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# The Original TEGEL MANOR

REVISED & EXPANDED  
by BLEDSAU & ERICKSON



GAMESCIENCE

—Erickson

THE ORIGINAL, REVISED AND EXPANDED

# TEGEL MANOR

Based upon the original Judges Guild edition by Bob Bledsaw



Revised and expanded by Niels Erickson



Cover and illustrations by Niels Erickson

Maps by the Judges Guild  
(Rat Holes by Bill Owen)

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**UNIVERSAL FORMAT INFORMATION**

Gamescience presents this module as a universal role-playing adventure designed for use with all game systems. The categories of statistics listed here are selected to be applicable to the majority of published rules systems available, but should not be considered the only statistics open for use. Should the particular game mechanics employed require the use of an additional term or statistic not found in this format, the Gamemaster is encouraged to add it. All unused categories may be ignored. The values of the statistics given assume that the natural span of human characteristics ranges between 1 and 20, with the normal person averaging at 10. Since adventurous characters are generally above average, their beginning characteristics are generated with 3D6 to give a range of 3 to 18. A Comparison Chart is provided to permit the Gamemaster to quickly convert values on the 1D6, 2D6, 3D6 (utilized here), 1D20 and D100 (i.e., percentile) ranges from one to the other. Interpolation may be necessary with some figures, but the GM should keep in mind that these are suggested values only and may be modified to suit the tone of the campaign he or she is moderating. And never let the number-crunching crowd your fun: When in doubt, simplify.

The basic assumptions on the rationale for Magic vary so widely from one game system to another that one set of statistics cannot cover the field adequately. Therefore, each spell or magical effect encountered in the text will be stated as simply as possible (as, for example, "fear spell", "charm", etc.), and explained in general terms if necessary to convey its sense. Unusual effects or articles will be either described within the text, or in a special section (with reference in the text to that information). The GM should feel free to either assign the equivalent spell, or substitute an effect more in keeping, from the system being played.

During the initial reading of this book, the GM should note the quantities and distribution of the treasure and artifacts. Each game system and each campaign tends to run at a level of reward unique unto itself. The GM reminded to adjust the amount of treasure by adding or deleting as desired to suit the flavor of the campaign he or she moderates.

Game characters are given varying amounts of description, depending on the importance of the character to the adventure. Minor individuals are listed where first encountered in the text and have only the most cursory detail given. Major individuals are listed where first encountered and have as much detail as is desirable for their intended role.

Explanation of the possible character statistics follows in the order they are normally given. In the cases of statistics STR through CHR, the first two numbers indicate the actual ability, and the last number indicates the number of times per day that that ability may be tested without checking for stress damage.

CLASS (sometimes abbreviated CLS) is an indication of the character's profession or main occupation. Abbreviations are provided elsewhere in this section.

ALIGNMENT (abbreviated as ALIGN or sometimes ALN) is provided for those systems where a character's basic inclination towards moral or ethical choices is stated as a statistic.

LVL - Class LEVEL is an index of the experience and skill acquired in the character's main occupation or profession. The first two numbers indicate the actual class level, and the last indicates the total number of occupations in which the character has gained skill.

HTK - HITS TO KILL is the number of "hit points" necessary to render a character unconscious when reduced to zero, or to slay a character when reduced to a negative amount equal to the character's CON.

ARM - ARMOR TYPE is a summary of the amount of damage it is possible for the character to absorb due to the protection of worn armor and clothing. Wearing a lot of armor will lower the AGL and speed of the character. During normal combat, the amount of damage which can be absorbed per round is equal to 1/10th the ARM, with all decimal amounts dropped. The "damage per round" (or DPR) for ARM 022, for example, provides 02 points of protection per round. The ARM is the sum of the pieces of armor listed in the charts that follow.

PSL - PERSONAL SOCIAL LEVEL is the index of a character's social standing. The first two numbers indicate the level in the area in which the character resides, and the third number indicates the level of notoriety gained within a twenty-mile radius (the higher the number, the higher the status/notoriety).

STR - STRENGTH is an index of the character's ability to apply physical force.

INT - INTELLIGENCE is an index of the character's reasoning power, learning ability, concentration and memory.

WIS - WISDOM is the measure of the character's intuitive judgement and knowledge gained from experience.

CON - CONSTITUTION is an index of the character's ability to withstand pressures and physical hardships without permanent harm, as well as the recuperative powers of the character. It is both a measure of endurance, and oftentimes equated with one's "life force".

DEX - DEXTERITY is an indication of a character's coordination and manipulative ability.

AGL - AGILITY is an index of the character's ability to maneuver the entire body.

CHR - CHARISMA is a measure of the character's personal magnetism and persuasiveness, or one's personality, and as such may have very little to do with appearance.

WEAPON (sometimes WPN) is an indication of the weapon commonly carried and most likely to be used by the character in combat.

**ARMOR TYPE (ARM)**

Game statistics vary considerably with each game system, and the most sensitive of these statistics are those used to resolve combat. To help in this area, we have provided statistics for Armor Type (or ARM)--which may refer in the text not merely to actually worn armor as such but to the "toughness" of creatures which do not normally use armor. Add all the following descriptive ratings given below (ratings are found to the left of the description) to determine the ARM. Multiply that ARM by the rating of the construction material used (see list) to determine the total damage the item can absorb without failure. When using this system, only the shield or body armor will absorb damage, NOT both.

COVERAGE	BODY	HEAD	SHIELD	ARM	DPR	DESCRIPTIVE EXAMPLES (SHIELDS EXCLUDED)
Bare	1 Shoulder Guards	1 Band Tiara	1 Guard	000	0	Bare Humans or Soft-skinned Humanoids
Scanty	2 Belt	2 Coif	2 Basket Guard	005	0	Scanty Clothing
Basic	3 Skirted Belt	3 Hood Crown	3 Net Cloak	008	0	Full Silk, Woven Cloth, or Linen Clothing
Adequate	4 Girdle	4 Turban	4 Parrying Weapon	010	1	Basic Layered Clothing or Fur
Average	5 War Cloak	5 Cap	5 Buckler	018	1	Adequate Light Leather Tunic or Heavy Felt
Protected	6 Breastplate	6 Helm	6 Target	020	2	Body Corselet or War Cloak
Armored	7 Skirted Breastplate	7 Banded Helm	7 Heater	025	2	Average Heavy Leather Tunic
Thorough	8 Tunic	8 Crested Helm	8 Aspis	030	3	Leather Jack
Enclosed	9 Hooded Tunic	9 Bascinet	9 Kite	035	3	Protected Padded Leather or Leather Jack +1
Extensive	10 Coat	10 Crested Bascinet	10 Gerhon	040	4	Coat of Defense
Complete	11 Sealed Coat	11 Hezume	11 Tower	045	4	Armored Studded Leather or Brigantine
				050	5	Scale Mail Tunic
				055	5	Thorough Coat of Mail
				060	6	Chainmail Tunic or Coat of Mail +1
				065	6	Extensive Partial Plate (Bronze) or Bronze Platemail
				070	7	Lamellar Tunic or Banded Mail
				075	7	Complete Advanced Sealed Body Armor Coat
				080	8	Partial Iron Plate or Iron Platemail
				085	8	Iron Platemail +1
				090	9	Partial Damascus Plate or Steel Platemail
				095	9	Advanced Sealed Body Suit or Full Gold, Copper, or Jade Plate
				100	10	Full Bronze, Silver or Electrum Plate
				110	11	Full Platinum Plate or Iron Platemail +5
				120	12	Full Iron Plate or Full Electrum Plate +2
				130	13	Full Damascus Plate
				140	14	Full Mithril Plate
				150	15	Full Adamantite Plate
				160	16	
				170	17	
				180	18	
				190	19	
				200	20	Powered Armor Suit Tech

ARMS	DESIGN
1 Gloves	1 Cheekguards
2 Bracers	1 Neckguard
3 Armbands	1 Nasal Guard
4 Vambrace	2 Visor
5 Half-sleeves	1 Reinforced*
6 Sleeves	(* See "Materials")
7 Gloved Sleeves	

CONSTRUCTION METHOD
0 Open
1 Ringmail
2 Chainmail
3 Formed Plate

**MATERIAL/REINFORCING**

1 Silk, Linen, Cloth
2 Soft Leather, Wood
3 Felt, Light Fur
4 Wicker, Heavy Fur (+1)
5 Hard Leather, Clay (+1)
6 Hardwood, Horn, Bone (+1)
7 Gold, Copper, Marble, Jade (+2)
8 Electrum, Silver, Bronze (+3)
9 Platinum (+3)
10 Iron (+4)
11 Damascus Steel (+4)
12 Adamantite, High Chrome Steel (+5)

APPAREL
Add construction material only for each article/layer worn:
Loincloth
Underclothes/Smallclothes
Hose/Stockings
Leggings
Footwear: Shoes/Buskings/Boots
Undershirt/Undertunic
Shirt/Blouse/Tunic
Acton/Jerkin/Jacket
Trousers/Breecks/Pantaloons
Skirt/Cullotas
Dress/Robe/Gown
Tabard/Surcoat/Supertunic
Cape/Cloak/Mantle
Hat/Hood/Cowl
Note: This should serve as a guideline, O GM...

**PROBABILITY COMPARISON CHART**

	1D6	1	1	1	1	2	2	3	4	5	5	6	6	6	6
2D6	2	2	3	3	4	5	6	7	7	8	9	10	11	11	12
3D6	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
1D20	1	1	1	2	3	4-5	6-7	8-10	11-13	14-15	16-17	18	19	20	20
D100 (%)	1	2	3-5	6-10	11-17	18-27	28-38	39-50	51-62	63-73	74-83	84-90	91-95	96-98	99

## WELCOME TO TEGEL MANOR...

For many long years the ancestral manor of the Rumps has overlooked the countryside about Tegel Village. Once the proud protectors of that township and the surrounding farmlands, the keepers of the Golden Hind Banner fell into decadence, degradation...and far worse fates! Now their fall threatens to drag down the hapless villagers and the countryside itself, if not checked quickly.

That is the task awaiting your stalwart band of heroes in this completely revised and expanded adventure, based upon the original Judges Guild title. Herein lies challenge aplenty, with the magicks, monsters and malevolent remnants of the Rump clan that infest the old manse. Using the Universal Format Information, you can wander these ancient halls while using whatever fantasy role-playing system you prefer. Plenty of information has been provided, not only for the myriad chambers within--and below!--the manor-fortress, but on the prominent NPCs one may expect or dread to find, and the creatures that lurk about.

In addition to the monsters and magics described herein, you may wish to add further touches of your own. For those so inclined, we suggest investigating the Gamescience Book of Tables, Volume I (GS 10450) or the Fantasy Gamer's Compendium (GS 10330) [from Gamescience, 1512 30th Avenue, Gulfport, MS. 39501].

Welcome to Tegel Manor! We'll see you on the other side...*one way or another...*



### AREA BACKGROUND & ENCOUNTERS

Tegel Manor, a great manor-fortress near the seacoast, is rumored to have withstood the ravages of time and human occupation because of an ancient glamour cast upon it. (This charm does indeed exist, providing Fire Resistance to the manor's ancient timbers--though the spell may be fading, if one judges by the current state of the estate...) The hereditary owners are the descendants of one Sir Rumpole Rump (no. 1 in the portrait gallery), who first erected the original stone keep. As the family prospered, it grew into a rambling edifice of well-fashioned masonry and stout timber. Sir Rankling Rump (47 in the portraits) added the "Brother's Tower" during his time as lord of Tegel Manor. The stone spire of the "Wizard's Tower" was added over a century ago by Ridwick (portrait 85).

The Rump family has been remiss in their traditional duty of providing protection to the nearby market village for some generations now. Some have said that this failing--and their other bizarre eccentricities--have led to their corruption and the decline of the family's good fortune. Many have found the manor and its surrounding area to be a dangerous place to visit!

All outdoor movement (outside of Tegel village) is subject to an encounter roll every other turn (GM's discretion). For *Daytime*:

1. Roughneck Rump the Rotund, feared highwayman (ARM 060, 6 HIT, 29 HTK) and his band of 12 goblins (ARM 045, 1-1 HD; 4, 3, 2, 3, 1, 2, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, and 1 respectively) have waylaid many a hapless traveller, greeting same with a shrill "Stand and deliver!"
2. Special Zombies--known as the "Cauldron-Born"--are all ARM 060, 3 HD, 24 HTK, and move as fast as a normal human! Enchanted creatures of the evil High Priestess Dubraibem, these Zombies have one crucial defect: they lose 1 HTK for every hex distant from their creator.
3. Acolytes of Dubraibem prowl the countryside, seeking to gain new converts to the worship of Nivatopredi the Faceless One by force. These depraved souls perform ritual mutilations (of themselves or others) for the favor of their harsh mistress.
4. Pirates from the coast, where they have established themselves a base, occasionally foray inland to attack the village or travellers. Typical stats are ARM 045, 2 HD, 4 to 10 HTK; a party will usually be armed 60% Light Foot (sword or other), 30% Light Crossbow, 10% Heavy Crossbow.
5. Stirges (3-30 appearing of these nasty blood-sucking bird-fiends): ARM 030, 1 HD; they bite for 1-3 initially and 1-4 thereafter.
6. Roving goblins: ARM 045; 1-1 HD, averaging 2 HTK. Can sometimes be bargained with.
7. Baladar the Ranger (ARM 060, 6 HD, 25 HTK): Declared enemy of Sir Runic Rump (current lord of Tegel Manor), who left him in a tight spot once with a spectre in the manor. A champion of the good (and thick as a brick!), Baladar is convinced that Runic is as corrupt as his ancestors--and what is worse, a coward!
8. Roll normal wilderness encounters for your system.

For *Night* encounters, roll three times after the players have divided the party into three watches:

1. Ruang the Ripper, Assassin extraordinaire, comes prowling. ARM 035, 9 HD, 39 HTK. Favors the knife and the garrote.
2. Giant bats (1-6 of 'em): ARM 030, 1-6 HD; they bite for 1-6 or 2-12, depending on size.
3. The Dearth Monster of Derfingel Marsh (actually a young-sub-adult-dragon!): ARM 060, 6 HD, 24 HTK. Its acid breath will extend one hex for up to 18 points damage.
4. Giant beetles (1D10 of these): ARM 070, 6 HD, with a bite for 1-3 points damage. Primarily scavengers rooting about for food, unless annoyed.
5. Skeletons (3-30 appearing; the closer to the keep at night, the more there will be): ARM 030, ½ HD, 1 HTK.
6. Ghouls (2-24 appearing, as with skeletons): ARM 040, 2 HD, averaging 3 HTK. Hunger has driven them to come prowling this far from home.
7. An innocent wanderer--farmer or other--who strayed too far and is late coming back to Tegel village.
8. Roll a normal wilderness encounter for your system.

### TEGEL VILLAGE

Tegel township is a village of perhaps 450 souls, good peasant-stock mostly, who make their living as the market-town for the farms of the surrounding area, with some small amount of sea-trade from the coast. Traditionally, they have looked to the Golden Hind banner of the Rumps for protection in the past. Nowadays, they wonder who will protect them from what the Rump clan has become!

The following shopkeepers and notables ought to be keyed to one of the lettered buildings on the area map for possible encounters:

### SHOPKEEPERS & NOTABLE NATIVES

KEY/INPC	CLASS	ALIGN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	CHR	WEAPON
---- Ternelmor	FTR	Evil	073	028	030	087	10/2	15/2	11/5	12/5	10/2	12/2	14/6	+1 Sword
<i>Mayor, organizer of the militia and planner of the town's defenses (and a cultist of Nivatoprodii)</i>														
---- Arnthora	CL	Good	052	014	050	076	13/3	13/6	16/7	13/4	12/3	14/2	12/7	Mace & Staff
<i>Priestess of the Temple of the Bright Lady, losing ground steadily to Dubraibem's temple on the hill above Tegel</i>														
---- Mordacity Maghoula	FTR	Neutral	061	025	080	083	17/5	10/2	07/1	14/3	09/2	11/4	11/3	+1 Battle Axe
<i>Churlish leader of the militia, but not in Ternelmor's confidence--doesn't like the cultists</i>														
---- Brinna Birgit	FTR	Good	042	018	045	034	12/4	12/3	08/2	17/6	13/4	15/4	12/4	Sword & Horsebow
<i>Blunt, enterprising spear-maiden</i>														
---- Halaf Fec	FTR	Neutral	031	012	035	053	10/4	12/5	14/5	08/2	06/2	09/2	14/5	Dagger
<i>Contriving, prosperous merchant</i>														
---- Hasnovar	FTR	N	022	009	015	044	09/1	07/5	04/3	16/5	15/3	11/2	12/7	Sword
<i>Jovial bartender of the "White Hosed Sleigh", specializing in White Wassail drink (potent: PROB 25% of drunkenness, cumulative!)</i>														
---- Altarontha	FEM	N	021	008	018	043	13/2	09/4	10/5	14/4	11/3	14/3	07/4	Dagger
Shark Mersin	FTR	N	021	007	030	032	12/3	08/2	06/2	10/4	14/5	13/5	09/2	Mace
Vinca One Eye	FTR	N	011	044	035	032	10/2	05/1	09/1	09/3	12/2	13/1	12/2	Sword
<i>Altharontha's Boarding House offers quiet, decency and low price -- 15 SP per night, meals 1 GP. Cashbox has 50 GP, 23 SP, 14 CP. Order is kept by her sons, Shark and One Eye.</i>														
---- Quinta Demetria	FTR	N	041	014	035	052	16/3	12/4	11/5	09/2	13/2	12/4	14/4	Sword
<i>One-eyed owner of "Neptune's Trident", bores customers with stories of unlikely sea-monsters.</i>														
---- Cretin Nodcock	DWARF	N	021	012	035	044	14/5	07/2	06/3	15/6	10/2	11/4	05/3	Dagger
<i>Incredibly ugly owner of the "Bark &amp; Byte", providing unusual dinner entertainments.</i>														
---- Marsh-ar	FTR	N	021	009	010	064	10/2	10/6	12/4	11/2	14/3	13/3	14/4	Sword
<i>Gushing but wily monger.</i>														

...and up at the Manor, we have:

**SIR RUNIC THE RUMP** PAL Good 065 020 110 108 15/4 10/2 07/2 11/3 09/2 13/2 17/3 +3 Sword  
 Possesses +3 plate armor, +1 Ring of Protection--and must be blessed by someone up there to have survived this long! Also has 255GP, 160 SP and 24 CP handy.

The dim-witted owner of Tegel Manor, Sir Runic constantly attempts to sell the Manor, often for unbelievably cheap prices. Also has lost it twice in card games (and a very good sport about it, too)--but the manor has always been returned by its latest owners, demanding their money back, often with threats of violence!

In addition to being a dullard, Runic is renowned for his politroonery--his morale rating being at least -3. Being nearly penniless (allegedly), he has hopes for getting something out of his feared family home (if not the family itself, then a decent sale price). He is distraught over his various relatives' and ancestors' diverse corrupt modes of living, and will begrudgingly agree to help a buyer clear it out, in hope of putting many to rest; however, he is frightened by most family members, especially Ruang Rump, aka "the Ripper"!

#### Rump Family Retainers:

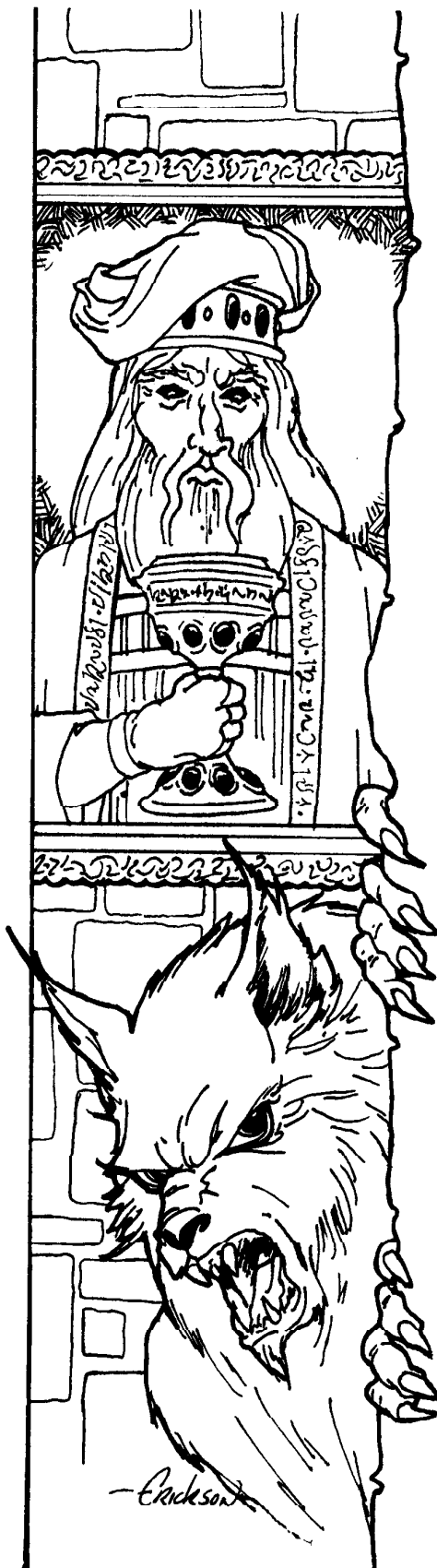
Lasnici (the Valet)	ELF	G	021	004	035	045	08/2	09/3	10/4	09/3	14/4	14/3	11/4	Spear
Enar the Proper (Butler)	DWARF	G	031	009	060	045	13/2	06/2	08/1	13/6	08/2	11/2	07/2	Short Sword
Afring	FTR	G	011	006	050	062	15/1	09/2	11/2	12/3	09/3	11/4	05/2	Two-hand Sword
Hrinar	FTR	G	031	010	050	062	14/3	08/1	04/1	10/2	06/3	10/2	08/2	Longbow & Dagger

### RUMP FAMILY TREE

The following is a list of portraits, and their subjects, to be found about the manor. Those that are not already indicated in a specific location (by a number in parentheses) may be scattered about as the Gamemaster wishes. Under each name is given the subject's Class, ARM, HD and HTK. Thus the entries may also be used as wandering encounters (on D100) at GM's discretion. If the portrait has an unusual effect on the viewer (usually a spell, for which allow a 50% chance of spell success), that is indicated by "Pic" and a description.

1	Sir Rumpole Rump (B3 - Gallery) Paladin: 085, 6, 27	9	Raps Redaxe (B4) Doppelganger: 055, 4, 13 Pic: Tries to replace the first PC who views it (roll INT save)	16	Retakang Regelot (B4) Skeleton: 030, 1, 4
2	Reckless Rory (B3) Skeleton: 010, 1, 7 Pic: Causes reckless bravery for 2-12 turns	10	Raw Ribby (B4) Skeleton: 030, 1, 3 Pic: Offers +2 Axe for the body of Sir Runic	17	Raving Rindat (B4) Wight: 050, 3, 18 Pic: Causes Insanity for 2-12 turns
3	Rialto the Riffraff Zombie: 020, 2, 14 Pic: Infects with an Itch, 2-24 turns	11	Radif the Reprobate (B4) Shadow: 035, 2+2, 9 Pic: Challenges with a riddle; right/wrong answer = +/-1 CON	18	Rigat the Rabble-rouser (B4) Spectre: 085, 6, 12 Pic: Offers viewer 1 GP to strike his companion
4	Ranting Rex (B4) Ghoul: 050, 2, 6 Pic: Causes viewer to talk in screaming tone 2-12 turns	12	Racy Rawley (B4) Mummy: 075, 5, 22 Pic: Offers location of a secret passage (GM choice) to winner of a race from one end of Master Gallery to the other	19	Reot of Raging River (B4) Shadow: 030, 2+2, 12
5	Rambling Ragnirak (B4) Ghoul: 055, 2, 6 Pic: Pivots viewer into room behind portrait	13	Ronahr the Repellent (B4) Spectre: 080, 6, 20 Pic: Compliment gets Teleport to Library (M12)	20	Rascal Rowing (B4) Ghost: 060, 10, 59
6	Rustrum the Rabid (B4) Wraith: 070, 4, 18 Pic: Causes viewer to foam at the mouth	14	Rackstor the Rash (B4) Skeleton: 025, 1, 6 Pic: Causes first PC who tells a lie to break out in rash	21	Reptilakis Rump (B4) Snake-Spirit: 045, 2, 16 Pic: Teleports viewer to Crying Hall
7	Rank Rumpula (B4) Vampire: 055, 7, 2 Pic: Warns of werewolves	15	Rapid Rithiena (B4) Vampire: 080, 7, 31 Pic: Teleports to E12	22	Rancorous Himy (B4) Zombie: 010, 2, 6
8	Randver the Rancid (B4) Wraith: 070, 4, 9 Pic: Causes nausea for 1-8 turns			23	Raketear Retok (B4) Ghoul: 045, 2, 4
				24	Rummy Rory (B4) Wraith: 075, 4, 9 Pic: Causes Drunkenness to viewer

- 25 **Raucous Randel (B4)**  
Bandit: 110, 5, 28
- 26 **Ranting Return (B4)**  
Ghost: 020, 10, 57
- 27 **Sir Ritark the Rat-hearted (B4)**  
Ghost: 020, 6, 27  
Pic: Offers to Teleport viewers to Spectral Staircase (leading to M section, Southwest Wing) to prove their bravery
- 28 **Rocci the Rogue (B3)**  
Zombie: 025, 2, 8
- 29 **Rinsel the Ravishing (B3)**  
Ghost: 025, 10, 48  
Pic: Alters Charisma +/-1, depending on viewer's reaction
- 30 **Retreat Rumpust (B3)**  
Ghoul: 040, 2, 9
- 31 **Reydd the Razor (A18)**  
Wight: 055, 3, 12  
Pic: Conceals a map to D1 (The Throne Room)
- 32 **Ricienna the Ravenous (B3)**  
Ghost: 025, 10, 58
- 33 **Ready Rhydrag (A18)**  
Skeleton: 030, ½, 2  
Pic: +1 to Dexterity (30%)
- 34 **Risqué Roschar (A18)**  
Mummy: 075, 5+1, 16
- 35 **Rosienna the Romancer (A18)**  
Wraith: 080, 6, 18  
Pic: Teleports viewer to B14 (Bedroom)
- 36 **Reipsik the Rapt (A18)**  
Shadow: 035, 2+2, 12
- 37 **Rozet the Cerebral (A18)**  
Shadow: 030, 2+2, 13  
Pic: Adds +1 to Intelligence (or Wisdom if used in your system) --unless character is evil
- 38 **Radaw the Rebel (A18)**  
Zombie: 025, 1, 7  
Pic: Causes viewer to levitate for 2-8 turns
- 39 **Rasping Rashuak (A18)**  
Liche: 070, 16, 97  
Pic: Causes hoarseness to viewer (10% probability)
- 40 **Rushrat the Rainmaker (A1)**  
Shadow: 030, 2+2, 12  
Pic: Miniature raincloud follows over viewer for 2-12 turns
- 41 **Relang the Racker (A1)**  
Wight: 055, 3, 9
- 42 **Rumpus Rundel the Rover (A1)**  
Ghost: 025, 10, 63  
Pic: Causes itching feet for 2-12 turns
- 43 **Rivona the Radiant (A1)**  
Wight: 065, 3, 12  
Pic: Casts Charm on viewer (becomes devoted to finding "lost love" Rivona)
- 44 **Rorked the Rare (A1)**  
Doppelganger: 050, 4, 26  
Pic: Wails "Beware the Great Hall!" (That's A2)
- 45 **Radical Roman (A1)**  
Skeleton: 035, ½, 2  
Pic: Eyes follow viewers as they move



- 46 **Count Radu Rumpula (A1)**  
Vampire: 085, 9, 74  
Pic: Viewer drops everything carried
- 47 **Sir Rankling (A1)**  
Ghost: 020, 10, 17  
Pic: Answers question truthfully, but only one question/day
- 48 **Raging Raktor (A1)**  
Skeleton: 035, ½, 4  
Pic: Incites Berserker fury for 2-8 turns!
- 49 **Raphod the Reaper (A1)**  
Wraith: 075, 4, 27  
Pic: Phantom scythe attacks for 1-4 damage if hit
- 50 **Roparoc the Raider (E8)**  
Ghost: 020, 10, 39  
Pic: Reveals a sinister secret (GM's determination what)
- 51 **Rembard the Rake (E6)**  
Wraith: 070, 4, 12  
Pic: Teleport to C2 (Bedroom) --only 20% possibility
- 52 **Ramatec Rumpula (L5)**  
Ghoul: 040, 2, 10
- 53 **Roderic the Righteous (L5)**  
Ghost: 025, 10, 36  
Pic: Causes "good" viewer to become a fanatic (about clearing the Wizard's Tower, perhaps?)
- 54 **Ransack Rosco (in Howling Hall)**  
Wight: 050, 3, 20
- 55 **Radded Rufus (J5)**  
Zombie: 025, 1, 7  
Pic: 30% possibility that a sack of valuables rips open here
- 56 **Rarin the Rearguard (I11)**  
Mummy: 075, 5+1, 19  
Pic: Entire party affected by Panic (20% possibility)
- 57 **Rattlepate Remalda (H13)**  
Wizard: 050, 3, 19  
[Remalda is also the Wizard in the Library - H13]
- 58 **Reldor the Ransomer (H6)**  
Doppelganger: 055, 4, 27  
Pic: Will lift a Curse for 10% of party's loot (minimum 50 GP)
- 59 **Railler Rolandil (H6)**  
Zombie: 020, 1, 3
- 60 **Rodip the Rationalist (in Brother's Tower)**  
Wight: 050, 3, 16  
Pic: 40% probability of causing Discord among party members
- 61 **Rahad the Random**  
Zombie: 020, 1, 64
- 62 **Ricochet Remnar**  
Skeleton: 075, ½, 3
- 63 **Rellah the Rebuker**  
Ghoul: 045, 2, 9  
Pic: Shock (stuns for 1-6 turns, but no damage)
- 64 **Rebounding Reydhil**  
Will o'Wisp: 180, 9, 73  
Pic: Enthral victim to follow phantom light for 4-24 turns
- 65 **Hongo the Router**  
Ghoul: 045, 2, 11  
Pic: Will paralyze any who touch portrait

- |    |   |    |   |     |   |
|----|---|----|---|-----|---|
| 66 | Rigorn the Recruit<br>Zombie: 020, 1, 8   | 79 | Rhian the Remorseless<br>Faceless Ghost: 025, 10, 49<br>Pic: Blindness for 2-8 turns  | 90  | Restless Ralome<br>Ghost: 050, 4, 20<br>Pic: Grants first viewer immunity to Sleep spells   |
| 67 | Rebut Reridok<br>Wight: 050, 3, 13  | 80 | Riven the Reflective<br>Spectre: 090, 6, 30<br>Pic: Grants ability to repel Undead 1-3 times  | 91  | Rickety Riddmand<br>Shadow: 030, 2+2, 10<br>Pic: Knocks the helm off someone NOT looking at portrait!   |
| 68 | Rimout the Reviver<br>Mummy: 075, 5+1, 23<br>Pic: 15% possibility of providing Resurrection spell                                     | 81 | Reveler Rotchar<br>Ghoul: 040, 2, 3<br>Pic: Laughs at viewer  | 92  | Rourden the Repressor<br>Ghost: 025, 10, 35<br>Pic: Causes viewer to be only half as likely to roll usual reactions to Fear, Panic, Bravery or other "mood/emotion" reactions; requires a Remove Curse-type spell to end effect |
| 69 | Ryth the Recanter<br>Spectre: 085, 6, 23  | 82 | Ruang the Ripper<br>Assassin: 035, 9, 39<br>Pic: Poisons any who touch the portrait [this is the same nasty bloke running around the countryside in Area Encounters, Night] | 93  | Riddles Rellwood<br>Wight: 050, 3, 7<br>Pic: Asks riddle: good answer will get 2-12 GP  |
| 70 | Retort Rowantor<br>Spectre: 080, 6, 23  | 83 | Rabrial the Relentless<br>Ghost: 025, 10, 84  | 94  | Revlidor the Reknowned<br>Wight: 055, 2, 13   |
| 71 | Reciting Ralfrid<br>Wight: 055, 3, 5<br>Pic: 30% possibility of a (really bad!) poem—which has 50% possibility of useful information! | 84 | Rudlong the Revenger<br>Wraith: 075, 4, 10<br>Pic: Forewarns of next encounter  | 95  | Ritzy Rutorn<br>Skeleton: 030, ½, 2<br>Pic: Turns viewer's armor to foppish finery  |
| 72 | Rufienna the Reckless<br>Ghost: 020, 10, 49<br>Pic: Grants Immunity to Fear spells (75% effective)                                    | 85 | Ridwick of the Relic, aka The Liche of the Wizard's Tower (Lb)<br>Liche: 070, 11, 27<br>Pic: Moans "Come to the Wizard's Tower"   | 96  | Roughneck Rump the Rotund<br>Bandit: 060, 6, 29<br>Pic: Shouts "Stand and deliver!" [This is the same fellow seen roaming the countryside in Area Encounters, Day]  |
| 73 | Rabury the Recluse<br>Wight: 050, 3, 26<br>Pic: Shouts "Go Away!" and casts Fear spell  | 86 | Resplendent Rambert<br>Ghoul: 045, 2, 8<br>Pic: Causes viewer's face to glow (giving light like a torch) -but viewer is also blind for duration of spell (10-60 minutes!)   | 97  | Redbud Rump<br>Wraith: 035, 4, 29<br>Pic: Invites viewer to "Come see me sometime" (in F1)  |
| 74 | Regenerating Rodark<br>Wight: 055, 3, 22  | 87 | Remonger the Remorseful<br>Ghost: 020, 10, 82   | 98  | Raoul the Reformer<br>Doppelganger: 080, 8, 40  |
| 75 | Reeling Rihorn<br>Wraith: 070, 4, 23<br>Pic: Spins viewer around  | 88 | Rinbak the Rich<br>Zombie: 025, 1, 2<br>Pic: 40% chance of revealing a valuable treasure  | 99  | Ranorek<br>Caveman: 010, 3, 10<br>[This "missing link" in the family is usually down in the second level of underground passages]   |
| 76 | Rigormortis Rumpula<br>Wraith: 075, 4, 20<br>Pic: Reduces Dexterity by -3 for 8 turns (20% possibility)                               | 89 | Ribbonor the Rider<br>Ghost: 020, 10, 17<br>Pic: 10% possibility first viewer will be turned into horse   | 100 | Ramshackle Riparian<br>Wraith: 035, 7, 27<br>Pic: A former lawyer, Riparian's shade may offer to free viewer if "wrongfully" imprisoned later   |
| 77 | Rozetta Rumpula<br>Ghoul: 040, 2, 12<br>Pic: Curses viewer with Old Age (20% chance effective)  |    |   |     |   |
| 78 | Lady Rubienna Rump-Rumpula<br>Vampire: 085, 8, 15<br>Pic: Probability 5% x number in party to Teleport to G3 (Torture Chamber)        |    |   |     |   |



#### WANDERING THE HAUNTED HALLS

The many corridors and passages of Tegel Manor have become known by names suggestive of the mysterious and oftentimes unsettling noises heard in their winding ways. Take note of these different names, O GM, and the fact that, at any time, there is a 25% chance of these sinister sounds manifesting themselves. The sound of the Gnawing Hall or the Whispering Hall may slowly rise to a noticeable degree as PCs traverse their length, or the Screaming Hall may suddenly erupt in a cacophony of blood-curdling shrieks and cries, sending our heroes jumping out of their collective skins.

Note also as you wander the ways of this grim manse with your players the many smaller notations that you may find upon the Gamemaster's map: sights (termites, for example), sounds (a thunderclap), things and ideas (the map notations indicating a possible trapdoor, trap or magical statue not described specifically in the following text). Take advantage of these as you will, and the tables provided for them in this book, to customize your particular "Twilight Zone"...

## THE RAMBLING ROOMS OF TEGEL MANOR . . . . .

Having taken the winding road from the village, the PCs will emerge from the scraggly wood surrounding Manor Hill to find themselves at the main entry to Tegel Manor. The high-arched portal grants entry to the oldest, original part of the structure, sturdily built of rough dressed stone, cold, dank and uninviting.

**A1 - THE MASTER FOYER (50'x70'x40'H).** The vast chamber which greets the characters is chill and gloomy, its dimness scarcely relieved by braziers spaced along the wall every 20 feet. Twin rows of columns, like great stone trees, recede into the darkness overhead. Family portraits line the walls. Side passages to left and right give entrance to the Screaming Hall (to the G rooms) and Mumbling Hall (leading off into the A section).

The spirit of Bertalan the Butler, original chief steward to Sir Rumpole, suddenly appears, looming menacingly in the center of the chamber -then politely asks if he make take the party's cloaks, hats, etc. If refused, he vanishes through the wall with a great display of indignance. Riotous laughter suddenly bursts forth from the doorway at the far end of the foyer. When opened, three mouldering corpses fall backward into the foyer!

**A2 - THE GREAT HALL (150'x110'x40'H):** The Great Hall of Tegel Manor is ablaze with light from great candel chandeliers hanging from the cavernous ceiling, and ornate candelabra mounted along the walls. Mouldering tapestries (and perhaps more portraits?) decorate the walls. Here and there, ratholes have come through the floor (these and others like them in other rooms lead to a labyrinth of passages--see the Underground Levels section). Two fireplaces face one another across the room (the southern one masks a two-way secret passage to a hidden staircase to DL2/G --and whatever the GM wants to put in the hidden rooms!). Along the western wall is a secret one-way teleport "gateway" to DL1/B. And the east wall is entirely covered by a grand tapestry depicting the noble exploits of Sir Rumpole (hiding a two-way secret passage out into the enclosed Courtyard, and a trapped passageway to another two-way passage--G3 is beyond that one). The western exits lead into Footstep Hall from the A to C sections. A doorway in the north side of the room leads to A3. A southern exit leads to the Whispering Hall, while a false door in the south wall leads nowhere.

Of more immediate concern to the adventurers entering this room will be the two great banquet tables stretching down the hall. Gathered at one end of same are 12 skeletons (ARM 030; 1 HD; 5, 3, 4, 4, 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 1, and 2 HTK, armed with swords) interrupted seemingly in mid-revel over the mouldering feast spread here. They will react immediately to being disturbed, trying to force party members to join their grisly celebration. If one can get to them, there are 30 silver goblets each worth 120 SP on the banquet tables--and a huge silver chased halberd resembling the one with which Sir Rumpole is pictured, hung above the mantle on the south wall. Leaving the party with them is another matter!

**A3 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x40'H):** This once-richly appointed chamber was evidently intended as a handy place to sleep off the effects of too much revelry. The skeletal remains found here may be deceased party-animals, or victims of the Stirges (1-8 of these blood-sucking bird fiends nesting in the cozy darkness high above: ARM 030; 1 HD; 6, 2, 5, 4, 7, 3, 4, 6 HTK; waiting 1d4 rounds to attack). The faint, flutey music that gently echoes in this chamber is in fact Stirge-piping. One of the crumpled forms lounging amid the cushions and furs that cover this room's stone floor lies atop a scabbarded sword worth some 380 GP!

The adjacent chamber, properly appointed with bedroom furnishings more suited to lordly recuperation, has massive oaken doors that let onto the Footsteps Hall, and a smaller door letting out into the Mumbling Hall.

**A4 - GRAND DINING ROOM (50'x70'x40'H):** Lavishly appointed with fine silver and rich tapestries, but dimly lit by candles upon the great table in the center of the room. When PCs first enter this room, they see sixteen ghosts--obviously high-born ladies who had retired from the rowdiness of the Great Hall--seated at another phantom feast. These sedate souls rapidly fade from view when interrupted at their table, except for a Spectre seated at the head of the table. What at first seemed a beautiful noble-woman becomes a ghastly fiend as it throws itself at the nearest party members (ARM 085; 6 HD; 27 HTK, and special attack--see Phantasmal Fiends description).

When the Spectre is dispatched, the finery of the room dulls to mouldering hangings, rotting wood, and nary a sign of a dish or goblet beneath the dust and cobwebs. (However, there is an iron-bound chest hidden in the hearth with 560 GP in gems and 450 SP.) A doorway leads to A5, and two others open on smaller side chambers (left to the GM's deviousness).

**A5 - KITCHEN 1 (50'x30'x40'H):** Reeking still of ancient smoke and rancid cookpots, this kitchen (and the pantry beyond) was once a very busy place with its two fireplaces, butcher's-block and work tables, constantly serving either the Great Hall, the Grand Dining Room or the Mead Hall (A6)--or all three! Six giant rats (ARM 025; 2 HD; 7, 7, 5, 2, 13 and 4 HTK) are busily dragging their loot out of the pantry toward a rathole in the corner of the room when PCs enter. The entrance of the adventurers seems to be a signal for poltergeists to go into their act, as the air is suddenly filled with outraged shrieks as though of an overworked scullery staff, five butcher-knives animate and fly at the party (followed by other cutlery)--and a bubbling pot will sail out of the cooking-fire at the largest party member! A complete silver service (with the Rump family crest) will also come sailing at PCs--if subdued, it is worth about 320 SP.

**A6 - THE MEAD HALL (80'x110'x40'H):** Reached by either the Mumbling Hall or the Singing Swordmen Hall, this vast chamber once echoed with song and blazed with light from the many torches bracketed along its walls. Now, however, it is muffled by the thick cobwebs which dimly filter the light from the great arched windows in the north wall. Brave souls venturing into this room will be hampered to half-normal speed by the thickness of the cobwebs everywhere. Six Zombies (ARM 025; 2 HD; 8, 4, 7, 13, 15, 6 HTK) are seated about one of the many tables in the hall, absently pounding a rat upon the table like a gavel, and oblivious to the enormous spiders (20 of 'em! ARM 060; 1/2HD; 1d4 HTK each; non-poisonous but capable of 1 point of damage per bite!) busily wrapping them up for lack of better feeding available.

(A secret two-way passage in the west wall of the hall enters the back of a wardrobe in room A20.)

**A7 - MAID'S ROOM (30'x20'x40'H):** An unremarkable room, simply furnished as though for one of the household servants--yet connected to two other side rooms (one of which opens into A9 (the Butler's room). Perhaps this was a small suite of rooms for the chief servants of the household. Searching through the wardrobes and chest at the foot of the bed reveals a gem-studded silver goblet (worth 360 SP) hidden under a pile of now-rotted clothes. But what is that noise? At first, there is only a sighing, so faint only elves would notice it, for 1-3 rounds. It gradually becomes a sound like normal breathing, for another 1-3 rounds, as the walls faintly quiver. This then becomes a loud panting sound for 1-3 rounds as the doors latch and walls begin bulging in and out 2'. Next comes a deafening gasping noise for 1-3 rounds, as the walls now move in and out 10'! Finally, the noise is a stunning -2 ST roar for 1-3 rounds, as the walls close in to suffocate players in 1-8 rounds if they do not win free.

