



the forgotten monastery

an adventure for 7th-8th level characters
by george fields





THE FORGOTTEN MONASTERY

This scenario is nominally designed for a group of five characters of 7th to 8th level. As always, only you the GM is in a position to gauge how capable your particular group of players is. If they're particularly tough, clever or numerous, they may be up to this challenge at a lower experience level. Conversely a smaller or less proficient group of players may still find the adventure challenging at somewhat higher levels of experience.

The Forgotten Monastery is situated within the [Frantor's Keep](#) adventure setting. GMs who wish to relocate this story to another locale need only alter a few pertinent details to suit a new setting.

BACKGROUND

Near the head of the small arroyo bisected valley south of the Kar Mandri waystation, there are a pair of substantial caves.

The larger of the two is used decennially as a nursery by a mother wyvern. When her previous clutch of eggs hatched nearly eleven years past, the caves were unoccupied. In the interim since she and her juvenile brood departed to hunting grounds in the Legasa Peaks, a string of visitors has made their way to the caves – some itinerant others opting for permanent occupation.

The first, some eight years ago, was a coven of priests from the Congregation of the Dead. They held a black mass in the larger cave, sacrificing 39 innocent victims to their wicked deity. The foul ceremony poisoned the cave with an evil miasma that continues to hang like a shroud over the area. Perhaps a year later, a small earthquake sent scree and dirt tumbling over the only entrance to this cave, effectively hiding its existence from the world. The Congregants have never returned.

Five years past, a group of monks belonging to the order of Lokalas the Eye Opener noticed the smaller of the two caves whilst hiking on the Sabden Highroad. Finding the area peaceful and isolated, they soon took up residence and proceeded to build a small monastery atop the subterranean alcove. Here they would train initiates to their faith. Being nothing more than a palisaded compound with a few small buildings inside, these monks were able to live a simple rustic life of tranquility and solitude. About a good day's walk from the waystation, it was easy to get any supplies they needed while still maintaining their isolation.

Over time, the monks hewed the stone into stairs down into the cave that they converted into a dormitory. None of them wished to leave their new home even upon death, so they built a crypt deeper underground. For two years this sufficed, and additional monks arrived on an irregular basis to share in the simple life.

After a long winter during which several monks succumbed to an unusual illness, the survivors felt compelled to expand their crypt and began to dig further. The miasma kept walled up in the other cave began to slowly exert its influence on the crypt as the monks' efforts narrowed the wall between the two caves. By the time the monks had actually broken through the cave wall, there were already some who noted the unusual atmosphere the crypt had taken on.

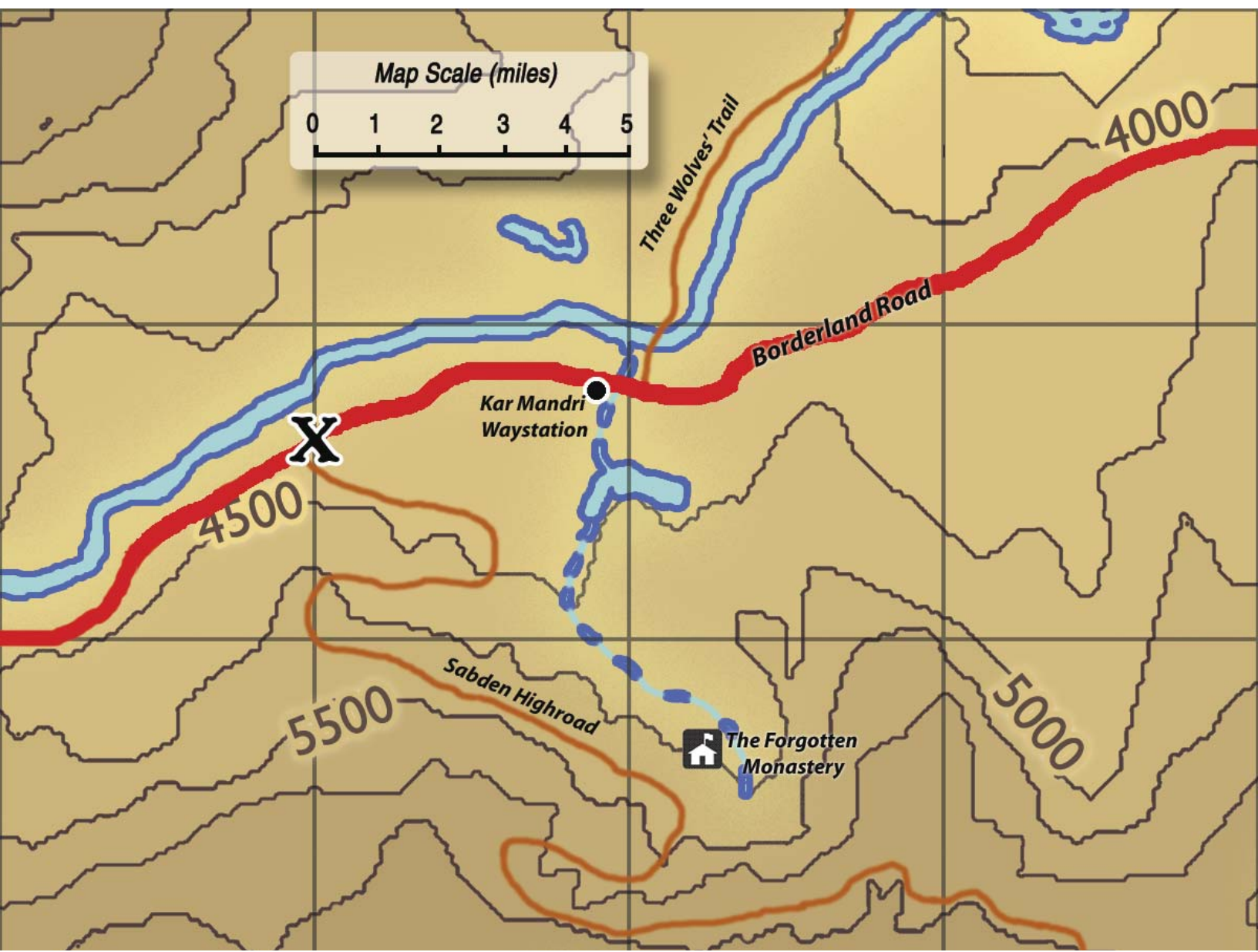
When the team of aesthetes widened the passage leading into the new cave, they were chilled by the macabre remains of the ritual sacrifice they found there. Before the brothers of the monastery could even begin to take in the magnitude of the horror they had uncovered, screams began to ring out from the crypt. The cadavers interred there had risen to their feet and were tearing their former brothers to pieces with

preternatural strength and dull teeth. In the panic to flee the caves, many of the brothers were grabbed by the newly risen undead and dragged into the dark to be eaten. Those few of the unprepared monks who escaped the slaughter perished in the harsh mountain snows of early spring.

