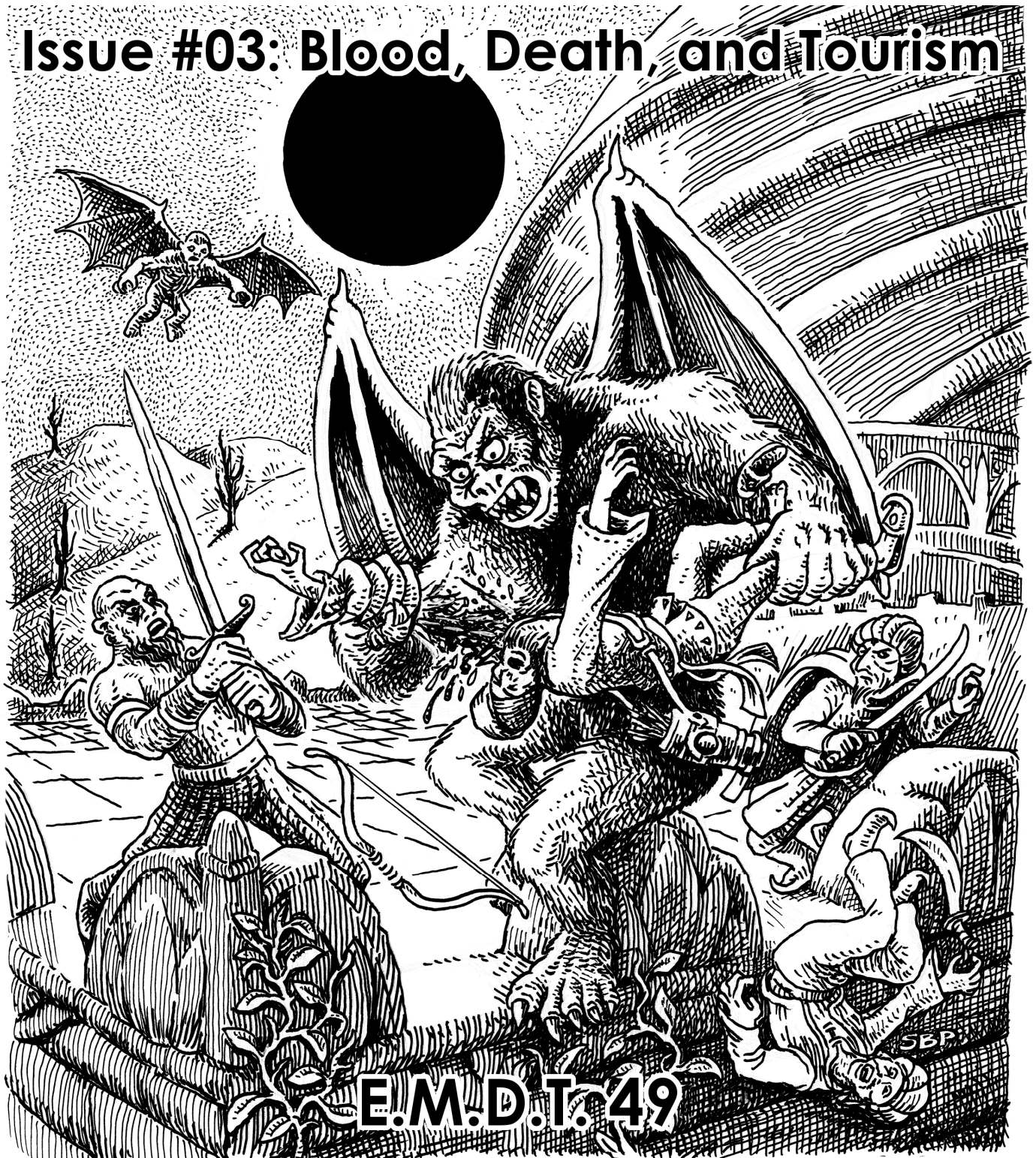


Echoes From FOMALHAUT



E. M. D. T.
First Hungarian
D20 Society

Issue #03: Blood, Death, and Tourism



E.M.D.T. 49

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Issue #03: "Blood, Death, and Tourism"

by Gabor Lux

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Summer's long gone by the time this issue is published, but it is always the right time to spend a few days at an expensive south sea resort. This issue's main adventure takes the company to Tridentfish Island, which has seen better days, but is now being discovered by a new generation of visitors. The module marks the beginning of publishing the campaign materials from our City of Vultures campaign, focused on a dark city-state rotting from the inside out, and governed by sinister conspiracies. Tridentfish Island is only the first step into the shadows.

The other main article is another hefty one, giving you half the hex key to the Isle of Erillion. The eastern half of the island is described in these pages, with the rest to come in Echoes #04. The current issue also includes the GM's cartography with all its detail, providing a full picture of the ruins, strongholds, and monster lairs of the wilderness. Of course, Erillion is just a framework for your own adventures: to that end, not all mysteries have been spelled out, and many possibilities have been left to the reader's imagination.

This content has taken up much of the issue, and left room for two shorter articles: one of them is a collection of monsters adapted from my favourite CRPG, David W. Bradley's **Crusaders of the Dark Savant**; and the other, an idea that came to me in a flash of inspiration, and left me obsessed until I could put it on paper. It comes unfiltered (i.e. untested), but I hope it will stand the test of table use. Ceaselessly, the Great Wheel rolls on and on...

Gabor Lux

Pécs, 09 december 2018



⊗ People of the Great Wheel ⊗

Ceaselessly, the Great Wheel rolls on and on, moving ever forward through the plains and hills. Its momentum is not impeded by geography nor wall or human effort: it goes through city wall and shepherd's cottage, necropolis and tilled field with equal ease. Great is the destruction it leaves as it continues on its journey, and futile the attempts to divert, control, or destroy it. From its path of devastation has sprung a curious band of followers, sycophants and hangers-on, who follow the Great Wheel wherever it goes and add to the destruction it brings. The People of the Great Wheel, as they are called, are ever on the move, seemingly a part of the dust clouds which precede it.

⊗ Aspects of the Great Wheel ⊗

With respect to **the Great Wheel itself**, it possesses the following characteristics:

- The Great Wheel measures 50' from bottom to top, and 15' from one side to the other. Along its axis are two polished black metal protrusions which could be short spindles. It emits an even, low-pitched hum which is more intense along the spindles. Otherwise, it has no discernible operating mechanism.
- Anyone caught in the path of the Great Wheel must save vs. petrification or go under and be crushed. All objects are pulverised or bent, although some may save vs. crushing blow to retain a recognisable form, and certain magic items may be spared altogether.
- Those who perish by the Great Wheel have a 1:6 probability to rise as restless spirits haunting the ruins and wastes: shadows (LVL 1-4), wraiths (LVL 5-8) and spectres (LVL 9+).
- The Great Wheel is impervious to known weaponry and magic.

The **Great Wheel's behaviour** is as mysterious as its origins.

- In each overland hex, it has a 1:3 probability of altering its course (1d6): 1 – 60 degrees left; 2-3 – 30 degrees left, 4-5 – 30 degrees right, 6 – 60 degrees right. However, if it alters its course, there is a further 1:6 probability to reverse direction, rolling backwards
- The Great Wheel does not enter mountains, dense woodlands, or the sea, but shall roll through badlands, hills, swamps, and lesser bodies of water. In living memory, it has not rolled into an obstacle that would stop or swallow it (although these are not many).
- Its speed is not constant, but always adapted to the circumstances. It rolls slower by night and more vigorously during the day. It can go up most slopes, and take fairly sharp turns, although it mostly doesn't.

⊗ Disciples of the Great Wheel ⊗

Among the **varied groups following the Great Wheel** are the following:

Outriders of the Great Wheel (1d6*20): Warriors in fantastic horned helms and leather getup, these mounted riders precede the Great Wheel on its way. Calling themselves the embodiments of its Will, they slay and pillage as they please, although they never keep their plunder for long. Usually, half of them are away on reconnaissance or hunting.

Outriders of the Great Wheel: Ftr 2; AC 7 (leather, mounted); Atk two-handed sword 1d10 or spear 1d6+1 or horseman's flail 1d4+1 or javelin 1d6; ML 9; AL CE.

Hp	10	16	9	9	12	10
	16	6	4	12	12	13
	17	14	7	5	10	3
	9	12	14	15	17	6
	17	19	15	6	11	6
	12	14	12	6	9	19
	12	8	15	5	14	9
	8	6	11	14	16	14
	2	16	12	11	15	6
	9	13	13	11	6	13

Penitents of the Great Wheel (1d6*5): Ascetics and flagellants in simple loincloths and sandals, they wail and howl curses and inarticulate prophecies as they run right before the Great Wheel. Those who miss a step go under and are crushed, but they are treated as holy men, and held in great reverence. They are normal men.

Children of the Great Wheel (1d6*20): These are the men, women and children whose lands and dwellings have been crushed by the Great Wheel, or plundered by the Outriders. Those who are not left for dead or escape with their lives are herded into these ragged groups, where they will follow the Wheel where it now goes, receiving meagre food and protection on their way through the land. Many fall by the wayside or go under, but there are always new people to replace them.

Magi of the Great Wheel (1d6+2): These wise men, not necessarily magical nor necessarily wise, follow from a certain distance, observing and commenting on the Great Wheel's movements and future direction. They consider themselves well-versed in their trade, and will offer predictions and warding amulets at a certain cost, even if few would actually follow their own advice. Some of the more prominent magi and their pronouncements are...

- **Mulkandor the Extravagant (Ill 2):** he wears gossamer veils to signal his station. *"Verily, the dog did deserve his fate, for he would not have been crushed thus if he were innocent!"* *"True is the Great Wheel's path, for if it were not, how could it be so powerful?"* *"Live not in the Great Wheel's path if you do not wish to be crushed."*
- **Barrok the Gnostic (Thf 1):** just a phony trying to get his hands on some treasure and get out. *"Indeed, Mulkandor spoke most eruditely today!"* *"Verily, 'tis so!"*
- **Zeinnar of the Seven Splendours (Ill 3):** he wears stolen, dusty vestments made from the feathers of several colourful birds. *"Behold the might of the Great Wheel! Behold how it rolls! Is it not beautiful, and is its path not sure? Indeed, you must agree!"* *"Their lessons shall serve them well! All shall receive what is their due."*
- **Huwash Yesk (Ftr 3):** he oils his skin with scented oils, and hides the mark of the whip in the folds of his robes. *"There were those who speak falsehood, and now they are but dust and broken bones! 'Tis the wheel's law to roll on, and by its might are its deeds vindicated!"*

Mulkandor the Extravagant: Illusionist 2; AC 10; Atk staff 1d6; ML 6; AL CE; dream-spice.

Spells: 2; 1: audible glamor, change self, hypnotism, light.

Hp 5

Barrok the Gnostic: Thief 1; AC 7 (Dexterity); Atk dagger 1d4 + paralytic venom (1d3 turns); Spec PP 30%, OL 25%, FT 20%, MS 15%, HS 10%, HN 10%, CW 85%; ML 7; AL CN; *the dust of Mung**2, 3*crystal eggs (40 gp each), old tome (unknown gibberish), 70 gp.

Hp 5

Zeinnar of the Seven Splendours: Illusionist 3; AC 9 (Dexterity); Atk mace (decorative); ML 7; AL NE; crooked staff with gilded bells, whip (he whips himself ceremonially, but rather lightly).

Spells: 2/1; 1: change self, phantasmal force; 2: blindness, detect magic, impr. phant. force.

Hp 7

Huwash Yesk: Fighter 3; AC 9 (Dexterity); Atk footman's flail 1d6+1; ML 8; AL LE.

Hp 17

Merchants of the Great Wheel (1d3+1 wagons): Even further, but ever on the Great Wheel's track, follows another curious group on wagons and beasts of burden. These well-fed fellows (all Thief 4), held in low esteem by their own but well protected by 2d6 armed ruffians each, are tradesmen of ill repute. They pick through the crushed remains and gore left by the Great Wheel's passing, extracting and selling the valuables. Flattened gold, bent jewelry, soiled purple and cracked gemstones are their goods, and while their trade is unsavoury, there are always buyers. However, when the Great Wheel stops and rolls backwards, they and their riches are the first to go under, and they go unlamented. The current merchants, and their special wares are...

- **Barzhani al-Barzhani:** sour face, sour disposition, bad leg. *Whispering goat statuette.*
- **Comondus:** hacking cough masks extreme tenacity. *Graven stones from bygone empire's last necropolis. The testimony of a fortune-seeker thrown under the Great Wheel.*
- **Ylloston:** hoping to cut and run, looking for group to take him to safety. *The crushed bones of a prophet. Five kidnapped mummies. Knowledge about the buried dowry of a queen.*

Merchants of the Great Wheel (4): Thief 4; AC 8 (Dexterity); Atk dagger 1d4 (#2 thrown); Spec backstab*2, PP 45%, OL 37%, FT 35%, MS 33%, HS 25%, HN 15%, CW 88%; ML 6; AL NE.

Hp 14 9 9

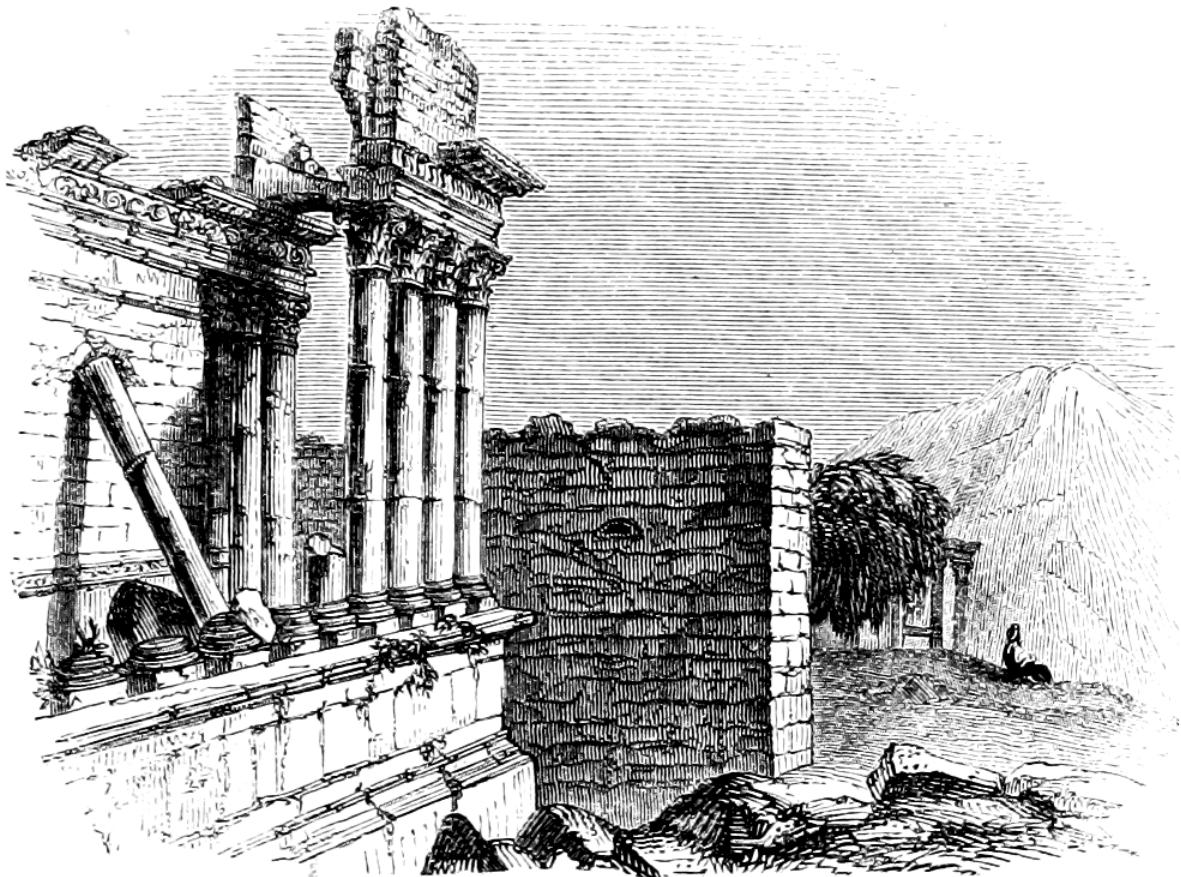
Guards (2d6 each): Fighter 2; AC 6 (ring, shield); Atk flail 1d6+1; ML 7; AL LE.

Hp	7	8	8	3	14	9
	5	10	13	10	11	8
	4	7	11	9	14	5
	19	9	14	3	12	11

⊗ Legends of the Great Wheel ⊗

It has been **rumoured** among its People that...

1. A great king had once thrown his riches and concubines before the Great Wheel to save his city, and seeing that it did not turn from its way the least, at last threw himself in its tracks. Neither his name nor his empire are known, but his story is remembered.
2. While many are crushed by the Great Wheel, the virtuous need not fear: unlike the others, they shall not rise as restless undead, walking the wastes forevermore. Those who rise, indeed, must not have been sufficiently virtuous.
3. Many have climbed the wheel to ride atop as its masters; all have fallen and most have gone under. Cursed are they, and neither jackals nor vultures shall touch their remains.
4. The god Karttekeza had once came to the Great Wheel on his war peacock, and made it stop for one day and one night. No more could he achieve, and at last he stopped his efforts and let it pass on its way.
5. A poet, well versed in tales and song, had started to carve a poem into the Great Wheel's underside. The work went unfinished after his demise under the Wheel's turns, but the incomplete masterpiece is still there to see – if one looks careful enough.
6. Sometimes, a lone widow approaches the Great Wheel, lamenting his only son and cursing its People. Always is she killed by the outriders, but always does she return again.



