in a major city, odds are, Moonshadow is their best chance. She will allow the party to accompany her in the return of the item as long as they "don't get in the way." Moonshadow will not risk the lives of those who accompany her, hence, if the party is not suited for the task she will either go alone or not at all.

3rd Level Half-Elf Druid

STRENGTH:	10
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	16
WISDOM:	13
CHARISMA:	18
ARMOR CLASS:	9
THAC0:	20
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	16
ALIGNMENT:	True neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic Use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i> spells
SIZE:	5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil
SPELL PROGRESSION:	3/1

Equipment: Quarterstaff, *ring of chameleon power*, golden bracelet, spell components.

Physical Description: Layla wears as few clothes as possible (if at all) on her golden tanned skin. Lithe and muscular, there is not an ounce of fat on her lean frame. She has tough callused feet from a lifetime without shoes. If necessary she will cover herself in garments fashioned from leaves and natural fibers.

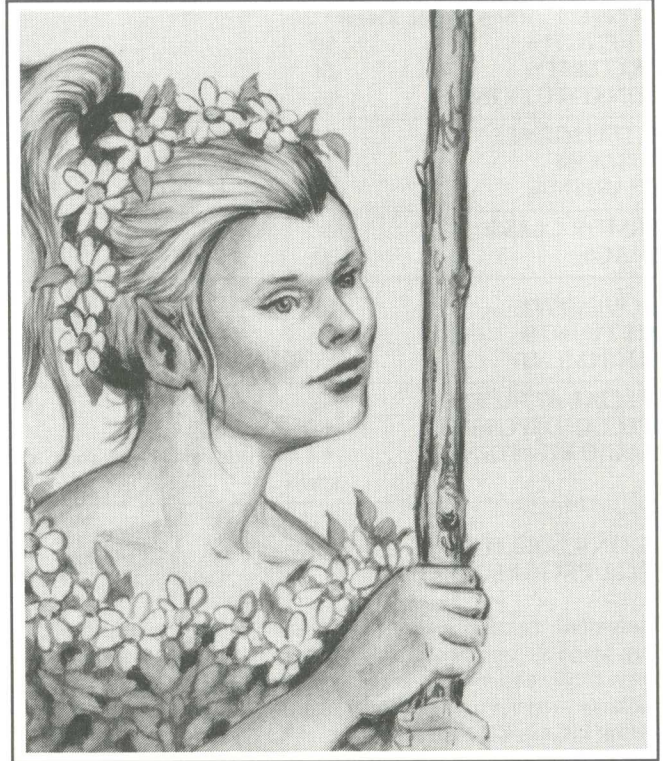
Background: Layla is a child of the forest. The forest is her home—she has never lived anywhere else. She recalls no parents. No mentor. She has never spoken with another human being. She can not speak the humanoid tongue, but can understand nearly every forest creature. She is a ward of the god of the forest.

Gods do not often become involved in the affairs of man, but Layla is an exception. In childbirth, Layla's mother paid the ultimate price—a life for a life. The god of the creatures of the forest and nature felt compelled to protect all small creatures born unto the forest. Layla was protected, nursed, and cared for by a menagerie of friendly forest animals. Her only link with humanity is a golden bracelet she wears that belonged to her mother. On the inside of the bracelet is printed "To my first love, Layla Necuurluf."

Layla was a happy child and blossomed into a strong young woman. As she grew into her teens, the god of the forest spoke to her in waking dreams and spelled out the responsibilities of living in the forest. As the forest creatures guarded her and kept her safe, no she must do the same for them. Drudical spell use came slow to Layla and her advancement will never be fast. But all of that matters little to Layla, for she has always been happy in her forest home.

She often converses with burrowing animals about the seasons and roots. In this way Layla has gained extensive knowledge of herbs and herbal lore. Her mind is quite simple due to her lack of experience outside the forest and contact with the outside world. Layla is capable of understanding only the most rudimentary concepts.

Although her interaction with humanoids is limited, they do intrude into her forest home on rare occasions. She distances their intrusion since they often bring violence and/or death. The last time a person entered her forest it seemed to be a thing that looked like her, but was different. It was taller and broader



across the shoulders. It was hurt, but by the time Layla moved close to the creature it was no longer breathing. She waited to see if it would awake. It did not. The great sleep that takes all things eventually had come. She looked over the things that the creature wore and found no use for them, except for a shiny band that the creature wore on its finger. That she took and left the creature underneath a great spreading tree to become food for others. The shiny band was a *ring of chameleon power*. It matches the bracelet she wears.

Role-playing Notes: Few have ever see this mistress of the forest. She will avoid direct contact with humans and dwarves, but will often follow parties in which elves, gnomes, and halflings travel as she finds them most curious creatures. Layla is a master at moving silently unseen through the wood. The use of the ring of chameleon power has become second nature to her and she uses it all of the time.

If contact is made with Layla, she will attempt to determine what type of animal the party members are and where they live in her woods. She can only understand animal language and concepts. She will have extreme difficulty in comprehending anyone coming from "outside," and will usually flee rather than grasp the fact that there might be somewhere else. Having never lived anywhere except the forest, Layla cannot really believe there is a somewhere else.

Should the PCs be traveling through a safe, especially deep forest there is a good chance that they are traveling through her home. There is a (50%) chance that one of them may see a shape dart from tree to tree at a safe distance away from the party observing them. Or they may (50%) think that they have caught a glimpse of a dryad or nymph. Layla will always attempt to keep her distance and run if seen. Should she be attacked and/or killed Layla will attempt to call her god, at a five times normal chance due to her affinity with the deity.

1st Level Halfling Noble Priest

STRENGTH: 10
DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 16

INTELLIGENCE: 12
WISDOM: 16
CHARISMA: 17

ARMOR CLASS: 7
THACO: 20

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 7
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: +4 vs poison,
MAGIC RESISTANCE: +4 vs rods, staves, wands, or spells

SIZE: 3'1"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
SPELL PROGRESSION: 3

Equipment: *Leather armor +1, cloak of elvenkind, backpack, holy symbol, vestments, holy water, two weeks rations, war pony, candy and sweets, wineskin, waterskin, sing-a-long song-book, toys (yo-yo, top, and a bunny puppet), sleeping pad, sewing kit, cooking gear.*

Physical Description: Long honeysuckle colored hair, smooth skin of cinnamon, chocolate brown eyes, saffron robes and a delicious smile. She prefers to skip instead of walk whenever possible.

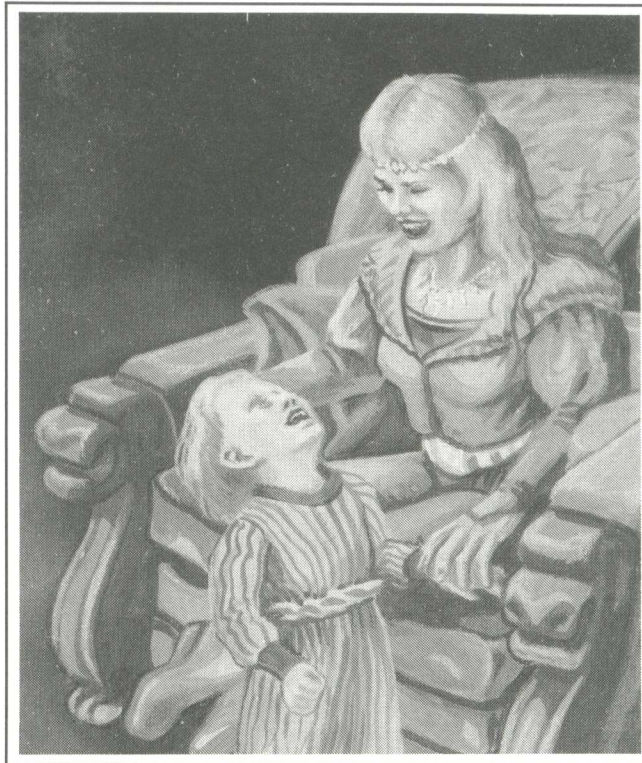
Background: In her early years, Nendalin lived the perfect halfling life. Daughter of a minor halfling noble, she had a safe home, security, and comfort. She played in the meadows every morn and napped in the warm sun in the afternoons. Her life was filled with wonderful toys and outlandish play rooms. Never a want, need, or shortage of anything. A perfect halfling life.

Through her halfling village travelers passed between two destinations. She would go to the tavern in the evenings, sit by the fire and listen to the tales of far away. The stories were always filled with strange creatures and great treasures. The part that saddened Nendalin was good folk being injured or killed for some silly quest.

Nendalin decided to do something about all of the unhappiness that seemed to be in the world. Nendalin joined the clergy and became a noble traveling priest. Her father presented her with a family heirloom upon her graduation: a magic set of *leather armor (+1)*. In the morn, she gathered some belongings, bid a tearful adieu to her family, and hit the road. Her self appointed quest: To search out all those unhappy folk and cure them.

She passes through the peaceful halfling lands the first couple of days. But later in the week she had walked into the lands of the "tall."

Nothing in Nendalin's life had prepared her for her first experience confronting evil. Very early one morning when she was trundling down a forest road, Nendalin heard someone cry out in pain. The cry came from deep in the wood. Wasting no time, she sped off to help the poor individual. As she got near the cries, she spied a elf stripped to the waist being tortured by five small green skinned creatures. Calling for a blessing from her god, she attacked the foul creatures and drove them off. Quick-



ly she untied the elf and the two made their getaway before the creatures returned.

Later along the road, the elf explained that he was a messenger and had been traveling for many days when he had to stop and rest. So sound asleep was he that he did not hear the goblins approach. Soon they had him bound, and were poking him with knives just for fun. If she had not rescued him, he feared that soon he would have been dead. She assured him that there was nothing to worry about and they leisurely walked until early afternoon. They made camp and Nendalin promised to watch over the elf while he slept. Late that night when all of the stars were out, Nendalin too fell asleep.

When she woke the next morning, the elf was gone but on the ground next to her was a cloak and a message. The message read: "To a true elf friend, I owe you my life, alas all that I can offer in thanks is my *cloak of elvenkind*, wear it in good health. Signed, A Friend." Nendalin was deeply touched and the event only served to reinforce her belief that there is more good in the land than bad. Nendalin hopes to one day meet the elf again and return the cloak. It's only right.

Role-playing Notes: Nendalin is passionately optimistic about life, even in the face of insurmountable odds. She is kind and generous to a fault with an infectious laugh and a talent for fashioning amusing toys out of the most coarse of materials. Nendalin delights in presenting these little creations to those who are sad or sick, and to children.

Those who find themselves in Nendalin's presence cannot help but feel good after a time. She can easily be cajoled into telling fantastic stories and fairy tales. She is eager to help in any way she can on the side of good. A passivist, Nendalin will not fight except to defend herself or those she would protect. She is usually found (60%) strolling down a country road, (20%) stopping at a local inn or tavern, or (20%) in the temple where she worships.

17th Level Human Polar Shaman

STRENGTH: 18
DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 15

INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 17
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 8
THACO: 10

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 63
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6'0" (5' 8" stooped)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
SPELL SPHERES: Major: Animal, Protection
Minor: All, Guardian, Healing
9/9/8/7/5/3

SPELL PROGRESSION:

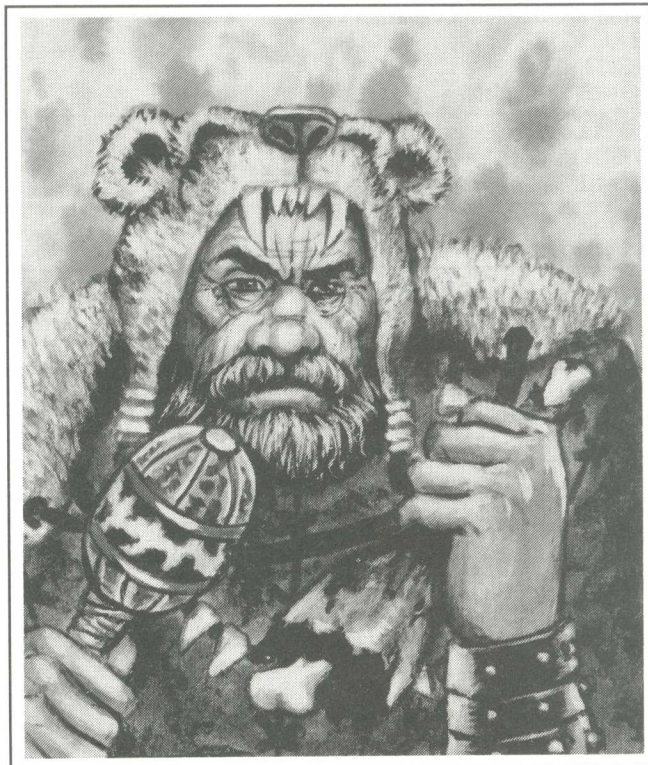
Equipment: *Polar bearskin armor* +2, harpoon, spear, walrus boots, ivory handled dagger, scrimshaw bone carving kit, oiled leather sack, 20' thin leather fishing rope, 8 bone hooks, kayak.

Physical Description: A stooped, bent frame supports a pair of broad shoulders from which a small "hunch" protrudes. The affliction is not unusual for an old man who spends his day looking down into fishing holes or over the side of his kayak. The Old Man always walks as if he was bone weary, but his azure blue eyes remain bright and alert. Balding (on top), the tufts of white hair over his ears match the old bearskin armor he always wears.

Background: No one know his real name. Most think him mad. He seems to have lived forever among the polar villages. The Old Man of the sea has been taunted and jeered by children of many generations. He must be very, very old because the oldest elders of the village remember him as being old when they were young. Yet every morn he rises to either hunt walrus and polar bear, or spend the day fishing—and he always shares his day's catch.

The Old Man's real name is Sieht, although he has almost forgotten it. He is acerbic and crotchety during the day as he toils to survive and possibly make life better for a few around him. Few seek to make his life easier, yet there are those who ask for his aid. Only a handful have seen him work his craft since he prefers to uses his god-given abilities when there are no others around. He neither wants to be a leader or burden to the community in which he lives. At night he is laconic and lost in remembrance. He bides his time awaiting the return of the Great White Bear.

It was over a hundred summers ago, when he was still a young hunter that he met the Great White Bear, the symbol of power to his people. He had attempted to slay the creature to prove his ability as a hunter. He crept close and threw his harpoon with all his might at the white one. The harpoon bounced off harmlessly. The bear stopped, turned, sat down and waved



the young hunter toward him. Astounded, Sieht could not move. At last the Great White Bear spoke to Sieht and told him of the error of his ways.

The white one spoke of shame and how certain totem creatures were sacred. Sieht wept and begged forgiveness for his sins. The Great White Bear removed his skin and gave it to Sieht. The white one told Sieht that he must take the fur—it was after all what he had come for. But Sieht was never again to speak use his own name—that the name would be forgotten. And although he now possessed a powerful magical fur, none would remember him for the deed. Again Sieht wept. The Great White Bear continued, saying Sieht would live for many years and must pray to the gods of the totem each day for forgiveness and the power to help others. And finally, the Great White Bear said as he moved across the tundra, that Sieht would not die until he returned to reclaim the fur.

So the old man with no name waits. And waits.

Role-playing Notes: The Old Man never volunteers aid to anyone. If a person is truly needy and persistent, the Old Man will begrudging help however he can (whether it is spells or physical labor). A warning though, he will complain the entire time and for days after. The Old Man spends all day (60%) hunting and/or fishing, in the evenings (40%) he is near but not with his tribe. The crotchety Old Man is not spiteful or mean on purpose. He is very old and his life has been hard. Most of all, he has been denied his great reward. He snarls and occasionally offends those who seek his counsel. He means no harm. He wants to help, but he is tired. His arthritic body aches constantly and the pain only seems to ease in the evenings when he sits and waits quietly for the Great White Bear's Return.

14th Level Human Barbarian Priest

STRENGTH: 14
DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 12

INTELLIGENCE: 15
WISDOM: 17
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 9
THACO: 12

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 63
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
SPELL SPHERES: Major: Animal, Plant
Minor: All, Divination, Healing

SPELL PROGRESSION: 8/8/7/5/3/2

Equipment: *Portable canoe, fur of warmth, incense of meditation,*

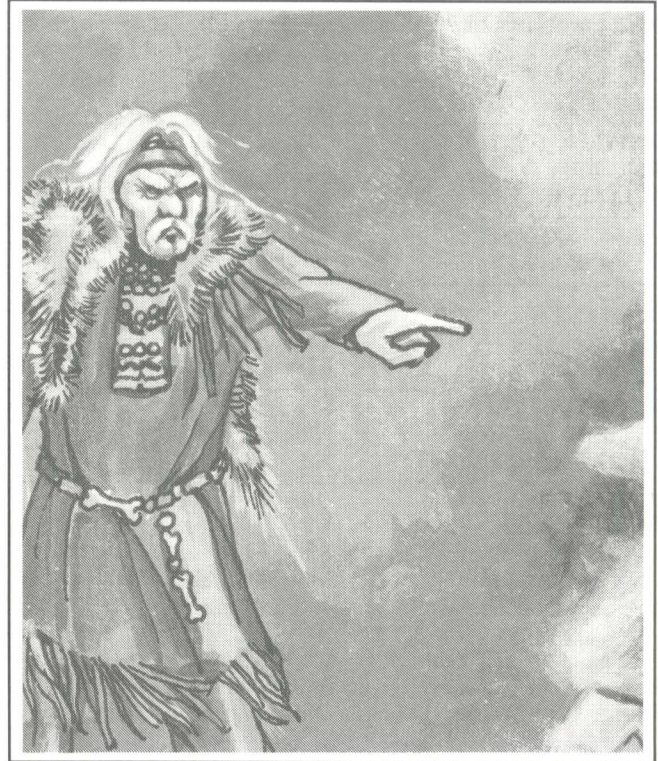
Physical Description: Phun wears buckskin and a gray wolf's fur (*fur of warmth*). A beaded pouch containing spell components hangs around his neck, while a bead and bone belt adorns his waist.

Background: Phun's people are a peaceful nation who live in large communities in woods and open fields along water sources. They fish, hunt, and farm, and, for generations, have preferred to isolate themselves from other races. A few individuals leave their tribes and venture out into the greater world for reasons of their own. But once a person leaves, he is shunned and may never return.

His tribe lived along a mighty river and were responsible for ferrying supplies and mediating trade between other tribes of the nation along the waterway. Phun spent his early years as a canoer, affording him much opportunity to interact with other tribes of the nation. He also showed an affinity with the natural world and often predicted with much accuracy when it was safe to travel the river. One spring while in his early teens, a river accident opened a new dimension to Phun's world.

Phun and several other young boys were ferrying firewood back to their tribe from a woodland clan upstream. The water level was high and the waters were swift. Phun had warned against the journey, but the tribe's wood was low and the nights were still quite cold. On the trip back, a sandbank had formed in midstream creating some rapids. Phun's canoe was weighted rather heavily and the swift choppy waters soon overwhelmed the small vessel. Phun took a nasty blow to the head from his load when his canoe overturned. The other boys had some difficulty in reaching him.

He spent a long time unconscious and face down in the water. And though the boys were able to restore his breathing, Phun did not open his eyes. Days passed. The tribal shaman prayed to the spirit world to seek the soul of Phun and return it to his body. Fever racked the boy and his slumber was restless. During this time, Phun had many visions and conversations with the spirits of the natural world. They taught him how to read their signs and the ways of the gods. And they gave him a great gift:



the ability to assume the form of a deer at will. The spirits' motivation for bestowing such great knowledge and ability to Phun was simple—his race was dying. Only a few tribes made up the nation and, while they were still large, the spirits had foreseen their extinction. Phun must return to the living world and work towards their continued survival.