Somewhat less than a year ago, the wyvern, now heavy with eggs, returned to her nesting cave and found that the entrance had been covered up. Using her powerful hind legs, the expectant mother dug out the entrance and was surprised upon entering to find the cave system larger than she remembered. The wyvern found the smells wafting from inside the monk's crypt deeply unpleasant, and rolled several large stones to block off the new section of the cave, so that its future young might not wander off and become lost in the unexplored and presumptively dangerous tunnel. After that was taken care of, the wyvern set to building its nest.

A few months ago, an orc scouting party discovered the forgotten home of the monks. Upon reporting back to their chieftain, he decided this could be the perfect covert staging spot from which to spy on the traffic coming and going from Frandor's Keep. The chief had visions of slowly moving more troops to the new base to launch attacks on the caravans supplying the fortress. He dispatched nearly two dozen orcs along with a black orc chieftain to take up residence and deliver monthly reports back to him.

However, the black orc had independent plans. Instead of reporting back, he decided to go rouge; coopting the orcs as his own tribe of warriors and taking what loot they could plunder as his own. This gang of mutineers settled into their new home and made some minor defensive improvements against the reprisal they feel surely will come. Satisfied with their preparations, they attacked their first caravan four days ago and met with success.



ADVENTURE HOOKS

At Kar Mandri, news of a westward caravan burned whilst on the road heading towards Frandor's Keep has the waystation abuzz with both fear and dread fascination. It's all that the guests seem to be talking about today.

Relate one or more of the following rumors should your PCs choose to interact with guests awaiting transportation back to Vew. Alternatively, these individuals (and the rumors they relate) could as easily be encountered at one of the other waystations along the Borderland Road (i.e. Kar Darkan and Kar Vesbul) or possibly even in the village of Vew.

All of these people can point the PCs to where the attack supposedly took place. This location, a few miles west of Kar Mandri, has yet to be examined and cleared by the undermanned road patrol.

Pilamel is an aging mason returning from Frandor's Keep after completing a six week contract job repairing structural damage in Towers Defiant and Pegasus. As an expectant grandfather, he is eager to return to Vew to see his daughter and new grandchild. Upon learning that a caravan was ambushed and everyone accompanying it was missing and presumed slain, he is apprehensive of setting out on the road in the next eastbound caravan – when and if it arrives. Torn between this fear and his desire to get home, he is eager to talk to strangers if only as a sounding board to assist him in making a decision.

👂 "Did ya hear tell 'bout dat caravan what was burnt up on the road ta Frandor's? Bad bizness, dat. Yes siree. Heard tell there weren't a body found. Dem bandits be getting' uppity if'n dey takin' up slavin' now."

If players continue the conversation, improvise based on Pilamel's background given above.

(Rumor Veracity – **Partially True**: Although he's relating secondhand knowledge, the caravan in question was attacked and no survivors or corpses were found on the scene. Blame for the attack is misattributed as orcs, not bandits, were responsible. The status of said bandits (Rikar's Ravens) is dependent on past events occurring in your own campaign. Even if still a

functioning organization, they have not taken up slaving. The bodies are missing as the orcs harvested them for meat.)

Gira is a young woman married to one of the junior soldiers manning Frandor's Keep. As only senior officers are permitted quarters for their families, married soldiers must find accommodations for their wives and children off post. Gira (and her 5 year old daughter Jeni) lives in Vew and is returning from visiting her husband. Both are awaiting transportation back to the village.

Owing to the fracas on the road, the next eastbound caravan is delayed. Gira is out walking with her young child (though not straying far from the waystation) in a desperate attempt to keep her occupied.

👂 "Fire on the roads, did you hear?"
"Who set the fire, ma?"

"Nobody knows, sweetie."

"Old Mr. Pilamel says it was the brand-fits who did it."

"Bandits, my treasure. Not brand-fits. And no, they all... uh, 'went away' before you were born."

"Was it the sky monster?"

"Oh my, dear you know you shouldn't tell stories like that. There is no sky monster."

"There is, ma! There is **there is there is!**"

"Oh my, well it looks like someone is tired."

Gira scoops up her daughter and walks back to the waystation dreading the next horrible meal Liari Weliz prepares (and which her fussy daughter will loudly refuse to eat to Gira's profound embarrassment...)

(Rumor Veracity – **True**: The child spotted the wyvern on the horizon at twilight three days ago, but no one believes her.)

Lanomar, a purveyor of fine liquors and rare delicacies, is returning from a successful trip to Frandor's Keep. He is anxious to return to P'Bapar City both nervous about the large sum of money (287 s.p.) he carries and having grown quite weary of the lack of creature comforts on the frontier.

Continuity Update

If you've incorporated the **Dusk of the Dead** scenario into your campaign, you should already be aware that said adventure is prefaced by a zombie attack that slaughters Kar Mandri's staff and guests (with the sole exception of Doten Weliz's youngest daughter). This obviously has ramifications on the current adventure as presented.

The following update presumes that the most likely results occurred (i.e. the PCs succeeded in destroying the zombies or the PCs fled and the waystation was cleared by troops from Frandor's Keep; the PCs did not burn the waystation to the ground and the PCs did not take up the Earl's offer of a business license to run the waystation). However, this being a RPG, it is entirely possible that your own experience and resolution was unique. If so, the onus is on you to take what's offered here as inspiration and craft an adequate update.

