

WARLORDS

#8012



OF THE DESERT™

A Fantasy Role Playing adventure module from
J.R.R. TOLKIEN'S MIDDLE-EARTH®

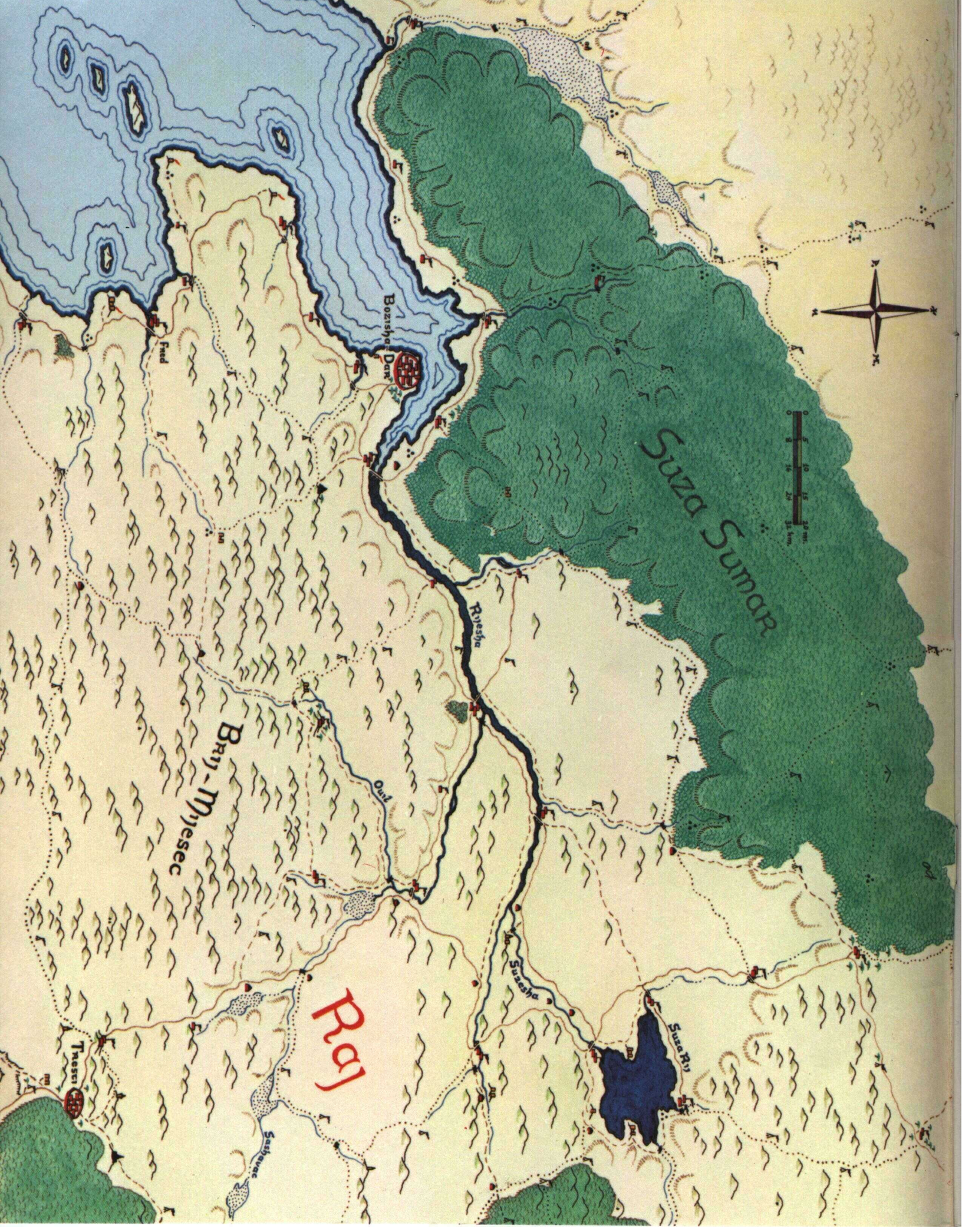


Playable with



Rolemaster™

Based on THE HOBBIT® and THE LORD OF THE RINGS™, this supplement is set in Far Harad's principal seaport, a city teeming with exotic travelers from the caravan routes. In the bustling streets of Bozisha-Dar, foreigners suffer at the hands of pickpockets, swindlers, and servants of the Dark Lord. This module features 3 complete adventures. All are self-contained and can easily be used in other locales. Warlords also links with I.C.E.'s Far Harad campaign module.



WARLORDS OF THE DESERT™

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Buried in a desert drift, Sangarunya heaved against the weight on his shoulders. Dust and sand sprayed from his chain mail as the Warlord stood upright. The rays of the setting sun stabbed his eyes. "Curse the day the Haradan jackal spoke," he muttered.

He shaded his eyes to scan his surrounding? The sandstorm had changed the immediate terrain, but the Kasrelu Table Rocks still loomed against the horizon. Without his mount, it would be many hours to the oasis beyond them. Sangarunya shook his canteen only a swallow of water remained. He tightened his lips and stepped forward. True warriors were bred to overcome hardship.

A lizard sped away from his booted foot toward the spines of half-buried driftwood. The Warlord took another step, then paused with wary muscle's and suddenly intent gaze. Those driftwood prongs were strangely regular.

With a hissing roar, the golden, sinuous form of a Sand Drake rose from beneath the sands. Its glaring eyes focused on the Umbaean warrior. Scimitar in hand and shield raised, Sangarunya searched for an opening. He would get only one chance.

1.0 GUIDELINES

Fantasy role playing is akin to a living novel where the players are the main characters. Everyone combines to write a story which is never short of adventure. They help create a new land and strange new tales.

This series is designed as a tool for Gamemasters (GMs) who wish to run scenarios or campaigns set in J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth. The adventure modules are complete and ready-to-run studies of very specific areas, and are intended to be used with a minimum of additional work. Each has statistical information based on the *Middle-earth Role Playing (MERP)* and *Rolemaster (RM)* fantasy systems. The modules are, however, adaptable for use with most major role playing games. Creative guidelines, not absolutes, are emphasized.

PROFESSOR TOLKIEN'S LEGACY

Each module is based on extensive research and attempts to meet the high standards associated with the Tolkien legacy. Rational linguistic, cultural, and geological data are employed. Interpretive material has been included with great care, and fits into defined patterns and schemes. ICE does not intend it to be the sole or proper view; instead, we hope to give the reader the thrust of the creative processes and the character of the area.

Remember that the ultimate sources of information are the works of Professor J.R.R. Tolkien. Posthumous publications edited by his son Christopher shed additional light on the world of Middle-earth. These modules are derived from *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, although they have been developed so that no conflict exists with any of the other sources.

1.1 ABBREVIATIONS

GAME SYSTEMS

RM *Rolemaster*

MIDDLE-EARTH TERMS

A	Adunaic	Mu	Mumakani
BS	Black Speech	Or	Orkish
Cir	Cirth or Certar	P	Pel
Dr	Orel	Q	Quenya
E	Edam	S	Sindann
El	Eldann	SA	Second Age
Es	Easterling	Se	Sederi
IA	First Age	Si	Silvan (Bethleur Avann)
FA	Fourth Age	TA	Third Age
Har	Haradrim	Ta	Tanturaki
Hob.	<i>The Hobbit</i>	Teng	Tengwar
Kh	Khuzdul (Dwarvish)	Tk	Tuktam
Ki	Kiram (Avann)	Tu	Tumag
LotR	<i>The Lord of the Rings</i>	V	Vanag

CHARACTER STATS

Ag	Agility (RM/MERP)	Me	Memory (RM)
Co	Constitution (RM/MERP)	Ig	Intelligence (MERP)
St	Strength (RM/MERP)	Re	Reasoning (RM)
Pr	Presence (RM/MERP)	Em	Empathy (RM)
It(In)	Intuition (RM/MERP)	Qu	Quickness (RM)
SD	Self Discipline (RM)		

GAME TERMS

AT	Armor Type	Lvl	Level (exp or spell level)
bp	bronze piece(s)	MA	Martial Arts
cp	copper piece(s)	Mod	Modifier or Modification
Cnt	Critical strike	mp	mithril piece(s)
D	Die or Dice	NPC	Non player Character
D100	Percentile Dice Result	OB	Offensive bonus
DB	Defensive Bonus	PC	Player Character
FRP	Fantasy Role Playing	PP	Power Points
GM	Gamemaster	R or Rad	Radius
gP	gold piece(s)	Rnd or Rd	Round
'P	iron piece(s)	RR	Resistance Roll
JP	jade piece(s)	Stat	Statistic or Characteristic
tP	tin piece(s)		

1.2 ADAPTING THIS MODULE

Like the rest of this series, this module is designed for use with the Middle-earth Role Playing game (*MERP*) or the more advanced Rolemaster (*RM*) system, but is adaptable to most other major FRP games. Statistics are expressed on a closed or open-ended scale, using a 1-100 base and percentile dice (D100). No other dice are required.

1.21 CONVERTING STATS AND BONUSSES

Bonuses: When converting percentile values to a 1-20 system a simple rule is: for every +5 on a D100 scale you get a +1 on a D20.























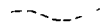








Hits: The concussion hits numbers found in this module only represent general pain and system shock. They cover bruises and small cuts rather than serious wounds and fatal blows. The hit figures shown here are less important than those used in game systems where death occurs as a result of exceeding one's available hits. Should you use a game system that employs no specific critical strike results (e.g., TSR Inc.'s *Dungeons and Dragons*®), simply double the number of hits your characters take or halve the hit values found in this module.

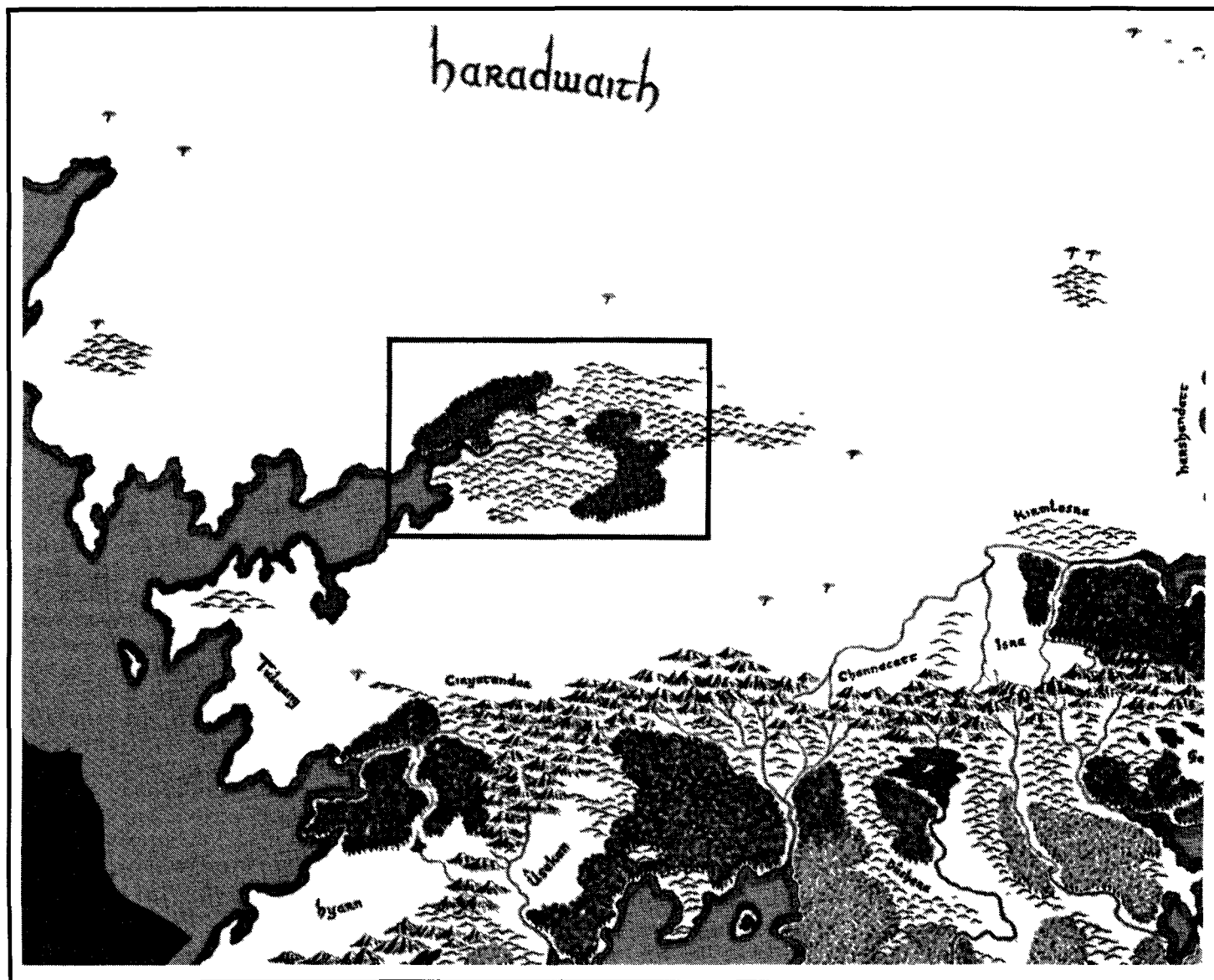
1.22 CONVERSION CHART

If you play something other than *MERP* or *Rolemaster* and you do not use a percentile system, use the following chart to convert 1-100 numbers to figures suited to your game.

1-100 Stat	D100 Bonus	D20 Bonus	3-18 Stat	2-12 Stat
102+	+35	+7	20+	17+
101	+30	+6	19	15-16
100	+25	+5	18	13-14
98-99	+20	+4	17	12
95-97	+15	+3	16	—
90-94	+10	+2	15	11
85-89	+5	+1	14	10
75-84	+5	+1	13	9
60-74	0	0	12	8
40-59	0	0	10-11	7
25-39	0	0	9	6
15-24	-5	-1	8	5
10-14	-5	-1	7	4
5-9	-10	-2	6	3
3-4	-15	-3	5	—
2	-20	-4	4	2
1	-25	-4	4	2

1.3 BASIC COLOR AREA MAP KEY

- | | |
|--|---|
| (1) 1 inch = 20 miles | (19) Manor Houses, Inns, Small Villages =  |
| (2) Mountains =  | (20) Citadels and Huge Castle Complexes =  |
| (3) Hills =  | (21) Small Castles/Holds/Towers/Keeps, etc. =  |
| (4) Mixed Forests =  | (22) Monasteries =  |
| (5) Pine Forests =  | (23) Barrows, cairnfields, and Burial Caves =  |
| (6) Hedgerows, Brush, and Thickets =  | (24) Caverns and Cave Entries =  |
| (7) Primary Rivers =  | (25) Buttes and Plateaus =  |
| (8) Streams =  | (26) Lakes =  |
| (9) Intermittent Watercourses =  | (27) Dunes =  |
| (10) Glaciers and Iceflows =  | (28) Desert =  |
| (11) Mountain and Snowy Regions have no coloring | (29) Reefs =  |
| (12) Primary Roads =  | (30) Ruins =  |
| (13) Secondary Roads =  | (31) Swamps and Marshlands =  |
| (14) Trails/Tracks =  | (32) Jungle =  |
| (15) Bridges =  | (33) Dry or Periodic Lakes =  |
| (16) Fords =  | |
| (17) Cities =  | |
| (18) Towns =  | |



2.0 ADVENTURING IN BOZISHA-DAR

The land of Far Harad and its capital, like any other of Middle-earth's more exotic lands, have a number of characteristics which must be taken into consideration for role playing. A detailed description of the land and its people can be found in *Far Harad the Scorched Land*. The following paragraphs, however, give enough information to cover the adventures described in this module."