Phun's connection to the spirits of nature is strong. As a medium, they tell him when to plant and harvest, when to begin and end the hunt, how to appease the gods in times of famine, and so forth. Phun has slowly begun to convince his people that limited contact with people and races outside their own may be beneficial to their survival as a race. He frequently runs with a herd of deer in order to learn news of the surrounding lands in order to better serve his nation.

Role-playing Notes: Phun is a stoic, unflappable individual. He speaks with much authority and always in the third person, rarely referring directly to himself. He lacks any kind of personal selfishness or egotism. Everything he does or says is motivated by what is best for his people. He is physically sensitive to disturbances in the natural world—earthquakes, forest fires, and natural disasters of the like—will cause him minor fever and impaired vision.

Phun will initiate contact with outsiders if the spirits deem it safe or beneficial. He is particularly interested in obtaining knowledge of cures and the healing arts. Non-human races make Phun very uneasy and it is usually best if another human act as the group spokesperson. Steel and edged weapons are not allowed in Phun's community. He will rarely bring outsiders in direct contact with his people unless a dire emergency. Phun spends most of his time (50%) with or near his tribe, otherwise he may be found collecting necessary plants and herbs (30%) or en route to a nearby village (20%) that needs his help.

“Polly” the Pirate

9380

8th Level Elf Warrior

STRENGTH: 15
DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 9

INTELLIGENCE: 15
WISDOM: 13
CHARISMA: 6

ARMOR CLASS: 6
THACO: 13

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 24
ALIGNMENT: Neutral evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: 3/2 rounds
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 90% to *sleep* and *charm* spells

SIZE: 5' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Brigandine armor, cutlass, sap (blackjack), eye patch, leather breeches, parrot claw necklace, earring, scroll case containing a fake treasure map.

Physical Description: Unlike most of his race, “Polly” is a short, stocky, muscular elf with almost no body hair save a small crest of white sun-bleached hair that he keeps tied under a bandanna. He wears loose fitting shirts and pants belted with rope. A patch covers the socket that once held his right eye.

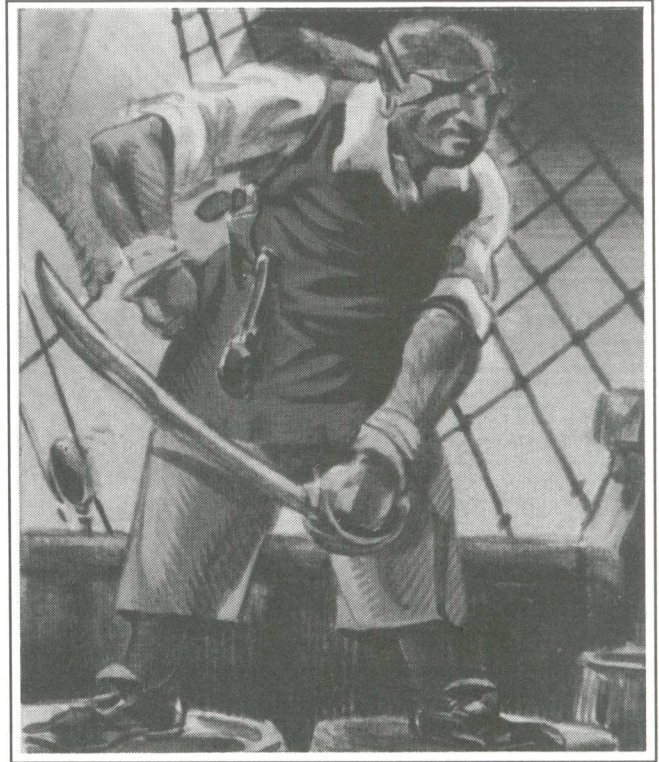
Background: This old sea dog has been “Polly” for so many winters that none remember his true name. Some say he took the moniker in memory of a parrot who saved his life. The story, according to the old swashbuckler, goes like this:

Polly, or Ventros as he was known back then, had a parrot for a first mate. The first officer “Sparky” had been transformed into a parrot when he was caught attempting to steal a fist-sized ruby from a tribal statue. Sparky (also sometimes called Polly) retained his intelligence (what little he had) and title of “First Mate” but spent his last years as a bird. One night, they had boarded and robbed one of the most powerful fighter/traders afloat. Escaping with the booty was easy, but where to hide the treasure was another story.

Ventros and the crew picked a small island in the Thousand Islands which contained a lot of bushes and shrubs, but only a single tree located near the center. They thought that it would serve as a good marker for when they returned to pick up the “hot” merchandise.

Unknown to them, the island was inhabited by a dryad. The dryad’s notions were simple: keep the treasure and *charm* a couple of sailors for later. The dryad already had one pet, a shipwrecked sailor named Risto. Over time, Risto had fallen in love with the dryad without her ever *charming* him. Disregarding the dryad’s pleas, Risto attacked the sailors when they came ashore. Shouting a war cry, Risto fired a shot that should have killed the ships captain. But it was not to be. Sparky (forgetting he was a bird) through himself in front of the shot, taking the brunt of the violence. Ventros lost an eye and the bird was buried at sea with full ship’s honors.

Polly cares little for the past; his focus is the here-and-now. The coast and ocean’s waters have always been his home, and pirate ships have been his school. He has traveled the world’s waters far and wide and has seen and done much. Polly is a master storyteller. Outlandish and deceptive, Polly is in life for one



person—himself. The word “loyalty” is not a part of his vocabulary. He has worked many pirate ships, only signing on as temporary crew and then moving on if the missions become too dangerous or the profits begin to dwindle. Self-preservation is the name of his game.

Role-playing Notes: Polly is a crusty and endearing old devil who delights in telling exaggerated tales of his exploits to impress a tavern audience. In this way he can get them to talk about themselves and their recent travels to determine whether or not they can be of use to him.

Polly and his ship can easily be hired for a share of the profits by any group traveling along the coast or across the waters. He will do little to risk his own neck, always having a convenient excuse for not being around when an extra sword would really be handy. His favorite tact is to invent some wild tale of being ambushed in the galleyway and having to fight three armed assailants at once then only narrowly escaping. If traveling over land, he will insist on marching at the back of the party to provide a strong rear defensive.

Polly is fearful of physical pain. While threats do little to mar his usually calm and crusty facade, any moves which pose a real threat to his person generally invoke an intensely conciliatory response. He will use all his powers of persuasion to placate his would-be attacker and convince him that all was merely a joke, no harm intended.

Monetary gain is Polly’s only motivation. He will stick around only as long as his excuses are convincing and the risks are minimal. More often than not, however, the party will awaken to a missing bedroll and significantly lighter purses. Polly uses a press gang to conscript sailors for his vessel. In port (50%) he will be visiting his fence (10%), getting drunk at a wharf side tavern (30%) or (10%) walking the streets looking for people to beat up and have them carried back to his ship to be part of his new crew.

8th Level Gnome Warrior

STRENGTH: 17
DEXTERITY: 13
CONSTITUTION: 17

INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 16
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 3
THACO: 13

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 62
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: 3/2 attacks per round
SPECIAL DEFENSES: +4 save vs poison
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 4'9"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Ring mail, shield +1, mace, dagger, crossbow, quiver and a dozen quarrels, clan surcoat, 2 torches, waterskin, 20' rope, sharpening stone, flint and steel, knapsack.

Physical Description: Pontum does not resemble the rest of his race. Abnormally tall in stature, Pontum sports long blonde hair and a full handlebar mustache. Pontum generally wears purple clothing. He is never without his purple stocking cap. Adventuring, Pontum wears a perpetual scowl. When relaxing, the scowl is replaced by an typical gnomish grin.

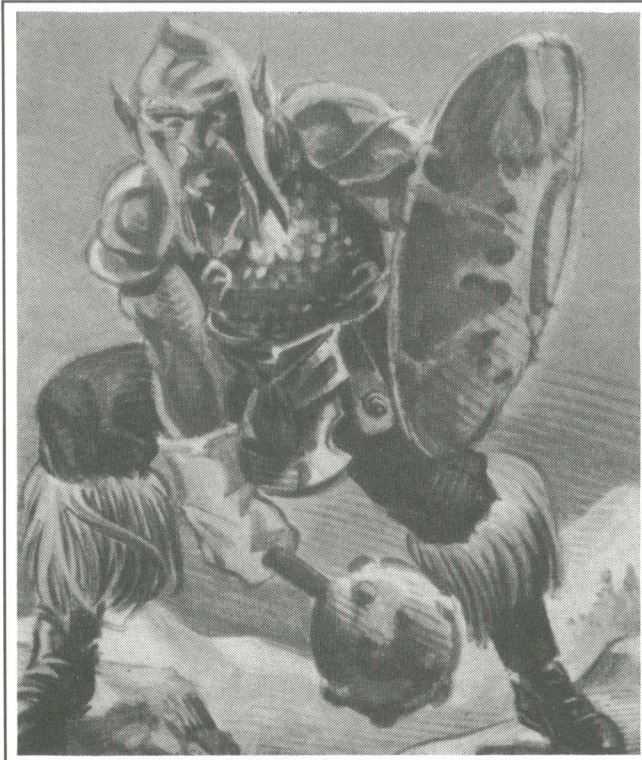
Background: Pontum is an unusual fellow—at least for a gnome. He seems to have a singular lack of “gnomishness.” Pontum is alert and focused at the task at hand, a rare trait for a gnome. This quality has endeared him to so folk who normally dread gnomes in their adventuring party. Because of the quality and cleverness of his ideas he is often in demand for treks into the unknown.

Of Pontum's childhood there is little to tell. His parents worried about him as he seemed so serious as a child. As he grew he seldom played with gnomes his own age preferring to—sit and listen (!) to the conversations of older gnomes. His family was a bit disappointed that he did not follow an intellectual profession such as learning illusion or joining the priesthood. They were rather startled to learn that with his gentle disposition that he wished to become a fighter.

His family never understood what went wrong. Pontum was assigned to the military unit and developed his muscles along with his brain. He was fascinated with studying battle tactics, and was not above studying the histories of great warriors of other races to understand and apply different methodologies. His proposal for a new city defenses to the gnomish council was considered so absurd that he was ostracized on the spot.

Though others would have viewed being an outcast as a forced change of lifestyle, Pontum welcomed it as an opportunity to travel the world at large and meet other races whose mind he suspected was more like his own. In travel, Pontum found a freedom and happiness with himself he never realized. Pontum is overjoyed by the vast range of thinking and ideas available to him outside of gnomish society.

For now, being a fighter is as close as Pontum can come to his dream fulfilling his dream . . . being a gnome bard. Pontum has never met a gnome bard, but he is sure that they exist. Eventually with enough travel and adventure (the stuff good stories are



made) he will have memorized enough stories and jokes to become a gnome bard. Pontum just feels that he needs to meet one in order to find out how to become one. In the meantime, he is enjoying himself as much as possible.

Pontum's favorite adventure to recant was when he traveled to the Underdark with a mixed group of dwarves and elves. A elven maiden had been abducted and a dwarven caravan robbed. Of course the two sides suspected each other. It was Pontum who convinced the two sides to cooperate in trying to find the real culprit. A string of clues lead them to the Underdark where they battled for several weeks before rescuing the maiden (just in the nick of time) and recovered the dwarves valuable metal. Following the group's return to the outside world the elves and dwarves went their separate ways leaving Pontum, as usual, looking for new adventures.

Role-playing Notes: Pontum is a case where appearances are deceiving. His exterior seems rough and cruel, but that could be no further from the truth. He is intelligent, bright, and terribly funny. He also has the ability to remember names and conversations years later.

To Pontum life is a series of interesting challenges that offer tremendous satisfaction when overcome. He sees the life of a fighter as a road set with challenges: some mental, some physical. He is truly modest and at times doesn't really understand why his talents are in such demand. Although good with a sword most groups want him around because they enjoy his company so much.

Born a gnome, he may not think like one, but he talks like one. Because they are excitable or need to say an idea before they forget it gnomes sometimes talk in fast, long, run-on sentences.

When encountered Pontum will be returning from an expedition (25%), preparing for a journey (25%), or looking for a new adventure (50%) to undertake.

1st Level Elf Wizard

STRENGTH:	11
INTELLIGENCE:	16
WISDOM:	15
DEXTERITY:	16
CONSTITUTION:	13
CHARISMA:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	8
THAC0:	20
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic Use; +1 to hit w/bows, short & long swords
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90% to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i>
SIZE:	4' 8"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: *Staff of withering, pouch of holding*

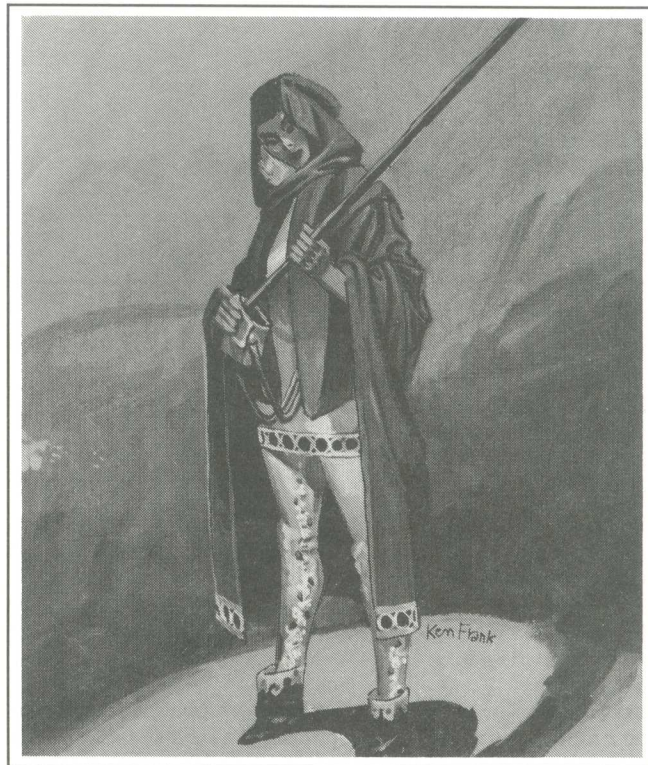
Physical Description: Ooma has a seductive beauty that is rare even among elves. She always wears bright colors, preferring outfits that show off her legs.

Background: From a very early age, Ooma Ptermani found herself unable to comport herself with the dignity and grace befitting an elf maiden. As she grew into her teens, Ooma gained a reputation for outlandish behavior and became something of an embarrassment to her family. Finally, Ooma ran away with a half-elven swordsman named Brucindar who promised to show her the world. Her departure came as something of a relief to several members of her family who were tired of having to extricate her from scandals caused by her zest for living.

True to his word, Brucindar took Ooma on several journeys to far away lands, but she eventually grew tired of his half-elven angst and swaggering manner and set out on her own, taking with her a *pouch of holding* that Brucindar had swindled away from a small town thieves' guild. She quickly learned that it takes more than good looks and an attitude to survive on one's own. After some contemplation, she decided that she was too impetuous and needed to learn some discipline.

However, making up her mind and actually doing something proved to be two completely different things. She enrolled in a minor warlord's military academy hoping to become a legendary female warrior, but after she and the warlord were discovered together by his wife, she had to head for the hills. While on the run, she came across a small chapel devoted to the moon goddess and resolved to put her lascivious past behind her and become a priestess. However, her clerical studies lasted even less time than her military training when she managed to single-handedly bring down the wrath of the moon goddess on the entire chapel. By a stroke of luck, she was already en route to the next county when the entire order was wiped out by a sudden plague of poisonous insects.

While drifting from town to town (and in and out of trouble), she met a handsome mage named Adrios, who offered to teach her the ways of magic. Ooma suspected that Adrios had some ulterior motive, but accepted his offer anyway, thinking that magic might be the stabilizing discipline she was looking for. She proved to be more adept with magic than she had been with warrior or clerical techniques, and she quickly mastered the *charm person* spell under Adrios's careful tutelage.



Before her studies could progress much further, however, the vengeance of the moon goddess finally caught up with Ooma and she fell victim to the deadly sting of a poisonous insect. As she lay near death, Adrios confessed that he had taken her as his pupil because he had fallen in love with her. Using a powerful spell, he took her curse upon himself, saving her life, but losing his own in the process. Ooma was utterly baffled by Adrios's actions, not understanding what could cause someone to sacrifice his own life for another. When she had fully recovered, she took his *staff of withering* as a memento and resumed her wandering life.

Despite her resolve to live a more ordered life, Ooma soon fell back into her promiscuous ways, landing herself in hot water again. Her most recent escapade involved a local mayor and his chief political rival, during which she aged both men by several decades with her staff before fleeing for her life.

Now, Ooma is determined to resume her magical studies and is seeking an adventuring party that could help her to find a new mentor. Of course, if an opportunity for a bawdy adventure happens to come up along the way, she won't complain.

Role-playing Notes: When Ooma is encountered, she will most likely be trying to escape from someone or something she has embarrassed, compromised, or otherwise involved in a scandal. She will be found in a village or town (40%), a large city (30%), or hiding out in the wilderness (30%). If encountered in a settlement, she will either be in a tavern or inn (50%) or in the private residence of a prominent local citizen (50%). Ooma is rather wary of strangers, but will quickly warm up to anyone who flatters her or seems particularly interested in spending time with her. Should she be attacked, her first instinct is to use her *charm person* spell (the only one she has learned) to turn one of her adversaries against his comrades and then escape in the confusion. If that doesn't work, she will try using her *staff of withering* for the same purpose.

Thom "Pug" Puggilly

9380

2nd Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH: 8
INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 16

DEXTERITY: 13
CONSTITUTION: 12
CHARISMA: 6

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 20

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 7
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Staff, pouch of "stuff"

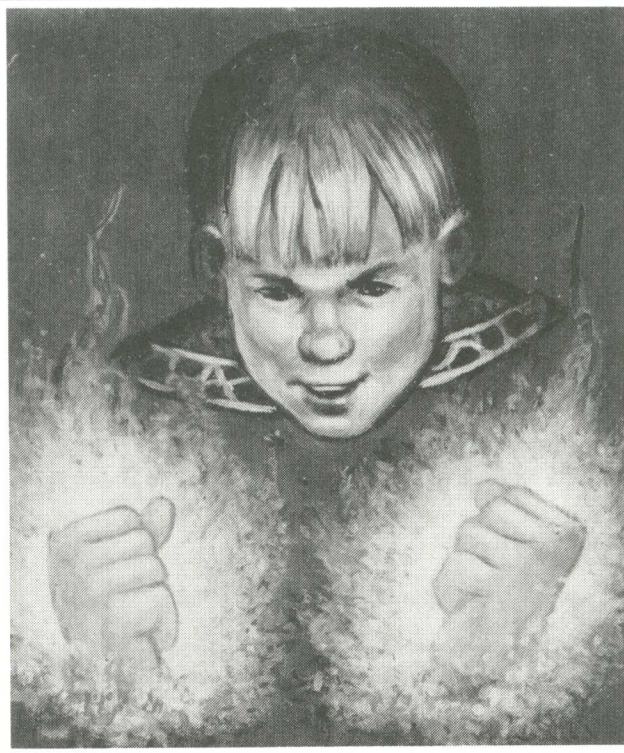
Physical Description: Pug is a young man with short blond hair and a rounded face.

Background: Thom Puggilly's father was a blacksmith. His father's father was a blacksmith. His father's father's father was a blacksmith. Both of his older brothers and his sister are blacksmiths. But from a very early age, it became clear to his entire family that Thom was too weak and sickly to ever take up the family trade. He was also cursed with a rather squat, fat face that caused the other children in his village to give him the rather unkind nickname of "Pug."