Terror on Tridentfish Island

adventure module for levels 3rd to 5th

Playtesters: Gabor Acs (Santiago del'Avellos, Fighter 3)
Kalman Farago (Burzasp Serfiroz, Fighter 4)
Laszlo Feher (Vifranavaz, Illusionist 4)
Matyas Hartyandi (Marashura, Fighter 1/Magic-User 2)
Gabor Izapy (+Yar'Shalah, Archer 3; Thorlig Jansen, Northman Barbarian 3)
Adam Tarnoczy (Ambrosius, Fighter 4)



Only a few decades ago, Tridentfish Island was an exotic resort on the southern seas, its guests the decadent aristocrats of a sinful but rich city state. Painted barges came with pampered young nobles, their adventurous women, and a host of children and servants. Beyond the pleasure-palace and its decorative gardens, the wilderness was a place for hunting and safe exploration. The few disquieting mementos left over from before recorded memory would only amuse the jaded guests – the odd sinister death and dismemberment had only added to the place's charm. But Tridentfish Island proved an expensive folly. The palace did not meet the builders' profit expectations, the novelty-seeking clientele found new amusements, and travellers from distant lands failed to turn up. As the business collapsed, the palace was gutted of valuables and left to its fate. In the city, faded memories of the island would linger for a while, then pass from common knowledge.



The visitors

After its long abandonment, Tridentfish Island has now been sought out by four groups. None of them have accurate information on the island's current situation, and none of them have really prepared themselves for its hazardous trials. These people are...

Dúr Láni: This arrogant, insufferable young man is a prime specimen of the feckless aristocracy. He wears a turban, exquisite silks over a suit of armour, and expensive slippers. He carries the magic sword of his ancestors. His tiny moustache only highlights his boyish features and increasing obesity. Dúr Láni had recently recalled this wondrous place of his childhood in a bout of terminal boredom, and the gilded memories of the past have spurred him to set off for the island in his excursion boat after only half a day's preparations – and never mind the island's devastation.

During his "expedition", he will prove a priggish lout, careless with the lives and welfare of his men, as well as his money. Those who participate in the absurd "heroic deeds" he comes up with can surely count on lavish rewards (and increasingly horrid risks). Although Dúr Láni treats others as expendables, he is careful enough not to endanger an important person like himself. In a way, he is a valiant and brave fighter, but he does not rush into his doom, and if he sees his followers decimated and himself in grave peril, he cuts off the excursion with a good excuse (most likely boredom) and leaves on his boat. A few impressive successes and hunting trophies are also good enough. Signature phrases: *"That's something!"* *"By Badjul's fifty sacred names and eleven lips!"* *"What kind of foot-dragging is this? Forward!"*

Rajap is Dúr Láni's vizier. He is a jowly, stubbled fellow in a turban; quickly winded, but quick as the lightning when he needs it. He carries the lord's money and communicates with the low-born (speaking to an illustrious lord directly and being spoken to is a privilege of breeding and rank). He is parsimonious with gold, and always hands out less than due – let the receiver be happy they got something at all. He is wily and cruel, but unable to control his young master.

The **soldiers** are dark-skinned, moustached and stubbled folks in colourful uniforms. They serve their master indifferently and faithfully like their fathers, grandfathers, and grandfathers of grandfathers. While not enthusiastically, they will obey any order, and sacrifice themselves for pointless causes. The same applies to the loinclothed **servants** with a piece of cloth wound around their heads, but they are cowardly, and in fact completely passive.

Dúr Láni and his company land in the port (A) before the Palace of Tulashnár, and embark on their expedition from this point.

Dúr Láni: Fighter 4; AC 2 (banded mail, shield, Dex); Atk *longsword* -1 1d8-1 or composite short bow 1d6; Str 13, Int 10, Wis 10, Dex 15, Con 12, Cha 8; ML 9; AL LE; lordly clothes with 6*40 gp citrines, 150 gp jade bracers, 20 gp mouth harp, *potion of extra-healing*, *the dust of Mung**2.
Hp 19

Rajap: Thief 2; AC 8 (Dex); Atk *sabre* 1d8 or *whip* 1d3; ML 7; NE; medallion with something like a ?pangolin?; 340 gp.
Hp 9

Guards (11): Fighter 2; AC 7 (ring mail); Atk *halberd* 1d10; ML 10; AL LN.

Hp	8	7	7	14	14	5
	5	13	4	9	17	

Servants (10): HD 1; AC 10; Atk *fist* 1d4; ML 5; AL N.

Hp	4	2	1	7	8	7
	3	7	6	4		

Garbage ship: this large, decrepit dinghy once painted in gaudy colours has a crew of 24 oarsmen. They wear colourful rags on the top of their heads, tend to be stubbled and moustached, and flash gap-toothed grins as they greet anyone they plan to swindle or rob. Since news spread fast in port, they have followed Dúr Láni to the island, arriving 1d3+1 days later on the NW shore next to the Sea Cave (G), and striking inland after dropping anchor.

They are all the members of a low-ranking pariah clan who live off the great lords' garbage, and have come in the hopes of finding leftover valuables at abandoned campsites, or where they can get it. If they meet strangers they think to outnumber, they will rob them of their valuables with a cheerful, almost apologetic *business-is-business* attitude (however, they will also generously offer to take them back to town if they meet survivors at their wits' end). If they meet one of the great lords, they will try nothing, and act as servile as they can.

This rag-tag band is lead by a jolly greybeard, Khafir, who still remembers the days when the lords would come here to make merry. What a time it was! And what a shame it has passed!

Pariahs (24): HD 1; AC 10; Atk *knives* 1d4 or *rusty shortswords* 1d6 (-1 to hit); ML 6; AL CN.

Hp	5	8	5	8	3	4
	6	8	6	2	7	4
	7	5	2	4	2	1
	1	2	4	3	8	7

Sharwár Mirza: This nobleman is used to strict obedience. He is among the conservative traditionalists, who are nowadays in no great standing at court, but Sharwár Mirza's advice is still heard even by the most powerful. The mirza (~scholar) wears red-trimmed blacks and a fitting indigo-and-red turban. In his mouth glint gemstone teeth cut into sharp incisors (700 gp; if someone would remove them through some gruesome effort, see below for the consequences). Signature phrases: "Verily..." "What scoundrel stalks over yonder?" "Prepare, outlander! The worms of the earth shall now be your hosts!" "Forward! Forward!!!"

The mirza has come with **ten picked men** to be Dúr Láni's undoing, and claim his wealth as his own back in the city. Accordingly, he has rented a small boat under an assumed name, and used a less direct sailing route (+1d2 days). On the island, he prefers to conceal

himself until he can strike from advantage – and if Dúr Láni and company suffer a self-inflicted “accident”, so much for the better. If his business goes badly, he retreats, but only if his identity remains a secret: otherwise, he has nothing to lose, and attacks like a mad tiger. He has three more men guarding his boat in a hidden bay next to the Cave of Guruthlál (Q).

Sharwár Mirza: Fighter 6; AC 7 (*ring* +1, *cloak* +1, Dex); Atk mace 1d6+1 or 2*composite short bow 1d6; Str 10, Int 16, Wis 18, Dex 15, Con 12, Cha 16; ML 10; AL CE; *dust of appearance**2, *potion of fire breath* (1d4 gout of flame 4d4 Hp, save ½, must be used within 1d3 turns or explodes within imbibed with no save), 310 gp.

Hp 38

Guards (10): Fighter 2; AC 7 (*ring* mail); Atk halberd 1d10; ML 10; AL LN.

Hp	7	11	5	8	12	15
	11	8	13	13		



Gemstone teeth: The custom of replacing teeth with crystals or gemstones is now only found in the traditionalist faction of the aristocracy. The pointed predators’ teeth lend these lords and ladies a bestial appearance, which some supplement with gemstone claws mounted on metal finger sheaths. Others in the City of Vultures oppose the custom; and Mirwander Khan is known to be in this circle. However, placing the skulls of the dead with their teeth in well-guarded family archives is a habit that survives in all noble circles, and is granted exemption from the usual burial rites. Possessing a collection of skulls is a matter of prestige and great responsibility.

The value of teeth is 2d6*100 gp per individual, and they are all custom work: a gemcutter based in the city can readily identify the former owner (5:6). The theft or trade of skulls is unthinkable in the City of Vultures, and few smugglers will touch them. Every night, there is a cumulative 20% probability the thief will be visited in his dreams by the phosphorescent shades of skeletons with glowing teeth, one per 100 gp value. If the character is triumphant, or rolls a save vs. death at -6 to force himself to awaken, the probability is reset. The gnawed-on corpses of characters killed by the shades will be found the next morning with the glimmering teeth scattered next to their bodies.

Shades (2-12): HD 2; AC 7; Atk incorporeal touch 2d4; Spec ignores armour; ML 12; CE.



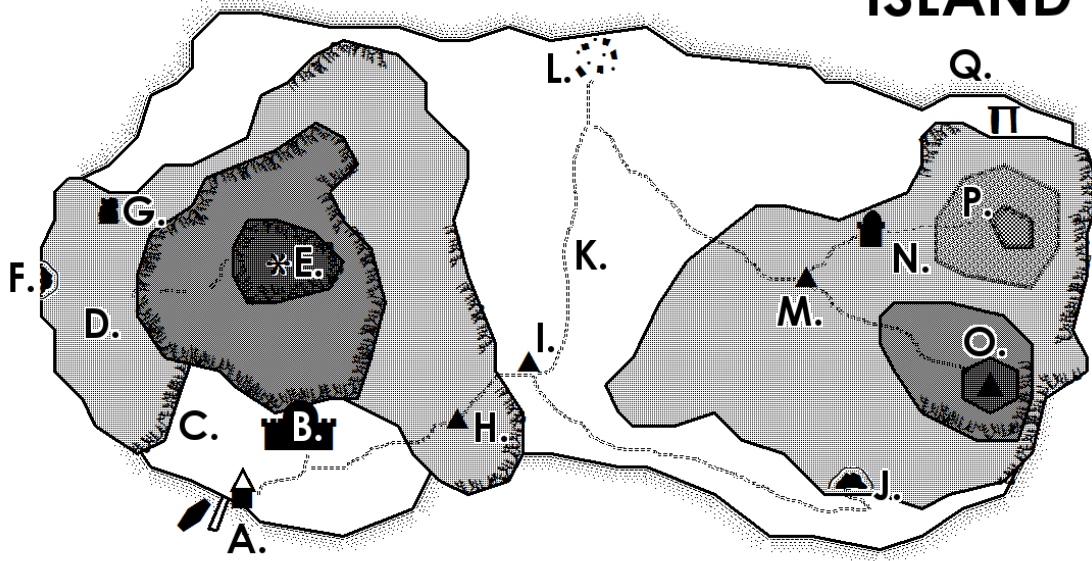
The player characters: the fourth group, who might have come to the island...

- **...in Dúr Láni’s service:** hired as a part of his entourage for 40 gp per man, and promises of further boons. Unless someone among them can credibly present himself as a noble, they will receive their orders from Rajap, while the Sir will treat them with the attitude one reserves for a prized hunting dog – unless they manage to win his approval.
- **...in Sharwár Mirza’s service:** hired from the never-do-wells of the harbour, who have no ties to the city and aren’t afraid of getting their hands dirty. The offer is 60 gp per man, and 200 gp for Dúr Láni’s slayer. The mirza will keep every detail to himself, but trusts his men’s greed. If they prove useful servants, he will not do away with them once his goals are accomplished (since no outlander’s word would be taken against his in the city, anyway).
- **...on another errand, or as castaway,** entering the conflict as complete outsiders.
- **...as quarry:** In this variant, Dúr Láni and Sharwár Mirza are not out for each other’s blood, but compete in a good, old-fashioned manhunt. The characters are one group of the hunted, either shipwrecked or put ashore with minimal equipment as the great lords’ future trophy.

For the others, use the statistics of the garbage pickers.

Fallen PCs may be replaced from the survivors of other groups, captives, or in the fourth scenario, the other “prey”.

TRIDENTFISH ISLAND



Tridentfish Island

The island's geography is defined and segmented by two steep mountains. Only crooked trees grow in the crevices on the peaks, but the plains and plateaus, while littered with boulders, have the occasional scrub and meadow. Animal life is scarce beyond smaller lagomorph, and there are no random encounters outside area K. In the encounter areas below, Dúr Láni's reactions are described if the characters are in his company. The more driven Sharwár Mirza cares less for the environment, and the garbage pickers don't venture too far from the coast and their barge.

A. Docks: Worm-eaten, rickety pier, mostly eaten by termites close to the shore. Thick weeds around an old, painted **wooden booth** with a signal bell that breaks off at the first pull. The **termites** have built their lair right under the booth, 1:3 of collapsing floorboards dumping characters into their pit for 2d3 Hp per round. Old **signpost** close to the overgrown cobblestone road reads: "**The Palace of Tulashnár 2 Std. →**" The ruined palace in the mountainside is easy to see, along with the road climbing over the ridge.

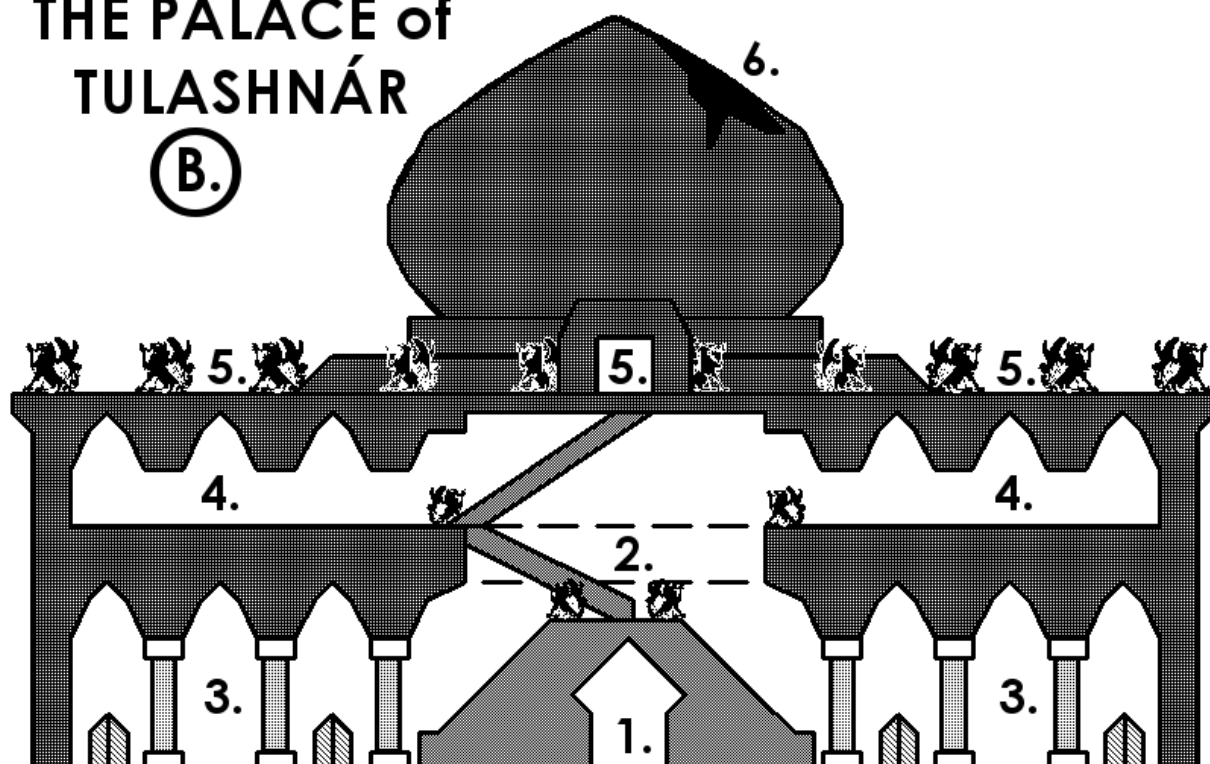
B. The Palace of Tulashnár: Only weeds thrive now on the terraces before this former pleasure-palace, and its dark basalt blocks have already been worn down by the incessant rains. The rectangular **central building** is topped by a broken **onion dome**, with truncated, broken **statues** leering from the battlements on the debris piles below. The interior and the side wings are similarly dilapidated.

The palace is empty by day, but its new masters arrive at night: the **winged apes** of the western peak (E), who have claimed the ruined structure as their own. The apes destroy everyone they find on "their" territory. Possessing a terrible cunning, the pre-human beasts start their attack with statuary and stone ornaments knocked off of the battlements and the central hall (save vs. petrification or 4d8 Hp). Afterwards, they attack from multiple directions, trying to divide and surprise their prey group by group. They use their flight ability to good effect, changing their position under cover of the darkness, or stalking through the corridors wrapped in their massive leathery wings (surprise 2:6).

[Dúr Láni's group is easily divided: the servants don't dare enter the palace, and half the soldiers are struck with terror the instant they see the apes. Dúr Láni, however, advances courageously and vehemently. In a similar situation, Sharwár Mirza is much more careful, keeping his team together.]

THE PALACE of TULASHNÁR

(B.)



B1. Entrance. Parts of the stone arch have fallen, and the floor is littered with weeds and debris. Much of the gate has been used to build a fire; traces of the bonfire are still visible.