2.1 GENERAL INFORMATION

Little was known of Far Harad before the landing of Numenorean seafarers early in the Second Age. The people's own legends, as well as some physical evidence, indicate that the land has not always been the harsh region that it is today. Once it was a realm of great verdant beauty, but sometime before the end of the First Age, climatic changes, or the hand of some malevolent god, put its lush growth to the torch, leaving the desert that remains today.

On their arrival, around S.A. 1100, the Sealords of Numenor found a strong, though backward, nation standing where the desert met the sea. The two cities of the land had already lost their origins in the mists of legend, and the Haradwaith were settled in their ways. They accepted the Men of the West as guests and learned a great deal from them. However, they never allowed themselves to fall fully under the Adan scepter. The Haradrim always harbored a mild distrust for foreigners, to whom they referred as Poganin or pagans.

In the centuries that followed, Far Haradan contact with the Men of Westemness waxed and waned with the times and the attitudes of the Haradan King. Enough commerce existed, though, to cause the construction, in the area of Far Harad's only port, of a number of mansions in high Numenorean style. In addition, scattered across the arid lands, numerous Adan outposts were built and fortified with the leave of the Haradan regime.

As the Second Age progressed, the political balances in southern Endor shifted. At the height of their power, both Arda Once Vain and the Storm King managed to exert strong influence over most of the nation's people. In the year of Numenor's fall, Arda arranged the assassination of the Far Haradan King, bringing about the creation of a ruling Council of Regents, which was, at first, more malleable to his will. Yet military conquest never subjugated the region. And, even when the Enemy was at his strongest, the Bozishnarod never fell to his dark religion.

After the first fall of Sauron and the failure of his plans in the South, Bozisha-Dar continued on as ever, adopting again a tolerant attitude towards the Dunadan ships that called at the port. A period of gradually increasing prosperity began with the downfall of the Ringwraiths and has continued, with greater or lesser Dunadan intervention, to this day.

2.11 POLITICS IN FAR HARAD

Governance in Far Harad is an elusive concept. Though the elite of Bozisha-Dar would assert otherwise, there is actually no single authority that holds sway over all of the people. It is more accurate to say that power is tossed on an unquiet sea of political interplay. National authority is often in the hands of a single man, but that man is always backed by a coalition of clan heads and power-brokers across the land that will be broken by his smallest misstep.

Traditionally, Far Harad is an absolute monarchy, with a king known as the Kralji. No king, however, has reigned in the land since before the fall of Numenor. Instead, there is a Council of Regents that wields the kingly power. From the time of their liberation from darkness, after the first fall of Sauron, the people of Far Harad have supported this council, and no one has yet dared make a bid for Monarchy.

The Council has nominal authority to put forth any decree that a King might issue; however, the vulnerability of the men who sit at the high table to economic pressure, and the threat of rebellion, keep the actions of the body within certain bounds. The Council and its bureaucracy wield relatively wide power within the bounds of the capital city, with offices to administer trade, utilities, housing, and so forth. International affairs are also primarily left to the seven Regents, along with the control of foreign trade.

In most purely Haradan matters outside of the city, however, the role of these men is advisory at best. The chieftains of the clans are, in almost every way, monarchs for themselves. In questions of law, trade, or war, these men make decisions for their people, begging the consent of no higher authority. It is not to be thought, though, that these folk lack loyalty to their nation. The justification given is an assertion that the Council was left to govern the city and deal with the Poganin, but until another Kralji is named by the people, the nomads and hill clans will rule themselves for the good of the Haradwaith.

2.12 THE ECONOMY

The people of Far Harad have an economy that is relatively diverse, as one might expect in a nation that has been isolated from its neighbors to such a degree. Though trade is a part of the system, the distances involved dictate that the desert folk be able to provide most of the goods they use for themselves. The cultural differences that divide the segments of the population also add variety to the structure. The needs and methods of fulfilling them differ from group to group depending on lifestyle and resources available.

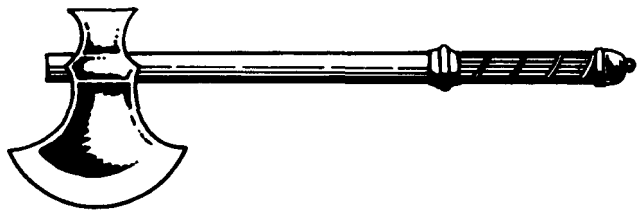
THE CAPITAL CITY

Within Bozisha-Dar, the economic structure is based on the production of goods through cottage industry and the barter that occurs in the market place. There is also some shipping trade and, with it, the support industries necessary to keep ocean going vessels afloat. Beyond this, the various services needed to keep any large community working, tailors, carpenters, et cetera, flourish as small commercial enterprises.

All of those with goods or services to sell, aim their main efforts at the wealthy of the city, who are often seen roaming the markets, or their servants, who in one important way are the richest of the poor. This is because these two groups are most often possessed of real coinage. Most trade among the lower classes is undertaken through a traditional barter system, but the rent and taxes which they pay to their rulers must take the form of cash. However, coins are rare in Far Harad, sought after vigorously, and guarded jealously by the working folk. This situation was created by the machinations of the ruling cadre, who use it as a method to preserve their station. In a society where status is based almost entirely upon wealth, the near absence of durable riches among the peasants ensures that very few men will ever make the jump from plebeian to elite. Coins are minted only once every seven years and even then only in small numbers to replace those that are lost and to suit the demands of international trade. This condition dictates that in many of the service establishments of the city, such as taverns, brothels, and playhouses, patrons will have running accounts. Deliveries of goods or services a patron performs for the proprietors are counted against use of the establishment.

Among the poor who produce goods, it is the usual practice to have workshop, store, and home all within the same building. Almost anything that might be needed for work or play by members of either social class is made in a home within the city. This runs from the light, loose-fitting robes worn in the streets of the city to high quality swords and armor used by the Haradrim in battle. The price for which such goods may be purchased depends on the form of payment used. Credit is unknown among the Bozishnarod; when a man cannot pay for what he needs, his friends or family give him what they can, or else he does without. If payment takes the form of other goods, the charts from MERP can be used to determine relative values and the transaction calculated by them. When coinage, foreign or domestic, is used, prices fall dramatically. Using the same tables, any price should be reduced by 15-25%, depending on the ability of the parties involved to haggle.

The market squares of the city are the main stage for commerce in the area. Along with the artisans of Bozisha-Dar, folk who indulge in trades that are not given to indoor practice use these small courtyards to show their wares. Among those tied to the city itself are farmers who grow grain, fruits, and vegetables in the region just outside the city walls and peddlers of services, including fortune tellers, animal trainers, and mercenaries. From outside the city's sphere come Narod Brijig herdsman with goats and wool to sell or trade for the more diverse products offered by their city cousins. The selection is further enhanced by the arrival of the great desert caravans that drive north from the lands of Usakan and Hyarn. These carry the exotic goods of the mysterious South. The impact of the caravans on the economy of Far Harad in the past, however, has not been large. Their goods were intended for the consumption of the richer folk in Umbar and beyond. In northern climes, ambergris, ivory, and animal pelts command high prices, and payment comes in gold. Only enough was sold in Bozisha-Dar to pay for the remainder of the journey's supplies. However, in T.A. 1640, as the Dar and the land about it grow in prosperity, more and more transactions are taking place between the caravan merchants and the locals. Many items, from brilliant silk tapestries to beautiful Desert Amber, are put up in exchange for the wares of the traveling caravans.



THE HILLS

Matters of commerce are generally simpler among the Narod Brijig than in the city. Money is even less common, and the traded commodities are less varied. The most common unit of exchange is the goat, the one thing of which a man can never have too many. The hill men trade amongst themselves in cloth goods, worked metal or wood, and food stuffs, as well as their herd animals. Though coinage is scarce, it is still prized; these people are well aware of the power that gold holds over their urban neighbors. They have a saying, however, that heavy purses lead men into fatal accidents; few keep their gold much longer than it takes to get to the city market. The hill men also trade with the *Covshek-pust* or Men of the Desert. In return for metal, meat, and fabric, they receive the most valuable product of the Bozisha-Miraz, Desert Amber, which they sell to the wealthy of the city or to the passing caravans.

THE DEEP DESERT

The people of the desert live in a communal society as they search the Mirror of Fire for pockets of Desert Amber, a hard resin with unknown origins that fills cracks in the stone. Though they trade their amber (worth about one gold piece per fist-sized chunk) for goods from the other Haradan peoples, trade among themselves is limited to an occasional swap here and there. If a man has need of a new sword, he may take one from the tribe's supply and another will be bought from the hill men the next time the tribe meets with them. The benefactor will work a bit harder for the good of his clan in the days that follow to show that he is grateful. With one another, they take this stance without exception; but the *Covshek-pust* are not soft-hearted. With those who are outside their ken, they are as hard as stone. The desert folk ask a fair price for their Desert Amber or for their services when they act as guides, but they are not open to negotiation. They will see a man die of thirst before selling him a drop of water, once he has been so rude as to try to force an issue of price.

2.13 THE CULTURE OF THE HARADWAITH

The men of Far Harad belong to a race whose origins are clouded in the mists of time. Whether they have always lived in the region, as their legends tell, or migrated into the land from the jungles to the south, as others have speculated, the earliest Numenorean tales of them depict the people much as they are seen today. The Haradwaith have never attempted conquest or colonization and are not prone to emigration, so their culture is found only in their homeland. There it flourishes and holds strong in the face of all foreign pressures. To a large degree, particularly in an age where the great powers of Middle-earth are relatively weak, the Haradrim live in what might be called a cultural island.

In light of their racial homogeneity, the peoples of Far Harad are surprisingly fragmented culturally. Even in their urban life, this is reflected in the differences in lifestyle between the rich and poor. Outside the Dar, the *Narodbrijig* (Ap. "Men of the Hills") and the desert wanderers, the *Covshek-pust* (Ap. "Desert Men"), are so different from the city folk and from each other as to seem like separate races.

One aspect of life, however, is common to all of the peoples of the Bozisha-Miraz: their religion. This is a mythic cult that ties the land, the people, and the gods together in its beliefs. The faith is observed, to a greater or lesser degree, by all classes and groups of the society. It encompasses not only a creation myth, but also a code of law and honor that reigns in every facet of life in the Desert Country. All of this is derived from a single saga, the *Kat Polozaj*, that is sung by the Shamans of the region.

APPEARANCE

The arguments that tie the Men of Far Harad to their southern neighbors of Mumakan are based primarily on a similarity of appearance. The southern Haradwaith are tall and wiry, with very dark skin and black hair. Their eyes are also dark, of black or brown with ivory-colored surrounds. Their facial features fill a remarkably wide spectrum with members of one clan tending to have broad, flat faces and curly hair where another shows sharper lines and straight hair.

In the city of Bozisha-Dar, one more frequently finds cases where foreign traits come forth in bloodlines. In a very few families, these odd happenings of birth are relatively common and surface almost every generation. Usually, though, evidence of mixed breeding occurs only on widely separated occasions when a child born with lighter skin or a man of unusual build shows a touch of outlander in his heritage. This foreign blood has entered the native pool over many generations in times when the land lay under the hegemony of other realms.

LIFE AND DEATH

The religion of the Bozishnarod gives them an atypical view of death. They believe in no afterlife, but none-the-less most do not fear their mortality. The source of this resignation stems from seeing death as a release. Though every Southron child is taught to hope that in his day the land will bloom again, most have grown to distrust such thoughts by middle-age. For them, though death puts an end to the joys of life, it ends the sorrows as well. And in this harsh land there are many sorrows.

ATTITUDES AND OUTLOOK

For all of their resignation to fate, the Bozishnarod are not an unhappy folk in everyday life. Among their countrymen, they are gregarious and cheerful. And even the foreign traders that pass through their land are dealt with warmly in social situations. This friendliness has limits though. It is important to the Haradwaith that any outsiders have good reason for their intrusion; traders have a purpose to fulfill in the land, and so are taken in as honorary members of the community, free to join in the general revelry that stirs the cities and nomad camps as each night falls. Foreigners who come on other errands may have more trouble; tourists, emissaries, and adventurers are not always so well received.

In the more serious aspects of their lives, the Bozishnarod are given to a hard sort of pragmatism. Their morality places a very high value on personal and family honor, which is bound in with service to their people, their land, and the goddess who is their patroness. In the execution of these ideals, they are infinitely realistic. A man is not expected to give more than he has or to do more than he is able; but if death will serve his duty, then he is expected to give no less.

FAMILY LIFE

To the people of Far Harad, family ties are more important than anything, aside from religion. They associate themselves with rather large, extended family groups, led by the oldest able male member. In the Brij Mijesec, and among the Covshek-pust in the deep desert, the workings of the clan are indistinguishable from the life of the smaller family groups; a child is as much the child of his aunts and uncles as he is of his real parents. In the Dar, where diversity of professions and the fragmented structure of urban housing work to loosen ties with people outside of the immediate family, the day to day contact with more distant kin is limited. For the city dwellers, the bond to the clan is only felt strongly on special occasions such as weddings and births. The rest of the time, urban families revolve around the home and workshop, or, among the elite, the palace and the family business. In these cases, authority rests in the hands of the father. His wives and children, regardless of age, are expected to do his bidding without question. In the majority of households, this tends actually to involve more negotiation than tyranny; a man who ruled his home without compassion would soon find his clansmen closing their doors to him.

LANGUAGE

The people of Far Harad speak a tongue known as *Apysaic*, which is a language rich in metaphor and color. An oral tradition centered on their religious epics has acted to limit the changes that come to a language over time, and the Bozishnarod today speak much as did their ancestors when the first of the Sealords landed on their shores. In addition, many *speak Haradaic* relatively well, and a small but growing number have knowledge of Westron, gained through the necessities of trade.

SOCIAL CLASSES

Though in law, there are no separate classes among the southern Haradwaith, the course of history has created three groups that play the roles served in other lands by more rigid castes.