Oddly enough, Pug was never bothered by the fact that he did not fit in with the others. He had an insatiable curiosity about the workings of the universe and spent most of his time examining plants flowers, surreptitiously watching small animals in the forest and taking things apart to see how they worked. He took to carrying a small pouch with him wherever he went and, whenever he found something that attracted his curiosity, he would put it in the pouch for later examination.

One day, a group of veteran adventurers came through the village returning from an epic quest that had lasted many months. The party's wizard, a wise sage named Chernov, noticed the young Pug drawing diagrams of the movement of the moon and stars and immediately knew that the boy had great potential to become a wizard. Chernov asked Thom's father to allow the boy to be apprenticed to him. The blacksmith was delighted to pass off the responsibility and expense for what he considered a useless child and agreed. Before Thom really knew what was happening, he was on his way to foreign parts with Chernov, destined to become the mage's apprentice.

At first, Thom eagerly absorbed everything Chernov taught him. He learned to read and write, quickly grasping the fundamentals of mathematics and various sciences, and eventually began the difficult task of spell casting. When Chernov thought he was ready, he sent Thom off on a minor adventure with a group of young adventurers. They were to investigate reports of orc infiltration in a nearby dwarf colony and report back to the authorities. The mission turned out to be a complete disaster when the entire party fell victim to an ambush that Thom unwittingly led them straight into. By a miraculous stroke of fortune, Thom was struck on the head and knocked unconscious and left for dead as his companions were slain all around him.



He was found by a group of dwarf women who nursed him back to health and helped him to return to his mentor. By the time he gave his report on the orc infiltration, the local militia had already routed the orcs out and sent them fleeing into the mountains.

Since then, Thom has been involved in several other missions, inevitably getting himself and his comrades into dangerous scrapes through lack of planning and/or careful thought. However, his phenomenal luck has also continued, allowing him to always return relatively unscathed. In order to be better prepared for the unexpected, he has immersed himself in the study of cantrips (which are quicker and easier to learn than dreary old full-fledged spells), which he often uses in off-beat ways.

Recently, one of Thom's fellow adventurers learned about his childhood nickname, much to his chagrin. They usually don't use it unless he screws up and lands them in trouble, which is pretty frequently. Also, he has developed something of a following among the young dwarf women in the area, who have decided he is better looking than most young dwarf men.

Role-playing Notes: When Pug is encountered, he will be studying in Chernov's dwelling (40%), embarked on a mission with some other young adventurers (35%), or visiting his lady friends at the local dwarf colony (25%). Pug is rather naive when it comes to meeting strangers, and will respond in kind to just about anyone who approaches him in a friendly manner. Chernov continues to send Pug out on missions, hoping the young mage will learn some discipline by having to act under fire. If a group of PCs requests Chernov's assistance for an adventure, the older mage will probably offer them Pug's services, which are usually more of a hindrance than a help. Should Pug be attacked, he will fight back by casting one or more cantrips in an attempt to disorient his opponents and make his getaway.

1st Level Wood Elf Wizard

STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	13
DEXTERITY:	12
CONSTITUTION:	9
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	10
THACO:	20
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	4
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use; +1 to hit w/bows, short & long swords
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90% to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i>
SIZE:	5' 2"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Only the clothes on his back!

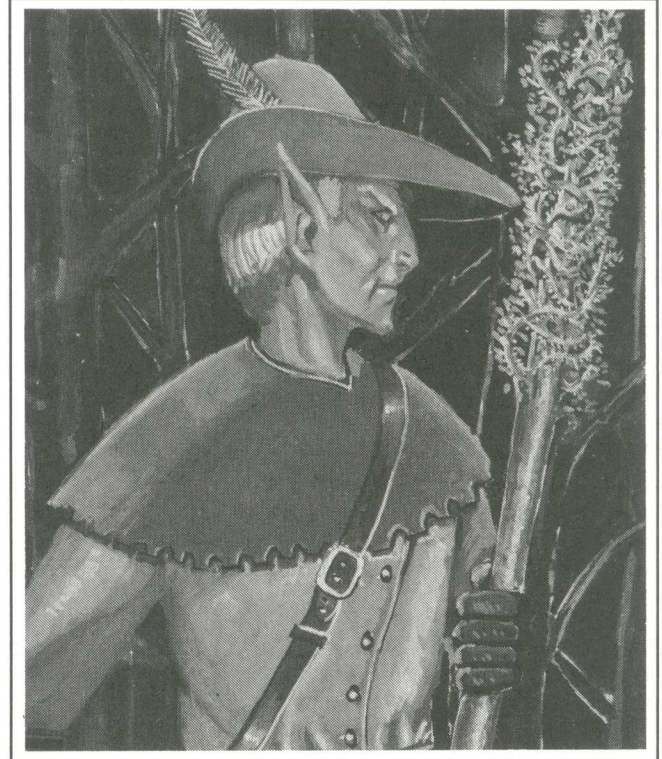
Physical Description: He is tall, sturdy, and lithe, with neatly cut hair and piercing eyes. Rhymer does not dress like a typical apprentice wizard, having had many decades to develop his personal habits before taking up magic. He wears the traditional garb of the wood elves in green and brown.

Background: Rhymer may be the oldest apprentice wizard in history, having begun his study of magic at the ripe old age of 600. Five centuries ago, he was the second son of the wealthy king of the wood elves, Randu the Elder. Rhymer was named because of his gift of rhyme, which manifested itself as soon as he was old enough to speak. The gift allowed him to effortlessly invent songs and poetry of great beauty to the delight of all who heard him.

But Rhymer was discontent with his life in the woods and begged his father's permission to depart from the kingdom and visit other parts of the world. Randu refused, and in a fit of rage, Rhymer slipped out of his father's palace in the dead of night and fled. He eventually made his way to the sea coast, where he became a sailor on a merchant vessel. Some years later, he became the captain of his own ship, the *Elven Breeze*.

The ocean held no solace for Rhymer's restless soul, however, so he gave up his ship and all his belongings and became a wanderer, using his gift to support himself but never staying long in one place. Eventually, he entered a land inhabited by halflings, and there he met a halfling woman who also possessed the gift of rhyme. The two fell in love and were married, and the song they sang together at their wedding ceremony is said to have moved even the gods.

As the years passed, however, Rhymer's wife grew old while he retained his elvish youth and vigor. After she died of old age, Rhymer could no longer bear to live among the halflings and he decided to return to his woodland home. After a journey of several years, he arrived in the forest that had once been Randu's kingdom. But Rhymer found no trace of his people. He scoured the land for some clue to their fate or whereabouts, but no one



he talked to had heard of any elves living there for over a century. In despair, Rhymer composed a great ode of lament for his missing kinsfolk and swore to never use his gift again until he was reunited with them.

During the search for his missing people, Rhymer lodged for a few years at a school for wizards located some twenty leagues from the borders of his ancient homeland. While there, he began to learn the rudiments of magic, becoming particularly fascinated with cantrips. In magic, Rhymer found both a niche for himself and a way to express his creativity without breaking his vow. His tutors encouraged him to press on with his magical studies, but he preferred to continue learning new cantrips and minor magics rather than becoming a full-fledged magician.

Rhymer is still seeking for some news of the lost wood elves, but has been searching for nearly five decades with no success. In the meantime, he has occasionally joined adventuring parties in hopes that he might finally find some clue that will help him solve the mystery of his people's disappearance.

Role-playing Notes: When Rhymer is encountered, he will be seeking for news of the wood elves. He will be found in a woodland setting (70%), in open plains (20%), or in a town (10%). Rhymer is very experienced with the ways of the world, and it is very hard to deceive him. He has no tolerance for evil-aligned characters, although he will put up with neutral alignments if there is any possibility that it will help him find his people. Should he be attacked, he will use his magic to defend himself (in addition to a wide variety of cantrips, he is well-versed in the use of *magic missile*, *shield*, and *shocking grasp* spells).

4th Level Human Conjurer

STRENGTH: 8
INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 10

DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 15
CHARISMA: 10

ARMOR CLASS: 5
THACO: 19

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 10
ALIGNMENT: Neutral evil

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Wand of conjuration, ring of warmth, ring of protection +5

Physical Description: Riallus possesses a medium build and height, as well as long unkempt brown hair and deep brown eyes. Her face always shows a contemptuous smile or a sneer of disdain. She dresses in lavish clothing with an overcoat of expensive fur.

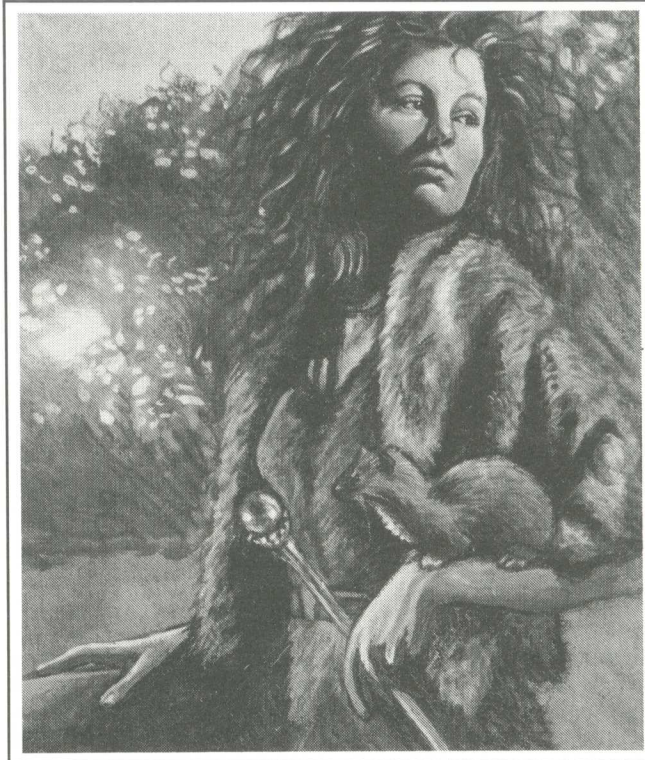
Background: Unlike many of the adventurers in this part of the world, Riallus has suffered no great tragedies in her life, has no great quest to accomplish that dominates her life, nor does she have a great destiny to meet. She is not even motivated by simple greed or lust. She is simply a wanderer who delights in causing her fellow beings to humiliate themselves.

Riallus was the only child of extremely wealthy parents who spoiled her rotten. She always had everything she ever wanted and more, and never received more than token punishment for any misdeeds. Riallus had no respect for her parents or society as a whole, and by the time she reached her early twenties, she had become a true sociopath. As a last-ditch effort, her parents sent Riallus to a renowned school of magic (known mostly for the fact that it would accept anyone who could pay the exorbitant tuition), hoping that she would learn some dignity along with magic.

Less than a week after she arrived at the school, she disregarded a direct order from the headmaster and attempted a *summon familiar* spell that she tore from a page of the headmaster's spell book. This resulted in the appearance of a ferret that she named Erok, which immediately became her constant companion. When this episode became known, the headmaster was infuriated and intended to expel Riallus immediately. However, Riallus's parents doubled the amount they had paid for her tuition and she was allowed to remain at the school.

Since she had shown some skill in summoning her familiar, the headmaster decided that Riallus should be trained in the art of conjuring to the exclusion of other magical disciplines. He hoped to minimize Riallus's contact with other students, so her bad attitude would not rub off on them and disrupt the school any more than it already had. His plan failed. Riallus became an able conjurer, but used her spells to trick her fellows, often landing them in degrading situations. Erok often aided Riallus during these escapades.

Riallus remained at the school for just over two years, spending equal amounts of time studying conjuring and pulling confidence games and pranks on faculty members and fellow



students. Finally, she caused a rather slimy toad with a weak gastrointestinal system to materialize on the headmaster's head during a lecture, which resulted in her being kicked out once and for all.

Riallus left the school but refused to return home to her parents. Instead, she and Erok set out to find a life of adventure and excitement, free from her parents and teachers' influence. Since then, they have wandered from place to place, using their unique combination of skills and abilities to commit a series of daring crimes and outlandish con games. On only one occasion has one of her plots backfired on her. This was when when she tried to cheat the famous Electrum Wizard, Joachim, out of his silver and gold robes. As a result of this misadventure, Riallus and Erok were given a task to perform for the mage, which involves recovering an evil magical sword that had fallen into the hands of group of apprentice paladins. She is currently seeking news of this group, and hoping to find a group of suckers, that is, brave adventurers, to help her complete this mission.

To her never-ending delight, Riallus has garnered a notorious reputation as tales of her exploits have been retold and exaggerated (often by Riallus herself). To date, she has had a number of close encounters with the law, but has never been captured.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Riallus will be on the run from the authorities, who are pursuing her in order to recover a *ring of protection* that she recently tricked away from an oafish nobleman. She will be found in an urban setting (55%), on the plains (10%) or heading for the hills (35%). Riallus dislikes all alignments, although she is capable of disguising her distaste for people long enough to best determine how to humiliate them. She particularly loathes lawful good characters, whom she views as phony goody-two-shoes. Should she be attacked, Erok will defend her by leaping into her opponent's face, biting and clawing long enough for her to conjure something to keep her opponents distracted while the two make their escape.

5th-Level Dwarf Berserker

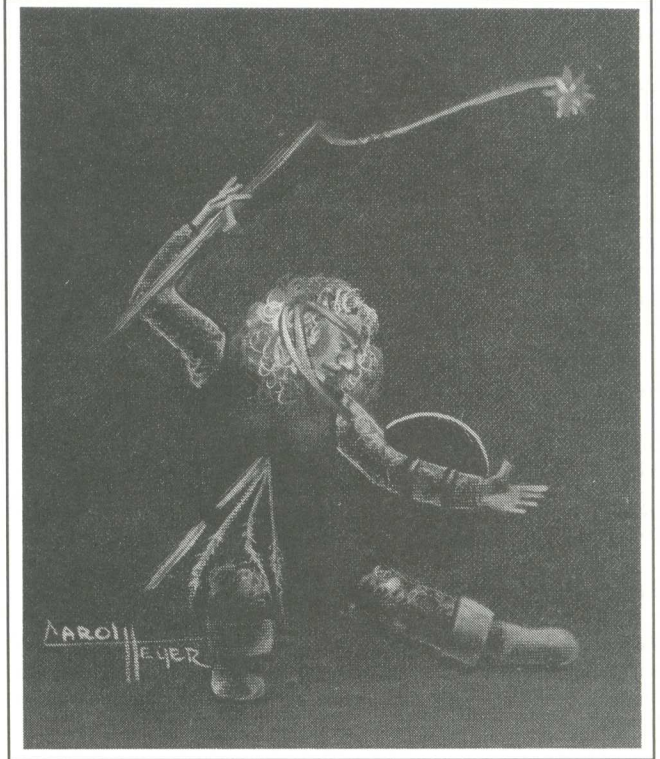
STRENGTH:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	10
WISDOM:	11
DEXTERITY:	15
CONSTITUTION:	15
CHARISMA:	14
ARMOR CLASS:	9
THAC0:	16
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT POINTS:	45
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+1 to hit/+3 damage when Berserk; +1 to hit orcs, etc.
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	+5 hp/immune to KO when Berserk; -4 to be hit by L humanoid
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	special immunities when Berserk (see pp. 19-22 of <i>The Complete Fighter's Handbook</i>)
SIZE:	4' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Footman's flail, scourge, *boots of the north*, *ring of warmth*

Physical Description: Istha gives very little thought to her appearance since she has little time for such superficial things. She is average height for the dwarven race, but larger and stronger than most females of the species. She has tangled hair that she keeps in place with a makeshift headband, and flat grey eyes that reveal a hint of madness to anyone who gazes into them. Her clothing is practical with no frills or decorations.

Background: Among the dwarves, a twin birth is considered an omen of ill fortune, and if the twins happen to be of different genders, they are treated as harbingers of doom. Until recent times, however, there had not been such a pair of twins among the dwarves in centuries. Thus, the Rockhead clan was amazed and dismayed when one of their women gave birth to a baby girl, followed minutes later by a boy. The girl was named Istha and the boy was named Klor. Fearing for the safety of their tribe, the dwarven elders ordered that the infants be put to death, but none of the Rockheads would take the life of a child, so the twins were placed in caskets and set adrift in a mountain stream. The children's mother was distraught at this cruel fate for her babies and secretly placed one of the tribe's magical possessions into each of the caskets before they were sent away. Istha's casket contained a *ring of warmth*, and Klor's a pair of *boots of the north*.

The result of the tribe's action was that the infants became the sole survivors of the Rockhead clan. Mere days after the children were sent away to die, an avalanche in the mountains destroyed the clan's caves, killing everyone inside. Meanwhile, the babies traveled downstream until they passed into human lands, where they were found by a tribe of barbarians. The barbarians raised the infants, and it was not until they were approaching their teens that their adoptive parents realized the two youngsters were not humans, but dwarves. As a male, Klor was trained in the use of weapons and in the arts of hunting and killing. Although Istha was just as strong and rugged as her brother, she was forced to accept a more submissive role in the society which grated on her pride and caused her to develop a fierce jealousy of her brother.



Hoping to prove herself the equal of her brother, Istha began to train herself in the use of weapons in secret. She became adept in the use of several weapons, but preferred the flail for its devastating crushing power. Finally, her secret was found out, and to her dismay, the reaction of the men in the tribe was one of humor and amusement. Klor felt sorry for his sister and tried to reason with her, but his pity sent her into a fury of rage. She went berserk and attacked Klor, severely injuring him and killing several of the other tribesmen. She then fled into the hills.

The barbarians mounted a pursuit, but Istha avoided them by doubling back to the encampment. There, believing that Klor was dead, she stole her brother's *boots of the north* from his tent before leaving the barbarians forever. Unbeknownst to Istha, however, Klor was still alive, and the barbarians were able to nurse him back to health. When Klor learned that Istha had escaped, he resolved to find Istha and help her.

Meanwhile, Istha had sunk into a deep despair. She blamed herself for the murder of her brother and cursed the darkness in her soul that had led her to this evil act. She became cold, hard, and utterly unforgiving of any shortcoming she perceived in herself or others. When she reached civilized lands, Istha decided that all beings were flawed and embarked on a vicious punitive crusades, scourging anyone whom she perceives as imperfect.

To date, Istha remains unaware that Klor is still alive and searching for her, hoping to help her stop her self-destructive rampages.

Role-playing Notes: When Istha is encountered, she will warily examine any strangers for flaws, anticipating punishing them for their evil nature. She will be found in a subarctic mountainous or hilly setting (50%), a plains setting (25%), or in a village or town (25%). Istha is unfriendly to all alignments and will go berserk if she perceives any shortcomings in the character of those she encounters. Should she be attacked, she will go berserk as soon as possible, killing until none of her foes remain or until she is forced to flee.

4th Level Elf Warrior

STRENGTH: 15
INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 11

DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 15
CHARISMA: 12

ARMOR CLASS: 4
THAC0: 17

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 72
ALIGNMENT: Lawful neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: +1 to hit w/bows, short & long swords

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 90% to *sleep* and *charm*

SIZE: 4' 8"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: *Elven chain mail shirt*

Physical Description: Delynn is tall, strong, and carries herself with an air of quiet dignity. She has long, dark hair that falls to her waist. Her eyes are bright blues. She usually wears a simple tunic over her coat of elven chain mail.

Background: Delynn was born in the kingdom of Randu the Elder, even as his realm was being overrun by an army of humans from a clan called the MacGuiness. Delynn's father was killed while defending the king and her mother was slain as she tried to escape into the hills. One of the soldiers in the squad who had killed the fleeing elf woman took pity on the newborn child, brought her home and raised her as his own child. Like all of the other MacGuiness children, Delynn was trained in the use of weapons and armor, and due to her inherent elvish abilities, she soon became a doughty fighter in her own right.