B2. Central chamber. A single space together with the gallery and the dome, lit by the sun- or moonlight streaming in through the wide crack. Wet rot everywhere; creeping vines and varicoloured mushrooms have sprouted up on the black stones and rubble piles. Stairs up to the gallery and the battlements.

B3. The side wings are particularly run-down. Servants' quarters, mostly with collapsed doors; filth and decay. Under the black stones are cisterns flooded with brackish black water. Multiple gaps in the walls lead outside, large enough for both man and man-ape.

B4. Gallery and suites. Only a few rotting sacks remain with unrecognisable, mouldy fabrics, and worm-eaten tapestries. One conceals a **walled-up niche**, easily discovered once exposed. A lead box conceals 900 electrum and 2*300 gp gem-studded brooches.

B5. The battlements, in the ominous shadow of the looming dome, are a tangle of oversized statues and broken crenellations, which make it a perfect hiding place for the apes.

B6. The crack in the dome allows for unobtrusive surveillance of the central hall... only the presence of a great shadow blocking off the light serves as a clue for ambush.

C. Cliffs: The sheer basalt heights need climbing equipment to cross (remains of a former attempt are apparent). **[Neither Dúr Láni nor Sharwár Mirza have the slightest inclination to climb.]**

D. Plateau: Rocky plateau with meagre scraps of vegetation overlooking the sea. The northern side is easy to climb, the southern (**C**) less so; to the west, it just drops into the sea. Multiple **ledges** up to the peak (**E**), but without perfect caution, the **winged apes** will take note and attack the climbers with thrown boulders (save vs. petrification or 4d6 Hp, open doors roll or fall off cliff), followed by a direct attack. Here and there, one can see the remains of rotting wooden stairs, but these have no relevance today. **[Neither Dúr Láni nor Sharwár Mirza have the slightest inclination to climb.]**

E. Ape nest: An enormous **cage** shaped like a peaked dome, with a hole in the side where the massive bars have been dislocated and bent by the **winged apes**. The horrors hunt on the nearby islands, because only the village of the pariahs (**L**) remains to eat here, and they don't like their taste. They defend the cage to their death, preferably by picking up opponents (single attack roll instead of sequence) and throwing them off the cliff. In addition to the bones and the junk they have carried up here from the Palace of Tulashnár, they have 650 gp, an intact suit of banded mail, a 30 gp aquamarine, a 200 gp pearl, and a 400 gp opal in a golden brooch.

Winged apes (4): HD 5; AC 6; Atk 2*claws 1d6 and bite 1d8; Spec flies, surprises 1:3, surprised only on a 1, on successful hit with both claws, extra 2d6 Hp rending damage; ML 8; AL CE.
Hp 27 15 26 22

F. Sea Cave, W entrance: A low **cave mouth** opens under the cliffside. At low tide, it is discovered automatically from close by, and if the company is looking for something from a distance. A small boat can slip inside, but a ship would need to remove its mast to pass. At high tide, the cave's presence is hidden, and only discovered as a secret door. The cave leads to **G8**.

G. Sea Cave, N entrance: Another **cave mouth** concealed among the rocks above the desolate beach. Easily discovered while on land, it is only found as a secret door from the sea. The entrance forms a cavernous mouth with the stumps of broken stone teeth and a **heavy portcullis**; lifting it requires an open doors check, and arms a **guillotine trap** (3d6 Hp but the mechanism is so old it only works with a 1:6 probability).

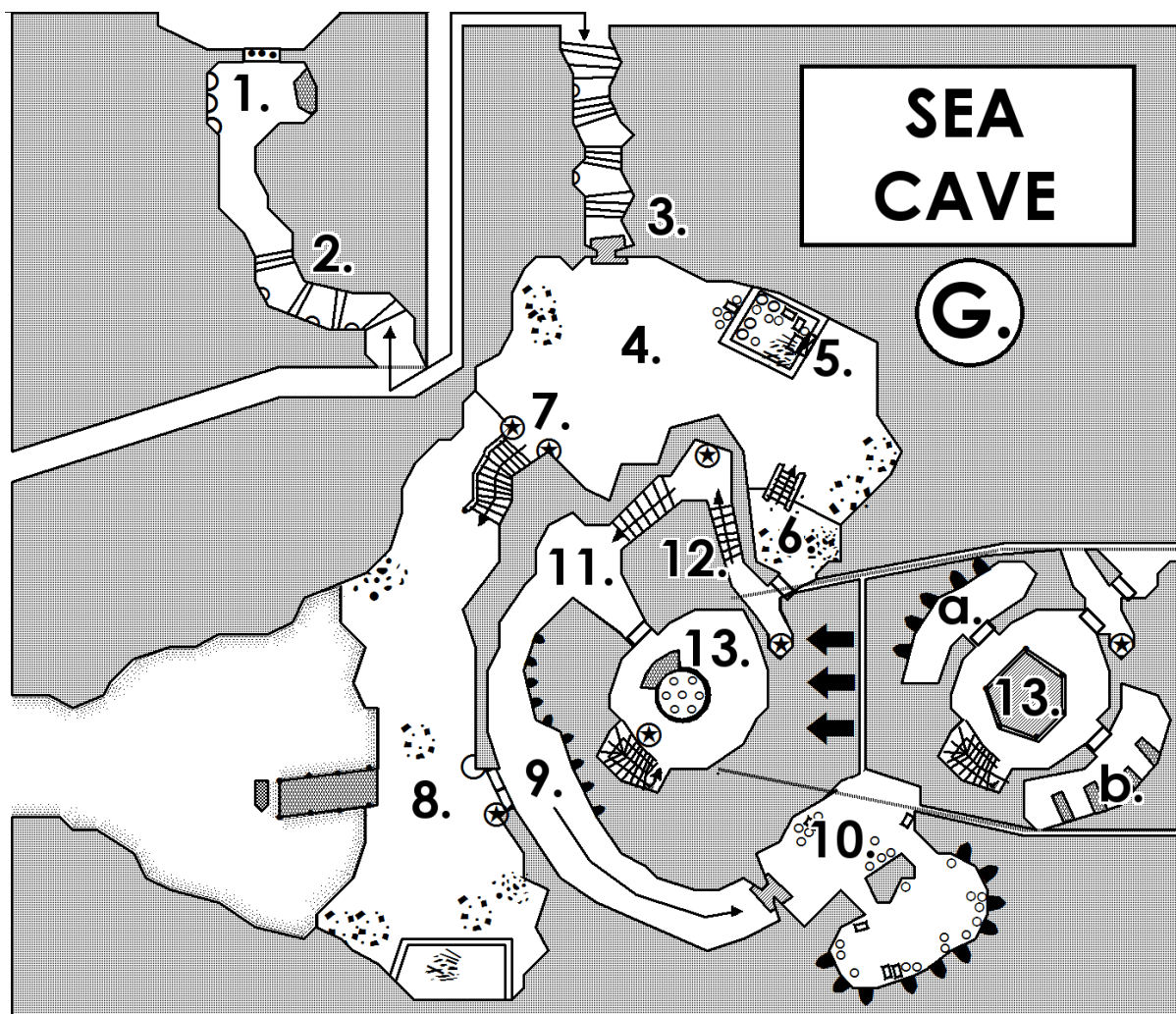
[If he has found no glory on the island yet, and his losses are light, Dúr Láni becomes very enthusiastic about exploring the cave – otherwise, he will postpone it for a different occasion. Sharwár Mirza only pays attention if he can trace his enemy within the cave.]

G1. Entrance Grotto: Heavy brass chains on the windlass drums, the counterweights of the portcullis mechanism. Three **bas-reliefs** depicting long-faced human grotesques in the Easter Island style, their leering mouths showing lolling **brass tongues** which can be pulled up- and downwards. They make clicking noises, and were used to operate the various mechanisms at the entrance, but they are no longer working properly – nor are the smaller **blade traps** hidden in the mouths, which only trigger on a 1:6 (1d6+2 Hp, may still lop off a careless hand).

G2. Descending Stairs: Rough-hewn tunnel; more rough **faces** in the walls with soot and molten wax. These images were once lights; one is a **flame trap** activated by a pressure plate hidden in a stair, but so degraded it only has a 1:3 probability to trigger (3d4 Hp cone, save vs. dragon breath for ½, 4 charges).

G3. Landing: At the end of the stairs, an arch leading to the upper cavern forms another gaping mouth. The **flame trap** is triggered by a stone below the arch, and is targeted at the area below and around it. 1:2 to activate, 6 charges, but grows increasingly more erratic (1:2, 1:2, 1:3, 1:3, 1:6, 1:6).

G4. Upper Cavern: Domed cavern, southern part blocked off by a cycloptic building hewn from the living rock. The rest are natural caverns with flagstones, but the floor is even and covered by colourful, cracked terracotta tiles. Fallen stone formations and debris everywhere.



G5. Storage: Two-level building constructed of crumbling, porous stones, with a heap of broken ceramic vessels by its side. The **lower entrance** has been barricaded from inside, but entry can easily be gained through the upper floor windows. The upper floorboards have collapsed, and little remains, but down below, the stores are reasonably intact. **Three foot-lockers** of weapons (40 spearheads, 13 sabres and 6 small bucklers) and **two more** containing iron ingots must have been transported here relatively recently: the equipment is oiled and intact. **Sacks** of grain and preserved food have fared worse, turning into dust and putrescence on touch. The most interesting find is an **amphora** filled with jelly. **12 white ceramic batons** are preserved therein, radiating faint heat and emitting a soft vibration.

G6. Terrace: A recess cornered by the building and the cavern walls. The ceramic floor tiles have been smashed into smithereens and rubble covers everything. The **entrance** is a tall, ancient brass door with wormlike, meandering reinforcements (stuck, open doors check applies).

G7. Stairway: Twisting **stairs** down to the lower cavern. The stairs are guarded by two **statues** standing on low plinths. These bizarre beings are shorter than a man, and their body is segmented in a wormlike way; the feet are malformed stumps. They are armed with brass tridents, and animate if someone passes close to them. However, their movement is slow and awkward, making them easy to trip, and hard to stand back up.

Living statues (2): HD 4; AC 2; Atk 2*trident 1d6+1; Spec pin opponents on natural 18-20, immune to cold, fire and mind-affecting, +1 or better to hit; ML 12.

Hp 15 14

G8. Lower Cavern: Much of the place is occupied by a deep subterranean lake, connected to the sea via a meandering tunnel (F) which is flooded at high tide. An ancient **skiff** is moored at the end of the rotting **pier** (1:6 to sink immediately, further 1:6 to sink within 1d6 hours). To the south, there is a **storage tower** similar to the one at **G5**, looted and no valuables.

To the east, the cavern wall has been cut into the massive walls of an irregular building. No windows open between the chiselled stones, only a **double brass gate** with wormlike reinforcements, flanked by two plinths. One of the plinths is occupied by a **statue** similar to the ones at **G7**; the other is empty, and the statue has been smashed into pieces.

Living statue: Hp 10

G9. Hallway: Rich non-figurative frescoes along the 20' walls; round recesses with slim, improbably-shaped amphoras, many of them broken and dusty. Slight slope towards SE.

G10. Burial Vault: Yet another **archway** forming a toothy maw, twisted heap of scorched bones. The large slab activating the **flame trap** is easy to find, but harder to jump across. The trap activates on a 1:2, 5 charges left, but it is increasingly erratic (1:2, 1:2, 1:3, 1:3, 1:6).

The interior is a rough-hewn crypt of shoddy workmanship, at least in comparison with the rest of the building. Dust, ashes, broken clay urns and **bones** are strewn about in a chaotic mess. The treasure amounts to a few useless baubles, save for a skeleton's golden necklace (240 gp). If the dead or their items are disturbed, the remains animate as **skeletons**.

Skeletons (24): HD 1; AC 7; Atk claws 1d6; ML 9; AL LE.

Hp	3	7	5	2	4	7
	7	5	5	2	7	1
	6	8	7	6	3	6
	5	4	6	8	8	2

G11. Fresco Hall: Semi-circular space where the **frescoes** gradually congeal into a discernible scene: smudged, scratched human figures pay obeisance before a tall, segmented form surrounded by a force field represented by colourful lines. The same motifs are repeated on the brass door to the east.

G12. Stairs: Steep, narrow stairs with bare walls. Two wormlike guardian **statues** protect this space from intruders. Only one animates until the other is slain, but either one is soon joined by the mummified corpses from **G13/a**.

Living statues: Hp 22 18

G13. The Great Domed Chamber: This chamber is split between two levels. Its design is sophisticated, but its structure follows alien construction principles. Every wall is reinforced with hammered and riveted brass plates of irregular size and shape. Upstairs, a **gallery** surrounds the shaft connected to the lower floor, and stairs wend their way downwards. The two side chambers (a – b) up here are old, cramped storerooms. Downstairs, most of the chamber (c) is occupied by a brass cupola and a "bridge". Condensation is omnipresent on the lower floor.

a. Niches in the storeroom wall contain **five corpses** shrivelled into the consistency of old brown leather. The cadavers wear tattered technicians' overalls of a shimmering bronze fabric. One has a 700 gp gold disk around his neck depicting a mass of writhing worms. The bodies animate to defend the complex if they are disturbed, or a fight develops within hearing distance.

Mummified corpses (5): HD 3+3; AC 6; Atk 2*claws 1d6; Spec chokes for extra 1d6 Hp if both attacks hit, turned as mummy; ML 10; AL LE.

Hp	13	15	16	15	21
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b. Metal shelves carry the dusty remains of oddly segmented machines, their copper and brass limbs resembling wasp legs.

c. On the lower floor, a **guardian statue** stand watch over a **brass cupola** sunk into the floor. The cupola is studded with numerous glass “eyes” (portholes) glowing with diffuse light, and it is sealed with a powerful valve mechanism. To the northwest, a raised “**command bridge**” overlooks the cupola with a brass console. The cupola perimeter is inscribed with an ancient, elaborate script etched in acid:

“GUARANSHAWÁR, THE LORD WHO CRAWLS”.

Anyone who sets foot on the bridge is attacked by the statue, soon joined by the corpses from upstairs.

The **shaft below the cupola** is under high pressure and arctic temperatures, the source of the pervasive condensation. The **console** on the bridge opens the cupola. The mechanism is baroque and inscrutable, but the gist is simple: four ceramic rods (as found at **G5**) must be inserted into three round openings, burning them out but supplying the ancient mechanisms of the cryogenic chamber down below with energy.

If the console is operated, bolts whirr within the pressure dome, escaping mist hisses, and the bronze contraption opens amidst the deafening roar of the machinery, flooding the chamber with light and a thin fog. Raising from the depth is a slender, segmented body resembling a long earthworm with the thickness of a man’s leg. The soft white flesh is encased in metal braces made of shining chrome, with tiny tubes pointed at the intruders. The entity has no discernible eyes, but its body is sheathed in a shimmering, buzzing energy field.

This is **Guaranshawár, The Lord Who Crawls**, a powerful emissary of the People of the Worm and their interstellar civilisation. Guaranshawár communicates in sibilant tones via the metal braces; he is not necessarily inimical, but his thought patterns are governed by a foreign logic, and he finds it hard to convey his thoughts in a way understandable for lesser life forms. His current interests, however, are prosaic: he has become weakened over his long hibernation, and “his senses are ruled by irregular patterns”. He demands living human nourishment in the form of strong and healthy bodies, and later other strange things which would lead to the mysteries of the City of Vultures. He can return the favours with knowledge or technological artefacts. If a confrontation develops, and he is triumphant, he will make human contact with some difficulty, and Tridentfish Island will soon emerge as the home base of an interstellar menace.

The **cryogenic chamber** consists of multiple levels connected by metal ladders, and a narrow central shaft. Metal footlockers contain a variety of inscrutable scientific instruments, as well as a fully charged *laser spear*, an *AG belt*, and three silvery canisters containing the poisonous agent *argent* (neurotoxin, two saves at -3; initial effect reduces to zombie state; secondary effect 2d3 hours later kills after terrible convulsions).

[If they have come this far, Dúr Láni – and particularly Sharwár Mirza – will become obsessed with uncovering this mystery, and they shall not rest until they open the bronze cupola. The consequences are bound to supply a repository of grotesque horrors.]

Living statue: HD 4; AC 2; Atk 2*trident 1d6+1; Spec pin opponents on natural 18-20, immune to cold, fire and mind-affecting, +1 or better to hit; ML 12.

Hp 19

Guaranshawár, The Lord Who Crawls: HD 6 MAX; AC 0; Atk 8*rays; Spec ray, immune to mind-affecting spells; ML 12; AL LE.

Rays (save vs. wands to avoid):

- Mental blast: paralysed while ray remains active;
- Laser beam: 1d10+ damage (extra dice on 10, cumulative), armour-piercing;
- Hypnosis: subject becomes an obedient puppet while ray remains active;
- *Telekinesis*: as spell.

Hp 48



H. Thistle of 1000 Teeth: Extensive dry patch of thorny vegetation on flat plateau below the trail, identified by a wooden sign as “**Thistle of 1000 Teeth →**”. Careful observation reveals the withered corpses of smaller songbirds entangled in the thorny mass. The four patches of thistle greet anyone coming within firing range with a hail of needles.

[If he has taken no worthy trophy so far, Dúr Láni will send in his men for the giggles.]

Thistles of 1000 teeth (4): HD 3; AC 8; Spec hail of needles 2d4+1 (in semi-circle, up to 3 opponents, save vs. breath weapon) 4/day, fire does +2/dice; ML 8; AL N.