At the conclusion of events presented in *Dusk of the Dead*, the Kar Mandri waystation is effectively neutralized as a (semi) secure lodging point. This has a significant impact on the Keep's logistical support as wagons cannot transit the two remaining waystations in a single day.

Initially, supply caravans avoided the nightmarish site and camped on the road during their transit. Isolated in the wilderness, they were extremely vulnerable and many fell prey to nighttime depredation — even when later augmented by soldiers. Clearly the waystation had to be brought back online, a point made obvious when it was discovered that the vacant building was now occupied by brigands who were, ironically, using it as a secure base to launch attacks on caravans!

A sizeable force of troopers was detached to clear the building and many were left behind to secure the area (weakening the Fortress' garrison). In addition to their occupation duties, they were called upon to staff the waystation. Having no experience or skill as *hoteliers*, the results were predictable. The most ardent criticism was directed at the bread and water rations coupled with their treatment being perceived as little better than that afforded prisoners. (In truth, guests were simply unaccustomed to military discipline. The soldiers expected strict adherence to the rules they themselves lived under. If anything, they considered their administration of the waystation to be *extremely lax*.)

This temporary solution was untenable. Earl Reyifor therefore approached the proprietor of the Three Leaves to the Wind (*Frandor's Keep* area M14) with a carrot and stick offer. The somewhat dull but reliable man would be granted a very favorable lease to run the waystation. He, his family and their servants would relocate to Kar Mandri and operate that facility exactly as they ran their current inn. Any additional support staff particular to the waystation's functions (such as a farrier) would be procured at the Earl's expense as would a couple of armed guards.

Demosi Pelik was hesitant to uproot his life and family but faced with the Earl's stick (revocation of his current lease — all buildings in Frandor's Keep are owned by the Earl), he reluctantly agreed. The jubilant Earl sought to cheer up Demosi by informing him that a team of carpenters was already on site making all necessary repairs. As a final sop to his ego, Reyifor announced that the waystation would be rechristened *Kar Pelik*. (In actuality, the Earl simply wanted to rebrand the waystation to remove the stigma associated with the current name. This has not proven entirely successful, as locals will continue to call it Kar Mandri for years to come.)

Over time, a couple additional buildings containing private rooms will be built in the compound to relieve overcrowding. The permanent party soldiers are soon joined by a crew of bricklayers and masons from Vew tasked with rebuilding the tower on the rear of the premises. The need to house these workers on site simply adds to the constraint on available room.

The Earl has reluctantly agreed to fund this construction owing to the importance and perceived vulnerability of the site. The fact that the tower's foundation is solid and most of the lower wall and stairwell is intact means that it essentially is a through rehab rather than far more complicated new construction. It will nonetheless take the better part of a year to complete the project.

Practical Application: Despite the length of this narrative, there is little here that changes this scenario. References to Liari Doten should be changed to Nyra Pelik. Her cooking is not universally reviled as Liari's was but Lanomar will complain nonetheless.

He is utterly disgusted by the peasant woman's (Liari's) cooking and has made himself quite uncomfortable by making this fact known. He silently curses his greed at selling every last tasty morsel he brought along. He is eager for company and will readily approach any new entrants to the waystation as all of the current occupants regard him as an unlikeable snob.



"Certainly you've heard of the frightful attack on the caravan. Such dangers here on the frontier. Why in heavens would anyone choose to live here? And now all the convoys are delayed! I have no idea how long I'll be consigned to wait in this miserable hovel.

Well, I'm sure Dasas is going to be in a right mood when he realizes what's happened to the goods he was waiting on as I'm certain they were on that train. You see, *ahem*, I have many important friends in Frandor's Keep, the good merchant Dasas is but only one of them. Poor man, it will be a terrible setback for him to lose that much stock ..."

Feel free to extemporize further conversation. Though he should know better, Lanomar cannot help but brag to strangers about his business and the very successful venture he just completed selling overpriced liquor and delicacies to these country rubes.

(Rumor Veracity – **True**: Lanomar, though terribly pompous, is a business acquaintance of Dasas'. It should be clear that any goods recovered in the forthcoming adventure are the property of this merchant. If your players' lack scruples, they are forewarned that disposing of this 'hot' merchandise may be troublesome. If they are of the goodly sort, they will know where to return it.)

THE CARAVAN REMAINS



Two wagons sit in the muddy road, burnt beyond usefulness. A light mist of chilly vapor hangs over the area. You notice that there are no bodies amidst the wreckage, human, equine, or otherwise. Apart from that, whatever cargo these wagons might have been transporting is long gone.

The charred husks of two burnt wagons sit at the area marked 'X' (see regional map on p. 2). No bodies, human or equine, are in the area and even a thorough search will not discover shallow graves or discarded corpses in the nearby woodline. The orcs, using the horses as additional beasts of burden, portaged all of the loot as well as the dead (for food) back to their lair.

▶ A successful (average) Tracking skill check (it having been a few days since the attack occurred) will reveal evidence of maybe a dozen or so booted human(oid)s and a couple of horses that departed the scene and meandered up the Sabden Highroad.

Depending on the tracker's level of mastery, the following details may be revealed (refer to Tracking skill on p. 191 of the Player's Handbook). There are 13 unique sets of booted tracks left by creatures approximately six feet tall. 12 are significantly more pronounced – evidence of carrying a heavy load. The group rested every furlong or so and clearly set down boxes and sacks. Three sets of draft horse tracks accompany the bootprints.

THE MONASTERY

Presuming the players locate the tracks leading from the ambush site, they can follow them for about fifteen miles up the winding Sabden Highroad. Just prior to the road's third dogleg, they veer left off the path into the underbrush. The trail continues perhaps another quarter mile before a small palisaded compound is visible about a furlong ahead.