Soon after her twentieth birthday, Delynn was involved in an altercation with four headstrong MacGuiness youths, all of whom she easily subdued. In their humiliation, the defeated toughs cursed her for an alien intruder, accusing her of base treachery against their clan. Delynn was perplexed by these accusations and confronted her foster father with her doubts. She had always sensed that she was somehow different from her human peers, and now she learned who she really was and where she had come from. Delynn left the land of the MacGuiness in tears, and set out to find her true people.

She found the land where Randu had once been king, but already the forest was beginning to erase all signs that the elves had ever dwelt there. Delynn feared that she was the last of her race, but a magician named Joachim told her that he knew where the wood elves had gone. In return for this information, Joachim demanded a promise from Delynn that she would answer his summons and perform a task for him if he ever needed her talents. Delynn hesitated, but finally agreed to the magician's terms.

Following his directions, Delynn traveled northwest for nearly two years, until she came to the eaves of a great forest called the Darkwood. There she found the remnants of her parent's people living under the rule of Ryndoth, the eldest son of Ran-



du. She was welcomed with open arms, but after the wonder of finding others of her kind began to wear off, Delynn realized that she did not belong with the elves any more than she had belonged with humans. There was a realm of peace and her skills were better suited for war.

Delynn was beginning to consider leaving the elves to seek her fortune in the wide world when she had a dream in which Joachim appeared to her, clad in robes of shimmering silver and gold, demanding that she fulfill her promise and come to him. When she awoke, she knew that the summons of the dream was real, and she informed Ryndoth of her intention to depart. Ryndoth sensed that Delynn's destiny was not with his people, but gave her a shimmering shirt of elven mail as a token that she would always be welcome there.

The elf maid returned to the southern lands, where she joined a group of adventurers who had been assembled by Joachim to prevent an invasion of the world by a horde of extradimensional creatures. When this adventure had been successfully concluded, Delynn set out on her own, hoping to find fame and fortune as a mercenary.

Role-playing Notes: When Delynn is encountered, she will be between battles looking for someone to whom she can sell her sword. She will be found in a town or village (25%), a forest (15%), or a large city (65%). Delynn has a tolerance for most alignments, although she only joins armies of defense. As an orphan of war, she has a strong aversion to participating in campaigns of conquest or pillage. Should she be attacked, Delynn will defend herself until she has little chance of victory, whereupon she will attempt a strategic withdrawal, living to fight another day.

4th Level Half-Elf Conjurer

STRENGTH: 9
INTELLIGENCE: 15
WISDOM: 14

DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 15
CHARISMA: 14

ARMOR CLASS: 1
THAC0: 19

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 12
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30% to sleep and charm

SIZE: 5' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Dagger, floor-length kilt, bracers of defense AC 2, amulet of proof against detection and location

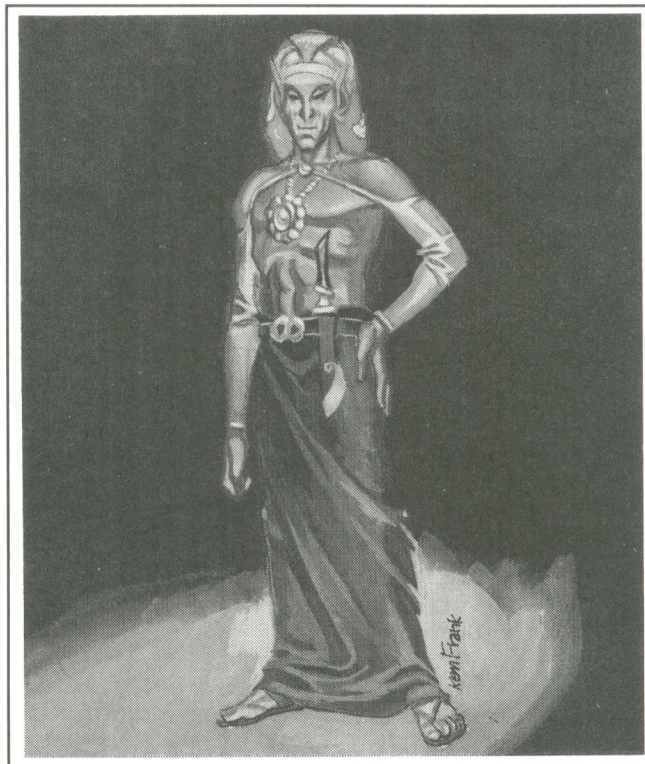
Physical Description: Triestar is slim but well-built for his size. His hair is shoulder length at the back, but his hairline has begun to recede from his forehead, a fact he tries to hide by wearing a headband. His bluish-green eyes reveal the dual nature of his half-elven parentage. Triestar wears a tight-fitting shirt and floor-length kilt.

Background: When Fruinen Silvarost's wife died at the hands of a marauding band of orcs, he asked the king of the elves to allow him to become the ambassador to a neighboring human kingdom. He hoped to secure an alliance that would allow both nations to better protect themselves from such sorties by evil forces in the future. The king, seeing that Fruinen's heart was breaking while he stayed in the elvish kingdom, granted his request.

After several months of intense negotiations, the elves and humans managed to set aside their differences and allied themselves against the forces of evil. A prime mover in the success of these negotiations was a beautiful human noblewoman named Selene. Fruinen quickly grew to admire her intelligence and quick wisdom, and before he realized it, he had fallen in love with her. He was amazed by the strength of his emotions, having convinced himself that no one could ever take his elvish wife's place. When he discussed his feelings with Selene, she made him see that she was not replacing his wife, but opening up a new place in his heart. Fruinen and Selene's subsequent marriage became symbolic of the alliance between their people.

Two years after they were married, Selene gave birth to a son, who was given the elvish name Triestar. During his infancy and childhood, Selene would sometimes entertain Triestar with minor conjuration tricks that she had learned during her youth. The boy was fascinated by these tricks, and soon learned how to perform some of them himself. When Triestar showed his new skills to the court magician, that mage indulged the young man's desires and tutored him in the discipline of true conjuration. After several years of practice, Triestar began to show signs of becoming a powerful conjurer in his own right.

Triestar grew tall and strong like his father, but also possessed his mother's intelligence and compassion. The human and the



elvish kingdoms were both safe and protected from outside threats. Unknown to the Triestar or his parents, however, there was evil at work within the alliance. A pair of petty nobles of the human kingdom named Kringe and Hiero were jealous of the influence that the elvish ambassador held in their king's court, and resolved to destroy the alliance. In order to do so, they knew, they had to destroy the Silvarost family.

One fateful night a year ago, Fruinen's wine was poisoned by an agent working on behalf of the two nobles. The spy had not reckoned on the strength of Fruinen's elven constitution, however, and the poison merely sent the nobleman into a deep sleep. To salvage the situation, the assassin disguised himself as Fruinen and stabbed Selene to death in full view of several witnesses, then planted the murder weapon on Fruinen's body. Fruinen was arrested for the crime and thrown in prison. All other elvish ambassadors and their families were ordered to leave the kingdom at once.

Triestar did not believe that his father was guilty, but could not prove his innocence. Defying the exile, he returned to the human kingdom with some magical heirlooms from his father's home in the elvish country, determined to uncover the evidence that will lead to his father's exoneration and the punishment of the real killers.

Role-playing Notes: When Triestar is encountered, he will be seeking evidence of what really happened on the night his mother was murdered. He will be found in the vicinity of the castle (40%), hiding out in the countryside (35%) or in the elvish kingdom (25%). Triestar is willing to talk to anyone who can help him prove his father's innocence, although he will be wary of anyone of evil alignment. Should he be attacked, he will use his magic to attempt to escape, since he knows that his death would certainly mean that Fruinen will never be freed.

10th level Gnome Illusionist

STRENGTH: 9
INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 13

DEXTERITY: 17
CONSTITUTION: 9
CHARISMA: 11

ARMOR CLASS: 7
THAC0: 17

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 27
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic Use; +1 to hit kobolds, goblins

SPECIAL DEFENSES: -4 to be hit by L humanoids
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 3' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: *Rod of beguiling, amulet vs. undead (8th-level), ring of human influence*

Physical Description: In her human disguise, Ellayni presents the appearance of a tall, auburn-haired wizardess with mysterious violet eyes. In reality, she is a shorter and somewhat less exotic version of her "alter ego."

Background: Many years ago, the people of a small human kingdom rose up against the oppression of their ruler, Jodav the Tyrant, forcing him to flee with only a few members of his household. Together with his retainers, Jodav made his way to a far-off land where they built a new settlement and began to build a new life for themselves. Ironically, once free of the burden of rule, Jodav repented of his evil ways and became a much better farmer than he had been a sovereign.

A few years after his forced relocation, Jodav's wife gave birth to a baby girl, who he named Natari. Natari quickly grew into an inquisitive little girl who frequently drove her family into a panic by wandering off into the hills by herself. On one of these unauthorized trips, Natari met a person who, oddly enough, was no taller than she but seemed to be a grown up nevertheless. The stranger was Ellayni Silverdelve, the leader of a nearby tribe of gnomes. The two became fast friends, but Ellayni made Natari promise not to reveal the presence of the little people to her elders.

For a few months, Natari was the only human who knew about the gnomes, but then disaster struck. One of the gnomes accidentally became entangled in a fox trap that one of Jodav's followers had set. Before he could escape, he was captured and brought back to the human settlement. Seeing one of her little friends in her father's clutches, Natari ran to find Ellayni. When she heard the news, Ellayni knew she had to take drastic action—and fast. Using her powerful illusion spells and several magical items that were her tribe's most carefully guarded pos-



sessions, Ellayni managed to convince the superstitious Jodav that the gnomes were under the protection of a powerful human wizardess. Her ploy was successful, and her fellow gnome was released none the worse for his harrowing experience.

The rescue caused a whole new can of worms to be opened for Ellayni, as the humans began actively seeking out the gnomes, hoping to curry favor with the heretofore unknown wizardess. To keep the humans away from her people, Ellayni has occasionally resumed her wizardess guise in an effort to keep Jodav's attention away from the gnomes. Only Natari knows that the mysterious female mage is Ellayni in disguise.

Role-playing Notes: When Ellayni is encountered, she will be in the hills near her tribe's underground homes (95%), or in the human settlement (5%). There is a 90% chance that she will be in her human wizardess disguise when encountered, unless the PCs are accompanied by a gnome. When in human form, Ellayni calls herself Sheilara the Magnificent and puts on a great show of indifference to any inquiries. If her secret is known to the PCs, she will be suspicious of them until they can somehow prove their good will. She is particularly wary of humans, who she considers large, clumsy and generally stupid. She will not join any adventuring party unless there is a direct threat to her people that needs to be prevented. Should she be attacked, she will bring the full force of her illusions to bear against the aggressors.

9th Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH: 11
INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 10

DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 13
CHARISMA: 9

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 18

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 24
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 10"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

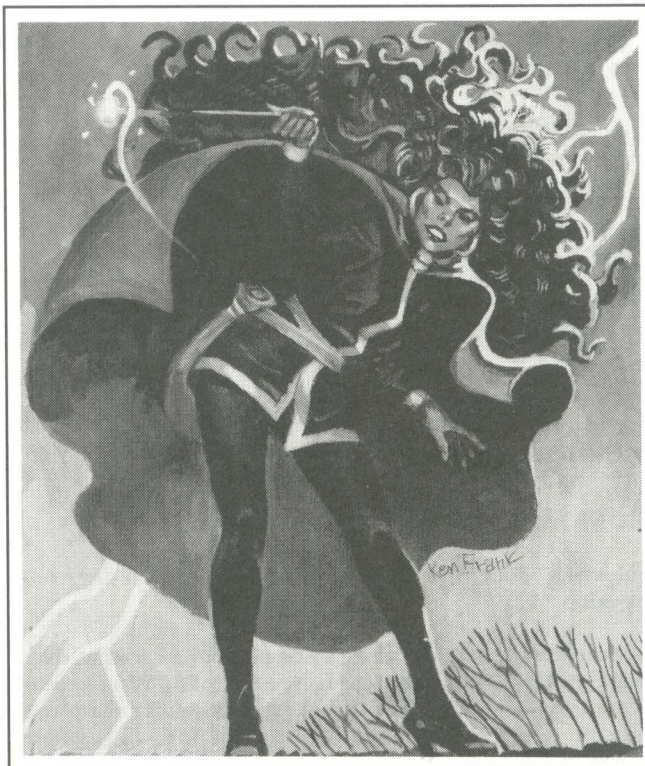
Equipment: *Rod of beguiling*

Physical Description: Stalounge is an average height for human woman and has a somewhat slim build. She has huge volumes of cascading hair that sometimes seems to form a diaphanous cloud around her head.

Background: Stalounge was born in a small town and married Gunther, a local innkeeper, at an early age. She was very happy in her life and was looking forward to rearing children and having a blissful, uneventful life. However, this was not to be.

One day, a company of traveling entertainers passed through town and stopped for the night at Gunther's inn. Stalounge was visiting her parents at the time, but when she heard about the large group who had arrived at the inn, she hurried home to help her husband take care of the new arrivals. When she arrived at the inn, however, she was shocked to find Gunther in the arms of a winsome half-elven acrobat. Her heart broken by her husband's shocking infidelity, Stalounge left town a few weeks later, having secured a job as a cook with a merchant caravan that was journeying to a distant land.

Among the caravan's guards was a female magician named Regia, who sensed Stalounge's discontent and struck up a friendship with her. Stalounge grew to greatly admire Regia's independence and magical ability and finally persuaded the wizardess to teach her the ways of magic. Stalounge proved to be an apt pupil, and by the time the caravan reached its destination, she was well on her way to becoming a full-fledged wizardess. The two women traveled together for several years, and during one of their adventures, Stalounge came into possession of a *rod of beguiling*. She had never quite forgiven her



husband's actions, and began to actively begin seeking out unfaithful spouses so that she could use the rod's powers to force them to mend their ways. She was always very careful to give precisely worded instructions to her subjects, ordering them to be faithful to their woman.

Recently, Stalounge's convictions were deeply shaken when she used her rod on a man to make him remain faithful to a woman who was herself faithless. When the man learned of his wife's lascivious behavior, he killed himself out of grief. Regia was quick to place the blame for the man's death on Stalounge, which led to a heated argument that ended with the two friends going their separate ways.

Role-playing Notes: When Stalounge is encountered, she will be between adventures, looking for an adventure that can help her get her mind off her recent mistake. She will be found in the plains (35%), the hills (25%), a small town (25%) or a large city (15%). Stalounge is generally more friendly toward female characters than males, who she trusts only as far as she can throw them. Should she be attacked, she will use her spells to defend herself and has no compunction against using her rod to make her enemies change their minds about attacking her.

19th Level Human Wizard

STRENGTH: 9
INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 13

DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 8
CHARISMA: 12

ARMOR CLASS: 5
THACO: 14

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 29
ALIGNMENT: Neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 0"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

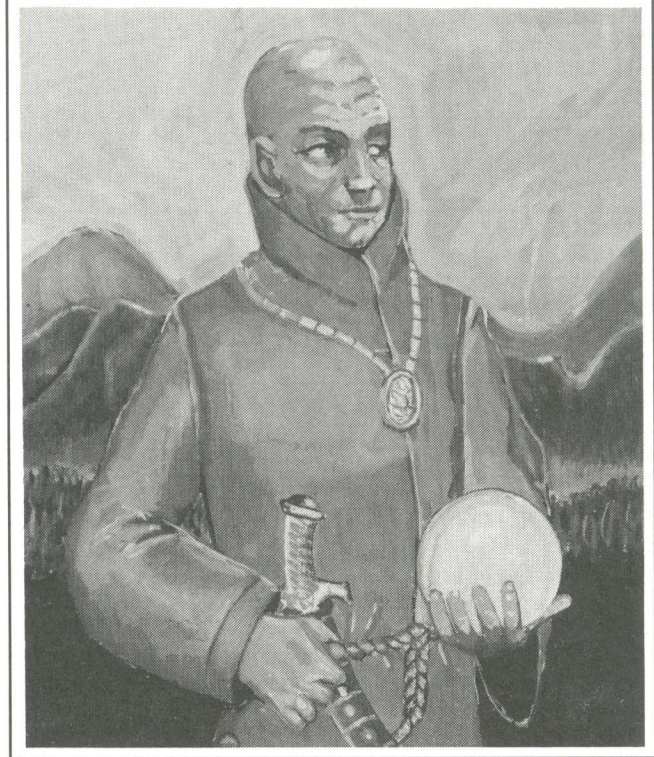
Equipment: *Robe of protection +5, crystal ball, dagger of throwing +4*

Physical Description: Ari Stauffan is tall and somewhat overweight, but this, along with his baldness, lends him an appearance of confidence and intellectual superiority. His sharp eyes make him seem to have the ability to see through all falsehood to discern the truth. Stauffan favors conservative clothes, although he does indulge himself by wearing a valuable, non-magical, amulet on formal occasions.

Background: Ari Stauffan became a wizard's apprentice at the tender age of two, and had surpassed his teachers by the time he turned ten. When he was fifteen, he made the acquaintance of another prodigy, a young magician known as Joachim the Electrum Wizard. The two became good friends and rivals, each trying to outmatch the other in the creation of spectacular new spells.

Stauffan's greatest ambition was to emulate the gods and create true life. He spent many long weeks in his workshop, mixing materials and uttering incantations attempting to do so. At last, he was successful and brought forth a small globular creature that was distinctly unremarkable, but undoubtedly alive. In the moment of Stauffan's triumph, however, a brazier fell over and set the workshop on fire. Panicked by the sudden blaze, Stauffan was unable to concentrate on casting any spells to protect himself or the blob creature. The new life form burned to death in the blaze, and the noxious fumes emanating from its body caused all of Ari's hair to fall out.

He might have perished, but was saved by Joachim, who happened to be coming to visit his friend. Seeing the smoke from the blaze, the Electrum Wizard rushed to Stauffan's rescue and cast a *gust of wind* spell to blow out the fire. He found Ari hunched



over the scorched remains of the blob creature, weeping. Devastated by the loss of his creature (and his hair), Stauffan blamed Joachim for the accident and accused him of starting the fire deliberately. Joachim tried to comfort Stauffan, but he would not be consoled. Forever after, Ari held a grudge against his former friend and strove to thwart his actions.

After his burst of passion in the wake of the disaster, Stauffan became a cold, emotionless man with no pity for anyone or anything. He lives by a philosophy of utter neutrality, refusing to take sides in any conflict. For this reason, he is frequently called upon to arbitrate disputes between rival magicians, despite his reputation for ruthlessness.

Role-playing Notes: In order to encounter Ari Stauffan, a group of PCs will have to overcome a number of obstacles, both magical and mundane—this wizard does *not* like to be disturbed. He will be found in his mystical tower home 95% of the time, as he only leaves on rare occasions. Stauffan is unfriendly to characters of all alignments, and will be downright hostile to anyone who even mentions the name of Joachim, his hated rival. His definition of neutrality means minding his own business, and it will take extreme measures to get him to change his mind. Should he be attacked, he will respond by unleashing his most lethal spells.