Hp 12 17 14 19

I. Branch: The path branches before a small black **obelisk** standing on a stone plinth. On the southern side, an arrow points east below the depiction of a cave mouth with hanging stalactites; on the southern side, an arrow points west below a domed building; and on the eastern side, an arrow points north below a mountain peak. Next to the obelisk, half of a broken wooden plaque warns: “**BEWARE THE P**”.

J1. Cycloptic Cavern: Cracked basalt steps meander up to a gaping **cave mouth**. The wide opening is the height of two men, flanked by convulsing lava formations. It could be closed off with a **brass portcullis**, but the mechanism is useless and the monstrous metal barrier is stuck in an open position. Half of a **stone sign** embedded in the wall reads:

“**CYCLOPTIC CAVERN: Only for p...**”

The entrance is guarded by two **amphisbaena** (two-headed giant snakes rolling like hoops):

Amphisbaena (2): HD 6; AC 3; Atk 2*bite 1d3 + deadly poison; immune to cold; ML 8; AL N.

Hp 19 33

J2. Hall: The ceiling of the dim cavernous hall is supported by massive, rough-hewn columns. The most striking features of the interior are a **decorative well** seemingly constructed of several edges for an expressionist effect, and a **neo-primitive idol** leaning over it. Amidst the crooked ivory teeth of the basalt monstrosity, a sharp **crystal tongue** pulses with a sinister red radiance. Stepping closer, the well erupts with an ear-splitting **electric din** accompanied by wildly scintillating light beams, rendering spoken communication impossible within the cavern. An ornamental **brass plaque** reads:

**“SHRIWASHNÁR THE FLAYER
Pan-Apocalyptic Dynasty XIV
Late Bedállá Period”**

The **light from the well** has a hypnotic effect: someone who looks inside must save vs. spell or he will gaze transfixed until dragged away or starving to death. Anyone who falls inside, or climbs **down the well** is atomised and consumed by its energies in a blinding flash.

The **idol's toothy maw** is a trap: save vs. paralysis / crushing blow, or grindstones emerging from the throat mash the extremity or object inside into a bloody stump (or the equivalent), 3d6 Hp/round. Avoiding the trap and **touching the tongue** requires a save vs. death: on a failure, the crystal pulses and strains 1d6+4 Strength. If the roll fails by 4 or more, or the subject's Strength falls to 0, the body instantly turns grey and crumbles into ashes. The character rises as a **wraith** in 1d4 rounds. Extracting the tongue requires at least 30 Hp physical damage, a demanding task with the grindstones in the way. If the fiery, burning crystal is not caught at once, it falls down the well, and the resulting convulsion of energies produces a detonation of light which blows well, idol, and nearby columns into smithereens (6d6 Hp, save vs. breath for ½). Thereafter, the cavern collapses within 1d3+2 rounds. The broken crystal tongue cools down within 1d3+3 turns.

[The idol is of great interest to both Dúr Láni and Sharwár Mirza, and neither would leave gladly before making a few attempts to recover the tongue – even at great risk to others' lives!]

Wraith: HD 5+3; AC 4; Atk touch energy drain; Spec silver or +1 to hit; ML 9; AL LE.
Hp roll anew



The Crystal Tongue of Shriwashnár the Flayer: This jagged red piece of crystal, worth 2000 gp for its gem value alone, pulses with an inner ruby light, and is slightly warm to the touch even through a thick glove. When touched to bare skin, the victim must save vs. death or lose 1d6+4 Strength. Victims reduced to 0 Strength collapse into dust and ashes, and they are 1:6 to rise as wraiths in 1d4 rounds if they are 3rd level or higher.

Points of Strength stored within the crystal may be retrieved to restore lost Strength or Hp. Hp may exceed the character's maximum, although someone who goes to 150% of his normal limit must save vs. death or, unable to contain the flow of energy, burn into ashes.

Using the tongue is not without risks. If it stores two doses of energy, it burns with a bright light and is hot to the touch. If it is at full capacity with three doses, it becomes red hot and cause 1d6 Hp per round of contact until it can cool down – holding onto it is a test of strength (open doors check). Prolonged use invites spiritual contamination, to be determined by the GM.



K. Valley: Clusters of dry shrubs and large boulders litter the wide, dry valley between the two mountains. The land seems lifeless, but it is not without danger: the **shrubs** are a favoured hiding place for **clicking horrors** (carnivorous plants consisting of a tangle of dry plant matter, with wide toothy maws), while the **boulders** are the hunting grounds of the **slithering stingers** (these aptly named relatives of the humble trilobite practice excellent mimicry on the rocks).

There is a 1:6 of a **random encounter** with either group while passing through the valley; after an encounter occurs, reroll immediately. Fortunately, both horrors are intensely territorial, and are not found outside the valley. Once their population is decimated, they will not be encountered again.

Clicking horror (1d3): HD 4; AC 7; Atk 4* bite 1d6; Spec grab and maul opponent for 2d4 Hp/round if at least two attacks hit, fire causes +2 Hp per die; ML 7; AL N.

Hp	26	15	17	21	11	11
	20	12	17	17	24	22

Slithering stinger (1d6): HD 1; AC 4; Atk barbed sting as 3 HD 1d4 + deadly poison; Spec surprise 3:6, very slow; ML 5; AL N.

Hp	2	3	3	6	5	1
	6	6	6	6	4	2
	6	4	7			

L. Pariah Village: A village of dismal huts built atop low stilts. Its inhabitants, mainly women and children, are sickly-looking, ragged wretches, who spend their days poking flat stones on the beach with wooden poles for the slithering stingers, their only source of nourishment beyond the oily-tasting tubers growing in their meagre soil. The pariahs are led by the ancient **Pávát the Foreman**: with a gesture of his sticklike hand, he first introduces his “wives” among the villagers, then with another, his “daughters” (there is some overlap). There are very few men in the village; as Pávát remarks, *“most of the little miscreants get themselves into trouble at an early age, getting lost or drowning in the sea – but it is better if there aren’t too many, because men only bring conflict and dissent”*.

The villagers consider themselves so lowly that they would never leave their settlement and involve themselves in the lives of “the great lords and ladies making merry in their wondrous pleasure gardens and palaces” – they live in the unshakeable belief that the resort on Tridentfish Island is still booming. (The only exception is Pávát, who occasionally climbs up to the top of the Mountain of the Rapture, where he performs human sacrifice on his own kin.) Their **creation myth**, shared with every traveller with a certain measure of pride, holds that a long time ago, the gods had spat upon the earth, and this became men; while that which dribbled down on the sides became their people. They were, as it is told, granted this place where their unsightly presence would not offend the high-born. In the past, “when everything was better”, the servants of the palaces had sometimes brought them scraps to gnaw on, but this custom has stopped entirely, doubtless as a punishment for their sins.

[Dúr Láni is revolted by the wretches, but he offers a dowry of 50 gp to anyone who would marry Pávát’s “most beautiful daughter”, the slippery, bulging-eyed Djavat. Someone who would grasp the opportunity shall have to face every attempt on part of Rajap to sabotage the grotesque fête. Sharwár Mirza takes great care to give the village a wide berth; should he somehow end up here, the encounter might easily turn into a horrid and completely one-sided massacre.]

M. Branch: A narrow path to the NE branches off of the cobbled road. An old **signpost** reads: (NE) “The Contemplative Turbe of Rumil Guf, 2 Std.”

(SE, half-broken) “The Mountain of Exaltation. Only approach with the appropriate...”

Both directions hide a matched pair of a **thistle of 1000 teeth** and a **clicking horror**, hunting for interlopers.

Thistles of 1000 Teeth (4): HD 3; AC 8; Spec hail of needles 2d4+1 (in semi-circle, up to 3 opponents, save vs. breath weapon) 4/day, fire does +2/dice; ML 8; AL N.

Hp	11	12
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Clicking Horrors (2):

Hp	13	23
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N. The Contemplative Turbe of Rumil Guf:

On a small plateau overlooking the sea, and surrounded by a grove of old fruit trees, stands an old hexagonal **structure** with marble walls and a brass cupola. Nearby lie the remains of a broken signpost: “...**sucking bloom**”. In the clearing around the turbe, patches of blooming **red flowers** resembling pursed lips sway and bow in the gentle breeze; the wind carries a sweet, intoxicating scent. The **bloodsucking bloom** awaits its careless victims.

The **turbe** – a grave site – is closed off by a wrought iron door, but the lock is easy to pick (+20%), and it can be broken down with a bend bars roll. In the cool, dim interior, the body of the poet **Rumil Guf** lies mummified on a marble bier, the bearded old cadaver covered

in dried flowers. The clothes of the poet are sewn with 450 gp worth of gemstones, and his slippers of golden thread and pearl are worth 150 gp for the pair. His pearl-inlaid lute would fetch 240 gp, or up to 600 as a historical curiosity.

No further path leads from the clearing, but a careful search will uncover an overgrown trail leading east, and disappearing in a small wooded area.

[Neither Dúr Láni, nor Sharwár Mirza are foolish or desperate enough to touch the flowers, being fixated on the turbe; however, their men may not be so discerning.]

Bloodsucking bloom (2): HD 6; AC 6*bite as 1 HD, 1d4 + blood drain; Spec blood drain 1d4 Hp/round/mouth, immune to mind-affecting, susceptible to sleep, immobile; ML 12; AL N.
Hp 29 23

O. The Mountain of the Rapture: Steep steps ascend to the windswept plateau, where a small **stone circle** stands in the shelter of the sheer cliffs. Black iron **manacles** have been fastened to a central basalt block, and remains of a bonfire are apparent. The rocks look as if old **fossils** have been embedded therein: bones attempting to break free, snaking larynxes and straining fingerbones, caught in a terrible struggle. Looking upon these remains causes a feeling of cold unease and twisting nausea. A stone tablet embedded in the cliffside reads:

**“THE MOUNTAIN OF THE RAPTURE
Performing sacrifice at night is
hazardous and expressly prohibited!”**

If someone breaks the rule, the flat rock surface erupts in crawling leathery chaos, and **1d4+1 nightgaunts** emerge to carry off the evoker into the unknown reaches of the cosmos – if they can render him unconscious within one round (otherwise, they leave unfulfilled, and the damage proves illusory). The character can only return with a successful save vs. spell 1d6+1 days later, five times as many years older, and with grey hair – but in the possession of a dark cosmic secret. By day, the ritual has no effect.

In a **crack among the stones**, someone has left a small hiding place: a sacrificial mantle which is now crumbling into dust, a sacrificial *dagger* +1 covered in verdigris, a golden heart fork (160 gp, its twisted haft ends in a heart on one end, and a shap, bifurcated fork on the other), and four yellowish ampullas containing *blessed oil*.

[The mountain is of particular interest to Sharwár Mirza, who feels a strong affinity towards the occult. If he can, he seeks out an appropriate sacrificial victim and performs the ritual.]

Nightgaunts (1d4+1): HD 5; AC 3; Atk 3*tentacles 1d6 temporary; Spec flies, immune to cold and mind-affecting, must save vs. death or disintegrate under sunlight; ML 11; AL CE.
Hp 14 27 22 27 14

P. The Grove of the Scented Resin: A grove of twisted old pines overgrown with bay leaf and fragrant magnolias. The **pine trees** are bleeding a lustrous, scented sap not unlike amber. This is a prized incense, and 120 gp worth of it could be harvested per man per day; but the scent is so alluring that a save vs. poison must also be made, or the workers become the substance's slaves.

In the middle of the grove, charred tree stumps demarcate a burned-out **clearing**, soot-covered black rock fingers emerging in the middle. Next to the rocks, there is a 40' **chasm** whose depths are burning with melted pieces of sap. This collection, equivalent to raw amber, is worth 3d4*200 gp, but it is jealously guarded by the **three fire crows** nesting close by which have collected this treasure.

Fire crows (3): HD 4; AC 6; Atk peck 1d3; Spec 4d6 *fireball* 3/day, immune to fire; ML 8; AL N.
 Hp 28 16 19

Q. The Cave of Guruthlál: Crude reliefs "decorate" the slabs of igneous rock by the **brass gate** barring access to the cave. The gate has no lock, only two pull-rings and a dire warning:

"THE CAVE OF GURUTHLÁL

With flesh and blood you must feed,

The depth who would now force to speak"

The interior is an irregular cavern whose sides are decorated with brass plates, old iron shields, and a decaying **idol** sitting on a low, rotund throne. The moustached, wide-jawed image of this once mighty iron warrior has been half-eaten by rust, and through the gaps one might see the old garbage filling its interior: rusted pieces of metal junk, shredded bones, remains decayed into black earth. All around, extinguished candles sit on slender, short columns.

Guruthlál can't move anymore, but his jaw can still shred a man quickly and efficiently (4d6 Hp/round). If he feeds, the garbage flows through the gaps in his shell, and from the throat comes a content, rusty roar. Guruthlál is the guardian of one of the entrances to the Underworld, and his throne can roll aside on heavy wheels to reveal the steps leading downwards. However, if he is offended, no earthly force will move the throne, not even if the body is destroyed (60 Hp). At the point of destruction, Guruthlál pronounces a curse on his slayers, with effects similar to mummy's rot (a save vs. death applies).



The People of the Worm (2d6)

Hit Dice: 6

Armour Class: 8

Attacks: 4*rays

Special: rays, immune to mind-affecting

Morale: 7

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Treasure: special

Size: Medium

XP: 500 + 6/Hp

Super-intelligent aliens from a distant star system, whose small, hidden enclaves are found in barren lands. Here, the slender, worm-bodied masters keep human slaves to construct structures and devices of an unknown purpose, and conduct appalling human experiments (e.g. with reversed evolution and mind control). Representatives of the race can only move around and use

tools with the aid of metal anti-gravity braces around their bodies, which are equipped with precise manipulators, and tiny tubes to shoot destructive rays. Up to 4 rays can be operational in a single round (save vs. wands avoids), with the following effects:

- Mental blast: paralysed while ray remains active;
- Laser beam: 1d10+ damage (extra dice on 10, cumulative), armour-piercing;
- Hypnosis: subject becomes an obedient puppet while ray remains active;
- Manipulation: minor telekinetic force 30'.

The people of the worm treat humans as half-sentient animals, but recognise the value of selecting overseers from among their slaves, and providing them smaller benefits in exchange for obedience. Their treasure consists of high-tech items.



Monsters of Wizardry

Justly celebrated as one of the best CRPGs of all time, **Wizardry VII: Crusaders of the Dark Savant** comes with an improbable bestiary of exotic and dangerous monsters. This article adapts some of these memorable creatures to the OSRIC rules. The different needs and possibilities of computer games and tabletop have necessitated some changes, and only those monsters which fill a useful niche in gaming were considered. Likewise, I chose not to adapt the game's intelligent races: they are all interesting, but either have clear, existing parallels, or they would require a more in-depth treatment. Accordingly, this collection focuses on the strange beasts which populate the wilderness areas of the mysterious planet of Lost Guardia.



Bantari (1d4)

Hit Dice: 6 + 6

Armour Class: 6

Attacks: 4*claws 1d6+1 and 2*bite 1d10+1

Special: rake, surprised only on a 1, (breath weapon)

Morale: 10

Alignment: Neutral

Treasure: -

Size: Large

XP: 475 + 8/Hp (Q'Ua-Tari 600 + 8/Hp)

These massive prehistoric beasts resemble thickly built lions with striped or spotted orange fur, six clawed legs, and two heads with a rich mane. They attack in a fury of claws and bites, and if they score two paw hits in one round, they can also rake twice with their hind legs. Their rare cousins, the **Q'Ua-Tari** (1d2 appearing) also breath a cloud of icy cold once every turn for 4d6 Hp, save vs. breath halves. They inhabit forested mountain ranges, the Q'Ua-Tari sticking to the higher altitudes. They are intensely territorial.

Butterfly, Giant (2d4)

Hit Dice: 2

Armour Class: 8

Attacks: tongue 1d4 + poison type A (1d4+1 rounds, 0/15 Hp)

Special: poison, pollen, immune to mind-affecting

Morale: 6

Alignment: Neutral

Treasure: -

Size: Small

XP: 105 + 2/Hp (Luna Mothra 175 + 4/Hp)

Giant butterflies come in many colours, the most common variety coming in a combination of dull green and silvery grey. Their tongue carries a contact poison, while they can also blow a 15' cloud of glittering pollen three times per day. The effects are variable, but always identical for a specific group (1d6):

1-2 – irritant (-2 to hits)

3-4 – narcolepsy (save vs. poison or fall asleep)

5 – paralysis (save vs. paralysis or be held for 1d3 turns)

6 – poison (airborne, save vs. poison or 3d4 Hp)

Luna Mothras (1d4 appearing) are a larger, more powerful sub-type with glittering silvery fur and large ruby eyes. They have 4 HD and an AC of 3, all their poison is at -2, and they can spit a silvery webbing to immobilise their targets (save vs. paralysis, 1d3 turns). Butterflies typically attack if their habitat is disturbed. They do not devour fallen or immobilised opponents, or those who feign death, leaving them to their fate.

Fire Crow (1d3)

Hit Dice: 4

Armour Class: 6

Attacks: peck 1d3

Special: *fireball* 3/day, immune to fire

Morale: 8

Alignment: Neutral

Treasure: Q (50% of 1d4 gemstones)

Size: Small

XP: 150 + 4/Hp

Black birds of prey who can reduce a small forest glade into a charred wasteland. They become extremely aggressive when approached.