**A8 - MAID'S ROOM (30'x40'x40'H):** A single lit candle is the only illumination greeting the PCs as they enter this chamber. There are other candlesticks about the room, atop a dressing table, chests by the three small beds, and next the washstand in one corner. Every other turn, a young girl will appear in a random corner of the room, scream, and quickly vanish. A search of the room will reveal 520 CP and a silver dagger hidden in one of the dusty beds. The large trunk at its foot has a poison-needle latch (acts as Spider Venom, see Poison Effects). Inside are 1,080 CP, 10 SP, 2 GP and a 580 GP opal necklace, in two velvet pouches. Beneath lay heavy wool cloaks and robes--and underneath all, the bound corpse of the screaming phantom.

**A9 BUTLER'S ROOM (45'x30'x40'H):** Opening onto the Singing Swordmen Hall, this chamber is the continuation of the suite of rooms from A7. Its simple appointments, while not so rich as a lord's chamber, are yet of quality, befitting a chief steward's status. In the dim candle-light of this room, adventurers will suddenly be startled by a foul blast of musty air, and a belching sort of noise, calling their attention to a gleaming green pool of slime on the rug near the center of the room. This pool is actually an Ectoplasma (see Phantasmal Fiends for description--this one has 2 HD, 13 HTK). It surrounds a small pile of precious loot--180 GP, 55 SP, 225 CP--but most striking is a fabulous opal ring whose setting matches that of the necklace found in A8. A severed hand scuttles about the floor just beyond the slime, obviously intent upon the treasure, yet avoiding the foul touch of the pool.

**A10 - KITCHEN 2 (30'x50'x30'H):** Located on the Clanking Hall, to serve both the Mead Hall and the Great Hall, this scullery has a corner fireplace that could handle whole haunches of beast. Its rough stone walls are still stained by ancient grease and blood, also run down the floor to the sloop-pit. Upon entering this stench-laden kitchen, PCs will be greeted by 3 jars of seasoning which hurl themselves at the intruders. Then the room becomes deathly still, save for the sway of the empty rocking-chair nearest the cold fireplace. A search of the room will reveal nothing but three poisonous snakes (ARM 040; 1 HD; 3-4-7 HTK) lurking within the cauldron which hangs in the fire-pit.



**A11 - THE BAKERY (50'x50'x30'H):** A cold blast and angry growling noise roll out of the chimney of the great brick ovens that dominate this room, and assail the adventurers with a moldy stench. Guttering torches provide feeble illumination to the workroom. Various utensils (worth 260 CP, 15 SP) hang upon the walls over working tables and a great basin of foul water. What at first seems to be a rolling pin turns out to be a leg bone. Beetles busily feast on a rancid pastry full of dead blackbirds, and the rotting remains of splattered egg, curds and whey upon the floor. A smaller plum pie displays a severed thumb sticking out of its broken crust. Gold Spore Fungus (see Phantasmal Fiends for description) covers the leaves still upon the long-handled oven paddles resting in the mouth of the oven.

**A12 - SCULLERY MAID'S CHAMBER (30'x30'x30'H):** Across from the Butler's Room on the Singing Swordsmen Hall, this room was formerly occupied by twin sisters serving the Rump family. Their simple room, now dusty and threaded with cobwebs, was obviously once bright and cheerful, if somewhat gaudily bedecked in colorful peasant style. The colors are now faded on the bedding and war-hangings, and the coverings draped over chests and table. The chests contain only simple clothing, trinkets and a few paltry coopers (82 total). About the table are set three chairs, and three empty bowls. Over each chair flop piles of clothing—everything down to small-clothes!—as though someone had been inside them and vanished! Two sets are identical dresses, and the third, the livery of a page, all bearing the Rump heraldic crest. On the center of the table, perhaps the only clue, a still-warm covered crock contains what appears to be a still fresh pudding (Indeed! A Plump Pudding: 2HD, 13 HTK; see the Phantasmal Fiends description.)

The room adjacent this, and the two next to the Kitchen (A10) are storerooms and larder—and left to the GM's imagination (heh-heh).

**A13 - SCULLERY MAID'S ROOM (30'x25'x30'H):** Across the Clanking Hall from the Kitchen is the room of another of the kitchen staff, this one somberly furnished with simple style and dark colors. And lots of "holy" pictures. Or are they? The artist may have been simplistic, but why are there no faces on the figures portrayed? A search of the wardrobe finds dull-colored common homespun clothing for the most part, and one better dress. The chest at the foot of the bed, however, has a robe and hood of fine silk hidden at the bottom, and a set of nasty-looking copper knives of strange design. A golden whistle is also hidden here. When the robe is removed from the trunk, a female voice can be heard, as if at a great distance, faintly chanting. A huge white "worm" (ARM 040; 15 HD; 56 HTK; 2-12 pts./bite) slithers from beneath the bed. (The whistle can control it; if slain, the chanting voice vanishes.)

A doorway in the east wall leads into a warren of various storage rooms that connect also with the cooks rooms (A14 and 15) and another scullery maid's quarters (A16). Two secret passages allow one to pass between A13 and A16 from one set of storerooms to the other undetected.

**A14 - CHIEF COOK'S QUARTERS (35'x24'x30'H):** This long-abandoned room is dark when PCs first enter. Then the candles on nightstand and dressing table abruptly sputter to life, and a voice can be heard laughing at some secret delight. The light reveals a surprisingly clean room of simple but sturdy furnishings, all decorated with lacey-edged coverlets or doilies, and vases of withered, long-dead flowers. Incongruously, the walls display an impressive collection of knives! Sudden movement in the SE corner is that of an animated broom chasing what little dust has collected out of a corner. On the dressing table sits a Zircon ring (worth 15 GP), with a cunningly fashioned poison-chamber hidden inside.

**A15 - COOK'S ROOM (30'x24'x30'H):** The furniture in this room is of similar style to that in A14, but the bed-linens and such are so simple as to seem coarse by comparison. The candles, already gleaming when adventurers enter the room, abruptly go out 1-8 turns after PCs enter, followed by an hysterical high-pitched tittering. When light is restored, a Scimitar (+1), matching some of the blades seen in the other room, is now imbedded in the head-board of the bed! An empty pair of boots abruptly rushes out from under the bed and out the door (only to begin following the party when they leave the room, as far as the doorway into the Clanking Hall). A Killer Shrew (ARM 025; 4 HD; 12 HTK; 1-6/bite) attempts to leap onto the back of one PC (the smallest, if it can), from beneath the chair in NW corner.

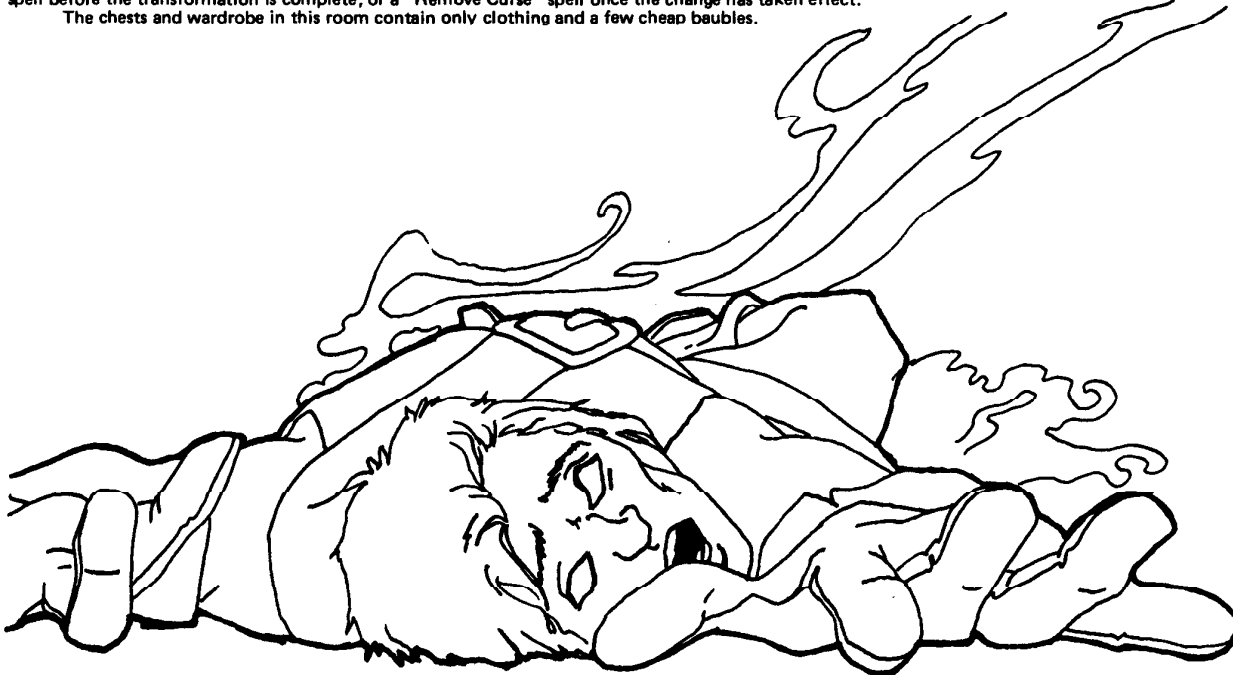
An examination of the west wall reveals a doorway bricked up solidly, hidden by the wall-hangings.

**A16 - SCULLERY MAID'S ROOM (30'x20'x30'H):** The doorway to this room (from A15) was bricked up years ago. If one listens closely, one can hear muffled moans and sobbing from beyond the wall. Anyone brave enough to break through the doorway must then make a saving roll against the noxious stench that rolls out of the dark passageway. Within is a cold, dank chamber, empty except for a filthy straw pallet, long-emptied platters on the floor, and a silver holy-sigil now half buried in the rubble where the brickwork was knocked down—and a human-sized bundle laying mummy-like in the center of the floor! If a torch is thrust into the opening, the room appears to be alive with hundreds of tiny spiders crawling everywhere. The flames will also ignite cobwebs hanging thickly from the ceiling far above, creating a roaring blaze for a few moments, abruptly ending in a shower of sparks as a huge spider (actually nothing but a carcass now) drops from somewhere in the mass of destroyed webbing.

**A17 - SCULLERY MAID'S ROOM (20'x40'x30'H):** On the Growling Hall, near the Mead Hall, these quarters had belonged to three serving wenches of the household, now Zombies (ARM 025; 2 HD; 16, 9, 6 HTK). Seated at a small table, they pantomime a tea-party, paying no attention to the party until the fourth place at table is disturbed. They then attack, attempting to force their "tea" upon the intruders.

This fourth cup, covered with a rotting napkin, contains a dust similar to that which pours from the teapot, shimmering oddly. The zombie-sisters keep returning their dust to the pot. If a PC should sample the dust, it will impart an incredibly beautiful appearance for 1d10 hours—but then the character begins a hideous transformation into a Zombie in 1d10 turns! The effect can only be dispelled by a "Neutralize/Cure Poison" type of spell before the transformation is complete, or a "Remove Curse" spell once the change has taken effect.

The chests and wardrobe in this room contain only clothing and a few cheap baubles.





**A18 - THE MINOR GALLERY (20'x95'x30'H):** Entered from the Giggling Hall, the musty oaken panelling of this vast hall displays many portraits of the Rump clan (at least numbers 32-39 from the Portraits list), bracketed by ornate silver candelabra mounted along the walls. Cobwebs festoon the candelabra in faintly fluttering streamers. Every fifth turn, illusory phantom flames envelope the room with a frighteningly convincing roar, then vanish again, having done no damage whatsoever.

Oblivious to this phantom fire, a female Ghoul (ARM 040, 2 HD, 12 HTK) goes about her grisly task. What may once have been a very beautiful dark elf or half-elf (she may be recognized by any who see portrait 77 - Rozetta Rumpula) now hacks away at an unsavory-looking haunch of "mystery meat", using a +1 dagger to aid her.

The Minor Gallery leads southward to a staircase up to the Playroom, or around a corner into the Corner Gallery (B3) and B section beyond. To the north and east, a maze of other rooms connect to A17 and A19. The room north of the gallery features a weed-choked but still flowing fountain. (Have fun with these rooms, O GM!)

**A19 - BEDROOM (45'x40'x30'H):** Beyond the fountain-chamber, an oaken door opens upon a suite of rooms. The first is clearly that of a former lord of the manor.

The former resident of this chamber was presumably an accomplished equestrian in life—and loathe to give up the chase in death. As soon as the party lights any candles in this richly-appointed room, a hunting horn sounds and a fearsome pack of hounds, closely followed by mounted riders, charge through the western wall and vanish through the east wall. If any are alert enough to note in the midst of this chaos, the Master of the Hunt strikes at the wall with his riding crop as the troop vanishes, and a gong-like tone sounds from the seemingly empty space struck. (An examination of this spot will reveal the Rump ceremonial riding armor, hidden by invisibility. Not much better for defense purposes than light chain, but magicked to grant superior riding skill to the wearer. "A Rump never loses his seat!" and the old boy who just thundered through has been trying for years to get someone to use it!)

Hunting scenes fill the tapestries which decorate this room. A brace of hunting spears stand in one corner, along with an ornately carved crossbow (the mechanism of which has rusted, and the string gone rotty). Still lying in the velvet-canopied bed is a corpse clutching a hunting horn to its breast.

**A20 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x30'H):** These quarters seem to be a continuation of the first room, paneled in dark walnut and draped with the same wine velvet, frosted with a heavy layer of dust from years of disuse. Gracing the wall opposite the entry is a huge coat-of-arms displaying the Golden Hind of the Rump family dormant upon a wine-red field. The shield so blazoned is of purest silver (value 2500 SP for the silver content alone!) The two built-in "wardrobes" along the east wall help to mask two secret passages, one to the Mead Hall and one into the corridor to A21 and A22. (The third cabinet is a privy.)

A visored suit of armor to one side beneath the coat of arms is equipped with a trap for the greedy: a spring-mechanism brings the visor's razor-sharp lip down on the hand or arm of the unlucky party nosy enough to grope around inside the helm, with enough force to take fingers completely off!

Two goblets stand on the table in the center of the room. The small keg resting between them is a fine medicinal wine—it neutralizes poison, but tastes so bad after all these years, that one will think quite the opposite! (Roll CON to avoid severe nausea.)

Reclining in the canopied bed is a form clad in livery like a page or young squire, but obviously female. The peculiar dusty yellow appearance is because the body is actually animated Gold Spore Fungus, just waiting to be disturbed!

**A21 - THE SECRET STUDY (40'x30'x30'H):** One secret passage lets entry to the corridor outside this room, but strangers to this narrow hall must find yet a second secret doorway to enter the study! Here, carefully hidden from prying eyes (until now), are arcane tomes of mystic lore, forbidden knowledge, and perverse pleasures. A desk of walnut is covered with scrolls, books, and writing paraphernalia, including a Scroll of Magical Reflection (good for one time to rebound a spell upon its caster), a Geas (primed to act upon the first person who reads it—the old boy didn't like snoopers!—it says "Kiss a toad!"), and a "Tabula Gochubastars" (reading of which causes an enchanted monster to flee). An "Ordinal of Alchemick Arts" lays on an adjacent reading stand, open to a formula for converting 1000 CP to 1000 GP with powdered Basilisk eye and the gall bladder of a Gargoyle (I). Wrought iron floor-standing candelabra flank the one comfortable chair in the room, while the walls are covered to twice a man's height with shelves of books. A ladder is braced against one set of shelves.

A low humming from the NE corner of the room, masked partially by faint sounds of organ music, indicates the presence of a one-way portal from E9 (Laboratory). A doorway in the west wall leads directly into A22.

**A22 - THE GAME ROOM (90' Dia. x 10'H):** The ground-floor level of the "Brother's Tower" is a vast entertaining center—though given its peculiar lack of accessibility, one wonders who is to be entertained here. Wild organ music, only faintly heard in A21, swells and falls like an ocean of sound, played by an unseen hand, as phantom shapes whirl about in a frantic dance. Gaming tables edge the dancefloor, with chessboards, games of chance and skill decorating their lacquered surfaces, most covered in undisturbed dust. One such table has a deck of cards that gives off a strong aura of magic (random effects—GM's discretion). Around another, four Shadows (ARM 030; 2+2 HD; 10, 8, 12, 6 HTK; touch for -1 ST/8 turns, see Phantasmal Fiends description) are engrossed in a game of chess (two merely watch). If interrupted by sudden light, they will be testy!

Elsewhere in the room, luxurious velvet couches and cushions have been spread, separated into smaller areas by folding screens of now-brittle fabric and rotted wood. Curious moans and sighs can be heard occasionally (organ music permitting). Beneath one such couch is a Bag of Tricks, silk-lined and decorated with silver threads. It will produce 1d10 random magic items or effects, some beneficial, some not, but the last always being a nasty surprise for the owner of the bag! (Again, it's your choice, GM.)

## BROTHER'S TOWER

**SECOND FLOOR: GUARDROOM (90' Dia. x 10'H):** Approached by the narrow, curving staircase that climbs from the secret corridor outside A22, this level is a great guardroom with racks of sturdy though unremarkable weaponry (12 heavy crossbows, 14 short bows, 10 swords, and 25 daggers—most salvageable) and armor, tables and cots to accommodate a company of watchmen, and mostly-spoilt provender stored in the pantries. It would appear that some of the iron rations from the last great war around here are still on hand, and as edible as they were then (which isn't saying much). Windows are little more than arrow-slits looking out over the road and countryside below Tegel Manor, though one balcony opens north-westward to look out toward Tegel Village.

The cressets along the wall flair to light as the party of adventurers ascends this level, and three Wights (ARM 050; 3 HD; 11, 16, 20 HTK) snap to attention, along with 34 disreputable looking skeletons in rotting leather armor. If an enterprising PC thinks to say "At ease!" the company of undead will settle back in their previous positions. A command of "Fall in!" will make them literally fall apart. Otherwise, attempting to "inspect" the room without first giving the password ("Look alive, men!") will result in having to fight the guard! The good news is that, if the Wights are defeated, the skeletons collapse—and they won't all be able to crowd in on your party at one time without hitting (and breaking) each other anyway.

**THIRD FLOOR: BEDROOM (90' Dia. x 10'H):** The only access to this floor is by way of a trapdoor in the center of the ceiling in the "Wight company's" guardroom below. An armed trap mechanism guards the access: If tripped, it causes a spear-rack along the guardroom wall to tip outward and launch 1d3 spears at the center of the ceiling!

Once opened, the trapdoor turns out to be covered by a heavy carpet on the floor above. Once the PCs maneuver past this obstruction, they find themselves in a room lavishly bedecked in silken draperies, intricately woven tapestries and oriental rugs, all made more vividly colorful by the light pouring through stained-glass windows (if it is daylight outside). Everywhere along the walls ornate wrought-iron cressets burn brightly. The air is thick with the smell of exotic incense. Furs and velvet cushions are scattered abundantly about the floor. All that appears to be missing are the dancing girls—and the chests along the wall indicate that they would be here, filled as these are with flowing garb of airy fabric and rich design, soft slippers of leather, and jingling jewelry (about 320 GP worth). But the jingle has been replaced by a sound of chains dragging across the floor above.

A low muttering sound betrays the presence of three Homunculi (ARM 015; ½HD; 2, 3, and 1 HTK; with nasty little teeth that do 1d3 damage each bite). Two are fumbling with bits of costume, while the third is mumbling its way through the Moonwort Scroll of Creation (stolen from the study below) trying to create more of itself. (It has succeeded twice already, since losing the master that created it, and, if not stopped, will overrun the manor with little nasty critters).

**FOURTH FLOOR: ZOO (60' Dia. x 10'H):** Some of the bigger nasty critters are up here. Access from the third floor is only by means of a central trapdoor to this floor. Once through, one finds the odor that the incense cloaked, and the reason for the dragging chains.

The sides of this stone chamber are ringed with barred enclosures containing a variety of unusually large or bizarre creatures, some with stalls full of filthy straw, others with a mock environment of a dead tree or swampy pool. The current denizens of this ill-lit menagerie include a Giant Toad (Hide like ARM 030; 2 HD; 7 HTK), a huge Beaver (its pelt providing ARM 025; 4 HD; 11 HTK, with formidable looking teeth and claws), a Giant Otter (this one's hide like ARM 025; 3 HD; 15 HTK, and very sharp teeth), four exotic Monkeys (ARM 010; ½ HD; 2, 3, 3, 1 HTK, and more sharp little teeth) and assorted exotic creatures—most of which will bite!

A faint hum from the SW side of the fourth floor reveals a two-way portal to J4 (The Hunter's Room in the East Wing). Getting there is easy...

**FIFTH FLOOR: BROTHER'S TOWER (60' Dia. x 10'H):** The trapdoor permitting access to this floor is off-set to one side of the ceiling, and not trapped. It is, however, difficult to lift, for reasons that quickly become apparent when opened. The three corpses tumbled about the floor around the adventurers had been on top of the trapdoor (trying to get out?). There is no light in this chamber except that let in by two high narrow windows to north and south, and the heavy drapery of this chamber seems to soak up that, leaving only gloom. Across the chamber from the entry-way can be heard the rattle of heavy chains, and heavy, gulping breathing. Light will reveal this to be "Brother", whose chains will let him no closer than 10' to the trapdoor. Despite the filth and rags, there is no mistaking the Rump family resemblance—but don't look too closely! His touch causes a vile wasting disease (save as you would against being poisoned; failure to resist will result in -1 STR every 1d10 turns; when STR reaches 0, victim passes out—death follows in 1d20 hours.)

Evidently, this was considered a good way to "watchdog" certain valuables: The mouldering draperies at one end of this floor conceal a chest with 26 various rings (545 GP), plus 450 SP and 1340 CP, and a bizarre batlike golden figurine (1260 GP).



## THE PLAYROOM

**SECOND FLOOR (60'x60'x30'H):** Up the stairs from the Minor Gallery (A18) is a gaily-decorated child's fantasy, gone to ruin: Oak-paneled walls draped with tapestries of faerie-landscapes have dulled to a sickly pallor, and cobwebs festoon a cradle, two small beds, and the toys that litter the room. A distant, tinkly music plays, as if from a faraway music box, while a rocking horse sways back and forth to its rhythm. A snake (ARM 025; 3 HD; 7 HTK; venom does -1d3 CON/turn) is coiled guardian-like about an ornate "piggybank" (containing 52 GP, 170 SP, 319 CP). The toybox contains a demon doll (ARM 085; 9 HD; 48 HTK; does 1-3 pts. damage/attack) and a rather toothy teddy-bear (ARM 035; 6 HD; 21 HTK; 1-3 damage per bite), guarding a cache of marbles fashioned of genuine ruby and emerald (36 @ 100 GP)! A tiny troop of toy soldiers (nine in all: ARM 060; ½HD; 1 HTK), patrols the hearth with their tiny swords (treat as small daggers). Whatever they were set to guard is no longer here.

To one side is a beautiful statue, like an elven princess with wings. It radiates an aura of magic (see Magic Statues description for a few possibilities.)

The B Section of Tegel Manor is one of several later additions to the original keep. Most of this structure was fashioned of much finer stonework than the keep itself, its sturdily-beamed ceilings being lower overall than those of the keep. The rooms in this wing were, at least originally, less grim-looking than those of the keep, with oak wainscoting and leaded-glass windows throughout. Candle sconces provided illumination.

**B1 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x30'H):** Located off the Giggling Hall, this bedroom must have at one time belonged to one of the more studious children of Tegel Manor. A small desk and reading stand mimic those found in the secret study (A21), and are accompanied by a hand-painted world-globe and shelves of books befitting a well-rounded noble-child's education. Atop the nearby chest at the foot of the bed sits a reddened skull asking an endless stream of questions, but never giving any answers. Nor will it answer questions placed to it. If attacked, it sprouts an odd pair of wings and flies away. The chest contains only a child's clothing, of high quality.

**B2 - THE NANNY'S ROOM (30'x20'x30'H):** Adjacent to the little scholar's bedroom is a quaintly-appointed room with a canopied bed and a rocking chair (from which can be heard a faint crooning lullaby-acts as a Sleep spell). The mirrored dressing table and polished woodwork reflect the ever-changing colors of a merrily blazing fire in the fireplace. Every two rounds the color changes again. The blue flames will heal 1-4 pts. of damage; the red will cause 1-6 pts. damage; the orange absorbs magic; yellow melts even plate armor; and green will restore magic. A doorway in the east wall leads to the Minor Gallery (A18).

**B3 - THE CORNER GALLERY (50'x20'x30'H):** From the foot of the stairs to the Playroom, at the end of the Minor Gallery (A18), one can hear the sound of a child singing. Southward around the corner, the Master Gallery (B4) stretches away. Portraits of the Rump family line these walls (1-2, 28-31 are here), much as they were situated in the Minor Gallery. Each turn after the phantom flames flare in the Minor Gallery, silently screaming phantoms will race through the Corner Gallery and vanish around the S corner.

**B4 - THE MASTER GALLERY (20'x200'x20'H):** As the PCs enter this gallery, the candle sconces between portraits flair to life, only to extinguish 20' behind them. (Portraits 4-27 are listed as being here.) A scampering noise, as of children running up and down the hall may sometimes be heard. The entire passage is mazed with heavy cobwebs, and the floor is littered with dead insects and gnawed bones. The bones are piled deepest near the one statue that graces the gallery along the east wall. A half-dozen large spiders scuttle through the debris (ARM 065; 1 HD; 3, 2, 3, 1, 4, 6 HTK; paralyzing venom takes 1d4 to affect, then does 1 pt. every round for 1d10 rounds, while victim is paralyzed).

**B5 - STOREROOM (20'x30'x20'H):** This out-of-the-way storehouse has bare stone walls, faintly luminous with moldy slime. Jars and urns of various sizes, most sealed at the top with beeswax, are ranged about the room, with smaller ones stacked upon a shelf. Ten large urns, each 5' in height, contain various monsters packed and preserved in oil. A huge wine-barrel, if opened, reveals the pickled body of a foppishly-dressed nobleman in what had been an excellent vintage. Along a shelf with newts eyes, powdered batwing, jars of various types of blood (all sealed), there also reposes a crock containing a Creeping Crud (ARM 025; 3 HD; 14 HTK; see Phantasmal Fiends description).

**B6 - BEDROOM (15'x20'x20'):** This modest room, far smaller than most such accommodations in the manor, seems designed for late-night researches. A simple bed and washstand are located in one corner. Nearer the doorway into B5 sit a scrivener's desk and small worktable with oil lamp and various tools (mortar and pestle, small knives, pincers, etc.) Two small, but man-shaped, cocoons dangle from the ceiling. The door to B5 opens and slams shut again every 3 turns.

**B7 - THE ALTAR NOOK (15'x20'x30'H):** Behind a heavy oaken door in the Master Gallery is a close, musky enclosure, heavy with the scent of ancient incense clinging to the velvet draperies that cloak its walls. On a marble pedestal stands an intricately worked copper idol of a griffon (5870 CP just for its copper content; the workmanship is master-class). Similar craftsmanship is apparent in the three beast-mask helms-a falcon, a tiger, and a wolf-which sit on the broad altar-stone beneath the pedestal. The falcon mask gives the wearer hawklike distance vision; the wolf gives command over wolves (20% chance of also commanding werewolves, but with a 50% of becoming one also if successful); the tiger mask grants its wearer +2 STR and +1 AGL, but all the masks are cursed, and cannot be removed once donned, unless a blood-sacrifice (humanoid) is made, or a successful curse-removal spell is cast. All the masks are cunningly wrought in precious metals (1250 GP or more in value).

**B8 - BEDROOM (25'x16'x20'H):** Opening into the side hallway that leads from the Master Gallery to the Whistling Hall, this room would appear to have been trapped, and to have claimed a victim already. The door stands ajar, and a corpse sprawls partway out into the hall, with an arrow protruding from its skull. Two more arrows are lodged in the wall beyond. Any who examine the room further will find a fascinating sight: The wall opposite the door is entirely covered by a vast depiction of a fearsome battlescene--and the picture is alive! Not only does it continue to move, but every fourth turn another arrow flies out of the picture in a random direction. The other walls of the room bristle with arrows stuck in the woodwork, the bedding, other pictures (one of which--a portrait--is bleeding!).

**B9 - BEDROOM (25'x24'x20'H):** Entering this room off the Master Gallery, one is immediately overcome by the strong animal musk that clings to the chamber. A stuffed elk stands in one corner, while heads of boar, dire wolf, great cats and other fierce beasts fill the walls, along with hunting bows and spears, all heavily layered in dust. How one could sleep in such a room without keeping a bonfire going is questionable, especially since the eyes of all heads seem to glitter and follow you around the room.

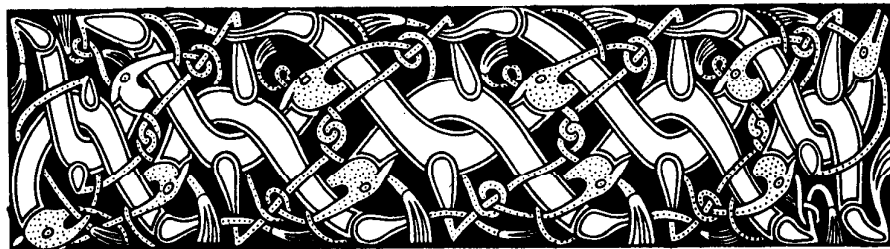
**B10 - TROPHY ROOM (25'x20'x20'H):** If the PCs thought the last room was bad, wait until they wander into this menagerie! Candles in wall-sconces cast eerily flickering shadows from a grisly assortment of trophies, including a dwarf, turned to stone, with a +1 dagger standing forth from his skull; a gigantic snake skeleton, suspended from the ceiling; a giant's axe and shield, mounted on the wall below his head; and an octopus-like monstrosity whose body-sac twitches occasionally. (There are two huge beetles inside: ARM 065; 1 HD; 6 and 3 HTK; 1d12 per bite.)

An inner storeroom, connecting to B11, displays an impressive, if unsettling, array of shrunken heads of various beings. Some mutter and moan through sewn lips. Others have jewels for eyes (and bite for unique damage, like a case of Mummy Rot: -1 HT per day until dead, then the body shrivels hideously like the heads in this room). The gems are about 5 GP each.

**B11 - BUTLER'S ROOM (25'x25'x20'H):** This room, approached only from the Trophy Room (B10) served as both a custodian's quarters and miniature repair shop for the ghoulish exhibits in the preceding rooms. The smell of alcohol and other preservatives is still strong in the corner where a work-table and bench face an array of pickled portions of anatomy along shelves on the wall. A wizened corpse lies shrivelled in the bed, a bandaged finger suggestive of its unfortunate fate--it would now make an excellent addition to the exhibits. There is a 30% chance that the combination of noxious fumes in this room will combust in the presence of a lit torch, causing flammables to ignite explosively for 6d6 damage!

**B12 - BUTLER'S ROOM (45'x30'x20'H):** At the end of the Master Gallery, this suite accommodated a butler and his wife, in some comfort. The canopied bed, while not so grand as the lord's, is well-fashioned, its carvings somewhat marred by claw-like gouges in the woodwork and the shredded remains of its fine curtains. The dressing table and chair, a mirror, and other furnishings, have all been overturned as if by a violent upheaval. Intermittent screams and muffled choking noises emerge from the fireplace (there is a skeletal corpse stuffed up the chimney, with a baronial signet ring stuffed in its mouth). Helmets and hats, if not secured, float up to the ceiling.

A doorway leads out of this chamber also to the east, and a narrow hallway back to the Whistling Hall past several rooms.



**B13 - BEDROOM (20'x40'x20'H):** In marked contrast to the other bedrooms of this wing, this one has been decorated in dark walnut wainscot and somber shades of deepest brown, now mottled by mildew and mold. The entire room is heavy with a damp mustiness, and the floor swarms with tiny frogs. Sitting impassively in their midst is a huge frog (ARM 035; 3 HD; 9 HTK) whose flickering tongue can seize and choke a man in 1d6 rounds, having first pulled him off-balance and drawn him headfirst into the frog's mouth. Three partially-devoured giant rats suggest that the head is all this frog is interested in!

A two-way secret passage opens a narrow, seemingly dead-end corridor, with more frogs on the floor. It actually leads to B16 (the Laboratory). Another doorway opens into a second bedroom (B14).

**B14 - BEDROOM (40'x20'x20'H):** The door to this room is locked, and heavy enough to require two STR rolls each from two people to force unless the key is located (the giant frog swallowed it). Inside, the room resembles the outer chamber in atmosphere, although this chamber retained the lighter oaken decor of the rest of the wing. The faint light filtered through stain glass (if it is daytime), or the candlelight (if night), reveals a pathetic monstrosity tied to the bed, frozen in mid transformation from human to frog. The corpse next to the bed has had his throat ripped out by some large animal, and the scroll dropped beside the bed is partially chewed, destroying the sense of the incantation written thereon.

Every 1d6 turns, a phantom stalker drifts through the SE corner wall (at the location of a hidden passage out to the grounds) and passes on through the room to the outer bedroom. If interfered with, it will strike like a Wraith (see Phantasmal Fiends descriptions).

**B15 - THE ARMORY (40'x30'x20'H):** Though no window opens upon this room, there is a spectral breeze through the chamber, and a frosty chill has dusted all the weaponry with ice crystals. A vast array of weaponry, along with two suits of armor, befitting a warlord and a valkyrie or amazon, fill the room. There is a 10% chance that any weapons or armor in this room will be cursed; 10% chance of weapons doing added damage as a Cold spell; 10% chance of weapon or armor affording protection against such spells.

The door to this room will freeze shut in 1d6 rounds. At the same time, all illumination by candle or torchlight will be extinguished. The temperature then drops 5 degrees per turn, as hollow laughter echoes from both sets of armor.

**B16 - THE LABORATORY (30'x35'x20'H):** The only entry to this room is by means of a secret doorway in the secret passage off of B13. When opened, the stone above the door emits a loud whining noise. Inside is a concealed laboratory, from which the frogs seem to have originated, and in which they are carrying on a running battle with rats! Many of the jars or crocks of exotic ingredients and components are spilt and spoilt, though an enterprising mage may still find some items of use among the remains which line the vast shelves. An eerie blue stone (The Eerie Blue Stone of Illumination?) provides the only illumination to this hidden room when the adventurers enter. The stone has no other properties, but does a rather good job as a light-source.

Among the unspoiled goods are an ointment for healing 1d6 worth of wound damage (6 applications), a vial of spider-venom poison (see Poison descriptions), and an amulet that is +4 for protection against snake venom. A book open on the laboratory's desk has a formula for "How to Achieve Immortality"—but the bottom half of the page has been ripped out, revealing part of "How to Call a Plague of Frogs" from the next pages.

**B17 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x20'H):** The doorway to this room is cold to the touch, reminiscent of the Armory (B15). It resists opening with a sound like crunching snow. The room revealed when it is opened is decorated all in palest, icy-blue velvets and silks, from the great canopied bed, on its raised dais, to the cushions atop the chest at its foot and those upon the window-seat and dressing table chair. Great, white-furred pelts carpet the floor. A faint dusting of frost lays over all.

A wintry scene portrayed upon a painted screen is echoed in the designs of the stained-glass window. The elegantly gowned figure reposing on the bed, and crowned with a wreath of holly and bayberry, proves on closer examination to be a wax effigy. Anyone touching the effigy must make a saving roll for intelligence or succumb to the compulsion to kiss the wax-maiden. Each kiss drains the victim of 1 point of CON.

**B18 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x20'H):** From beyond the door, a noxious stench suggest decayed remains. When the door is opened, the source of the smell becomes obvious: A gleaming black oily mass dominates the room (another Plump Pudding on the loose: ARM 040; 10 HD; 29 HTK; damage described at Phantasmal Fiends list). All that seems to hold it back from the doorway now is the yellow dust covering the carpet in front of the PCs (caution! That's Gold Spore Fungus—another Phantasmal Fiend item—and it destroys Plumps, releasing a flammable gas in the process!)

Beyond this loathsome mess is a magical statue, the only object in the room not slimed by the pudding. The resemblance of the statue and the wax effigy in B17 is unmistakable to even the least observant (as is the resemblance to portrait 79, if any have seen it). All viewing the statue must save vs. INT to avoid being drawn to the statue, monsters or no monsters! Any who kissed the effigy in B17 are at -1 to resist for each kiss. If someone actually reaches and touches the statue, Rhian the Remorseless will attempt to exchange places with the unfortunate party-member by force of will (her INT of 13 vs. the PC's, already at -1)—loser gets put upon a pedestal! (Of course, if one can exorcise Rhian or remove a curse...)

**B19 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x20'H):** In contrast to the previous chambers, this room inspires a feeling of warmth, in its vibrant hues of red and rust on the furnishings. It also inspires nausea, as one sees the dessicated remains of an orc, dangling from a noose slung from the chandelier, providing challenging sport for two very hungry Giant Rats (ARM 025; 2 HD; 9 and 3 HTK; 1d3 damage/bite). The PCs may appear to be easier eating—or maybe not, but rats aren't too bright! The jeweled dagger on the floor beneath the orc is worth 50 GP.

The Whistling Hall leads away from the rooms in the B Section toward those of C Section, added by the very military Sir Ritark Rump, called "the Rat-Hearted" (something of a bully and a coward). A double-doorway, now barred, opens outward into the Vestibule, and a path which leads to an out-building, sometimes called the Outhouse. Whistling Hall then continues until it intersects Footsteps Hall, which leads back into A Section as well.

#### VESTIBULE

Those who wander out of doors into the Vestibule will find a former garden gone to rank vegetation, thorny shrubs and creeping vines. If any should stray off of the paving stones that mark the garden path of old and the path to the Outhouse, beware the gravel! Skeletal hands will seize hold of such wanderers and attempt to drag them down into the gravel-pits (1d4 hands, each STR 8; it takes 10 rounds to drag a victim in).

#### OUTHOUSE

This is not what it sounds like (after all, the manor has its own privies)! This "out-building" was designed as a retreat from the rest of the manor when overrun by relatives. Designed in a more rustic mood than the Hermitage, one could comfortably play at being a peasant in its "woody" atmosphere, with sturdy rough-hewn and simple furnishings. Unfortunately, a Plump Pudding (ARM 040; 10 HD; 54 HTK) has made itself comfortable here now, resting on a bed of rotted clothing, and eagerly awaiting the next caller.

**C1 - MESS HALL (60'x40'x20'H):** This dining hall reflects little of the cheer of the Mead Hall or the Great Hall, having been designated by Sir Ritark to be the common soldiers' mess. The long tables and benches are of coarser construction than those in the Great Hall, and the cressets along the wall between the shields and banners are of wrought-iron. Wine spatters and runs across the floor from where six Skeletons (ARM 035; ½ HD; 2, 3, 4, 3, 4 HTK; armed with broadswords) sit drinking the health of departed comrades—they've spilled about a half a keg this way. They won't be drunk if disturbed at their cups, though the Giant Rat (ARM 025; 3 HD; 6 HTK; 1d3/bite) is too tidily from lapping the spillage to be afraid of anything, or feel any pain while fighting!

The side storerooms are largely rotted out, though at least one or two smaller casks of wine are still good, as are some of the iron rations. (Nothing seems to kill that stuff!)

**C2 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** The spartan sparseness of this room is only slightly relieved by the richness of the purple drapery at the far wall and upon the massive bed—the indication that these were an officer's quarters. Now-tarnished armor (a back-and-breast and casque) gathers dust on a display-stand, while the leather of scabbard and harness hung on the wall have dried and cracked. The iron-bound warchest at the foot of the bed contains a few personal items, war mementos (including a sinister black dagger whose blade is partially eaten away), a black wool great-cloak and a magnificent phoenix-hilted sword (+2) with one jewel conspicuously absent from its hilt (still worth 300 GP!)

The drapery conceals an inner chamber with a writing desk, maps and various documents. If someone pushes the drapery aside to enter the room, it animates and enfolds the victim to suffocate in 4-24 rounds unless someone else can get them out. (Treat as ARM 025, with 10 HTK.)

**C3 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x20'H):**

As soon as the door into this room has been forced open, it creaks with a squeal to put one's teeth on edge. From within the room a cold mist seeps out around PCs' ankles, and a low muttering mumble of several voices can be heard. Inside, the musty, extremely cold mist hangs over everything—the shredded hangings, the shattered furniture and burst chests. The mumbled issues from mouths here and there in the walls of the room, while eyes similarly scattered along the walls watch party-members' movements.

The clothing scattered by the burst chests will begin to whirl about the room in a mad dance 1-4 rounds after characters enter, as the mouths begin singing (badly). If the clothing can touch a PC, it will try to wrap around. Anyone who becomes hopelessly entangled is then rolled into the darkened inner chamber of the room, the door of which then locks.

**C4 - BEDROOM (40'x20'x20'H):**

Located off the Panting Passage, this room has only two iron cressets upon the wall to provide dim illumination. The two beds and other furnishings (table and chairs, chests and wardrobe) are all of small proportions but massively heavy in their construction. The walls are thick with dust-laden trophies, all of goblin origin. One chest contains a dwarf-size mail-shirt and a helmet with a growling bear on the crest. Anyone donning the helmet will hear the sound of a dwarven war-chant briefly. (Thereafter, so long as the helmet is worn, the wearer will hear the chant whenever a battle is about to begin, and must save vs. INT-2 or immediately become a Berserker!)

**C5 - BEDROOM (50'x20'x20'H):**

Located at the end of the Panting Passage, with a S door into the Crying Hall and a door E into the Apparition Hall. The room is thick with dust in the air and cobwebs hanging from its beams and candle sconces. The reason the dust does not settle is readily apparent: While phantoms whirl about the room, apparently searching for something, the furniture keeps moving. Rugs curl and uncurl repeatedly, making footing hazardous, while a chair paces the length of the room, flips over and marches back again. If touched, the chair transforms into a Wight (ARM 055; 3 HD; 9 HTK; see Phantasmal Fiends description). It will seize the until-now invisible sword (+1, with a special enchantment to dispel ghosts, 75% effective) located on the W wall. It will then drive off the phantoms (2 rounds), before attacking the furniture (1d3 rounds) and then turning upon the intruders.

**C6 - THE GUARDS' ROOM (40'x30'x20'H):**

Entered either from the Whispering Hall (N), the Crying Hall (S), or through the Baths (C10). If entered directly from either hall, characters first encounter outer dressing alcoves where armour, cloaks and weaponry are stored (most of the metal has rusted, the leather and wool have rotted). The middle of the guardroom is ranged with long tables and benches, while iron-bound chests for stowing gear are set along the walls between the doors of each cell. These individual alcoves are partitioned from the main room with heavy curtains of coarse wool. Each contains two bunks with room beneath for a small chest, and a single wrought-iron cresset suspended from the ceiling. The chests contain common gear, most of it now badly worn. However, in the most NE of the cells, a locked chest beneath one bed contains a heavy-wrought silver necklace (the Artemesian Amulet, which reduces all fatigue penalties by half).

In the common room, two large kegs of wine are both poison (nasty stuff: does 1d6 pts. damage each round for 1d10 rounds unless neutralized). If anyone makes a move to drink from either keg, a battleaxe mounted upon the wall above the kegs flies toward the ceiling and then attacks the PC. (The battleaxe is actually an illusion, though it will feel "real" enough if not disbelieved!)