The thought that they were leading pursuers directly to their lair did cross the mind of the black orc commander but his troops were overburdened (and grumpy) having to carry a few heavy corpses that couldn't be draped on the horses as well as numerous boxes. He sensed (or more accurately, hoped) that it would soon rain and wipe away their trail. *The fates were not with him.*



Through the undergrowth, you can see a wide clearing with a square, wooden palisade near the center. Just over the wall, you can see the roofs of some wooden buildings.

The monastery is nestled in the forest with very little clearing around it. What improvements the monks that once inhabited the structure made have been infiltrated and overgrown by shrubs over the past few years.

PCs that opt to investigate the surrounding area will be stymied by dense undergrowth typical of young second-growth forests. The surrounding area is considered Impeded Terrain (see GMG p. 98). Tactical movement requires a machete and is limited to crawling speed.

- ▶ Characters that brave this unremarkable challenge should be permitted a (Difficult) Observation skill check. Those succeeding will note what could be a cave located about 200 feet north of the compound. This is, in fact, the mouth of the wyvern's brood cave (Area 8b).

Note that if the party enters through the wyverns' tunnel, all descriptions must be adjusted to fit that point of view.

Area 1: The outer wall.

Encounter: 6 orc archers

The old logs that make up the wooden palisade surrounding the compound in front of you stand about twenty feet high and are festooned with a thick layer of tangled vines. The only visible entrance to whatever lies behind this wall is a pair of sturdy looking double doors, which, of course, are shut.

Two bipedal figures can be seen slowly pacing the walls.

The outer wall is 20' high and nothing more than logs mounted vertically into the ground with a large set of double doors on the north side.



- ▶ Thick vines cover much of the walls making any Climbing/Rappelling an (Average) skill check.

The doors are barred from the inside with a wooden beam that weighs 35 pounds.

- ▶ A successful Feat of Strength check (vs. d20p+20) will break the beam. PCs can also take the time (20 seconds) to slide bladed weapons through the cracks between the door beams to lift the beam from its brackets (this requires a Feat of Strength check as well but only vs. 20p+5). This can prove harrowing, as the guards (see below) will harass them with missile fire as dissuasion.

Two orc archers stand upon the buildings inside the wall (1 orc each on the roof of Areas 2 and 3) to look out for any retaliatory force goaded into action by their recent attack. If intruders are spotted, the orcs will shout down to their lazy peers (another four orkin archers) who are currently lounging around in the chapel (Area 2). It will take these orcs 30 seconds to respond, gather their gear, and climb ladders to the roof.

The alert will also rouse the six orcs taking their meal in the kitchen (Area 3). These orcs also require 30 seconds to prepare before stationing themselves behind the gate.

Tactical Notes: The orc archers effectively have 25% cover. (The palisade wall is higher than the rooftops they are firing from. See GMG p. 17.)

The dense vegetation surrounding the compound provides pretty good concealment – especially for those with the ‘Hiding in Natural Surroundings’ bonus (PHB p. 22). Anyone approaching the compound (assuming they don’t simply walk down the trail) should attempt a competing Sneaking check (vs. the orc’s Observation skill of 25). It is even possible that a concealed sniper will go unnoticed.

Snipers: If a PC *specifically states* that they are attempting to conceal themselves before shooting at a sentry, said orc sentry will have to succeed at an opposed Observation skill check (vs. Sniper’s Hiding skill) to spot the sniper. Each subsequent shot taken without relocating provides a +25 bonus to the orc’s roll. Even should the orc locate a sniper, the forest provides 50% concealment (offering a +4 Defense bonus to anyone the orc archers may target).

Orcs hit by a sniper will still raise an alarm. *Perhaps even more urgently...*

6 Orc Archers: (34 EP each): HP 25 each; Init +5; Spd 12 (short bow) or 8 (scimitar); Rch 3' (scimitar); Atk +3; Dmg 2d6p (short bow) or 2d8p+2 (scimitar); Def -4; DR 3; ToP 10/6; Jog 10 ft/sec; Tenacity: Steady; Size M; Saves: P +4, M +1, D+3

These orcs have 12 arrows each.

Area 1a: The courtyard.

☞ Past the gate, you find yourself in a muddy gangway between two buildings crowding this passageway. Entry doors are located about 20 feet from the gate directly opposite each other.

Annual plants and flowers once bordered this walkway making it far homier than the muddy track it is now. But the attendant monks fled and *c'est la fleur*.

The gangway leads back to a pair of sheds set in from the larger buildings. Each door is blocked by a fifteen foot ladder set in front of it that leads up to the roofs of the main buildings. The orcs use these ladders to gain access to the gabled rooftops from which they stand watch.

- ▶ An unexpected fall from the twelve-foot high roof onto the muddy gangway inflicts a d6p-1 point wound. Consciously jumping from it can be accomplished without injury. The orcs posted on the roof prefer to stand at the roof’s edge and shoot arrows at intruders (even should this be a hazard to their companions). However, leaping or dropping off is always an option.

Area 2: The chapel.

Potential Yield: Three draft horses, astrolabe (300 sp), incense burner (10 sp)

☞ The rusty hinges of the door creak as you push your way inside. The pungent odor of horse manure suggests that this may be a barn.

The building’s interior is rustic and thick ceiling joists are spaced every five feet or so. These support beams are pulling a gruesome double duty as five gutted, skinless humanoid corpses are suspended via ropes tied to them like so many deer carcasses.

🐾 The three draft horses, incongruously still fitted out with harnesses, halters and bits, stand tied to a decorative altar and in piles of their own excrement appear to be unperturbed.

This building was formerly the chapel where the monks would meditate and pray to their god, Lokalas the Eye Opener.

The orcs have maliciously defaced and desecrated any religious items. They are using this room as an ersatz meat locker to store the carcasses of anything they plan to use for food.

▶ An (Average) Divine Lore skill check is required to identify the chapel's religious affiliation due to the vandalism perpetrated by the orcs.

The gutted bodies are those of the four guards slain when the caravan was attacked and one teamster murdered as an example to cow his fellows into submission. Examination of the corpses reveals that two have had their hamstrings and buttocks cut away (for supper).

The horses have not been fed or [obviously] cared for. They will be slaughtered when the human meat runs out or when they die.