Floating Jellyfish (2d4)

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 9

Attacks: stingers 1 + poison type C (1 round, 0/35 Hp)

Special: poison, floats, immune to mind-affecting

Morale: 7

Alignment: Neutral

Treasure: –

Size: Medium

XP: 105 + 3/Hp (Gt. Fl. Jellyfish 350 + 6/Hp)

Their bells glowing with a faint inner light, flying jellyfish glide above the ground in wetlands and forests (but always close to a body of water). They must make a morale check if faced with fire. **Giant Floating Jellyfish** (1d3 appearing) are Large; they have 6 HD, and their stingers also cause paralysis unless a saving throw is made.

Meta-Droid (1d6)

Hit Dice: 8 + 8

Armour Class: 0

Attacks: fist 1d12+2 or laser beam 3d10+

Special: laser, immune to mind-affecting, ½ damage from cold, fire and electricity

Morale: 12

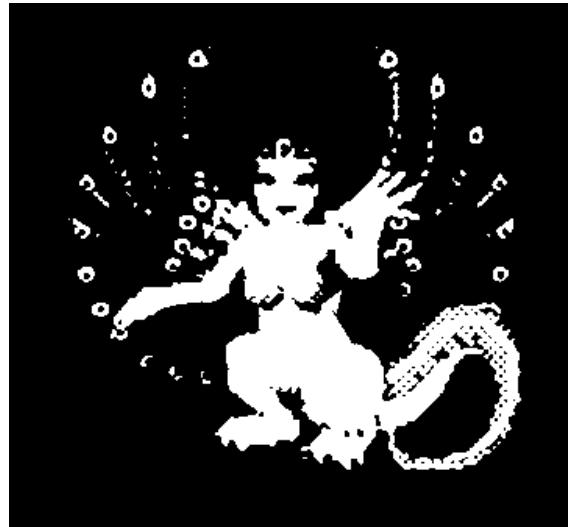
Alignment: Neutral

Treasure: –

Size: Medium

XP: 1800 + 14/Hp

These mechanical sentinels are somewhat larger than humans, and are protected by riveted and yellow-enamelled metal sheets. In addition to attacking with their fists, they can shoot a laser beam every third round. They are often set to guard ancient ruins and military bases, and are found there as well as certain domains of the Underworld.



Mynxlmynx

Hit Dice: 10

Armour Class: -2

Attacks: 2*paws 2d4 and petrify or tail 1d6 + deadly poison (-3 to save)

Special: petrification, poison, *prismatic missile* 1/3 rounds (as spray, but one target), flight, MR 60%, immune to poison, petrification and mind-affecting

Morale: 11

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

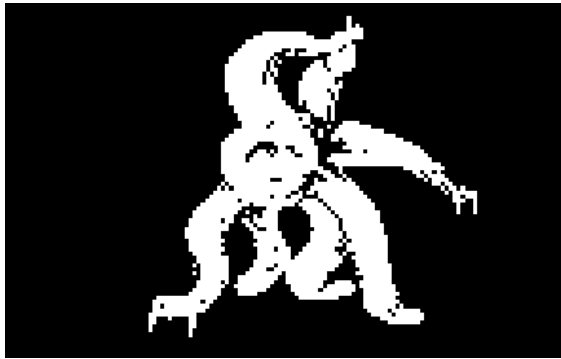
Treasure: 80% of 1d4 jewelry plus E (25% of 1d12*200 sp, 1d6*200 electrum and 1d8*200 gp, 15% of 1d12 gems, 10% of 1d8 jewelry, 25% of 3 magic items and a scroll)

Size: Large

XP: 3900 + 14/Hp

These enigmas of nature are often considered the relatives of the sphinx, but they are significantly more powerful – and dangerous! Mynxlmynx resemble beautiful, naked women from the waist up, with the lower body of a lioness, the tail of a lizard and the colourful fan of a splendid peacock. In combat, they strike with paws that turn their enemies to stone, and sting with their lizard's tail. They can freely employ their *prismatic missile* ability every third round.

Mynxlmynx are usually adorned with jewelry, and are very vain about their appearance – flattery goes a long way to convince them not to devour travellers. They are also renowned for their wisdom, which they always share in the form of mysterious parables and riddles. They are solitary, inhabiting ruins, forlorn isles and fantastic locations like cloud palaces and rainbows.



Phoot (2d6)

Hit Dice: 3

Armour Class: 5

Attacks: 2*tentacles 1d6

Special: tackle, gloop, surprised only on a 1
Morale: 6

Alignment: Neutral

Treasure: —

Size: Medium

XP: 65 + 3/Hp

Phoot are an invasive forest-dwelling species of unknown origin. Their slime-covered bodies consist of a mottled, rubbery green pod sitting atop six muscular tentacles. Their anatomy is symmetrical, with six beady eyes and one orifice on top of the pod. Phoot attack with two tentacles at once; if both hit, they tackle their opponent, requiring an open doors check to break free. Tackled opponents take automatic damage. Phoot can spit a large amount of green gloop on their foes once per day, immobilising them (save vs. paralysis). They spread very quickly and can easily overwhelm the local ecosystem.

Shadow Guardian

Hit Dice: 7

Armour Class: 2

Attacks: touch 1d6 Str and paralysis

Special: lifesteal 1/day, *silence* 1/day, +1 or better to hit, MR 30%, immune to cold and mind-affecting

Morale: 10

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Treasure: X (60% of 1 misc. magic plus 1d4 potions and scrolls each)

Size: Medium

XP: 950 + 8/Hp

These leaden-faced, faint gray apparitions are the undead spirits of powerful magic-users or illusionists, haunting their own workshops or bound to guard a specified location. They may not leave the place of their haunting. Once per day, they can attempt to steal someone's life (save vs. death or fall to 0 Hp); they can also cloak their surroundings in a suffocating veil of silence.

Spectral Raven (4d4)

Hit Dice: 1

Armour Class: 3

Attacks: peck 1d3 Str

Special: strength drain, incorporeal

Morale: 7

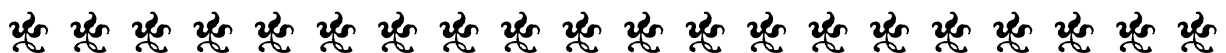
Alignment: Neutral Evil

Treasure: Q (50% of 1d4 gemstones)


Size: Tiny

XP: 42 + 1/Hp

Ghostly ravens burning with a faint phosphorescence. Their beaks are icy cold, and sap away Strength like shadows do. An opponent drained to 0 Str dies, and has a 20% of rising as a shadow in 1d4 rounds.



**Castle
Xyntillan**
by Gabor Lux



CM.D.T.

Jean-Patrick, cuirassier, shot full of arrows by an animated tapestry;
Louie, Thief 1, turned into stone by a goatrice;
Wulf, heavy footman, broke his neck on a slide trap;
Anastase, Thief 5; the thief, Anastase, did not find the poison trap, and he was declared dead;
Rob Roy, bowman, killed by the super-glittercloud;
Wyatt, bowman, killed by a giant stuffed owl;
Hafiz the Persian, M-U 1, fried to a crisp by a razzle-dazzle.
Many others.

***This is not normal!
But in Xyntillan, it is.***

Say no to Xyntillan!

❖❖❖❖ Erillion, East ❖❖❖❖

This article presents the first half of the hex key to the Isle of Erillion mini-setting (general writeup in *Echoes* #02), describing the notable locations of the east half of the island. The main reference point here is the city of Baklin, which sits in Erillion's geographical centre at the nexus of its main land and sea routes. For easy reference, the western half of the Highlands of Sibirk, to the south of Baklin, is also included in this writeup. The hex coordinates refer to the GM's map of Erillion, included with this issue. This treatment is not comprehensive. Multiple small villages and homesteads are found close to civilisation, while much of the wilderness either lies undiscovered, or has been abandoned to beasts and the elements after the wars which had shaken the isle. Likewise, small streams and rivers are omnipresent, and not noted on the map. It is up to you to populate the isle to suit your game – this is just a departure point, with some suggestions for adventures which have been, or are yet to be published in this zine.

Weather Along with the passage of time, weather has played an important role in our game, and we have been using a simple rule to simulate Erillion's fickle climate. At the dawn of every day, roll 1d6 to determine the prevailing weather. Add +1 in the Spring and the Autumn, and +2 in the Winter (north of hex row XX06, Winter begins in November, and lasts until late March). Unless the skies are clear, no hex-based navigation is possible.

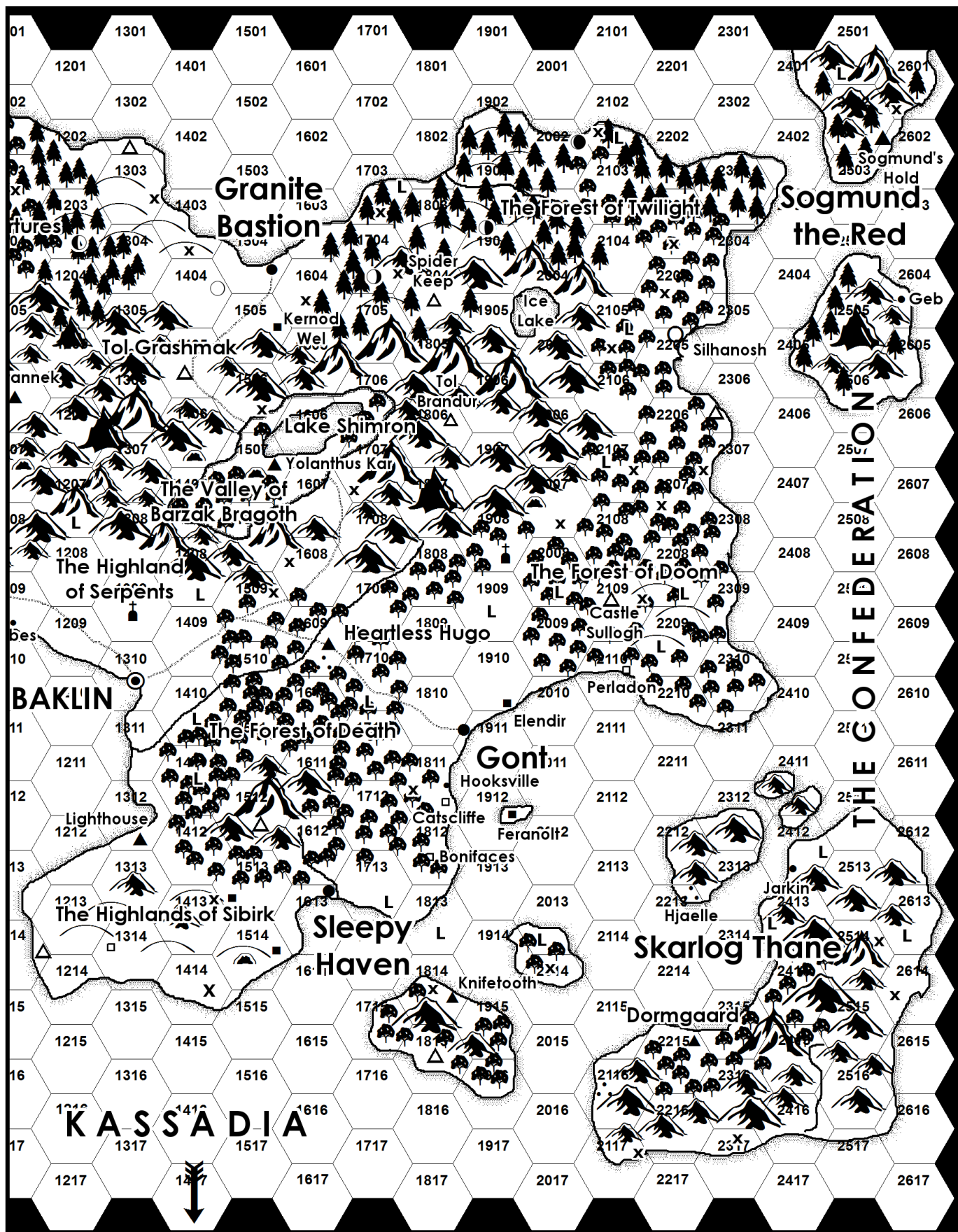
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1 – Clear and sunny. | 5 – Rain, heavy clouds, windy. |
| 2 – Sunny, light wind, clouds. | 6 – Heavy rain with strong winds and heavy fog. |
| 3 – Overcast, windy. | 7 + (Snow)storms, heavy clouds. |
| 4 – Overcast, light drizzle and fog. | |

Supplies Each day the company can spend a few hours hunting and foraging, roll 1d6 per character. Skilled outdoorsmen receive a +1, while rangers and druids receive +2. Similar guidelines apply to fishing along the coasts or on the high seas. Rolls in the high mountains are at -1. On a roll of 4+, the character has found food for the day, with one day's worth of extras for every point over the threshold. Otherwise, subtract a ration. Water is abundant on the isle.

Encounters All random encounters occur on a 1:6 probability. While travelling through the wilderness, check for a random encounter each time the company enters a new hex, spends half of the day exploring, or changes terrain type (e.g. moves from forest to mountains within a hex). Divide the night into three watches, rolling once for each if the characters are exposed. The company can try to find or build a shelter with a 1d6 roll, applying the same bonuses as for hunting and foraging. On a roll of 4 or 5, reduce nightly encounters to two checks; on a 6, to one; and on 7+, the company can rest entirely undisturbed.

For the purpose of random encounters while resting, monsters avoid ships, homesteads and populated areas. For general encounters, refer to the "Temperate" table in the DMG's Appendix C. During the Winter season, areas north of hex row XX06 use the "Sub-Arctic" table. Since the Isle of Erillion is not sufficiently large to sustain massive monster populations, use 1d6*10 or 2d4*10 to determine the manpower of warbands and larger settled groups.





1114 Scorched ruins of Howen's Keep, a large castle. The tattered group of **12 wolves** lairs in a splendid intact tower, and **6 giant ravens** occupy the belfry. Giant bell, 1:6 to fall if rung (3d10 Hp) and crash through into buried cellar... most of the valuables stored here are ruined, but three fine golden masks remain (3*280 gp).

Wolves (12): HD 2+2; AC 7; Atk bite 1d6+1; ML 5; AL N; one has a silver necklace 18 gp.

Hp	12	16	10
	6	11	10
	18	13	6
	10	8	11

Giant Ravens (6): HD 3; AC 6; Atk beak 1d10; ML 7; AL LE.

Hp	8	11	6
	13	8	10

* * Legend * *

- ⊙ City
- Town
- Village
- ▲ △ Fortress (ruin)
- □ Homestead (ruin)
- ∴ Ruins
- † Temple or Mstry.
- x L Ruin / Lair
- Road

1302 Emphedon's aviary. A broken, cylindrical tower with a fallen crown, choked with rubble. The rare northern birds have flown the coop, and the hot springs of the tower have been discovered by a group of **60 cavemen**, brought here from their land by an ice floe. Buried beneath is Emphedon's ultimate treasure: a glass bottle with an imprisoned type I demon. The demon, who provides the tower's lights, would offer a bargain for its freedom.

Cavemen (60): HD 2+2; AC 8 (hides); Atk spear 1d6 or 2*shortbow 1d6; ML 7; AL NE.

Hp	9	17	15	9	15	18
	15	13	8	17	16	18
	11	16	14	16	13	12
	8	12	11	9	19	11
	9	7	12	10	13	20
	13	16	12	8	8	8
	9	13	17	10	11	13
	15	10	12	6	19	11
	11	6	16	7	14	9
	17	10	14	16	11	15

1303 A row of standing stones leaning everywhichway, which could not be pulled down by those who had wanted them gone. Between the stones, there is a trick of light that seems to distort distances. A great, helmeted shadowy form towering above the central stone seems to lift something glinting; those who would take it are attacked by **16 zombies** blinking in through the strange gateways. The item is an ear of rye made of gold (75 gp, carries strong druidical magic).

Zombies (16): HD 2; AC 8; Atk hit 1d8; Spec slow, immune to cold and mind-affecting; ML 9; AL N; scraps of ancient armour (useless).

Hp	7	10	10	6	11	14
	4	9	8	6	11	14
	7	9	13	10		

1309 Ruined hall of columns, now used as a shrine by the followers of Filongar. There is a plain altar stone with the sign of an oak leaf and an inscription: “Do not forget whom you bother; may you step quietly and lightly.” In the niche behind the stone are herbs (healing and recreational), and a small jar of healing balm (+1d3 Hp overnight, 3 doses). Forgotten under the hall’s stone slabs is a black crypt of 12 shadows guarding 2200 accursed gold pieces (in 1d3 days, they turn to smoke along with all cash and valuables they are stored next to).

Shadows (12): HD 3+3; AC7; Atk 1d4+1 + Str drain; Spec drain, +1 or better to hit; ML 6; AL CE.

Hp	16	12	11	18	20	15
	13	12	16	19	20	10

1310 BAKLIN: Gateway to Erillion and the seat of the elderly Prince Lodovic (Fighter 4) and his equally aged consort, Princess Arkella (Fighter 3), the streets and plazas of Baklin are built on the slopes around a bay bustling with ships of all sorts. A maritime city which has never paid much attention to land power, Baklin’s affairs are mostly conducted by its old merchant dynasties and the Captain’s Council, whereas the declining Masters’ Guild, representing guilded craftsmen, has seen its fortunes dwindle as it could not prevent the influx of foreign goods.

The narrow streets hide numerous shops, taverns and drinking holes, most prominently the Nine Doors Tavern, a meeting place for travellers from Kassadia, the Nine Kingdoms and beyond. Below town are numerous cisterns, cellars and other half-forgotten places, allowing those in the know to pass unobserved under the streets. Baklin is a city known for its thieves; accordingly, only the noble-born receive decapitation for their crimes, while commoners are sewn into large sacks, and beaten to death with long staves before the crowd.