**C7 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x20'H):**

Behind the heavy door of this room is a chamber almost fussily neat for all that it is heavily cobwebbed and musty with disuse. Though filmed with dust, the ornate breastplate and helmet on their stand are obviously highly polished even now. The cloak and other clothing in the campaign chest are rather fine material for soldiering in, and richly embroidered, as are the bedclothes (the sheets are silk). Behind a similarly rich hanging is an inner cell, with a small cot, a dressing table and mirror. Hidden in the bottom of the wardrobe is a small box containing a necklace of 10 exquisitely-mounted amber gems (120 GP) and a "Jealous Heart" (carved from a single enormous blood-red gem, worth 650 GP), wrapped in a fine gown of samite. The Heart causes discord between any who touch it (save at INT-1 to resist the effect).

**C8 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x20'H):**

Behind a narrow hallway shared with rooms C9 and D9 is a grim little nook sparsely furnished with a small cot, a washstand, a chair and a table. Upon the table, a dried-out inkwell and quill keep company with a set of ledger books and a single brass candlestick. Another candle-sconce is mounted upon the wall above the desk (SW corner of room). If the sconce is touched, a ghastly moaning is heard from somewhere overhead. (The sconce, if properly turned, opens the secret passageway that leads to D8, the Vault.) Behind the entry to the secret passage is a skeleton in tattered finery, and signs of desperate clawing at the inside of the wall.

**C9 - MAID'S ROOM (45'x20'x20'H):**

In spite of the gloom and sense of long disuse, this room is dominated by a clean, slightly soapy aroma, and a strong hint of spices. Three modest but beautifully carved beds are set along the W wall. The one in the NW corner animates if approached, and lashes out with carved dragon-feet (treat as ARM 045; 3 HD; 19 HTK; claws do 1-3/strike). The bed will attempt to force victim(s) backward into the wardrobe in the NE corner, which then locks them in. A broom lazily cruises about the ceiling, occasionally dipping below the beams and circling the room.

**C10 - THE BATHS (70'x30'x20'H):**

No oil lamps burn in their brackets along the walls of this chamber. Instead, the brightly-colored mosaics sparkle eerily with reflections of the blue glow from the vast bathing pool that fills the room. The air is heavy and humid, filled with the scent of perfumed oils, and vaporous, vaguely enticing shapes which rise like steam from the waters, only to fade into the ceiling far above. The tiled floor about the pool is slick and slippery (PCs should save vs. Agility to avoid slipping and falling—with appropriate penalties for heavier armor!) Anyone falling into the water vanishes from sight as soon as they disappear beneath the surface—even though the water appears clear all the way to the bottom of the baths! Such a victim remains invisible until (and unless) rescued.

Along the west wall, overlooking the bathing pool at its greatest depth (15') is an enchanted statue: A marble nymph pours an endless stream of water from the jar she carries into the shimmering pool. Water taken from the jar (but NOT from the pool) will restore lost fatigue entirely, once a day. (For other possible magicks, see Magic Statues descriptions.)

**C11 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x20'H):**

Facing Apparition Hall, the massive door of this chamber does not appear to be locked, but is nevertheless nearly impossible to budge. From beyond it can faintly be heard a low, incredibly deep-voiced moaning and mumbling, accompanied by a noxious stench. If the party forces the door (three successful STR rolls), they burst into a disheveled room devoid of much more than scraps of furniture. The charnel reek is coming from a vast mouth in the floor! Once every 10 rounds it yawns wide (like a 20' circular pit!), then snaps shut on any victims that have fallen in, belching forth foul gases. Trapped victims must make a successful save on STR-2 to escape. If unsuccessful, they are at -1 for each additional round trapped. If trapped for the full 10 rounds, they suffocate in the foulness. (Fire can force the mouth open, but the scream from it will deafen for 1d4 turns.)

**C12 - BEDROOM SUITE (60'x25'x20'H):**

Behind the oaken door is an apartment with intricately carved leaves and vines decorating the paneled walls. The complex motif, barely disguised by veils of cobwebbing and dust, repeats on the pillars of the canopied bed, the legs of chairs, vanity, and tables, and the cabinetry. The pattern also echoes in the tracery of grapevines in the stained-glass windows facing the vestibule. Faded draperies of violet shot with silver frame the window arch and the canopy over the bed, and rich cushions of the same color cover the window-seat and vanity chair.

Seated at that vanity, its empty sockets still fixed upon the mirror, is a skeletal figure in regal finery. Its flowing gown is of lavender silk, chased about the hem and sleeves with cunningly-wrought vines entwined with threads of silver. Finely linked chain of silver studded with crystals form a girdle, bracelets, necklace, and even a chaplet draped upon the pale hair which still crowns the skull. The necklace is cursed: it is literally a Choker, and will strangle any who wear it in 2-5 turns unless its evil magic is dispelled (by a Remove Curse or similar magicks). (The jewelry is worth perhaps 650 GP.)

Behind the full-length mirror on the south wall is a secret passage into a 10'x15' cubicle with a narrow side-passage into C14. The cubicle is filled with shattered human bones.

**C13 - BEDROOM (20'x25'x20'H):**

The door facing the Apparition Hall is of stout oak, similar to C12, and seems proof against the strength of all comers. The reason, if the door is battered down in some fashion, is that it has been sturdily barred from within. Given the skeleton lying broken just behind that doorway, such defensive measures were too late. The top of the skull was shattered before the door ever gave way!

The interior of the room is decorated in heavily-lacquered wood and deep-red drapery, giving any light a bloody cast. The oppressive atmosphere is made more ominous still by the reptilian stench that fills the air. In the SE corner, on a shelf adjacent the washstand, are 4 jars of mouldering liquids. One contains a syrupy liquor with a bittersweet taste. It causes one who drinks it to fall into a gentle slumber filled with dreams of one's past. The other three jars all appear to contain blood. The first is a Strength restorative, now only 60% likely to have its desired effect. The second is a "mind-poison" which causes permanent amnesia—again, age has reduced the effectiveness to 60%. The third jar is blood. Hidden in the bottom of this jar is an amulet which prevents the wearer from losing any blood, no matter the wound.

**C14 - RUTIFER'S ROOM (30'x40'x20'H):**

This room faces into the Snapping Hall, but may be entered as well from either C13 or the passage hidden behind C12. Only a portion of the room has been allotted as living quarters, simply furnished with a table and chair, bed and washstand, curtained off from the remainder of the room. That part, entered from either the hall of the red suite (C13), is outfitted as a workroom for the many chores expected of the household staff. Here are boots to be shined; silver to be polished (210 SP worth of table appointments); chainmail to tumbled; candles to be trimmed and replaced; and the odds and ends of numerous other tasks, now gathering dust. The snake-pit odor that hung over C13 is just as foul here, and worse near the curtained recess.

Behind the curtains, in the sparsely-furnished nook, a child-like humanoid lies bound and mewling piteously. It is actually a Snake-spirit (ARM 140; 7 HD; 22 HTK), which transforms into a serpent-headed manlike monstrosity attempting to engulf the head of its victim in its jaws, as the character who attempts to help free this "victim" will quickly learn! It does 2-8 pts. damage/attack; if any damage gets past character's defense, there is also -1 INT! The Snake-spirit seeks to actually devour the mind of its victim.

**C15 - ANTECHAMBER (30'x20'x20'H):**

Around the corner from the Apparition Hall, this room is actually the outer parlor to bedroom C13. The eerie bloodlike hue of that room carries over into this one. Once past the locked door (whose latch clicks and rattles ominously, but is not trapped), the PCs witness a bizarre tableau. Spectral dancers, in glittering-eyed serpent masks, whirl and writhe obscenely. Some appear to be piping on curious flutes or beating tambours, yet no sound can be heard. Others brandish wicked-looking blades with which they slash wildly at one another and themselves, as well as at their terrified victims, two hairy sub-humans (Hairy Howlers: ARM 025, 3+1 HD; 11-14 HTK) trapped within the ring of dancers. The frenzied beasts will charge the open doorway through the ring of phantoms--and the adventurers!



The Whispering Hall that leads eastward through the heart of Tegel Manor takes hardy adventurers from the A and C sections of the manorial complex into the D section, the addition of Count Radu Rumpula (portrait 46 in A1), whose ill-fame has survived to this day--as, it is rumored, has Radu himself...

**D1 THRONE ROOM (90'x60'x40'H):**

The Whispering Hall ends before a great but narrow archway, divided by a central pillar of black-marble shot through with iridescent veins of color. Through a veil of cobwebs can be seen a vast cathedral-like gallery whose vaulted ceiling is supported by four similar pillars. The floor too is of veined black marble, while the distant ceiling is decorated like the northern sky of a winter's night. Hung throughout in funereal black velvet scatter-shot with arcane symbols in silver and jewels, the effect is of having wandered into the cold depths of Old Night.

The entirety of the chamber from the westernmost pillars back to the entry-arch is separated from the remainder by an ornate silvered filigree like an immense network of spider-webs. The effect is heightened by the presence of several ruby-eyed silver spiders of great size scattered upon the barrier. Three of the largest are real (ARM 070; 4 HD; 26, 18, and 19 HTK; their bite takes 1d4 rounds to affect a victim, who is then paralyzed for 1d10 turns--usually more than enough time to spin a shroud for prey).

Beyond the gate--and its spidery attendants!--the throne room is lit only by its own "starlight". The great hearth on the S wall is cold and long unused. Statues flanking the eastern pillars may be recognized as resembling Count Radu (from portrait 46) and his Lady Rubienna (portrait 78), both portrayed in high-court garb, handsome yet repellent even in effigy. At the eastern wall is a raised dais. Twin thrones grace the platform. Sitting upon either causes weird piping music to begin to play from an unseen source. The velvet draperies serve to mask the archways of the Choking Hall (N) and Cranking Hall (S), a secret door behind the thrones (normally openable only from D7), and two secret passageways in the west wall: One leads to a staircase down to the underground levels (specifically, chamber G of DL2), the other to the passage inside the fireplace in the Great Hall (A2).

**D2 - BEDROOM (30'x40'x30'H):**

Part of a grand suite of rooms approached from the Choking Hall, this inner-most of three apartments echoes the decor of the throne room (D1) in its night-dark furnishings. Even the furniture is lacquered a glossy black. The faint bluish glow that pervades the room is like starlight. Shimmering eerily in that faint light is a gown, lying draped over the bedclothes. (The dress is spun entirely of spider-silk, which makes it both fabulously expensive and equal to ARM 060!)

Nearly invisible in the gloom, a severed hand, gloved in black, prowls the room (treat its speed as half that for normal; Agility 15; Strength--if it grips someone--as 18!) The rune-engraved ring it wears is only a silver ring worth 20 SP, but also contains the Curse which animates it. (Makes an excellent "watchdog" if someone is searching through the wardrobe or bureau...)

The draperies covering the W wall conceal two inner chambers. One is a private bathing and privy chamber. The other, curiously, is empty except for a layer of damp soil completely covering the floor.

**D3 - STUDY (30'x40'x30'H):**

Part of the same grand suite with D2 and D4. Walls are lined with bookcases caked with the dust of long disuse. Volumes of all sorts fill the shelves, all leatherbound--though the hide on some of the more bizarre tomes has a disturbing texture. (One such volume is a spellbook devoted entirely to necromantic arts. Another explains how to increase one's weapon skills permanently +2--but at the cost of having to let one's steel taste blood every time it is drawn!) The scrolls on shelf and writing desk crumble at the merest touch.

A growing sense of unease affects all who stay in this room (save against INT). Could it be the faded tapestries with their disturbing scenes of depravity (which seem to move when glimpsed from the corner of one's eye)? Or perhaps the view through leaded-glass windows of the inner courtyard and its bizarre statuary? If overwhelmed by this "creepy" feeling (i.e., by failing the saving roll), PCs will be at -1 on any further INT saves for 1d20 turns (-2 if faced with a Fear spell).

**D4 - BEDROOM (50'x30'x30'H):**

The outer apartment of the grand suite entered from the Choking Hall is a once-magnificent parlor now in ruins. The canopied bed has been broken, its wine-red curtains shredded, the mattressing gutted of stuffing. Tapestries are ripped from the walls and rumbled on the floor. The massive armoire has been toppled face-down into the room.

The cause of all this destruction is the Jhak (an apish monstrosity with a vaguely dog-like face: ARM 045; 5 HD; 17 HTK; does 1-6/claw and 1-12/bite), now busily shredding scrolls to add to its "bed" of rags, horsehair bedding, and other debris. It is tired--and very, very cranky!

Inside the overturned armoire is a skeleton dressed in leathers, with a ring still in a belt pouch (which was probably not the best place he could have left a ring granting Boast Soothing! Still has 6 charges, too...)

**D5 - BEDROOM (45'x30'x30'H):**

A narrow corridor continues off the Choking Hall, leading past the door to this room. Behind the iron-bound door and its intricate lock, this chamber echoes the grand suite (rooms D2, 3, 4). Its hangings are all of wine (or blood!) red, its massive canopied bed, wardrobes and desk all of gleaming black-lacquerwork. There are no mirrors. Over all hangs a dank and musty odor of decay, and an earthy smell strongest near the bed (the mattress is filled with dirt!) About the time PCs have taken in all of this, they will be startled by a chill blast of air, a sudden flickering shadow passing across the walls, and a deep, jovial voice asking, "What uncouth peasants dare enter the Count's bedroom?" (There is a 30% chance that Radu Rumpula himself, and not merely his mocking message, may be present. Stats are given in the Rump Family Tree - portrait 46.)

**D6 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x30'H):**

Entered from the sitting room (D7), this chamber glows with ever-changing colors tinting the haze which overhangs all. Even the cobwebs seem to shimmer and change hue. PCs entering this room will find the effect bedazzling and disorienting (save on INT, or as though fighting the effects of a "stun" in combat, as appropriate to your campaign). The walls are covered with artfully executed fancies of all sorts, representing both real and imaginary beings of all types, some of improbable color. Any Adventurers who fail to resist the "bedazzling" will find their eyes drawn to one or another of these figures. A save against CON must then be rolled, or a curious sensation follows: The PC will find the artwork blurring into a likeness of him/her, and find that he/she has taken on the likeness of the person formerly on the wall! (Roll 1d6: 1-3, the identity is male; 4-6, female. Roll 1d20: 1-12, the identity is human; 13-14, Elf; 15-17, Dwarf; 18-19, Halfling; 20, Half-Elf or other exotic.) [For a complete system of generating a unique appearance, "Developing a Character's Appearance" in the BOOK OF TABLES, Vol. 1 is highly recommended.] The character so affected will find his/her stats unchanged, but the effect of the transformation is permanent unless a "curse removal" spell is used.

**D7 - THE SITTING ROOM (20'x30'x20'H):**

This parlor has been transformed into an artist's studio, its walls hung with numerous portraits of the Rump family and other subjects, while the stonework of one wall has been plastered over and is decorated with a still-unfinished effort at a fresco—while the subject matter was seemingly religious, the artist's personal leanings are not entirely clear. The worktable is covered with rough sketches on parchment, splatterings of paints, egg-white and pigment. Everywhere are candelabra and candle-sconces in mismatched array, ablaze with candlelight. The room is noticeably warm and heavily sooted (most of the candles are cheap and smoky).

Four stone figures stand before a huge easel, as if posing; their frozen expressions are unnerving. Behind the easel, an animated paint-brush is beginning a portrait of one of the party-members. If allowed to finish (12 rounds), the chosen subject will be turned to stone! If interrupted, the phantom paintbrush will "duel" with skill equal to its opponent, always aiming its stroke to get paint in the opponent's eyes (blind for 1d4 rounds, no permanent damage; treat brush as ARM 075, with 5 HTK).

The doors (S) let into an odd "cloak room" filled with clothing and fanciful costumes, painted backdrops rolled and stored on dusty shelves, miscellaneous props, and (hidden in the W wall) a secret passage onto the dais in the throne room (D1).

**D8 - THE VAULT (30'x23'x20'H):**

Behind the curtained arch S of the throne room (D1) is the Cranking Hall. Behind a stout iron door on this hallway is the vault-chamber. The door has been doubly trapped to protect that room. The initial trap is a simple poison "stinger" designed to jab whoever tampers the lock. While the poison is fatal in 1d4 rounds, it is also easily circumvented by anyone with skill at locks and traps. However, a second mechanism is also set into action by tampering with or forcing the door: Once opened, it is counter-weighted to close automatically, and release a reservoir of liquid that quickly evaporates into a deadly poison gas filling the vault. The skeletal remains of previously-trapped thieves have been left as mute testimony to the effectiveness of the system.

Inside the vault, two such failed thieves lie atop a pile of 15,480 CP, 53 SP and 7 GP. Shelves laden with wax-sealed documents, ledgers and other books, bizarre art objects and such line the walls. Partially blocked by the spilled loot is another massive door (S). A ghastly ichor has oozed from beneath. This door resists all efforts at entry unless the proper mechanism is identified: the keystone of the arch must be depressed to release the latch. The door then swings wide, to reveal the mangled corpse smashed behind it into a solid wall of silver! After 10 rounds, anyone between the door and that wall will discover the way that victim died, as the door slams shut again! (And why was the room sealed with silver? What would you say, O GM?)

A secret passage in the N wall leads back to bedroom C8 by a narrow corridor.

**D9 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):**

Entered from either the Crying Hall, the back hallway (N) that leads from C8 and C9 (the bedroom and maid's room respectively), or a doorway from D10 (a chapel). The room is dark, no candles burning in its silver sconces. Dust long-undisturbed films the mirrors, the dressing table, the reading stand and an ornate chess-table with intricately carved wooden chess-set. A false bottom in the chess table conceals 4 gems worth 50 GP each, and 35 GP beside.

Fine velvet of deepest blue drapes the canopied bed, and faint music soothes and calms the listener. Should anyone occupy the bed, the gentle atmosphere will prove to be a deadly sleep-spell for that person. Should he fail to resist and succumb, the canopy quickly descends to smother the sleeper in 2-8 rounds.

**D10 SIDE-CHAPEL (20'x20'x20'H):**

Located between bedrooms D9 and D11, a quiet retreat with a disquieting decor. Claw-like hands cup flickering votive lights over eight small niches spaced along the walls. Before each is a prie-dieu with black velvet cushions. Within each niche rests a smooth black crystal on a silver tripod. And at the north wall, a black stone altar draped with grey silk bears a silver statue of a woman seated upon a spider-shaped throne. Flanking this figure are twin jade figures of a dog-headed ape. If disturbed, the jade statuary become Jhaks (but their greenish "hide" acts as ARM 070; 5 HD; 17 HTK; 1-6/claw, 1-12/bite). If slain, they crumble to dust. (The central statue though is worth 3000 GP! However, it weighs about 25 lbs.)

**D11 - BEDROOM (35'x20'x20'H):**

The door opens to reveal pandemonium. A great dragon-footed iron bedstead thrashes blindly like a mechanical monster, while gargoyle-faced brass oil-lamps hiss and howl. A choking cloud of dust and grit swirls about in all the madness, and the air is filled with a bitter metallic tang. The reason for all the distressed furniture will quickly become apparent to any party-members wearing metal armor. A Metal Muncher (a metal-devouring beastie built like a large beaver with an armadillo's shell: ARM 070; 5 HD; 18 HTK) is feasting on anything it can reach. It can "melt" and consume a suit of plate in 10 to 20 rounds! Its special acid works at half that speed on non-ferrous metals, and will have no effect on gold, mithril-type metals, or non-metallic substances (including flesh). The peculiar nature of its acidic blood will affect metal weapons which do any damage to the monster, quickly rendering them unusable. (As for how it got in here? The rat-hole, most likely...)

**D12 - BEDROOM (15'x24'x20'H):**

The Cranking Hall winds its way down into a smaller corridor branching away left and right. The door to this room opens outward, only to reveal a neatly-laid brick wall! If the party breaks through, the room within is dark and the air sickly sweet with a smell of rot and...something else. Light will reveal a cluttered and merrily-decorated room, and the grisly sight of a skeleton in jester's motley lying on the bed, grasping a mason's trowel in one hand. Hardened mortar partially fills a bucket left by the bed.

If the golden candlestick on the trunk next to the jester's bed is lit, it will float lazily toward the ceiling, drifting past and lighting the other candle sconces. These in turn release a "laughing gas" into the room—the source of that cloying sweetness the PCs noticed earlier. The jester-thing emits a dry chuckle and comments "You could die laughing!" as the party finds themselves having to save against the effect of the gas (as if a poison) or else be rendered helpless and giggling for 2-12 rounds. As the effect of the gas fades, so does the skull's mirth, and the light of the candles. At the end of 12 rounds the room is dark again—and relighting the candles initiates the same effect over again!

**D13 - BEDROOM (20'x35'x20'H):**

This room is only approachable through bedroom E3, with which it forms another suite. Here the walls are arrayed with tapestries depicting a subterranean land of wonders, a fearsome-land in stone, glittering with the light of sparkling gems and a spectral phosphorescence (echoing the finds in E3). The other appointments of the room seem to reflect the artist's vision, for every fixture seems fantastically fashioned of stone as by a master sculptor. The only light comes from a luminous crystal surmounting a rune-carved pedestal. If anyone reaches to move (or remove) the crystal, a glowing red hand appears to stop them. Gradually a dwarven phantom takes shape, and clutching the crystal tightly to himself, paces the length of the room. Upon reaching the wall, he turns and proceeds up the wall and across the ceiling, descending the far wall and returning to the floor. He repeats this performance, unless interrupted, four times. If interrupted, or at the end of the fourth circuit, the dwarf—and the crystal—explodes in a red blaze for 3d6 damage!

**D14 - SANCTUM (40'x20'x20'H):**

Iron-bound doors of darkened wood incised with runes open upon an enclosure shrouded in murky mist, and filled with a weirdling effect like that of black-light. No other illumination will work within this room, though torches or candles will behave normally again once removed from the room.

Inscribed on the stone floor is a sorcerer's circle, whose lines glow with purplish light. West of the circle have been set a great chair and reading stand, along with a pipe, slippers, and a small wine-table with a flagon and two goblets. The volume resting on the stand is opened to a conjuration that reads like love poetry, in characters that sparkle like the lines of the circle. If the book is disturbed in any way, a spectral hound appears (ARM 018; 1 HD; 4 HTK; growls and slavers ferociously, but does not attack). If struck, it splits into two such dogs of equal size. This feat is repeated until a maximum of 13 hounds appear—whereupon all promptly vanish!

If a party-member reads the conjuration aloud, a spirit of unearthly beauty (and apparently the opposite sex) appears in the circle, crosses to the table, pours wine into the two goblets, and offers one to the reader—paying no attention whatsoever to anyone else in the room. It then gestures to the inner sanctum behind the E doors, and takes the party-member by the hand. Both become intangible to other PCs and float through the door.

Once this spell has been set in motion, any interference by other group-members animates the magical statue standing between the two doors of the inner sanctum (E wall). The statue (ARM 110; 18 HD; 90 HTK) bears a glowing sphere in its hands that is the source of the "black-light" effect in the room. It will attack by throwing this sphere at the party. When it misses, the sphere returns to the statue. A direct hit paralyzes the victim. Anyone driven into the circle is also paralyzed. At the end of 1d10 turns, the missing party-member returns, -1 CON and +1 INT (a permanent effect of the "tryst"). The spell holding any other PCs vanishes, and all adventurers will suddenly realize they have been healed of any injuries they had when they had entered this chamber!





South of the Crying Hall is a veritable warren of rooms whose arrangement seems somewhat confused. This is partially Sir Runic's fault, and well reflects his own confusion in the planning: Most of these rooms (though not all!) were adopted as the "new" living quarters, as the manor was gradually surrendered to its host of haunts. Ultimately, Runy and his few remaining retainers beat a hasty retreat to the Hermitage, though not before they'd turned most of this wing into a maze!

**E1 - THE LAUNDRY (40'x30'x20'H):** Across the Crying Hall from C9, this room explains the soapy-clean smell that filled the maid's chamber. The humid air here is heavy with the same scents, welling forth from a huge, boiling cauldron nested upon a central pit of flaring coals. Ceiling-hung racks are laden with sodden, steaming linens. Ghostly shapes flutter in and out of sight among the wet-wash, as rags plunge into the bubbling water and re-emerge to sail up among the racks again. Bundles of wet sheets and clothing will swoop at intruders, attempting to swathe victims in their folds and drag them into the cauldron. (Though wet, these rags will avoid fire. However, killing the fire under the cauldron will stop the entire cycle!)

**E2 - STOCK ROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** At the end of the Crying Hall, adventurers find a storeroom literally crawling with oddities. Amongst dust-laden shelves of exotic spices, bolts of (mostly moth-eaten) fabric, and exotic paraphernalia (snake spit, moles' teeth, crab eyes, and fortune cookies, among other things), creep all manner of vermin. Poisonous spiders have taken over a box of candied fruit, weevils have infested a barrel of flour, and a gigantic leech is interrupted while feasting on a keg of basilisk blood! The leech, sensing fresher food, will leave its bulk at the nearest character. Its recent feeding has given it a phenomenally tough hide (ARM 110! It is also 2 HD; 6 HTK; and drains -1 CON/round from its prey!)



**E3 - BEDROOM (50'x20'x20'H):** The companion chamber of bedroom D3, with which it forms a suite. Originally fashioned as private quarters for Rugose Red Ruhmkorff, the dwarven engineer who supervised the excavations below Tegel Manor (and whose ghost haunts D3). In a nearly inaccessible portion of the manor, this room can only be entered from F3 (a kitchen) or the Nameless Corridor which only connects to one other room (the bath in E14). The doorway from the corridor (N entrance) is so mired behind cobwebs as to virtually smother anyone attempting to fight through.

The room itself has remained undisturbed for long years, until the dust lies like a heavy frost upon the entire apartment. Intricate sculptures in stone contain jewels of rare color, each flickering like fireflies with an inner light: theirs is the only light in the room (18 such gems, each worth 95 GP; they have no other magical properties). Though the canopied bed and the scriptorium-style desk are of wood, nearly everything else of the room's furnishings are cunningly wrought in stone, from the reading stand to the candlesticks. Unlike the bed in D3, this one is large enough for humans. A ponderous chest at the foot of the bed appears to be entirely of marble! Within are kept scrolls and parchments, detailing many planned projects; a silver-chased short-handled war hammer (+2), a battered coat of dwarf-mail, and a single lock of red-gold hair. Next to the desk on a side-table rests a huge ivory drinking horn artfully decorated with a spiralling band of gold (350 GP).

**E4 - BOUDOIR (35'x15'x20'H):** Entered from the hall (N) or from F4 (S), the faded rose draperies of this room, festooned with black crepe, are echoed in the dried and brittle roses, strung with cobwebs, which fill the room. A casket propped against the west wall and flanked by candelabra contains a Ghoul (ARM 035; 2 HD; 7 HTK; 1-3/claw and 1-4/bite with a 20% chance to cause a wasting disease).

A secret passage hidden in the north wall conceals a narrow corridor leading directly back to the Cranking Hall. Therein are also the remains of the coffin's previous occupant!

**E5 - BEDROOM (30'x35'x20'H):** There is no doorway to this room! The two entries (E in the Nameless Corridor and S in the narrow hallway leading back to the Crying Hall) were sealed up many a long year ago, and in the main hallway, hidden behind a tapestry. A faint moaning and weeping heard beyond the wall are the only indication of anything beyond the wall to those who do not notice the subtle difference in the masonry. If broken into, the space beyond is like a tomb, relieved by only one small glimmer of light: a still flickering faerie-gem clutched in the withered hands of a mummy-like corpse. The body, laid upon an ornate bed, is robed in black and still crowned with flowing red-gold hair. At the foot of the bed, a floor-standing censer (1650 SP), though cold, still exudes a rich scent of precious incense. If the body or the gem are disturbed in any way, the corpse rises to attack its defiler (ARM 055; 5+1 HD; 23 HTK; clawing for 1-12 points/round + a "Mummy's Curse": any injury is 75% certain to cause a withering illness sapping -1 STR/daily until the victim becomes a "mummy"!)

**E6 - BEDROOM (20'x35'x20'H):** The hallway S of E1 is partitioned from this room not by a wall but an arras depicting in its faded splendor a "garden of earthly delights". The chamber masked by this curtain bids fair to fulfill such promise. The air is warm, sweet and musky. The light of veiled lamps rosy. The figures reclining invitingly among the silks and furs appear to simply be waiting for the intrepid adventurers to step forward. If no one leaves in a hurry, no one may be leaving: these are succubi! (ARM 020; 6 HD; 23-18-19 HTK; 1-3/talon, and -1 CON/kiss.)

**E7 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x20'):** Before the door is opened, PCs can hear the sounds of thumping, cursing and a chair scraping across the floor. When the door is opened, no one is immediately visible in this room, though odd trails in the dust indicate something has been active here. 1d4 rounds after the room has been entered, four heads come rolling out from underneath the bed (E wall) and wardrobe (W wall), charging at one another. They butt one another or the legs of any adventurer in their way, and will bite (1-3 pts.) at anyone in their way. If kicked, there is a 10% chance the head will lose the gold coin under its tongue and become inert. (The coin, however, has a Curse on it that will remain very active: whoever possesses the coin will be unable to sleep, losing 1 STR daily unless released from the curse—or getting rid of the coin, after which STR recovers naturally. If STR becomes 0, the victim dies, and promptly becomes a restless ghost!)

**E8 - UTILITY ROOM (30'x20'x20'H):** This storage, approached only through the adjacent rooms connecting to the Creaking Corridor, is part of a burned out section of the manor never restored. Perhaps Sir Runic thought it would keep the ghouls at bay. If so, he was wrong! Here, where the roofbeams gave way and left a collapsed chamber full of ruined supplies, five Ghouls (ARM 040); 2 HD; 7, 13, 10, 6, 14 HTK; 1-3/claw and 1-4/bite) have made their camp, sheltering amid the fallen beams and rubble, and bringing their tidbits on which to feast.

**E9 - THE LABORATORY (70'x30'x20'H):** Accessible only through the maze of chambers off the Creaking Corridor, or those hidden by the secret passage (W) leading back to the Snapping Hall, This clammy stone sanctum was definitely not part of Sir Runic's retreat! The perpetual damp chill which clings to this room is scarcely relieved by the wan light filtering faintly through small, deeply recessed windows along the south wall during daylight hours, or the iron cressets widely spaced along the walls. And no fire has been set in the hearth (S also) in quite some time. Stone shelves and wooden cabinets house a vast collection of jars, jugs, bottles and vials, wicked-looking instruments, and disturbing displays. Among the specimens that have not been tampered with or destroyed are a brain (in brine); a jar of eyes which seem to follow the party-members' movements; a potion of healing (with 1d4 doses left); oil of invisibility; a censer cursed to summon a hostile air elemental; and an alchemist's "harmonious" jug (which will convert water to wine, wine to lamp oil, or lamp oil to water—depending on what is poured into it—once per day). A faint humming in the SW corner is the only indication of a teleportal gate from this room to A21 (the secret study). It is a one-way portal.

**E10 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x20'H):**

At the end of the Snapping Hall a door of black iron, incised with arcane glyphs, bars entry to the room beyond. The door has been warded by spells to prevent entry by any who do not know the "password"—or know how to negate magic. Tampering with the door handle risks contact at a most inopportune time (10% chance): If the timing is wrong, the person touching the door receives a 3d6-damage electrical shock and is thrown against the wall across the hall!

If the party gains entry to the chamber, the room within is a windowless chamber hung in shades of deepest green brocades and fine silks. The four corners each hold a massive floor-standing wrought iron candelabra. However, neither the furnishings (bed, desk, armoire, etc.) nor the rich tapestries can command the attention of the party as does the centerpiece of the room. The Cauldron of Keridwen bathes the entire chamber in a soft green glow from deep within its liquid-filled bowl. The water therein is transformed into a potion of regeneration, which will restore anyone bathed in the cauldron (once in each week). Of more immediate concern to the party is the bolt of lightning that snaps forth between the cauldron and any other metal in the room, at random, every other round. Metal, including armor, that is brought within 10' of the cauldron becomes 90% certain of receiving the strike (3d6 damage)! Destroying the magic that causes the lightning will also destroy the magic that gives the cauldron its miraculous enchantment.

**E11 - CHAPEL (40'x20'x20'H):**

The sweet fragrance of incense clings heavily to this abandoned retreat. The dust-laden prayer-cushions and altar hangings bear the Rump crest, while a statue (NW corner) representing the revered Bright Lady smiles benignly upon the empty chamber. 1d4 rounds after the adventurers enter, a faint mumbling sound swells into a full-voiced chanting, and a priest appears from the SW corner, approaches the party—and crumbles to dust at their feet!

The small side chamber from which the priest seemingly emerged is an antechamber to the room beyond, containing ceremonial vestments of pale blue and gold. The other apartment, the priest's quarters, is furnished in utmost simplicity, and, like the chapel itself, radiates an aura of calm and security unlike the other rooms of the manor. The only "haunting" here is a faint sound of someone tunelessly humming, as though while working or deep in thought. It is the gentle but firm power of this chapel area that has held back the denizens of the Creaking Corridor (W).

**E12 - BEDROOM (30'x40'x20'H):**

Once this room was gaily appointed in bright silks and whitest linens, gleaming brass and sparkling crystal. Now a black, sooty dust coats everything. A black robe sprawls over the edge of the opened chest at the foot of the bed, trailing its hem upon the floor. From its sleeves and skirt have spilled more of the same sooty grit. The western wall is clammy-cold and wet to the touch—and poisonous! If a PC touches the surface, he must save/resist poisoning (as appropriate for your game system), or lose -1 CON per turn until either restored or reaching 0 CON. If a victim reaches 0 CON, the body crumbles to the same black dust as found in the robe! (This poison will respond to normal/magical poison cures, or a curse removal spell. In the bottom of the opened chest, hidden beneath clothing and other items, is a vial of the antidote, with two doses left.)

Three smaller (10'x10') chambers lead eastward from the NE corner. The first, a wardrobe, contains rich garments and linens, all dusted with the same soot. On the floor, a single black glove lays half-filled with the dust. The next, a bathing chamber, contains a private tub, seemingly filled with india ink (more of the poison!). The last door is hidden behind a screen, and opens on a small shrine to Nivatopredi. Fouly stained copper knives and an eyeless hood are arranged upon a table before a gruesome icon.

**E13 - BEDROOM (50'x30'x20'H):**

One can readily see why Sir Runic would have abandoned this grand bedroom in a panic: From the great canopied bed on its raised platform, to the curtains and tapestries, to the books on the shelves—everything is stained in shades of purple, and covered with wriggling slugs that glow cherry-red like hot coals! The snail-like horrors spit their dye everywhere, up to a distance of three feet. If characters are splattered with this ichor, whatever it strikes (including armor) will be tinted with purple (the dye would last 3-7 days, but in this room it never gets the chance to completely go away). There is an unpleasant burning sensation on exposed flesh, and a strike in the eye will blind for 1d4 rounds, but there is no damage done other than the peculiar stain. (A jeweled box worth 140 GP sits on the bureau. Like everything else in this room, it is entirely purpled.)

**E14 - THE BATH (30'x30'x20'H):**

A fountain fed by springs somewhere beneath the manor cascades an endless stream of sparkling water over marble stair-steps down into a luxurious bath, from which gurgling drains carry away the overflow. An "island" in the center of the bathing pool is topped by a box-like bench, which, if inspected, proves to be the prison entombing a Vampire (ARM 030; 7 HD; 33 HTK; and so starved, trapped as it has been by the flowing waters, that it will drain -2 CON on a single round!)



**E15 - BEDROOM (50'x30'x20'H):** This oddly-situated suite in the south wing of the manor is devoid of cobwebs, dust and decay. Still it has a wan, pallid look to it, as even the finest of its accoutrements are of soft greys and muted silver. Lamps of frosted glass or cloudy crystal shimmer. Even the woodwork is of greyish-white tone. No portraits or tapestries decorate these walls, though mirrors are everywhere.

As the party examines this grand apartment, filled with gracefully-carved beds (three of them), cabinets and chests, dressing alcove and other amenities, in 1d4 rounds, they will be joined by "doppelgangers". These fiendish mimics will randomly emerge from mirrors about the room, taking on the shape (and matching statistics) of each party-member in the room until all have been accounted for. Worse still, if a party-member has undergone a transformation by the magicks of some other chamber, the first doppelganger that imitates that individual will be joined by another wearing the previous form of the character! When one is slain, another will appear in 1d4 rounds. The only way to prevent their return is to smash all the mirrors in the room (there are 24). The doppelgangers, of course, seek to slay their models and take their places.

**F1 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** Accessible only from E13 (another bedroom), this room is so deeply mired in a silken shroud that all about appears as though covered in spun sugar. The cobweb-like covering has entangled two shapes on the bed. And is evidently seeking more victims: The PCs are not only slowed down to half-speed movement in this room, with a -2 for AGL while mucking about in the webbing, but are in danger of being enshrouded in the silken threads themselves. If a character falls in the mess, the PC must make a successful roll of STR-2 and AGL-2 to rise. If unsuccessful, the next round's rolls are at -3, and so forth. The webbing will only take 4 rounds to completely wrap its victim! While susceptible to fire, the silk combusts into a suffocating smoke that will overcome anyone still in the room within 3-8 rounds. One corpse upon the bed wears a golden neckpiece and pendant worth 250 GP. The other futilely clutches a small silver dagger.

**F2 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** Accessible only from bedroom E15, this bedroom and the parlor between it and E15 are bathed in a lurid yellow light, as the walls appear to dance continually with tongues of fire. The silken bed canopy and the draperies about the room hang in fluttering tatters themselves suggestive of flames, and move as though blown about in a breeze. A gelatinous, vaguely humanoid shape still reclines upon the bed, looking like some partially melted wax effigy. It is actually a Deadly Aspic (ARM 020; 5 HD; 16 HTK; does 2-12 pts. per strike against exposed flesh, dissolving its victim; susceptible to heat/fire and cold only; see Phantasmal Fiends description). Despite the look of an inferno, PCs will note that the room is of ordinary temperature (slightly chill, that is), except in a wardrobe, where a flame-hued cloak exudes a pleasing warmth (it actually affords protection from cold spells and natural cold, 95% effective).

**F3 - KITCHEN (40'x40'x20'H):** Amid the maze of rooms in this wing, this one is reached only by way of E15 or E3. It looks more like a battle-zone than a kitchen. Work-tables are overturned and piled like barricades. The crockery and cutlery have been flung everywhere, or used as weapons in what must have only recently been a hellish brawl. The opened larders have been raided for rotted vegetables and other foodstuffs now splattered madly about the hall. Here a skeleton has had its skull bashed in with a vinegar jug, its ghoul-assailant having then had its head pulped with a cleaver! Something still dangles from where it was stuffed up the chimney of the great fire-place. The stench is overpowering. Seated about a small fire built in the midst of the ruin are a party of six ghouls (ARM 035; 2 HD; 5, 15, 11, 9, 12, and 6 HTK; 1-3/claw, 1-4 bite) busily devouring the remains of a former opponent. Whatever it was, it had excellent taste in jewelry, with rings and bangles worth perhaps 450 GP.

**F4 - BEDROOM (35'x30'x20'H):** The door here opens to reveal a darkened room exuding a rank odor of wet earth like an open grave. The cream-colored furnishings are echoed by a thick carpet of similar hue—but the carpet is moving! The entire floor is a mass of writhing, wriggling flesh, worms that crunch disgustingly under foot and emit hideous high shrieks that sound almost like voices, if stepped upon.

**F5 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** The open doorway to this bedroom is like a wall of inky velvet darkness. A torch thrust into the opening will seem to be swallowed in the dark, only to emerge still burning normally when withdrawn. However, thrusting one's arm through the darkness will probably result in the loss of -1 STR! The room has been magicked to resist any but magical light, the better to protect its two occupants (2 Shadows: ARM 030; 2+2 HD; 12, 9 HTK; touch for -1 STR/8 turns, see Phantasmal Fiends description). The effect is maintained by their treasure, a Pendant of the Black Star, its faceted stone containing power to darken a 30' area; whoever wields the stone can see inside the area so effected, but not outside it. Others cannot see into or through it except with magic, and magical light dispels the shadow (and the Shadows!).

**F6 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x20'H):** The air within this chamber is rank and humid, and the furnishings are coated with mold and mildew. A break in the S wall exudes steamy vapor from a shaft beyond (that leads to hot springs under the manor—see the DL maps). Once the party has entered the room the doors seal shut magically (both the door from F5 and the hallway). Any torches flair and extinguish. PCs then find themselves in fetid surroundings illuminated only by the sickly phosphorescence of the mold. Scattered bones in the room begin drawing together to assemble themselves into a skeleton. At the end of 6 rounds, the skeleton, now fully assembled, begins drawing the mold and fungus to itself, until, by the end of the 10th round, it is a fully-assembled Shambler! If the party has not figured a way out, or destroyed the creature before it reaches this state, they face a slimy, omnivorous heap of rotting matter (ARM 060; 6 HD; 14 HTK; clutches as with STR 10, attempting to smash victims into its mass, suffocating in 2-5 rounds and then absorbing; see the Phantasmal Fiends description for details).

**F7 - LINEN STORAGE (20'x20'x20'H):** Behind bedroom E15 is a large "closet", feeling somewhat close and confined for all that it is a good-sized room. After all, the walls are filled with shelves, and those shelves filled with sheets of linen or silk, blankets of wool, rich velvet and brocade coverlets, and yard upon yard of fine stuff yet to be fashioned to use. Some of it seems to have gotten impatient waiting for a purpose: a body completely wound in a tight shroud of satin lies slumped on the stone floor. A faded red silk cloak unfolds itself and swoops batlike at a party-member, seeking to drape itself across his/her shoulders. Once it has done so, that character must save by rolling INT to avoid being obsessed with seeking out and slaying Sir Runic Rump and proclaiming himself the new lord of Tegel Manor. (If the obsession takes hold, a remove curse will be needed to break the spell.) Others attempting to stop the cloak will find themselves battling with more animated satin. In all, there are perhaps 1265 GP worth of exotic finery stored in this room (one would need a cart for it all!).

Hidden in the S wall of the chamber is a secret passage in and out of this room onto the grounds.

East of the Master Foyer (A1) granting entrance to Tegel Manor, the Screaming Hall leads into G section, that arm of the manor supervised by the sadistic beauty Lady Rubienna Rump (portrait 78), wife of Count Radu, and his equal for depravity. This section is also approached, by those foolish enough to do so, by way of the inner Court or the Whining Hall (E).

**G1 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x40'H):** Artfully decorated in silks of deepest blood-red, the ornate beauty of this room is given a sinister cast by its proximity to the torture chamber (G3). Perhaps it is that choice of color, yet even as the PCs watch, the tint drains from drapery and coverlet alike like water, leaving a pale cream hue. The flowing stain pools together on the floor, coalescing into a single oily mass of putrescence. This then flows toward a random party-member (whoever stands closest to the center of the room), seeking to make contact. The oozing mass (ARM 020; 3 HD; 9 HTK) moves about 4 feet per round once it has congealed (3rd round after party enters room)—but it is not actually attacking anyone. If it flows over its intended target, that person receives a permanent +2 CON (this effect is good one time only—then the thing has no further power, and fades to invisibility).

**G2 - THE ROOM OF FEAR (30'x30'x40'H):** Walls panelled in dark walnut gleam dully beneath the light of iron candle-sconces. Revealed in the light are hideous paintings, grotesque masks and sculpture, so vile as to cause a powerful Fear reaction (resist at INT-3) and violent nausea (resist at CON-5) if viewed directly. The central chandelier creaks ominously, then falls crashing to the floor (a 6' diameter area in the center of the room, 1-20 points damage if struck down by same).