A thorough search of the building will uncover an astrolabe and a tarnished incense burner concealed beneath a partially burned woolen tapestry. Though charred and dirty, the astrolabe is functionally intact and could sell for up to 300 sp to the right buyer.

Area 3: Kitchen

Encounter: 6 orcs

Potential Yield: Dasa's missing cargo, Everful Flascon, nutmeg (85 sp), paprika (60 sp), mustard (100 sp), peppermint (90 sp), ginger (50 sp), and ground calamus root (20 sp)

If the orcs feeding here have not been alerted (see Area 1), read the following:

🐾 From a table set across the room comes a succession of throaty war bellows, as six porcine-faced brutes rush to battle, scimitars drawn!

If these thugs have been encountered elsewhere:

🐾 The long tables and benches in this hall have been pushed helter-skelter to make way for a large collection of barrels, crates, and canvas sacks clearly marked "Dasa's Goods."

This hall is where the monks would prepare and eat their meals.

In the northern portion of the kitchen is a brick lined fire pit over which is laid a metal grate. It is still warm – indicative of a recently grilled meal. A pall of smoke hangs in the blackened joists, as the single ventilation hole in the roof is inadequate to the task.

On the wall to the left of the grill is a meal preparation table above which hangs a large spice rack. The orcs seem to have totally ignored this shelf loaded down with spices. Because the monks who once lived in this monastery were prohibited from either drinking or smoking, delicious food was their main source of pleasure. The monks' cook had access to nutmeg, paprika, mustard, peppermint, and ginger—all valuable spices. There is also some ground calamus root here, which served as incense for the monks.

A large wooden table sits close to the meal preparation area surrounded by eight [rickety] chairs. The furniture is simply crafted. There were three more tables and 30 more chairs but all have been chopped into kindling and subsequently burnt for fuel by the orcs. Their sloth has now compelled them to eat in shifts as there is insufficient seating to accommodate their numbers. Despite this inconvenience, the orcs will not gather firewood and will instead soon tear down the sheds (areas 4 & 5) for kindling.

Atop the table sits a large wooden platter laden with several chunks of charred meat, six dirty pewter forks and six small pewter cups. The meat was hacked off the corpse of the mercenary's body strung up in area 2. It is not readily identifiable as human but anyone tasting it will be hard pressed to identify its source, as it is clearly not ham or beef.

The cups are identical in appearance, all having a thin decorative band of wood at its base. Each is filled with water but *deliberate examination* reveals that the water in one of the cups is 'fizzy'. That particular cup is actually a magical **Everful Flascon**. When the monks dwelled here, use of this cup was a special accolade bestowed upon the individual who best exemplified the Lord of Intuition's core values over the previous

fortnight. The orcs hate 'fizzy water' and pass this bewitched mug to whomever is currently at the bottom of the pecking order.

▶ Anyone skilled in Forestry (tropical) will know the wood is Acacia


In the southwest corner, several crates (upon which stenciled "Dasa's Goods") have had their lids ripped off and their contents scattered. These are the supplies Dasa was expecting to arrive at Frandor's Keep a few days ago. The orcs, hoping they had found some excellent treasures in their first caravan raid, were less than thrilled to find the crates loaded with such mundane fare. The orcs quickly lost interest with the goods when they found what was inside. Within these crates are:

- ▶ 30 feet of heavy chain (70 sp, 90 lbs)
- ▶ 3 brass signal mirrors (3sp, negligible)
- ▶ 100 ft of hemp rope (8 cp, 10 lbs)
- ▶ 20 lbs of soap (10 sp)
- ▶ a colorful pavilion tent (100 sp, 50 lbs)
- ▶ 10 whetstones (5 cp, 10lbs)
- ▶ a simple wooden birdcage (15 cp, 1.5 sp)
- ▶ 6 iron kettles (3.5 sp, 18 lbs)
- ▶ small iron strongbox (2.5 sp, 15 lbs)
- ▶ fifteen dozen candles (1.5 cp, 18 lbs)
- ▶ 6 hoes (3.6 sp 18 lbs)
- ▶ 2 picks, miners' (5 sp, 18 lbs)
- ▶ replacement wagon wheel (spoked) (5sp, 65 lb)


The doorway in the southern portion of the room opens to a stairwell leading underground.

6 Orcs: (34 EP ea): HP 25 each; Init +5; Spd 9 (scimitar); Rch 3' (scimitar); Atk +3; Dmg 2d8p+2 (scimitar); Def +2 (med. shields); DR 3; ToP 10/6; Jog 10 ft/sec; Tenacity: Steady; Size M; Saves: P +4, M +1, D +3

Area 4: The storage shed.

 This small building appears to be little more than some sort of storage shed. The flimsy door is held in place by a simple latch permitting easy access.


Assuming that the intrepid explorers conquer their fear of traps (there are none) and enter the shed, read:

 The walls are fitted with orderly arranged pegs in which rest rusted hoes, trowels, hammers, and other tools primarily concerning carpentry and gardening.

The monks used this as a storage area for various tools including, but not limited to, those used for gardening and carpentry. The gardening tools were employed to maintain a vegetable plot that they tended outside the wall as well as for decorative plantings within the compound. All evidence of their labor is long overgrown.

The tools are rusty from lack of care but anyone possessing the Maintenance/Upkeep proficiency can easily remedy this.

Area 5: Pantry

 This shed is unusual in that the door has been nailed shut and a couple of boards have been affixed as additional reinforcement. What could warrant this level of security is anyone's guess...

The monks used this small area to store any extra foodstuffs. The orcs ransacked it and repurposed it as a jail cell for the teamsters they took prisoner after raiding the caravan.

The five men in this 'cell' were left to die slowly as a means of preserving their meat rather than just immediately killing them. They've been locked in here for days without food or water and are now starving and severely dehydrated (see GMG p. 73).

Despite their incapacitation, they are too frightened of the vicious orcs to cry out for help (although said cry would be nothing more than a raspy whisper). Should they hear anyone speaking the Kalamaran language, they will furiously scratch and bang at the door. Of course, this may be misinterpreted as the actions of the 'dangerous creature' imprisoned in the shed.