From Baklin, ships leave regularly to Gont and Tirwas (via Tol Tazeloth), and groups of traders and pilgrims band together to brave the Kordwas Mountains on their way to the Valley of Barzak Bragoth and Granite Bastion. Recently, a coach service has been established to offer comfortable and fast travel to Gont and Tirwas, but the latter route has been harassed by orcs and brigands, making it a hazardous trip.

1312 Lighthouse. This fortified tower and outbuilding have been erected by the princes of Baklin to guide ships around the treacherous reefs, and guard the city from sea attacks. The lighthouse keeper is Skeg the Guardian (Fighter 4), an alcoholic who is pleasant to travellers and does a good job in fair weather, but guides ships to their doom during storms, looting the cargo and sacrificing the survivors to Kurlakum of the Seven Misfortunes. Long-sealed rooms in the tower hide an old armoury enough to outfit a small army. At low tide, the entrance to a hidden cave on the rocks is revealed, where dwell Skeg’s 10 smuggler companions, guarding 450 electrum, a cargo of tree oil (400 gp), the valuables of a Kassadian villa (500 gp, name “Piragnol”), and a letter addressed to “H”, implicating Skeg’s operation (Hark the Green, head of the captain’s council in Baklin).

Skeg the Guardian: Fighter 4; AC 8 (leather); Atk giant club 1d8+3; Str 18/30; ML 9; AL CE; horn, rope, goat, salt, overcoat, sailor’s cap.

Hp 20

Smugglers (10): Fighter 3; AC 8 (leather); Atk trident 1d6+1 or shortsword 1d6 or 2*shortbow 1d6; ML 7; AL CE.

Hp	10	16	17	17	10	20
	11	14	23	15		

1314 VALLEY OF THE WITCHING WAY: This strange valley and orc encampment is described in Echoes #02.

1403 Small, wooded bog surrounded by low stone walls to keep away the sheep. Avoided by the shepherds who inhabit this coast, but sometimes sought out by evil men, here lives **Ruollan** the accursed cannibal, who lives alone in a decrepit hut. His unkempt hair, green beard and knotted limbs reveal him as someone slowly turning into a troll. He knows how to lay curses and wicked traps, which protect his domain. He owns a silver mirror he is cursed to keep, which shows him as the handsome, middle-aged man he could have remained if he had not turned to evil.

Ruollan: HD 6+6; AC 4; Atk 2*claws 1d4+4 and bite 2d6; Spec regeneration; ML 7; AL CE.
Hp 39

1404 15' black standing stone with the sign of the full moon, 1:2 of 1d6 werewolves. Moonlight is particularly strong in this hex, and results in nausea and vomiting. Someone staying here at full moon is taken by the Walking Glade, and must save vs. polymorph or contract lycanthropy. However, someone who drinks the full moon's mirror image in this hex is instantly cured.

Werewolves (1d6): HD 4+3; AC 5; Atk claws 2d4; Spec lycanthrope, surprise on 1-3, silver or +1 to hit; ML 8; AL CE.

Hp	20	19	27	22	32	24
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1405 TOL GRASHMAK: The gates of the tower are thrown open and debris covers the great staircases; the wind blows mournfully through the upper gallery. The great battle which had decided the fate of Erillion and put an end to the Wraith Queen Arxenia's rule is long over, and the participants have been laid to rest; but something in this place does not want to forget. It is unwise to linger here.

1406 In a crystal cave among the tall peaks, there nests the owl who lays the egg of time. The egg carries the dawn of a new era, to come in 1d6*100 years if it is set to hatch. Broken, it can lead to different times than our own, in the distant past or the unlikely future.

1408 Partially sacked barrow mound. Treasure-hunters have rolled aside the boulder at the entrance, but 9 wights still prowl the passages. They worship a **funghemoth** who has grown fat on the bodies. Smoked cadavers lie buried in the outer graves, with smaller treasures. In the innermost chamber where the funghemoth lurks, old swords decorate the walls, and there are great treasures in an old sarcophagus: 300 sp, 300 electrum, 300 gp, *the plough that opens graves*, *scimitar +2*, *staff of withering* (22 charges), *dagger of venom*, *periapt of foul rotting* (the source of corruption in the mound).

Wights (9): HD 4+3; AC 5; Atk claws 1d4 + drain; Spec drain, silver or +1 to hit; ML 9; AL LE.

Hp	9	15	13	14	24	21
	12	16	24			

Funghemoth: HD 8 (attacks as 5 HD); AC 7; Atk 2*mouths 1d4 and maw 2d6; Spec mouth stalks severed on 20, random magic per round (1d6): 1 – fire breath 3d6 (save vs. breath ½), 2 – ball lightning 3d6 (save vs. wands ½), 3 – electrically charged 1d6 on touch, 4 – changes colour, 5 – spores in 10' cause *confusion* (save vs. poison avoids), 6 – coughing spit (fermented fungal tissue, harmless); ML 11; AL N.

Hp 36

1410 On the edge of the dark forest, bloody animal remains around a group of standing stones. A **carnivorous cloud**, a swirling cloud of vapours humming a lullaby grinds up its victims.

Carnivorous cloud: HD 6; AC 6; Atk 1d4 mouths/round (50% behind victims), bite 1d8; Spec *hypnosis* 1/3 rounds, *obscurement* within cloud, immune to sleep, charm, electricity and acid, ½ damage from fire and cold; ML 10; AL CE

Hp 34



1411 A rotting treant with a decayed heart lives in the middle of a dead forest area. It speaks in loathsome muttering and gurgling voices to the brain-washed, hairless humans who have been chained to its trunk. *Longbow +1* and *10* arrows +2* stuck among the roots. The treant is among the last guardians of the forest, who had lost its mind when it was corrupted with drips of poison.

Treant: HD 8; AC 0; Atk 2*branches 2d8; Spec spit slime 1/3 rounds (save vs. breath or open doors to free oneself), never surprised, fire is +4 to hit and causes +1/dice; ML 10; AL LE.

Hp 29

1413 A rock formation resembling an enormous stone head with a gaping mouth stands above an altar half-buried in debris. 10 poisonous snakes live in the throat, and dark oil drips from the eyes.

Poisonous Snakes (10): HD 1; AC 5; Atk bite 1d6 + poison type B (1d3 r, 0/25 Hp); ML 6; AL N.

Hp	5	7	8	4	11	8
	4	7	4	7		

1414 Those who walk this windswept plateau are stepping on upright stone faces buried among the grass. The worn relics are accursed men and women, who have been buried here face-up, and turned to stone. Someone who exhumes one of the bodies will be cursed to turn to stone with all equipment at the point of death. 10 berserkers lead by **Inglif the Bear-eater** have become separated from their companions (1713) in a drunken daze, and ended up here.

Berserkers (10): Fighter 2+2; AC 7 (furs, shield); Atk 2*battleaxe 1d8 or javelin 1d6; Spec fight until -5 Hp; ML 12; AL LE; **Inglif (*)** has a serpentine bracelet (200 gp) and a bull amulet.

Hp	11*	12	11	9	10	12
	18	16	4	11		

1504 GRANITE BASTION: Dull grey battlements and towers besieged by the winds and crashing waves, small houses perched over the winding, muddy streets. This cheerless place is a town of smiths and warriors, and the traders of the northern seas. They are a glum and unpleasant people, mostly Northman by ancestry but island native by custom (thus a traditional enmity with their close kin in the Confederation). The harsh laws of **Lord Jönnörl (Fighter 8)**, the town's tyrant, are merciless and repressive; travellers are watched closely. Jönnörl is fiercely loyal to the prince of Baklin, and he is itching for the conquest of the northern wilderness, a goal that has eluded him

through his life consisting of consolidating his power and repressing the inevitable rebellions. Granite Bastion is also known for its hot springs, upon which enterprising merchants have built splendid baths; and the Five Towers, a pilgrimage site.

1505 Kernod Wel (Fighter 3) the dwarven smelter, his company of 20 dwarves, and **Overseer Orebreak** have built a hammer mill and outpost on the coasts of a small mountain lake, and started their iron extraction in earnest. However, they are troubled by too many "rust lumps" which ruin their picks and equipment (rust monster eggs).

Kernod Wel: dwarven Fighter 3; AC 3 (banded mail, shield); Atk waraxe 1d8; ML 10; AL LG.
Hp 12

Overseer Orebreak: dwarven Fighter 3; AC 3 (banded mail, shield); Atk pick 1d6+1; ML 9; AL LG.
Hp 18

Dwarves (20): Fighter 2; AC 5 (chain shirt, shield); Atk waraxe 1d8 or pick 1d6+1 or warhammer 1d8; ML 8; AL LG.

Hp	8	15	15	7	17	6
	5	7	13	8	13	11
	12	12	14	13	7	11
	10	11				

1506 Far from the road, on a high meadow overlooking the valley, stands a **vampire tree** bearing 1d12+2 golden apples (1d6*20 gp each).

Vampire tree: HD 8 MAX; AC 2; Atk 2*branches 1d10 or bite 2d8+3; Spec blood drain 2d6/round, stupefying cloud 1/3 rounds (save vs. spell avoids), never surprised, fire or lightning is +4 to hit and causes +1/dice; MR 50%; ML 11; AL CE.
Hp 64

1507 THE VALLEY OF BARZAK BRAGOTH: On the shores of Lake Shimron stands the priory of the Knights of Yolanthus Kar. The knights, who have had a decisive role in ending the rule of the Wraith Queen Arxenia, are sworn to prevent her return from the deep catacombs where she and her men have been imprisoned after their defeat. The underground tomb-complex is also a burial site for the dead from all over Erillion, and a site of pilgrimage. Wealthy families maintain separate graves and chapels in the tombs, although recently, thieves have infiltrated and robbed some through unknown means. The current Comtur (Knight Commander) is **Lady Yolcelinda (Fighter 9)**, whose recent appointment after **Niblott of the Golden Seal** (now living retired in Baklin) has left her an order whose power is less firm than before, and its fortunes are slowly declining. A dragonship has been sighted on Lake Shimron on misty days, and it is said that it shall one day obey the call of the chosen.

1509 Ruins of a mountain shelter bearing the sign of the sword-pierced wheel, the symbol of the knights of Yolanthus Kar. Driven off by persistent orc attacks, the knights decided to demolish their fortress rather than let it fall into the hands of the enemy. Today, it is the lair of 7 bombardier beetles. A trail leads up to the mountains to a clearing, where the statue of a unicorn is visible, but only by moonlight.

Bombardier beetles (7): HD 2+2; AC 4; Atk bite 2d6; Spec acid cloud 2/day 3d4 Hp, 20% to stun or deafen within 16'; ML 7; AL N.

Hp	17	7	15	17	13	12
	11					

Unicorn: HD 4+4; AC 2; Atk 2*hooves 1d6 and alicorn +2 1d12; Spec charge for 2d12, *dimension door* 1/day, *neutralise poison* on touch, sense enemies, immune to poison, save as 11th LVL M-U, immune to charm, hold and death spells; ML 6; AL CG.
 Hp 26

1512 THE LORD OF THE MOUNTAINS: A strange garden and enchanted castle nestled in the heart of the mountains, described in a later issue.

1513 On the Highlands of Sibirk, in an area rich with berries and wild animals, stands the homestead of **Wulhaf the Hunter** (Fighter 3) and his five fellows. Wulhaf has brought a woman from Baklin, **Dorina** (Thief/M-U 3/2), and she has brought the whole company under her heel with her charms, becoming the homestead's true master. The house is haunted by the highlands' strange echoes, and sometimes its boards are broken off by unseen forces.

Wulhaf the Hunter: Fighter 3; AC 6 (furs, shield, Dex 14); Atk spear 1d6+1 or 2*longbow 1d6; ML 8; AL N; 70 sp, 14 gp, pearl-inlaid knife 70 gp, bag of dust from his father's grave.
 Hp 20

Wulhaf's fellows (5): Fighter 1; AC 8 (furs); Atk shortsword 1d6 or spear 1d6+1; ML 6; AL N.
 Hp 10 10 9 3 6

Dorina: Thief 3/M-U 2; AC 8 (Dex 16); Atk dagger 1d4 + poison type A (1d4+1 rounds, 0/15 Hp); Spec backstab*2, PP 40%, OL 38%, FT 30%, MS 27%, HS 20%, HN 15%, CW 87%; ML 6; AL CN.
 Spells: 2; 1: colour spray, dancing lights, detect magic, light, shield, Tensor's floating disk.
 Hp 18

1514 This barren valley with its dry river bed and broken statues enjoys an ill reputation: a cloister has been buried under the hills, whose former masters were the monks of Barzog (who still live at 1908). Older shepherds still know where the collapsed entrance lies, but they are not telling. Recently, **Gormon the Swill** (Thief 4) has retired here, building a farmstead with his ill-gotten loot. Neither his wife Ynsell nor his two sons and daughter know his old profession. He has invested most of his money into trade ventures in Baklin.

Gormon the Swill: Thief 4; AC 7 (leather, Dex 15); Atk shortsword 1d6; Spec backstab*2, PP 45%, OL 37%, FT 35%, MS 33%, HS 25%, HN 15%, CW 88%, RL 20%; ML 7; AL CG; collection of old documents, tools of the trade, 380 gp, garnet ring 130 gp, *potion of slow poison*.
 Hp 13

1604 3 cave bears lounging in a hollow painted with ancient murals. Among the dancing stick figures, a taller form with antlers plays the flute; a runic inscription has been mostly destroyed. 500 gp worth of amber has been buried underfoot, almost burning from an inner light.

Cave bears (3): HD 6+6; AC 6; Atk 2*paws 1d8 and bite 1d12; Spec hug +2d8 on a 18+, fights for 1d4 rounds after slain; ML 9; AL N.
 Hp 28 23 38

1608 A hidden trail leads to a sacred grove surrounded by six enchanted trees, murmuring with a spring. 8 luna mothras defend the place against intruders.

- The outlines of a human form. Touching it, save vs. polymorph or the character switches place with **Lyssandra the Fey** (Fighter 3/Illusionist 3), and sleeps eternal.
- Dark and foreboding –lays a curse on those who don't save vs. magic. The victim is always surrounded by murmuring black shades (grant divinations but 1:3 to lose sleep each day).
- Tree of visions: the forests of Erillion spill over like the sea, to wash away humankind.

- Tree of legend, carved with an inscription: *"Far away in Castle Sullogh / It is nowhere writ on vellum / Izanoxin the one she found / In chains placed in heavy durance / Truth lay in the evil advice / Yet the price was dearly paid for / Lost is Lady Izanoxin / Ruined lies her castle forlorn."*
- Prophecy, spoken through a character's mouth: *"Vengeance in green... vengeance in green!"*
- Portal to 2203. After use, 1:2 the tree must recharge, 1 week/character passing through.

The trickle of the springwater forms magic words, which can be memorised as a druid for extra one-use spells above limit: *remove curse, plant growth, cure blindness.*

Luna mothras (8): HD 4; AC 3; Atk tongue 1d4 + poison type A (1d4+1 r, 0/15 Hp); Spec webbing (save vs. paralysis, 1d3 turns), pollen 3/day: 1-2 – irritant (-2 to hits), 3-4 – narcolepsy (save vs. poison or fall asleep), 5 – paralysis (save vs. paralysis or be held for 1d3 turns), 6 – poison (airborne, save vs. poison or 3d4 Hp); ML 8; N.

Hp	11	20	17	23	18	17
	20	10				

1609 HEARTLESS HUGO'S KEEP: A small keep and village guarding the road to Gont, ruled by the fat and boisterous Heartless Hugo. This keep on the borderlands was based on Judges Guild's classic *Huberic of Haghill* (from Installment K); the nearby Singing Caverns, a place of brigands, orcs and old mysteries, were described in *Beware the Beekeeper!* (Echoes #01).

1609 The half-buried ruins of an ancient settlement still stand in the forest. Among the stone huts are 5 wild boars. A golden sickle (100 gp) and mistletoe have been hidden in one, along with a piece of bark etched with the likeness of a man standing on his head.

Wild Boars (5): HD 3+3; AC 7; Atk gore 3d4 or 2d4 (sow*); Spec fight until -7 Hp or 1d4+1 extra rounds; ML 8; N.

Hp	16	14	15*	10*	21*
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1613 SLEEPY HAVEN: A stopover for most ships, this peaceful fishing and logging town is under the protectorate of Gont. The current governor is **Commander Armalis** (Fighter 4), whose corruption and gross negligence has resulted in his “exile”, and who has continued his old habits in his new position. Aside from the governor’s mansion, the lighthouse (“The Tower of the Overseer”) and the Blundering Rooster Inn, there is scarcely anything of interest in town.

1703 30 goblins living in fear in the forest, waiting for someone to take them to a safer home. In exchange, they will tell the secret of entering Spider Keep (1804). Their treasures consist of a cargo of brass and copper dishes (400 gp), and 250 electrum dug out of an abandoned “miracle well”.

Goblins (30): HD 1-1; AC 6; Atk shortsword 1d6 or sling 1d4; ML 4; AL LE.

Hp	4	5	7	5	2	7
	5	1	1	1	6	5
	7	3	3	1	5	5
	3	3	7	1	5	1
	1	7	4	7	1	2

1703 Ruined platform and cabin. An anchor, chain, charred wooden frame and scraps of silk mark the remains of a balloon that had once carried passengers to the clouds high above. **22** burned skeletons crawl around the cabin and claw at their own eyes. Among the clouds, a marble pavilion has a dais with a *potion of super-heroism*.