**G3 - THE TORTURE CHAMBER (70'x70'x40'H):** As dark and damp as any cavern, this vast hall of horrors resounds with phantom screams, sobs and moans, strange gurgling and grunting, coming from apparently empty tables and cages hung from the rafters. Gruesome mechanisms litter the benches where torturers and inquisitors plied their craft, and cold braziers contain the tools of their trade. From the S wall a grotesque statue seems to leer at the remembered torments of this room, even while writhing in some agony of its own. Even the fireplace (N) is hung with locks and chains. A yawning (8' wide) pit in the middle of the floor abruptly sprouts a tentacle-like assortment of animated chains (capable of reaching into any adjacent 10' squares to grapple victims like a 4 HD monster). Victims will be dragged into the pit (to end up in DL2, chamber B). An inner chamber littered with the desiccated remains of various portions of victims conceals a secret passage leading behind the arras in A2 (the Great Hall). A short hallway leads to the Court.

**G4 - BEDROOM (20'x30'x40'H):**

Entered from the Room of Fear (G2), this cheerless place offers little comfort to any fleeing the terror of that arcane gallery. Of the same grim aspect, cold and darkness seem to cling palpably to the very walls--and nowhere more noticeably than the SW corner. There a great armoire stands open, its impenetrably dark interior exhuding a frigid vapor. Should any attempt to investigate this cabinet, the inky gloom solidifies into the form of a Balshagoth (a demonic fiend with ARM 090; 10 HD; 37 HTK; an aura of Fear (treat as a fear spell for your system), and phantasmal weaponry: Cold Sword, -1 STR/strike; Ice Whip, -1 CON/strike--victims are gradually being frozen to death! See Phantasmal Fiends description).

**G5 - THE CELLS (50'x30'x40'H):**

Beyond the iron-bound oak door that guards entry to this room (and bears a triple-lock mechanism), an inner iron grating bars the way to the cells. A skeleton lies pinned beneath its gate, its back cleanly broken. The counterweight with which this barrier is balanced makes it hard to lift, and gives it sufficient force to break as many as four iron spikes (it drops down again three rounds after it has been opened).

Ghastly remains of prisoners left here to rot dangle in the cells visible from the entry. Sounds of fiendish shrieks and cackles come from somewhere further back within this prison. In those dark recesses, a flickering light shows the way.

Upon exploration, the party will find a band of ghouls (ARM 030; 2 HD; 6, 13, 12, 9, 11, and 4 HTK; 1-3/claw, 1-4/bite), gathered around a "campfire", some busily feasting in their accustomed fashion, while others gleefully torment a still-living victim. Their silent prisoner is as fantastic a sight as the ghoul-feast: manacled with chains of purest silver, her muffled face entirely obscured by a mask of shimmering spider-silk (like the gown in D2). she is obviously humanoid, though her blue-black skin and snow-white hair are like no human! The ghouls pluck at her ragged gown, pinch at her or pull her hair, yet none has bitten or clawed their helpless captive. (She is actually the Banshee of the Rump Clan: Her gaze pierces through illusion, and her voice can kill simply by speaking the victim's true name. Originally trapped by Count Radu and Lady Rubienna, who she had come to claim, she will befriend the party if freed, and restore their dead--or grant one resurrection later--while seeking their help to locate her quarry.)



**G6 - BEDROOM (40'x40'x40'H):**

Part of a suite of rooms located behind the cellblock (G5) and accessible only through the prison or by means of the secret passage (SE corner) that connects to the Moaning Hall. From the cells, entry is by means of a heavy wooden door of lacquered oak. Within it is reinforced with silvered iron.

The room itself, though shrouded now by dust and spider-webs, is decorated in a wealth of color and texture hinting at decadent self-indulgence. And amidst the finery of exquisite tapestries and silver appointments, sinister touches intrude jarringly: Hooks and chains dangle along the wall or from the ceiling. The sides of the chest at the foot of the bed are pierced with several small, evenly-spaced holes, as is the false back within the wardrobe (though it is hidden behind fine gowns, cloaks and other items bearing the Rumpula monogram). And not all the finely-wrought implements upon the vanity are for m'lady's grooming. One of the two great canopied beds is enclosed not by curtains, but by folding doors (and the canopy can be lowered by means of a crank).

In a crystal decanter on the table between the beds is a cherry liqueur that is actually a potent elixir capable of restoring all lost STR and CON in a single dose (contains six more)--however, 1d4 rounds after imbibing, the drinker is racked with spasms of pain for 1d10 rounds (no permanent damage)!

**G7 - DEN (20'x40'x40'H):**

Connecting to the bedroom (G6) is a bizarre study. A writing desk sits beneath a stained-glass window (N wall), the original subject of which has been altered into a travesty containing sigils of Nivatopredi. On the desk itself, and lining nearby shelves, are scrolls made of skin or animal hide, all of which radiate an aura of evil. The books upon those shelves all appear to be bound in human skin--and there is a space where one has been recently removed, disturbing the dust! Next to the desk, a second chair is outfitted with haws and shackles. Next to the inkwell and quills on the desk is a small basin with blood-letting knives!

A small serving table contains a flask of spicy, sweet liquid that prevents fatigue for 1d20 hours (at the end of which the imbiber must roll CON-2 to avoid immediately falling asleep for 1d4 hours).

The door in the NE corner opens into an inner cell serving as both a bathing and dressing room. The cabinet herein contains two elegant gowns and a dramatic black cowl'd robe decorated with the same sigils in the window, as well as a sinister assortment of leather accoutrements. Beyond a second door (S wall) is a chamber of equal size, containing only a catafalque surmounted by an ornate coffin, whose lid has been secured by magicked locks of precious metal (it doesn't quite look like silver...) Imprisoned within is the intended victim for a sacrifice in G11, held in a sleeping spell by a ring of the same metal as the locks (and worth perhaps 500 GP). (To select a village notable for the sacrificial victim, roll 1d12 and consult the Shopkeepers & Notable Natives list. Skip Terneimor--a cultist himself--and determine as follows: 1,2 - Arnthora, Dubraibem's chief nemesis; 3 - Mordacity; 4 - Brinna; 5 - Halaf Fec; 6 - Hasnovar; 7 - Altarontha; 8 - Shark; 9 - Vinca; 10 - Quinta; 11 - Cretin; 12 - Marash-ar.)

**G8 - THE SITTING ROOM (30'20'40'H):**

Just off of the Torture Chamber (G3), this room is in stark contrast to the morbid hall without. A clean (albeit dusty) and simply furnished chamber of warm colors, set with comfortable chairs (and one couch with shackles!) for the staff of G3 and selected "guests". A chessboard on one table provides diversion, its playing pieces deftly wrought in sometimes disturbing detail. One figure still occupies a chair next to the inner door (E wall): a decapitated corpse wearing a scimitar in a bejeweled scabbard (worth 238 GP), and sporting a jeweled silver hairpin (470 SP) between its ribs. The iron chest beneath his chair is filled with skulls.

The inmost alcove seems to have served as a dressing room, containing a few personal effects, pegs for hanging clothing, leather aprons and several black hoods. Three severed heads on the rear shelf have had their mouths stuffed with garlic. If it is removed, they begin singing raucously, causing the decapitated corpse to come shambling in (with its scimitar, if that was not already taken; treat corpse as ARM 025; 1 HD; 6 HTK).

**G9 - (SECRET) ALCOVE (20'x20'x40'H):** The only way into this disguised chamber is by means of a secret doorway hidden in the Moaning Hall. The weighted door will snap shut again hard enough to break up to three spikes, and leave no purchase to grip the door again from inside. Skeletal remains littering the floor give mute testimony to previous victims of this prison. Rats started at their foraging will disappear down the rat hole in the NW corner. One other escape route appears in the form of a window just below the rafters at the far end of the compartment. (Beware! A pit trap in the floor at that point will dump unwary adventurers into a foul pit of slime 10' deep.)

**G10 - BEDROOM (20'x30'x40'H):** The wooden door which faces the Whining Hall has been skillfully carved with a scene of huntsmen bringing down a wild boar. The room beyond faintly echoes with the musical jingling of chainmail and the song of fine steel clashing, seemingly from the scenes of hunt and combat pictured in tapestries lining the walls. One such tapestry has fallen to the floor, and conceals a gold-chased saddle (175 GP) and a curious loin-girdle fashioned of a great-cat's pelt. It has been magicked to give the wearer the speed and agility of a jaguar, and acute senses—but will turn the wearer into a were-cat at nightfall! (A curse removal will stop that, but also dispell the other magic.)

**G11 TEMPLE CHAMBER I (50'x40'x40'H):** Behind a secret passage hidden in the N wall of the Moaning Hall lies the only entrance to this sinister assembly-hall. A temple it certainly appears to be, but one reeking of blood and sulphurous stench. Stained-glass windows portray a twisted landscape beneath storm-wracked skies, skies filled with spirits of the damned. Above the black basalt altar-stone looms a statue portraying Nivatopredi the Faceless One, ceremonial knife in one hand, and the drooping flesh of a face hanging from the other. Anyone looking directly at this gruesome effigy must make a saving roll against Fear (INT-1). Light pierces the gloom from a single opening far above in the ceiling, directly above the altar, if it is daytime outside. If it is night, the moon will shine down the shaft at its zenith—and on this night of the full moon, that means a sacrifice to be performed (using the victim secreted in the coffin in G7).

The volume that was missing from the shelf in G7 (the den) will be found here, resting upon the lectern facing the altar. The book, radiating a powerful aura of evil as well as magic, is hideously fashioned with the stretched skin of a once-human face for a cover! If opened, the book-face shrieks (roll again to resist the fear spell here, at INT-1, or -2 if the previous attempt to resist failed). Within, the tome contains the ceremonies to be performed for ritual mutilation and sacrifice, and the summoning of the archfiend. (A spellcaster will realize that this opens a portal into the nether-world within the temple—a veritable "doorway to Hell" in the NE corner of the hall! Destroying the book can thwart this, but the tome is fortified with spells to resist fire. Further, on a successful INT roll, the spellcaster will realize that the book is also the only way one can escape from this portal if one has entered—otherwise, the victim must seek other means out again.)

The remainder of the chamber is shrouded in draperies of deepest black and midnight blue, intricately worked with Nivatopredi's sigils. Folding screens conceal alcoves with the masks, robes and paraphernalia of the cultists. In the center of the temple, livid blue light shines from the depths of a immense vessel, the waters of which churn continuously despite the absence of any fire. This is Dubraibem's cauldron, which turns those bathed within to become mindless zombies.

If it is nighttime, there is a 70% chance the party have reached this chamber before the sacrifice begins, and 30% that they enter after the proceedings have begun. If they arrive before the ritual begins, they are 50% likely to find the sacrificial victim already here, the coffin guarded by four of Dubraibem's "Cauldron Born" (as described in Area Background & Encounters)—and if the party earlier rescued the villager who was to be the sacrifice, the zombies will not have noticed that the coffin has been tampered with.

As the time for sacrifice approaches, 1d10 acolytes (ARM 020; 2 HD; averaging 3 HTK; armed with knives) enter. 1d6 rounds later, Dubraibem herself arrives (use stats as for Arnthora, at Shopkeepers & Notable Natives, except 18 HTK; armed with sacrificial dagger +3). If the ceremony takes place as scheduled, the sacrifice is placed upon the altar, veiled. The portal will be conjured in 1d4 rounds. When the veil is removed, the victim's contorted face can be seen on it briefly before it is flung into the fiery portal. The featureless victim is then cast into the cauldron. If the veil is recovered and replaced upon the one sacrificed, before "zombification", and the portal closed, the unfortunate is restored to normal. The portal can only be closed by taking control of the book, if a spellcaster, or throwing either the book or Dubraibem into the waiting gateway.

## THE INNER COURT

Beyond the Torture Chamber (G3) is a strange retreat, open to the sky and over-run with rank vegetation. The statuary is of a uniformly unwholesome aspect, the subjects deformed or debased in bizarre fashions. One statue (NE nearest the entry) is magical, and will cast a curse upon one or more members of the party (15% chance). (See the Magical Statues descriptions for possibilities.) Buried at the foot of this statue is a small iron-bound casket containing 1d20 gems of 50 GP value, and a key that unlocks all locks in G3 and G5 (the torture chamber and cells).

Another statue (W wall) is also magical: its head has been struck off, but if a hero replaces it on the figure, it will come to life—it is Radiant Rivona (from portrait 43 in A1, but not as a Wight. If anyone has been Charmed into questioning after her, she is now found!)(She also has been stunted in front of a secret passage into A2 (the Great Hall).

The Moaning Hall and the Whining Hall lead eastward out of the foulness of the G section into the H section of rooms, also reached from the south by the Choking Hall from D section or the Bony and Meowing Halls out of K section. Built by Ritzy Rutorn Rump (portrait 95), perhaps the most noteworthy top and fun-lover in the long line of Rumps.

**H1 - BEDROOM (20'x25'x20'H):** The room is not remarkable in its furnishings—a simple bed, a washstand, writing desk and wardrobe—and the pastoral scenes hung upon the wall would be commonplace. However, the colors shimmer and pulsate before the eye, and seem "wrong" in every detail! The effect is disconcerting and even painful: every third round, PCs must roll an INT save (and adjust by -1 for each additional roll). If the save is failed, that character is stunned, unable to concentrate or perform any other action beyond blindly groping for an exit for 1d4 rounds. Stunned characters will hear voices chanting in chorus of mysteries "buried under the bones".

A two-way secret passage connects this cell to H17 (servants' quarters).

**H2 - PARLOR (55'x35'x20'H):** Entered from the Knocking Hall, this room seems lost in deep gloom and feathery cobwebs when first entered. As soon as the entire party has stepped into the parlor, it bursts into a riot of activity: Everywhere, candelabra spark and light, the spider-webs seem to shrivel in upon themselves and vanish, and dust-devils spring up, whisking away the dust in 1d4 rounds. The light sparkles and gleams from fanciful suits of improbable-looking armor, ostentatiously fashioned with beast-heads, intricate silver or gold inlays, enamelwork, or surcoats and baldrics of high craftsmanship and brilliant color. Chessmen, cards and dice move about by unseen hands, and a vigorous (though invisible) darts game makes one corner of the room hazardous to traverse. As drifting lutes play spiritedly, six wooden balls juggle themselves in complex patterns.

The only visible creature besides the party is a Wraith (ARM 060; 4 HD; 18 HTK; capable of casting a spell of Fear; its touch is chilling, and can paralyze a victim while doing 1 point of damage for 1d10 rounds), decked out in a golden smock and vivid green surcoat, absently stirring the contents of a copper brazier (2650 CP) supported by a stone toad. 1d4 rounds after the characters have entered the parlor, it will take notice of them and politely inquire "Your invitations, please?" Offended when the party cannot produce invitations, the wraith will attempt to eject them forcibly from the room. If the wraith is overcome, the candles extinguish, the floating miscellany crash to the floor, and the dust quickly settles anew over everything—including the PCs!—in the gloom.

**H3 - BEDROOM (20'x35'x20'H):** A folding screen intricately patterned with carved arabesques forms the partition between this bedchamber and the parlor (H2). Within, opulence reigns supreme. Rich silks decorate the bed and chairs. The wardrobe fairly bulges with foppish finery in riotous colors, and cushions of similarly loud style litter the floor along with thick pellets of plush fur. From beneath a mound of such furs, two baleful yellow eyes glare. If approached, a gangly mass of bony limbs, sallow skin and matted black hair scuttles out, gibbering and spitting: an insane Goblin (ARM 020; 1-1 HD; 6 HTK; 1-4/hit, 25% likely that any bite will be infected). Clutched greedily in its claws is a vial of healing potion (1d8 doses remaining).

**H4 - STOREROOM (20'x20'x20'H):** Tucked away in this musty, neglected corner and gathering dust is a bizarre assortment of paraphernalia collected from the far corners of the world, to no apparent purpose. A stuffed minotaur with glass eyes stands poised with a great axe over a hand-painted urn full of rotted pecans. A winged foot sculpted in marble sits like a paperweight atop a pile of dried, brittle parchment filled with truly repulsive love-poetry. An elegant crystal goblet proves on close inspection to be a "dribble glass". The entire room is a treasure trove of absolutely worthless junk (even the great axe is base metal). However, the hallway (E) beyond seems to offer possibilities, with its faint scent of jasmine and delicate sound of music...

**H5 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** Along with dampness and decay, this room drips family pride: The quilt upon the bed is elaborately worked with the heraldic shield of the Rump clan, while banners and awards of honor are displayed in faded splendor. Above a massive suit of tournament plate mounted for display is a jousting lance (S wall), trailing a blood-red pennant with the golden hind insignia. As the party turn to leave the chamber, a gruff, challenging voice shouts "Dastard-hearted, cowardly curs!" and the moss-grown couch hurls at the PCs! (A quick investigation would reveal that there is a skeleton--with plenty more insults to heap on intruders--immobilized within the rust-frozen armor.)

**H6 - THE BALLROOM (60'x50'x20'H):** From either the north or south approaches to this room, adventurers enter an antechamber (20'x20') separated from the main hall by a velvet curtain. In the antechamber can be found dancing slippers and all the accoutrements of a fancy-dress masquerade spilling from open chests behind ornamental screens. Wild-spirited chamber music plays beyond the curtain. Presided over by two statues representing Comedy and Tragedy, flanking the fireplace (E wall), the main room is ablaze with the light of crystal chandeliers, reflected by the many mirrors flanking the hall. As phantom musicians continue their fevered play, fantastically costumed celebrants whirl about the room, drifting gradually upward to the ceiling until they fade through and vanish. Their festive garb rains down to the floor, abandoned. During this display, the statues appear to speak, though one must approach closely to hear what they are saying. Comedy is chuckling "This should be good for a laugh" while Tragedy sobs "How terrible, terrible." The first character to hear this clearly must then roll his AGL to be quick enough to avoid the falling chandelier (6d6 damage)! When it crashes down and shatters, 2d10 gems (worth 5d10 GP each) will be revealed among the crystals.

Hidden inside the fireplace is a two-way secret passage into a narrow corridor (which ends in a second such secret passage.) Doors at the rear of the ballroom lead down the Gnawing Hall (NW) or the Moaning Hall (SW).

**H7 - OFFICE (50'x16'x20'H):** Long banks of shelves stretch the length of the room on north and south walls, laden heavily with fabulously illuminated volumes and ornamental scrolls, not to mention dust. The huge scriptorium desk at the east end of the room is flanked by candlestands. Rows of ink-pots and a rack filled with quill pens launch themselves like missiles at the party as they enter the room. (There is the possibility that a spellbook is among these tomes, as well as other useful or valuable works.)

**H8 - NURSERY (40'x15'x20'H):** A chill hangs over this room, and a heavy reek of alcohol and myrrh, as though the walls had been bathed with it. In the shadows, a cradle draped in gauzy black stuff rhythmically rocks to the sound of a woman's voice singing a lullaby. There is an occasional faint whimpering. In an inner chamber, a small silver casket sits open and empty. Seated in this funeral chamber, a ghostly figure enfolded in luminously glimmering robes of misty blue cradles a tiny form wound in black cerements. When the party enters, the phantom holds the small bundle toward the PCs and looks pleadingly from them to the casket and the door. If the characters correctly interpret this silent plea for the child's proper burial, they will see the blue phantom again: When a party-member (preferably the one who first perceives the need to grant the ghost's wish) is danger of certain death, with no escape, she will appear to prevent that harm from touching the character (one time only).

**H9 - BEDROOM (24'x25'x20'H):** That faint scent of jasmine fills the air again. Here is another ghost, a petite young woman who sits before a vanity while sobbing softly. The mirror before her reflects not this room and its pastel tints, but rather a murky chamber in subdued hues of autumn. She wishes "that nasty old man" in the salon (H10) would go away and leave the manor in peace. If she cannot entice a hero to promise to make him go away, she will become decidedly unpleasant (ARM 020; 10 HD; 51 HTK!), shrieking insults and wailing piteously. (If the party beats a retreat, her mocking laughter follows them.) If, on the other hand, the PCs undertake to remove the offending individual, they are in for another surprise!

**H10 - THE SALON (26'x26'x20'H):** Next to H12 (the smoking room), from which he has evidently been scrounging remnants of cigars, a seemingly innocuous old beggar has settled into the quiet solitude of this room. The canopy-bed here has curiously split down the middle and collapsed, and has been adapted into a tent-like structure. The indoor-rustic effect is accentuated by the autumnal twilight of the room, the woodland scents that survive even the odor of stale tobacco, and the leaves scattered on the floor. Even as the PCs watch, leaves will seem to materialize out of the woodland scenes in ancient tapestries, and flutter to the floor.

The elderly gent asks alms of his visitors, specifically gold coin. If refused, he reveals his true nature as a demon (ARM 140; 10 HD; 43 HTK; with pincers that do 2-12, horns that strike for 1-3, and a 1-6 damage per bite). He can still be bought off with gold, but the price goes up sharply: now he'll want 5 GP per party-member per round he is denied their gold!

**H11 - STATEROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** Trash litters the floor and leaves blow in through the broken panes of the high-windows in this ruined corner of the manor. Weather-stained draperies hang askew as the last reminders of the lost splendor of this noble's guestroom. In obvious imitation of such faded glory, a giant white rat (ARM 035; 3 HD; 16 HTK; 1-3/bite) sits man-like in an improvised throne before the cold fireplace, sporting a faded pink cape and a red-plumed cap. Four Zombies (ARM 025; 1 HD; 5, 2, 6, 6 HTK; 1-8/strike) clumsily ape the motions of adoring courtiers. Intruders will be assaulted with the intent of making them join the other "faithful retainers" in their adulation.

**H12 - SMOKING ROOM (43'x25'x20'H):** No spiders have congregated in THIS room! Instead, what hangs heavily here is a perpetual blue haze of smoke and the stench of ancient tobacco. It clings to the massive leather chairs and thick velvet hangings of the room, and makes the eyes burn. Phantom figures seated about this cloudy retreat shift and flow, spiraling through their pipes to form profiles in the smoke before melting away in the murk. The only object of any evident value in the room is a copper spittoon in one corner (370 CP in a pinch).

**H13 - MUSIC ROOM (23'x40'x20'H):** Heavy doors seal this chamber, and mask any sound from within. When forced open, one realizes that the entries had been sealed about with wax, from within the room! Music swells to fill the stale air with strange harmonics, punctuated with wild keening from the ornate pipe organ that fills the north wall. Its intricately carved pipes are of wood, with faces decorated with gold and ivory inlays--and these faces animate to sing their individual notes. A Celtic harp with silver strings plays counterpoint to the erratic melody of the organ. (The harp is enchanted to bestow bardic skill upon its player, doubling it if the character is already similarly skilled. The organ pipes, while worth perhaps 10 GP each, each only know one note, and are relatively worthless without the entire organ. Besides, if one is vandalized for its gold, its scream with cause the entire organ to blast with such numbing cacophony that characters risk permanent deafness (40% chance), and the air in the room will give out twice as fast!) The doors, if left untended, will reseal themselves in 1d4 rounds. The haunting strains of the music act to befuddle the mind (save at INT-1 to resist the effect, like a stun). If the doors are not reopened or kept open, the air in the room will be unbreathable at the end of 12 rounds.

**H14 - THE TEA ROOM (23'x25'x20'H):** Gaudy, lavish decor has gone somewhat to seed here, though the air is still filled with an intoxicating aroma of roses. A stunningly-fashioned silver service (475 SP) graces a table set as if for a high tea. The centerpiece to the arrangement is a silver bowl (205 SP) containing a pudding--a Plump Pudding (ARM 040; 9 HD; 30 HTK ; damage description in Phantasmal Fiends list).

**H15 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x20'H):** The locked door into this bedroom has been hidden behind a massive oak armoire in H5. Once past the barriers, party-members find a ghastly tableau: A skeletal pack of hounds with baleful yellow eyes, circle about beneath a skeleton in foppish motley, hung by its heels from the chandelier. (The hounds are ARM 018; ½ HD; 2, 4, 3, 2, 1, 2, 1, 1, 3 HTK; 1-2/bite.) Leaping and snapping silently, they may not notice the intruders for 1d4 turns (one is already occupied with gnawing its prize, one of the victim's hands, on which a fiery opal ring still gleams). The remainder of the room gives evidence of having belonged to a devoted equestrian, whose favorite steed had evidently been stuffed and mounted after its demise. The carcass, like its roommates, is now a skeleton, the taxidermist's art having been shredded away as has most of the rest of this room's furnishings. The spectral horse stamps and shifts uneasily, and may panic and stampede the party if the hounds are stirred up (ARM 018; 2 HD; 3 HTK; 1-6/hoot).

**H16 - BATH (35'x30'x20'H):** Four sculpted nymphs astride dolphins form the fountains that feed water from subterranean springs into a great pool of rose-colored marble. The steam-filled air is redolent of lavender--and a faint undertone of meaty broth. Towels and fine robes lie unclaimed upon the benches along the stepped edge of the bath (N), and costly garments hang abandoned upon the folding screens before the east wall. The bottom of the pool is littered with bleached bones, and the occasional glint of jewelry. And the water, already painfully hot, begins to boil when touched in any fashion.



**H17 - SERVANTS QUARTERS (30'x20'x20'H):** The stillness and simplicity of this modest apartment contrast sharply with the nearly tangible wave of hatred that can be felt radiating from the NE corner of the room. Although occupied only by one of three plain cots located in this room, that corner has an aura of evil and of magic. If the secret passageway that connects to H1 is discovered, a spirit can be seen and heard—a liveried lackey who mumbles over and over "...get them all, make them pay..." before it vanishes in the angle of the passage. Investigation will reveal a book of spells stolen from one of the other rooms, with the arts of light and heat conjurations that resemble effects found in H1 and H16. (The volume has been secreted away inside the mattressing of the cot.)

The Knocking Hall, and a twisting corridor from the Gnawing Hall connect the H section of rooms to the I and J sections, chiefly the design of the far-travelling Sir Rankling Rump, known in the far deserts as El Ran-Cid. Hither he brought much of the rare and exotic goods and customs he found in his wanderings, adding his own chapter to the bizarritry of Tegel's history.

**I1 - BEDROOM (40'x30'x20'H):** Curiously situated so that its only entry is behind the sauna (I4), this retreat is so festooned in gauzy draperies as to obscure its stone walls. The illusion is that of an exotic pavilion, piled deep in gaily-striped silken cushions and lush sleeping-furs. The heady smoke of cloying incense burns the eyes, obscuring acute vision for 2-12 rounds. Intruders startle a vehemently hissing black cat, who abandons its cozy perch. Glowering at the party, it leaps to the floor, then fades away, the malevolent green eyes lingering until all else has disappeared.

**I2 - THE HOTHOUSE (40'x30'x20'H):** The iron door which guards this entrance is rusted shut. Once it has been wrested loose, the blast of humid air from within the chamber is like a physical blow. An odor of rich, wet earth and swamp-like musk fills the air here, while hanging vines, creepers and outlandish blossoms run riot throughout. Here can be found stange plants with exotic properties: pollen that can induce sleep or hallucinations and madness; fruits that may be deadly poison or precious restorative; and leafy monstrosities that devour flesh. One such (ARM 055; 55 HTK; STR 25; seeks to strangle/suffocate victim in 2-8 rounds) has taken root in the ashes of the fireplace (N wall) where its lip-like blossom has engulfed the head of an ancient victim, while the skeletal remains are twined with leafy runners about the limbs and through the rib-cage. Coins half-hidden in the soil give hint of the trove (7855 SP) hidden beneath a thicket of wicked thorns which exude an hallucinogenic poison. (If scratched, check for severity of effect, on 1d20: 1 - no effect; 2-8 - mild delusion or phantom images flickering on the edge of one's vision for 2-12 rounds; 9-15 - drunken behavior and distracting mirages seen for 3-18 rounds; 16-19 - severely altered behavior and perceptions for 3-18 rounds; 20, death from sheer terror!) The plant is sentient: the coins exposed were forced to the surface by the roots to attract victims. Thorn scratches do little physical damage (but blood makes the grass grow?)

**I3 - GREENHOUSE (20'x30'x20'H):** In contrast to the unkempt jungle of I2, this semi-tropical indoor garden is as meticulously maintained as it is oppressively steaming. The ordered beds of fantastic foliage are tended by a company of goblin-like sprites (ARM 040; 1-1 HD; 6, 4, 4, 2, 1, 2 HTK; 1-2/bite) who have fashioned a home here next to the spring-fed fountain—and behind a trap-door covering a pit full of Gold Spore! (If the party has an herbalist, healer or member strong in nature-lore, they will find a beneficial plant here on a successful skill roll—chewing its leaves will provide 1-4 points of restored STR or CON, once daily. The leaves are only good while fresh, maximum 6 hours after plucking.)

**I4 - SAUNA (20'x20'x20'H):** Entered at the end of the Knocking Hall, the outer alcove of this unique facility is lined with wooden benches and pegs hung with towels. The stone floor is cool underfoot, and radiates a neutral aura of magic. The door in the west wall lets into a small disrobing chamber and privy. The south door leads into the sauna itself, a stone-walled steam-bath fed by the hot springs below the manor. As soon as people enter this chamber, a pit of stones in the center begins to magically heat, and the water spilling over the rocks hisses into billowing clouds of steam. Unfortunately, this also serves to awaken the huge crab-creature (ARM 080; 3 HD; 15 HTK; 2-12/2 pincers, with a 25% probability of seizing 1-3 victims/attack) that poised like a stone image at the west end of the pit! The steam makes the tiled floor slippery, which doesn't help. Party-members who exit this chamber through the alcove will discover the effect of the magic placed there. Immediately after stepping into the alcove, one is hit with a sudden icy blast of cold as if one had plunged into a snowbank (no physical damage, but a possibility of stun effect if a CON roll is missed). It is considered a refreshing ritual, though not guaranteed to restore victims of giant crabs.

A secret-passage in the SE corner leads into a narrow corridor, at the end of which is a sealed enclosure (5'x15') in which are heaped skeletons with broken necks or crushed skulls.

**I5 - BEDROOM (20'x30'x20'H):** In a room thick with the aroma of incense, golden-maned twin sisters lounge languorously amid oriental splendor. They look up, smiling sleepily, as the PCs enter, their air of dreamy detachment marred only by the fact that they are obviously bound by silver chains (410 SP each) to a great ring sunk into the W wall. Freed of the chains, they are revealed as Wereboars (ARM 035; 4+1 HD; 12 & 19 HTK; 2-8/tusks-and hungry!)

A secret passage is hidden next to the ring in the wall, and opens into the harem (I6).

**I6 - THE HAREM (20'x30'x20'H):** Lyrical cithren music and the aroma of cinnamon and sandalwood haunt the air. Graceful phantoms are only half-glimpsed obliquely, and never there to be seen when one turns to look. Instead, one might feel the gentle brush of warmth on hand or cheek, and faint echoes of giggling whispers. At the end of 12 rounds, a powerful sleep spell begins to effect all party-members. If they do not leave the room in the next 3 rounds, the spell overwhelms them. They awaken to the sound of tinkling bells and a scent of jasmine, to find themselves fettered with silver chains. They and all their gear are out in the passage between the harem and H4 (the storeroom).

**I7 - BEDROOM (40'x20'x20'H):** In marked contrast to the sybaritic atmosphere of its neighboring apartments, this is a stark, monastic cell. The odor of burning wax is thick, as is the dust here, and the furnishings sturdy, simple and severe. As the party enter, candles situated almost everywhere in the room ignite, throwing sudden brilliance off of the gleaming holy symbols and polished saint's-efigy (set on a shelf in the room's odd NE corner, next the door), the only richness in the room's decor. One by one, the candles then extinguish until the room sinks back into self-contained twilight.

**I8 - TEMPLE (50'x40'x20'H):** Through a small hall thickly hung with long cords of tinkling brass and silver bells, one exits the corridor that wound from the Gnawing Hall to come upon a 20'x30' chamber outfitted with the equipment of a master weaver: pots of dye, hanging bundles of multi-colored yarns, looms and stretching racks. One loom in particular is of interest, exuding a fading sense of magic long-time departed. The unfinished piece tells a sad tale. Worked into its central design is an improperly devised fire-rune (as an experience spellcaster will note), while on the stool before the loom is nothing but a pile of ashes and a pair of spectacles.

The sound of droning music draws one back toward the hall, at the end of which is a secret passageway into a decidedly unfamiliar sort of temple. A low, broad-mantled fireplace doubles as a sort of altar (N wall) between two graceful statues of rather sensuous angels. (The one E of the altar bears the inscription "Do you wish to live forever?" on its pedestal. Answer carefully, or assume a form like the statue, and an obligation to serve as a minion of the gods of earthly pleasures!) The entire chamber is filled with a pleasing aroma of exotic perfumes, and the harmony of unseen harps and droning flutes. Imagery depicting a paradisiacal garden decorates the walls in vivid colors and vivid detail. The dizzying patterns of the tile floor are partly obscured by exquisite prayer-rugs of varied design (many resembling in some fashion the artistry seen on the loom in the outer work-room). One carpet hovers off the floor in the corner of the room, just high enough to sit upon. (However, it is in the middle of a self-adjusting mystic purification the Magi repairman had begun before his unfortunate accident. The seated PC will start the "spin cycle".)

**I9 - DANCING ROOM (40'x30'x20'H):** Shadows veil the once-vibrant arabesques decorating the panelled walls and tiled floor of this cold and empty room. Any clapping sound, however, will dramatically alter the aspect of the hall, as brazen oil lamps cast sudden illumination on an entertainment fit for a sultan: The dust whirls up from the floor and coalesces into solid forms. Thirty dancing girls and musicians materialize, and begin an intricate performance lasting 10 turns. On the last note, the troupe vanishes and the lights extinguish, leaving all as though it had never been. The door in the NE corner opens into a private retreat for a pasha's pleasure. The only furnishings beyond cushions and furs for reclining are a foul-smelling hookah and a small rosewood table. Upon that table is a miniature troupe of dancers and musicians, thirty in number, wrought of smoky crystal and faintly glowing with an inner fire. (One may readily suppose there is a connection...)

**I10 - MAJOR DOMO'S ROOM (30'x30'x20'H):** Though simple by comparison with other chambers in this wing of the manor, these quarters still display splendid touches of oriental artistry, little dulled by the passage of time. The colors remain fresh—as fresh as the blood which drips from the ceiling onto the carpet. That carpet then begins to move toward the party, its knotted fringe rippling like so many feelers. It is in fact harmless, though if the fabric is cut, a virtual torrent of blood will well forth, and the room itself rapidly fall into decay around the blood-soaked intruders.

**111 - LOUNGE (30'x40'x20'H):** Brocaded divans accompanied by small tables or cabinets are carelessly arranged about this room, with diverse distractions such as books, chess-like games, here a lute, there a setting of wine and goblets. Surrounding all is a flowing design which, interwoven with geometric patterns, proves to be a narrative inscription detailing the Rump family history, covering the walls. Its centerpiece is the golden hind insignia rendered in the same eastern manner.

Atop one carved chest is a miniature dragon, its red-gold scales seeming the exquisite work of a master craftsman. However, if disturbed, it proves to be very much alive (ARM 090; 3 HD; 9 HTK; 1-3/bite; 9 pts. fire damage/breath, range 5 feet). The decorated casket proves to contain sparkingly metallic blue flies, greenish-hued beetles, jewel-toned dragonflies and opalescent moth-wings—a youngster's imitation treasure trove.

Although originally attributed to Sir Rankling, the J section was much modified by his descendants, and disturbingly so in some aspects. There is even a section of the ground floor in the East Wing that has been sealed off from all other rooms, and can only be opened by breaking into the wall.

**J1 - DEN (20'x30'x20'H):** A damp, moldy odor greets adventurers as they enter. The dark walnut-paneled walls are flanked with wardrobes and chests, the finery within which has been corrupted by moth and mildew, and strangely besmirched with filth. Traces of the same slime smear the door-handles and catches, while the woodwork is already dusted with a sprinkling of mold, seemingly untouched amid this foulness, a small keg upon a central table yields a delicious golden wine with heady aroma. This potion heals 1-3 pts. of damage per mug quaffed, but with a dire side effect: After a 20 turn delay, each imbiber must roll a CON save (adjusted -1 for each mug of wine drunk). A failed roll ages the character 10 years for every 1 point by which the save was missed!

**J2 - CHAMBER OF REPTILES (34'x30'x20'H):** The massive iron doors that enclose this room squeal open upon their hinges in protest, as if to warn away the foolish. The floor then descends three steps into the dark—a dark alive with peculiar slithering sounds and an unmistakable reek like a snake pit. And so indeed it is! A light thrust into the room will reveal a churning ocean of snakes in continual motion. Its pedestal rising like an island in the flood, a serpent-headed statue with emerald eyes (50 GP each) is languidly posed, at once both graceful and repellent. If any essay to enter the room, a Spirit-Snake (ARM 050; 9 HD; 34 HTK; 1-3/bite, plus poison damage—per bite!—of 2/round for 1d10 rounds) rears its head from beneath the turbulent mass of serpents. It will attempt to Charm (as a spell) its victim—save against INT. If successful in slaying a victim, it traps the soul, thus preventing any hope of restoring the dead unless the Spirit-Snake is destroyed.

One of the two N doors leads up steps into an inner chamber where rest a number of bizarre trophies, including dragon's teeth and a small, cunningly carved box containing what at first might be taken to be exotic coins, but proves to be on closer examination a faithful of dragon scales! Before a mural celebrating the exploits of the fearless dragonslayer (could this have been El Ran-Cid?) are displayed two matched suits of armor fashioned of dragon hide (supple as leather yet strong as plate: ARM 090!). Small catch: One suit is cursed! The unfortunate who dons this armor will become one with his new skin.

**J3 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x20'H):** The odor that permeated the den (J1) is here magnified to a gut-wrenching stench of decay. The furnishings are in ruins, the rot-weakened bed collapsed under its own weight, and the wainscoting in many places eaten through to the bare stone beneath. The author of this deterioration is at first indistinguishable from the bed of debris in which it resides. A Shambler raises its gooey, fibrous bulk (ARM 060; 5 HD 15 HTK; description at Phantasmal Fiends), and heaves into the party, to add to its mass.

**J4 - THE HUNTER'S ROOM (30'x20'x20'H):** Part of the sealed area of the East Wing, this apartment is accessible only by the two-way teleportation gate that links it to the zoo in the Brother's Tower, or by breaking into J5 through the sealed-off door. The trophies of many a hunt had been mounted on the walls here. Now, whether still upon the wall or dragged down to the floor, each and all have been stripped to the skull, the sawdust stuffing and glass eyes of the taxidermist's craft now littered among the other filth. Worrying futilely at scraps of the hide is a twisted skeleton with a nearly human shape, save for its huge serpentine skull (ARM 020; 2 HD; 7 HTK; 1-10/bite).

The rooms between here and the refectory (J7) are in shambles, anything that could be construed as "meat"—the leather straps supporting a small cot, the upholstery of chairs, the covers of now-shredded books—having been seized upon for nourishment, with out apparent success...

**J5 - THE FOYER (30'x25'x20'H):** The hallway (N) between the den (J1) and bedroom (I6) enters a 20'x30' room, in which the only other doorway apparent is the iron barrier that locks away the Chamber of Reptiles (J2). This appears a quiet retreat, now neglected, with its comfortable couches, chairs and sideboard set with dust-filmed goblets and carafe. No secret passageway or hidden door as such is to be found in this room, though any search for such will betray a peculiarity (in S wall), behind the arras. One section of the stonework has an oddly hollow ring to it, and is the now-sealed passage into the original foyer of the east wing.

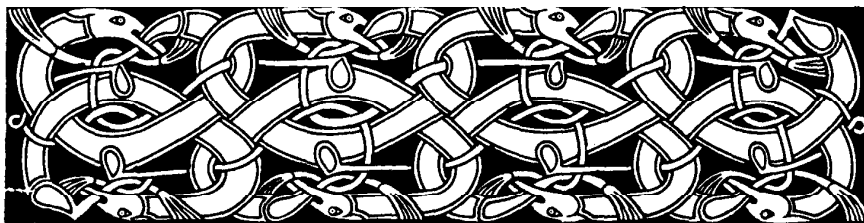
Broken through, this aperture opens upon a near-duplicate of the chamber left behind, with its decor of rich velvets and brocades, all in hues of green. The first disconcerting detail that may startle some poor explorer is the huge ape with glittering yellow eyes, looming in the darkness next to the doorway just opened. It turns out to be a slightly ratty stuffed specimen with jewel "eyes" worth 10 GP. Far more unpleasant a surprise awaits any who sit down on the furniture, which emits a muffled crunching sound as the upholstery partially sinks in. Investigation will reveal that hidden within are various bones; the divan encases an entire cadaver, shroud-wound, with a leather pouch full of coins (50 SP) stuffed into its mouth!

To the SE, a narrow hallway leads off into the remainder of the ground-level of this wing. Access to the upper floors is only by the staircase connecting to the carriage house (K2).

**J6 - BEDROOM (20'x25'x20'H):** Beyond heavy curtains that serve in lieu of a door, the staleness of the air gives way to a cloying odor of musk and spices. The brilliance of the colors in this close and cluttered chamber form a marked contrast to the cool greens of the sinister foyer. The wardrobe (S wall, beneath the angle of the staircase), contains a hunting costume all in flame-colored silk, along with doekin boots and a longbow. Wrapped in a gown of the same stuff is a small case containing silver arrowheads (365 SP value), and two pouches very like the one in the cadaver (in J5).

**J7 - REFECTORY (20'x40'x20'H):** Though no fire burns in the grate, an eerie greenish glow spills out of the fireplace in the middle of the east wall, casting a lurid glare across the trestle tables that run the length of the hall, and the head table at the north end. The surface of these tables, the benches as well, and even the great banners hung down the hall, sparkle oddly in the emerald light. Thousands of flies swarm over every surface in the room, their combined drone rising to a whine that sets one's teeth on edge. Any sudden movement will startle them into flight, filling the air so thickly as to blind and disorient the unfortunate party caught here in a stinging blizzard of emerald-shot blackness, all the while raising a buzzing so intense as to drown other sounds. Each can only sting for ¼ pt. of damage, and can be killed with a slap, but there are thousands here, and the more stirred up they become, the likelier to sting they are. Only 10' separates the door to the hall (W) and another doorway into an enclosed storage room.

The stairs to the upper floors of the East Wing are only accessed from the alcove at the end of the hallway leading from the carriage house (K2). The stern-looking warrior statue in the NW corner of the alcove appears to face the foot of the stairs in the expectant attitude of a guardian braced for action. (The statue, however, is not magical.)





## EAST WING

### SECOND FLOOR:

#### BEDROOM (30'x25'x20'H):

At the head of the staircase, a narrow hallway, cramped, dark and musty, leads past three doorways. The first, choked with cobwebs, masks the entrance to a bedroom hung in mourning black. Illumination reveals the tiny points of light reflected from dozens of spiders' eyes. As the party proceeds through the small outer alcove into the room itself, two points of light swell into eyes bright with madness. An immensely obese woman appears, rushing the party while shrieking "Villain! Sorcerer! 'Tis thou hast slain my son!" The apparition passes through the party-members and into the wall, screaming pitifully.