5th Level Human Psychoporter

STRENGTH: 11
INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 17

DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 12
CHARISMA: 11

ARMOR CLASS: 7
THAC0: 18

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 20
ALIGNMENT: Neutral Good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY: 72 PSPs; Discipline: psychoporation; Defense Modes: thought shield, tower of iron will, intellect fortress

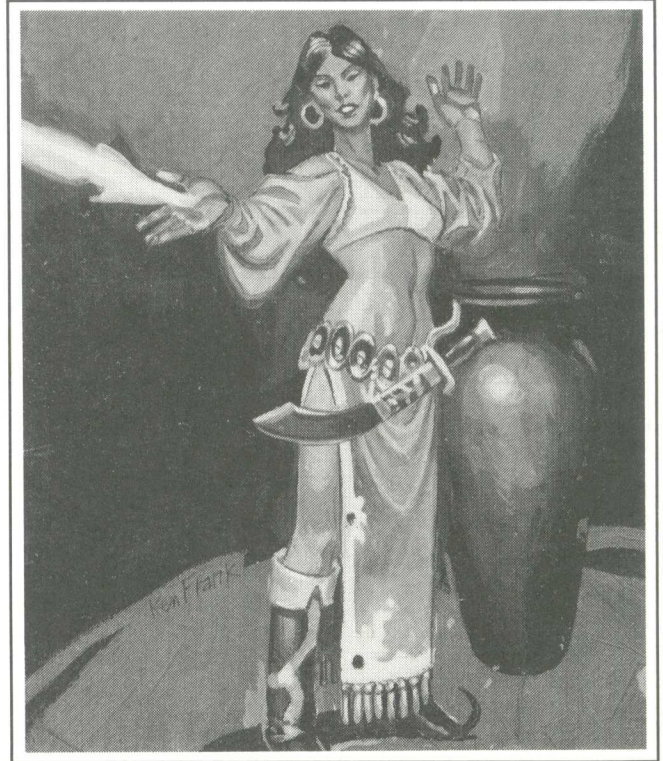
Equipment: Spiked leather armor (not shown), scimitar

Physical Description: Stelectra has a well-proportioned, athletic body that she loves to show off. In fact, she usually eschews using her leather armor, preferring to wear revealing outfits that distract her opponents and provide a much better defense than any armor.

Background: As soon as she was born, Stelectra's parents knew that she was different, because she always slept all through the night. When she had grown a bit older, she began to exhibit a peculiar belief that her waking life was actually a dream and that her dreams were reality. At first, her family simply disregarded Stelectra's peculiar behavior, but were forced to take notice when she disappeared from her bed one night, only to reappear in a forest many miles outside of town the following morning. More episodes of dream travel followed until one night she disappeared and never returned to her home.

She spent months in the realm of dreams, exploring its nooks and crannies, investigating regions that are best left alone by mere mortals. After a particularly harrowing brush with a thought eater, Stelectra returned to reality and found herself in a corner of the world far-removed from her birthplace. Stelectra soon fell in with a gang of brigands who taught her the use of weapons and she became particularly adept with the scimitar.

Scant months after she joined their band, the leader of the brigands tried to take advantage of her, but had not reckoned



with Stelectra's mental powers. She shifted herself a few moments into the future and impaled him before he knew what had happened. The other brigands were not pleased by the death of their leader, and Stelectra was forced to beat a hasty retreat.

Stelectra still enters the dream realm occasionally, using her dream travel power to save herself the trouble of actually walking or riding to a destination. However, her reckless nature frequently gets the better of her, and she wanders off into dream realms far removed from those of normal beings. She is ostensibly trying to make her way back home to her parents, but enjoys her life on the road so much that she is easily sidetracked.

Role-playing Notes: When encountered, Stelectra will be journeying in the general direction of her homeland. She will be found in virtually any terrestrial setting (75%), or exploring the realm of dreams (25%). Stelectra is friendly and out-going to any neutral or good alignments, and can easily be convinced to join in an adventure. Should she be attacked, she will use her ability to shift forward in time to gain an advantage over her opponents.

8th Level Dwarf Psionicist

STRENGTH: 12
INTELLIGENCE: 16
WISDOM: 16

DEXTERITY: 10
CONSTITUTION: 15
CHARISMA: 8

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 17

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 31
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: +1 to hit orcs, etc.
SPECIAL DEFENSES: -4 to be hit by L humanoids
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 3' 10"
PSIONIC ABILITY: 100 PSPs; Disciplines: clairsentience, psychokinesis, telepathy; Defense Modes: mind blank, thought shield, mental barrier, intellect fortress

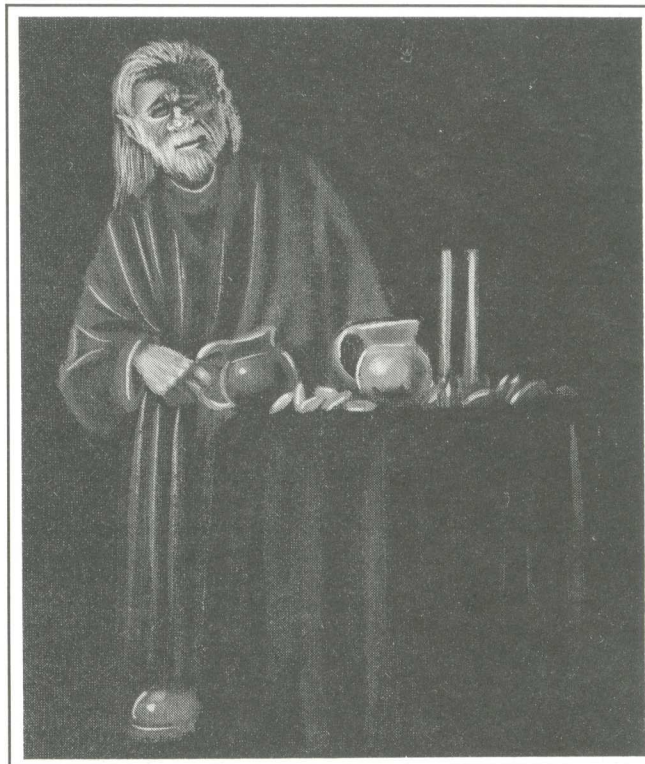
Equipment: Short Sword

Physical Description: Stonewright is a mature dwarf with grey hair and beard. He is usually dressed in an unadorned purple robe.

Background: Fracas Stonewright has forsworn the use of his given name until his people rescind his banishment and allow him to return to their mountain home. Until that time, he merely refers to himself by the name of his clan: the Stonewrights. Fracas was forced to leave by the elders of the clan when his latent psionic powers first began to manifest themselves. The young dwarf believed that his special abilities could greatly benefit his people, but he was never given the opportunity to prove himself. There had never been any record of a dwarf of the Stonewrights possessing this sort of ability before, and the elders believed that it was an omen of doom. They stripped Fracas of his name and ordered him to leave and never return.

Armed only with a short sword and his mental powers, Stonewright left the mountains to seek his fortune. His odyssey almost ended just short months after his banishment when he was attacked by a troop of goblins and left for dead. The dwarf was nursed back to health by a strange human in long robes that sometimes seemed to shimmer with silver and other times glinted like gold. When Stonewright had fully recovered, the stranger revealed that his name was Joachim, sometimes known as the Spectrum Wizard, and that he required repayment for saving the dwarf psionicist's life. On the mysterious mage's orders, Stonewright traveled to the kingdom of wood elves ruled by Ryndoth where he exposed one of the king's counselors who had been inhabited by a vagabond. Once the creature's deception was known, it moved its consciousness into a nearby hawk and escaped.

The elf king was extremely grateful to Stonewright for his timely intervention and invited the psionicist to stay as long as he liked, the first time a dwarf had ever been so honored. Stone-



wright was flattered, and temporarily accepted the king's hospitality. After a few months, however, several suspicious elven lords began to wonder if Stonewright's powers were themselves evidence that he was also possessed by a vagabond. Certainly none of them had ever heard of a dwarf psionicist before. Ryndoth made several attempts to publicly display his faith in the dwarf, but this had little effect. Finally, Stonewright decided that he simply did not wish to be hounded by the elves because of his gifts, and left Ryndoth's kingdom. He made his way south to the lands of men, where he earned a living changing plain metal items into gold.

His talent brought him more trouble, however, as a local warlord named Marcus the Doughty decided that Stonewright could make him the wealthiest man in the world. The dwarf was captured and temporarily enslaved by Marcus, but used his powers to escape and take revenge upon his captor.

Stonewright continues to wander the land, searching for a place where he can belong and where his mental talents can be put to good purpose without being exploited by the greedy or stupid.

Role-playing Notes: When Stonewright is encountered, he will be journeying towards the mountains, where he has heard that there has been renewed fighting with the orcs. He will be found in a hilly setting (50%), in a forest (15%) or in the mountains (35%). Stonewright is friendly towards good alignments, but is very secretive about his psionic powers, for fear of exploitation. Should he be attacked, his first reaction will be to try to fight his way out of the situation with his short sword. If his life appears threatened, however, he will bring his psionic powers to bear.

11th-Level Dwarf "Box-man" Rogue

STRENGTH:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	13
WISDOM:	14
DEXTERITY:	18
CONSTITUTION:	14
CHARISMA:	10
ARMOR CLASS:	6
THACO:	15
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT POINTS:	43
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+1 to hit orcs, etc.; ×4 damage when backstabbing
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	-4 to be hit by L humanoids
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	4' 1"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Thieving Abilities: PP 45, OL 95, F/RT 75, MS 30, HS 25, DN 30, CW 55, RL 20

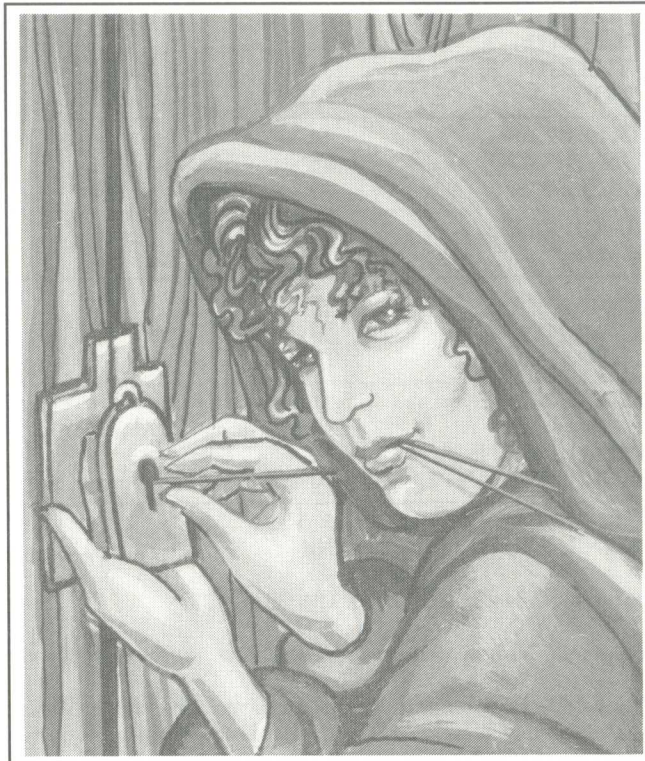
Equipment: Thieves' tools, *chime of opening*, *bag of holding*

Physical Description: Darwell Tectite is just over four feet tall, with a slim, wiry build. She has long, nimble fingers, curly hair (which she sometimes has trouble keeping out of her eyes), and an irrepressible knowing smile on her face. In keeping with her profession, she almost always wears black.

Background: Darwell is the daughter of Skiri and Drend Tectite, a well-off dwarf merchant and his wife. Her parents made a comfortable living selling dwarven smithwork in human marketplaces, frequently in exchange for goods that the dwarves of their mountain home were unable to provide for themselves. When Darwell was seven years old, she was allowed to accompany them on a trade mission to a sprawling human metropolis. Although the trip was fairly mundane as far as Skiri and Drend were concerned, it seemed a grand adventure to Darwell.

When they reached the city, they learned of a rumor that said Skiri had brought a large amount of gold and jewels with him, although most of his wagon was filled with iron pots, sterling flagons, and other mundane items. He did his best to dispel these rumors, but his protestations only served to spread the rumor further. News of his alleged wealth eventually reached the ears of an unscrupulous group of bandits who were operating in the city without the permission of the local thieves' guildmaster. Late one night, this renegade band attacked the Tectites' encampment, slew Skiri and Drend, and destroyed their inventory in their frustrated attempts to uncover the reputed riches. Just when it appeared that the bandits would kill Darwell in their frustration, she was saved by the timely intervention of the legitimate thieves' guild, who routed the bandits and sent them fleeing from the city.

Not knowing what to do with the small dwarf girl, the thieves brought her before the guildmaster, a wiry middle-aged human woman named Sirna Blackhand. Blackhand felt possibly responsible for Darwell becoming an orphan, since she had not acted against the renegades sooner. After some argument with her underlings, Blackhand decided that Darwell would be adopted by the guild and raised to be a thief.



As Darwell grew older, it became clear that she possessed a latent skill for thieving that none of the humans could match. Perhaps due to her dwarven background, she had a particular knack for picking locks which, under Sirna's careful tutelage, became an almost supernatural ability to open anything. She quickly moved up in the ranks of the guild, despite the fact that she refused to stoop to common thievery. Remembering how her parents fell victim to thieves without conscience, she made it a policy only to steal from the rich, and never accepted a job that would leave the victim destitute.

Sirna Blackhand recently passed away, and on her deathbed, made it known that she wished Darwell to be her replacement. While some of the guild members were in favor of this succession, Darwell's very vocal (and potentially dangerous) opponents managed to have one of their own number installed as a puppet guild master. Darwell is currently trying to find outside assistance to provide her with the muscle she needs to make a coup attempt and take her rightful place. In the meantime, she continues to practice her trade with her usual skill.

Role-playing Notes: When Darwell is encountered, she will be between lock picking assignments. She can be found almost anywhere in the city, although she favors the marketplace (10%) and the thieves' quarters (35%). If a group wants to hire her, they must go through the new guild master, who will charge an exorbitantly high price for Darwell's services. Darwell has the right of refusal on all assignments, and will not accept any job for evil alignments. Should she be attacked, Darwell will attempt to escape, but will report her attackers to the appropriate members of the guild, who will make sure that her opponents are punished.

3rd Level Elf Bard

STRENGTH: 6
INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 6

DEXTERITY: 14
CONSTITUTION: 16
CHARISMA: 16

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 20

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 10
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use; +1 to hit w/bows, short & long swords

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 90% to sleep and charms

SIZE: 5' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Thieving Skills: PP 35, DN 30, CW 55, RL 25

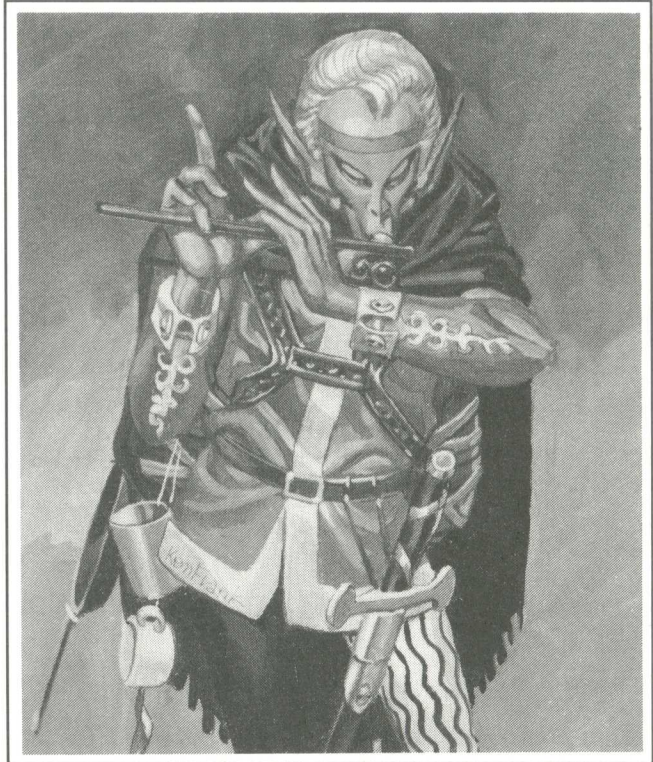
Equipment: Long sword, *pipes of sounding*, *pipes of the sewer*

Physical Description: It is hard for a casual observer to get an accurate idea of Teryss's bulk as the bard is always clad in outrageous, gaudy clothing and loaded down with superficial equipment and musical instruments.

Background: It is unclear where Teryss gained the honorific "the Resourceful," although the leading theory is that he invented it himself as part of his on-going crusade to promote himself. Teryss loves city life and has never lived further than a few miles from his place of birth. In fact, he has never even traveled anywhere more than a week's journey away. Nevertheless, he has somehow managed to put together a feeble career as a bard (an occupational choice he made after one of his friends mentioned that "bards get all the girls" one night over a tankard of ale).

He's not really one of those known-throughout-the-land, people-flock-to-hear-him-perform, praised-by-monarchs-all-around-the-world bards, but he would love to be one, and he waits for a "big break" that will make him famous. Working and practicing to develop his talent (it has yet to be seen if he actually has any) has not occurred to Teryss. Instead, he has taken a shortcut by using magical pipes that he bought from an old sailor, who claimed that he had received them from a mermaid.

In the hands of a true master, the *pipes of sounding* can be used to create a variety of lifelike sounds or sweet, lyrical music. The cacophony that Teryss creates, however, can hardly be defined as music: it tends to sound like a weretiger in heat, a string of firecracker cantrips being detonated, chalk being scraped along a sheet of slate, a neo-otyugh with a racking cough, the keening wail of a lovesick cockatrice, and a flatulent dragon, all at the same time. Needless to say, Teryss's music is an acquired taste that only a few citizens (mostly members of the city's baser neighborhoods) find enjoyable. His persistence is admirable: The number of establishments that Teryss has *not* been kicked out of yet can be counted on one hand.



With his musical career going so poorly, it is understandable that Teryss has been forced to find a day job that suits his talents. The same old sailor that unloaded the *pipes of sounding* on Teryss also managed to get an unreasonable amount of money from the young bard in exchange for *pipes of the sewers*. This deal turned out a bit better for Teryss, who has been making his living by luring rats and other vermin into traps with his music (proving once and for all that rats have considerably less taste than humans). Teryss sometimes has to use his pipes to pay back innkeepers and tavern owners for damage caused by the riots that break out during his performances.

For all that his music is causing him to become a social pariah, Teryss is motivated by a desire to entertain at heart, and it is probably just a matter of time before he learns how to play for real. In the meantime, he keeps trying to find somewhere to perform, preferably in a location where he hasn't been beaten up.

Role-playing Notes: When Teryss is encountered, he will either be playing his pipes or being assaulted by angry music lovers. At night, he will be found face down in the street (30%), half submerged in a horse trough (30%), or playing music in a tavern (40%), accompanied by shouts of derision and cries of agony. Teryss is gushingly friendly to any good or neutral aligned person, and has even been known to buy a drink for an evil character who promised him something to advance his career. Should he be attacked (that is, if he plays in public), Teryss will quickly be pummeled into unconsciousness. He makes a point of not playing anywhere that does not have a few local militia men nearby to come to his rescue should his "fans" turn on him.