The first among these is made up of the wealthy families that fill the seats of government in Bozisha-Dar. By law, these positions are impermanent, based entirely on a family's current liquidity; but as years have passed, the wealth of the land has come, more and more, to rest in the hands of a few clans. The hope of rising to join their ranks is relatively slim for an outsider. This is particularly true, since entrance to the ruling elite can only be gained through forcing another family out. All of the nobility fear this fate and will often work together to prevent a newcomer's success.

Living alongside these affluent families are the folk who comprise the region's second class, the poor of the Dar. The term poor is not strictly accurate, since most of these folk live quite comfortably. It is used simply to contrast these folk with their neighbors. All of the varied professions and vocations found outside of government office are filled by these people. Many are truly destitute and live in the hovels of the poor quarter, and almost all are hard put to obtain actual currency; but the majority live in fair style, bartering amongst themselves and selling goods or services to the rich in order to make ends meet.

The last element of the social picture is formed by the groups of Haradrim who live beyond the outskirts of the Dar. In the Hills of the Moon, on the open plains of the Arid Lands, and beside the great expanse of the Mirror of Fire, these clans live lives that are in many ways diverse. Yet all are relatively similar in their piety and their general attitudes.

Each of these social segments plays a different part in the drama of the nation. The wealthy of the Dar live their lives attending to high affairs of state, running their family businesses, and enjoying the pleasures that come with money and power. Beside them, the less affluent work diligently at their crafts or trades by day, taking their ease at night in the entertainment district of the city. The desert folk engage in a great variety of pursuits, covering all of the arts and crafts that are needed to support independent communities. Across the open lands, the chief pastimes are banditry and clan feuds; in the Brij Mijesec and around the city of Tresti, most folk take the role of goatherds. And on the rim of the Ogladalo Vatra, the Covshek-pust make their camps, faring out onto the rock plain in search of precious desert amber, a stone they sell to their more cosmopolitan cousins.

THE ROLE OF WEALTH

As has been said above, wealth and current liquidity are very important to Far Haradan political and social status, at least as perceived through the eyes of the city folk. Governmental positions are tied by tradition to residences on the great hill of Bozisha-Dar. These residences are held, as is all land within the Dar, by the Treasury of the Council of Regents. The homes must be leased from the state, and the payments are not low. There is also a steep entrance fee, increasing as the status of the house grows, required before the lease can be undertaken. However, the Treasury must call an end to the lease immediately, whenever the requisite entrance fee is put forth by another party. Thus, the first occupants are ousted for the new to move in. If the old residents are well prepared, they will simply side-step or even move up a notch into another mansion. If not, however, they must step down until they find a home that is within their current reach. Such exchanges are always filled with intrigue, and the intricacies to which they may extend are amazing. One such move can spark a reshuffling of the hill that will leave the city reeling for months.

For the poorer city folk, coinage is also important. Their homes too are leased, and the quarterly rents must be paid in coin. However, the powerful of the city ensure that such durable wealth is quite scarce. This forces even the richest of the city's craftsmen to hoard their gold and silver to keep their homes and shops.

In the hinterlands, gold and silver are much less revered. The pragmatic Haradrim of the desert and hills see coins as nearly useless, except in the exploitation of the the city folk, who will sell their birthrights for the metal disks.

GARB

In their clothing, the Bozishnarod must bow to the necessities of their climate. This dictates that they wear loose garments of light cloth, usually robes or tunics belted at the waist. The men often bind leggings of linen strips about their calves, while the women sport loose trousers of gauze. When outdoors under the sun, white or other pale colors are worn for the obvious practical reasons. On special occasions, however, more vivid hues emphasize the celebratory nature of the feast or festival. Reds and golds are popular, although most clans favor certain colors as affiliations in other societies might carry a tribal banner.

DIET

The Far Haradrim enjoy foods as spicy and hot as the desert under the noonday sun. Their diet makes sense, though most Northern folk find it unpleasant; perspiration cools the body, and spicy foods make one perspire. Thus, Haradan feasts challenge the foreign pallet and assault foreign noses.

The only livestock common among the Haradwaith are the goats herded in the Hills of the Moon. Goat's milk, cheese, and meat are staples of the diet, seasoned by the dozens of spices and sauces found every Haradantable. Bread is baked from grain raised just outside the Dar. Fruits from the land's two forests, pungent sweetmeats, and strong spiced tea round out a typical desert repast.

LEISURE

For recreation, the Haradrim turn to variations on their favorite pastime, the art of war. There are at least twenty popular contests of riding skill and as many others for each aspect of martial training. Indoors, boardgames similar to chess or brollist spur fierce competitors to endless re-matches. The Far Haradrim are great drinkers, and any settlement worth its salt is alive with raucous revelry far into the night. The favored beverage is a strong wine, called *Pijan*, fermented from the fruits of the Suza Sumar.

2.2 THE CITY OF BOZISHA-DAR

The capital city of Far Harad is known to its people as Bozisha-Dar, gift of the Goddess, after the relatively hospitable region that surrounds it. Located at the mouth of the river Rijesha, the city is composed of an interesting collection of buildings—ranging from desert tents and hutments, like those found elsewhere in the land, to grand palaces built in high Numenorean style of older days when the Sealords made landings here. Most structures, though, are of mud brick covered in a white plaster. Square and uniform, these make any building of differing style seem all the more outlandish.

The town nestles comfortably in a wide meander of the river, just upstream from the string of shoals that marks the line above which the waterway becomes unnavigable. Twisting streets sprawl around a dome-like prominence known as the Katedrala. This hill bears a covering of greenery more lush than can be found anywhere else in the nation, excepting the Forest of Tears. A system of channels or *qannats*, cut under the hill itself and connected with the surface by vertical shafts through the stone, makes the vegetation possible. The servants of the palaces spend hours each day hauling buckets full of water through these to the gardens. Amid palms and ferns, the palaces of the powerful advertise their wealth.

To the north, the Katedrala is bounded by a series of landscaped terraces that run down to a wall along the river's edge. On the slopes away from the Rijesh, the city spreads from the hill's base to the high encircling wall in a collection of precincts. Most of the town has arisen without plan over many hundreds of years, and in truth it would be best described as a great maze. Only the great dome acts as a landmark for those who would travel the streets unknowingly. Two of the city's quarters are detailed in Section 4.3. The remainder are covered here in case the players should wander beyond the bounds of the scenarios described below.

2.21 THE KATEDRALA

The Katedrala is the site of the mansions of Bozisha-Dar's most influential families, and its domed shape provides an excellent setting for these fine buildings. As they are arranged in tiers, each stands fully above those farther down the slope, but does not hinder the view of those above. The height of a mansion above the surrounding lands is an indication of the relative status of its resident. Though even the lowest are truly resplendent, none approach the grandeur of the seven that grace the highest tier. Known throughout history as the Mansions of the King, these now house the seven Regent Councilors. Their lovely spires and domes can be seen for miles around.

In terms of political status, the seven palaces are considered to be exactly equal, but they are by no means identical or even similar in their design. Each has its own character and atmosphere, and the names attached to them reflect the mood each building inspires.

2.22 SHOP DISTRICTS

On either side of the Festival Quarter, along the city wall, are neighborhoods filled with the homes of the city's artisans. Each structure along the tangled streets holds workshop, home, and store for a craftsman and his family. The buildings are mainly of the traditional Haradan style with an odd edifice of foreign aspect thrown in here and there. Most are two stories, with lodgings above and business rooms below. It is customary for these folk to carry goods to the Sellers' Court each day, but several of the working craftsmen stay behind to keep up production. These will be pleased to entertain any visitors who have interest in their goods, but choose not to brave the crowds of the market squares. Special orders are negotiated at the craftsmen's shops, since, as a rule, the master of a house does not take time to carry his wares to market.

The streets of these quarters are generally quiet, without much traffic, and only the sounds of craftsmen plying their trades disturb the air. At night, even those noises fade, and the houses settle down completely. The only disturbances then come from the occasional passing of some resident on his journey home from the entertainment district, a cat stalking mice through the alleys, or a burglar practicing his art. The kotar seems calm and pleasant; a visitor can sense the upright propriety of the good folk who live here.

2.23 THE MUNICIPAL QUARTER

The other side of the entertainment district is bounded by the stately avenues and large stone buildings of the governmental offices. Though in many ways the Haradrim may be considered backward, they lack nothing in the development of a governmental bureaucracy. The ornate halls that house the hundreds of clerks, administrators, and inspectors rival the homes of the Katedrala, in which most of the officials reside. Built primarily of local stone, they mimic the architecture of the Numenoreans, although the craftsmanship cannot match that found in the mansions that deck the hill. Palm trees line the broad streets, and many of the buildings shelter elaborate gardens in their courtyards.

The men who perform the daily tasks necessary to the governing of the Bozishnarod are thought by many to be the least reputable of all the Haradnm. The bureaucracy is not terribly corrupt, in as much as most of the bribery and coercion that goes on is above board and accepted. Rather, it is the short hours and libertine lifestyles of the ruling class that brings the most derision from the common folk. This is a society where the role of wealth in obtaining office has deprived government position of the respect similar posts might command in another land. Here, for better or for worse, a member of the government is judged by the popular perception of his worth as a man. Most of the lower level members of the administration are not highly regarded.

2.24 RESIDENCES

East of the government district are found the homes of those bureaucrats who do not have residences on the Katedrala itself. These are primarily clerks, scribes, and scribes, who do not obtain their positions through wealth, but are hired as would be any other laborers. They do gain special benefits, which include rent free housing and salaries paid in coinage. The buildings here are much like those in the two residential districts described above, but where the others have workshops, these have social rooms and offices. The streets are less jumbled and broader, although the houses are less well kept. The common folk of the Dar say, "These clerks have the best lives to be found among the poor, and all it cost them was their honor."

2.25 THE GUILDHALLS

Tucked into a corner between the Katedrala and the north-eastern face of the city wall, a somewhat less majestic extension of the municipal quarter houses the city's guildhalls. In what were once government offices, the officials of the varied Sloga plot ways to survive and profit from the Dar's turbulent political scene.

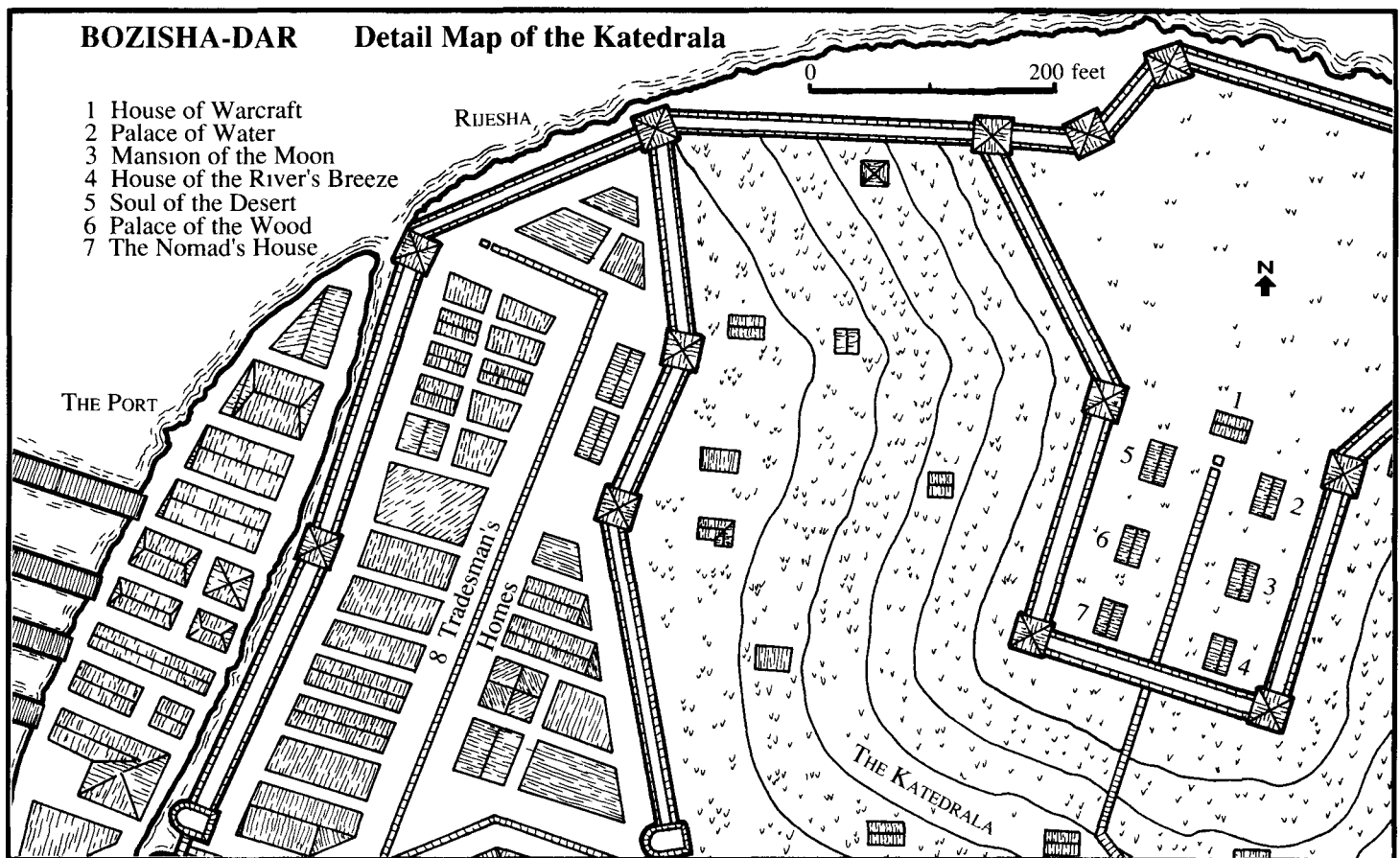
On a regular basis, about once per week, each guild gathers its membership into its hall to discuss their affairs. These meetings invariably degenerate into social events before the night is through, and by mid-evening the streets grow cluttered with guildsmen strolling toward the entertainment district.

The guildhalls are built of stone and designed to convey majesty and power. Most hold a single large meeting hall with a number of small offices attached, as well as apartments to house the full time clerks that each Sloga employs. The richer guilds, such as the jewelers, have their own vaults and act as depositories for their members. Guards housed on the premises ensure the safety of the contents.

2.26 THE CARAVAN GROUNDS

The great trading caravans that pass through the city or unload onto ships in the port quarter pitch their tents and picket their animals amidst the dust and bustle of the caravan grounds. When none are present, the area is a simple open field, dotted with a number of large and small sheds that stand empty, waiting for the next arrival. When the baggage trains enter the Dar, the area is transformed. Tents of all colors and sizes spring up around the buildings, where feed and tack are kept for the animals. The air is filled with noises and strange smells as the traders open their camp. These merchants are largely men from lands to the north or the south of the Haradwaith. Desert Haradnm frequently act as guards or guides, and some of the trains are actually operated by citizens of the Dar.