The second doorway in the S hallway leads into a linen/storage area, the shelves of which collapse, dumping all their contents, as soon as a PC has reached the rear of the compartment.

#### DINING ROOM (20'x40'x20'H):

A scent strangely like chicken soup drifts out of this room. Upon investigation, it proves to come from a kettle being tended upon the hearth very gingerly by a mummy (ARM 030; 5+1 HD; 22 HTK; clawing 1-12/strike, plus "Mummy's Curse"—see Phantasmal Fiends). If disturbed at its preparations, the mummy will seize a gold candelabrum (515 GP) from the great oak banquet table in the center of the room to use as a bludgeoning weapon. Left undisturbed for 4 rounds, he will finish his concoction, and begin greedily consuming the lot. Immediately thereafter, the sideboard, chairs and cabinets will begin to levitate and move crazily about the chamber to the sound of the mummy's dry, croaking laughter. (The effect lasts for 20 rounds, after which the mummy—it still left able to do so—wanders off toward the upper stairs.)

#### PRISON (20'x25'x20'H):

Down the center of the second storey runs a hallway, the only evident doors (all in S wall) leading into the dining room, the black bedroom, and a small cellblock. Entered through a cheerless "office" outfitted only with table and chair, a simple cot and a washstand, the iron-bound door opens only reluctantly on its rusted hinges. Cells littered with rotting straw and filth stand empty now, save only the rearmost cell, the door of which stands open. There a dying werewolf (ARM 035; 3 HD; 7 HTK) hangs in chains upon the wall, at its feet a tarnished helm fashioned in the likeness of a snarling bear. Animated manacles snap open and shut as they thrust and lunge at party-members like striking snakes. If a victim can be snared, the chains will drag him into the cell while other fetters continue to attack the remaining adventurers. The serpentine chains then drag the helm to their captive. Once placed upon the head, the bear-helm places a curse upon the wearer, turning him into a werewolf (and a berserker-style fighter as well).

#### LIBRARY (35'x25'x20'H):

The N wall of the central passageway seems devoid of doors along its entire length, leading away to the stairs to the third floor. In truth, there is a disguised secret entry into a vast oak-wainscotted reading room. Deep, comfortable chairs, and a single writing desk, sit undisturbed in dusty neglect. The W wall, solidly faced with shelf upon shelf of books, is seemingly guarded by a "stuffed and mounted" saber-toothed tiger. The creature, under enchantment, is more than the display it looks (ARM 035; 4+1 HD; 27 HTK; 1-4/claws, 2: 2-12/bite). If books are approached, it emits a throaty snarl. If any books are disturbed, it springs into immediate action, attacking the offender. The books being defended are an eclectic lot, and may or may not contain some magical references (GM's discretion).

#### STUDIO (30'x30'x20'H):

The door (E) in the library leads into an artist and sculptor's workshop, light (if it is day-time) spilling in through leaded panes from the north. Revealed are work-tables littered with half-finished undertakings and the remains of discarded materials. Canvases are propped against the far wall or hung haphazardly about. Sculpting tools for stone and for clay clutter a bench along the S wall next to a life-sized but crude and featureless, unfinished statue of clay (radiating an aura of magic).

The party interrupt a skeleton (ARM 025; ½ HD; 3 HTK; 1-6/strike) with brush and palette, sporadically dabbing here and there at a canvas on an easel angled away from the door. Looking up at the intruders, the skeletal painter drops a cover over the canvas and rushes the party, as if to chase them away from its work. So long as the painting remains concealed, the skeleton will pull itself back together from any damage done it—but the moment someone uncovers the portrait, the skeleton crumbles away to dust.

The revealed painting is curious enough. It is a portrait of the unfinished statue! As the party discover this, the statue animates, groping to find the palette and brushes dropped by the skeleton, then haltingly shuffling toward the party, holding forth the tools to them. This mute gesture is an appeal for someone to finish the portrait. If someone undertakes to do so, they will find that any lack of skill on their part is made up by the enchantment upon the materials being used, and the clay automaton will assume an appearance chosen by the PC-artist. The finished figure will appear to be a truly-alive whatever-it-is, and "give its life" to its benefactor. Roll 1d10: The "statue" accompanies the party, and, in the event of the death of the benefactor PC, it will die in place of the character, who is either (1-6) fully restored to normal, or (7-10) reincarnated in the body of the former statue.

### THIRD FLOOR:

#### COOKS' QUARTERS (30'x20'x20'H):

At the head of the stairs, a short hallway grants access to this apartment, formerly the living quarters for the kitchen staff. Now the table in this room has been converted to a grisly banquet-board for three giant rats (ARM 025; 2 HD; 6, 6, 13 HTK; 1-3/bite), busily feasting on bony remnants there. Elsewhere, belongings have been dragged out of cabinet and chest alike and savaged, while one cot (NE corner) has been overturned, revealing a rat-hole connecting this room to the maze of rats' tunnels under the manor.

#### KITCHEN (30'x50'x20'H):

Had a tornado struck within this room, the devastation could not be more complete! Amid a cloying reek that mixes potent spices with rancid odors, one finds overturned work-tables and barrels, smashed crockery and other debris. Amidst the stench, the decay and the disorder, phantom chefs fuss over a pot simmering in the low fire, all the while engaged in a furious, if silent, argument, on some point of preparation. Turning upon the party-members, their animated gesticulations clearly indicate a desire that the party step forward to help settle the debate by sampling the mixture. Any soul brave enough to do so will find himself oddly affected by the "soup", though able to vouch for its excellent taste. The odd effect varies (1d10): 1 - increases height 1'; 2 - +1 STR; 3 - +1 DEX; 4 - +1 CON; 5 - +1 INT; 6 - +1 CHA; 7 - -1 CHA; 8 - -1 to highest attribute; 9 - -2 to highest attribute; 10 - hair begins growing at 1' per minute for 1d20 minutes! The chefs, now satisfied, disappear, and the fire dies, rendering the soup no longer effective.

#### DORMITORY (20'x45'x20'H):

The darkness of this room is scented with cedar and the gentle perfume of hyacinths, while voices, faint and indistinct but musical, echo in the gloom. The light of any torch or lantern seems to dissolve into glimmering sparks that scatter like fireflies about the room. In this enchanted illumination, phantom shapes are barely perceived as darkness-upon-darkness, swift darting are clearly glimpsed. The chamber obviously once quartered several ladies: Silken-sheeted beds (along W wall) flank capacious wardrobes filled with exquisite costumes, while opposite (E) stand dressing tables and mirrors. In the NE corner, sitting slumped before a vanity is a figure dressed in sparkling black, a diadem of star-like jewels (510 GP) crowning long raven tresses. Attempting to remove the diadem causes this Shadow (ARM 030; 2+2 HD; 13 HTK; -1 ST/8 turns; see the description in Phantasmal Fiends) to seize the character's wrists in her chilling touch. If the victim fails to resist a "Charm" spell, he will be whirled away in a dance about the room for 10 rounds, all the while being affected by the shadow-dancer's touch. At the end of that time, the phantom will drag her victim toward the largest mirror (N wall) and into it. At the same time the diadem is first touched, 1d4 other shadows will join the dance, and attempt to similarly enthrall other characters.

A door (NW) connects to a bathing chamber, also accessible from the solarium.

#### SOLARIUM (20'x30'x20'H):

The massive stonework of the western wall here turns to graceful arches, the space between which had been cunningly wrought into vast windows of a most unique sort, the dizzying patterns of jewel-toned glass flooding the room with sunlight each day. But filth has mired the windows as if to block the sun and bar its entry. An overpowering stench of decay hangs in the air, and the once-thriving vegetation that decorated the room has surrendered its beds to toadstools and fungus. The pipe which once brought water from the underground springs to this haven has disorged stinking mud ankle-deep into the chamber. Nearly lost from sight in the muck is a black sword (+2), fallen from the hand of a statue in the NE corner, inscribed with the legend "Slay Not In Anger". (The peculiar enchantment on this blade prevents it from delivering a killing blow if struck in passionate anger or bad temper.)

#### LOFT (16'x30'x20'H):

The sawdust-strewn floor is splotched and splattered with odd stains of color, while hanging tattered and faded from the rafters are great swaths of coarse-woven wool, heavy linen and other fabric in diverse hues. Four large vats of dye and other kegs of pigment and such add their acrid tang to the air. Of more immediate concern is the piebald gargoyle leisurely soaking itself in one of the vats, and the two others coming in through the breach in the S wall to join him (ARM 060; 4 HD; 14, 16, 12 HTK; 1-3/claws, 2; 1-3/bite). In the bottom of the same vat is a sodden mass of wool, underneath which a drowned victim had died mere inches from grasping a ring that is enchanted to command gargoyles and/or harpies. (Its power is only 75% effective, unfortunately...)

#### BEDROOM (20'x25'x20'H):

When first opened, the door reveals a chamber of faded splendor, its centerpiece a great canopied bed hung with blue satin, surrounded by ornately carved chests, a wardrobe and desk, all bespeaking great wealth. Even as the adventurers see this, the weight of years seems to fall away, the color floods back into the room, the dust vanishes—and a beautiful woman in indigo silk, strings of diamonds and sapphires wound in her black hair, steps into view. By her gestures it is obvious she is preparing to cast a spell: Her intent is to cast a *geas* upon the first PC to have entered the room, commanding "Take my place!" Spells or missile weapons directed at her are absorbed by phantasmal shields of sparkling gold which vanish like soap bubbles. Once her conjuration has been made (or attempted, at any rate), the sorceress transforms into a black arrow that flies up, vanishing through the ceiling. If the casting was completed, the hapless subject can only be relieved of the glamour by a spell which will negate/dispell magic; not a curse as such, it will not respond to being simply removed as a curse would. In any event, the lady left a lot of belongings behind...

From the north, the Bony Hall and Meowing Hall lead wanderers into the K section of rooms, reached also from the south and west by the Rattling Hall. Built in what must have been one of the saner moments in the Rump family's history, that may be why no one has ever known to whom to attribute its completion...

#### GARDEN GROTTO

Enclosed on three sides by the Meowing Hall, and separating it from the carriage house (K2), this tranquil retreat from the chaos of Tegel Manor seems to radiate calm. Amid its luxuriant foliage wanders a short "meditation walk" past marble statuary of fine workmanship. The only sign of life here is a small black kitten, which, upon seeing the party, bounces at a run toward the newcomers. If frightened or mistreated, the kitten metamorphoses into a gigantic feline (ARM 050; 12 HD; 85 HTK; 3-18/claws, 2; 4-24/bite)! If befriended, it attaches itself to one party-member in particular, and follows the group (saving its surprising alter ego for that which menaces its new friends).

#### K1 - TEMPLE (40'x35'x20'H):

The door stands ajar, its massive carved-oak bulk held open by a paving stone painted an unusual shade of blue. Within, cobwebs and filth have taken over this despoiled sanctuary. All that now remains is an elaborate circular pattern in the center of the chamber, delineated in the same curious blue as the doorstop (which appears to have been pulled out of the ring). Beyond it a hexagonal altarstone of blue-veined marble sits, the entirety of its sides covered in bas-relief faces in repose. And presiding over the altar and its ruined circle, a statue of the same marble, a great figure of a man with the head and antlers of a stag, bearing a hunting spear in its hand. (There is an aura of magic about the statue, but it is faded.)

Within the mazy blue circle, a band of ghouls (ARM 025; 2 HD; 4, 15, 7, 9, 8, 6, 8, 10, 5 HTK; 1-3/claws, 2; 1-4/bite) have encamped to enjoy a grisly repast. What it may have been is mercifully past identifying now, but that won't prevent them from enthusiastically protecting it from the newcomers!

If the stone has been removed from the doorway, the oak portal closes, magically locked. The marble statue animates but stays in place, bellowing in helpless rage, while the faces on the altar likewise activate and wail piteously. If the stone is replaced in the circle, from which it was removed, any ghouls inside the pattern will be trapped, while the statue will descend to attack the defilers of its temple. The altar-voices will begin a triumphant chant. The party-members are in no danger from the statue unless they choose to attack it (and it is ARM 150; 18 HD; 90 HTK; 2-8/spear; 1-12/antlers). If the party help the marble avenger clear out the ghouls, they will be able to freely leave the chamber, with a ring that grants understanding of animal languages (from the hand of the statue) as a token of gratitude. If they have cleared things out themselves before restoring the circle, they will be given the spear, transformed into a +2 weapon with a magnificent silver-chased steel head. (If they don't restore the circle, how they get out of the room is their problem...)

#### K2 - CARRIAGE HOUSE (30'x100'x20'H):

Though dirt and leaves have been allowed to collect within the gate, and the rank stink of rotted hay and long-neglected stalls is vile, there are fairly fresh tracks in the debris leading out through the iron double-doors. By day, adventurers will find the tracks leading to a black, velvet-lined carriage parked inside the carriage house, its curtained sides concealing an empty casket with a layer of dirt within. Snorts and whinnying may be heard every 6 rounds from a random stall, but no horse is to be seen, unless one spots a great black beast running free across the countryside. By night, these same heroes will find no carriage, but the stalls will be filled with luminous phantom steeds, and a wildly-driven spectral coach-and-four, shining like the full moon itself, will barrel through the gateway, its skeletal coachman tipping his hat in mocking salute as the entire rig charges through the enclosure and vanishes through the N well.

#### K3 - PLANT ROOM (30'x30'x20'H):

Within its doors, this entire room seems adrift in a dream, the air so hazy and shimmery that the walls seem to have vanished into mist. The seasons seem to mean nothing here, nor the hour, as lotus and poppy, belladonna and night-blooms all have burst into full flower here, surrounding a fountain in what seems a meditation garden dedicated to sleep's more sinister aspects. The dreamy atmosphere is further enhanced by a low droning hum heard continuously here. It is soothing and somewhat numbing—until the source of the sound abruptly emerges from the mist: An enormous wasp (ARM 085; 3 HD; 10 HTK; 1-8/sting, with the added effect of a paralyzing poison within 1d4 rounds) is 60% likely to catch the party by surprise in their current, slightly benumbed state. But don't fall asleep here! If there is no one to retrieve a victim from falling in amongs these blooms, the sleeper may dream on for a long, long time...

#### K4 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x20'H):

The aroma of the garden in K3 carries over into this cell, enhanced by fine, sweet incense. Amid the signs of long-disuse so prevalent in the manor rooms, this chamber is strangely immaculate, and sumptuously furnished in deep yellow throughout. A figure in long scarlet robes lies upon the bed, sitting up as the party enters. Its fleshless amber-tinted skull turns to fix an eyeless gaze upon them, and inquires whether they have seen "the Keeper". If the PCs say no, the creature sighs and goes back to "sleep". If they say yes (and are lying), the skeleton mutters "Cursed like me shall liars be." Whoever answered falsely will take on the appearance of a yellowed skull until the curse is removed. If a character replies "Who do you mean?" or "Who is the Keeper?" the skull-face will only reply "That is not for me to say..." and lies down again, ignoring further questions. But if the PC says "Do you mean..." and names a being they have met elsewhere (such as the lady in the East Wing third-floor bedroom, or the stag-headed guardian of K1, for example), there is a 20% chance of being correct. The creature replies, "Very well! And what is your wish?" The character had best answer very carefully, for a wish is exactly what he is being given! Whatever the outcome of that wish, the "sleeper" then vanishes for good.

#### K5 - GARDENER'S ROOM (30'x20'x20'H):

A musty odor of moldy soil greets those who open this door. The darkened chamber within contains long workbenches carelessly scattered with rusted tools; planting pots; buckets of earth and humus, most of which have become nesting places for beetles or ants; and a couple of cracked leather aprons. Two items have an air of magic about them: One, a coil of rope (30' long), is actually a Climbing Rope which will rise on command and stand stiffly until commanded to collapse into ordinary rope again (responding only to commands from its owner). The other item is a bag of dust. Anything upon which it is cast is permanently turned a beautiful spring green (hair, clothes, skin, metal—anything!).

#### K6 - BATH (16'x20'x20'H):

Beneath the light of silvered sconces, a modestly scaled bathing chamber and dressing room glistens. Though not so grand as the baths of C10 or E14, the marble basin of this chamber is no less impressive, if only for the presence of a grinning crocodile lolling in the scented water. The reptile (ARM 045; 2 HD; 4 HTK; 2-12/bite; aura of magic) heaves itself up from the water and makes its way toward the party, emitting such noises as it can. It is actually a centaur under bizarre enchantment, which can be released with either a spell to remove a curse or dispell magic, or the touch of the spear from K1.

#### K7 - BEDROOM (20'x30'x20'H):

The tapestries, the silken canopy of the bed, and even the woodwork itself are richly patterned with representations of thistle, briar-rose, and heather. The delicate stitchery of even the tiniest flowers seems somewhat in contrast to the warrior's hammer and helm hung on the wall, and the round table whose ornate top proves to be nothing less than a giant's buckler! Wrapped about the base of the table, where it might be inconspicuous, is a wide leathern girdle that doubles the STR of any who wear it.

#### K8 - STOREROOM (14'x20'x20'H):

An outer workshop (14'x15') provides the only entrance to this room. The workshop is cramped, cluttered as it is with the workbenches and tools of both a cobbler and a leatherworker, examples of their crafts hung upon the walls and piled amid the dust on table and floor. Within the storeroom, with its single wrought-iron scone for illumination, shelves bear rolled hides and splits, while exotic pelts from bear, wolf, and great cats have been either dumped or pulled down into a heap upon the floor. Nesting within is a gigantic tick (ARM 055; 3 HD; 9 HTK; 1-4/bite, +4 pts. each consecutive round after it attaches to a victim), along with a brood of the much smaller variety. Once rid of these vermin, the pelts would fetch a decent-enough price...

**K9 - BEDROOM (45'x16'x20'H):** In the dusky gloom of this bedchamber, cobwebs hang from the roofbeams like spanish moss. It serves to heighten the effect of a forest glen given by the gnarled shapes of those beams, the peculiar "naturalistic" style of the furnishings all fashioned in dark wood and hunter green fabrics, and the branchlike candelabra thrusting forth from the walls. From high on one of the "limbs", a spectacularly ugly gnome in rangerish garb sounds an ear-splitting blast on his horn, then looses a volley of brightly-colored magical arrows in rapid succession from his bow. If characters fail to dodge these missiles, roll 1d6 to determine what the nature of the arrow that struck is: 1 = White arrow, strikes harmlessly and removes any curse on that individual; 2 = Red arrow, strikes harmlessly and restores all lost STR/CON; 3 = Yellow arrow, causes spasm of pain (no permanent damage) and afflicts character with cowardice for 1d4 hours; 4 = Blue arrow, does 3d6 damage like a bolt of lightning; 5 = Green arrow, strikes harmlessly and dispells any magic cast upon the character; 6 = Black arrow, character must save on INT-2 or be possessed by the spirit of the arrow (from East Wing third floor bedroom). (There can be only one black arrow rolled.) If any member of the party is also a Bowman, any arrow (except the black shaft) does not strike, but falls at the archer's feet, to be his for 1d3 shots (provided it can be recovered each time it is loosed). The gnome himself presents an impossible target.

**K10 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x20'H):** Whatever the peculiar quality of the bedroom in K4 that caused it to stay so impeccably clean, this must be where the dust and dirt was driven! Worse, that dust kicked up from the floor seems especially inclined to cling, in an atmosphere that fairly crackles with static electricity. Sparks will leap (and sting smartly!) when characters touch metal (door-latches, their swords, etc.) or one another. The room, from all appearances of a gentleman of quality, also has a decidedly strong tang of ozone in the air, strongest from a pewter tankard upon the table, brimming with a nasty acid. There is an ornate walking-stick with a sculpted wolf's head (which will unscrew, revealing 20 amber stones worth 10 GP each hidden within) braced against the chair. But do not grasp the stick and the tankard together, or the acid will violently burst forth from the vessel, doing 3d6 damage to any within five feet (10% chance of blinding).

**K11 - BEDROOM (20'x40'x20'H):** The style of this odd suite makes one feel as though on a ship at sea. A row of bunks on the east wall is paralleled by a solid wall of small cabinets or lockers on the west. Two small tables with chairs provide the only other furnishings, though nautical memorabilia decorate the walls liberally. An inner chamber (10'x20') is apparently the "captain's quarters", outfitted with a comfortable, though small, bunk and other characteristics of a cabin at sea, save for the presence of a small fireplace in the N wall. Under a mermaid-figurehead mounted on the E wall, a table bears the log of "The Seaborne Sabre", opened to a description of the Wondrous Isles and recounting the legend of a "mountain of amethyst" said to be located there.

**K12 - SMITHY (30'x16'x20'H):** Cold stone walls are adorned solely by the assortment of ironmongery that have emerged from this forge in times past. Many a sturdy blade or stout chain hangs from low beams which likewise support a flue over the oddly-shifting colors of the still-burning forge. Steel sings with the pounding of a hammer upon the forge, though no hand wields the tool. As the party ventures into the room, the unseen smith hurls that hammer as though with a STR 18, and it will continue its animated attack, in sweeping passes back and forth through the room. At the end of 5 rounds, it returns to the hand of the armored form that draws itself up out of the rainbow fires of the forge: This construct (ARM 100; 6 HD; 7 HTK; armed with the hammer), if defeated, proves to be an empty suit of armor—but armor of a marvellous lightness and strangely iridescent hue, showing no sign of the damage which stopped it!



From the Croaking and Rattling Halls the southeastern arm of Tegel Manor stretches out toward the Wizard's Tower, the contribution of Ridwick of the Relic (portrait 85) to the expansion of the estate. Perhaps because his foul influence has never yet departed from the tower, this wing exudes a sense of evil that grows more daunting as one approaches that sinister spire.

**L1 - STABLE (50'x30'x20'H):** This enclosure is as dark and dank as a cave, even the partitions between the stalls having been fashioned in stone—and the chains in some indicate that they were meant for other than horses! Before they enter the stables, the PCs can hear what seems like a thunderous clashing of arms and a horse's scream. Upon opening the door, they are greeted with a sulfurous stench, a wave of heat and of fear (like a spell, to resist as such). The sounds of the conflict revealed here echo resoundingly from the stone walls.

Locked in deadly combat are a Unicorn (ARM 140; 12 HD; 5G HTK; 2-0/horn; 2-12/horn; 1-6/biting; immune to fear spells or poisons/diseases; resistant to curses; gifted with rapid healing) and a Nightmare (ARM 150; 12 HD; 58 HTK; 2-8/horn; 2-8/horn; 1-6/biting; has a natural fear spell; breathes fire for 1d6 pts. damage; immune to heat/fire damage). The unicorn burns with blue-white radiance like a living star in the gloom, while the nightmare seems its distorted mirror-image in darkness. Blue witch-fire flashes as their horns strike one another.

A peculiar enchantment is at work in this place: If the characters have not made a decisive choice of action regarding the conflict (in the first 4 rounds after entering the stable), either to join on behalf of one or the other combatant, or to flee the chamber, that choice is taken from them. Characters who are devoted ("aligned", etc.) to good must resist by rolling CON-1 (for paladin-types, CON-2) to avoid transforming into unicorns; similarly, evilly-inclined characters must make the same resistance roll to avoid becoming nightmares. The transformed adventurers join the conflict. Those who have resisted become powerless to act until the battle is over. If the Unicorn wins, all are restored to normal, and those who aided the magical beast are healed by the touch of its horn (which can perform one full resurrection). Should the Nightmare win, however, those who wear its shape are cursed to remain trapped in that form.

A secret passage at the back of one of the stalls (S wall) conceals a narrow corridor some 40' long, at the very end of which is a suit of armor, with an ornate unicorn helm. The horn thereon is the genuine article, with a healing touch. Only a truly good—"pure of heart"—individual may don the armor; any other will suffer -1 CON/round (!) for the attempt until they give it up, or die! The wearer becomes, effectively, a "were-unicorn", assuming that form 4d20% of the time (when donning the armor), capable of performing one true resurrection/month when transformed.

**L2 - BARRACKS (20'x40'x20'H):** A blazing log crackles in the grate (W wall), casting weird shadows upon the walls. A mocking parody of the Rump arms, in the form of a skeletal deer, hangs upon one wall, as moth-eaten as the blankets covering the bunks of this otherwise unadorned barracks. Seated before the fire, seemingly oblivious to anything but their game, six skeletons (ARM 045; 1/2HD; 2, 2, 3, 1, 4, 3 HTK; 1-6/hit, spear-armed) are engaged in a "lively" hand of cards (the pot has accumulated 150 CP, 57 SP, 10 GP). The smell of death hangs over all, as does another skeleton in full armor (ARM 055; 3 HTK) strung up from a rafter. Ignored by its comrades, the dangling death-head is babbling about not being a cheat (and every third round another Ace of Spades flies out of its mouth!).

**L3 - BEDROOM (20'x20'x20'H):** This room, and the one connecting between it and the stables (L1), may once have been bedchambers, but the furnishings have been stripped and piled to one side like so much firewood. The doorway into the stables is barred and partially blocked by the crates and barrels now stacked along the wall. The cobwebs and dust are undisturbed, save for a well-worn pathway into the inner bedroom-turned-storage. Here four zombies (ARM 025; 1 HD; 6, 6, 3, 4 HTK; 1-8/hit) are stacking barrels. Upon noticing the intruders, one drops his burden, spilling a foul combination of frogs' legs, snakes, and featherless birds pickled in brine onto the cold stone floor. Upon defeating the zombies, any brave souls who wish to examine the other long-unopened containers will find a cornucopia of wizardly spell components, much of which has gone to its reward quite some time ago.

**L4 - ARMORY (14'x40'x10'H):** Across the Chiming Hall from the undead gamblers in L2 (the barracks), the adventurers are treated to a bizarre sight: The walls of this martial gallery are neatly arrayed with gleaming weaponry sparkling in the light of bright-burning torches. (A detailed count would reveal 10 various battleaxes, 23 spears, 13 assorted swords and 27 daggers, amongst other armament.) From behind a long bench displaying various blades, Raconteur Roi, the ghostly keeper of this hall, offers to display the "high impact" delivered by one of his weapons. Before their eyes, a battleaxe detaches itself from the wall and, flying past the PCs, cleaves Roi neatly in half. As he reassembles, the phantom quartermaster assures the party that it will be a cold day before they can beat that (whereupon the torches flame blue, and the temperature suddenly drops sharply, forming frost on the weaponry—if grasped with unprotected hands, they now do freezing damage).

**L5 - RUMPUS ROOM (70'x30'x20'H):** Where the Rattling Hall, the Croaking Hall and the Chiming Hall converge, a great open gallery is formed, overlooked by portraits flanking the great fireplace in the north wall. Crashing and thudding noises sound randomly from different corners of the room every 1-3 rounds, often with no visible source for the sound, while a blizzard of sparks belches forth from the hearth every fourth round (to a distance of 20'). Chairs and tables lie in complete disarray, and the statue in the SW corner has had its nose and one arm broken off. That probably has something to do with the fact that the furniture randomly launches into the air and goes flying every sixth round (roll 1d4: 1 = foot-stool, 1d6 pts. damage; 2 = side-table, 2d6 pts. damage; 3 = chair, 3d4 damage; 4 = table, 3d6 damage). In the midst of all this chaos, two panicky ghouls (ARM 020; 2 HD; 6 and 5 HTK; 1-3/claws, 2; 1-4/bite) rush across the gallery into the party, attempting to escape the madness.

**L6 - LICHE'S LABORATORY (70' Dia. x 10'H):** An iron-bound door incised with arcane runes and sigils bars entry to the ground-floor of the tower. This is the stronghold of Ridwick of the Reic, evil liche-lord of the Rump family tree (portrait 85), and it is viciously guarded! The door itself contains two separate trap mechanisms, one of which causes the wrought iron bracings of the door to reveal their true nature, snapping shut like twin bear-traps on the unfortunate soul who tampers with the lock. The second trap triggers a poisoned bolt launched from within the latch itself. Even if these traps are thwarted, the danger is far from over! No less than five pit-traps have been laid in the floor near the entry (consult map for locations). That nearest the door gives way beneath the weight of an intruder, causing the victim to pass through its gluey substance and become coated with a surroccating slime before falling to the bottom of the pit (12--a possible 1D6 damage from the fall, plus suffocation in 1D6 rounds). (For other pits, see Possible Pits table.)

The chamber so jealously protected contains many books of alchemical lore, not a few of which have been pilfered from the other libraries of the manse. Most are ranged upon shelves filling the wall below the staircase to the second floor (the SE quarter of the chamber). However, several are piled upon an enormous desk, and one massive tome is sitting open on a lectern next to a throne-like chair. (The passages to which that tome has been opened deal with immortality and regenerative elixirs.) An elaboration of workbenches are covered with the paraphernalia of alchemical and magical experimentation--mortars and pestles; curiously contrived glass containers, some situated over charcoal burners; stoppered ceramic jars and pots; a small crucible; and a plethora of powders, potions and peculiar ingredients. Labeled flasks include one proclaiming simply "Immortality" and another "Longevity". (Both have serious drawbacks: the "Immortality" offered by the one is that of a liche, undying perhaps, but not truly alive either. "Longevity" is not so severe, adding as it does 10% to the normal lifespan of the being who drinks it, but at the cost of a total insensitivity to touch--one may not feel pain, but one cannot feel pleasure either! The immortality-elixir is not truly permanent either, although once one has become a liche, one remains so "mummified" even if the immortality has worn off...)

A conjuration circle partially obscured upon the floor was evidently being redrawn with chalk when the operation was interrupted for whatever reason. A broken stick of chalk and an emaciated finger lie together at the point the relaying stopped.

An inner cell in the NE of the room is flanked by a staircase going down (which leads into a tunnel between DL2N and a faraway cave along the shore below Tegel). In the cell itself, a rack on the W wall contains richly ornamented robes. Opposite these sits a vat-like bath thick with pungent herbs. Emerging from this soup as the PCs enter the chamber is a cadaverous monstrosity (if not encountered elsewhere, this could well be Ridwick, ARM 070; 11 HD; 27 HTK; 1-8/claws, plus ability to drain -2 CON per strike; primarily versed in necromantic spells--specifics left to GM to fit your own campaign and game system). He does not like having his rejuvenation bath interrupted!

The N door out of this cell enters another wardrobe chamber with ceremonial robes and mask that will be all too familiar to those who encountered Dubraibom & Co. in G11. Against the N wall, a mirror of black glass radiates detectible magic. If anyone concentrates on the mirror by conjuring in a contest of wills with it (successfully rolling INT-1) one can either receive the answer to one question, or conjure a vision of the current location of a named individual being. To ask a second question requires a second roll (INT-2); a third is rolled at INT-3, and so forth. Critically rolling the roll against the mirror causes permanent loss of 1 INT.

**L7 - SCHOOL ROOM (14'x40'x10'H):** Twin rows of scriptorium desks face the south end of this hall. Unlit oil-lamps depend from the ceiling above each pair of desks, matched by cressets along the wall, likewise unlit. Inkpots dry with disuse and brittle, crumbling parchment scrolls lie ignored upon the shelves (E wall). The "class" which sits here now do not busy themselves with the material of copyists and illuminators that fill the oaken cabinets. Instead, some fifteen zombies (ARM 030; 1 HD; 8, 4, 8, 4, 6, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 6, 7, 1, 4, 6 HTK; 1-8/hit) give their unblinking "attention" to a wight (ARM 035; 3 HD; 11 HTK; and see Phantasmal Fiends). This instructor stands upon a small podium, busily pantomiming an explanation of how to strangle a victim.

Behind the "headmaster's" lectern, a door lets into an inner chamber, small but richly appointed in black velvet and silk. The night-dark opulence of its few furnishings, with their silver trceries, recalls elements of both the throne room (D1) and the hideous temple of Nevatopra (G11). The locked doorway into the small wardrobe between this room and the "bathing chamber" of L6 is hidden behind a heavy curtain.



## THE WIZARD'S TOWER

From the Chiming Hall, a lengthy passage leads to the foot of the outer staircase of the Wizard's Tower. Near its base is the doorway into the Liche's Laboratory (L6). The staircase itself, with torches bracketed along the wall, winds up and around to the door of the guardroom on the second floor, then continues upward to the Conservatory. Access above that level is by means of a second staircase leading as far as the fifth storey. To reach the last levels, one is forced to climb up the rungs mounted inside a shaft to the seventh floor. No one in living memory has ascended to this floor--and returned!

**SECOND FLOOR: GUARDROOM (70' Dia. x 10'H):** A formidable oaken door opens from the landing at the second storey onto a second landing within, from which a staircase leads down into the laboratory below. The door is not locked, but is equipped with a device that causes a gong to sound when it is opened (unless detected, as a trap, and deactivated). Although rank with the odor of decayed flesh, the room appears to have been kept in a semblance of military order, its bunks neatly ordered (if rotting away), and even the ghouls (ten in all: ARM 045; 2 HD; 3, 6, 12, 15, 10, 4, 14, 9, 12, 13 HTK; 1-3/claws, 2; 1-4/bite) sitting, armored, about the tables to do their grisly feasting, rather than crouching like animals on the floor. Their commander, a wight (ARM 055; 3 HD; 19 HTK), calls the attack with an unearthly howling war-cry. If the gong sounded, they will not be surprised, but will be rising to attack when the party-members enter the guardroom. Otherwise, the party have the advantage of surprise initially. Half the ghouls will forget to grab any weapon other than a bone for bludgeoning; the others will have swords, but still be 50% likely to forget their discipline in favor of their more customary methods of attack.

**THIRD FLOOR: CONSERVATORY (70' Dia. x 10'H):** The outer staircase ends its winding climb at the richly-carved door of this level. The door has not been either checked for a trap-mechanism or had that device deactivated, an odorless gas will be released into the chamber and take effect on the party in 10+1d6 rounds after they have entered (with a chance to notice the effect after the tenth round).

Between the low stone beds of exotic herbs which make a mazy path spiraling about the room, fourteen thick glass shafts stand like pillars. Each is filled with an opaque gas obscuring the creatures trapped within to the merest silhouettes. If the glass is broken, allowing the gas to escape, the being revealed will recover from its state of suspended animation in 1d4 rounds. (The prisoners are an Elf lord; a Half-elven Enchantress; a Dryad; a Gorgon; a Harpy; a Troll; a Dwarfen cleric; a Minotaur; and a Gargoyle. The rest are empty except for the gas within.) At the W wall stands a statue, a dreamy expression on its face.

If the party does not detect the gas trap that the door mechanism activated, and is overcome by the gas (simple sleep effect), each will come to inside one of the empty cylinders (any additional party-members in excess of that number will come to out on the landing). Those so trapped have 4 rounds to try to get out before they join the rest of the display... (The gas is emitted by a pipe through the open mouth of the statue.)

The staircase that leads up to the next storey is behind a stone door mounted to shut behind intruders, and strong enough to snap up to four spikes.

**FOURTH FLOOR: LICHE'S QUARTERS (50' Dia. x 10'H):** At the head of the staircase to the fourth floor is another stone slab barring entry. It requires a total STR of 48 to open (meaning that the party must collectively put their backs into it to move the obstacle). If the door below has snapped shut, they had best hurry, for the air will give out in the stairwell within 8 rounds.

What may once have been a fine retreat indeed has become a disordered ruin. A stink of the grave clings to even the finest silks, now drab and filthy. Treasures brought here from elsewhere in the manor have been heaped carelessly like a pack-rat's trove, and left to moulder. Some semblance of a noble's quarters still remains, with the curtained bed, the writing desk, lectern and chair, but the indiscriminate litter of belongings piled against the outer wall spoils the image. An oppressive, "goose-flesh" atmosphere weighs down upon the party. Anyone looking up will note that a mine of fear is inlaid in the ceiling--and immediately have to resist the sight at INT-2 to avoid succumbing to its worst effects (as a fear spell at its most effective). Directly beneath this is an opening in the floor which would seem to drop into the conservatory below. Anyone falling into the shaft instead finds himself within one of the glass "pillars" of that floor. The opening is easily enough avoided, ordinarily. However, there is a tome, the Labor Damhnar (Book of the Damned) upon the lectern. Any who attempt to read the book, unless skilled in high necromantic arts, must resist its influence at INT-5 or succumb to frenzied panic for 1d10 rounds for every point by which the saving roll is missed! This makes a body dangerous to himself and the rest of the party, and far more likely to send someone down the shaft. (Of course, a critical failure of the resistance roll will simply strike down the reader for 1d10 rounds, so overcome that, upon revival, the PC is permanently -1 to INT.)

There is another danger lurking here: To the E side of the chamber is a one-way teleportation gateway, which will transfer anyone who enters it to DL2E, beneath the manse. Framed as a large black mirror, one must deliberately plunge (or accidentally fall) into the mirror to be translated to that other location.

**FIFTH FLOOR: STORE (50' Dia. x 10'H):**

The staircase ends in a darkened chamber. All torches have been stripped from the walls. Depending upon the hour, a taint illumination may filter down through the dust-laden air from the opening in the floor above. By whatever light available, the dismal scene is one of more wealth and goods in sad decay. Amid the debris, fine gowns and robes, and much other costly apparel, have been left to the mercy of moth and corruption. An ornate court sword with its bejewelled scabbard lies carelessly across a mildewed cloak (its worth is perhaps 350 GP, though the scabbard leather is nigh-unsalvageable). One iron chest, when opened, releases six shadows (ARM 030; 2+2 HD; 9, 15, 9, 11, 9, 13 HTK; touch for -1 STR/8 turns; see Phantasmal Fiends description) unfolding like black silk into the gloom. Locked in another chest are lanterns, and a silver dagger now black with tarnish. Beneath a heap of clothing is hidden a cask of lamp-oil.

The way from this floor becomes more difficult. To ascend into the belfry, one must either reach the rungs mounted within the shaft overhead, or attempt to climb the bell-rope (it is too rotted to support more than 120 lbs.).

**SIXTH FLOOR: BELFRY (35' Dia. x 10'H):**

Directly above the shaft in the floor of this level hangs a huge silver bell (value: 179,850 SP), so precariously set upon its rotting supports that there is a 10% chance of pulling it down upon oneself when attempting to use the bell-rope! It's ringing, or any sudden movement on this storey, will startle the 20 bats who call the belfry home (ARM 010; ½ HD; 2, 2, 1, 3, 4, 1, 1, 3, 1, 4, 1, 2, 2, 3, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3 HTK; 1/bite; 15% chance of an infected wound). If one rings the bell from the fifth floor area, 1d12 of the nasty critters will come down the shaft. If attacked while climbing up the shaft, one may have to save on DEX/AGL (as appropriate) to avoid tumbling back down (with a possible 1d8 pts. of damage from the fall).

In the W wall of the belfry is a secret doorway that will permit one out upon the rooftop of the fifth level. From here one may view the surrounding countryside, and may approach the topmost level of the tower from outside rather than through the shaft in its floor.

**SEVENTH FLOOR: WIZARD'S BELFRY (35' Dia. x 10'H):** If the party have been stealthy in their approach to the highest level of the tower, they will hear noises from above. On the other hand, if they've caused a fair commotion themselves, what waits above is very, very quiet.

The outer approach to the seventh storey is easier, and far safer, than attempting the shaft, as the reasonable approach to the shaft would seem to be climbing up to it over the supports of the silver bell—which will not take the weight! There is no rope attached to the copper bell (value: 110,000 CP) in the upper belfry, having given away at some previous time.

The seventh storey is appointed with various equipment for making celestial observations (telescope, astrolabe, sextant, etc.), a shelf for books and charts, a small writing table and comfortable chair. There is also another of the mysterious black-glass mirrors here (a two-way gateway to the library, M12, on the second floor of the southwest wing of the manor). This level is also home to two Harpies (ARM 060; 3 HD; 12 and 6 HTK; 1-3/claws; 2; 1-3/bite; able to enthrall a victim with sweet, wordless song—as a charm-type spell, resisted by INT). If caught unaware of the party's approach, they will be indulging in an apparently fresh kill, their eyes wild with the pleasure of it. (An adventurer quick enough to make observation at this point may well wonder how they obtained such a feast when they obviously are chained here.) If, on the other hand, the party had no chance of approaching unnoticed, they will find the harpies waiting for them. (There is a 20% chance that the creatures will have taken advantage of the portal and their 50' of chain to slip through to the library for 1d6 rounds before returning, hoping to surprise their prey.) As soon as any PC has entered the room, the harpies, if present, begin crooning their siren-song. Gazing directly at their beautiful but emotionless faces means the intended victim must resist the song at INT-2. If the bird-women have attempted to surprise the adventurers by using the portal, an observant character may readily notice that the lengths of chain upon the floor disappear into the mirror. (The portal, incidentally, cannot be broken like an ordinary glass mirror, though a spell to dispell/disperse magic may work, as will destroying the frame which contains the "mirror".)

The second floor of the old Southwest Wing of Tegel Manor has for long years been approachable by only two means (other than attempting to climb through a window—which hasn't worked out so well for previous interlopers...) There is a two-way portal from the topmost belfry of the Wizard's Tower into M12. And then there is the hidden Spectral Staircase, at the end of a long-220'-and exceedingly dark, narrow passage secreted behind a secret panel in the Clanking Hall. Small wonder few have ventured there. And little wonder either that fewer have returned!

**M1 - WAITING ROOM (30'x20'x20'H):**

At the top of the darkened Spectral Staircase, festooned with spiderwebs, a doorway yields creakingly to open upon a comfortably appointed sitting room. The upholstered chairs which line the walls are empty save for the dust of many years, but a couch adjacent the entry (N wall) is another matter. Part of that matter is a greasy grayish ooze (Creeping Crud: ARM 025; 3 HD; 12 HTK; see Phantasmal Fiends description), overlaying an elaborate samite robe, a book of Elvish poetry and a golden brooch (worth 215 GP).

**M2 - BEDROOM (30'x30'x20'H):**

The doorway from the waiting room (M1) stands open, and one can see a lavishly decorated room done in the height of bad taste. Even without the advanced state of decay evident in the condition of rotting drapes and crumbling plaster, this would be an eyesore. Small wonder if the great mirror on the S wall violently shatters when characters enter the room (only to reassemble itself in 1-3 rounds as though nothing had happened). If any character looks directly at the mirror, their reflection will be twisted by an expression of envy and malice. Then the mirror explodes again, flinging glass outward to do 2d6 damage if not avoided successfully.

Given the garishness of the decor, it is almost a relief to the eyes when two shadows (ARM 030; 2+2 HD; 7, 10 HTK; -1 STR/8 turns; see Phantasmal Fiends) emerge from behind the folds of the moth-eaten curtains. But take care how they are dealt with! This room is a virtual tinderbox simply waiting the flame.

**M3 - STUDY (10'x20'x20'H):**

So cluttered as to be claustrophobic, this office does not seem to welcome visitors. As soon as party members have entered, the E wall bookcase comes crashing down on top of anyone nearby for 1d10 of damage. It also knocks the door shut and serves to block it. The air is filled with an annoying drone of muttering and mumbling. The desk in the N angle of the room has an assortment of goblin skulls and other assorted bones, all numbered, scattered upon it, and it is from some of these that the angry noises emanate. As the party attempt to lift the bookcase out of the way and open the door again, the books will begin flying about the room, battering the players with repeated blows (make an AGL-3 roll for each round until the case is removed and the door cleared—1d4 rounds—to avoid being pummeled by 1d6 books at ½ point each).