10th Level Gnome Clairsentient

STRENGTH:	13
INTELLIGENCE:	17
WISDOM:	15
DEXTERITY:	12
CONSTITUTION:	14
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	10
THACO:	16
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT POINTS:	37
ALIGNMENT:	True neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+1 to hit kobolds and goblins
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	-4 to be hit by L humanoids
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	3' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	112 PSPs; Discipline: clairsentience; Defense Modes: all

Equipment: *Dagger +3, dagger of throwing*

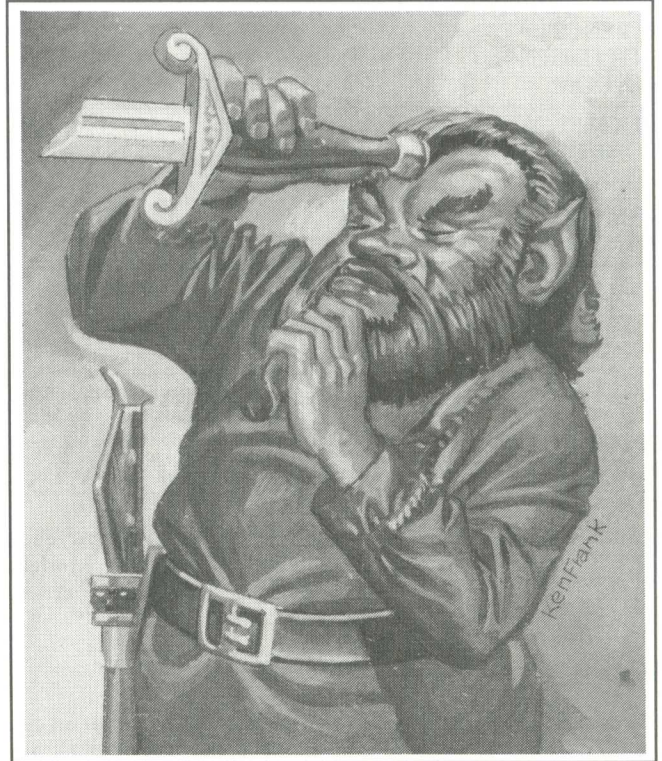
Physical Description: Theopolis is about average in height for a gnome, but his portly bulk, long black hair, and impeccably groomed beard often make others mistake him for a very short dwarf, much to his chagrin. Most of Theopolis's clothes are simply gnomish attire, but since moving to the city, he has purchased a few more striking outfits, which he wears on special occasions.

Background: Theopolis is a gnome who grew up in an isolated tribe, blissfully unaware of the forces of chaos at work in the world. He became aware of his psionic potential at an early age, but never saw any particular reason to develop it. He was happy, his tribe was happy, and it seemed that nothing could ever change. But of course, it did.

A group of human refugees, led by the onetime monarch Jodav, set up residence near the gnomes' underground home. The leader of the tribe, Ellayni Silverdelve, decided that the gnomes should keep their presence a secret from the humans, and ordered the gnomes to go into hiding. This mandate did not sit well with Theopolis, who wanted to meet the humans and interact with them. Seeing his discontent, Ellayni gave Theopolis a pair of magic knives to protect himself, and allowed him to seek his fortune, forbidding him only from contacting or revealing her people's presence to Jodav and his followers.

Out in the wide world, Theopolis quickly learned how to use his psionic senses to survive, becoming especially adept at tracking animals, people, even inanimate objects by their mental traces. Eventually, he stumbled upon civilization where he found a ready market for his extraordinary talents. His new profession as expert tracker frequently brought him into contact with the seedier side of life and he had to learn how to set aside revulsion and disgust when he was called upon to locate corpses, skeletons, and other low-lives.

One of his most frequent customers is the Electrum Wizard, Joachim, who first hired Theopolis to help him find a *ring of djinni summoning* that had fallen into the hands of a fanatic religious cult. Theopolis succeeded in recovering the ring where four other psionics had failed, and has been Joachim's "clairsentient of choice" ever since. Theopolis, for his part, prefers to work for people like Joachim, who do not claim to be ridding the world of evil (or plotting to conquer it), but instead are working to maintain a balance between good and evil.



Theopolis recently helped the local militia to track down a tasloi that had somehow made its way into the city and was terrorizing the citizens by periodically ambushing nocturnal pedestrians and carrying them off to an unknown lair. By reading objects that had once belonged to the tasloi's victims, he was able to reconstruct the route they had each walked the night they disappeared, and thus found the spot where they had been abducted. From there, it was simply a matter of using his clairsentient sense of smell to trace the tasloi to its lair, where the militia was able to destroy it. Astounded by his cleverness, the local militiamen have begun to call the gnome Theopolis the Resourceful, Theopolis the Cunning, and his personal favorite, Theopolis the Thoughtful.

Theopolis is currently embroiled in his most baffling case: the disappearance of the city mayor's oldest son and heir. The only clue the apparent abductors left behind was the broken hilt of a sword which has defied all of Theopolis's efforts to take a reading. The kidnappers have made no demands for ransom, nor have they made any contact with the mayor whatsoever. His Honor is confident that Theopolis will be able to find his son, but without assistance, the gnome may find himself unable to rescue the lost boy.

Role-playing Notes: When Theopolis is encountered, he will be looking for someone who can help him find the mayor's son. He will be found in the city (55%), the surrounding countryside (35%), or in the hills near his tribe's home (10%). He has very little patience for lawful good or chaotic evil alignments, feeling that such extremes are narrow-minded and unrealistic; he prefers to deal with characters of neutral alignments. Should he be attacked, Theopolis will try to escape rather than stand and fight. He will defend himself with his daggers if he has to, but he has not survived this long by frequently engaging in physical combat.

6th Level Elf Psychokineticist

STRENGTH: 8
INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 15

DEXTERITY: 9
CONSTITUTION: 12
CHARISMA: 10

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THACO: 18

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 19
ALIGNMENT: Neutral good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: +1 to hit w/bows, short & long swords

SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 90% to *sleep* and *charms*

SIZE: 4' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY: 70 PSPs, Discipline: psychokinesis; Defense Modes: thought shield, mental barrier, tower of iron will

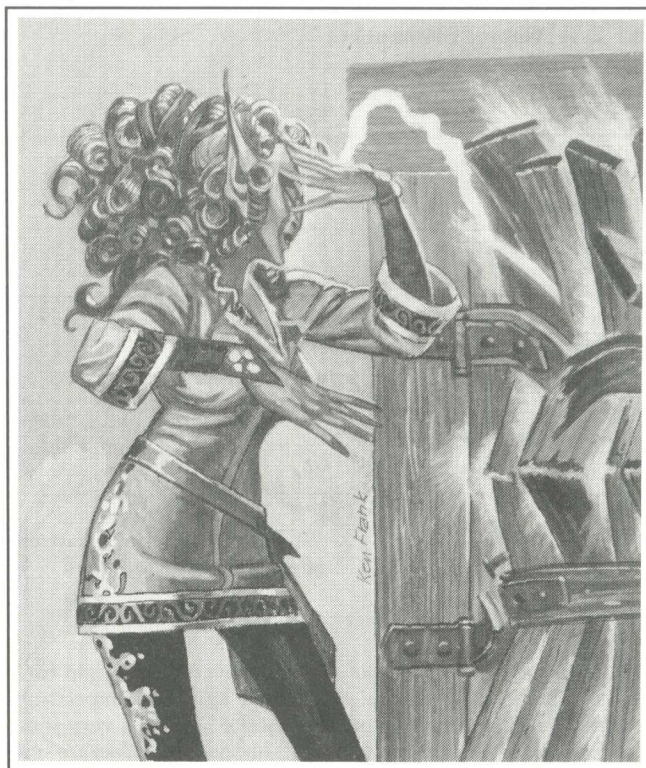
Equipment: Short sword, *dagger of venom*

Physical Description: Thevila is extremely slim, even for an elf. She has long, curly hair and exotic eyes. Her clothes are trimmed with ornate patterns and fancy designs, but she takes care not to wear any clothing that will restrict her movement.

Background: Far away, nestled in between two mighty mountains, there lies a secret community of elves, known only as the Vale. The residents of the Vale were like all other elves, except that they possessed psionic powers of varying degrees. They believed that these abilities were given to them by the gods to test them, and they responded by swearing never to use their mental powers to harm others. Thus, when a company of human slavers stumbled upon the secret pass that led to the Vale, the elves put up no resistance. The adults were all slain, and the children taken to be sold as slaves. Among those children was an elfen girl named Thevila.

When she reached the age of ten, Thevila discovered she possessed the latent telekinetic powers of her people when she inadvertently caused a dish to fly off of a shelf. She managed to keep her abilities a secret for nearly two years, but was found out when a cook found her mopping the kitchen floor without touching the mop. Thevila was brought to a local magician to be examined, but he was unable to detect any signs of magic in the girl. Shortly thereafter, a local priest declared that her powers were a sign that she was accursed, and her owner decided to sell her immediately.

However, news of her "curse" had spread and no one was willing to buy her. Thevila might have been put to death, if not for the intervention of a visiting bard named Sivle, who offered to take her in exchange for a song. The elf maiden's master agreed, and Thevila became Sivle's property. The bard seemed to have a strange understanding of the young girl's abilities, and once she had grown to trust her new master, Sivle revealed that he too possessed psionic powers. She fully expected him to forbid her from developing her powers to prevent her from becoming



ing a threat to him, but to her astonishment, he actually helped her to master them.

They traveled together for nearly ten years, during which time Thevila's powers grew exponentially. She eventually surpassed Sivle as a psychokineticist, although she was never able to fully duplicate his telepathic and clairsentient powers. Their relationship was more like a father and daughter's than a master and slave's, still Thevila never forgot that she had been forcibly taken from her people. Sivle could read the sadness in her heart and granted her freedom.

It had been so long since she had been truly free that Thevila was unsure what to do with herself. After wandering aimlessly for a short period, she decided to seek out any other surviving elves of the Vale. She was assisted in her quest by the mysterious Electrum Wizard, Joachim, who required Thevila to undertake a dangerous mission in the catacombs of an ancient castle in exchange for information that would lead her to the whereabouts of her kinsmen. It is Thevila's hope to one day lead her people back to the Vale and resume their lives of peaceful coexistence. First, though, she has to find them.

Role-playing Notes: When Thevila is encountered, she will be en route to a port city that is rumored to be in the midst of a slave uprising. The information she received from Joachim hints that the leader of the rebellion may be from the Vale. Thevila will be found in a forest setting (40%), in open plains (35%), or in a town or village (15%). She is friendly to any good or neutral alignment, and violently opposed to any evil aligned characters who practice or condone slavery. Should she be attacked, she will fight back using her telekinetic powers to take control of her enemies' weapons, turning them against their owners.

17th Level Human Shaman

STRENGTH:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	12
WISDOM:	17
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	6
CHARISMA:	15
ARMOR CLASS:	10
THACO:	10
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	67
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 7"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Only the skins on his back.

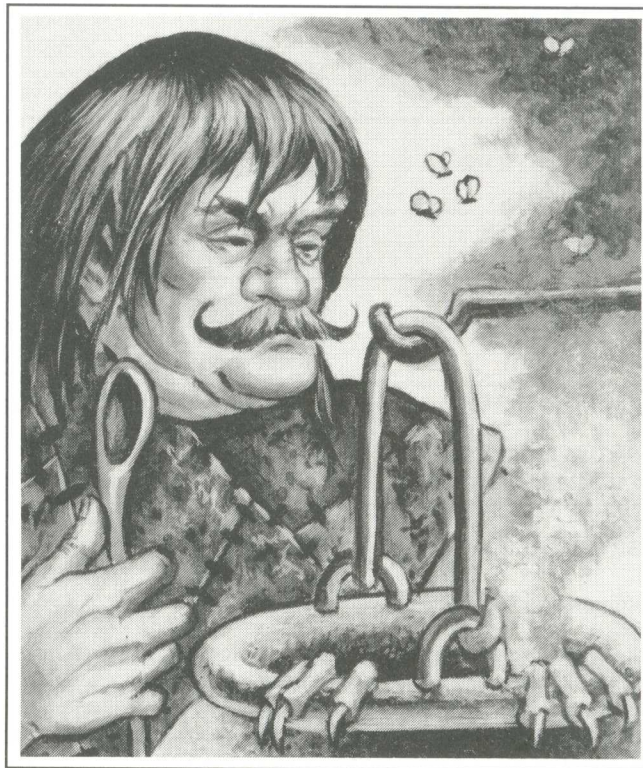
Physical Description: Thicctoh is the very picture of a hermit, with long, unkempt brown hair and untanned skins on his back. He shows little interest about his surroundings.

Background: Eons ago, when the world itself was young and the lands were not as they are now, the universe was ruled by a pantheon of powerful gods. Chief among these were Fliar, lord of light and king of the sky; Rataana, lady of darkness and queen of the underworld; and Yennia, keeper of balance and ruler of the earth. For untold millennia, the forces of Fliar and Rataana were locked in a battle for supremacy: only the strength of Yennia, who sided with neither but upon whose realm the battles were fought, prevented the universe from being flooded with light or drowned in darkness.

Among the lesser gods was a son of Yennia named Thicctoh, a demi-god of immense power and strength, who delighted in exploring the far reaches of creation. He roamed far and wide, sometimes battling the forces of Rataana, other times engaging the hosts of Fliar. Thus it was that when the final battle of the gods was joined, Thicctoh was away from his parent's side, wandering in realms unknown to mortal men. After an eternity of fighting, Fliar and Rataana had joined forces to eliminate Yennia in the mistaken belief that this would enable them to settle their dispute free from interference. Yennia was unable to withstand their combined assault and fell. As soon as the divine mediator perished, the armies of light and darkness attacked one another, and the entire pantheon was destroyed in the cosmic conflagration that followed.

Thicctoh had felt the force of the conflict from his far-off location and rushed back to the world in haste, but he arrived only in time to witness the final duel between Fliar and Rataana, who slew each other over the body of Yennia. Thicctoh went mad with grief and a blackness fell over his mind. For untold centuries he lay in a swoon, unseen by mortals or gods. In that time, a new race of gods were born. They recreated the universe to suit themselves, knowing nought of their divine predecessors.

Some years ago, Thicctoh awoke, clad in the form of a mortal human with no memory of his past or his divine origins. He



found himself in a bleak wilderness and took up a hermetic lifestyle, living alone in a cave with only an animal skin on his back and a crude drum to call his own. It was not long before he was found by a group of adventurers who called him Riccih, which meant "conga player" in their language. The adventurers were not sure what to make of Riccih, who spoke no language that any of them could understand. They tried to persuade him to come with them to civilization, but he steadfastly refused. Subconsciously, he knew that he was the last remnant of a lost era and that he is destined to live out his life alone. The group finally decided to leave him be, and Riccih Thicctoh has remained in the wilderness ever since.

Role-playing Notes: When Thicctoh is encountered, he will still be doing his usual hermit thing. He is always found in a wilderness setting (100%), eschewing any attempts to lure him to civilization. There is no way that Thicctoh can be persuaded to join an adventuring party, but he harbors no ill-will toward any character of any alignment and will grant the meager hospitality of his encampment to anyone who will accept it. Riccih's shamanistic abilities are derived from the spark of divinity that remains in him. Due to his peculiar origins, Thicctoh speaks a language utterly unlike any language of the present-day world: even a *comprehend languages* spell is useless when attempting to comprehend his gibberish. Should he be attacked, Thicctoh will react like the hermit he appears to be (screaming in terror, fleeing, biting and clawing, etc.), but the DM should be aware that mere mortals will be unable to seriously harm him, due to the vestiges of his former divinity that remain. Circumstances will see to it that Thicctoh is saved.

1st Level Halfling Monk	
STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	15
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	7
CHARISMA:	6
ARMOR CLASS:	10
THACO:	20
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT POINTS:	4
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+1 to hit with sling & thrown weapons
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	3' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Hair shirt, prayer beads

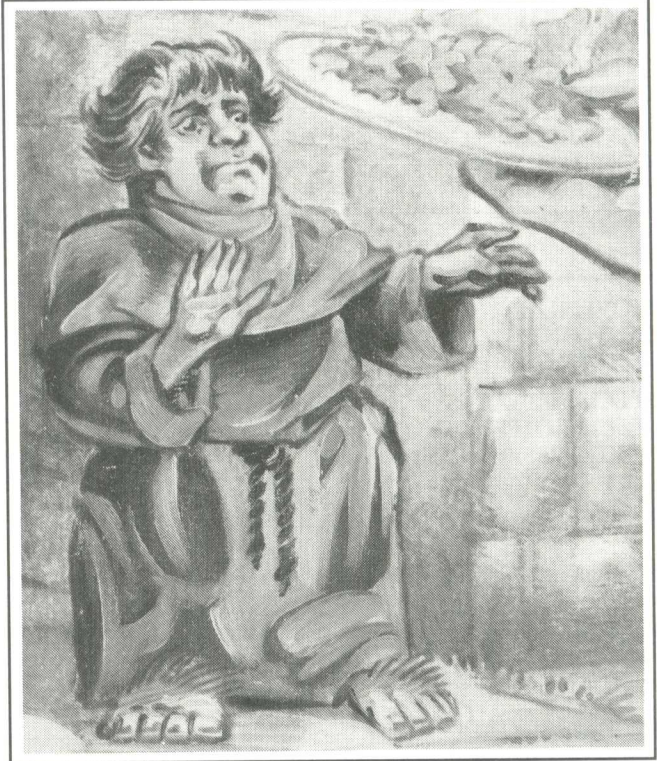
Physical Description: Zod looks somewhat out of place in his monastic vestments as he has not been a monk long enough for his new lifestyle of abstinence to take its toll on his plumpness. In fact, except for his monk's clothing, he looks much the same as any other brown-haired, brown-eyed halfling.

Background: For most of his existence, Zod Thistlethyme has led a very average, nondescript, halfling life. The fourth child in a family of eight, Zod was often overlooked by his parents and other relatives, which allowed him to roam all over the countryside near his home, getting into mischief and generally having a wonderful time without falling prey to parental discipline very often. His best friend was a halfling youth a little less than a year older than himself named Peter Riverbanks, who had an amazing talent for concocting imaginary adventures for the two boys to embark upon. Windmills became giants to be conquered, hillocks became mountains that hid treasures of gold, rows of cornstalks became armies of goblins, and Zod and Peter became valiant warriors that defeated evil in all its forms.

Eventually the pair grew older, and Zod put away their childhood games in exchange for more sedentary pursuits, such as mushrooms, tobacco, and fine clothing. Peter, on the other hand, showed no signs of settling down, and in fact, seemed to be more determined to seek out real adventures, much to Zod's dismay. One night, Peter suddenly appeared outside Zod's window and told his friend that he was leaving to seek his fortune, possibly never to return. He wanted Zod to come with him, but Zod would have no part of it and, in his turn, tried to convince Peter to set aside such foolish notions. But Zod's arguments were to no avail, and the following day, the entire community was buzzing over Peter's mysterious disappearance. Only Zod knew what had really happened.

Several years passed, and Zod heard nothing about his friend's fate. He settled into a humdrum lifestyle and was content, although he sometimes wondered what would have become of him if he had gone off with Peter. He took a job as apprentice to a local tinsmith and to all appearances it seemed that adventure had passed him by for good. Appearance, however, can be deceptive.

One day, a stranger arrived on Zod's doorstep that would change his life forever. The mysterious visitor was human, an emissary from a monastery in a distant kingdom. He told Zod



that he had come at Peter Riverbanks' request, that his friend had been grievously injured by the undead minion of an evil lich and wanted to see Zod again before the end. Zod's face blanched at the thought of undertaking such an arduous journey, but could not deny his friend's dying request.

Zod traveled to the monastery with the monk, where he found Peter lying on his deathbed. Zod stayed by Peter's side during his friend's final hours, listening to his tales of far-off places and telling him the mundane news of their homeland. Peter's dying words held no regret, no blame, and somehow thus rekindled the adventurous spark that had been lying dormant in Zod's heart for so long. Zod decided that he would go out and seek adventure like Peter had, but he knew that he was unprepared for such a life. He talked to the head of the monastery, who agreed to allow Zod to join their order to better prepare him for the life he had chosen. At this point in time, Zod is still very much a novice, but is determined to make an adventurer of himself. Privately, he plans to one day seek out the lich that was responsible for his friend's death, but so far, he has not confided with anyone regarding this plan.