Once the tents have been set up and the traders have settled in, they usually open an informal market amongst the pavilions. The people of the city flock to the grounds to see what is for sale, but often they find that much of it is too expensive for them. The visitors rarely show much interest in bartering goods for goods, as the poorer Haradwaith are prone to do amongst themselves.



Caravans arrive three or four times a month, and sometimes more often, as the constant flow of merchandise continues between the lands of the North and South. The common folk of the Dar gain little from the visits in any direct sense, but it does support the Haradan shipping industry, as well as accounting for a large percentage of food sales. In the eyes of the common citizen, however, neither of these reasons justify the use of a great swath of the public land for the caravan field; instead, these folk love the traders simply for the spectacle that they bring to otherwise boring days, and that is grand indeed.

2.27 THE MERCHANTS' QUARTER

The loveliest homes of the city — off of the Katedrala — are those that belong to the city's merchants. In a walled neighborhood next to the caravan field, they spread out along palm-lined avenues in stately grace. The houses are built in Haradan style, but are larger than the others found through most of the city. Many are three or even four stories high, and some have gardens in their courtyards, watered through pipes from the river's edge. It is a quiet precinct, but a favorite target for the city's thieves, since many of the residents are called away for large parts of each year.

2.28 THE POOR QUARTER

Like similar districts in cities across Middle-earth, this kotar of the Dar is the most lawless within the walls. Its run-down buildings, shanties, and tents house the basest laborers and the unemployed. Legally, the residents are bound to pay rent to the city coffers, just as are the rest of the citizens. However, any attempt to collect the required coins was given up generations ago. The people continue to live in their poor dwellings simply because it would bring too much trouble to evict them.

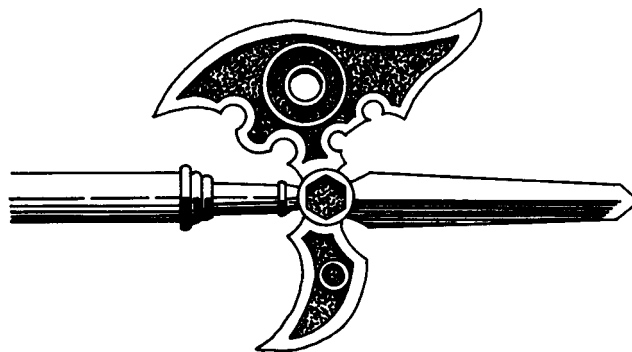
The narrow streets are choked with dirt and refuse, and the structures that line them are no better. Only a few of the buildings are actually sound and whole; the generations of neglect that have ruled here since the poor took the quarter for their own, have taken a toll. Where the old brick work has fallen, it has been replaced with patchworks of wood or canvas. In other spaces, the bricks have been cleared away to piles in the streets and shabby tents set up on the foundations of the old buildings.

There is little occasion for any who do not live there to journey into the poor quarter. Those who do not belong are not welcomed and often given trouble. However, the tough folk who come to deal with the criminals that have headquarters here are generally safe from the attentions of the residents. Villains who are really interested in rolling passers-by usually take their deeds to the entertainment district where there is more profit to be had.

2.29 TRADESMEN'S HOMES

In a neat collection of typical Haradan buildings, the laborers and craftsmen of the port quarter make their homes. Though the houses are smaller and more densely packed than those of the quarters previously described, the same air of proper, clean living shines from the tidy streets and neatly swept steps. Each narrow house holds two families, one on each story. The street fronts have separate entrances, one with a stair. The families need share only the chimney, which is at the building's center and has two fire places on each floor. Though the houses are by no means all identical, most follow this basic plan. In a few spaces throughout the quarter, small garden plots provide fresh vegetables to families who enjoy tending the fruits of the earth. These add greenery to an otherwise uniform, dusty-white scene.

The tradesmen are good, sturdy stock, with traditional values and strong spirit. Of the city's populace, they are perhaps the least affected by the tides of change. Yet even here, the foreign goods and new ideas that come with the growth of trade are beginning to play a role in daily life.



2.3 THE PORT

A substantial portion of the Bar's current prosperity has resulted from the activities of the city's small port. At these stone piers dock ships of several nations south and north of the Haradwaith, as well as vessels owned by the shipping companies of the Dar. The goods from caravans loaded at the quays end their journey in the ports and markets of the North. Passing ships provision themselves here for their journeys. The jetties bustle with men running to service the needs of their masted visitors.

Large warehouse complexes, built in recent years to satisfy the needs of the shippers, cluster near the waterfront. And the facilities of two families of shipwrights occupy territory on either end of the row of piers, where space has been cleared for hauling vessels ashore for repairs. Each yard also has room for the construction of several new ships. When refitting or overhaul is needed, or a ship has become waterlogged and simply needs a place to dry out, these two clans compete fiercely for the business. And they vie for new production contracts when one of the local shipping moguls has need of more tonnage.

From barnacle laden docks, a ferry makes trips across the Rijesha for caravans that must attain the opposite bank. The crossing is expensive, but most caravan leaders deem it wiser than risking the journey up river to a reasonable fording spot. This concern maintains small docks at the north end of the waterfront and directly across the river. Its vessels are large, flat-bottom boats.

2.4 THE SURROUNDING LANDS

Outside of the city proper, there is a nebulous region that is still associated more with the Dar than with the rural areas. These lands include small farming settlements where wheat and other crops are forced from the hard soil for the consumption of the city folk. Farmers take their goods to market in the Dar, doing business at the Sellers' Court. The plantation of a prosperous Ice Seller lies north of the Rijesha, as well as small estates where members of the city elite take their leisure away from the hectic noise of the Dar. Unlike territory within the city limits, these pieces of property are considered to be owned, rather than rented, and so are tied to particular families regardless of their economic fortunes. Often these properties are sold to finance some political move, so a close eye is kept on them by the powerful of the Dar.

3.0 EMBASSY TO FAR HARAD

Currently, relations between the men of Gondor and the City of Umbar are quite poor. Piracy and raiding, sponsored by the Corsairs, runs rampant on the sea lanes, and trade with the lands of the furthest South is growing difficult to maintain. For the city of Dol Amroth, which bases a great portion of its economy on seafaring commerce, this is more than an inconvenience. The lives and ships that are lost in these conflicts, as well as the impact that poor trade has on the city's economy, have stirred the Prince's Court; the Knights and Wardens call for action.

After evaluating several options, the Prince and his advisors have chosen to use economic, rather than military, means to address the problem. Prince Celdrahil intends to send an embassy to the city of Bozisha-Dar in Far Harad to attempt to gain leverage with the rulers there and work to exclude Umbar from the flow of Southern trade. He hopes the threat of Umbar's hegemony in the region and the fact that the Corsairs' raiding is a thorn in the side of all merchants, from South or North, might bring the Far Haradan lords into a trade alliance against the city of Umbar and the Near Haradrim. If this can be secured, Celdrahil and his counselors feel certain that the Corsairs will be forced into a more conciliatory stance, since they also depend on trade for their livelihood.

The proposition is to be presented by the Prince's most cunning Banneret, Lord Marahil. Under his command, a great Palanrist of the fleet sails south with the new moon to begin negotiations. Marahil will go before the ruling council of Bozisha-Dar with rich gifts and the terms of the proposal, seeking to hammer out an agreement. Along with the Banneret, an assortment of other folk who have gained the Prince's permission will sail on the Palanrist. Forty of the city's finest warriors will protect the embassy while at sea, but standing agreements with the Far Haradrim prohibit the guards from coming ashore at landfall.

3.1 PLAYER CHARACTERS

The characters used in these adventures should be a mix of professions and abilities. The scenarios are designed for characters of first, third, and fifth level, but a party of six PCs with some more or less powerful than that should be able to handle the challenges provided. As long as the players chose their actions with care and the GM monitors the balance of the game, each should provide an enjoyable session of play.

The PCs involved will have been chosen to accompany Marahil for a number of reasons. Some have ties in the Prince's court and are along to see the sights. Others are present to aid the ambassador, although he is known to do most of his work alone. A few have business in the Dar, the visiting of well-traveled friends, the initiation or solidifying of trade connections, or a strong desire to be absent from Dol Amroth.



3.2 THE PRINCE'S AMBASSADOR

MARAHIL

The leader of Prince Celdrahil's delegation has long been a great enemy of Umbar. And his exploits against the Southrons give him renown among the Haradrim of the northern desert as a man of great strength — a virtue all of the desert folk respect. Marahil is not fond of the Near Haradrim, having suffered torture at their hands. Fortunately, he realizes that the citizens of Bozisha-Dar stand more frequently as enemies than as allies to their northern cousins, and he will let the needs of his Prince over-rule most of his prejudices. Of course, if the Banneret should be mistreated by any of the folk he is to visit, his reactions may be surprisingly forceful. Marahil is a man given more to cunning than to chivalry; thus he was deemed most capable of negotiating sharply for his Prince.

The ambassador is a distant man and keeps his personal life private. Even the fact that he is half-Elven is known to very few. His appearance matches his nature; his long, dark hair and mustache and his piercing grey eyes discourage those who might wish to intrude upon his brooding. More information on Marahil can be found in *Havens of Gondor*.

3.3 IMPORTANT SOUTHRONS

SLU CARLON

Slu Carlon is the most powerful individual on the Council of Regents which rules the city of Bozisha-Dar. He lives in the most expensive of the seven premier palaces and has a following among the common folk of the city that is unrivaled. This loyalty remains constant, many say, largely because of his handsome features and a complexion of the lighter cast that marks him as a city man. Though such complexions are not common even in the Dar, it is taken by the city's commoners to set him firmly apart from the hillmen and the people of the deep desert. This, in addition to enormous wealth that has belonged to his family for generations, has secured him a high position in the Council. As the occupant of the Palace of The Wood, the role of Ambassador to Foreign Powers is his as well, with all the advantages that go with the position.



Carlon is an man of imposing appearance. He is tall and solidly built, with the walk of a born warrior. He keeps himself impeccably groomed with a trim mustache and beard and close-cropped hair. His manners match his image. He is mild in speech, but under the words one can feel that he is used to having his commands obeyed. He is a swordsman of great skill and has also gained renown for his merit as a tactician. His banner bears a silver scimitar against a field of crimson.

Despite these merits, he has been blinded by his lust for power. Slu Carlon corresponds regularly with friends in Umbar, and his letters speak openly of plans to seize the crown of his land. He fails to realize that his own people would see him dead within an hour of hearing of his scheming. He has also been completely duped by his would-be allies, who have no intention of using him as more than an avenue for the insertion of their will into the region. Fortunately, perhaps, both Carlon and his northern friends underestimate the power that would arise from the Bozishnarod if these plans were set in motion.

DEL IMAT

Four men stand in the path of Carlon's aspirations. Together, they form the coalition that currently rules the council. They are led by their most dynamic member, Del Imat. While Carlon looks the part of the cosmopolitan sophisticate, Imat could have walked out of the deepest desert only yesterday. In fact, the majority of his support does come from the outlands where traditional views are strongly held. Many of the city's elite pay only lip service to the traditions of their people, but Imat, along with many common folk of the Dar and the people of the hills and desert, holds to the old ways tightly. In his position as Ambassador to Tresti, his demeanor is quite helpful. He and the members of his coalition stand firmly against those of the political community who press for innovation and change. Imat's residence in the Mansion of the Moon marks him as fourth among the regent-councilors in wealth, and he enjoys nearly as much stability in his position as does Carlon. In addition to political work, he manages the city's largest shipping concern, sending vessels to trade along the southern coast of Gondor. For this reason, though he would never allow his land to fall under the rule of Gondor, he is sympathetic to the people of Dol Amroth.

In appearance, Imat is lean and subdued, as befits a pious man. His skin and hair are as black as coal, and his eyes a very deep brown. He wears traditional loose robes of dark blue or green and binds his head into a turban of red and orange. Like Carlon, Imat is an accomplished warrior, but he is not destined for greatness as a general. His standard displays the full moon in silver and a drop of rain in blue upon a field of black.

PON OLARTI

Though Imat is the most vital member of the ruling coalition, he is not its wealthiest. That distinction and the mansion known as The Soul of the Desert, belong to a quiet man named Pon Olarti, who is second in riches only to Carlon. Of the four, he and Imat are the only two who are friends, and no two men have ever been closer companions. Olarti is less zealous in his attachment to the old ways, mild where Imat draws a hard line, but the two complement each other perfectly. Olarti is a gentle man who came to his power solely through inherited wealth; he ignores the intrigues of politics, leaving that side of his career in his friend's capable hands. In exchange, he puts the power of his capital at Imat's disposal. Family and a passion for writing poetry take a higher place than the council in Olarti's life, and his spirit in the meeting chamber and in the execution of his duties as Ambassador to the Nomads tends toward amusement more often than anything else.

Olarti is neither tall nor thin, being about twenty pounds overweight for his 5'8" height. His skin, eyes, and hair are all dark brown, a coloring most often found among the men of the hills. His pudgy face is given to smiling, and his eyes have a tendency to twinkle with the thoughts that hide behind them. For clothing, the wealthy man wears only plain linen robes of white or yellow. He carries no weapons as a rule, but he is not without skill with the large scimitar that hangs in his dressing chamber. Harking back to more assertive ancestors, Olarti's standard is a square of green prowled by a proud, golden lion.

TENNITH BORBUL

Tennith Borbul is the third of the regent-councilors in the coalition. He is also the third most affluent of the seven, which secures him the Palace of Water for his home and the position of Water Minister for the city. In his politics, he is a man who seeks only his own advantage and is not troubled by thoughts of ideals or piety. This makes him an unsteady ally at best, particularly for the pious man who heads the coalition. At present, though, his interests run safely alongside those of Imat, so there is little real friction between them. The power Borbul wields came to him through his ownership of the majority of the warehouses in the port quarter of the city. This is also what brings him into the pen with Imat, as the shipper often leases Borbul's storage space.

Borbul's appearance is ordinary. His complexion resembles Carlon's, showing some foreign blood, but he does not play upon the fact. He dresses as a normal city man and does flaunt his wealth except in the long straight sword he wears at his side. This is truly a fine blade, and the jewels and gems that adorn it could likely buy any one of the warehouses he runs. He uses the weapon with skill, and there are not many in the city of Bozisha- Dar who would wish to stand against him in combat. Borbul's banner is a field of desert yellow crossed by a palm frond.

TOR MITARI

The last member of the coalition is Tor Mitari. The poorest of the seven, Mitari holds rather a precarious position on the council. Currently, at least three lesser houses threaten his residence in the House of the River's Breeze, and this keeps him on his toes. It also binds him to Imat. The older councilor has taken steps twice to ensure that some unfortunate financial blow was[^] visited against men who came too close to displacing Mitari. The money on which Mitari relies was recently been gained, after marriage joined him with the last member of another wealthy house. Two small fortunes added together brought him into the council as a surprise to all concerned, but he quickly adjusted to the political climate. Fortunately, his own ideas about the course of the city walked closely with those of the man who now defends his seat. Mitari makes some effort to return his elder's kindnesses through selective execution of his duties as the Lord of the Port where Imat's ships dock.