If not rescued, all will die in the next 12 hours. These men will require an extensive recovery period before they can work.

5 Teamsters (Human Laborer): (0 EP each): HP 28 each; Init +5; *no attacks possible*; Def -6; DR 0; ToP 10/6; Crawl 2½ ft/sec; Tenacity: Steady; Size M; Saves: P +0, M -5, D +0

Notable STPs: Driving (wagon), Lt. Crossbow prof.

Area 6: Sleeping Quarters.

Encounter: 8 orcs, 1 black orc chieftain (6a), 2 lesser orkin wardawgs (6b)

Note that due to a slothful desire not to be roused from sleep, the orcs and their animals will not act to reinforce their peers on the surface. They are, however, awoken by a battle in the kitchen (area 3) and will spend 30 seconds after awakening to don armor and grab shields and weaponry¹.

The orcs on the surface are excitable and lack both foresight and a battle plan thus they will not preemptively warn those below unless in headlong retreat to this area.

¹ GMs note: If the orcs in the kitchen are quietly neutralized (or eliminated outside the kitchen), the basement denizens will be caught napping. It is left to your adroit GameMastering skills to improvise the encounter should this occur.

☞ Rough-hewn steps lead thirty feet down into the dark, stony chamber below. No sunlight can reach down into this chamber and the darkness appears absolute.

If a battle occurred in the kitchen (alerting the subterranean orcs as to intruders), a Listening skill check attempted before descending the stairs will automatically succeed. Read the following:



👂 The snarls and heavy panting of large creatures can be heard clearly just beyond the entrance to the subterranean room. The sound is deafening in the tense silence of the stairway.

This is where the monks took rest. Their beds have long since mildewed, but the orcs use them anyway. A total of 16 beds line the left and right walls of the chamber. Some of the orcs sleep on the floor while their chieftain sleeps in a private chamber on two mattresses topped with a black bear pelt.

If the six orcs nominally eating in the kitchen have met the PCs in battle in area 4, a single alerted orc will creep up to the landing of the stairs to listen. Once the battle has ended, he will verbally relay his findings to the others as they await to see who comes down the stairs as the victors.

If the PCs have won the battle in area 4 and do not immediately proceed down, all of the orcs will assume their comrades have been killed and will cautiously proceed up the stairs to investigate in two minutes; orkin wardawgs in the lead and held by their collars.

- ▶ An (Average) Listening check will alert the PCs as the orkin wardawgs will be eager to attack and cannot be kept quiet.

If the PCs immediately descend, the orcs will be awaiting in ambush in the northeast corner so as not to be seen by anyone descending the stairs. The black orc chieftain in area 6a will be busy finishing donning his armor and earrings and will join the battle 120 seconds after it begins. The orkin wardawgs are kept at bay by the rickety door of their kennel in area 6b and will break through after 60 seconds to join the battle.

8 Orcs: (34 EP each): HP 25 each; Init +5; Spd 9 (scimitar); Rch 3' (scimitar); Atk +3; Dmg 2d8p+2 (scimitar); Def +2 (med. shields); DR 3; ToP 10/6; Jog 10 ft/sec; Tenacity: Steady; Size M; Saves: P +4, M +1, D+3

2 Lesser Orkin Wardawgs: (122 EP each): HP 44 each; Init +0; Spd 9; Rch short; Atk +7; Dmg 4d4p+1; Def +3; DR 4; ToP 18/8; Jog 20 ft/sec; Tenacity: Steady; Size M; Saves: P +7, M +5, D+7

Listening 70%, Tracking 70%

Black Orc Chieftain: (375 EP): HP 43; Init +2; Spd 8; Rch 3¼'; Atk +10; Dmg 2d6p+d3p+9; Def +7; DR 7; ToP 18/9; Jog 10 ft/sec; Tenacity: Fearless; Size M; Saves: P +9, M +7, D+8
Gear: +2 broadsword, medium shield, 2 pearl earrings, brass torc

Area 6a: Mortuary Chamber

Encounter: 1 black orc chieftain

Potential Yield: +2 broadsword, medium shield, 2 pearl earrings (130 sp/ea), brass torc (68 sp), black bear pelt (40 sp).

👂 This cramped room reeks of orc musk. Blankets and furs are draped over a stone slab rising from the center of the room and shelves of dusty bottles line the walls.

This room was used by the monks to prepare bodies for internment in the crypt. Now it serves as the black orc's personal sleeping quarters. The bottles were once filled with different chemicals used during the embalming process, but have all evaporated away during the room's years of disuse. One of the furs on the black orc's bed is actually a well-preserved black bear pelt worth 40 sp.

Area 6b: Kennel

Encounter: 2 lesser orkin wardawgs

Potential Yield: Disassembled Wagon (sans a wheel)

👂 The stench of this room is overpowering. The rank odor of urine and feces hangs over this chamber like a heavy fog. In the far corner of the room there is an unusual raised wooden platform on which are scatted shredded clothing and a small heap of bones.

The orcs occupying this monastery do little to care for the *very* poorly behaved orkin wardawgs kept here. The black orc chieftain believes that keeping the animals hungry will heighten their combat instincts. In fact, it simply makes them meaner than usual and wont to snap at the orcs. As a result, they are kept here as a security measure lest they bite one of the sleeping orcs.

The "unusual raised wooden platform" is actually the chassis of a disassembled wagon the former monks

meant to recondition in this room that formerly served as a workshop. All of the component parts are now scattered throughout the room but one of the wheels is damaged beyond repair. A character with the Maintenance/Upkeep proficiency will be able to reassemble the four wheeled wagon – provided a replacement wheel can be found. (A spare can be found amongst the caravan cargo looted by the orcs in Area 3.)

Area 7: The crypt

Encounter: 7 zombies

Potential Yield: Miner's tools, Carpenter's Tools, Lapis Lazuli Prayer Beads (145 sp), 3 Books (50 sp/ea)

🔒 Three stout planks of lumber have been used to seal this door shut. Pig iron spikes driven deeply into the well-cut stone of the wall hold the planks in place.