Role-playing Notes: When Zod is encountered, he will be in the midst of a period of self-denial, having given up the three things that he loves most for a period of a year (in his case: mushrooms, tobacco, and comfortable clothes). He will be found in the monastery (75%) or in the woods nearby (20%). He is far too inexperienced to join any even remotely hazardous expedition, and even if he were inclined to, the head monk would probably forbid him to leave. The only exception is any party that may be on the trail of the lich who caused Peter's death. Zod will try to join such a group and, if denied, might even go so far as to follow them secretly, hoping to exact his revenge. Zod is very much Lawful Good and has little time for anyone who is chaotic, neutral, and/or evil in alignment. Should he be attacked, he will attempt to summon help from his fellow monks as soon as possible.

3rd Level Half-Elf Wizard

STRENGTH: 12
INTELLIGENCE: 14
WISDOM: 12

DEXTERITY: 12
CONSTITUTION: 13
CHARISMA: 15

ARMOR CLASS: 10
THAC0: 20

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 8
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30% to sleep and charm

SIZE: 5' 3"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

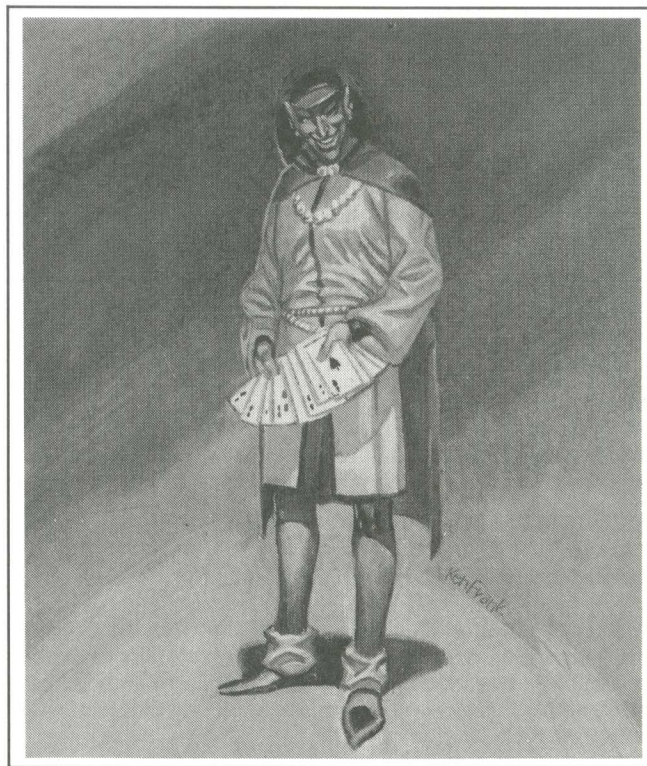
Equipment: *Deck of illusions*

Physical Description: Finne Tuain is of nondescript height and build, with blond hair. He wears very plain clothing with minimal ornamentation. His most memorable feature is his disconcerting, capricious smile, which he flashes whenever he perceives a new victim for his pranks.

Background: Half-elves have become more common in the world in recent years and they usually fall into one of two categories: Those who embrace their elvish heritage, comporting themselves with dignity and grace, and those who choose to follow the path of humanity, struggling to find their place in society. Finne Tuain falls into neither of these categories, having rejected both his human and his elvish heritage. At an early age, he acquired a habit of pulling extremely nasty pranks, which always left their victims humiliated, and sometimes even resulted in injuries.

Finne maintains to this day that he ran away from home, but the truth of the matter is that he was kicked out when a particularly cruel practical joke resulted in his brother being partially blinded. Finne survived on the streets for a short time, then joined up with a gang of river pirates led by a surly half-orc named Dan'l Buin. These pirates were a bloodthirsty lot, but even they were surprised at this young half-elf's callous disregard for others, even those he claimed were his friends. Finne was forced to leave the pirates in a hurry after he incurred their wrath by putting a rot grub into Buin's pants.

Evading the pirates, Finne fled through the woods where he found a ramshackle old hut. The hut's only occupant was an old man in gray robes, who was lying on a cot clutching what appeared to be a deck of cards. Finne cautiously entered the hut, whereupon the old man gave a long sigh and passed away. As he did, one of the cards fell from his hands. Suddenly, a menacing ogre appeared from out of nowhere. Finne cowered in terror, but as the monster lunged, its hands passed right through the young half-elf's body. Finne realized that the ogre was only an illusion that must have come from the card. Heartlessly, Finne took the cards from the old man's dead hands, then proceeded



to search the hut for valuables. In a hidden compartment under the floorboards, he found a spell book which confirmed his growing suspicion that the old man must have been a wizard.

Finne realized that magic could be a great way to pull bigger pranks than he ever had before, and embarked on a course of self-taught magic using the old man's book as a guide. He has also experimented with the *deck of illusion*, coming up with several devious ways of utilizing the cards. Since he tends to try out new spells and ideas on anyone foolish enough to befriend him, Finne does not have many friends and is forced to wander from place to place. Sadly, he doesn't really care.

What Finne does not know is that the dying mage was actually Joachim the mysterious Electrum Wizard in disguise. Joachim used a *feign death* spell to trick Finne into taking the deck and spell book, intending to recruit Finne for one of his "special missions" once the half-elf has become adept in the use of magic.

Role-playing Notes: When Finne Tuain is encountered he will be looking for an adventuring party to join, in hopes of using them as guinea pigs to try his newly-learned spells upon. He will be found in a village or town (50%), in open plains (35%), or in a forest setting (15%). He has a general dislike for anyone he meets (no matter what their alignment), but he will act friendly towards anyone as long as they can be of use to him. Finne has a greater than usual chance of spell failure (15%), due to the fact that all of his magic is self-taught. Should he be attacked, he will fire off whatever combat spells he has memorized at the moment, then use his *deck of illusions* (which he will keep a secret from any traveling companions as long as he can) to cover his escape.

5th Level Half-Elf Wizard

STRENGTH: 15
INTELLIGENCE: 18
WISDOM: 12

DEXTERITY: 10
CONSTITUTION: 14
CHARISMA: 14

ARMOR CLASS: 10, 8 Boots
THAC0: 19

MOVEMENT: 12, 24 Boots
HIT POINTS: 15
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 30% to *sleep* and *charm*

SIZE: 5' 4"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: *Boots of speed*, raccoon familiar

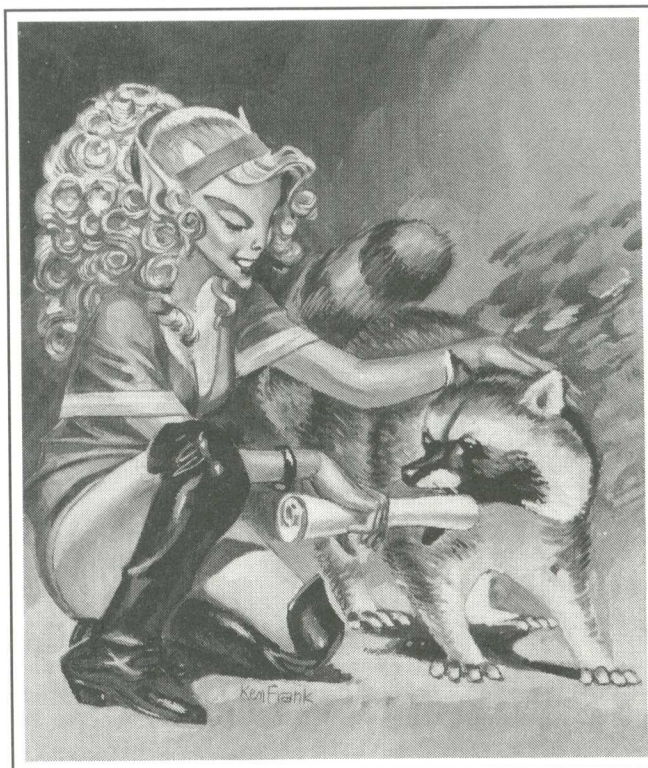
Physical Description: Tuiggi has a slim, but well-toned build, long golden hair, and grey eyes. She prefers clothing that does not inhibit motion in forest colors like green and brown. Tuiggi's knee-length *boots of speed* let her move about in the forest without getting nicks and scratches.

Background: Under circumstances that have never been uncovered, Tuiggi was either lost or abandoned in the forest as an infant. She was raised by the animals of the forest until she was seven years old, when she was found by a human woodsman named Arno Fullr, who took her into his home and brought her up as his own child. Tuiggi grew strong and tough under her foster father's care, but she never forgot the kindness of the animals who had saved her life. To this day she reveres all animal life.

When she was nineteen, Tuiggi's foster father died in his sleep, and for the second time in her life, she found herself orphaned. After pondering her situation for a few weeks, she decided that she had had enough of her solitary existence and set out to find other people. While wandering lost in the forest, she met a half-elven druid named Kalix Merris, and they quickly became fast friends. Kalix helped Tuiggi to find a raccoon familiar that would help her find her way out of the woods, which Tuiggi named Arno in memory of her dead father.

Kalix was amazed at the quick and easy rapport that Tuiggi developed with her new familiar. He hoped the young maiden might consent to begin training to become a druid herself. Tuiggi had little interest in the lore of roots, branches, and leaves, however, and decided that she must find her own path in life. Kalix accepted her decision and wished her well.

Tuiggi finally reached a small village, which seemed a huge and magical metropolis to her. Her appearance, dressed in furs with a raccoon on her shoulder, caused quite a stir in the town. No one seemed to know quite what to make of her, and for her part, she had no knowledge of social graces whatever, save the



gruff mannerisms of her foster father. The town blacksmith, who was the closest thing that the village had to a mayor, finally decided that Tuiggi had to be sent to the country's capital for disposition. She was given into the care of a traveling wizard named Roger, who became smitten with Tuiggi's simple innocence on the journey. When they reached the capital, he begged the ruling council to be allowed to take her into his care, and they agreed.

Tuiggi spent almost a year and a half traveling with Roger, learning the ways of the world and learning the disciplines of magic. She was never quite able to return his love, however, and finally had to strike out on her own. She has spent the last five years wandering the land with Arno, honing her magical abilities and seeing as much of the world as she can. Occasionally, she returns to the woods where she grew up, in order to renew her friendship with Kalix and visit the places of her youth.

Role-playing Notes: When Tuiggi is encountered, she will be journeying to the forest where she grew up. Arno is growing old and she wants him to be able to pass on in the woods where he was born. She will be found in a forest setting (70%), in open plains (20%), or in hill country (10%). She tends to react in a friendly fashion to any good alignments, although those who hunt or kill animals quickly earn her scorn and ire. Should she be attacked, Arno will fight to the death to protect her, and he frequently is able to distract Tuiggi's enemies long enough for her to cast a devastating spell.

3rd Level Human Abjurer

STRENGTH:	9
INTELLIGENCE:	18
WISDOM:	16
DEXTERITY:	14
CONSTITUTION:	10
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	8
THACO:	20
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT POINTS:	4
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	5' 11"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

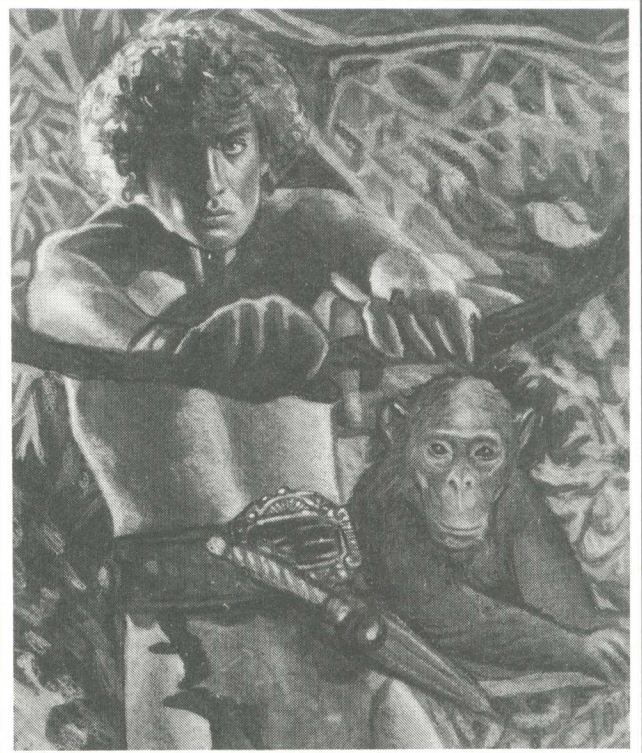
Equipment: Loincloth, bracers of defense AC 8

Physical Description: Udo is a young man with tanned skin and curly brown hair. He is dressed only in bracers, belt, and loincloth, and has a long dagger at his side.

Background: Udo was born during a lunar eclipse, a sign to the Nwakatalinganiwotora (roughly translated as "the people who live by the river near the great gani tree") tribe that he was destined to become a powerful magician who would protect the warriors of the Nwakatalinganiwotora from their enemies. When he was ten years old, Udo was sent all alone on a journey to the very center of the jungle to find an old man that would teach him the ways of magic. The trip was fraught with peril, and along the way, Udo befriended a spider monkey which he named Nkima.

After many weeks, Udo found the old man, a powerful abjurer called Towa. Towa took Udo as his apprentice and spent the following five years instructing the youth in the secrets of abjuration magic. The old man also instructed Udo in the ways of the jungle, teaching him how to move silently through the trees and to pass without trace. Before the training could be completed, however, Towa contracted a deadly virus and died. Udo buried his master and embarked upon the return journey to his tribe. Nkima went with him, having been bound to Udo by a *find familiar* spell.

When he arrived at his home village, Udo saw that the Nwakatalinganiwotoras were under attack by their hereditary enemies—the Nwakaboralingoristalo (roughly translated as "the people who live in the great clearing where the gori bushes grow") tribe. Udo's people were on the verge of being overrun, but Udo quickly stepped in, and with a few well-placed *shield* spells cast upon his tribe's warriors, he turned the tide of battle against the Nwakaboralingoristalos and sent them fleeing into the jungle. Needless to say, Udo was warmly welcomed home



by his people and they gave a great feast of celebration in his honor.

In the fifteen years since his return, Udo has used his magic to defend the Nwakatalinganiwotoras against a variety of enemies, including several renewed assaults by the Nwakaboralingoristalos, an attack on the village by a deadly ettercap, and an attempt to wipe out the village by a tribe of goblins from the distant mountains. Recently, Udo's mate gave birth to a son during another lunar eclipse. Since his own training in magic was incomplete, Udo worries whether or not he will be adequately able to teach his son magic when the boy reaches the correct age.

Role-playing Notes: When he is encountered, Udo will be away from his village, meditating on how he find a way to teach his son magic. He will always be found in a jungle setting (100%), but is so well-versed in jungle life that it is very hard to detect him. He can move without leaving a trail (45%) or making a noise (65%). Nkima, his monkey familiar, always keeps Udo in sight. Udo is suspicious of all strangers, and as he is unable to speak common (his own dialect consisting of clicks and other odd mouth noises), it is very hard even for good aligned characters to convince him of their benign intentions. Should he be attacked, Udo will cast an appropriate protection spell upon himself, then use his jungle abilities to escape.

10th Level Half-Elf Transmuter

STRENGTH:	5
INTELLIGENCE:	14
WISDOM:	9
DEXTERITY:	9
CONSTITUTION:	15
CHARISMA:	7
ARMOR CLASS:	6
THAC0:	19
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	22
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic use
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30% to sleep and charms
SIZE:	5' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Bracelet of free action, ring of protection +4, rod of passage

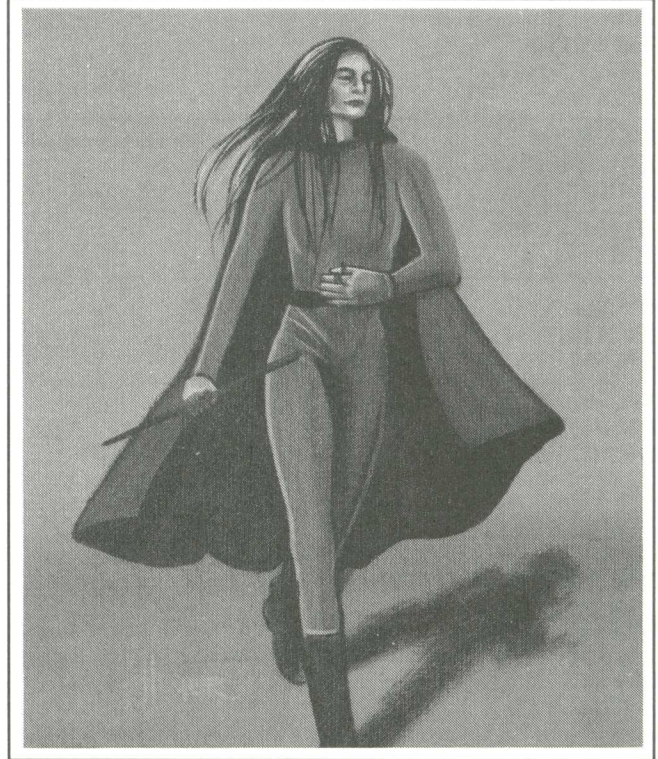
Physical Description: Usteria has long brown hair and is usually dressed head to toe in green.

Background: Usteria has spent her entire life surrounded by magic, which is only natural, since both of her parents were powerful wizards. Her parents ran a school of transmutation magic which Usteria entered as a student when she was eight years old. She soon proved that she had inherited her parents' skills and became a skilled transmuter in her own right. When she graduated from the magic school, her parents presented her with and enchanted *ring of protection* as a congratulatory gift.

Usteria stayed on at the school for a while and was given the task of organizing and cataloging the extensive collection of magical items that the faculty and students of the school had accumulated over the years. During the course of her examination, she came across a *rod of passage* that had gone unused for decades. Usteria was unable to resist the temptation to use the rod, and transported herself into the astral plane.

There, she came upon what appeared to be a huge black spider bound by huge strands of some sticky substance to a gigantic web. Usteria was horrified and intended to flee back to her own plane, but the spider suddenly spoke to her and begged her to help it. The great bloated arachnid said that it had been polymorphed into its present form and imprisoned many years before. Due to its enchantment, it could not tell her what it really was or the circumstances of its binding, but it begged her to take pity upon it. Usteria's intellect told her that the creature was trying to trick her, but something in her heart believed the spider, so she cast a *remove curse* spell on it. With a great flash of golden light, the spider and web disappeared and was replaced by the radiant form of a golden dragon.

The dragon was delighted to be free and insisted that Usteria accept a gift from him as a token of his appreciation. It was a *ring of free action* to the dragon, but it was so large that it fit Usteria like a bracelet (it had, in fact, had an *enlarge* spell cast upon it long ago). The dragon told her that his name was Aurion and that he had been tricked and captured by the chromatic dragon some fifty years beforehand and had been waiting ever



since then to be rescued. Aurion and Usteria became good friends, and when she had to return to her own world, Aurion asked her to come back and see her as soon as she could.

Upon returning to the prime material plane, however, she learned that the rod she had used was out of magical energy. She conducted a great deal of research into its origins and learned that it took the rod twenty years to fully recharge. Thus, it was two decades before she could visit her friend again. When she did, Aurion was very understanding of her predicament and they decided that they would just have to get by only seeing one another every twenty years. Usteria has been back to visit Aurion once more since then, and in a short time, another twenty years will have gone by and the rod will be recharged again.

Usteria recently learned from a fellow mage that the plane where Aurion lives was ravaged by a magical tempest not long ago. Fearing for her friend's well-being, Usteria has decided to recruit a number of adventurers to make her next journey with her, to assist her should there be a need for her to come to the dragon's rescue again.