Mitari is a younger man than the other councilors, being only thirty-four. His skin and hair match Pon Olarti's, but he is tall and thin with a sharp edge to his features. He is not an expressive man and tends, like the others of the coalition, to let Imat do most of the talking in council. He dresses in robes of red or gold most of the time and wears over them a breast plate of studded leather. At his side, Mitari carries a light longsword which he uses with deadly proficiency. The standard he holds shows a desert palm in green against a quartered field of red and white.

KLU RELORTIN

Of the remaining two Regent-councilors, the wealthier is Klu Relortin. Like Imat, Relortin is a shipping mogul and, in recent years, has been only slightly less successful. It is probably only this area of competitive friction that has kept Relortin out of Imat's camp, since the two hold very similar views on both political and religious issues. In any case, his vote is rarely set against that of the four. A further similarity to Imat exists in the fact that Relortin derives most of his support from the people of outlying areas. This endorsement comes mainly from the bandit clansmen of the hills, which offers some explanation for the come-from-behind success that his firm has displayed; the caravans headed for his ships often avoid the land-pirates that plague the rest.

Dark and spare, Relortin is another man with the look of the desert about him. Bright black eyes peer over his hawkish nose with a commanding stare. Of all the Regent-councilors, he has the greatest gifts as a military commander and can tell of more than a dozen victorious battles from his years of leading armies forth from his home in the House of Warcraft. His favored weapon is an ornately worked, broad-bladed ax that stands nearly five feet high. His personal battle skills are less formidable than his leadership, but still Relortin is a respectable warrior. He wears clothing only of orange and blue and is never seen without his breastplate of shining steel. His troops march under a banner bearing a silver sword against a field of bloody red.

CARNEN MEK

Last among the councilors is Carnen Mek. His duties include supervising the Caravan grounds, and he lives in the Nomad's Home. He possesses more wealth than does Tor Mitari, but his prestige among his peers is low. He has alienated himself from them, although his father was well respected. He is the first member in the history of the Council to follow the path of arcane magic. Such a profession is not deemed suitable by any of the others. And his counsel tends towards the war-like ways of older days, full of violence and hate. His peers are right to be disturbed. If he were given a moment's opportunity, Mek would take the Haradan crown for himself and launch the nation on the bloody path of conquest in whatever direction seemed most opportune. His meddling in magic gave birth to this unwise, secret ambition. For he touched evil and has joined the darkest of the three guilds of the city's magicians.

Mek is an introverted man, the last piece of the puzzle that makes him the least popular of the Regent-councilors. And his appearance is bizarre; in a land of brown and black complexions, Mek was born a pure albino. He is physically weak and cannot stand bright light. Only his mind is strong. Among his conjuring friends, he is justly marked as one of the most powerful. Mek wears robes of stark black, as if trying to draw attention to the color of his flesh and hair. He carries no weapon, but from his belt hangs a baton that, rumor asserts, ends a man's life more horribly than any edge of clean steel. The House of Mek flies a banner of pure scarlet on whose field coils a black serpent.

FALTUR OF UMBAR**FALTUR OF UMBAR**

Slu Carlon's schemes to seize the crown of his land with the Corsairs' as allies are focused in a Captain of Umbar, Faltur. Since betraying his lord, Borathor, in T.A. 1617, Faltur has ruled the Seaward tower and the fief of Marcos. Like his master before him, he has aspirations toward destroying his fellow captains and making himself king of his city. In one of his many political gambits, he began to forge ties with Carlon. If he should gain power over a puppet state in Bozisha-Dar, it would do much to raise his status with the folk of Umbar. Another factor in his planning is the influence of the Dark Priesthood. Their aid enabled Faltur to rise against his powerful master twenty-three years ago, and he has been increasingly tied to their will ever since. Though the priests are subtle in their manipulation of the man, they remain aware of all his schemes and often give words of advice to lead him as their master bids.

Faltur is a man of impressive stature, standing over six and one half feet tall. He is muscular and handsome, agile and blindly fast. He wields a broad sword in battle, protected by a shield and a coat of fine chain mail. At distance, he aims a heavy crossbow at foes. His customary clothing is dark gray and red, the colors of his house.

4.0 THE TANGLED STREETS OF BOZISHA-DAR

The adventure described below includes a sampling of the troubles inexperienced PCs often find when left idle in a strange city. As the great folk pursue the business of diplomatic negotiations, their companions will doubtless wish to do a little exploring. After all, each found a way to join the embassy for no reason other than a chance a look at the exotic lands of Far Harad. They will be cautioned soundly of the dangers to be found here in this uncivilized corner of Middle-earth, but the city looks quite safe on the journey into the town. Besides, no one would bother members of so important a delegation...would they? The teeming streets of the Dar call, and high adventure must surely await.

4.1 THE TALE OF THE TRAVELERS

After arriving in the city's port with the sun sinking into fantastic storm clouds at their backs, the members of the Embassy disembark from their great Palanrist and are led straight to their quarters in a lovely mansion halfway up Bozisha-Dar's central hill. Under the ministrations of carefully deferential house servants, the Northerners are shown all the comforts that the Haradrim can offer, from sumptuous baths in beautifully tiled chambers to sweet beverages served over crushed ice. None of the Southron footmen will speak a word of Westron, but Marahil assures each of his party that these are all spies.

An hour after sunrise the following morning, the first of the meetings begin, and the Prince's representatives depart to be introduced to the lords of the city and the land, the Council of Regents. As others, the more influential sightseers, set forth on a guided tour of the region's countryside, it grows obvious that the no one has bothered to provide entertainment for the handful of less important persons accompanying the Gondorian delegation. Left to find their own fun, these few seek it in the exotic streets of the city.

After leaving the mansion district, the hill called the Katedralla, through the nearest gate, the PCs confront a veritable maze of streets to both left and right. Swarms of dark-skinned men and women buy or sell, drink and gamble, or stroll on errands from one corner of the city to another. Nearest the Katedralla sprawl the two liveliest quarters (Ap. Kotar) of the city, the Sellers' Court and the Sevet Kovina (Ap. Festival). The Court, on their right, spreads out in a series of open squares where goods and services of all descriptions are marketed to passers-by. Across the high road from this, the entertainment district holds one huge carnival, from early afternoon through the wee hours of the morning. Between these two exciting neighborhoods, the PCs should have little trouble whiling away the days as their more important countrymen negotiate with the Far Haradrim.

4.2 THE NPCS

The folk of Bozisha-Dar are of mixed, though predominantly Haradan, stock. They fill all occupations that a city needs to thrive, but in the two Kotars where this adventure takes place most of the full-time occupants are merchants or the proprietors of entertainment houses. Their customers run the gamut of the populace with a thick sprinkling of caravan guards, sailors, and the like. The Sevet Kovina naturally holds a more boisterous crowd, particularly as the merry-making gets into full swing, just after sunset. A few of the regular denizens of the Kotars will be described, along with their places of business in section 4.3 below. Briefs on two men who may have important roles in the scenarios described here will be found in the following paragraphs.

GIMMIN DZEPAR

For the folk who know him, it is often hard to believe that Gimmin Dzepar has grown to be so despicable in only seventeen years. He leads a band of fourteen petty thieves that preys almost exclusively on "easy marks." They aim at older farmers, wealthy women, and others who seem unlikely to retaliate in any serious way. Gimmin's favorite targets, however, are gawking visitors from distant lands with their purses full of real coinage. His band includes two third level, five second level, and seven first level thieves; he himself is fourth level.

The young pick-pocket is not fair to look upon, with ill-kept brown hair and a film of black dirt over his tan skin. He is stoutly built and of a height that, along with his lighter coloring, indicates some Northern blood in his veins. It is likely that this heritage plays apart in his hatred for foreigners. He dresses in typical Far Haradan style, with clothes that show his thieving to be a profitable business. From a chain about his neck hangs a key which opens the

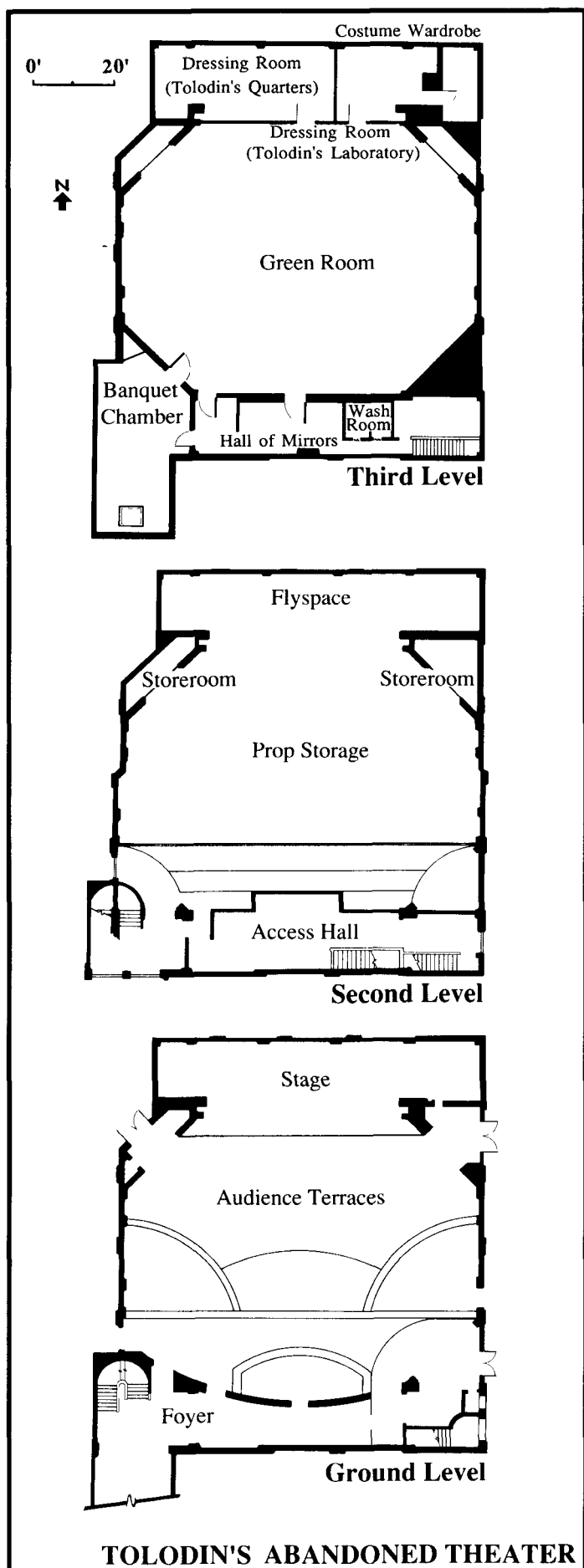


treasury at his gang's hideout, but he would need to be sorely pressed before he will admit that it is more than the key to his ailing mother's medicine chest. At his calf, Dzepar carries a long dagger, but he has never had the dedication to acquire much skill with it. He would rather flee than fight, but should he find an enemy in a helpless position he will take great joy in taunting the victim before finishing him off.

TOLODIN THE MAGE

An abandoned theater in the Sevet Kovina houses this secretive mage. He lives in Bozisha-Dar as an agent for certain concerns in the North, including the King of Gondor and, on occasion, the White Council. He also pursues the art of magic as something of a pioneer, using knowledge from his collection of spell books and grimoires to create new spells. To ensure himself the privacy he needs for these works, Tolodin created a shield of wards and charms around his home which, along with the deserted look of the building, keep the mage from being disturbed there.

Tolodin has expended some effort to avoid the appearance that is often associated with his profession, a further ploy to maintain his privacy. He has more the look of a shopkeeper or tailor. He is a bit overweight, and his dark hair is cut in a plain bowl around his ears. An application of ointment once a month keeps his skin the dark brown that fits in well with his neighbors. And, though his Apyaic is colored with an accent, no one has marked him as a Gondorian. In the streets of the city, Tolodin carries no weapons of any sort, but in his study he keeps a magical staff of power and a few other items enchanted by his arts. The mage has a picky and fastidious manner and always seems to have other things on his mind when he is spoken to. He is a good man none-the-less, and companions from his youth in Dol Amroth will attest that he can be a stout friend in a pinch.



4.3 THE SETTING

Bozisha-Dar is a city full of streets and alleys where almost any turn might bring adventure or even real peril to a band of inexperienced visitors. The adventures described in this section are limited, however, to two of the city's quarters, the market and entertainment districts. In the following paragraphs several notable locations from these neighborhoods are described in detail. The thieves' hideout is the setting for the main adventure, found in section 4.4. The others are provided to add color to the main adventure or to serve as sites for the additional encounters suggested in 4.5.

4.31 THE SELLERS COURT

This quarter of the city is devoted solely to trade. It is comprised of dozens of small plazas, some divided one from another by rows of mud brick and plaster storage stalls, others built within the shells of larger buildings that once served other purposes. As one passes toward the docks from the High Road, the quality of the goods for sale changes from rich and fine to simple and utilitarian, but the Guilds of the city ensure that everything sold in the Court displays at least fair craftsmanship.

The products available run a broad spectrum. Cloth goods from rough workers' attire to fine silken veils and robes for the ladies of the great houses are draped among the stalls. Simple pots and pans or swords and armor fit for princes line the racks of the metalworkers' stands. There are goatherds, farmers, herbsellers, spice merchants, toymakers, leatherworkers, and basket makers, and a hundred others besides.

The daytime air buzzes with the bustling crowds of buyers and the hawkers that call after their attentions. Seven days a week, the alleys and squares are filled with a mixture of city folk, hill men, and foreigners, haggling for bargains, searching for rare goods, or just picking up the makings of the evening meal. Immediately after sundown, however, the entrances to the quarter are sealed, and the courts become the dominion of a rough crew of guards who patrol the cobbled streets with a pack of barely tamed Vuk. It is only the fastest and bravest of thieves that can make good a raid on the storage stalls of this quarter once the guard stands watch.