**M4 - BEDROOM (40'x35'x20'H):**

Delicate tracteries in subtle colors soothe the eye and spirit in this room (especially if one has seen M2!), and though darkness seems to embrace this room, there is not the sense of age and decrepitude overlaying all as so obvious elsewhere. But there are disturbing details: All the candles in the room are black, and if lit, seem to give off an eerie "unlight" (not unlike the effect of modern "black light"). The various jars and pots, seemingly of cosmetics, upon the dressing-table, are filled with smooth creams and powders, all as black as midnight. There is a scent of night-blooming jasmine carried on a chill breath of air from the bed, upon which lies a Shadow (ARM 035; 2+2 HD; 9 HTK; as described in Phantasmal Fiends), enfolded in a plum-colored robe. If a PC approaches close enough, it will retreat across the bed. The pillow is a trap! If touched, it bursts like a puff-ball, releasing a cloud of fine dust, a sleep-powder which must be resisted (at STR-3) or else it will take effect in 1d4 rounds.

**M5 - SITTING ROOM (30'x40'x20'H):**

Everywhere one looks, upon the desk, the shelves of open cabinets, even used as a base for a candle by the most comfortable chair in the room, there are skulls of every sort. Some bleached white, some deep-stained with long years in the earth, some complete, some not. Beneath a banner proclaiming the sorcerous society of "The Brotherhood of the Skulls" a green-tinted skull sits atop a cabinet. When the party enter, it emits an ear-splitting shriek and flies as if flung across the room into the open cabinet there, which slams shut noisily, stirring up a considerable cloud of dust.

**M6 - MAID'S ROOM (30'x40'x20'H):**

The door from the Whispering Hall is locked. Beyond it one can hear the sound of scuffling, grunts and growls—and the odd note of something very like childish laughter! The lock is not trapped, but the mechanism is so old that it requires some care to manipulate. Within the chamber, a strong animal musk pervades the air. Four small werewolves (ARM 010; 2 HD; 10, 7, 14, 6 HTK; 1-4/bite) have been tumbling about playfully, two on one of the dishevelled beds of the room, two more frolicking about the floor with one of three true wolves (ARM 025; 1+1 HD; 5, 6, 3 HTK; 1-8/bite) present. From where she has been busily pulling forth linens out of a storage cabinet into a heap on the floor, a large female werewolf (ARM 020; 4 HD; 26 HTK; 2-8/bite) turns as the sound of play abruptly ceases. With a guttural series of sharp cries, she stops the two wolves that were moving toward the door as it opened, and the lot watch to see what the intruders intend to do. If the young are threatened in some fashion, the mother attacks at 3x her normal ferocity.

**M7 - BEDROOM (30'x25'x20'H):**

In the midst of a well-furnished room luxuriously panelled in dark wood and suggestive of a woodland glade in both its colors and decorative patterns, and in the subtle perfumes that scent the air, a voluptuous maiden who could well be a nymph is lounging carelessly amid a thick bed of fur pelts. Looking up at the adventurers, she gestures invitingly to a cold haunch of beef, a flagon of wine, and other refreshments spread nearby, offering a knife to the nearest male PC. If he reaches to take it, she slithers up around his neck—and the furs slither up around her!—so that he suddenly finds himself in the embrace of a werewolf (ARM 025; 4 HD; 16 HTK; 2-8/bite).

(Survivors will find the refreshments quite good...)

**M8 - STORE (20'x20'x20'H):** At the N end of the Howling Hall, a storage stall has been taken over and evidently maintained for the denizens of this wing of the manor. Within, barrels of salted and preserved meat have been joined by fresher provender hung from the rafters and filling the room with the odor of blood. The "proprietor" is a snarling, black-robed werewolf (ARM 030; 4 HD; 30 HTK; 2-8/bite), seated behind an improvised desk—an overturned cupboard set across two fat kegs—and accompanied by his "pet" Dire Wolf (ARM 025; 2.HD; 6 HTK; 1-8/bite).

**M9 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x20'H):** Part of a suite of rooms including M11 and the chamber between the two bedrooms, all decorated in dark walnut, both wainscot and furniture. The upper portion of the walls about each room have been covered with painted scenes of hunting, both by mounted humans with their fine falcons or with bows and spears and by packs of wolves, in one scene bringing down a unicorn. The richness of the decor is little diminished by its film of dust and the wisps of cobwebbing hung in floating tatters, but throughout the apartments is the musky smell of a animal's den.

Small wonder then that as the adventurers enter the bedroom, they find a werewolf (ARM 050; 4 HD; 25 HTK; 2-8/bite) sitting atop a brass-bound chest at the foot of the bed, partially accoutred in armor from one of the suits on display in the outer chamber, whining and fumbling with a hawk-crested helm on his head. (In the chest is a longsword with silver tracery upon its blade. One of the hunting spears that graces the outer room is fancifully outfitted with a tip spiraled like a unicorn's horn, though fashioned in steel with the same slivery accents as the sword.)

A careful examination of the detailing in the W wall reveals a secret doorway out into the Howling Hall. There is a small alcove behind a curtain in the N wall. When the drapery is pulled aside, a sudden cold blast of air extinguishes all light in the room, and a hideous cacophony of shrieks and howls follows. (There is, however, nothing there!)

**M10 - SEANCE ROOM (30'x25'x20'H):** No door blocks the entry to this room. Instead a shimmering curtain of sparkling crystalline beads hangs in the arch. Still one finds it necessary to make a successful INT roll to find the strength of will and courage to enter (caused by a magical aura about the room). As party members enter, they are greeted with a heavy scent of patchouli and other perfumes. The smoke of incense hangs cloudlike in the air, causing everything to appear hazy. The light of a single monstrously thick candle upon a great floor-standing pedestal of bronze is dimly reflected from numerous crystal bottles and flasks upon the shelves which fill the S wall. Examination reveals these to be labeled as containing trapped spirits, shadows and other phantasmal creatures! Picking up any container requires a contest of will with the entity within (i.e., roll INT) to resist a sudden urge to open the stopper and release the evil contained thereby. A mask of emerald green upon the mantel has the peculiar property of making its wearer "invisible" to any attempt to detect or identify magic. Upon the table is a deck of cards, individually hand-tinted and kept in a beautiful carved wood box (a Deck of Fickle Fortune, for which see the description given below; or feel free to substitute an appropriate magical deck/item from your favorite system). The curtained alcove (NE corner) conceals a Wight (ARM 025; 3 HD; 11 HTK; see Phantasmal Fiends), who is acting as the guardian of the crystal ball on the table. If the wight is overcome, a woman's head appears in the sphere, her finely-chiseled features surrounded by a cloud of raven black hair. The dusky, heavy-lidded eyes seem to look right through the person to whom she speaks. This oracle will grant one straightforward and truthful answer to a request for knowledge per week, answering all other questions of that nature only in riddles and vague or mysterious pronouncements. She will also summon one Rump of choice/day, though she only controls them on a 7 or less on 3d6.

The rear of the curtained alcove conceals a two-way secret passage into a narrow compartment behind the fireplace. Here, in a shroud of spider-silk, is the body of the woman whose spirit appears in the crystal, appearing merely asleep rather than dead, yet both as pale and as cold as alabaster. Her bier obstructs a second, one-way, secret door out into the Whispering Hall.

**M11 - BEDROOM (30'x20'x20'H):** The second of a pair of bedrooms (along with M9) making up a handsomely decorated suite, here too the party will find the scenes of hunting that range the walls of the chambers beyond, only with the added imagery of the mortal riders merged with a mounted troop of phantoms accompanied by wolves, riding in the train of the Wild Hunt. Jutting forth from the E wall like the carved figure-head of some ship is the horned image of the Huntmaster and his mount, seeming ready to ride down the adventurers. Any who would dare risk taking their rest in this room will dream of the Wild Hunt, awaking exhausted--no recovery of lost fatigue for having slept--but find their riding and hunting skill increased by the experience.

The inner boudoir is occupied by two werewolves (ARM 030; 4 HD; 15, 28 HTK; 2-8/bite), evidently drunk and making odd crooning (singing?) noises, while sitting like a pair of pirates immensely pleased with themselves on a spilled out cache of fine silks, costume jewelry and a few genuinely valuable trinkets (including a tiger-eye necklace worth 500 GP, and a spilled casket of silver chains worth some 1240 SP). Just as the PCs enter the room, one of the furry felons "burns" himself on some of the silver jewelry, and becomes quite agitated.

**M12 - LIBRARY (90'x30'x20'H):** Access to this room is gained only through the maid's chamber (M6) or by means of the two-way portal from the Wizard's Tower belfry. Because of that portal, there is a chance (20%) that the harpies from the belfry will be here and attempt to use their siren abilities upon unwary adventurers. They have a maximum of 30' of chain they can range into the room.

This vast library is not only richly furnished in polished wood, with great candleabra and row upon row of leatherbound volumes upon its shelves, but has been scrupulously kept in good repair, clean and orderly. The only real disarray in the entire room is upon a great oak desk, where an enormous pile of scrolls and parchments overlay one another, a skull perched atop the lot like a paperweight. The topmost of these writings appears to be an as-yet incomplete magical scroll. Attempting to move the skull or the scroll to explore other items here causes the bony guardian to call out loudly, reporting the trespassers' actions. This immediately draws the unwelcome attention of a powerful (but quite insane) wizard (ARM 018; 31 HTK, treat as either LVL 14 or the appropriate adaptation for your game system). If not disturbed, the wizard will be found instead, ensconced in a comfortable high-backed chair, reading to the wolf/werewolf pack (use same stats as given in M6), with which he is on the very best of good terms. (The harpies also answer to him.)

The secret passageway in the N wall conceals the spellcaster's private workroom and retreat, densely cluttered with ceremonial paraphernalia more like a closet than a laboratory, and most of it of no particular use by itself, though there is a 10% chance of finding a really useful goodie herein. The magical statue that overlooks the wizard's desk in the main room is a waxen man-sized figure. When animated by the sorcerer, it betrays its peculiar power: Taking on the likeness of the first person whom it touches, any damage done to the effigy then appears immediately on its living model! (This life-sized "voodoo" doll is susceptible to spells which dispell or negate magic, or remove a curse. It can be destroyed by fire, but the chosen victim will share the damage!)

#### ELSEWHERE ABOUT THE GROUNDS

**GAZEBO (35' Dia. 10'H):** This old ornamental structure outside the East Wing of the manor is fallen into disuse and decay, its latticed screens overrun by a Vampire Vine (equal to ARM 080; 50 HTK; does 1-4/hit, then maintains its grip with a STR 18 for an additional 1-4/round, absorbing blood from its victim)! Has ten tendrils and a tenaceous disposition!

**THE HERMITAGE (30 x 40' x 15 H):** A modest little outbuilding uncomfortably close to the shadow of the Wizard's Tower, this simply furnished structure has served as Sir Runic's final retreat on the estate grounds, containing what little he and his remaining retinue could remove quickly from the manse when they fled it in terror late one night. Its current state is rather like trying to turn a third-rate inn's few rooms into a gentleman's lodgings--and the strain shows. Runy and his retainers have grown almost blasé about the one spirit that haunts even this sanctuary, a ghost of a disheveled old man who mutters imprecations, causes mugs to hurtle at intruders, and then sinks through the floor. He shows up almost like clockwork every night to the point that Sir Runic is getting quite good at catching--or dodging--the crockery.

The cistern near the Hermitage is still a source of pure water, though no one will go near it at night because of the sorrowful weeping and plaintive moaning that echoes from its depths from dusk til dawn. A crawlspace opens in it some 30' down, connecting eventually with the beach-tunnel from DL2. And at the bottom of the well 20' further down is a golden wedding ring (120 GP).

**CRYPTS:** A marble facade decorated with rather too pious or heroic images of Rumps departed opens into a mausoleum where those few Rumps who have been naturally buried and accounted for now rest. A pair of trapdoor openings give access to the subterranean levels beneath the manse. The trapdoor on the left descends to DL2H. The righthand passage leads down to DL3K. The dead who remain here, remain here. Everyone else is still moving about the estate somewhere else!



## NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

The evil and decay that pervade Tegel Manor have sunk their roots deep into the earth beneath the manse, in a labyrinth of tunnels, dungeons and other chambers. There are many ways by which these passages might be accessed, some deliberate, some accidental (and too often, one way!).

### UNDERGROUND LEVEL ONE

This warren of rat tunnels not only runs under the manor, but often up inside the walls of the old estate. Not all the passages connect to one another, either, so it is possible to find oneself lost--or trapped!--in dead ends. And this maze is home to gigantic rats!

Most of these ratholes are 3' in diameter, and all have a 20% probability of blockage by a rock or cave-in. Removing such rocks will usually require at least one test of STR (-1 each added round one is unable to dislodge the rock). Digging through debris will require 2-8 turns to win clear.

Once down in these holes, the PCs discover that all of this level is made up of the rat tunnels, 3' wide/high. At best, two humanoid creatures could crawl abreast in these tunnels. Encumbered characters, or those in plate-type armor, will be able to cover only about 10' per turn; "heavy" footmen can manage 20'/turn; "light" footmen, 30'/turn. Because of the exertion involved, all encumbered types must rest twice as much. Plate wearers and those PCs with heavy encumbrance may find themselves getting stuck making the turns and angles of the passage (15% probability. If they do get stuck, they then have a 20% probability per turn of going one way or the other (and a 10% chance that their struggling will bring down part of that section of tunnel on them!)--AND these characters will find it impossible to turn completely around in one of the tunnels. Obviously, only small weaponry, such as a dagger, and just possibly a hand-axe or mace, can be used effectively in the cramped space.

Giant rats come in four sizes: 1 HD, with ARM 015; 2 HD, with ARM 020; 3 HD with ARM 025; and 4 HD, with ARM 035. All bite for 1-3 points of damage, and have a movement rate of 9'. (Note that most rats encountered will be the 1 HD variety. To randomly roll the type, roll 1d8 - 4, and treat results of less than 1 as 1 HD also.)

The rats' lairs are foul places to visit, with piles of filth, linen shreds, table scraps or other less wholesome provision, pretty rocks--and perhaps a modest treasure trove, to boot! The respective "headquarters" of each rival pack of rodents will possess a higher grade of treasure than the common lair, such items as gems or jewelry. At any given time, a good portion of the rats are out and about, scavenging for food or for more shiny baubles.

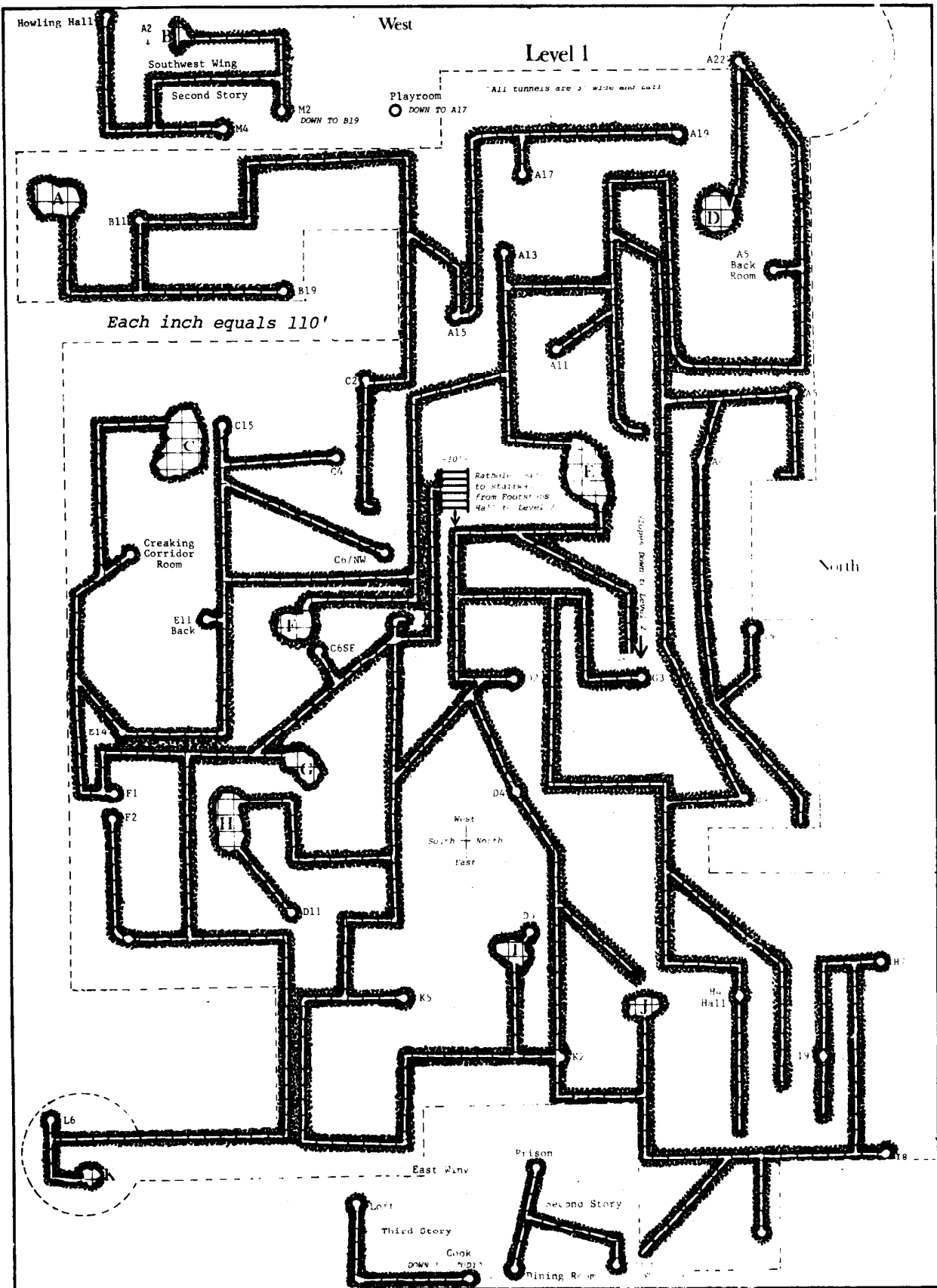
The Level One map shows where specific ratholes entering the various rooms of the manor are located (for example, D2, indicating a rathole in that bedroom). The various major chambers within the maze include:

- A. Only 1-8 lower-level rats are likely to be found in this lair.
- B. About 2-12 rodents (levels 1 through 3) will be found eating or snoozing here. (This location is also the receiving end of a one-way teleport from A2 (the Great Hall).
- C. As the chief warren of one of the rat-packs, here one will usually find 10-30 rats, only half of which will be 1 HD types. The "king rat" of this lot is a monster (ARM 045; 5 HD; biting for 1-6 pts. damage; 60% possibility of being present here). (This is also the chief store of their treasures, which may--10% chance--contain a useful magic item.)
- D. Only 1-6 1 HD rats are occupying this area.
- E. This is the main nest of the stronger rat-pack down here, with 6-36 rats present, only half of which are 1 HD types. If the other rat king seemed formidable, this one is even worse (ARM 045; 6 HD; 1-6/bite; 70% probability of being present here). Underneath the pile of rocks which form his "throne" is hidden a precious treasure indeed: a magic sword and scabbard worth 4000 GP! (The scabbard is the real magic! So long as it is worn, any otherwise instantly fatal blow does only half-damage. If not properly tended to at first opportunity, the wound will again be fatal the moment the belt and scabbard are removed.)
- F. This lair usually contains 1-10 rats.
- G. Around 3-18 rodents will be found here, along with a considerable quantity of filth and debris. A careful search will find a discarded magical item of some sort (40% likely to be a cursed item!)
- H. There is a 60% probability that this chamber will be found empty save for filthy blankets and other "furnishings" dragged down here. It is the home of a wererat named Haredric (ARM 035; 3 HD; 12'/move). If he is in here, he's not easily surprised (adjust any attempt down to compensate for his acute senses), but is stealthy enough to have a basic 50% chance to surprise enemies. His favorite subterfuge is to pose as a lost, bewildered human, and attempt to lead the party away from his small treasure trove (cached in an invisible strongbox).
- I. Only 1-6 brave rats dare to lair here, so close to the nest of their mortal enemies the mongooses (in J).
- J. Here can be found 1-4 giant mongooses (ARM 035; 3 HD; 1-4/bite, 2 bites/attack) introduced into the warrens some time ago in an attempt to exterminate the giant rats. (That war is still going on!)
- K. Only 1-3 rodents will be found here, but all biggies! (A side effect of being located beneath the Liche's laboratory (L6).

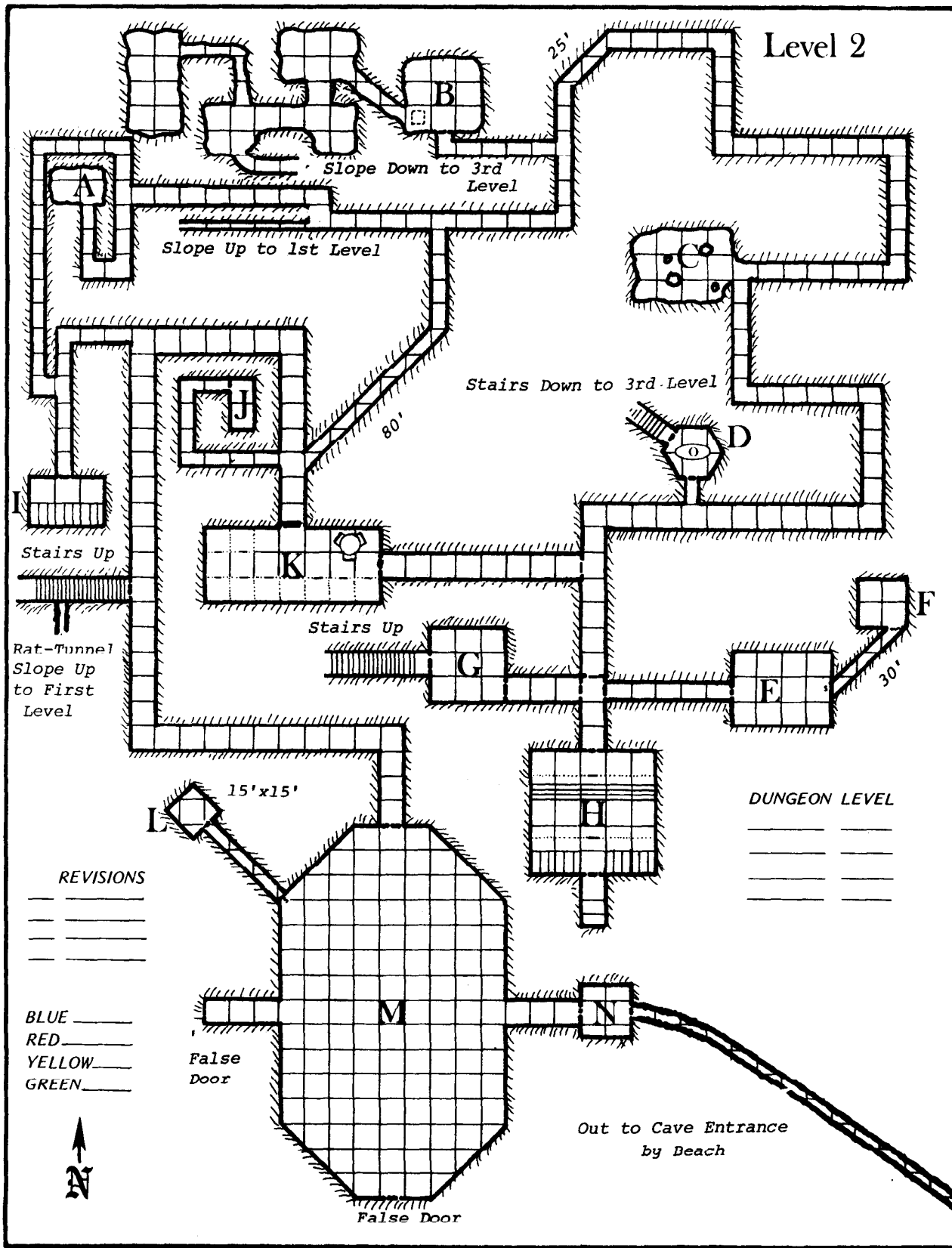
### UNDERGROUND LEVEL TWO

Stone staircases from the Footsteps Hall and the hidden corridor between the Great Hall (A2) and Throne Room (D1) lead down to subterranean passageways of well-fashioned stone and scant illumination. Torch brackets spaced some 50 feet apart are mostly empty. Partway down the Footsteps Hall staircase, a rat-tunnel from Level One intrudes.

- A. An unfinished, rough-hewn recess, this chamber is empty (and safe, for all that there is a continual scraping, grinding sound coming through the walls from an unknown source).
- B. This roughly finished natural cavern is conveniently located just under the torture chamber above (in G3). Thus the Ogre (ARM 055; 4+1 HD; 20 HTK; 1-10 pts./attack, biting and gouging) has had to do little more than wait for what is dropped to him through the open pit. Though this cavern and the ones beyond give evidence of many a grisly feast, deliveries have been few lately, and this boy is h-u-n-g-r-y!  
Through the maze of lightless caverns, one can find a sloping passage down to the third level from here...
- C. Here in squalid surroundings lives Ranorek Rump, the missing-link relative of the family tree (ARM 010; 3 HD; 18 HTK; strikes with club for 2-16 pts. of damage, usually to subdue rather than kill). The child-like caveman seems content here, and gets along fine with the goblin tribe that encamp down the hall. With the exception of one bright bauble (actually a magical jewel that casts continuous light here in the cavern), old Ranorek has cheerfully traded off any treasure that came his way for hammocks and other delights that the goblins will bring him. (A basically friendly sort, he will become agitated if someone tries to take his "pretty rock" it is his night-light. Poor Ronnie is very much afraid of the dark!)
- D. This hexagonal room is intricately decorated with what would appear to be flowing calligraphy on all walls, penned in gold against the dusky blue. A spellcaster will be able to understand enough of the writing to realize that it is all graffiti! Philosophical or metaphysical, and filled with dry wit, but graffiti nonetheless. On a central pedestal is the oracular Head of Ormandula, which appears to sleep most of the time, and, if roused, still remains so drowsy that it only manages one riddle before falling asleep again for several weeks. Its favorite is the question of the Alchemist who presented his king with a vial of liquid that would eat through any substance known to man, and was immediately put to death for it. The proper answer to this puzzling situation was that the man had to be a liar or else the liquid would have eaten through the vial! The first party-member to answer this conundrum successfully will have one (random) characteristic raised by one point. Any character who touches the oracle must roll CON-2 to resist being stunned for 1d6 rounds. A second attempt will result in a save at CON-5, failure resulting in 7-70 points of damage!  
Beyond the pedestal a stairway descends from the NW side of the chamber to the third level.
- E. This chamber remains empty most of the time (probability 90%), since it is the incoming teleportation gateway for the Liche (from the fourth floor quarters in the Wizard's Tower).
- F. This cubicle, secreted behind a hidden door in the Liche's chamber (E), is a storeroom for a large hoard of copper pieces (3d6 x 1000 at the moment), and weapons (only two having any magical properties, both minor). This is used by Ridwick when needing to raise a small force for a job. The door is sealed by magic, which tampering with by anyone unable to dispell the magic will activate three gargoyles (ARM 060; 4 HD; 14, 16, 15 HTK; 1-3/claws, 2; 1-3/bite) perched upon the walls of chamber E.





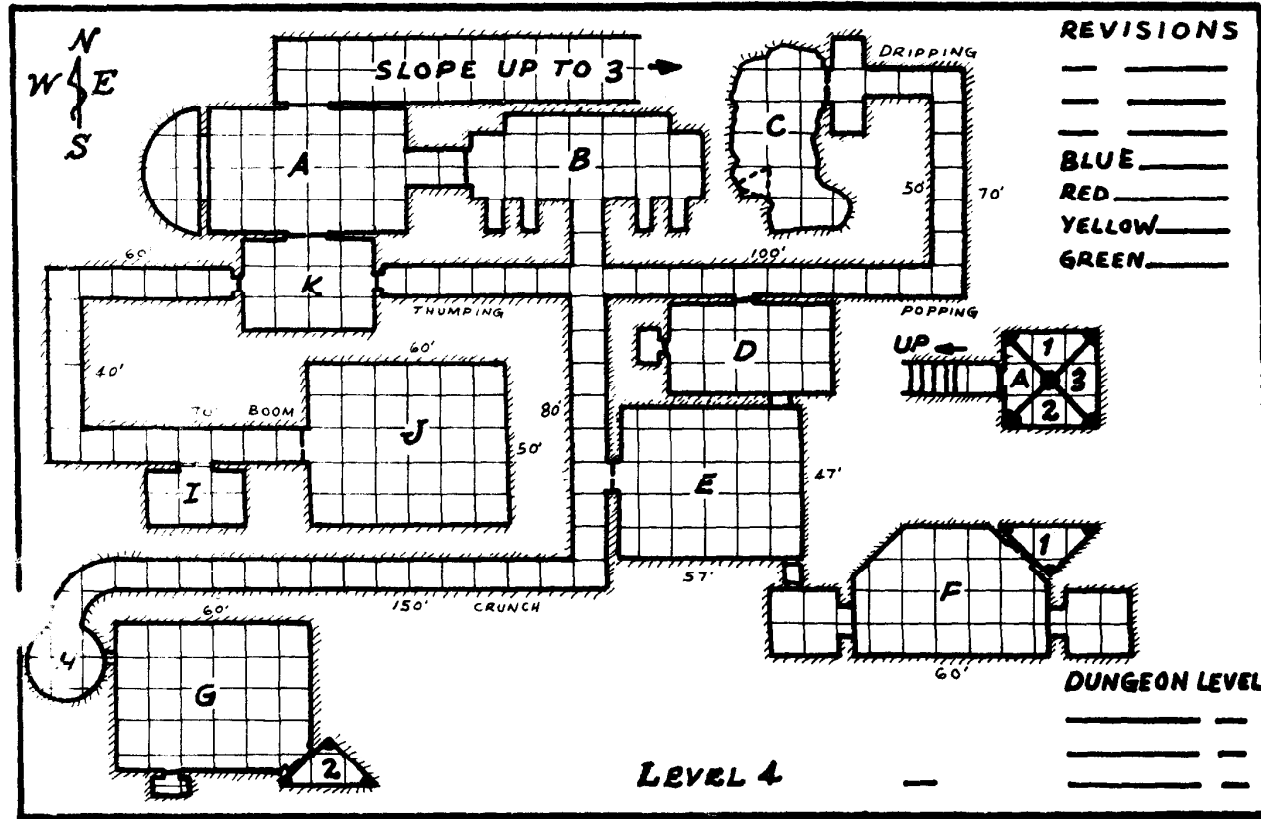
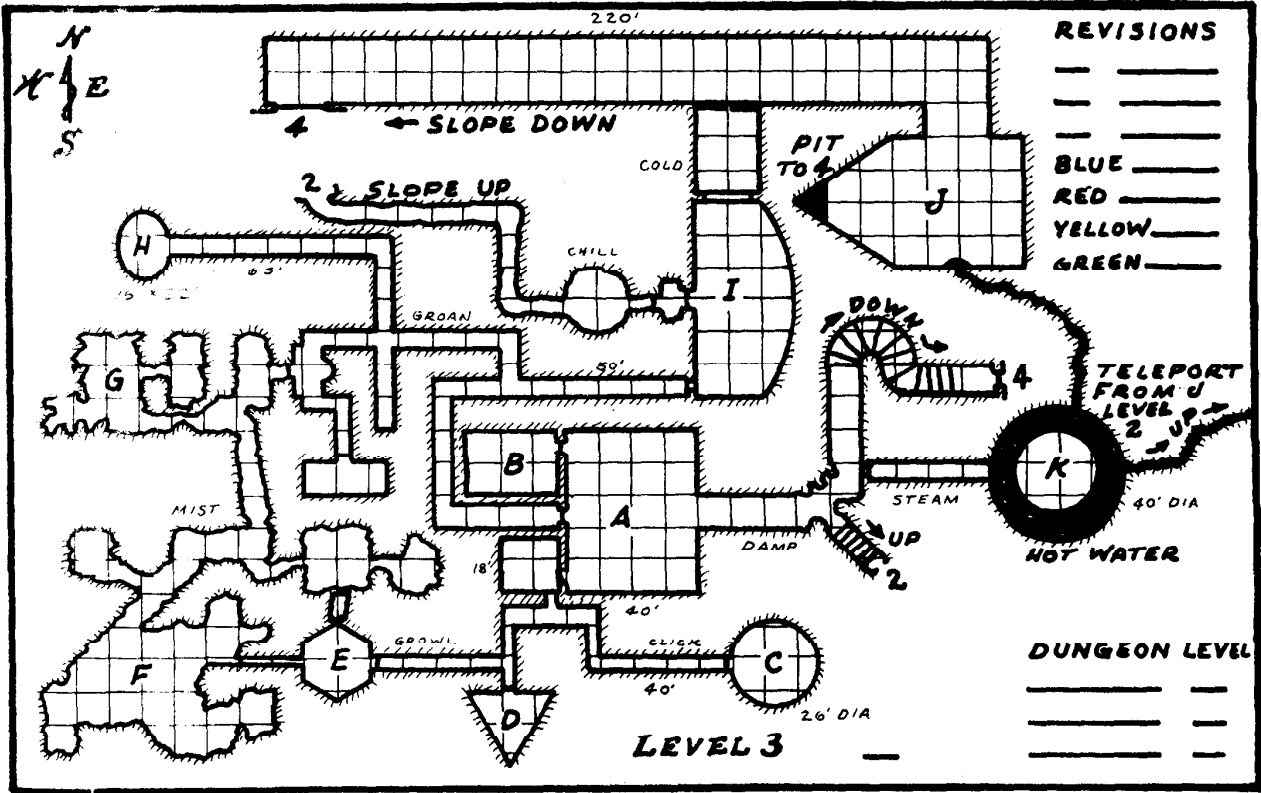


- G. This is the wine cellar, located at the foot of the staircase from the Throne Room secret corridor (off D1). It is unoccupied, save only for the remaining wine here. (There is a 10% chance of finding a poison vintage if anyone goes sampling.)
- H. This elaborate burial vault, which can also be reached by the stairs descending from the mausoleum above on the grounds of the estate, is filled with stone sarcophagi decorated with marble effigies of those buried here. In this last resting place are 4 skeletons (ARM 030; ½ HD; 4, 3, 3, 2 HTK) and two wights (ARM 035; 3 HD; 15, 11, and 10 HTK) who animate when any of the lids are raised from these crypts. That would go a long way to explaining the presence of the corpse found on the floor here, evidently not meant to be part of this assembly.
- I. This remote crypt is the final resting place of the "lost pretender" Prince Coaxial, the only treasure buried with him it seems being a map (to a magic item located not far from the manor, it shows), wrapped around the cursed sword in Coaxial's scabbard (its runes proclaim "Drink deeply if you draw my fang!"). Other occupants sharing the departed noble's company are the body of a fighting man who apparently came seeking the sword, and six zombies (ARM 025; 1 HD; 2, 4, 5, 7, 3, 8 HTK).
- J. This small oblong cell is unoccupied, save for 4 niches, one in each wall, each with its own small statue: lion, eagle, bull and serpent. If the sculptured reptile is moved, all characters standing within the room are teleported to location K on the third level.
- K. The barred doors to this enclosure reveal a dungeon manned by 3 warriors (ARM 045 (2), 055 (1); 2 HD; 8, 10, 6 HTK; armed with shortswords), all of whom are hooded, and wear sigils of the Nevatopredi cult. Cells beyond them imprison four gaunt and haggard captives (an elf, two human male warrior-types, and a woman in rangerish garb; all are weighed down with chains, and have evidently been here for a while). The guards are whiling away time playing cards.
- L. Behind the lair of the goblins, this room waits at the end of a narrow, cramped passage. Within is kept the accumulated loot of the goblins' various sorties, heaped carelessly about the chamber. Sitting as though enthroned there is a huge cocoonlike lump, the only warning that a giant spider (ARM 080; 4 HD; 26 HTK; bite takes 1d4 rounds to take effect, paralyzing the victim for 1d10 turns--sufficient time to spin such a prison) acts as the guardian here. That narrow alley keeps her out of the main hall.
- M. This large chamber serves as headquarters for a small tribe of goblins (60 in all, though generally not all here), employed by some of the less reputable Rumps in times past for "odd jobs", and still occasionally by Ridwick (or Dubraibem!). Their hobgoblin leader is more formidable than most of his troops (ARM 070; 1+1 HD; 9 HTK; armed with +1 chainmail and a +1 spear. The others are generally ARM 045; 1-1 HD; Average 2 HTK).
- N. This outpost guards the entry from the caves out by the beach beyond Tegel. It is routinely guarded by 3 goblins (ARM 045; 1-1 HD; 4, 3, 6 HTK--tough guys!).

### UNDERGROUND LEVEL THREE

The well-fashioned stone staircase from the Chamber of the Oracle (Second level room D) lead downward into a progressively rougher-hewn series of twisting passageways upon this third level, reached also via the sloping descent from the caverns beyond DL2B, which enters the third level through coarsely finished tunnels.

- A. In a vast tiered chamber like a subterranean amphitheatre, flickering shadows crisscross in continual motion. The spell that has interwoven these phantom shapes can only be penetrated by magically-induced light, which then reveals the three sealed doors in the western wall. The first (SW) reveals an antechamber leading to the passage connecting rooms C through F of this level. The second (middle) door yields only to great strength before opening upon a well-paved corridor leading away into the darkness. The third (NW) opens upon room B:
- B. Locked away behind an iron-bound door, this dank and musty compartment appears to have been stripped of all furnishings, save only a massive trunk with gold-plated handles (worth perhaps 20GP). A stained cape of leather and a shattered helm lie behind the trunk. The chest itself is not locked, and if opened, reveals a jumble of bones. In 1-4 rounds after the trunk is opened, a partial skeleton in the ragged remains of jester's motley pops up from among the bones like a macabre jack-in-the-box, to seize the the throat of the nearest PC and attempt to strangle him (with an STR 15).
- C. Three ghouls (ARM 035; 2 HD; 7, 14, 6 HTK; 1-3/claws, 2, and 1-4/bite) have fashioned a "comfortable" retreat in this circular cell, though it lacks any provender for their current hunger. When the PCs encounter this lot, one is futilely picking at the skeletal remains of a great boar in the center of the room, while the other two are already heading toward the door to go hunting. How lucky can one get?
- D. Just within the door of this strangely wedge-shaped rough stone room, the adventurers are met by the ghastly sight of a partially cocoon-wrapped corpse that had evidently nearly struggled to freedom before--well, what did happen? Certainly all those little spiders now scuttling over the body and elsewhere did not do all this vast amount of weaving, beyond which other enshrouded figures can be seen trapped. It must be the gigantic spider (ARM 075; 1+1 HD; 5 HTK; 1-3/bite, plus paralytic poison effect within 1d4 rounds, for 1d10 rounds. The little ones, while easily smashed, do ½/bite, without sufficient effect to paralyze). This monster has simply been waiting the right moment to drop down upon its latest prey.
- E. This hexagonal alcove guards the way to a maze of caverns beyond. The way is watched by a Wight (ARM 040; 3 HD; 11 HTK; see Phantasmal Fiends page) and its faithful Hellhound (ARM 035; 3 HD; 8 HTK; 1-6/bite and 3-18/ferocious breath, 6' range maximum). The hound takes only half-damage from non-magical weapons other than silver.
- F. The passageway, treacherously narrow between E and F, forces the PCs into a single file until they reach the yawning darkness of this natural cave. Bats flutter and squeal in the gloom, while a putrid pool spreads before the far (N) opening that leads beyond. That oily "pool" is actually a Grease Wrack (ARM 060; 5 HD; 33 HTK), which attacks by flowing over its prey, paralyzing and suffocating the victim in 1d4 rounds, before absorbing the blood (which takes an additional 1d6 rounds). While it is especially susceptible to fire damage (taking double the normal damage), it releases a noxious smoke as it burns, which must be defended against as a poisonous gas!
- G. Deep within the recesses of these caverns is revealed the reason for so many foul creatures barring the way. Sparkling in whatever light is available is a vein of purest silver, its exposed span revealing some 14,800 SP worth of the precious metal! The catch is that this has become an ideal nest for a Metal Muncher (ARM 080; 5 HD; 24 HTK) and its brood 1d6 apparently metal eggs, out of which hatchlings will eat their way in 1d4 rounds; the younglings will be ARM 050; 1 HD; 5 HTK). (Those eggs are like crude ore.)
- H. Though the walls of this chamber are rough stone, the whole has been appointed like a high-state burial chamber (or perverse shrine)--and is not without guardians! Four skeletons (ARM 030; ½ HD; 1, 1, 3, 3 HTK; 1-6/sword) guard the centerpiece of this bizarre retreat, a dirt-filled coffin.
- I. The yawning space which greets intrepid explorers here has been fashioned like a macabre faerie-garden: its "flowers" and "trees" are many-hued clusters and branchings of delicate crystals, with pools here and there fed by "fountains" of icy water gently weeping from the spectacular stone formations overhead (a consequence of waters seeping through from those underground springs which feed the manor above). This garden is not without its serpent, though, and a big one it is, too! The giant snake (ARM 040; 2+1 HD; 12 HTK; 1-6/bite, plus a poisonous venom; also has a constriction attack capable of 2-8/round once a victim is seized) is entwined about one of the "trees", beneath which it guards eight eggs (25% likely to start hatching, yielding smaller reptiles with ARM 020; ½ HD; 3 HTK; 1-3/bite, but that same virulent poison). Care must be exercised here to avoid causing the more delicate formations to come crashing down...
- J. Here the air is muggy and rank, the combination of the steamy mud-bath along the S wall of the chamber (fed by the springs in K), and the collection of filth and debris that makes up this "pig pen". In residence at this time are what appear to be a herd of wild hogs (five are precisely that, with ARM 025; 3 HD; 10, 16, 9, 12, 13 HTK, 1-6/bite or 1-4/tusks--and ill tempered!--but two others alter shape to become wereboars with ARM 035; 4+1 HD; 13 and 17 HTK; 2-8/tusks, and an appetite to match their attitude). The pit in the W recess of this sty will unceremoniously dump the unwary into DL4's cavern C, while a misstep in the mud-wallow could result in a nasty slide into the hot water belching up from K. (The passage from the north of this room slopes roughly down into the fourth level of the underground.)
- K. Stifling heat and a heavy fog of steam greet any who wander here. Unfortunates teleported from DL2J will find themselves in the center of an island surrounded by a ten-foot wide moat of boiling water, continually replenished by mocking duplicates of the ape statue in the room above, spewing scalding streams from their mouths. The whole pit is nourished by hot springs below, the boiling pressure of which forces the water up into this chamber. All that maintains the fairly constant level of the deadly tide is the passages which carry away superheated water to both the mud-baths of room J and eastward to some unknown point. If one can reach the tunnel leading to room J, it offers treacherous footing but a way out. The only other approach is the narrow passage back to the corridor between the stairs to DL2 and those to DL4. The footing everywhere is slick and slippery, while the heat will quickly do double normal fatigue damage to anyone dressed in armor. After 10 rounds, all PCs should be rolling their CON to avoid being overcome by the heat. Thereafter, every fourth round, subtract one from CON and roll again. (Those who do not get out of this pit will end up steamed vegetables eventually...)