Role-playing Notes: When Usteria is encountered, she will be looking for adventurers to accompany her on her next trip to visit the gold dragon. She seldom leaves the confines of the magic school (she can be found there 90% of the time), but she sometimes goes on journeys to visit other wizards and magicians, in which case, she can be found in whatever setting is appropriate (10%). Usteria is generally cordial toward any good or neutral alignment, but she feels most comfortable in the company of wizards. Should she be attacked, Usteria will employ defensive spells until she feels relatively secure, then she will cast her most devastating offensive spells.

10th Level Human Paladin

STRENGTH:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	8
WISDOM:	14
DEXTERITY:	10
CONSTITUTION:	11
CHARISMA:	17
ARMOR CLASS:	1
THAC0:	11
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	59
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Magic Use; +2 to hit w/lance & broad sword; +1 to hit w/horseman's flail
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	10' aura of protection; +4 to save vs. all magic; +2 to all saves
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE: 6' 1"	
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

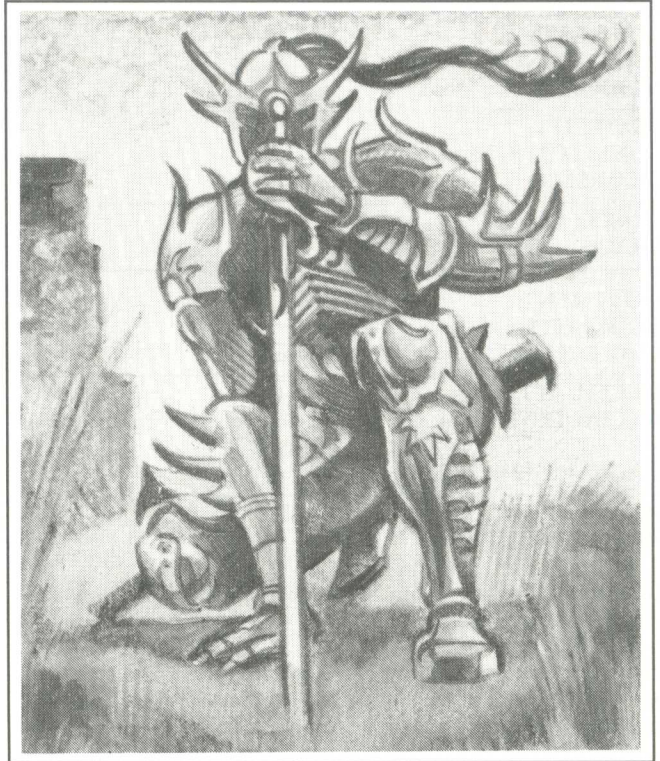
Equipment: Field plate and helm, medium shield (not shown), dagger, *broad sword* +2

Physical Description: Despite his advancing age, Warburton has kept himself in top condition, and his physique reflects the efforts he has made. He has jet black hair and bright green eyes, but these are usually hidden under his helm. Warburton nearly always wears his full suit of armor, but in relaxed surroundings, he will wear a simple white tunic and grey trousers. His broad sword never leaves his side.

Background: Warburton is a man who has spent his entire life fighting for the causes of truth and justice against the forces of darkness. Now in his waning years, he has become weary of constant battle and looks forward to passing his burden to a younger generation.

Many years ago, Warburton was in love with a young noblewoman named Angelina of Armijo, and his best friend was her brother, a paladin called Rafaelo the Mighty. Warburton and Rafaelo were always trying to see who could perform the greatest feat of chivalry, and this rivalry led to the greatest tragedy in Warburton's life. The two paladins heard news of an evil wizard called Skarlotan who had set himself up as the tyrannical ruler of a nearby kingdom. Rather than setting out together, the two rivals challenged each other to be the first to defeat the wizard and set out singly.

When he approached the wizard's castle, Warburton was met by a knight in black armor who immediately leveled his lance and charged. Warburton responded with a charge of his own, and the two met with a great clash of arms. Warburton's opponent was unhorsed, but drew his sword to fight on. Warburton dismounted and met the black knight on equal terms, and they exchanged blows for the better part of an hour, until finally, with a mighty thrust, Warburton pierced his enemy's armor and ran him through. At that moment, however, Skarlotan's enchantment was broken and Warburton saw that his foe was in reality his dear friend Rafaelo. Warburton knew then that his friend's death was the result of his sin of pride, and he lost his paladin status.



The former paladin could not face Angelina, so he rode off to seek penance. After five years of adventuring, he regained his paladin status and swore an oath to find and destroy Skarlotan. This quest led to many adventures and ranged over much of the world. Warburton disrupted many of Skarlotan's evil plans, but the mage always managed to stay one step ahead of the vengeful paladin. Warburton finally caught the evil magician, but when he had Skarlotan in his clutches, he chose mercy over vengeance and allowed his longtime foe to live. Warburton called upon the gods, who answered by stripping Skarlotan of all his magic powers forever.

Warburton returned home in triumph, only to find that Angelina had married a prince. Brokenhearted, he returned to his life of wandering. In recent years, he has taken Warton the Wiley under his wing and is helping the young paladin learn the trade in hopes that he will not repeat Warburton's youthful mistakes.

Role-playing Notes: When Warburton is encountered he will be trying to get some rest between quests and tutoring Warton in the fine points of paladinship. He will be found at his castle (45%), in the nearby town (25%), on the plains (15%), or any other setting (15%). There is a 65% chance that he will be accompanied by Warton the Wiley, instructing the younger paladin in proper behavior. If a group of PCs tries to recruit Warburton for a mission, he will suggest that Warton accompany them instead. Warburton is friendliest to lawful good characters, although his long experience has taught him tolerance of other good alignments. He has little patience for neutral alignments and is naturally hostile towards any evil. Should he be attacked, he will do his best to fight fairly if his opponent is of a social status equal to his own. He has no compunction about using whatever force is necessary to defeat evil creatures, however.

Warton the Wiley

9380

4th Level Human Paladin

STRENGTH: 15
INTELLIGENCE: 8
WISDOM: 14

DEXTERITY: 13
CONSTITUTION: 12
CHARISMA: 18

ARMOR CLASS: 4
THAC0: 17

MOVEMENT: 12
HIT POINTS: 19
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES: 10' aura of protection; +2 on all saves

MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 5' 10"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

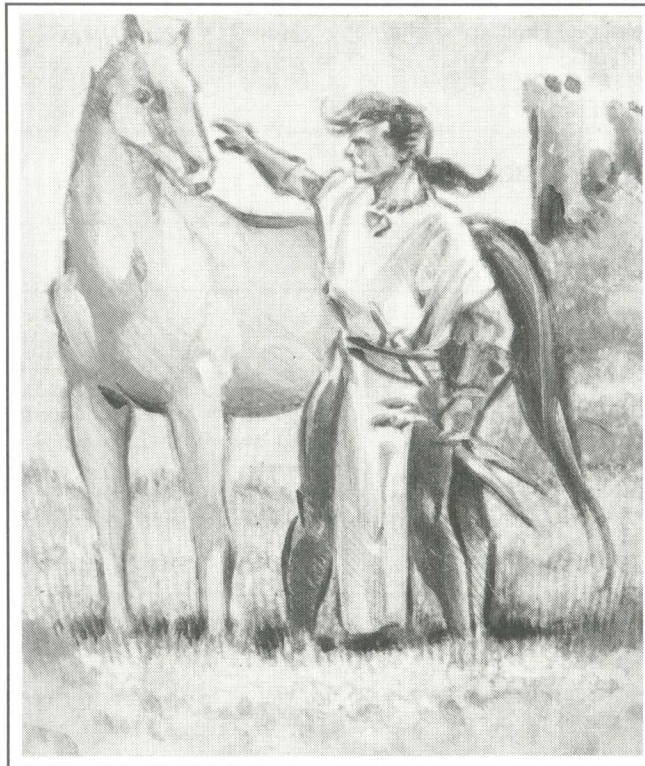
Equipment: Dagger, chain mail (not shown), long bow (not shown), small shield (not shown)

Physical Description: Warton is medium height for a human, but what he lacks in height he makes up for in musculature. He has long, dark brown hair which he keeps tied in a ponytail most of the time. His eyes are brown. When he is not outfitted in his mail, he wears a simple white tunic over brown pants.

Background: The son of a vegetable farmer named Nigel, Warton was named after the legendary paladin Warburton, who saved the farmer from an attack by a troll just a few months before Warton was born. Warton grew up to be a very excitable youth, frequently embarking on grand "adventures," such as stealing the fruit of the gods from the garden of the sun god (raiding a neighboring farmer's orchard for apples), rescuing fair maidens from the jaws of a vicious wolfwere (recovering his younger sister's doll from the clutches of his pet dog, Maximus), and surreptitiously tracking a wicked magician to a meeting of evil wizards (secretly following his father to market). His family was always amused to hear tales of his "great feats," and on one occasion his father jokingly called him Warton "the Wiley," a title that the boy took to heart and has used ever since.

When Warton was twelve years old, Warburton passed through on his way home from completing his quest to destroy the evil wizard Skarlotan and spent the evening in Nigel's home. Warton was struck by immediate hero worship, and within an hour of meeting his namesake, had decided that his goal in life was to become a paladin. For his part, Warburton sensed a great deal of potential in the boy and encouraged him to pursue his dream. From that point on, Warton set aside his imaginary exploits and began training in earnest to become a mighty warrior.

Three years after Warburton's visit, Nigel's farm was engulfed in ash when a distant volcano erupted (the result of a clash between a careless barbarian hero and a red dragon). While none of the family was harmed, Nigel's crops were ruined and he was brought to the brink of poverty. To relieve the burden on his parents, Warton resolved to leave home and find Warburton, in hopes that the hero would take him in and help him become a paladin himself. (Incidentally, the volcanic ash proved to be



very rich soil and the following year Nigel raised the finest and most profitable crop of vegetables that he had ever produced.)

Warton located Warburton without incident, and the knight began training his young protege in the disciplines of swordplay, horsemanship, and chivalry. Six months after he began training, Warton heard the call of the gods and became a true paladin. He threw himself into his training with renewed vigor and soon embarked on a series of real adventures. He recently returned from one such quest to find that his parents had purchased a fine war horse for him. He named her Flecka, much to the amusement of Warburton, who noted that you can take the boy away from the farm, but you cannot take the farm away from the boy.

Warton the Wiley continues to train under the watchful eye of Warburton. Every once in a while, he will embark on an adventure, but he is still waiting for a truly virtuous crusade to come his way.

Role-playing Notes: When Warton the Wiley is encountered, he will be seeking employment in any expedition against the forces of evil. He will be found in any wilderness setting (45%), at Warburton's castle (35%), or in the nearby village (20%). There is a 65% chance that he will be accompanied by Warburton when encountered, and in such situations, will always defer to his mentor. Warton is very idealistic and is friendliest toward lawful good characters who have a similar zeal for stamping out evil. His experience is not wide enough yet for him to have developed much tolerance for neutral alignments, and he is downright aggressive when it comes to characters of evil alignments. Should he be attacked, he will do his best to remember to fight chivalrously, although he sometimes forgets to do so in the heat of battle.

6th Level Elf Peasant Hero

STRENGTH:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	12
WISDOM:	8
DEXTERITY:	9
CONSTITUTION:	13
CHARISMA:	13
ARMOR CLASS:	8
THACO:	15
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT POINTS:	30
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic good
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	+1 to hit w/bows, short & long swords
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	90% to <i>sleep</i> and <i>charm</i>
SIZE:	4' 9"
PSIONIC ABILITY:	Nil

Equipment: Padded Armor, *short sword* +6, main gauche, dagger

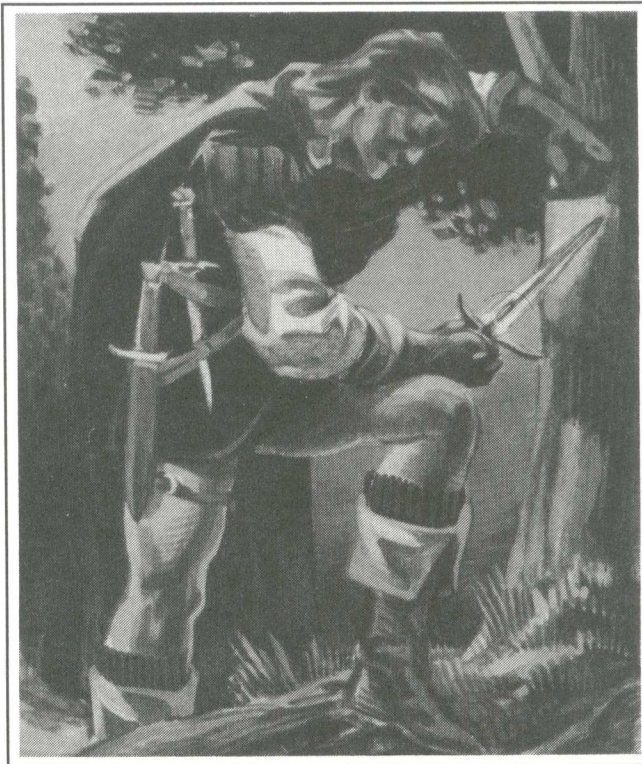
Physical Description: Wel Jon is short, but very well built for his size. He has long hair and penetrating hazel eyes. His taste in clothing is very simple, and he generally wears something that is comfortable and practical.

Background: Wel Jon's parents were wealthy elvish nobles who were caught on the wrong side of a conspiracy against their king. When their part in the conspiracy was discovered, they fled for their lives across the human countries with the elven king's soldiers always just behind them. In order to save their infant son from the king's justice, they left him wrapped in a blanket on the doorstep of poor woodcutter in a small village. Whatever became of them has never been learned.

Wel Jon was raised by the woodcutter and his wife and grew up to possess the spirit and beauty of his elven forbears. When he was old enough, he began to assist his foster father as a woodcutter, and he grew quite strong hewing logs for the people of the village. Wel Jon's life might have been a happy and contented one, except that the village was ruled by a tyrannical mayor named Soo Dotius. Dotius levied stiff taxes against the villagers, who lived in poverty while he wallowed in luxury, surrounded by the fruits of his ill-gotten gains. The people were unable to put an end to Dotius's oppression because the mayor was protected by an ex-mercenary named Chuuk of Poltia, whom he had appointed sheriff.

One winter's day, Wel was delivering a load of wood to the family of a sick friend when Chuuk stopped him and demanded that he give up the wood he was carrying for use in the mayor's kitchen. Wel tried to explain that the wood was going to help the needy, but Chuuk only laughed and struck him in the face. Something snapped in Wel Jon and, leaping up, he seized a log and attacked the sheriff. Chuuk had been a mighty warrior in his day, but he had grown soft bullying and terrifying the poor peasants of the village. Even so, he managed to fend off Wel's initial assault, but he could not withstand the peasant hero's ferocity for long, soon he fell dead, his skull crushed like a melon.

Flushed with success, Wel Jon cast aside his log, seized Chuuk's sword and marched to the home of Soo Dotius, fol-



lowed by a throng of cheering villagers. There, they broke in and found the mayor cowering under a table. The crowd wanted to lynch the hated oppressor, but Wel Jon refused to take another life now that they were free from tyranny. Instead, Dotius was given warm clothing and rations for a week and ordered to get out of town. He was never seen again, but his hoarded wealth allowed the peasants to purchase the supplies they needed to make it through the winter.

The following spring, the villagers took a portion of Dotius's wealth that remained and used it to have a weapon forged for their hero. In a great ceremony, they presented him with a magical short sword, elected him their champion by popular acclaim, and swore that they would uphold him forever. Wel named the sword *Cosette*, and gratefully accepted the villager's nomination. Since then, he has acted as the village's protector and arbiter of disputes, and the people have become much happier and more prosperous than ever before.

Recently, a human abjurer named Corinne passed through town and, for some reason unknown to Wel Jon, developed an infatuation with him. Wel Jon was flattered by her attention at first, but her persistence in pursuing him is beginning to become something of an embarrassment since he does not return her feelings.

Role-playing Notes: When Wel Jon is encountered, he will still be serving in his capacity of village protector. He will be found in the village (65%) or in the forest (35%). If encountered in the forest, there is a 75% chance that he will be trying to avoid Corinne, who has taken to following him wherever he goes. Wel is friendly towards any good or neutral alignments, but will not join any adventuring party unless he is assured that his village will be cared for in his absence. Should he be attacked, Wel Jon will fight back, using *Cosette* with deadly efficiency.

Lady Wendolyn of Gaunt

9380

10th Level Human Cavalier

STRENGTH: 15
INTELLIGENCE: 13
WISDOM: 11

DEXTERITY: 15
CONSTITUTION: 15
CHARISMA: 10

ARMOR CLASS: -3
THAC0: 11

MOVEMENT: 6
HIT POINTS: 83
ALIGNMENT: Lawful good

SPECIAL ATTACKS: +2 to hit w/lance & broad sword; +1 to hit w/horseman's flail

SPECIAL DEFENSES: +4 to save vs. all magic
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

SIZE: 6' 6"
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Equipment: Plate mail of fear, shield +2, horseman's flail +1

Physical Description: Wendolyn is *very* tall and strikes a very imposing figure with her hair flowing out from beneath her helmet and her blue eyes flashing in the sunlight. She wears her full suit of armor at all times, except when she is sleeping or bathing, even when armor is not appropriate for the occasion.

Background: For many generations the story of giant blood in the royal family of Gaunt was considered a myth, until the birth of Wendolyn, who weighed nearly twelve pounds at birth and was already five feet tall (and still growing) on her sixth birthday. Her mother had been a famous paladin, who began teaching Wendolyn horsemanship at an early age. Wendolyn quickly surpassed her brothers and eventually grew to be so tall and strong that her father consented to allowing her to be trained in weapons and armor as well.

When her mother passed away, Wendolyn decided that she wished to follow in her mother's footsteps and become a paladin. However, she was so full of pride in her abilities and so vocal in making sure that everyone she met knew how wonderful she was that none of the gods was interested in her. She responded to the gods' rebuff by adopting a philosophy that none of the existing divine orders were good enough for her or worthy of her talents. Her father finally became exhausted by her constant prattling and sent her off into the world to find adventure and to give himself some peace.

During the course of her wandering, Lady Wendolyn met the famed Electrum Wizard, Joachim, who quickly saw how he could use the lady cavalier's egocentrism to further his own causes. When she paused to take a breath, Joachim told her that he could help her achieve paladin status by sending her on perilous missions against the forces of evil. Wendolyn agreed to his



suggestion and for her first assignment routed a horde of skeletons that had been overlooked by the famous paladin hero Sir Martin Michalos when he destroyed the notorious lich Niklaz. Since then, Lady Wendolyn has successfully completed a number of dangerous tasks for the Electrum Wizard, sometimes operating alone, sometimes working alongside other adventurers that the mysterious mage has recruited.

Not surprisingly, Lady Wendolyn has seldom adventured with the same group twice, as her constant stream of self-aggrandizement tends to alienate even the most tolerant of her comrades. Lady Wendolyn seems blissfully unaware of her effect on others, and the fact that after almost ten years of adventuring, she is still no closer to becoming a paladin than she was before.

Role-playing Notes: When Lady Wendolyn is encountered, she will be in-between assignments for Joachim, looking for whatever adventure she can find. She can be found in any wilderness setting (75%) or in a town or village (25%). Lady Wendolyn is enthusiastically friendly with any non-evil alignments, but seldom allows those who make her acquaintance to get a word in edgewise, as she regales them with endless chatter about her exploits (the servants at the Gaunt estate used to call Lady Wendolyn "Her Vociferousness" behind her back). Should she be attacked, she will respond in the most grandiose fashion possible, to insure that she remains the center of everyone's attention.