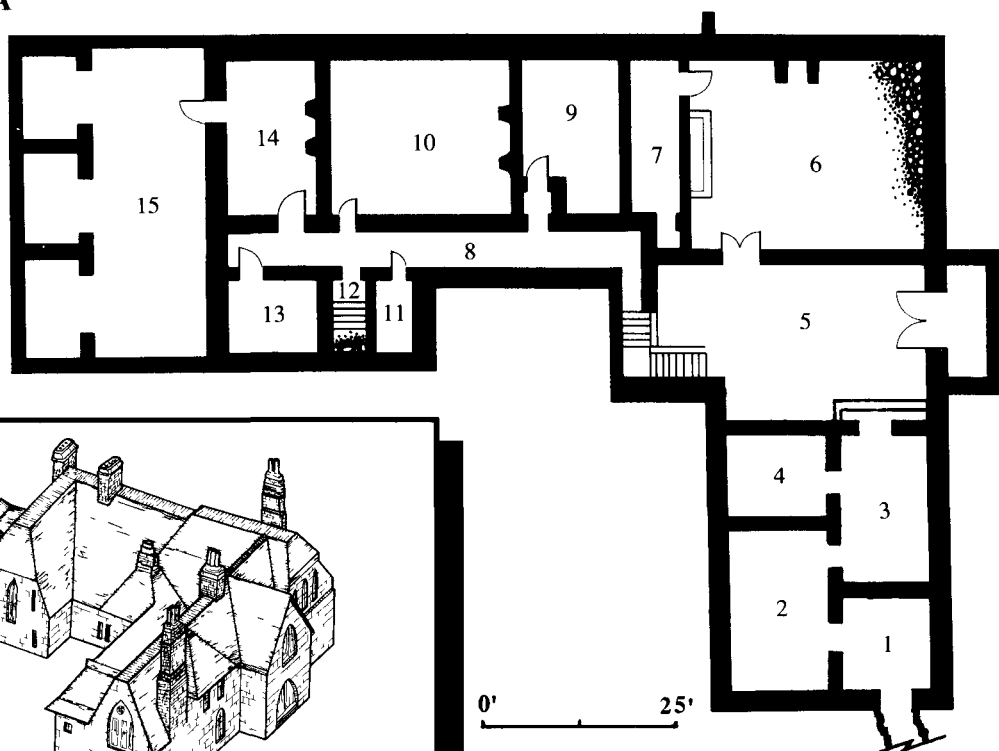
THE METALSHOP OF KELT GLORANIN

Though all of the stalls of the court are required to be impermanent, the structure that Gloranin's men erect each morning is more solid than most. It is built of heavy timbers and iron bolts that are stored with his wares in a nearby shed. A roof of white canvas stretches across the thick-beamed frame to shield the customers from the sun. The walls are shoulder high and their inward sides bear racks and shelves to hold the metalsmith's goods. The wares are mostly weapons and tools for heavy work, all of excellent quality.

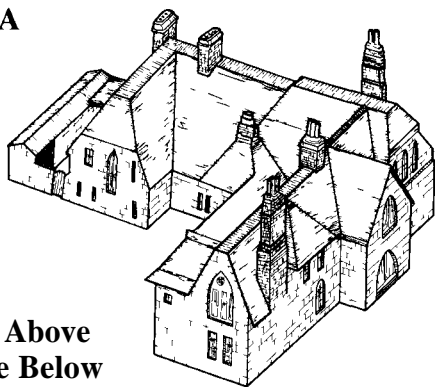
Like most of the city's master craftsmen, Kelt does not come to the market to haggle over prices. He sends instead his youngest son, Keltelin, who shows much more skill at business than at the forge. This young man is one of the few Haradrim who are truly fond of the outlanders that visit Bozisha-Dar. He is very well-informed about events in his own land and learns what passes on the Katedralla from his wealthier customers, but he will gladly trade these stories, which he considers dull, for even the most trivial tales of the "exotic" Northlands. Such news has been known to dull his business sense and win bargains for his guests.

ISBOD KUCA

The House
Below



ENAB OBA



The Ruins Above
the House Below

CLOTHSELLERS' SQUARE

Over the generations, this bit of the Courts has become the regular haunt of three families of successful weavers. Their colorful tents hold bolts of the finest cloth to be found in southern Middle-earth. The wares range from simple cream-colored me-coka (Ap. Softness) to blazing carpets with patterns so intricate that they take over two years to complete, or so the weavers claim. The weavers who display their work here are typical Haradan merchants, with short tempers, long memories, and somewhat avaricious hearts. There is, however, one thing that sets this area of the courts apart.

It is well known that the majority of Bozisha-Dar's Kotars have changed greatly and repeatedly over the centuries of the city's history; the Sellers' Court was not always the collection of sheds and streets that it is today. Behind one of the cloth sellers' large tents, inside a storage building they lease from the city, the settling of the foundation has opened a shaft into an older cellar. The cloth merchants have chosen to recover some of the rent they pay the government by allowing a band of thieves to use this cellar as their hiding place. Among the select few who know of its existence, the place has come to be named Isbod Kuca, the house below.

ISBOD KUCA

The building to which this cellar belonged must have been great indeed. The deepest rooms are more than sixty feet below the level of the streets. The staircase to the ruined structure above has been blocked by rubble, however, and the only known access to basement chambers is through the twisting shaft from the cloth merchants' warehouse. The thieves under the leadership of Gimmin Dzeper have made this subterranean suite into their retreat.

The chambers are all of worked yellow stone with doors and structural beams of ancient wood. The dry Haradan air has allowed none of the rot and dampness that would be found in such a cellar in Dol Amroth; here the rooms are dusty, and the wooden fixtures are as solid as the day they were installed. If not for the fallen rubble that fills several of the rooms and passages, the cellar's age might be guessed at years rather than centuries.

The use to which each room was put when the building above still stood is difficult to guess, but now most have been set to new purposes by Dzeper's band. The following descriptions detail the lair where these unwholesome youths perform their daily routines. Most of the band will be out at any given time, since they work and play in the Kotars above, but there will always be at least three on guard within the place and another five or six sleeping in the common quarters.

1. The Entry. The passage into the complex from the clothesellers' shed is a low, rough tunnel that slopes down at a forty-five degree angle. At its upper end, the tunnel is hidden behind a thick tapestry, cleverly placed so that it seems to have been tossed casually into the corner. Below, the tunnel opens into a square chamber that is quite thickly strewn with beams and broken bits of furniture. The door in its west wall has been disguised behind a ruined cabinet (-10 perception roll to find it). Great pains have been taken here to see that the casual observer thinks this to be nothing more than an extra room where the weavers throw their unneeded items. The clothesellers themselves will support this story with great vehemence.

2. Guard Room. The first of the thieves' three guards is stationed in this chamber. The entry (1) is so cluttered with debris that it would be impossible for any to come through it without being heard from here. The room holds little beyond what is needed for its purpose. A table, battered but serviceable and with an equally dilapidated chair behind it, stands opposite the door from the entry. Upon the table, cocked and ready, is a heavy crossbow beside which lie three additional bolts. This can be wired to go off automatically when the door is opened. If this is done, it will fire an unmodified attack on one target through the opening. It may also be used manually, should the guard choose to do so. The bolts will easily pass through the wood of the door without losing any real killing power. An oil lamp, also on the table, lights the room. In addition to the door from the entry (1), another on the east wall opens onto a hall.

3. Hall. Empty of all but dust, the corridor leads past one door on the west wall to the Great Hall where it ends in an abrupt ledge. The floor of the Great Hall is 30' below that of the corridor.

4. Empty Chamber. A mosaic on the floor, chipped and with many tiles missing, depicts a great white serpent twined around a staff.

5. The Great Hall. Despite the name they have given it, the band of thieves uses this room as nothing more than a passageway. It is large enough that the torches on its east and west walls leave a great deal of shadow in the center. The floor is thirty feet below the entrance from the southern passageway (3) and twenty below the bottom-most step of the stairs on the southern wall. Between these points the thieves have strung a stout rope which they use with a pulley and a hanging basket to act as a quick route across the room, though of course this works only on the way in. On the way out, they cross the floor. This takes them past one exit in the north wall. Secured by double wooden doors, the portal is latched on this side with a newly affixed bar of iron. Another set of doors on the east wall opens into a small chamber lit by a narrow light shaft. The sunken floor of the hall is covered by an interesting collection of furnaces, boilers, and pipes. From an enormous cistern, long gone dry, pipes of lead run off into the walls and ceiling. Others have fallen to lean precariously against the boilers or lie upon the floor. What once was a wonder of plumbing and heating now fills this room like the branches of a desert bush. At the top of the stairs on the western wall, a second guard is posted by the thieves. The way up from the floor is tricky, since the wooden staircase below the still intact stone steps has collapsed, and those who try to climb it will have difficulty as this guard is armed with a short bow of horn. Only if they can trick him into wasting his arrows firing into the tangle of pipes will a party be sure of forcing their way up without too many casualties.

6. Collapsed Room. The door from the great hall into this chamber is latched from the outside and the frame is set so that the latch cannot be tripped easily from within. In the heap of rubble that fills most of the room, though, are several timbers which would make rams suitable for breaking through, given time, strength, and a complete disregard for stealth. Two other exits are available, however. One, a small wooden door with a normal two-way latch, opens onto a side chamber (10). The other is more interesting. Since last the thieves made a careful inspection of this room, the earth has moved and settled a bit. The debris that remains of an ancient cave-in has shifted once more, and now a narrow passage has opened to the surface. Its further end is just beyond the wall that divides the Seller's Court from the Western Shop District. Since the chamber is unlighted and the opening is narrow, it will only be detected if visitors to the chamber make a careful effort. This will require either listening very carefully (-10 perception roll), using a flame to detect the flow of air which passes up and out through the crawlway, or some similar action.

7. The Pen. This side chamber possesses a surprising entrance. In addition to the latched door to the east, a chute opens in the west wall, about seven feet above the floor. This slopes sharply up to a trap door in the floor of the hall (8) beside the Thieves' Common (9). The trap door is set to drop unsuspecting passers-by into the chute and hence to this chamber. This will occur any time more than forty pounds is set upon the four foot square of the trap door (-20 to detect, 50% chance of falling through for each character to pass through the corridor, unless they specifically set out to walk on the right side of the hall). The hapless victim of this trap will be dumped into the pen where the thieves have placed a vuk (a local cousin to the wolf), captured from the pack that patrols the shopping courts at night. They feed it only enough to keep it healthy, so it is unlikely to befriend any guests that come its way. It has also been trained, as are all of the patrol dogs of the courts, not to growl or bark when attacking or in pursuit of a victim. This was done to spare the citizens of the city from the noise a pack of vuk could make, but in this case, it will only add to the chance of the beast's attacking with surprise when a disoriented character falls into the pen.

8. Hall. A narrow passageway lit only at its furthest end by a torch, its floor hold the pit trap described above (7).

9. Thieves Common. The last of Dzeper's three guards is posted here. The room is furnished with a pair of six foot square tables and eleven sturdy chairs, all of expensive black wood from the Suza Sumar. The thieves do not cook here, since there is nowhere for the smoke to go, but when they bring food back from the streets above, they usually gather in this chamber to eat it. On the table nearest door, there are three bottles of strong Pijan wine. Under the other rests a chest holding a number of Haradan games of chance and strategy, including an inlaid board and finely carved ivory pieces for *sah* — a game similar to chess. This, if Dzeper were to trade it, would bring enough food to keep his lads for a month, it cost the bureaucrat who had it made over three hundred pieces of silver. A rack full of weapons to be used in the hideout's defense hangs on the east wall. The posted guard sits just inside the door, and, in an example of Dzeper's poor planning skills, has orders to wait here in ambush if trouble occurs out in the Great Hall. There is always a 20% chance that he will be accompanied by one to three additional thieves, relaxing around the tables before departing for a job.

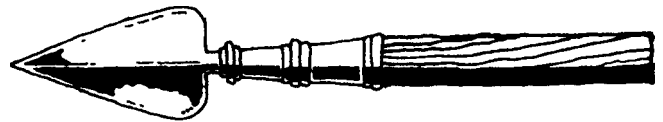
10. Practice Room. Though Dzeper is not terribly sophisticated in the management of his gang, some attempt is made at training the newer members. What cannot be done on the streets with living targets is accomplished in this large chamber. Lessons include some weapon training, with scimitar and dirk, and practice in picking pockets, choosing marks, and other skills of the trade. The room is unfurnished excepting a workbench and a wardrobe on the west wall. The wardrobe holds a spectrum of garments such as might be worn by different classes of victims and one old and well-battered suit of leather armor — used by the seniors when teaching the initiates to fence. On the bench lie a dozen types of bags and pouches, several wooden weapons along with a few of blunted steel, a handful of lock mechanisms taken from doors, and a large, weighted net of the type used by some of Bozisha Dar's guardsmen.

11. Closet. A tin pail, almost hidden in dust and cobwebs, occupies one corner.

12. Stairwell. Rubble chokes the shaft, completely blocking access to the upper floors of the ruin.

13. Bunk Room. The thieves of Dzeper's band use this chamber for their sleeping quarters. As is the Southron custom, each sleeps on a simple mat with only a light blanket. These are rolled and stowed in the north west corner when not in use. The Haradwaith who share this room keep their belongings on their persons, so no chests or lockers occupy the chamber. At any given hour, there will be two to eight thieves asleep here.

NOTE: The total number of thieves in this chamber and visiting with the guard in number 4 should not exceed eight.