## UNDERGROUND LEVEL FOUR

Aside from the unpleasant surprise of falling into the pit trap in DL3J, the way to approach this bottom-most level of the chambers beneath the manae is down the sloping passage on the north side of the third level, or descend the staircase in the W passage, near that which led from the second to third levels. Here the stonework of most walls is little better than hewn rock (the workmen may have been in rather a hurry to finish and get out...)

A. The sloping hall which descends to this level ends outside a cavernous gallery, the original purpose of which is somewhat in doubt. From the ruined appearance it may have been used for vast assemblies—but as a theatre, a temple or what? The prospect is sinister in any event, for why would such a place be hidden this deep below the manor? Whatever the original intent, it now is home to the rest of that herd found in DL3J: here are 1d4 more boars (ARM 020; 3 HD; avg. 10 HTK; 1-6/bite, 2-8/tusks).

Whether it was intended to edify, entertain, or inspire terror, there is hidden in the debris here a robe with powerful enchantments still intact: illusions spells are woven into its very nature (and should be tailored to fit your campaign, O GM).

A123 Unlike most of the chambers found on this level, the walls of this enclosure are curiously smooth and polished in appearance. There is a definite aura of magic to be found here, and the S wall is peculiarly hot. If one thinks about it, this chamber is just slightly north of the moat-trap DL3K above it, and the hot springs must be beyond but a thin layer of rock. Indeed, within 1d4 rounds of the PCs entering this place, magical barriers invisibly form, partitioning the room into four wedges. There is then a 25% chance each subsequent round that a teleport effect will manifest in one of the quarters. If it does, section 1 will send its occupants to DL1, section 2 to DL2, section 3 to DL3, and the section marked A will send its occupants back to A1! Should section 2 act as a teleport, its wall ruptures, filling the space with boiling water from the hot springs; this takes 1d4 rounds, and 1d6 after that the barriers vanish! (This chamber becomes uninhabitable thereafter, but the good news is that the moat upstairs ends up drained—in case there was anyone/anything the PCs wished to retrieve...)

B. Great vats of noxious brine range the north wall of this chamber, their acrid tang penetrating the air and stinging the eyes. Elsewhere, tables ranged with diverse implements suggest that elaborate burial preparations were performed here—and the costly finery stripped from various subjects, and still left collecting dust on one table, suggest personages of notable station were the subjects—though they must not have been given very dignified disposal. Indeed, the four niches in the southern wall contain heavily swathed corpses, doubtless the source of the four wraiths (ARM 045; 4 HD; 20, 16, 11, 15 HTK; as described in Phantasmal Fiends section) who angrily descend upon any who begin to rummage through their elegant belongings.

C. If DL3I gave the impression of a faerie-garden, this cavern harbors a frozen nightmare: Adventurers who have preceded our intrepid band of heroes are immobilized, if not immortalized, like statues. The stone-like aspect of these figures is made more gruesome by the realization that the "stone" is soft and crumbly like bad plaster. (If anyone fell into this chamber from the pit opening above in DL3J, there is a good chance that the character pulverized some unfortunate effigy in the fall, reducing it to sandy grit!) The cause of this horrific assembly, a Basilisk (ARM 065; 6+1 HD; 17 HTK; 1-10/strike, and able to turn to stone any victim who looks directly into its eyes, like a "flesh to stone" spell), is lurking behind some of its victims in the northern recesses of the cave (conveniently able to cover the exit).

D. In this crypt-like compartment, the natives are definitely restless! Six zombies (ARM 025; 1 HD; 3, 6, 7, 1, 2, 5 HTK; 1-8/strike) serve as guards for the vampire (ARM 080; 8 HD; 42 HTK; 1-10/strike, or -1 CON/round after biting its victim, so long as it maintains its hold on that victim), cozily ensconced in the inner alcove (E wall). The remains of previous victims of that creature have been the sustenance of its minions, making for a revolting litter about the chamber (but one that may hide something of value).

E. One begins to get the worrisome feeling that this entire level may represent a sort of "houses of the dead"—and a collection of the worst monstrosities generated by the Rump clan—as one penetrates to this chamber. Arranged upon a patterned stone floor oddly at variance with the rough-walled character of these precincts, five sarcophagi radiate outward from a central point in the room, echoing the star shape laid out beneath them. Three contain mummified remains not unlike those found in B (and as they come to "life", these creatures are ARM 055; 5+1 HD; 20, 17, 27 HTK; clawing for 1-12/round + the "Mummy's Curse" effect!) The other two sarcophagi contain so much dust (but mummy-dust does have its value in some markets...)

There is a hidden passage in the SW corner concealing the way into F.

F. Beyond the hidden entrance from E, a most unusual burial chamber lies concealed. Here, laid to rest in a manner most unlike the custom of these lands, a giant of a man has been entombed. His prized possessions are here, rare books, cunningly-wrought works of art, and opulent finery from far lands. The mummified body is enshrouded in a deep indigo cloak spangled with stars and moons, about its neck a silver torc ensorcelled to turn/reflect spells (95%), and across the breast a +3 sword, covered with intricate silver tracery. Other than the statues that stand like sentinels before either archway (E and W), there is no semblance of a guardian—unless one counts the Tegel Banshee (not to be confused with the Rump Family Banshee you may have met upstairs earlier). In appearance much like her sister-spirit, this phantom (see Phantasmal Fiends description) will attach herself to the first PC whose name is mentioned in her presence. She will not speak the name herself unless provoked by attack (in which case the PC must either be capable of resisting her "death-magic", or roll CON/3 to resist dying on the spot!)—otherwise, she will acknowledge her intended and vanish, to reappear whenever that character is in a potentially deadly situation. If the PC should die, she will claim him, with no resurrection possible. (While a curse-removal will serve to break the bond between banshee and victim, it takes something like an exorcism to drive the spirit away permanently.)

The inner chamber marked "1" on the map teleports characters (50% of the time, that is) to the chamber marked "2" (at room G).

G. At first glimpse, this may seem to be more of what the adventurers have become accustomed to upon this level, burial chambers and haunts of the dead, save that the open crypts are empty of anything save the ceramics in which the deceased might rest. And apparently that is just where the PCs come in! As they enter to investigate the room, the shrouds and windings begin to slither and move, seeking to enfold characters and drag them into a final resting place all their own. The most ornate of the crypts contains a bejeweled death-mask (worth 3600 GP) which likewise launches itself at the nearest potential victim. (This would be a good place to know how to dispell magicks, although a fire might do in a pinch...)

Behind a secret panel is that teleporting space (2) that connects (50% of the time) with the alcove (1) behind room F. A tiny enclosure similarly hidden in the S wall conceals a delicate jar of black glass containing a single large opalescent gem carved in the shape of a heart (and worth perhaps 4400 GP). Cursed as it is with a "creeping madness" and darker magicks besides, whoever first sees it must save by rolling INT-5 to resist its influence, or end up desiring to possess it above all else. All others seeing the stone should save on INT-2, or they will likewise be so driven by sudden avarice as to wish to take the stone, each to have it for his own at whatever the cost. (This is the very *Heart of Darkness*, the root cause of the evil that has warped generations of the Rump clan—ever since brought home from his adventures by El Ran-Cid himself! If its magics can be rendered inert—a tall order requiring both the removal of its unique curse, a dispelling of magic, and the banishing of that demonic life-force still within the gem—the baleful influence that has ruined the Rumps will be ended!)

H. Where the lengthy passageway at this end of the fourth level comes to an end, a gruesome sight greets the wanderers. Here in the gloom hang strings of skulls like grotesque temple bells, dangling amid the jagged stone formations of this seeming dead end (the entry to room G is skillfully hidden, awaiting the clever to find it). The clapper in each "bell" is a gold-piece, except for one which hides a 1500 GP gem (1% possibility of locating this prize increases +1 each round that PCs go searching). Of course, every once in a while (10% chance) one finds a fat little spider too—but these are harmless, for a change (and should make nervous heroes just that much jumpier...)

I. If the constant lurking of dead and undead in these passages has begun to wear on the adventurers, they may understand the crazed state of the werewolves they find here (two of them: ARM 035; 4 HD; 17 and 28 HTK; 2-8/bite). These desperate and half-starved beasts have found the pickings decidedly lean down here, and will behave in a berserk fashion even for a werewolf.

J. There is a reason the blood-hued curtain hung in the entry of this great chamber is so unsettling: PCs who push past it will find themselves stained with what is evidently still-fresh blood! Whether the ten slain elves hung by their heels near the center of this cavernous hall are the source is uncertain, though they were most certainly made sacrifice over the arcane ritual circle enscribed on the floor beneath them. Atop a trunk in the midst of that circle rests a golden sickle (worth 90 GP), while within the chest are ornate robes decorated with entwined dragons of red and black, underneath which rests a cold-iron mace. All this must await discovery after one deals with what evidently kept the werewolves out of this room!

That danger is apparent as soon as the party have all passed the curtain. The sides of the chamber have been walled with rough timber, all of which bristles with silver daggers (perhaps 500 of them!)—and every round, 2d20 of them randomly launch themselves hurtling back and forth across the room to stick in another wall! None appears to ever strike within the circle, but that is of little help if you are outside it (and it's 30' from the curtain).

K. The northern doorway of this chamber has been barricaded (possibly because the swine in A are as keen on carrion as the denizens of this retreat, and tough to boot). Those who force their way in by axe or main strength will find the debris far less wholesome than that left behind, for this is the lair of two zombies (ARM 025; 1 HD; 4 and 8 HTK; 1-8/strike) and the spectre they serve (ARM 070; 6 HD; 19 HTK; 1-8/strike, and special attack as in Phantasmal Fiends section). The footing here is treacherous, littered as it is with the bones and less pleasant remnants of previous feasts. And these ghastriles block the way to the other passages of this level.

**RUDIMENTARY RESURRECTION RESULTS**

Has character-resurrection become either too easy or simply too unrealistic (relatively speaking) for your campaign? Here's a handy method for complicating life (and returns thereto).

Determining when to roll on Table I:

*Badly Chopped Up* = Damaged 5-20 points over one's total hit points.

*Torn Asunder* = Damaged 21 or more points over total hit points (except heat/fire damage).

*Burnt to a Crisp* = Damaged 21 or more points over total hit points by excessive heat/fire damage.

**TABLE I:** Roll 4D6 and read the appropriate results for victim revived from being:

	4-6	7-9	10-12	13-15	16-18	19-21	22-24
<i>Badly Chopped Up</i>	N	A	B	B	A	N	N
<i>Torn Asunder</i>	N	A	-A	-B	B	-A	A
<i>Burnt to a Crisp</i>	N	A	-A	-B/-A	-B	B	-A

Abbreviations: N = No loss or scar.

A = Roll Table II, line A for scarring.

-A = Roll Table II, line A for permanent injury/loss.

B = Roll Table II, line B for scarring.

-B = Roll Table II, line B for permanent injury/loss.

**TABLE II: Parts Affected** - Roll 1D6 and read the appropriate line:

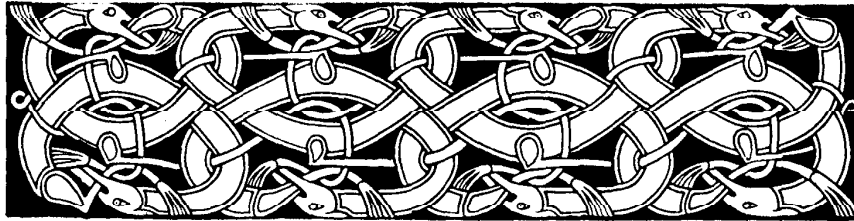
	1	2	3	4	5	6
Line A	Right Eye	Left Eye	Nose	Hair/Scalp	Right Ear	Left Ear
Line B	Right Arm	Left Arm	Right Hand	Left Hand	Right Leg	Left Leg

All losses on Line A cause a one-third reduction in Charisma (CHR). All losses from Line B cause a one-third reduction in Dexterity (DEX) or Agility (AGL) as appropriate, and disallow the PC's ability to fight more than one enemy. Upper limb loss also disallows use of missile-type weapons. All losses are considered permanent.

Scar results must heal in the normal manner (1 point/day, unless differing in your system), and apply directly to the healing of the scarred part.

The point total of healing necessary to restore that part is equal to half the points damage the victim received in excess of his "0"-point total. These healing points would be separate from his normal "Hits to Kill" point total. Once healed, only a scar is apparent.

NOTES: Unless stated otherwise in the rules system you use, you may wish to assess a permanent loss of 1 CON for a character that has died and been resurrected. Regeneration-type spells will not raise slain characters. Poisons should be neutralized in order that any character slain by poison not immediately suffer further ill effects from them upon being resurrected (that would be as silly as not putting out the flaming victim before trying to restore fire damage!)



**POSSIBLE PITS.**

As the map of the manse indicates, there are many hazardous pitfalls available throughout the premises. Some are described in the rooms text. If, however, you need a pit in a hurry, there's always the following table. [Other ideas are available also in the Gamescience Book of Tables, Vol. I.] Roll 1D100, and consult the table for results:

01-25	3' square x 10' deep; one person falls in
26-40	3' sq. x 12' deep; one person falls in
41-55	5' sq. x 10' deep; 1-3 victims may fall in
56-65	5' sq. x 12' deep; 1-3 victims
66-75	(1d4)+2' sq. x (1d20)+5' deep; 1-4 victims
76-90	5' sq. x 10' deep; 1 victim; go to Subtable 1
91-00	10' sq. x 16' deep; 1-3 victims; go to Subtable 1

**SUBTABLE 1: Type of Pitfall**

01-60	Empty
61-95	Occupied; Go to Subtable 2
96-98	Special Surprise; Go to Subtable 3
99-00	Teleport; Go to Subtable 4

**SUBTABLE 2: Who Goes There?**

01-25	A Portrait personality (randomly select from Rump Family Tree, ignoring/modifying as desired any duplication of an already-dispatched encounter...
26-75	Phantasmal Fiend! (Your choice, O GM!)
76-99	Humanoid; Go to Subtable 5
00	Victim is faced with his own duplicate, which attacks!

**SUBTABLE 3: Surprise!**

01-30	Has 1D4 spikes (treat as "spear" or "impaling" damage)
31-60	Gas releases into pit; Go to Subtable 6
61-70	1D10 jewels worth 1D10 each litter bottom
71-80	Projectile trap sprung; Go to (yes!) Subtable 7
81-85	Water-filled pit, 2' of mud on bottom
86-90	Quicksand! Victim sinks 6 inches/round
91-95	Victim(s) magically chained to wall of pit
96-99	Teleport; that would be Subtable 4 (again?)
00	Bottomless pit; don't "Go to", just go, and go...

**SUBTABLE 4: Teleport Tricks**

01-60	To nearest unexplored room
61-80	10 x (1D10) feet to (roll 1D4): the East (1), West (2), North (3), or South (4). (Modify if this would put PC in a solid wall—that would never do...)
81-95	To the nearest intersection in passageway, out of sight of party
96-98	To entrance of Tegel Manor
99-00	To last room just explored

**SUBTABLE 5: Humanoid**

Consult the "Shopkeepers & Notable Natives" list, rolling 1D12 to select either an individual from that list, or utilize their stats to create another "quicky" NPC.

**SUBTABLE 6: Gas Attacks**

01-30	Sleep gas, effective for 1D12 turns
31-40	Blinding gas, 1d10 turns
41-50	Reduce STR one point (no save)
51-60	Reduce INT one point (no save)
61-70	Reduce DEX one point (no save)
71-80	Poison gas: Use Potential Poisons listing
81-90	Mind-altering gas: Affected person(s) will attack rest of party; effect lasts 1D10 rounds
91-96	Affected becomes mindless zombie (treat as a Curse); victim can respond to simple, direct commands until restored.
97-00	Poison gas, the direct approach: Unless saved in 1D6 rounds, victim is a goner!

**SUBTABLE 7: Projectile Traps**

01-29	1D4 Quarrels (as from Crossbow)
30-59	1D4 Daggers (as if thrown)
60-84	1D4 Lead Balls (as from Sling)
85-00	1D4 Spears (as if thrown)

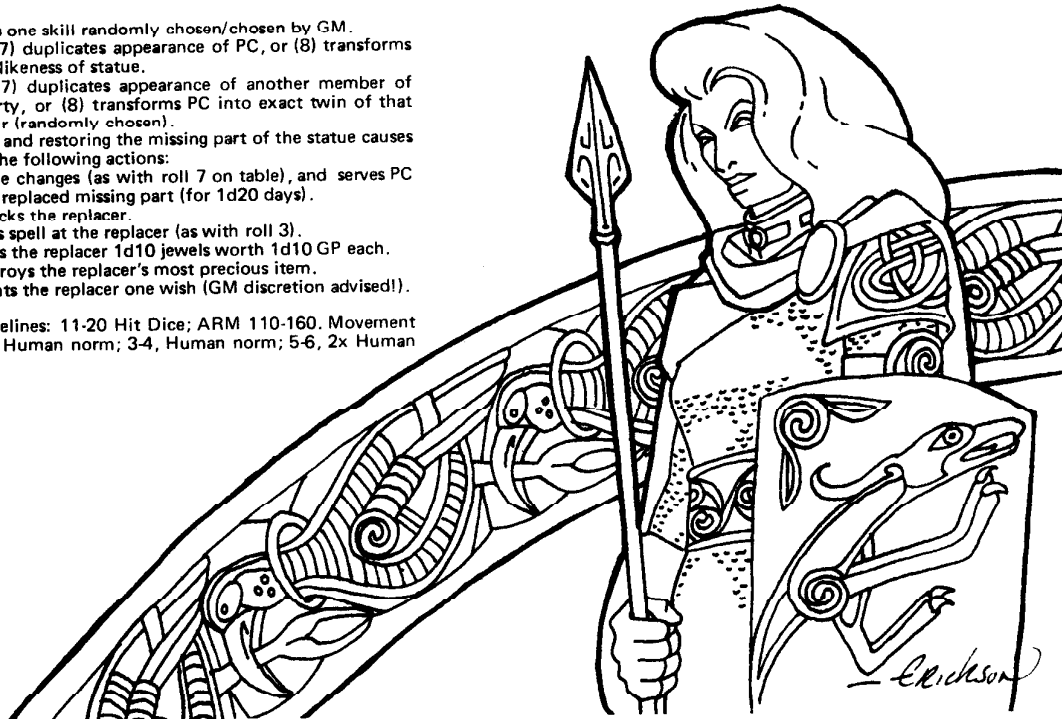
## STARTLING STATUES

Upon encountering a magical statue in, about or beneath Tegel Manor, if you haven't a description already provided, the following table will quickly conjure random results for you. Roll a D12 for the vertical column, a D8 for the horizontal column, and cross-reference to get your result:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1. <i>Raises</i>	Strength	Intelligence	Wisdom	Constitution	Dexterity	Agility	Charisma	Skill (one)*
2. <i>Lowers</i>								
3. <i>Casts Spell of</i>	Sleep	Fear	Strength	Lightning (4HD)	Suggestion	Geas	Charm Person	Raise Dead
4. <i>Gives Scroll of</i>								
5. <i>Advises</i>	Location	Name	Class	Purpose	Origin	Riddle	Poem	Directions
6. <i>Asks</i>								
7. <i>Shape Changes</i>	Angelic Form	Demonic Form	Duplicate**	Opposite Sex	Racial Foe	Animal	Monster	Duplicate***
8. <i>Transforms PC</i>								
9. <i>Points Toward</i>	Treasure	Monster	Village	Exit	Trap	Needed Help	Hidden Passage	Danger
10. <i>Gives Map</i>								
11. <i>Part Missing†</i>	Eye	Nose	Ear	Hand	Foot	Arm	Leg	Face
12. <i>Cast Curse Upon</i>								

- \* Modifies one skill randomly chosen/ chosen by GM.
- \*\* Statue (7) duplicates appearance of PC, or (8) transforms PC into likeness of statue.
- \*\*\* Statue (7) duplicates appearance of another member of PC's party, or (8) transforms PC into exact twin of that character (randomly chosen).
- † Finding and restoring the missing part of the statue causes one of the following actions:
  1. Shape changes (as with roll 7 on table), and serves PC who replaced missing part (for 1d20 days).
  2. Attacks the replacer.
  3. Casts spell at the replacer (as with roll 3).
  4. Gives the replacer 1d10 jewels worth 1d10 GP each.
  5. Destroys the replacer's most precious item.
  6. Grants the replacer one wish (GM discretion advised!).

Statue Statistics guidelines: 11-20 Hit Dice; ARM 110-160. Movement (roll 1D6): 1-2, half Human norm; 3-4, Human norm; 5-6, 2x Human norm.



## POTENTIAL POISONS, VARIOUS VENOMS

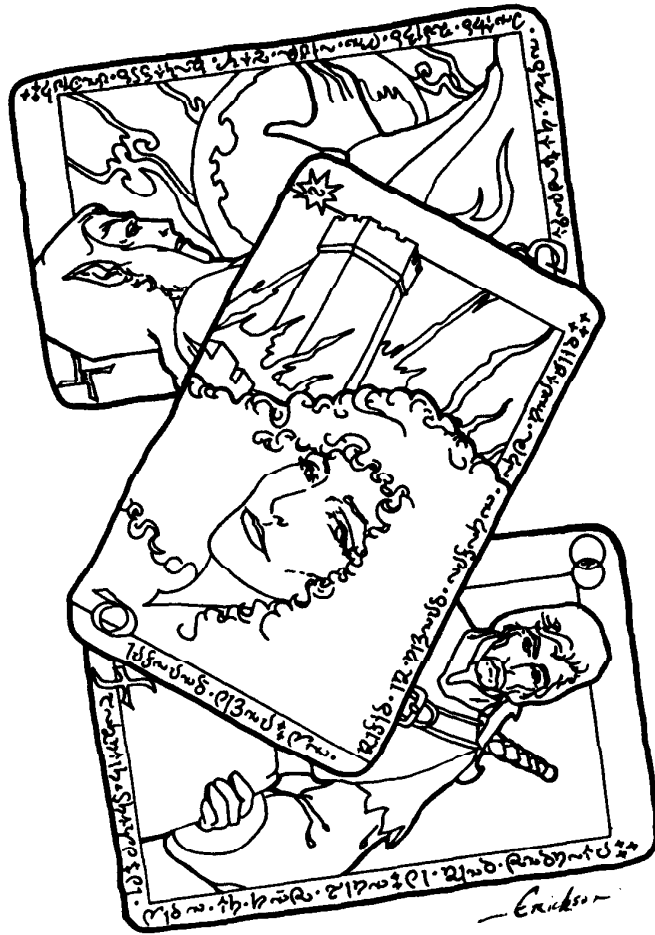
Among the perils awaiting the unwary in Tegel Manor are many treacherous toxins. In addition to those that may be found in various rooms of the manor, others are also listed here, for the GM who wants to add a little variety to the danger.

Poison Type/Effects =	Delayed Effect (No. of Rounds)	Damage per Round/ Rounds Affected	Added Effects
1 (Belladonna-type)	1d10	0/1 day!	STR & CON effectively halved; AGL & DEX (thus Movement) reduced 1/3--no flying! Additional dosages 10% likely to be fatal (cumulative per no. of doses)
2 (Arsenic-type)	1d6	2/1d4	-2 CON per dose, until healed. 25% chance of fatality (cumulative per dose).
3 (Spider Venom A)	1d4	1/1d20	Causes paralysis for number of rounds in effect. 25% of coma if damage is over half character's HTK/survival points.
4 (Spider Venom B)	1d4	0/1d10	"Silver Spider" venom--no damage, but complete paralysis for rounds affected.
5 (Snake Venom A)	1d6	2/1d10	CON effectively halved until healed.
6 (Snake Venom B)	1d4	0/1d20	-1 CON per turn: Poison acts directly on neural system; if CON hits 0, victim dies! (Victim is also -1 for INT or DEX/AGL rolls.)
7 (Wasp-type Venom)	1d4	0/special	Causes paralysis, permanent until cured.
8 (Exotic)	1d10	1d6/1d10	Victim may be unaware of damage, or euphoric. If not fatal, damage restores after effect wears off, at rate of 1 point/hour (3 points/hour if resting).
9 ("Mummy Rot")	immediate	see description	Victim loses -1 CON daily, unless cured. Unchecked, the Rot is fatal! Body then shrivels like a shrunken head--and cannot be resurrected in that condition! (Not to be confused with "Mummy's Curse", which is a curse, not a poison.)
10 (Hallucinogenic)	immediate (or delayed as much as 1d20 turns!)	see description.	If affected, roll 1D20 for severity of effect: 1 = no effect; 2-8 = mild delusion or phantom images flickering on the edge of one's vision for 2-12 rounds; 9-15 = drunken behavior and distracting mirages seen for 3-18 rounds; 16-19 = severely altered behavior and perceptions for 3-18 rounds; 20, death from sheer terror!

**THE DECK OF FICKLE FORTUNE** . . . . .

This enchanted deck of intricately hand-colored pasteboards has been in the Rump family for generations, though its origin is unknown. Its capricious nature has also earned it the name "Dame Fortune's Folly". Its magics are very potent, and the results usually permanent (though the details have been deliberately left somewhat vague for the GM to adapt to his own campaign and game system used). Normally, one may only draw once from the deck in any moon to derive a magical effect from the card drawn (unless one draws "Fortune's Wheel"); further attempts will only reveal the cards themselves, not their effects. In order for the cards to activate their magicks, they must be drawn blindly—stacking the deck will achieve either nothing, or a most dire consequence (GM discretion). To determine the consequences of a card drawn from the pack, roll D100 and consult the table below:

- Roll: Card drawn, and its effect:**
- 01-02 *The Star*: Major Blessing
  - 03-04 *The Star, reversed*: Minor Blessing
  - 05-06 *The Enchantress*: Alter Magicks (spell, good)
  - 07-08 *The Mage*: Alter Magic Item (good)
  - 09-10 *The Moon*: Enhance Magic Spell (adds skill to one)
  - 11-12 *The Sun*: Enhance Major Skill
  - 13-14 *The Sun, reversed*: Enhance Minor Skill
  - 15-16 *The Coin*: Nourish (eliminates hunger for one day)
  - 17-18 *The Chalice*: Restore Vitality (negates all fatigue penalties)
  - 19-20 *The Candle*: Alter Form (beneficial effect)
  - 21-22 *The Wand*: Alter Race (roll 1D6. 1=Human, 2=Elf, 3=Dwarf, 4=Halfling, 5=Half-Elf, 6=Orc)
  - 23-24 *The Quill*: Alter Color (beautiful, even if bizarre)
  - 25-26 *The Masque*: Alter Sex
  - 27-28 *The Sword*: Alter Weapon (an enhancement)
  - 29-31 *The King*: Enhance Strength
  - 32-34 *The Queen*: Enhance Intelligence
  - 35-37 *The Prince*: Enhance Constitution
  - 38-40 *The Princess*: Enhance Wisdom
  - 41-43 *The Knight*: Enhance Agility
  - 44-46 *The Lady*: Enhance Dexterity
  - 47-49 *The Jester*: Enhance Charisma
  - 50-52 *The Jester, reversed*: Diminish Charisma
  - 53-55 *The Lady, reversed*: Diminish Dexterity
  - 56-58 *The Knight, reversed*: Diminish Agility
  - 59-61 *The Princess, reversed*: Diminish Wisdom
  - 62-64 *The Prince, reversed*: Diminish Constitution
  - 65-67 *The Queen, reversed*: Diminish Intelligence
  - 68-70 *The King, reversed*: Diminish Strength
  - 71-72 *The Sword, reversed*: Alter Weapon (an impairment)
  - 73-74 *The Masque, reversed*: Twin (become duplicate of random party-member)
  - 75-76 *The Quill, reversed*: Alter Color (ugly/repellent)
  - 77-78 *The Wand, reversed*: Exchange Form (with a random party-member)
  - 79-80 *The Candle, reversed*: Alter Form (detrimental effect)
  - 81-82 *The Chalice, reversed*: Reduce Vitality (doubles all fatigue accrued)
  - 83-84 *The Coin, reversed*: Famine (hunger cannot be appeased for one day)
  - 85-86 *Sun Eclipsed*: Diminish Major Skill
  - 87-88 *Sun Eclipsed, reversed*: Diminish Minor Skill
  - 89-90 *The Moon, reversed*: Diminish Magic Spell (reduces skill with one spell)
  - 91-92 *The Mage, reversed*: Alter Magic Item (bad)
  - 93-94 *The Enchantress, reversed*: Alter Magicks (spell, bad)
  - 95-96 *Old Night (The Dark)*, *reversed*: Minor Curse
  - 97-98 *Old Night (The Dark)*: Major Curse
  - 99 *Fortune's Wheel*: Double (draw twice, but ignore this roll if repeated)
  - 00 *Fortune's Wheel, reversed*: Nothing (and the deck vanishes!)



**PHANTASMAL FIENDS** . . . . .

A variety of creatures natural and un-, preter-, or supernatural thrive in the unwholesome surroundings of Tegel Manor. Some may be familiar to fantasy role-players who venture therein, or have their counterparts in the system your gamers play. However, since even the seemingly-familiar may be a bit different from what your heroes are acquainted with, we offer descriptions of several of the more notable denizens of the estate. Stats given (in the Universal Format) are offered as average figures for such creatures (and most certainly may be varied to suit your rules system and your campaign).

**BALSHAGOTH**: ARM 090; 10 HD; 35-40+ HTK. A demonic fiend, vaguely man-shaped, but seeming composed of inky darkness and black ice. It casts a natural aura of Fear (as a spell; suggest resistance roll on INT). In addition, this demon favors enchanted weapons: a Cold Sword that does -1 STR/strike, and an Ice Whip that does -1 CON/strike. Victims are actually being frozen to death!

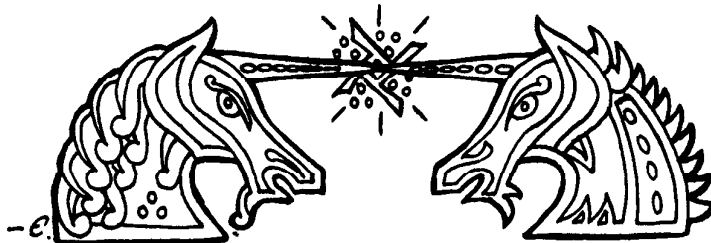
**BANSHEE**: ARM 140(I); 10HD; 70+ HTK. Not normally engaged in combat, these eerie spirits are harbingers of Death. Appearing as an ethereal maiden of inhuman beauty, blue-black skin and snowy-white hair, the Banshee possesses a peculiar "Death Magic": she can kill merely by speaking the victim's true name (resist by rolling CON divided by 3; however, if she can hold the victim, there is no save). A victim claimed by the Banshee is not resurrectible. She can, however, restore (or protect) a soul upon which she has claim. This spirit may attach herself to one whose name has been spoken in her presence, in which case only a curse-removal will break the bond; to drive the spirit away altogether demands the equivalent of an exorcism! Banshees likewise have the gift of seeing through illusion. It is possible to affect the phantom only by magical means, though she can be trapped and held by silver.

**BASILISK**: ARM 065; 6+ HD; 15-20 HTK. Nasty-tempered bit of business, like a Komodo dragon with a Medusa's gaze. Tough, almost stony, hide gives it that formidable ARM, while vicious jaws let it strike for 1-10/attack. Its greatest menace is the baleful stare which turns flesh to stone whenever a victim makes direct eye contact with the beast. (As this is like a spell cast, if one can restore the petrified victim to flesh, that person is also alive and unhurt—no radical resurrection called for.)

**CAULDRON BORN**: These are high-grade Zombies within their limits. See "Area Background & Encounters" for description.

**CREEPING CRUD**: ARM 025; 3-6 HD; 12-15+ HTK. A grayish ooze with an oily "rainbow" sheen, an ozone odor and a talent for corroding metals —ALL metals! Its unique acids also do burning damage to exposed flesh or to organic materials (leather, wood, etc.) Not harmed by heat or cold (even magically induced) it is susceptible to lightning/energy attacks, and weapons will do half normal damage (but the weapon will be rapidly rendered a corroded mess in 1-3 rounds).

- DEADLY ASPIC:** ARM 020; 5 HD; 15-20+ HTK. A gelatinous monstrosity, whose malleable shape often assumes a grotesquely humanoid outline. Resembling nothing else so much as jellied ginger-ale (down to the myriad bubbles in its mass), this creature can do 2-12 points per strike against exposed flesh, dissolving and absorbing it as it does so. Given its nature, even armor only slows it down while it seeks access to the prey within! Fortunately the Aspic is susceptible to heat or fire and to cold, though the latter does only half-normal damage. If not destroyed utterly, it will eventually grow back to full size, provided it can feed.
- ECTOPLASMA:** ARM 030; 2+ HD; 13-20+ HTK. A foul smelling mass of greenish slime, sometimes rolled up into a rounded mass (using the odd pseudopod as an improvised limb), or simply "splattered" into a gooey pool. An indiscriminate consumer of animal or vegetable matter, it moves rapidly toward any source of food (but evidently has no interest in live prey—it will creep into a backpack rather than go for the person carrying the pack). Susceptible to being frozen or burned, it can also be banished/exorcised! Unless completely destroyed, it will quickly resume its original state. Normal weapons will separate, smash, spatter or spray its mass about, but do no permanent damage—the ectoplasm merely regroups again!
- GARGOYLES:** ARM 060-080; 4 HD; 12-18 HTK. Humanoid travesties with bat-like wings and rock-hard hides, looking like demonic statues come to life. With their varied assortment of natural weaponry—claws or talons, beaks or fangs, the occasional single or double horns—they can do 1-3 points of damage either with a bite, a raking blow or kick, or a head-butting attack. Malevolently intelligent, they are also greedy, and can occasionally be bribed or distracted to avoid combat.
- GHOST:** ARM 020; 10 HD; 50+ HTK. Essentially immaterial, as they are already-departed spirits, ghosts cannot again be "killed", though the shape assumed can be dissipated with magic weapons (driving the phantom away until the next night). Likewise, they are not capable of directly attacking mortals. Their HD score represents the tremendous capacity for performing "poltergeist" effects, some of which can indeed do serious damage! Such spirits also have an innate ability to cast fear (as a spell effect, resisted by a character's INT), and augment this talent with shrieking, screams and an impressive repertoire of (usually hideous) transformations.
- GHOUL:** ARM 035-040; 2 HD; 3-14 HTK. Bestial subhuman flesh-eaters that seem to be pure appetite with a pinch of low cunning added. These cadaverous creatures are not undead, they just look—and smell—that way. Capable of using simple weaponry, usually something like a dagger, they can also claw (1-3/strike) or bite (1-6/bite), with a 20% chance of also causing nasty infection. The wasting disease (resisted at CON minus the number of points damage in that attack) results in a loss of -1 STR every 1d10 turns until STR=0, at which point the victim passes out. Death follows in 1d20 hours unless an immediate cure is made. There is a 5% chance that the victim will not die, but instead will recover at the end of that time, as a Ghoul!
- GOLD SPORE FUNGUS:** ARM 000; No HD; 10+HTK. Despite its unimpressive statistics, this is an insidious menace. Possessing only a rudimentary "intelligence", it can slowly move itself across any solid surface—though the progress may take days. It more normally gets about by means of airborne spores, which it releases in prodigious quantity whenever disturbed. If inhaled, these spores quickly fill the lungs, infecting and devouring the host until it becomes nothing but fungus (6d6 hours for a man-sized victim). Such an infestation must be treated—rapidly!—as a disease for purposes of curing the victim. Temporarily "stunned" into inertness by any bright light, Gold Spore does not grow in sunlight and is highly susceptible to fire. It is a natural enemy to Plump Pudding (see below); the two nasties cancel each other out, releasing in the process a highly flammable gas.
- GREASE WRACK:** ARM 060; 5 HD; 30-40+ HTK. An oily black mass with an iridescent sheen and a surprisingly fast rate of movement (equivalent to human average). The high ARM reflects the incredible rubbery strength of its bulk. Its normal mode of attack is to flow over a victim, paralyzing and suffocating in 1d4 rounds before absorbing the blood from its prey (in 1d6 rounds). While extreme cold will slow it down to one-third its normal speed, it is highly susceptible to fire, taking double damage—but it releases noxious smoke in the process (treat as a poison gas)!
- HAIRY HOWLERS:** ARM 025; 3+1 HD; 10-15 HTK. Shaggy sub-humans, basically herbivores and not really harmful except when panicked. Simple-minded and not given to weaponry, beyond the improvised club, they are like small children until frightened or threatened. Once stirred up, they become hysterical screamers (hence the name), and, if pushed far enough, go into a berserker-like frenzy.
- HARPIES:** ARM 040-060; 3 HD; 9-12 HTK. Seductive creatures, part woman and part bird of prey, with legs that end in talons, sharp-clawed hands and wings like an eagle. Their beautiful, emotionless faces are only betrayed by the wild, penetrating eyes of the predator. Able to rend a victim to shreds with their claws or wicked teeth (1-3/claws-x2, if using both hands—and 1-3/bite), their favorite tactic is to enthrall human prey with an enchanting, wordless siren-song (like a "charm" spell), resisted by INT (or INT-2, if the victim is gazing directly at the Harpy). They are cunning rather than intelligent, and not actually capable of speech.
- HELLHOUND:** ARM 035; 3 HD; 15-20 HTK. A malign, demonic spirit embodied in the form of a great black dog. Its powerful jaws do 1-6 points per bite, and can lock onto a victim in a nearly unbreakable grip. But its truly fearsome weapon is fiery breath capable of delivering 3-18 points' damage to a range of 6 feet! Immune to fire and fire-based magics, the hound also takes only half-damage from non-magical weapons other than those fashioned from silver.
- JHAK:** ARM 045; 5 HD; 15-25+ HTK. Possibly the result of wizardly tampering, this beast has a great ape-like frame with long, powerful arms, and a nearly doglike face with dull black eyes and great fangs. It can do 1-6 points damage with its clawed "hands", and a deadly 1-12 points with those ferocious canines. The beast is quick to anger, and once in full cry, is seemingly too stupid to know when to quit.
- LICHE:** ARM 050-070; 8+ HD; 25-50 HTK. Superficially similar to a mummy in appearance, the Liche is actually a much more powerful creature, the undead remains of a powerful spell-caster, still well-versed in magics and possessing both intellect and self-will. Talon-like hands deliver 1-8 points of damage per strike, and any such successful attack also drains -2 CON from the victim—part of the requirement whereby the Liche sustains itself. While its spell-lore may be extensive, usually the skill with those spells is diminished from what it was in life by the simple demand of maintaining the Liche's continued existence. A Liche usually has taken the precaution of bolstering its magical defenses, both against fire and other forms of attack which threaten its "life"—thus such a one is less susceptible than a common mummy.
- METAL MUNCHER:** ARM 070-080; 5 HD; 12-24 HTK. A strange metal-devouring beastie resembling nothing else so much as a large beaver with armadillo-style armor. This avid eater can "melt" and consume a suit of plate with its unique acid and powerful jaws in as few as 10 rounds! (10-20 is normal.) With non-ferrous metals, it manages about half that speed, while it has no effect on gold or metals of the truesilver/mithril type or on non-metallic substances (such as wood or flesh). Though a hungry rather than a belligerent animal, its jaws can break a man's arm. Munchers reproduce by laying eggs (which resemble round lumps of ore), from which the young emerge when they have consumed the shell.
- MUMMY:** ARM 030-055; 5+1 HD; 20-25 HTK. An undead creature of limited intellect but independent action, frequently cursed to its undead existence as horrible revenge for deeds done in life. Its unnatural state gives it its toughness, while the bony clawlike hands give it 1-12 points per strike. It can inflict either the disease Mummy Rot with its attack, or, less frequently, bestow the Mummy's Curse. The Curse is 75% certain to cause a withering illness, its victim losing -1STR daily until STR=0, at which point the victim becomes a mummy himself. Unless otherwise enchanted, the mummy's toughness is of little avail against fire.
- NIGHTMARE:** ARM 150; 12 HD; 50+ HTK. The Underworld's equivalent of the Unicorn, this evil creature resembles its counterpart like some negative image. The Nightmare exudes a misty darkness and a natural aura of fear (as a spell effect, resisted by INT). Itself immune to heat or fire, it breathes fire for 1-6 points' damage to a range of 3 feet. Its cloven hooves will strike for 2-8 points damage each, thrashing or kicking, and its opalescent horn, though less than that of the Unicorn in power, strikes for 2-8 points as well. Too, it can bite an enemy for 1-6 points. Neither non-magical weaponry nor fear or curse spells will affect the Nightmare.





**PLUMP PUDDING:** ARM 030 040; 2 10 HD; 10 25+ HTK. A gleaming, purplish, brown or blackblob that can exude a highly corrosive acid, capable of devouring virtually anything in its path. Unaffected by weapons, which simply break it up into several independent masses, it is also resistant to the effects of cold or lightning-like energy. Heat or fire, however, have a normal effect, and its natural enemy, Gold Spore, will dissolve the pudding into an inert goo, releasing a flammable gas in the process. It is not actually intelligent, but has a knack for hiding in wait for prey. If fed regularly, it will continue to grow. If there is no other source of food, it will use itself up, gradually becoming smaller and smaller, until reaching a size at which it becomes dormant.

**SHADOW:** ARM 030; 2+2 HD; 6-15 HTK. A shape of solid darkness, capable of being as flat as a natural shadow or assuming a more substantial shape. Intelligent, cunning and malign, the Shadow can enthrall an unwary victim (like a charm spell, resisted by INT) and draw him into its chilling grip. The touch of a Shadow causes -1 STR for 8 turns. If the phantom can maintain its cold embrace, the victim will be drained to STR=0, and become a Shadow as well! Only magic weapons and light are truly effective against Shadows. If there is no place to retreat, no darkness into which they can slip, light will not simply disperse but destroy them utterly.

**SHAMBLER:** ARM 060; 5-6 HD; 14+ HTK. A disgusting slimy, rotting mass of organic matter whose fibrous bulk assumes a mannish shape. The gooey grotesquery feeds by direct absorption: Seizing a victim, it smashes the hapless prey against its mass with a grip like STR 18. As though being sucked into a bog, the victim will quickly suffocate before being absorbed into the decaying heap of matter. Given its peculiar nature, the Shambler takes half normal damage from either heat or cold, or ordinary weaponry. Worse still, lightning (natural or spell-induced) causes it to grow!

**SKELETONS:** ARM 030-045; ½ HD; 1-7 HTK. Often thought of as mere sword-fodder, skeletons have a tenacity born of the magics that animate them: Disjointed parts will continue the battle until pulverized, so that a skull without a body is still a threat (biting for 1-3 points), as is a lopped-off arm (clawing for 1-4 points, given the chance). Not surprisingly, skeletons use a variety of weapons and armor to carry on their primary function of staying "alive" long enough to take down the opposition.

**SNAKE-SPIRIT (or SPIRIT BEAST):** ARM 140; 7 HD; 20+ HTK. A shapeshifting monstrosity that can change in size as well as appearance, from a small and almost human form to a serpent- (or other beast-) headed monstrosity. Its wicked claws and great jaws can deliver 2-8 points of damage per attack. Once it has seized a victim's head in its jaws, it will attempt to devour the mind, absorbing -1 from INT on every turn that it can so hold the victim AND do damage past the victim's defense.