Skeletons (22): HD 1; AC 7; Atk claws 1d6; ML 7; AL N.

Hp	7	1	4	7	3	8
	1	4	3	1	4	7
	8	2	3	3	7	6
	7	6	2	8		

1704 15’ black standing stone with the sign of the waning gibbous moon. One who bravely steps before the burning sign will speak a prophecy with his own mouth (“*He is not the one with whom you shall struggle. That one hides behind another’s name.*”), but one who would do so reluctantly will be burned by the moon for 3d4 Hp and a scorched mark.

1704 Abandoned mining colony, left behind by the miners when they broke through into a cavern with an enormous bat-idol, and five of their numbers were struck dead.

1707 Enchanted meadows high above the valley of Barzak Bragoth. An inscription on a marble column read: “*And we walked forevermore among the blooming trees.*” Nearby lies the half-buried statue of the elf princess **Iriagel** (Fighter 5/M-U 3), bearer of the *Starblade*. Choosing to remain here in stone long before the times of the ancient Druids, she knows of a rainbow bridge and a tower in the sky, where the elven barges embarked on their westward journey, leaving behind the isle.

Iriagel: Fighter 8; AC -3 (*ring +3, cloak +1, bracers AC 4, Dexterity*); Atk 2**Starblade* +3 1d10+4 (falling stars 3/day for 4d4 Hp, save vs. breath ½, *teleport* 1/day to a distance of 1d6 Hexes); Spec 90% resistance to sleep and charm; Str 16, Int 15, Wis 15, Dex 17, Con 14, Cha 18; ML 10; AL CG.
Hp 36

1710 25 bandits have made camp in a forest ruin, many of them wounded or weakened. They are lead by **Wulfsten the White** (Fighter 5). Only walls stand from the ruin, and in the middle, the bandits have dug a pit where they have found old treasures. 300 sp, a 70 gp moss opal, bracelets with bearded faces, and a 1000 gp bowl on lion’s legs, used for druidic blood-sacrifice.

Wulfsten the White: Fighter 5; AC 4 (chainmail, shield); Atk mace 1d6+2 or heavy crossbow 1d10; Spec Str 17; ML 9; AL LE; *crown of hubris* (500 gp, wearer is possessed by delusions of grandeur).
Hp 22

Bandits (25): Fighter 1; AC 7 (leather, shield); Atk shortsword 1d6 or mace 1d6+1 or sling 1d4; ML 7; AL N.

Hp	4	2	9	2
	4	4	9	5
	9	3	2	1
	9	2	10	4
	7	3	8	1
	6	1	4	1
	4			

1713 60 Northmen have landed from their dragonship to celebrate under the star of Fomalhaut. This spot was once the seat of barbarian thanes, and the date commemorates a great battle and a dragon-slaying. There is much beer, roast meat, adultery, wrestling and competitions. **Harold Two-Heart** (Fighter 5) the berserker is planning to sacrifice a small hoard: four sacrificial oxen, 100 sp, 450 gp, a handful of gemstones (40, 80, 200 and 1000 gp), cups, household items, and a chariot.

Northman berserkers (18/60): Fighter 2+2; AC 7 (furs, shield); Atk 2*battleaxe 1d8 or javelin 1d6; Spec fight until -5 Hp; ML 12; AL LE.

Hp	16	15	21	15
	20	19	14	14
	6	17	14	22
	13	13	7	24
	22	20		



Harold Two-Heart: Fighter 5; AC 4 (chainmail, Dexterity); Atk 2*two-handed axe 1d10; Spec fight until -5 Hp; ML 12; AL LE.

Hp 40

1804 SPIDER KEEP: In the middle of a dark forest populated by spiders, stands a tower with no discernible entrance or window. Here dwell the accursed brothers **Cyllodon** (Ranger 7), **Cyl-lonir** (Bard 4), **Cymmedric** (Fighter 2, bowman) and **Cyagon** (Fighter 3, bowman). The tower's six levels follow a random order and form a perfect loop.

1806 TOL BRANDUR: Sharing their origins with the knights of Yolanthus Kar, the knighthood of the riders of Yuun have built a castle and independent realm in a fertile, isolated valley of the Kordwas Mountains. Only the frightful villagers they once ruled over still remain: the order has fallen to some deadly devastation or curse within their silent halls, and have not been seen since. Today, both the castle and the valley are mostly forgotten, and the way to it lost.

1811 HOOKSVILLE: A village of poor fishermen and their dismal huts, most enterprising youths here have left for Gont or the high seas to live the lives of sailors, smugglers and pirates. The informal leader is **Captain Skort Sharkface** (Fighter 6), a salty old sea dog living in a large, rambling house decorated by his memorabilia, and senior member of the Captains' Council in Gont.



1811 CATSCLIFFE: Only a few walls stand from the manor of the Belendor family, who have largely returned to their native Kassadia. Cat statues and mirror shards lie amidst the wreckage.

1811 Raining has washed away the soil to uncover an ancient battle site and a mass grave of warriors. 12 worm-eaten zombies, bronze vessels, stakes and jewelry worth 40 gp.

Zombies (14): HD 2; AC 8; Atk hit 1d8; Spec slow, immune to cold and charm; ML 9; AL N.

Hp	7	8	9	6	13	15
	7	12	7	8	5	12

1812 BONIFACES MANOR: This half-ruined manor house, inhabited by humanoids and hiding older enigmas, is described in *The Mysterious Manor* (Echoes #01).

1813 3 fishing boats frequent this area. Rich in catch, they are wary of the pirates who live in the area, and they are smugglers when it pays (1:6 of cargo) – but who isn't these days?

1814 KNIFETOOTH: A small, fortified “one-street” town under the protection of Skarlog Thane, a meeting place of smugglers and pirates. The 150-strong garrison is lead by Lord Isellon (Fighter 3), who has fallen ill with grave fever, an incurable sickness. Bedridden and fighting with invisible enemies, his duties have been taken over by his rival deputies, Ragak Long-Axe (Fighter 4) and Sergeant Fellagon (Fighter 4). Knifetooth has but one pub, the Coughing Cur (and it is grave news to be banned from it!), a small market with stands selling all manner of things from stolen silk to dog on a stick, and a row of villas belonging to the rich and disreputable who prefer not to reside in Baklin or Gont. Murgan the Benevolent (Thief 6) runs an emporium from his tasteless fortress-house, and has an interest in larger business ventures with the right kind of “entrepreneurs”.

1814 Burned-out ruins a few miles from Knifetooth, darkened bricks and petrified ashes. 5 spider-goats lurk among the walls. The house is said to be haunted, but the lights moving inside at times are smugglers' lamps: their buried treasure is 500 electrum, 200 gp, and a 200 gp cargo of daggers.

Spidergoats (5): HD 4; AC 6; Atk gore 2d4 or bite 1d4 + poison (paralysis + 1d3+1 r, 15/0); Spec webs (open doors to escape), jump; ML 8; AL N.

Hp	22	19	15	21	15
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1815 An abandoned log fortress is being dismantled by 77 giant ants and 7 soldiers. In the mountainside stand ancient amber pines, whose “blood” drips down to crystallise in the sand (500 gp). The trees are under the protection of Morok the hermit (Psionic 3).

Giant ants (24/77): HD 2; AC 3; Atk bite 1d6; ML 12; AL N.

Hp	14	9	8	4	6	5
	11	12	10	4	12	5
	6	4	12	11	9	7
	8	8	8	15	4	11

Soldiers (7): HD 3; AC 3; Atk bite 2d4 + sting (poison, 0/3d4 Hp); ML 12; AL N.

Hp	17	9	17	15	23	15
	17					

Morok: Psionic 3; AC 6; Atk staff 1d6; Spec psionic strike (save vs. magic or 3d6 Hp), psionic knife as *spiritual hammer*, ML 10; AL LN; *dagger +1*, *potion of neutralize poison*, *scroll* (illusionary wall, rainbow pattern).

Hp 22

1903 15' black standing stone with the sign of the quarter moon. An inscription reads: "*The blood of poets cries to the land / A malign will from fell times contend / By one name its inheritance be writ / In a vale under stone slab it is hid.*" There are three symbols: a key, a staff, and a sword. Further glyphs are faded, but carry spells: *massmorph* for druids and *arrowstorm aire* for bards.

1908 THE CLOISTER OF BARZOG: The malevolent monks of this cloister are worshippers of the evil god, Kurlakum of the Seven Misfortunes. They have been driven out from Erillion's cities and their other nest in the Highlands of Sibirk has been smoked out, but they still scheme and plot here, being sought for advice and help by wicked men. The monks of Barzog have long been rumoured to engage in resurrectionism and the raising of undead, but no solid proof has been offered, and the knights of Yolanthus Kar have found no good excuse to storm their cloister either. Nevertheless, the monks have never sent their dead to the Valley of Barzak Bragoth.

1909 This hex is unusually rich in all kinds of game and wildfowl – all hunting checks receive +3. A pack of 16 wild dogs lairs around a hunter's grave. A rusty sword has been struck in the mound, and a fresh wreath lies on top of it. Ervalon the Hunter lies underneath, now a wight: his dreams populate the land with beasts to hunt, and his will controls the pack, drawing further dogs to it (canines save vs. spell or be charmed).

Wild dogs (16): HD 1+1; AC 7; Atk bite 1d4; ML 8; AL N.

Hp	4	4	8	8	4	4
	2	6	5	3	7	9
	9	3	3	5		

Ervalon the Hunter: HD 4+3; AC 5; Atk claws 1d4 + LVL; Spec drain, silver or +1 to hit; ML 9; AL LE; 50 electrum, medallion with a maiden's picture, arrow through the throat.

Hp 22

1910 ELENDIR MANOR: A great oak tree stands in the courtyard of this tiny keep, surrounded by a lush garden of herbs and flowers. The blue banners carry the symbol of a star between two acorns, and a carved motto is seen above the gates: "*Always remember Silhanosh*". The last of the Elendir line, the half-elven Hoiger Elendir (Fighter 5/M-U 5) lives with his wife, Frederica Elendir (Cleric 10), the secret high priestess of Irlan on the Isle of Erillion. Theirs is an old family with links to the island's ancient past, and darker secrets they are not telling. Now in their old age, they regret not sailing west to seek their elven kin, and await their end with some resignation. They are served by Fragor the Steward (Fighter 2) and 30 bowmen (Fighter 2). A beautiful marble chamber beneath the keep is a refuge for the tired and a remedy for broken spirits.



Hoiger Elendir: half-elven Fighter 5/M-U 5; AC 6/2 (*cloak +1, shield +1, Dexterity, ring of force shield*); Atk 2* *bastard sword +1* 2d4+1 or 4* *longbow* 1d6 (25* *arrow +1*); Str 13, Int 14, Wis 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Cha 8; ML 10; AL CG; leaf brooch 350 gp.

Spells: 4/2/1; 1: detect magic, feather fall, light, read magic, Tensor's floating disk; 2: audible glammer, detect invisibility, ray of enfeeblement; 3: dispel magic, lightning bolt.

Hp 38

Frederica Elendir: Cleric 10 (Irlan); AC 1 (*cloak +3, chain shirt, shield, Dexterity*); Atk *mace +2* 1d6+3; Str 13, Int 13, Wis 15, Dex 15, Con 13, Cha 15; ML 10; AL LG *ring of spirits, potion of neutralize poison, scroll* (remove curse), *scroll* (cure disease, prot vs. evil 10', divination).

Spells: 6/5/3/3/2; 1: detect evil, detect magic, cure light wounds*2, purify food & drink, remove fear; 2: augury, chant, hold person, silence 15' r, slow poison; 3: cure disease, dispel magic, remove curse; 4: cure serious wounds, exorcise, neutralise poison; 5: flame strike, quest.

Hp 49

1911 GONT: The coastal town of Gont is second only to Baklin in wealth and prominence. The bulk of Keldor's Tower, an old fortress-complex protects the harbour, and a fleet of ships overseen by the Captains' Council rules the seas around town. Gont was once surrounded by petty fiefs ruled by a conquering aristocracy, but their influence has declined, and power these days lies in the hands of Lord Gramantik, the Grey Fox (Fighter 4/Thief 3), and varied mercantile interests. Gont's stately mansions are contrasted by a busy and chaotic port area, and clandestine goings-on which lead into the town's underground. The Hall of Gontheim, a music hall founded to nurture Erillion's bardic traditions, is now silent, a memorial to an era that has mostly passed.

1912 FERANOLT MANOR: While the Feranolt family has relocated to Baklin, where they have met much fortune in their ventures, they have kept this old family nest for tradition's sake. The manor is located on top of a barren cliff, and tended to by a 10 men (Fighter 2) and a caretaker.

2002 15' black standing stone with the sign of the waning crescent moon on a cliff above the churning sea. It is carved with the symbol of a gate. Those who have followed the entire Lunar Path (see next issue) receive +1 Wisdom and +1 on a random saving throw, and can pass from here into the world of dreams.

2004 ICE LAKE: The reflections of bygone worlds are trapped in the eternal ice, seen in a procession of eras: elves, giants, men, orcs, and finally cavemen. 4 frost giants live in an ice cave, spending their times brooding on frozen thrones or hunting with 12 dire wolves. 4000 electrum, electrum vessels 1000 gp, scented oils 300 gp, cloths 200 gp.

Frost giants (Valand, Snorag, Jornac, Brude): HD 10; AC 4; Atk huge axe 4d6 or hurled rock 2d10; immune to cold; ML 9; AL CE; Bags: Valand: 200 gp platinum pin, gems 120, 80, 500 gp, *chain mail* -3; Snorag: - ; Jornac: 200 gp, gems 200, 500, 2000, 400 gp, 800 gp platinum chain; Brude: 200 gp, 600 gp platinum headband.

Hp	38	47	41	40
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Dire wolves (12): HD 3+3; AC 6; Atk bite 2d4; ML 9; N.

Hp	14	13	19	21	22	12
	11	13	12	13	8	13

2007 Enormous stone potter's wheel in an excavated crater filled with clay and discarded pottery radiating a strange power, 7 giant bats. One who sits down by the wheel can roll below Dexterity. Poor results save vs. polymorph or collapse into wet clay or be struck by a 6d6 lightning bolt for challenging fate. Excellent results can create magical tools or bizarre monsters of the imagination.

Giant bats (7): HD 4; AC 5; Atk bite 2d4; Spec flies; ML 8; AL LE.

Hp	18	22	26	26	34	24
	28					

2008 3 ogres seeking shelter in a collapsed longhouse consumed by moss and vine, living in superstitious fear of the "roofed garden". Three eye-shaped gems (40 gp each) in their possession would fit a wooden statue, but it only has two eye sockets...

Ogres (3): HD 4+1; AC 5; Atk club 1d10; ML 9; CE; one has a cauldron for a helmet.

Hp	25	14	22
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2013 Half-buried circular pavilion; weakening but still intact force fields enclose a barely visible trick of the light. Therein is the *frost brand* +3 sword, but woe to those who would free the imprisoned elemental force guarding it – it shall tear them limb from limb!

Elemental force: HD 12; AC 0; Atk hit 2d12; Spec immune to mind-affecting, +1 or better to hit, invisible; ML 12; AL N.

Hp	46
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2013 Steps descend into a steaming fissure in the ground. The winding passage leads to a cavern where hot, sulphurous and salty waters boil in limestone pools, and 4 sea hags concoct foul brews with their 8 sea zombie servants. They have potions for sale, but they will kill and devour a weak-looking group. Potions: *of life trapping* 1100 gp, *of fire breath* 400 gp, *dust of sneezing and choking* 1100 gp. They also have 350 electrum and 550 gp.

Hyalon, Gwellon, Corletta: HD 3; AC 7; Atk 2*claws 1d4; Spec weakness on sight (save vs. magic or ½ Strength), death look 3/day (save vs. poison or die and rise as a sea zombie within 1d4 rounds), MR 50%; ML 8; AL CE.

Hp	15	11	18
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Gertma: HD 6; AC 6; Atk 2*claws 1d4; Spec as above and spells; ML 9; AL CE.

Spells: 4/2/2; 1: burning hands*2, jump, shield; 2: continual darkness, magic mouth, Leo's trap; 3: clairvoyance, lightning bolt.

Hp	25
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Sea zombies (8): HD 4; AC 8; Atk hit 1d8; Spec slow, mindless; ML 12; AL N.

Hp	12	20	23	17	12	17
	19	22				

2102 Cliffs and rocks. At night, spirits cast themselves into the churning sea, the members of a simple but fair people. Their whisper, "*Always remember Silhanosh*", murmurs through the night.

2102 20 cavemen, carried to slavery by Sogmund the Red's men, who have recently escaped on a raft, and are now thinking of their next step.

Cavemen (20): HD 2+2; AC 8 (hides); Atk spear 1d6; ML 7; AL NG.

Hp	9	14	17	10	14	8
	11	16	10	11	12	13
	10	15	8	10	11	5
	8	6				

2105 Shiny statues of black and white marble (chess pieces) are entangled in the undergrowth. Strange feeling of tension. Travellers passing through the hex from the north will arrive in hex 2206, and from the south, to 2202.

2105 2d10 flying morays patrol the air. Bone-filled pits, at night spirits weeping on the edge: "*Always remember Silhanosh*!"

Flying morays (2d10): HD 2; AC 7; Atk bite 1d6; Spec attack again on successful hit, up to 4 times; ML 7; AL NE.