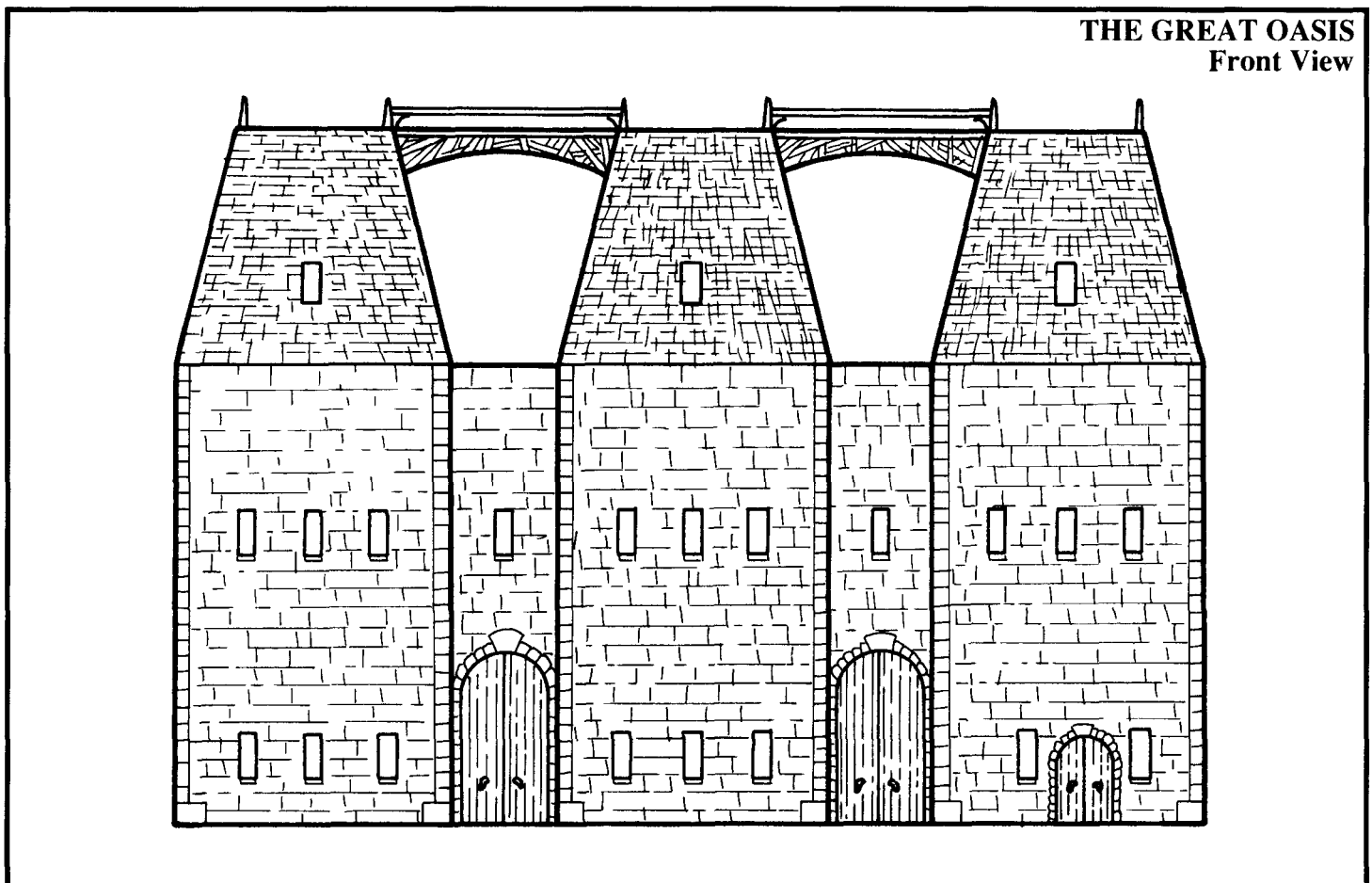


14. Dzeper's Chamber. The lord of these small-time thieves holds forth here in what he thinks is high style. Despite his great hatred of the Poganin (Ap Pagan or Foreigner), he has brought many of their artifacts into his own home. He sleeps upon a high-sided bed which was designed for sale to a sea captain from Umbar. His table and three chairs are also in the style of Northern ship's furniture and were probably stolen at the same time as the bed, from a Haradan woodwright. The whole suite is made of fine black hardwood — popular among the visiting sailors because it cannot be gotten in their homelands. A Haradan ambience pervades the chamber none-the-less, since the furnishings have been draped in the most garishly tasteless silk trappings imaginable. The room is a riot of clashing colors that could only appeal to such a character as Dzeper.

The captain who commissioned the bed had it fitted with two secret drawers in the base. These are Very Hard to detect and Medium to open once they have been found, but any careful examination of the bed will show that the space they fill is not taken up by the bedding itself. (A separate roll must be made to locate and open each drawer, and, unless the player specifically states his desire to continue searching, a -20 perception roll should be made after opening the first to see if the PC notices that still more space is unaccounted for.) Once opened, these will expose the gang leader's private treasures. He keeps his money keeps with that of the gang in the Treasury (15), but here he has hidden a few pieces of loot set aside for himself. The upper drawer contains two items: a bag of soft leather which holds a delicate tiara (20gp value) and a horn short bow with decorations of silver and opal, depicting the moon and stars of the southern sky. The bow has such a strong pull that only characters with 95 or better strength may use it, but they do so at +15, it is also charmed such that its user, when he is taking aim with the bow, may see as well by moon or star light as he would normally see under the sun. The lower drawer holds a number of curious things: a pocket watch that has found its way here from the Dwarven mines of Moria (30gp), a book (worth 15gp), in Adunaic, that describes many of the Haradan region's indigenous plants and which, if studied carefully (by spending three General Skill development points), will allow a non-native to apply his foraging skills in Far Harad without the normal subtraction, a set of fine (+5) but non-magical thieves' picks wrapped in a oiled cloth, and a fire proof scroll case which holds a very old, but quite accurate, map of Far Harad. The map is marked with the locations of a number of alleged treasure stores, scattered across the desert in the days when the Storm King's armies regularly raided the people of Bozisha Dar. Hidden under this last item is a large key, matching one that hangs around Dzeper's neck, which will open the door to the treasury (15).

Other items in this room are less interesting. The table holds writing brushes and ink and a sheaf of papers bearing the confused, jumbled words and sketches that are Dzeper's best attempt yet at real strategic planning. A wicker chest at the foot of the thief's bed holds a selection of garments, including a few surprisingly good disguises. On the chest's lid rest a shaving bowl of clay, a razor, and a small mirror which might hang from a nail. These are used only on special occasions, when the thief wishes to look the part of a prominent citizen.

15. The Treasury. This room is set aside to hold the wealth that is gathered by Dzeper's lads. Its door is secured by an iron framework and a lock that is -20 to pick. (A key for it can be found in Dzeper's chamber, but otherwise, gaining access if the lock cannot be picked will require stout tools and a few hours of banging and cutting.) However, whether because he and his men are unwise with their money or simply due to hard times for thieves in a land where coinage is a rare commodity, the shelves that line the walls have never been close to full. Most of what the thieves bring in, once they are through with the celebration of a score, goes right back out to cover their expenses. On a normal day, there will be no more than 51 to 150 silver pieces and 10 to 40 gold, smaller coins are always kept by the thieves themselves. At the time of the delegation from Dol Amroth, this situation is augmented by the fact that most of the treasury has just been wasted buying information on the itinerary of a caravan which has since been canceled completely. If the caravan had hit the road, the news would have sold to a clan of desert bandits for three times the twenty gold pieces Dzeper bought it for, but now his treasury is depleted to 37 silver pieces and 3 gold.



4.32 THE SEVET KOVINA

At night, the crowds that have filled the Sellers' Court all day move across the High Road into a quarter whose name means, simply, festival: the Sevet Kovina. The name is well suited to the atmosphere in the narrow streets that run amid forests of hanging ribbons, between buildings that house theaters, bars, and brothels. Here, the proportion of wealthy patrons is somewhat lower, since many retire to the hill for their evening entertainment. However, they are more than made up for by the usual gangs of foreign traders and sailors that come to the quarter, looking for excitement. The narrow streets are jammed from sundown till the small hours of the night with drunk and excited men and women, singing, dancing, walking, or fighting.

The establishments of the Festival quarter show many different flavors. There are quiet restaurants and houses of refined courtesans, as well as deadly dangerous taverns and betting houses where men fight to the death for the pleasure of others. Generally, the propriety of the establishments and the prices they charge, drop off as one approaches the outer wall of the city. On the worst streets, the men of the city guard are never seen from sundown until dawn, when they come to collect whatever refuse the night has left behind.

THE GREAT OASIS

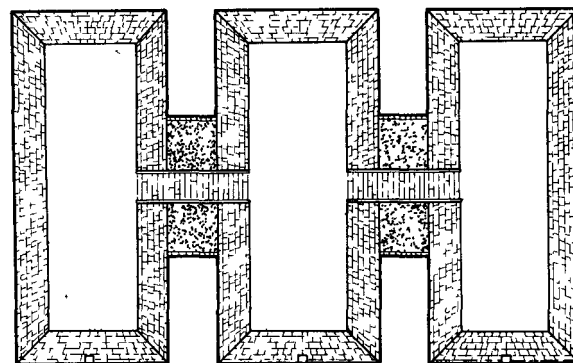
Many of the taverns of Bozisha-Dar have their decor based on some popular topic from legend or history. The Great Oasis is one of these; it is styled to represent a huge watering place that legend places somewhere in the desert northeast of the Brij Mijesec. The effect is carried off quite well, if somewhat fancifully. The walls are painted with jungle scenes, and tree-shaped pillars are set between tables in the main rooms. Caged birds from the Forest of Tears fill the air with their songs, and some have been trained to harangue the patrons with bawdy phrases and improper questions. Animals from the jungles to the south have been stuffed and placed in corners and open spots around the floor. In addition to standard Haradan fare, the menu offers dishes with fruit and fowl taken from the Suza Sumar.

The proprietor of this establishment is a portly gentleman named Dennil Qannatir. He is one of the most jovial men in the city of Bozisha-Dar, but he is by no means soft when it comes to business. Throughout serving hours he hauls his great bulk around the edges of the tavern's common rooms, tending to the more important guests and watching over his staff. Everyone is greeted with a broad smile and, if they are not too far from a path where he can fit, a warm shake of the hands. Anyone who makes undue trouble, though, will quickly find himself carried bodily to the street. The smiling giant then returns to his good customers, and the offender is never again admitted to the establishment. Qannatir believes that a patron has an obligation to his servers as much as the servers do to the patron, a rule which he enforces without exception. The fat Haradan is not fond of foreigners, and, though he will take their money and serve them well, they are more likely than the locals to be deemed guilty of a transgression against the staff.

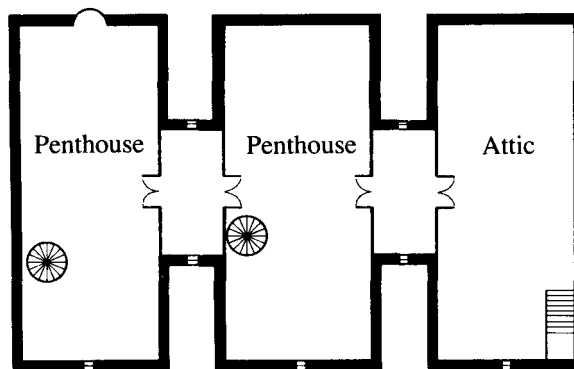
ORMUL'S VUKSOBA

Named for the den of the Haradan wolf, this unsavory establishment harbors the less respectable businessmen of the city. Thieves, con men, assassins, and others gather in the gloom to do planning and negotiations. The atmosphere is oppressive to any who are not known here. A heavy quiet hangs over the dark tables through most of the evenings, although occasionally one of the patrons will stir things up by telling a tale or performing a scam for the assembled men. The food is predominantly spicy dishes of goat meat and cheese, but a portion of the regular clientele requires foreign foods as well, a sampling of food from both North and South is available.

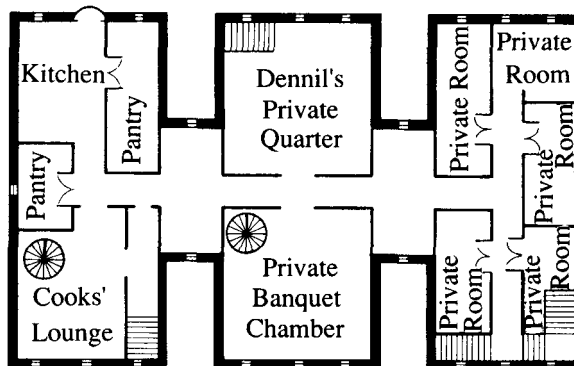
THE GREAT OASIS



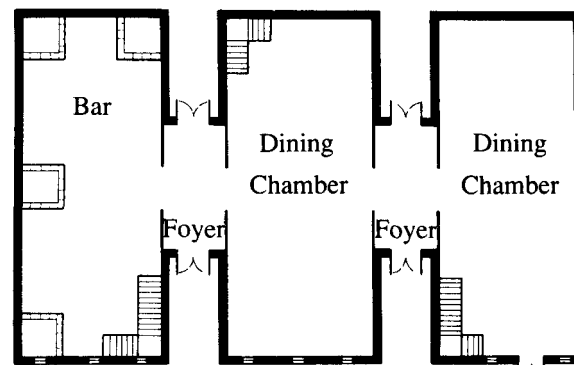
Rooftop



Third Floor



Second Floor



Ground Floor

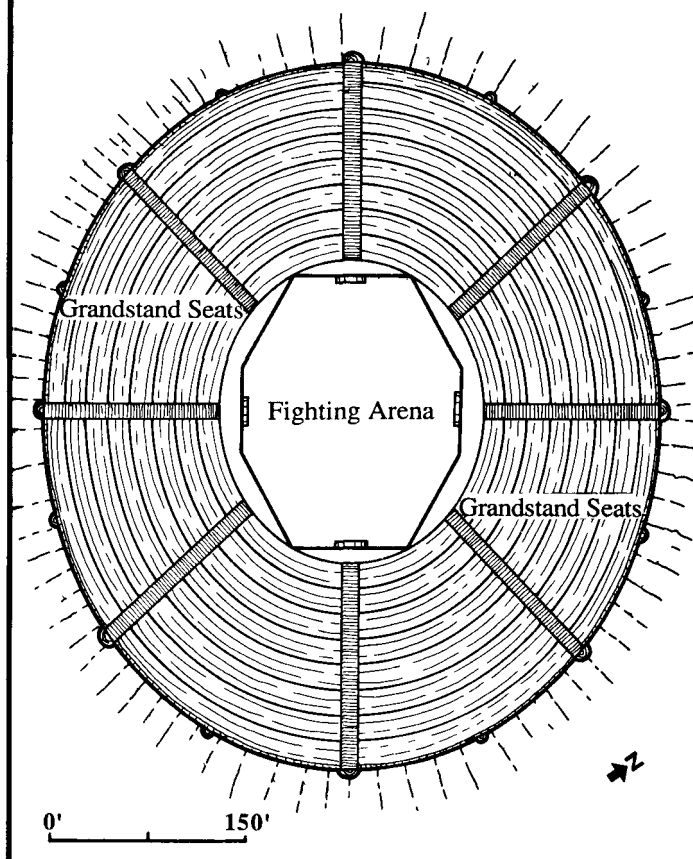


Ormul, the tavernkeeper, was once in business among his patrons, which accounts for part of the tavern's popularity in those circles. He is a small ex-pickpocket who walks with a marked limp. He retired from the streets after hitting a wealthy merchant whose bodyguard carried a light crossbow. A well-aimed bolt shattered Ormul's right shin bone, but the purse he got away with held two coins the like of which he had never seen — mithril. One secured the Vuksoba and its equipment for enough successive leases to last through his grandchildren's grandchildren. The other bought herbs to heal his wound. The first was money well-spent, but anyone can see that the herbs only partially mended Ormul's crippled leg.

THE TAMNICA

The large building in the southwest corner of the Sevet Kovina holds a number of rough taverns and other entertainment houses, but its greatest attraction is the Tamnica. One entire wing is taken up by this gladiatorial arena. The word *tamnica* means prison, and once the men who fought here were criminals who had been sentenced to death. Now some are paid professionals, but most are slaves of the arena's owner, Sokol Sova. Accommodations for all of these are contained in the building, as well as a surgery and the arena itself. The fights run from late afternoon through early morning every day of the week. All are well attended, and huge amounts are drawn in by the betting window of the house, both in coinage and in marks against the accounts of men who pay with provisions or goods. The crowds also bet amongst themselves, and the grandstands become quite raucous and even violent during a hotly contested match.