**SPECTRE:** ARM 070 085; 6 HD; 15-25+ HTK. A phantom shape-changer capable of altering its form from the most attractive of humanoids to the most repugnant and horrifying. Unlike a ghost, it can assume a physical form capable of dealing direct harm (1-8 pts./strike)--and of being harmed, though only by magic or magic weaponry. Bright light, while it will not disperse a Spectre as it does Shadows, nevertheless renders it powerless to use its favorite form of attack, that of draining life-force (at -1 CON per successful attack). If a victim can be reduced to CON=0, that one is doomed to become a Spectre as well. However, if the Spectre is rendered powerless or destroyed before it can slay its victim, the CON leached away is immediately regained.

**SPIRIT-SNAKE:** ARM 050; 9 HD; 30-35+ HTK. A most impressive, if particularly sinister, reptilian giant, sparkling with jewel-colored scales and lambent amber eyes. This monster serpent bites for 1-3 points of damage per attack, delivering also a potent poison which takes an added 2 points per round for 1d10 rounds (and additional doses are cumulative!)--but its principal attack is aimed at charming its victim, holding him until he is slain in order to trap the soul! A victim so taken is beyond hope of restoration unless and until the Spirit-Snake is destroyed.

**SUCCUBUS:** ARM 020; 6 HD; 15-25 HTK. Although to all appearances a human (or elven) female (the male counterpart being called an Incubus), this tantalizing creature is actually demonspawn. Using her considerable charisma and beauty rather than any magical spells (and thus betraying no detectable magic), the Succubus entices victims into her embrace. Thus she is able to drain away their lives at -1 CON per kiss. At need, this demon-lover can resort to extremely sharp claws or teeth to do 1-3 points per attack, or fly. Perhaps most dangerous of all, the demon can shapeshift to resemble another person (but the transformation will be detectable magic). A Succubus may only claim the soul of a victim by her kisses--killing the person by any other means will not trap the soul. Succubi are affected only by magical weaponry or spells.

**UNICORN:** ARM 140; 12 HD; 55+ HTK. The living symbol of good and spiritual purity, this faerie beast seems always touched by a soft radiance, and shines like a star in the deepest gloom. Immune to fear spells and curses, as well as poisons, disease, and non-magical weapons, it is naturally gifted with rapid healing, a gift it can share with a touch of its fabulous horn--the Unicorn can even bestow a full resurrection! Though a gentle creature by nature, the Unicorn is terrible in battle, capable of 2-8 points with a kick of cloven hooves, 1-6 points with a bite, or 2-12 points with its sharp horn.

**VAMPIRE:** ARM 030-080; 7+ HD; 30-70 HTK. The most fearsome of night-stalkers, the Vampire continues its undead existence by drinking the blood of living humanoids. The range given for stats indicates something of the power the more ancient of this breed can command. It normally seeks to charm (as spell) and seduce its victims, but can likewise attack, seeking to overpower its prey. The Vampire strikes for 1-10 damage as it bites, then continues to drain -1 CON/round for every round it maintains its hold. A victim slain in this fashion may rise three nights afterward as a Vampire unless dealt with in the traditional means which lay a Vampire to rest: These include a wooden stake driven through the heart, decapitation, or complete cremation of the corpse. Vampires are also susceptible to holy symbols and silver/truesilver or blessed weapons, and find garlic repellent, though not fatal. Exposure to sunlight will destroy all but the most powerful of these creatures. Able to shape-change to the form of a wolf or a bat, or into insubstantial mist, eliminating these creatures can turn into a lifetime career! (And of course, the other lore that may pertain to them is extensive...)

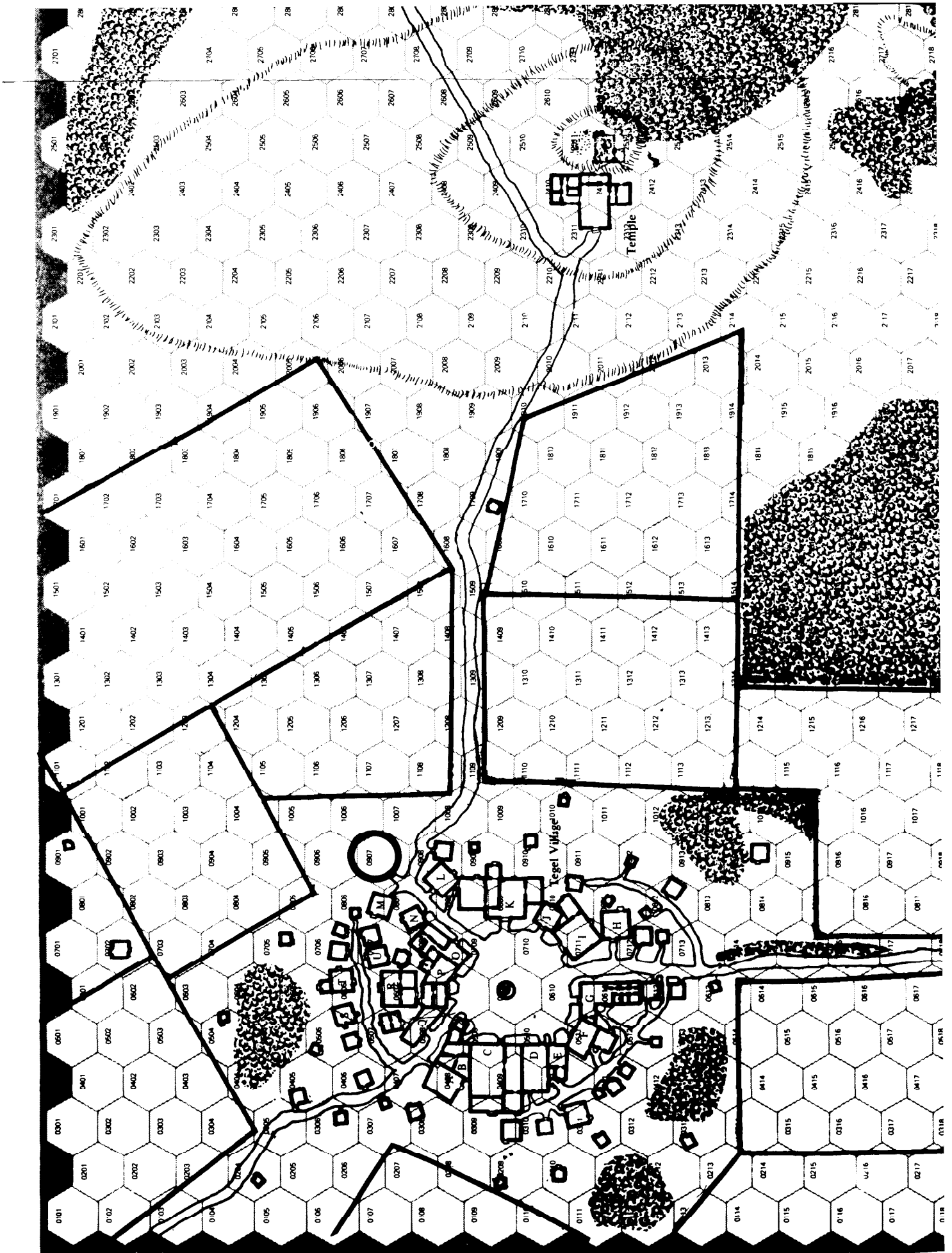
**WIGHT:** ARM 035-055; 3 HD; 9-20 HTK. Possessing more intelligence than a Zombie (which isn't saying much!), this may in fact be the undead form of a Ghoul. At any rate, the preferred prey of this emaciated malignancy is living flesh, or that of the freshly dead. For that reason, its favored form of attack is a sleeping spell and/or the strangulation of its victim. It remains forever a gaunt, unwholesome creature despite its feeding, yet, while it may not achieve the semblance of life a Vampire finds, it does not rot away as do the Zombie.

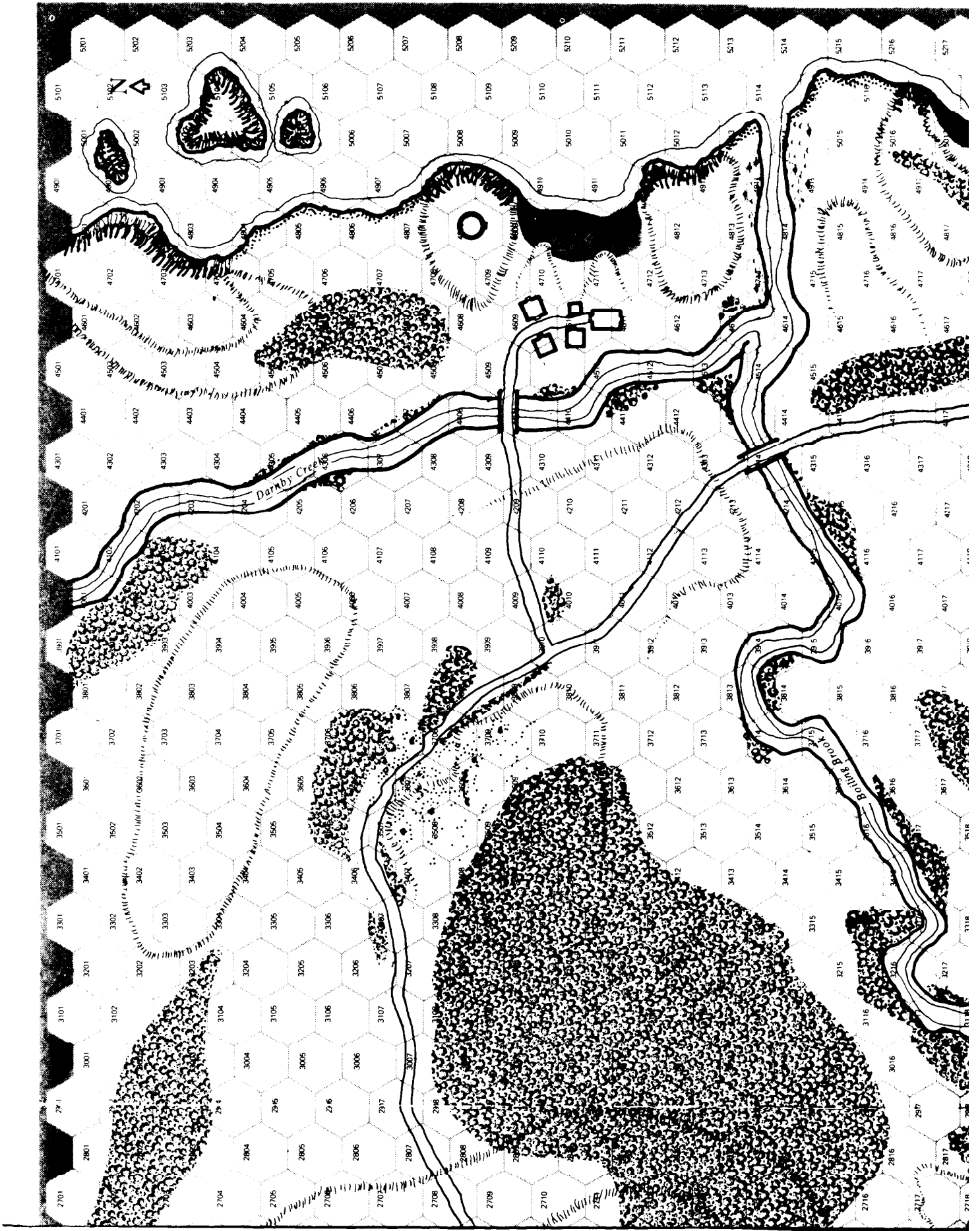
**WRAITH:** ARM 045-060; 4 HD; 11-20 HTK. This phantom stalker, unlike a normal Ghost, can touch and be touched, though in most appearances it is the same. Delighting in the torment of its victims rather than the killing, a Wraith uses its innate fear-spell and a chilling touch which paralyzes for 1d10 rounds while doing 1 point of damage for each round the victim is so affected. Because it is a spirit-creature, it can have the same terrible effect on other spirits as well, which may account for the way in which Wraiths "orchestrate" entire hauntings, controlling lesser phantoms.

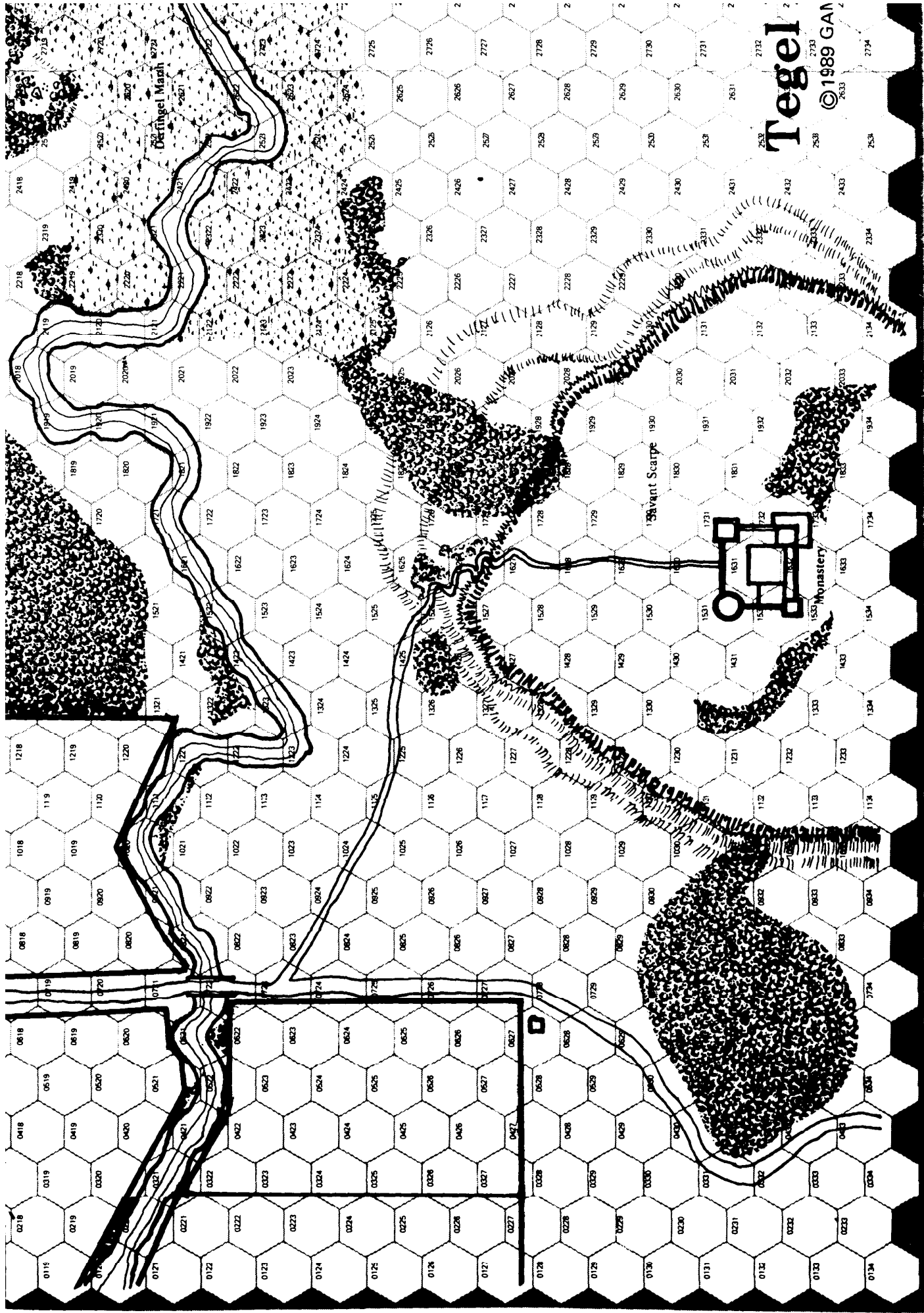
**ZOMBIES:** ARM 025-030; 1-2+ HD; 1-20 HTK. Generally mindless undead, more often than not under the command and control of some other being. Needing no sustenance beyond the magic which created and controls them, they function as crude troops or servants, only capable of following the simplest orders. Unless extreme (magical) measures are taken, Zombies continue to decay, gradually falling apart until either reduced to Skeletons or just disgusting muck. They continue to function until such time (and can continue as animated Skeletons thereafter).

**Note to the GM:** If these details do not jibe with those of the game system you employ, feel free to substitute the details, or customize a mix of the two, to suit your campaign. Above all, have fun with it!



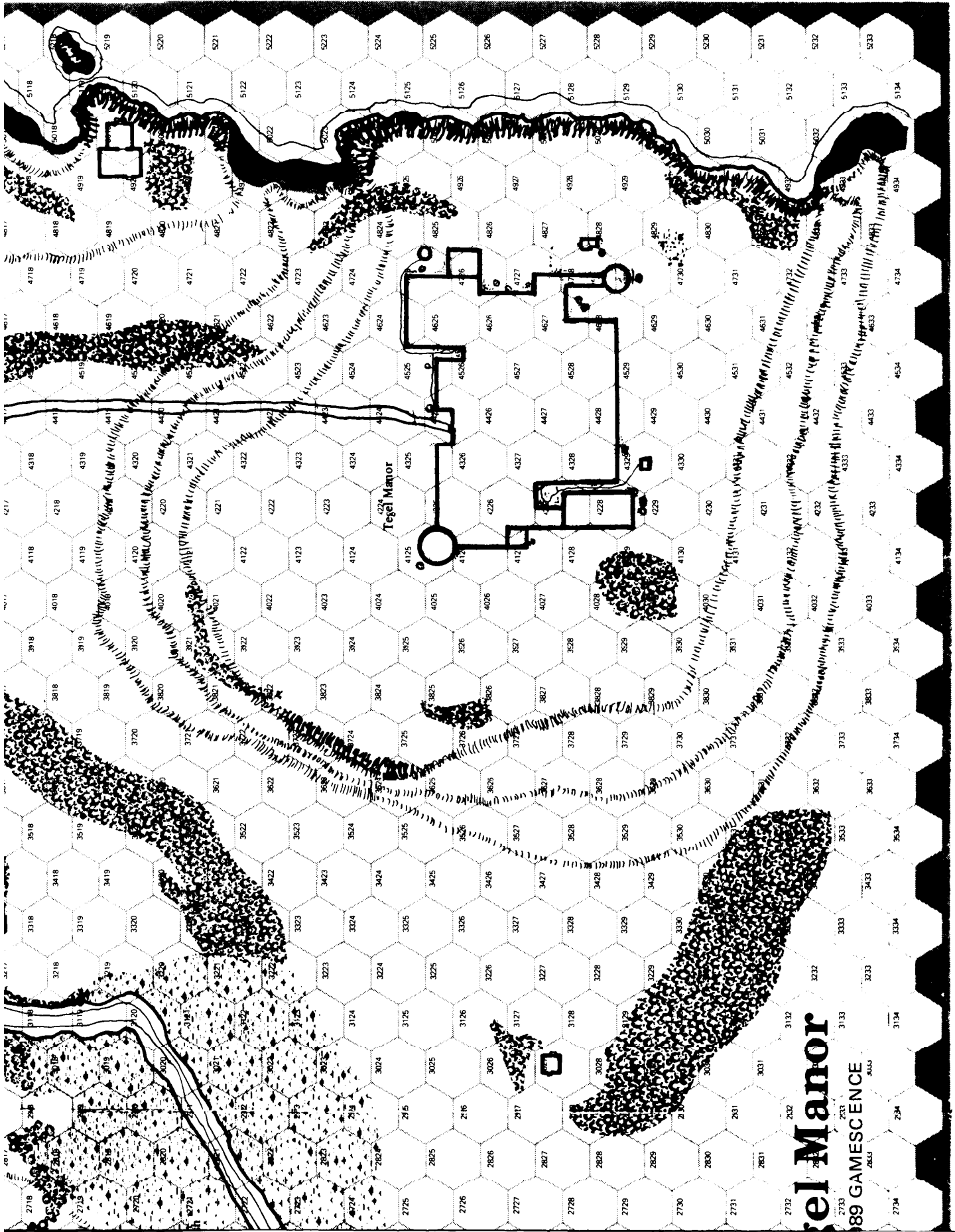






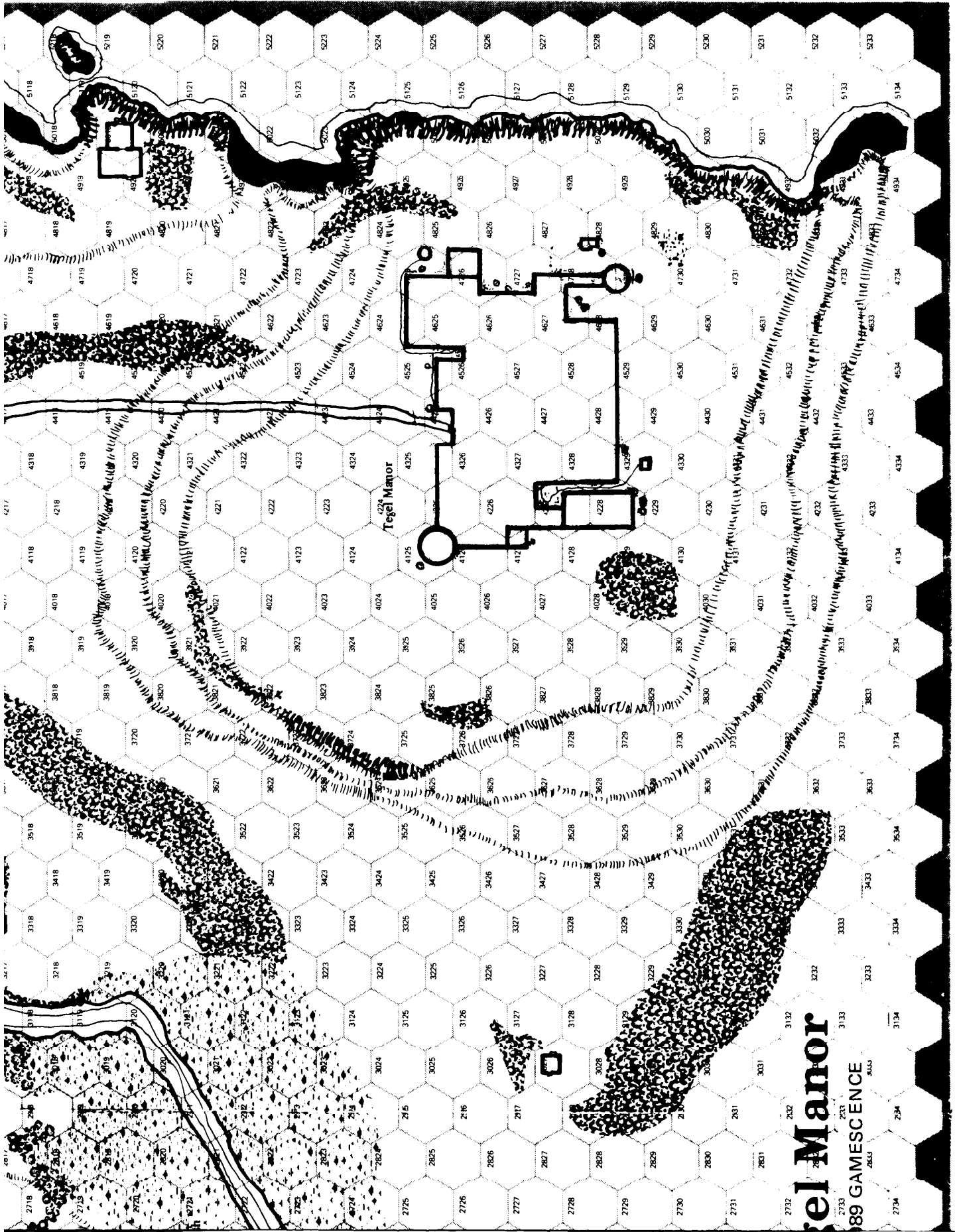
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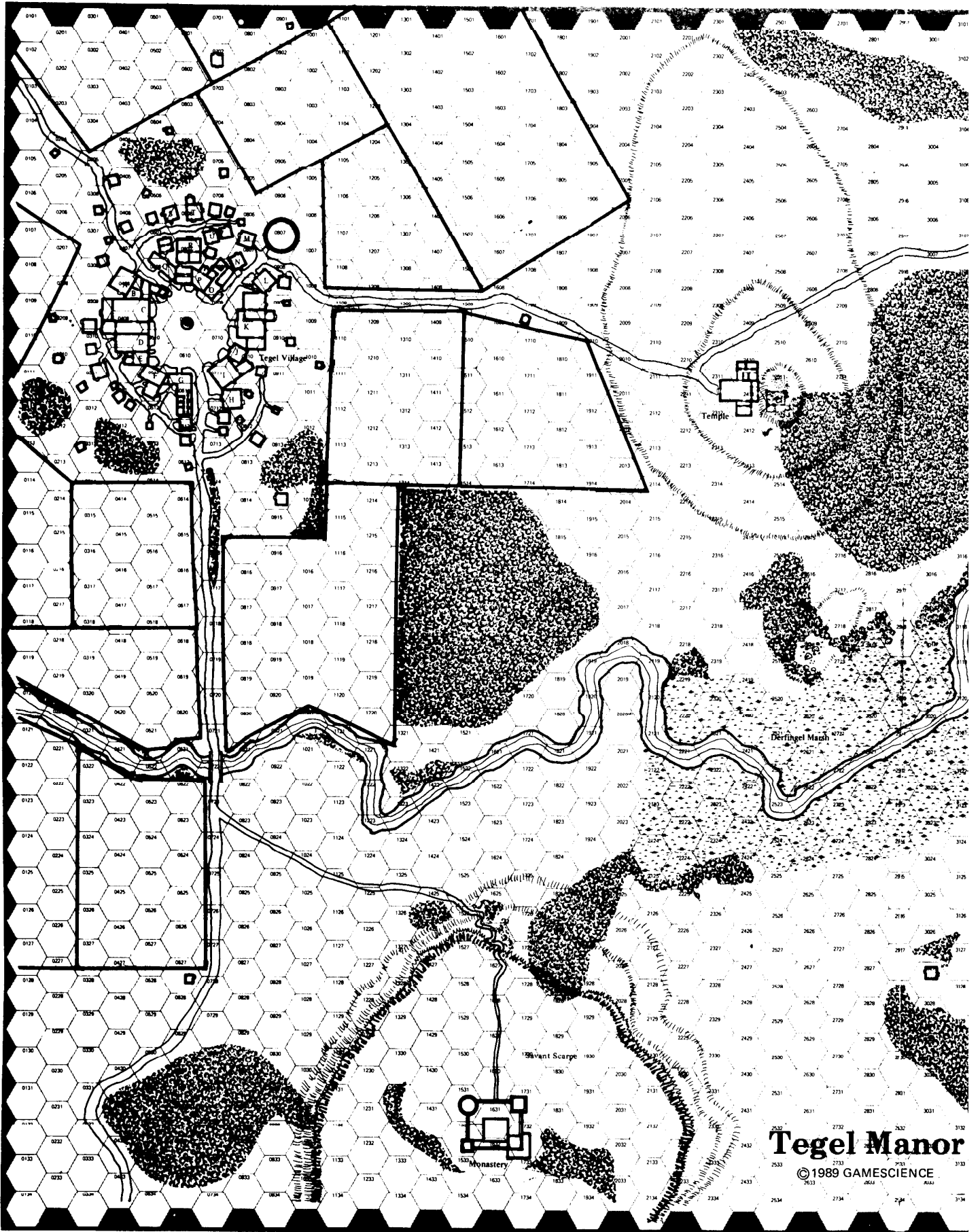
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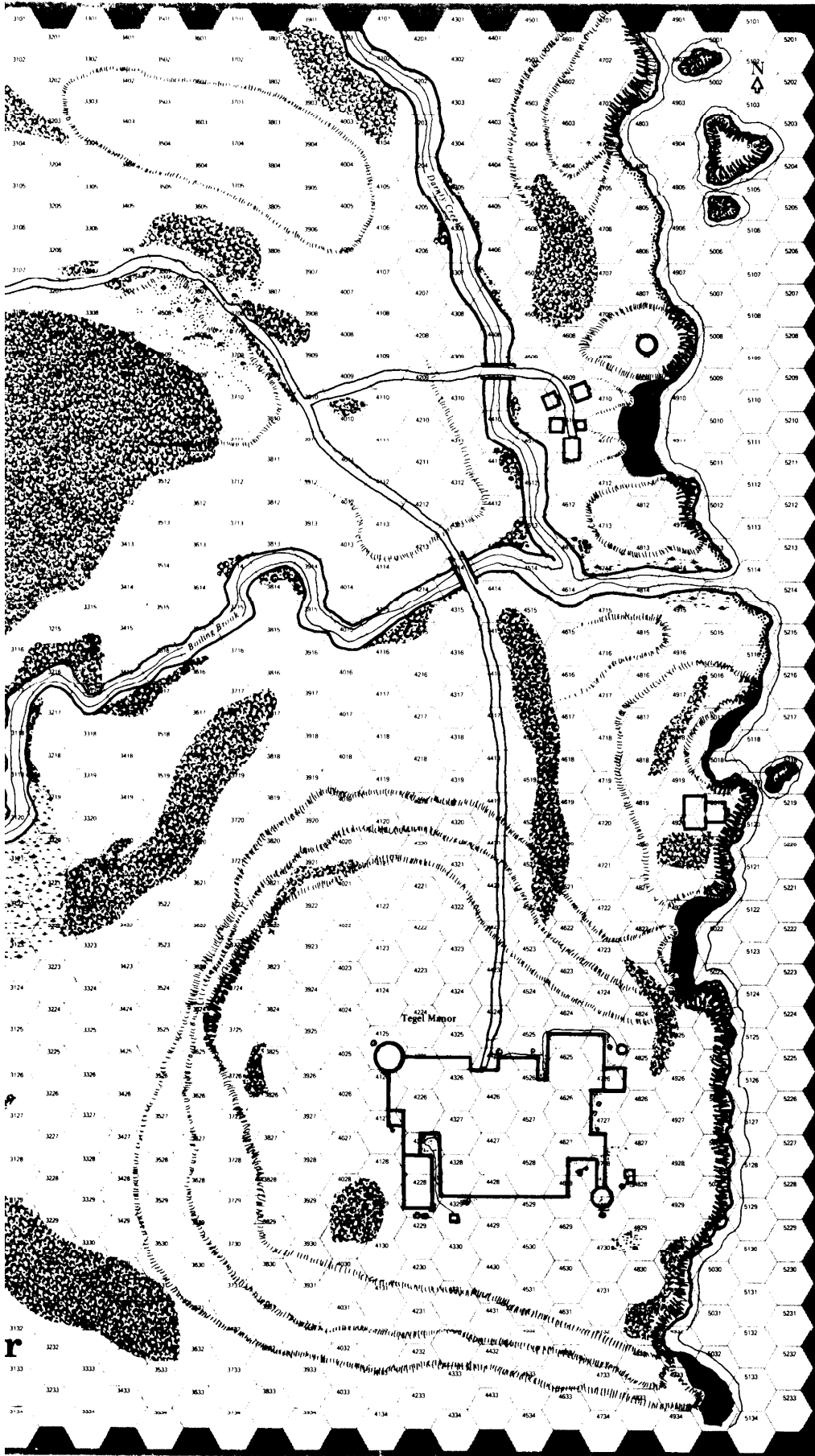
Tegel Manor

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## GAMESCIENCE PLAYERS MAP

### Terrain Key

Terrain Key	MF	Cost
Cliffs*	4/-	
Tombstones*	1/1	
Hill Contours*	2/3	
Beach*	1/2	
Caves*	1/1	
Rocky Terrain*	2/5	
Dense Woods*	2/5	
Dirt Roads**	1/1	
Marshes*	3/-	
Bridge**	1/1	
Field Fences*	2/3	
Ruins*	2/4	
Stream*	2/5	
Steep Trail***	4/-	

\*No Charge allowed

\*\*Negates terrain penalties

\*\*\*Mule allowed, 1 hex per turn

*Numbers to the right of terrain features list the number of movement factors expended by entering that hex; the slash separates MFs for Footmen/MFs for Horsemen.*

### MOVEMENT FACTORS

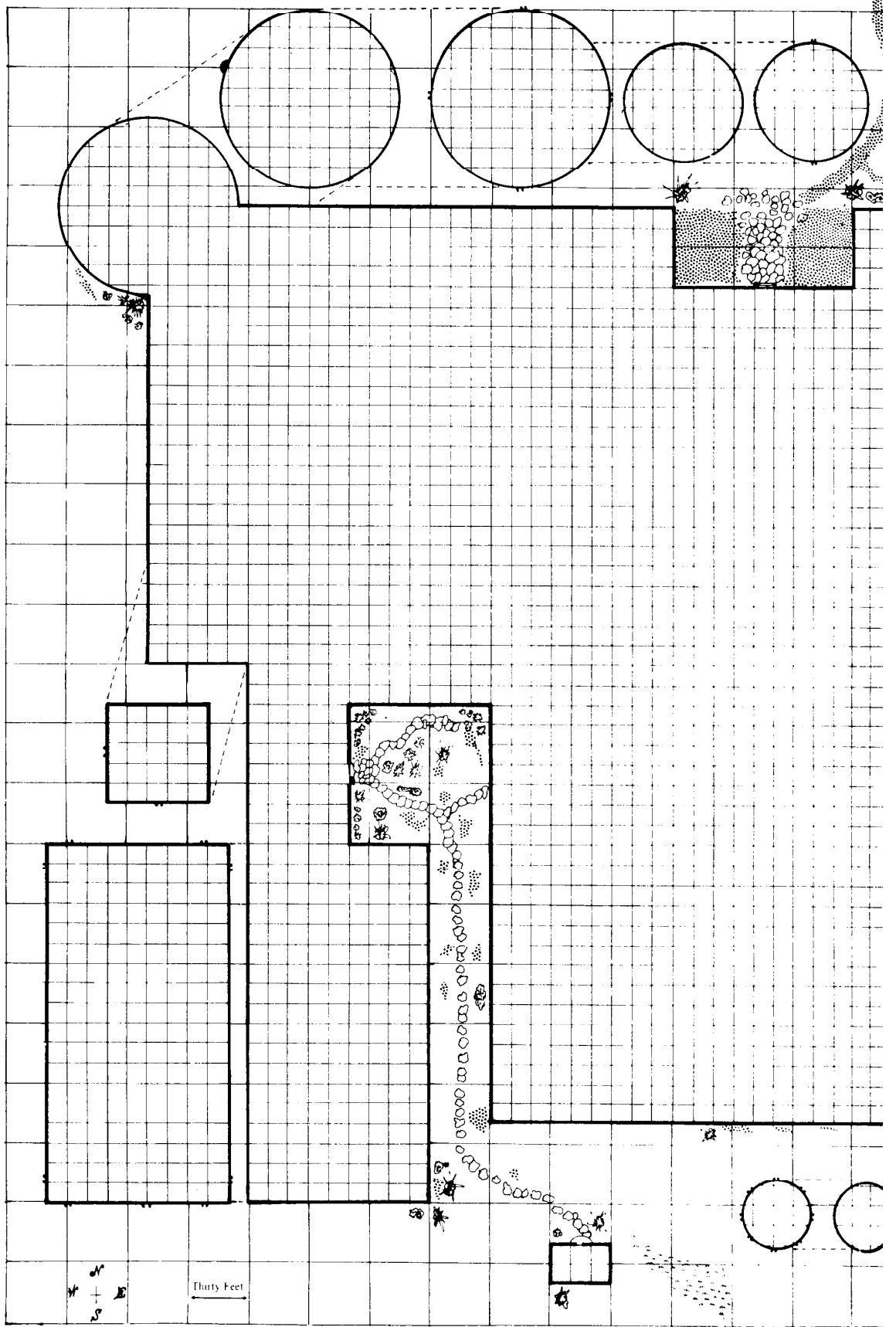
Encumbered	1
Armored Footman	2
Heavy Footman*	3
Light Footman*	4
Heavy Horseman**	5
Medium Horseman**	6
Light Horseman**	8

\*1 hex charge bonus allowable

\*\*2 hex charge bonus allowable

Conversion: each 3" equals 1 movement factor

Scale: each hex is 30 yards wide.

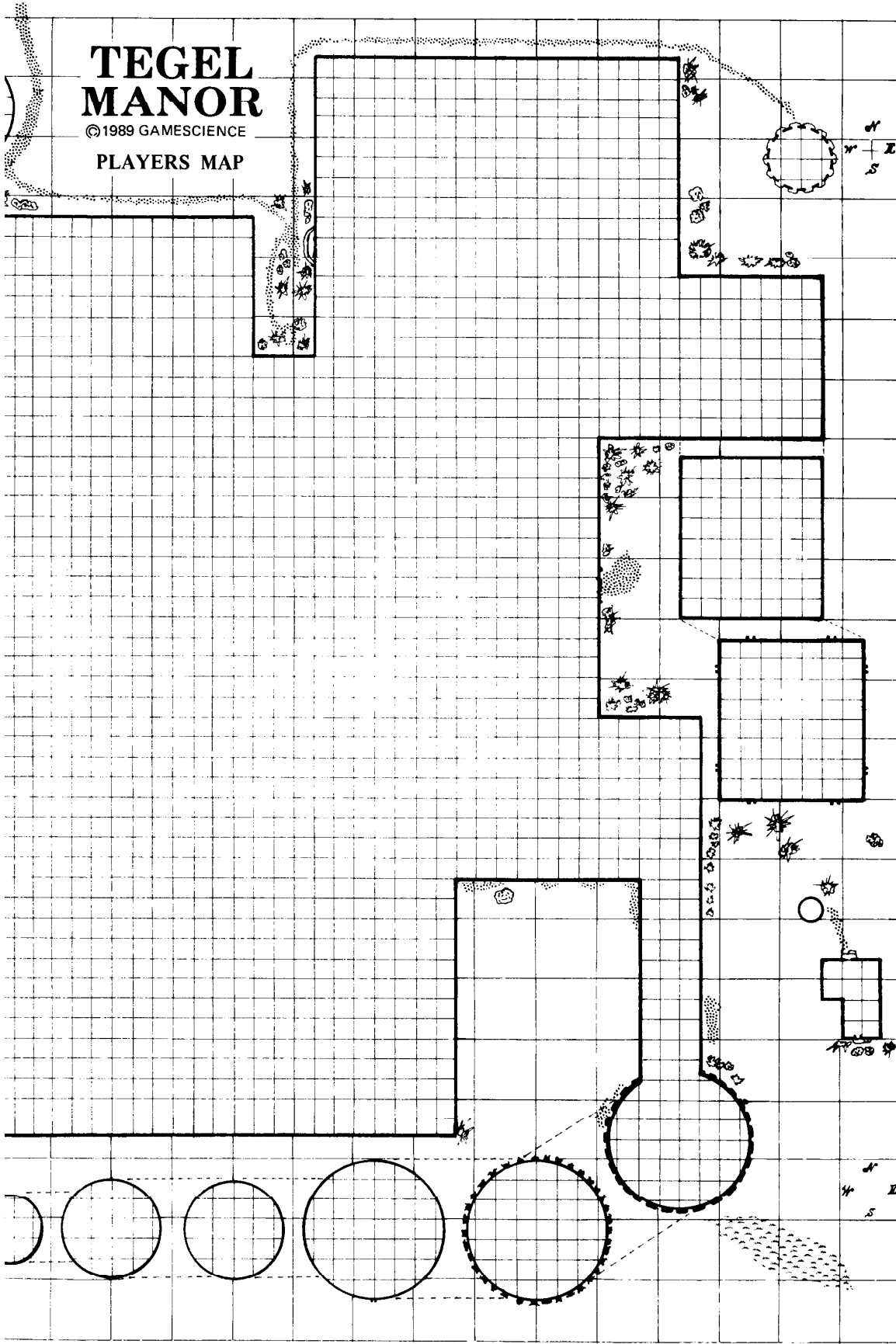


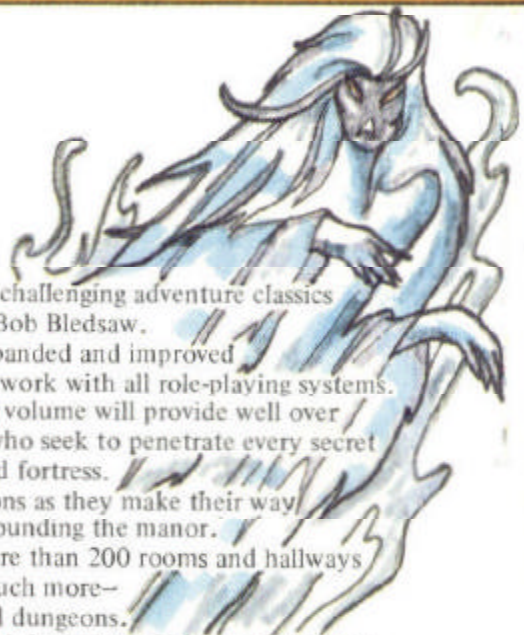


# TEGEL MANOR

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## PLAYERS MAP





**TEGEL MANOR** is one of the best known and most challenging adventure classics ever created by Judges Guild author Bob Bledsaw.

It has now been comprehensively revised, expanded and improved by *Wizards' Realm* author Niels Erickson, and modified to work with all role-playing systems.

Designed for medium to highly skilled characters, this volume will provide well over a hundred hours of gaming, particularly for adventurers who seek to penetrate every secret connected with the foreboding old fortress.

Parties will encounter numerous adventure situations as they make their way through Tegel Village and the grounds surrounding the manor.

Once inside that ancient edifice, they can explore its more than 200 rooms and hallways—libraries, temples, galleries and much more—as well as its four underground-level dungeons.

This infamous haunted manse is fraught with deadly perils! In its labyrinthine passageways lurk menaces, monstrosities and magicks fell and foul!

A moderately-experienced Gamemaster will find that the extensively detailed room descriptions quickly set the scene and mood for the excitement to follow.

In addition to the usual quests for wealth, powerful magicks or glory, GMs will easily find more than 50 compelling reasons for sending heroic adventurers into **TEGEL MANOR**: Can they find the accursed gem, the Heart of Darkness? Can they root out the evil which emanates from the fortress to threaten the surrounding countryside?

Can they locate the Cauldron of Regeneration or the other potent wizardry hidden here—flying carpets, magical statues and more?

Can they liberate a most unique prisoner and complete a quest for justice?

Or close the portal to Hell itself? In addition to werewolves, vampires and liches, evil spirits and sinister secrets, one may encounter wry humor or fiendish puns and perhaps the rare tome or important alchemist's aid to be found therein.

**TEGEL MANOR** can provide many sessions of mesmerizing mystery and frantic action for your campaign, with whatever fantasy role-playing game system you favor.

Included are a Gamemaster's and players' versions of the map of the manse itself, as well as maps of the levels below, and of the surrounding countryside. Area background and notable NPCs are described in detail, while a separate section enumerates the diabolical denizens who make the fortress their home.

Other play-aids include tables for dire magics and optional additions to the perils already present, along with Universal Format information.

(Tegel Village is also located on the maps of *The City-State of the Invincible Overlord*, now published by Mayfair Games, which could provide many other possible tie-ins for your campaign.)

Full text in **TEGEL MANOR**—but can you survive it?



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