This is the final resting place of the monks of the forgotten monastery.

When the orcs investigated this chamber, their fear of the undead creatures they spied inside caused them to seal off this area. Three planks have been set across the doors with the ends spiked into the walls to hold them in place. Prying these boards off requires a Feat of Strength check vs d20p+5 for each spike.

🔒 With the planks out of the way, the door swings open freely with a pull. Your light reveals the dusty environs beyond. Eight stone pillars, seven feet in height support the arched ceiling of the room and sixteen small alcoves have been constructed into either wall. The back wall, however, looks to open up into some sort of natural cavern. At first you think the room must also have a collection of statues — before one lets out a raspy groan. Dry, decrepit faces turn to look towards the doorway, eyes rotted out from their lolling heads. They raise their arms and began to slowly shamle forward towards you.

Pillars line the floor down the length of the chamber. The south side of each pillar contains a bracket for torches, but all of them are currently empty. The side-



walls have burial niches about three feet above the ground. The far wall was excavated by the brothers of the monastery during their expansion of the crypt. Now, it is mostly blocked off from the wyvern's lair by boulders the beast rolled into place there. The variously sized rocks reach up to within two feet of the chamber's ceiling. PCs who want to scramble over the rocks do not need to roll a Climbing/Rappelling check, but do take 30 seconds to make it over the top. This rock "wall" presents a complete barrier to the zombie monks.

The practices of the monks allowed them to reach a higher state while in meditation. The loss of so many


from the disease took a minor toll on their spirits after death. Combined with the evil miasma radiating from the wyvern's chamber, many of these holy men have risen from their eternal sleep as shambling zombies.

The zombies have all left their niches when the orcs opened the doors and are now just standing motionless in various parts of the room. Due to their spirits being tied to the crypt, none of them will leave the room; but they will move to attack anyone that enters the crypt proper. One of the zombies has a string of lapis lazuli prayer beads hanging from its wrist.

Any fighting will be heard by the wyvern [if present] with a (Difficult) Listening check. Near the rubble-filled passageway are a set of miner's and carpenter's tools left over from the initial expansion of the crypt. An empty crypt nearest to the entry way has three dusty books stacked in a neat pile. Each is leather-bound and could fetch 50sp at a bookseller. The books' titles are "Hymns of Lokala," "A Hagiography of St. Anarvis," and "The Indulgences of St. Malvus." Each is written in Kalamaran and concerns religious study.

7 Zombies: (100EP each): HP 31; Init +6; Spd 10; Rch short; Atk +4; Dmg d4p; Def +0; DR 8; ToP n/a; Jog 5 ft/sec; Tenacity: Fearless; Size M; Saves: P +4, M immune, D+0

Area 8: Lair of the Wyvern


 The uneven floor of the cavern ahead looks fairly treacherous. It would be easy to twist an ankle in here. Four pools of oily water burn with fires like something out of a ghost story. The eerie, ambient light they cast causes shadows to flicker over the cavern walls. The only sound to be heard besides your own breathing is the steady drip, drip, drip of unseen water echoing throughout the chamber. There is a fifteen foot ledge to your left.

The floors of this large cavern are a bit uneven, making movement slightly difficult. Anyone trying to move faster than walking speed will need to make a Feat of Agility check vs d20p else they trip and fall (resulting in a 3 second penalty to actions). The wyvern is large enough that this does not apply to her. The ceiling reaches 35' high in some areas.

Four pools of oily water are in the room. They burn with faint blue flames providing the equivalent of dim light throughout the entire area. The sound of dripping water echoes throughout the chamber. Combined with the flickering light of the pools, this ambiance gives the entire room the feel of uneasy quiet.

Area 8a: The Nest

Potential Yield: Giant Goat Horns (pair, 15 sp/ea).


 A large nest constructed of branches, hundreds of leaves, and evergreen boughs sits in the center of the ledge. It is at least fifteen feet wide and occupied by two, oblong, leathery eggs around the size of an overly large watermelon. Around the nest you can spy the carcasses of different forest creatures, some freshly killed and others long since decayed into skeletons. These are all big game creatures. You can discern the bodies of black bears, mule deer, wolves, and moose to name a few.

This ledge is where the wyvern has its nest. It is located 15' above the floor of the main chamber. The nest contains two stillborn wyvern eggs—killed in their natal state by the evil miasma which permeates the chamber. Their mother has been piling up heaps of food for the babies who will never be born.

Carcasses and skeletons of various animals (bears, wolves, etc.) litter this area as well. Of particular interest is a valuable pair of giant goat horns in the pile of bones.

Area 8b: Exit Tunnel

Encounter: Wyvern

 The wide tunnel in front of you extends out beyond the range of your light, but you can tell it slopes upward, wherever it goes...

This tunnel is how the wyvern enters and exits its lair. The creature does most of its hunting at night by flying north towards the mountains to find food to bring back to the eggs it believes will hatch. The tunnel winds north for about half of a mile before opening up into the wooded hillside.

In the center of the cave are the remains of the 39 sacrificial victims killed by the Congregation of the Dead. PCs who take the time to inspect the pile of bones will find that they are covered in deep cut marks and that the skulls have been stove in by some sort of club.

- ▶ Anyone possessing the Divine Lore skill may attempt an (Average) check to recognize these bones for what they are. A successful check will reveal that the only way to rid this cave of the evil miasma is to give these bones a proper burial.

If the PCs enter this area during twilight¹, the wyvern will be out hunting (and thus not present). If they enter at any other time, she will be here.

Unless the PCs state they are entering as quietly as possible, the wyvern will certainly hear them scrambling over the loose rock wall to enter the chamber.

- ▶ If they are attempting to be quiet, they will need to succeed in an opposed Sneaking roll vs the wyvern's Listening

check (d100+60) to avoid being heard.

- ▶ Any movement by the wyvern will provide the PCs an (Average) Listening check to allow them to hear the movement.

- ▶ An (Average) Observation check will allow them to see the wyvern atop the ledge as it readies itself to pounce.