Hp	13	10	10	5	11	13
	10	11	14	11	10	10
	12	7	11	3	9	11
	4	5				

2107 4 owlbears are feasting on a giant honeycomb they have found in the hollow of an ancient tree. The remaining honey has half turned into crystalline amber; a man is preserved therein upside-down, wearing scale mail, a winged helmet, and a *warhammer* +1.

Owlbears (4): HD 5+2; AC 5; Atk 2*paws 1d6 and beak 2d6; Spec 18-20 hug 2d8; ML 9; AL N.

Hp	27	19	24	32
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2107 Elm trees surround a barren mound. On the top, the statues of stone giants have fallen, frozen pain on their faces. The mass grave contains numerous corpses frozen in mud, as well as as *the staff of the infinite forests* (loaded with three random druid spells each day), which had once belonged to the mighty archdruid Nynniaw in times long past. The staff is protected from defilers by the living forests, the stones of the earth, and the skies.

Elm trees (3): HD 8; AC 0; Atk 2*branches 2d8; Spec fire is +4 to hit & +1/dice; ML 10; AL N.

Hp	49	42	39
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Stone giants (3): HD 9; AC 0; Atk club 3d6 or hurled rock 3d10; ML 10; AL N.

Hp	40	35	47
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Giant Owls (3): HD 4; AC 6; Atk 2*claws 2d4 and bite 1d6+1; surprise 1-5; ML 8; AL N.

Hp	21	14	23
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2109 **CASTLE SULLOGH:** A mossy lake lies below the parapets of this ancient fortress. Once a seat of forest-dwelling monsters, it was briefly claimed by the Lady Izanoxin, Knight Commander of the knights of Yolanthus Kar. With the lady's disappearance in an ill-fated adventure, the castle was reconquered by its original masters. The castle will be described in a subsequent issue.

2109 An enormous stone throne lies abandoned in the forest. Now overgrown with vines, it is an important memento for the island's giants, whose rule passed from Erillion when they had to swear an oath to cease meddling in human affairs. Someone has sacrificed a deer before the seat; bones and a pair of antlers in the charred ashes.

2110 **PERLADON MANOR:** The crumbling remains of this manor house had belonged to the now extinct Perladon family. It will be described in a subsequent issue.

2116 The walls of a castle lie tumbled down. Guttred by a dragon attack, its treasures carried off and the wreckage abandoned to the elements, there is still rumoured to be a deep undercellar where the dragon's original target, a chalice of living fire is stored in a reliquary.

2117 Galleries carved into the cliffsides are painted with the murals of a mad artist, who had come here to paint a wonder of the world, but whose masterpiece only survives partially and in a poor condition. **Mulvon**, an old caretaker, rambles about the gallery's more glorious days.

2203 Shrubs surround splendid marble ballustrades, weed-strewn floors and a crude megalith. Varicoloured, spiny caterpillars crawl on the red leaves and purple berries of an enormous bush. They are collectively hypnotic, save vs. spell or be transfixed. The berries are intoxicating but harmless.

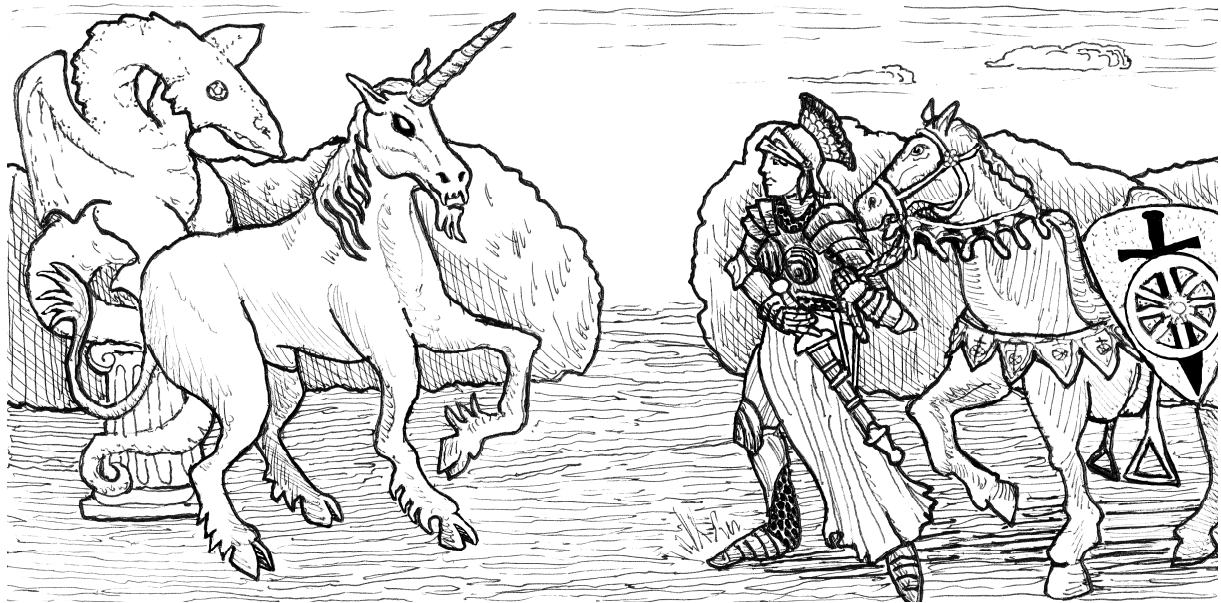
Caterpillars (28): HD 1; AC 10; Atk spines 1d4; ML 6; AL N.

Hp	1	1	2	2	2	5
	1	6	6	7	5	5
	5	4	4	5	4	6
	5	1	3	2	4	3
	7	6	2	2		

2204 A spiral path leads to the centre of overgrown hedgerows; near the end, it "spins" characters out of the hex in a random direction (1d6 twice, north preferred). Someone reaching the centre will find a wyvern statue with sapphire eyes (2*1500 gp), guarded by a beautiful vampire unicorn.

Vampire unicorn: HD 8; AC 5; Atk 2*hooves 1d6 and alicorn 2d6 + deadly poison; Spec *bestow curse, protection from good* 10' r, *dimension door* 1/day, MR 50%; ML 10; AL CE.

Hp	42
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2205 SILHANOSH: The tragedy which had lead to the port city's ruin and abandonment was a long time ago, but its traces linger. Ghostly apparitions, evil monsters and enigmas of the past haunt Erillion's former capital.

2207 A series of clearings centred around a deep lake and a great lightning-struck tree. The paths here are confused: those who would leave the hex only return to the centre by sunset. 1:6 to escape each day; a ranger or outdoorsman increases this to 1:2, and druids succeed automatically. Swimming is impossible in the lake; those who try will sink, and drown without assistance.

2208 15 orc scouts picking over the burned remains of their 20 comrades, blasted into smithereens by 2 fire crows. Their reconnaissance mission to Castle Sullogh a failure, and their encampment in shambles, they will tell what they have learned in exchange for someone killing the crows.

Orc scouts (15): Fighter 2; AC 5 (chain shirt, shield); Atk spear 1d6+1 or 2*bow 1d6; ML 5; AL LE; each wears a symbol of Agak. They are equipped with torches, picks and shovels.

Hp	2/16	12	4/5	12	13/17	12
	12	11/12	12/13	16	6/7	9/10
	9	6	9/11			

Fire crows (2): HD 4; AC 6; Atk peck 1d3; Spec 4d6 fireball 3/day, immune to fire; ML 8; AL N.
Hp 7/22 17/22

2209 Glittering mineral deposits where a creek has washed away the hillside; deer gather around to lick the salt among the rocks. A broken ladder lies below a grotto 20' up, the dwelling of Callur the Seer. He has been slain recently, and his renowned diviner's stone, a lump of amber with lizard fossils, lies broken next to the bloody corpse. Someone has scratched the sign of a two-tailed mermaid on the wall with a piece of charcoal.

2213 HJAELE: Only white ruins remain of this old fishing village on a ridge above a pleasant bay. The earth has reclaimed most of the wooden structures, and only the old man Bal-lodrac lives here with Sark, his tamed dire wolf. Ballodric has travelled three seas and seen much, and by the time he had returned to tell his tales, his home village was no more. He has buried 700 gp and his lute under the grave he has already dug for himself.

Ballodrac: Bard 3; AC 10/4 (chain, shield); Atk battleaxe 1d8 or crossbow 1d6+1; Str 16, Int 11, Wis 11, Dex 11, Con 11, Cha 17; ML 8; AL NG; symbol of Zeltar, 30 sp.

Spells: 3; 1: drowsiness lullaby (as *sleep*, save allowed), fairwind chanty (disperse fog & clouds, propel small ships), faunacare warble (cure animals 1d6 Hp/r, 3 r).

Hp 13

Sark, dire wolf: HD 3+3; AC 6; Atk bite 2d4; ML 9; N.

Hp 11

2215 DORMGAARD: There is not much fun to be had in the grey-walled fort of the treacherous Skarlog Thane (Fighter 7), who maintains his influence by selling his friendship now to Baklin, then to Kassadia. The Northman chief and his captains (Ofrin the Scab, Fighter 5; Targon Skarisson, Fighter 4; and Herlarik the Thumb, Fighter 3) rule from a large longhouse, surrounded by scores of miserable huts. The longhouse is loud with singing, animal fights (bears and wolves pitted against each other, or the occasional slave), and the clamour of armed men. Traders of a dishonest sort are often seen, dealing in slaves and the spoils of war, and some have built themselves guarded stone townhouses in the emerging town.

2306 A palisade lies in ruin, inhabited by 9 bombardier beetles. The prow of a ship depicting a neighing mare protrudes from the wreckage. Ten unmarked graves with upright stones.

Bombardier beetles (9): HD 2+2; AC 4; Atk bite 2d6; Spec acid cloud 2/day 3d4 Hp, 20% to stun or deafen within 16'; ML 7; AL N.

Hp	4	10	11	7	6	7
	11	7	10			

2307 Rungritta, a green hag lives here, spurned even by her sisters in Castle Sullogh. He kidnaps children to boil them in swamp water, and turn them into shivering little killers (ghouls). She has 400 sp, 350 gp, and a stolen crown (800 gp) in a small cauldron.

Rungritta: HD 9; AC 0; Atk 2*claws 2d4+2; Spec spells M-U 9; ML 9; AL CE.

Spells: 4/3/3/2/1; 1: charm person, dancing lights, detect magic, magic missile; 2: darkness 15' radius, levitate, pyrotechnics; 3: clairaudience, dispel magic, Leo's tiny hut; 4: polymorph other, wizard eye; 5: animate dead.

Hp 42

Children (ghouls, 13): HD 2; AC 6; Atk 2*claws 1d3 and bite 1d6; Spec paralysis; ML 7; AL CE.

Hp	10	8	12	5	5	8
	4	7	12	12	12	2
	6					

2317 A half-sunken altar stone lies atop a round knoll carven with spiral crevices. It bestows a curse on those who would sacrifice here: spells have a 1:3 to turn into inarticulate gibbering when spoken. The altar can be restored with some work and *remove curse*, in which case it reveals the legend of the lake [Shimron]: "*No sea does it travel, wasted on the shore / Its mirror image has flown a thousand years before / Only a distant shore its horizon does find / Oh, if it could fly, and this cursed land depart!*"

2412 JARKIN: Fishing village built on the dull grey cliffs. They serve Skarlog Thane, and since most of the men are away fighting or sailing, the place is *de facto* mostly ruled by women. The Ancestors have recently prophesied Jarkin will fall into the sea unless it be bound by chains forged by the fire giants; however, no such giants are known to live anywhere close to Erillion.

2412 11 wolves have been harassing the shepherds in this area. They are considered to be marked by the Ancestors (star sign on the forehead), and killing them would cause a great uproar.

Wolves (11): HD 2+2; AC 7; Atk bite 1d6+1; ML 5; AL N.

Hp	9	6	7	4	10	10
	10	7	14	14	5	

2413 A valley in the mountains is the home of 23 berserkers. They are outcasts who must not leave this barren place unless pardoned by King Jarkon (a rarity), but are in fact often brought on ship illicitly as “free men” by reavers and pirates.

Berserkers (23): Fighter 2+2; AC 7 (furs, shield); Atk 2*battleaxe 1d8 or javelin 1d6; Spec fight until -5 Hp; ML 12; AL LE; one is Sigurd the Snake (*), Skarlog Thane's third son.

Hp	19	14	17	13	8	22
	19	5	15	16	11	10
	21	6	14	17	12	21
	21*	5	11	12	16	

2501 30 berserkers guard a sacred hot spring where, once per year, King Jarkon of the Northmen comes to renew his vigour and receive visions from the sulphurous vapours. The berserkers have been picked from different clans to keep them loyal only to Jarkon; however, Sogmund the Red has slowly bent some to his will with gifts and flattery, and has secretly bathed in the royal waters.

Berserkers (30): every 6th man is equipped with an alarm horn; every 12th has flaming oil.

Hp	18	8	13	13	10	17
	10	14	10	18	15	13
	14	22	19	13	14	7
	14	13	14	11	19	13
	11	7	8	16	6	6

2514 Low walls around a large mountain garden. The ghost of a hermit sits cross-legged above a bed of giant wildflowers; where his blood falls, new life grows, disease and poison are healed, and Spring reigns eternal. Another ghost, a Northman thane, tries to enter the garden through trick or treachery; if he succeeds, the hermit disappears and the garden dies.

2601 A pit of bones opens from a crevice, containing the remains of mammoths, men, sabretooths and many other creatures. The pit opens into even deeper caverns, with remains increasingly more fantastic and deformed. Stirring sounds and deep growling can be heard from these depths. Sacrifices to the Ancestors are sometimes brought to the threshold, but never beyond.

2602 SOGMUND'S HOLD: Sogmund the Red (Fighter 8), the merciless warlord who had been cursed as town-burner and village-slayer in the Twelve Kingdoms civil war, has built a fortified port here to show off his wealth. Sogmund has grown increasingly erratic since the death of his second wife in childbirth, and his advisors have been trying to make him remarry one of the princesses of the tiny Northman kingdoms. They have also been troubled by the disappearance of three longships, all loaded with warriors, while Sogmund has not shown the least bit of concern.

2604 GEB: A watchtower and palisades guard this village against sea raiders (other than their own kin), and the shields of looted strongholds hang in the longhouse. Old storage cellars, predating the Northmen and human memory, descend below the mountains, reputedly to a wishing well guarded by a dragon. Ivar the Herring-eater (Fighter 4), a greybeard who has lost five sons in the war and married off three daughters, rules in absence of a more capable man. Ivar's advice has not helped any as of late, and his foolish love for a beautiful sea witch has called his sanity into question.

2613 30 berserkers are dressed as pilgrims to “seek the seat of the Thulean mirage”. They are in the service of Grak Longshanks, a Northman warlord, to survey the island’s secret paths and Skarlog Thane’s weaknesses. They have shorn off their beards and long hair, but hide weapons under their robes, and have concealed a dragonship in hex 2612.

Berserkers (30): Fighter 2+2; AC 10; Atk 2*hand axeld6 or 2*dagger 1d4 or 2*quarterstaff 1d6; Spec fight until -5 Hp; ML 12; AL LE.

Hp	21	12	16	10	17	18
	11	18	21	13	7	11
	11	11	7	20	13	11
	5	6	12	17	20	12
	15	6	17	9	13	14

2614 These high meadows on the mountain slopes enjoy a fell reputation, alternately described as the seat of a fickle faerie lord, and a castle of ghosts. Both rumours have merit. There is a 1:3 any day to find a tower here; equal chance to offer a place of refuge and splendid food, and to be populated by terrible spectres seeking to torment those who would enter. Both towers hide a secret room; the first holds an imprisoned, very hungry vampire; the second an enchanted rose garden whose most beautiful flower can *raise the dead* or restore lost love.

Spectres (5): HD 7+3; AC 2; Atk touch 1d8 + energy drain; Spec +1 or better to hit; ML 9; AL LE.

Hp	27	43	29	44	34
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Vampire: HD 8+3; AC 1; Atk claws 1d6+4 + energy drain; Spec +1 or better to hit, *gaseous form*, *charm gaze* (-2 save), *summon* 10d10 bats or rats, vampire weaknesses; ML 10; AL CE.

Hp 41



Zine Conventions

While much of old-school gaming originates from the same lineage, and its products remain largely cross-compatible, there is much devil in those details. Every table and every party has its own ideas and house rules, and it is a good idea to lay these assumptions out into the open. Therefore, the conventions governing this fanzine are thus:

- Unless otherwise noted, the materials published here were designed for **Advanced** rules.
- A thousand gold pieces is **worth a small fortune**. Monetary treasure is relatively scarce.
- Conversely, **XP for treasure** is gained through squandering it in hedonistic excess (or any kind of lavish spending which has no discernible benefit), with a ***5 multiplier**. If you adjust the treasure values, adjust the multiplier as well.
- **Level demographics** form a very flat pyramid: low-level NPCs (1st to 4th level) are commonplace, while mid-level ones (5th to 8th level) tend to be outliers – present in most communities, but never numerous. Few NPCs reach more than 9th level, and over 12th is almost unheard of.
- Magic is limited to **5th level spells** or lower. Magic items are limited to **+3**.
- Fighters can do **carryover damage**: when fighting grouped opponents, the damage remaining after a killing blow is transferred to the next opponent.
- **Roll-under morale** is in effect (see **Morale & Men in Echoes #01**).
- The **gods are limited in their powers**, but actively involved in the fate of the world.

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