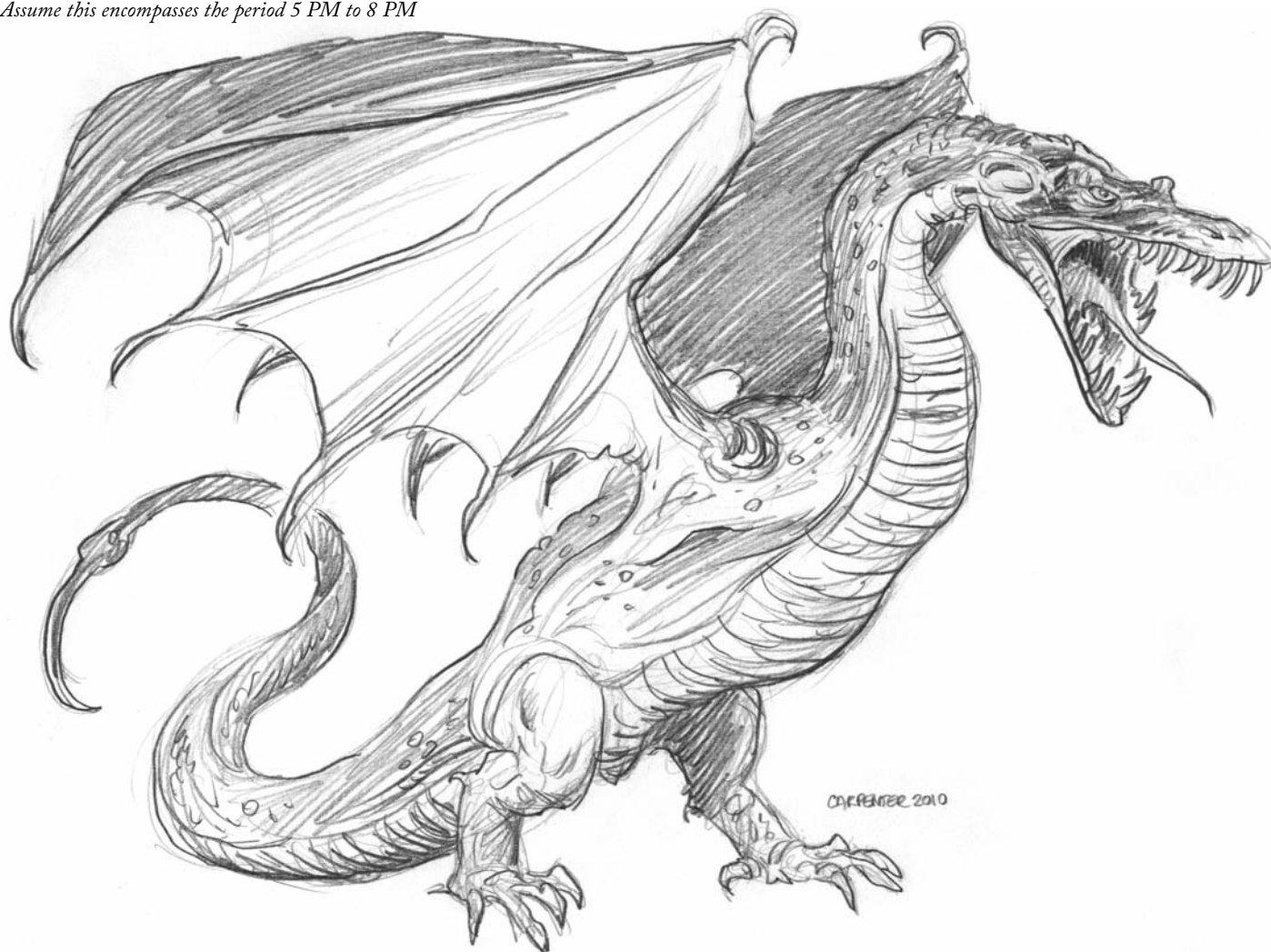
The wyvern will wait until the group is close to the center of the room before swooping down for its attack. If a swoop attack succeeds, it inflicts 4d10p damage to its victim. The wyvern views the PCs as a food source and will keep up its attack until it becomes clear that staying in the fight will mean its death.

Wyvern: (925* EP): HP 70; Init -2; Spd 5; Rch medium; Atk +13; Dmg 4d6p (bite) or 1d6p+3 (stinger + VF 14 poison); Def +6; DR 9; ToP 28/12; Jog 15' ft/sec; Fly 30 ft/sec; Tenacity: Brave; Size G; Saves: P +14, M +10, D +13.

Notable Skills: Listening 60%

*reduce EP value by half if encountered alone per HoB p.15

¹ Assume this encompasses the period 5 PM to 8 PM



Anyone struck by the tail stinger of a Wyvern suffers 1d6p+3 damage and must save vs. VF 14 poison. Failure indicates that the target suffers a loss of 2d6p Hit Points at a rate of 1 HP/second and is incapacitated by seizures and convulsions for 6d4p minutes (treat as a failed Trauma check). A natural 1 or 2 on the saving throw results in death from cardiac arrest at the end of the seizure. Success results in a mere loss of 1d6p hit point at the rate above plus a -1 penalty to Attack, Defense and Damage for 6d4p minutes (cumulative if repeatedly poisoned).

AFTERMATH

Potential Story Awards:

- ☐ Discovering the fate of the caravan (1000 EPs)
- ☐ *or* Discovering the fate of the caravan, killing the black orc, and bringing back proof of the orcs' demise (1500 EPs)
- ☐ *or* Discovering the fate of the caravan, killing the black orc, bringing back proof of the orcs' demise, and returning Dasa's goods to him (2000 EPs)
- ☐ Giving the bodies a proper burial (550 EPs)

If the PCs are successful in clearing the monastery and immediate caverns below, they are free to use this as a 'homestead'. If the wyvern is driven away instead of being killed, she will return in ten years to hatch a new clutch of eggs. Dasa will be overjoyed if the PCs liberate his goods from the orcs and give them all a permanent 50% discount on his listed prices. With this group of orcs eliminated, this stretch of road will remain safe for ~~years to come~~ the present.

CREDITS

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