THE TAMNICA Gladiatorial Arena



Sokol Sova seems to have no heart at all. The slaves he buys are treated as little more than animals until they have proved themselves to be of use on the sand of the fighting ring. After their initiation, they are offered a portion of their freedom price for each kill they make. After they have earned their freedom, a tally is presented that covers the cost of their keeping for the time of their enslavement. And the gentle Sokol Sova tells them that they may leave just as soon as it has been worked off, at a rate of five percent of the betting receipts they earn for the house. Of course they are paid only with credit at the arena's mess hall. The slavemaster has rigged the rules such that the majority of his men are trapped until they are killed on the floor below the stands. Only the most popular of fighters escape drudgery by means other than death. These are treated well and paid in real coin, because they are the ones the spectators really come to see.

4.4 THE TASK

In this adventure, the first goal of the PCs will be quite simple; they are bored and want something to do. As the day develops, new challenges will arise, and, with any luck, they will be trying to simply survive by the time all is finished. In addition to the fun of a shopping trip where they can be haggled out of all of their silver, the adventurers may find an occasional brawl or lose their way in the streets. Most importantly, they will be faced by the challenge of besting Dzeper's band and returning to their assigned mansion without provoking the anger of lord Marahil.

4.41 STARTING THE PLAYERS

The GM should have little trouble getting any decent party out of a stuffy mansion and into the streets. Once this is done, they can be guided from one adventure to another by the necessity of the moment. Each of the encounters described in section 4.5 is designed to spur action.

4.42 AIDS

As the party wanders the streets, they will confront a Haradan populace that is somewhat prejudiced against them at best. Though this will rarely be shown overtly, only a very few of the Haradwaith would take any trouble to help a group of poganin out of a jam. Assistance might come from some of their fellow foreigners. Tolodin the Mage often wanders the market and entertainment kotars and may take interest if he sees the Gondorians. He will probably aid the adventurers if they are in need, though he doesn't believe in making life too easy for anyone. He may well let them stew in discomfort for a while if they aren't in desperate danger.

Beyond this, they will have only their own skills and resourcefulness to depend upon. However, the city is not such a dangerous place that these should not be enough. As long as they avoid slapping veteran warriors or pinching assassins' daughters, the party should be able to finish their day with only a few marks to remember.

4.43 OBSTACLES

The general antipathy of the citizens of Bozisha-Dar will prove troublesome to PCs who are too naive to count their change or who expect to receive fair handling from strangers, but the main challenge they face will be the thieves of the Isbod Kuca. The fact that they are on an excursion into a shopping quarter, not into the Mines of Moria, may pose another problem; the equipment they carry will not be suited to serious adventuring. Armor and weapons are worn throughout the city, but the PCs are unlikely to have torches, rope, or provisions along.

4.44 REWARDS

The gains the PCs stand to make in their adventure here are relatively straight forward. In addition to whatever loot they acquire inside the thieves' hide out, they will have opportunities to gamble in the Sevet Kovina and haggle for bargains in the Sellers' Court. In the end, if they come through it all for the most part unscathed, there is enough profit to be secured that they should feel that they have come out well ahead for the day.

4.5 ENCOUNTERS

Most of the encounters of this adventure can be inserted in isolation as the GM feels they fit into the flow of play. This can even be extended beyond the course of more than one day if desired. The paragraphs below describe a number of events, some or all of which may fit into the PCs' stay in Bozisha-Dar. The last section describes the adventure with Dzeper's thieves.

4.51 GENERAL ENCOUNTERS

1. Among the stalls of the Seller's Court or in one of the establishments of the Sevet Kovina, a young Haradan with a chip on his shoulder confronts the largest member of the PCs' party. He has heard of the embassy and does not approve, so he wishes to strike out at the visitors. He will speak ill of the character, the party, the Prince, Lord Marahil, and perhaps of some other Gondorians as well in an effort to start a fight. If all this fails, he will strike the first blow himself. As is the custom here, betting will begin immediately, and the PCs will be offered pretty good odds. The belligerent Southron is a man of honor, if not good temper, and will not kill the PC he fights, though he may come close. The same will be expected of the PC, whether he knows it or not. The crowd will side with their own and may even lend him aid with a discreet shove or an outstretched leg from the sidelines; the other PCs might do well to keep an eye out for



such things. Such events could spur additional matches between the spectators. Once the fight is over, bets will be settled and the crowd will disperse. The Haradan will stalk away, either gloating or nursing his wounds. If either combatant is killed, however, there may be more trouble. It will take fast talking or flight for the PCs to avoid being lynched if the Haradan dies; if the PC falls, his opponent will be truly ashamed and will offer a weregeld of one hundred silver pieces. The PCs would be wise to accept it, rather than offend his honor—thus calling for a real fight.

2. The party is approached by Portnithor, an expatriated Gondorian who has the appearance of everyman's best friend. He lives by picking visitors from the North and relieving them of their money. He will appear to be a fellow visitor from a trading ship, offering to show them the sights. He knows a tavern which serves real Northern food and will be happy to take them there so they can get some relief from all this "pepper and poison." The tavern is Ormul's, and this is his usual game. Once he has them there, one of his Haradan friends will find some way to take offense with the newcomers, and the poor Portnithor will be caught in the middle. "This fellow's a real killer, but I think if I could give him some money from you we might be able to get out of this with our skins. How much have you got...." If the PCs do not see through this, their "host" will handle the exchange and hurry them out to the street. There, he will vanish into the crowds, saying that he'd better not be seen with them "to avoid further trouble with my Haradan friends." If they do catch on, they will still probably have to pay up, because neither their host nor his accomplice will be afraid to press the point with threats, and the PCs would be mad to try to fight in such a tavern as this.

3. At any point, the party may be split up by the movement of the crowds or as a side effect of some other adventure. One or more players will be split off from the rest. The search of each faction for the other should lead them into areas no more dangerous or exciting than they might have been to otherwise, but going it alone will add excitement to the time they spend separated.

This scenario poses some difficult problems for the GM. The players themselves must actually be put into separate rooms with a strict time-table being kept to simulate simultaneous play. If either group knows what the other is doing, most of the excitement of the separation will be lost. The dangers posed by the separation must be played to their fullest to make the PCs uneasy about it. The streets are too noisy for shouts to carry far, and, with danger all around, it may prove unwise to advertise the problem anyway. What should result is a bit of small group adventuring with no one getting seriously hurt before the band is reunited.

4.52 ENCOUNTERS IN THE ISBOD KUCA

Within the thieves' hideout, the sequence of events must be handled with care by the GM. In a pitched battle, the fourteen thieves of Dzeper's band, as poorly trained as they may be, would make short work of the average party of six first level characters. To avoid this unhappy circumstance, the encounters should be spread out as much as the flow of play allows. It is also suggested that at least six of the thieves, as well as Dzeper himself, be out in the streets when the PCs arrive.

The following is a suggested order for events. The GM should feel free to deviate from it as he sees fit to suit his own players and the goals of his campaign. This scenario assumes that one third, three second, and two first level thieves are away from the hideout when the PCs arrive. These can be returned to the site as reinforcements if necessary. The leader himself is also not at home and will return near the adventure's end. Thieves returning home will be warned of trouble by the merchants above.

1. The PCs' confrontation with the thieves will begin with a theft. In the streets of the Seller's Court, one of the characters will be relieved of his purse, or some more valuable item if possible, by a clumsy pickpocket. As the thief flees, the PCs will see him dash into the stall of the clothsellers and vanish. If they follow, they will find the hideout's entrance, and the real adventure begins. The weavers will pretend that they have seen nothing, but will not take any forceful steps to stop a determined party. There will also be a language barrier involved here which might make things even more interesting.

2. The guard (2nd lvl) located at the outermost guard point (2), surprisingly, will not expect the PCs; the first level pickpocket who started the mess will assert as he passes in that he had no catches and expects no pursuit. However, the noise from the entry (1) will probably alert the guard to some trouble. Guessing that more than he can handle on his own is coming his way, he will set the crossbow trap and move on to join the guard at the top of the stairs in the Great Hall (5). After he uses the rope slide, he will bind the basket at the bottom to force the intruders to climb down to the floor.
3. At the top of the stairs, the posted guard (1 st lvl) and the guard who has joined him wait for the PCs. They know from the pickpocket's story that their opponents are poganin; based on Dzeper's teachings, they hold little respect for the threat these soft Northerners might pose. The bowman has thirteen arrows for his bow, but he is a poor shot (Missile OB 21). If the party hides among the pipes below, he is likely to waste all of his arrows trying to hit them, at -20 for the cover. On the other hand, if they charge up the ruined stair immediately, he will be firing at +25 and may actually do some damage. In any case, the two thieves will stand and fight, rather than show that they couldn't handle a few lousy poganin.
4. The guard (2nd lvl) in the Thieves Common (9), along with the pickpocket (1st lvl), wait here in ambush for the PCs to climb the stairs. Once again, the thieves are somewhat over confident and will not choose to alert their friends in the back rooms until it is too late.
5. Two (1 st lvl) of the remaining four thieves are asleep in the bunk room (13). These are used to rowdy behavior from their fellows, so it is likely that a little shouting will not bring them out of their slumber. If their room is entered though, they will wake quickly and be ready for action in just over one round. Both keep their weapons close by when they sleep.
6. The final two thieves (3rd and 1 st lvl) are honing their fighting skills in the practice room (10). The more experienced is showing the novice some attacks with a knife. The young thief has a normal knife, and his senior is wearing the thieves' suit of leather armor and wielding a blunted short sword (-15). The noise their practice is making covers any sounds outside the room.
7. The final confrontation occurs when Dzeper returns from his business in the city above. On arrival, he finds his people dead and is in no mood to talk. As soon as he locates the intruders, he will break a lifelong habit of cowardice and leap to the attack, fighting until either he or they can fight no more.

5.0 BANDITS OF THE EASTERN HILLS

This second adventure is designed for mid-level characters who have good outdoor skills as well as fair fighting and stealth abilities. It begins with a pleasure trip into the Hills of the Moon, but changes into a confrontation with desert bandits. It will provide a good opportunity for outdoor adventuring in a new setting. The specific obstacles the PCs face will be novel to them, but many of their Northern wilderness skills will apply to the desert equally well.

5.1 THE TALE OF A DESERT OUTING

During the negotiations between Marahil and the Council of Regents, an effort is made by a number of lesser Haradan bureaucrats to form their own ties with the Northerners. Their first overture comes as an offer of a desert outing, extended to several of the visitors. Since the more powerful guests have already been scheduled for various receptions in the first days of their visit, the Haradrim select several others whom they feel might prove valuable allies as trade opens up. (This group includes the PCs and at least one lady of Prince Celdrahil's court.) At first light, the Northerners are met outside the mansion where they are staying and a lively party sets off to visit the first of their destinations. Through the morning, the Gondorians are shown the estates of the Ice Seller (see *Far Harad the Scorched Land*) and tour the farms that spread south of the city. Lunch is a delicious meal of native fare, served under silk tents in a village on the skirts of the Brij Mijesec (Ap. "Hills of the Moon").



On the same morning, another party traveled the ragged edges of those Haradan hills. A band of raiders from the clan of the Kindilaar scouted in search of information and whatever odd bits of booty that might be had from the village folk. After their noon meal, they watered their horses at the village of Melem Voda (Ap. "Soothing Water") where a collection of palanquins and bearers showed that some important guests were being entertained.

Thus, as Damsel Farithain, a niece of Prince Celdrahil, wanders away from her plate for a moment alone, she steps into grave peril. The desert ruffians refuse to miss such an opportunity to take a promising captive; with her abduction, the others of her party stand at the starting point of a different type of desert outing.

5.2 THE NPCS

The clansmen of the Kindilaar are an unsavory bunch at best. They are of pure Far Haradan stock and keep to the traditions of their people, but generations of life as a minor clan without permanent holdings have made the Kindilaar more mercenary and opportunistic than most of their cousins. All of the clan's folk train with weapons, and even the children can be quite formidable. General statistics for Far Haradrim can be found in the table at the end of this work, but three personalities important to this adventure are described below.

JAMAK SPIJUN

The clan chief of the Kindilaar is an old Southron who has borne this responsibility for far too long. He was elevated to the post at the age of thirty-one and has now reached sixty-seven. The years have been hard ones, and Spijun is a bitter man. His strength and a large part of his wits have left him. He rules the clan harshly, often placing his own whims above fairness in his decisions. No one complains though; the Kindilaar had suffered such treatment for generations before the current headman was born. It is part of their way of life.

All his life, Jamak Spijun has been baked by the burning southern sun. His face resembles a strangely shaped, dried fruit, and his skin and hair are nearly black, as are his eyes. He wears the colors of the clan, orange and white, throughout the year, though the Far Haradrim usually reserve such dress for feasts and holidays. The curved sword in his sash and his dark steel breast plate are of the finest Haradan manufacture. When fully equipped for battle, the lord of the Kindilaar looks like nothing more than the corpse of a long dead warlord.

SULJATI SEY

A powerful warrior, named Suljati Sey, stands next in line for the seat of Jamak Spijun. For years, Sey, rather than the clan chief, has led the Kindilaar raiders on missions of land piracy. Yet, he does not hunger for the top seat. Having witnessed the trials Spijun has faced and observing the erosion of the chief's integrity, Sey feels no hurry to take such burdens upon himself. Instead, he hopes to continue in his present position, leading warriors and pursuing the woman who has captured his heart, Bethin Omul.

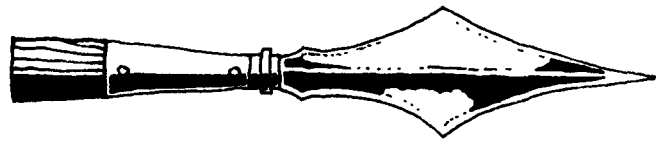


Sey is a large man for his race, standing over six foot nine with a heavily muscled frame. His skin and hair are very dark as befits a Haradan of pure breeding. In battle he wields a huge, two-handed scimitar with deadly skill. He wears a vest of chain under his robes of tan and yellow.

BETHIN OMUL

The object of Suljati Sey's desire is a lovely young woman named Bethin Omul. She has lived with the Kindilaar since early childhood, but all of the clansfolk remember that she was brought to them as a captive from a plundered merchant train. Her true parentage is unknown, but she holds some resentment towards the people who took her from her kin. And she harbors a secret wish to leave the clan on a search to find her family. She also wishes to escape Sey's attentions, since he would bind her to the Kindilaar permanently. Her few friends cannot understand Bethin's reluctance to join her fortunes with such an important man, but her longing to learn of her true heritage is beyond their experience.

Bethin is as tough as any Far Haradan clanswoman and a better fighter than most. She carries a long dirk in the sash of her robes, but can also fight with the curved sword that the men of the Haradwaith prefer. For clothing, she wears only neutral colors like white and brown. One of her friends, head apprentice to the clan metalsmith, made her a breast plate of high quality. Bethin's features are lighter than those of her adopted clansfolk; she has the look of a city dweller. She is very beautiful by any standards and has the secret adoration of many of the Kindilaar young men.



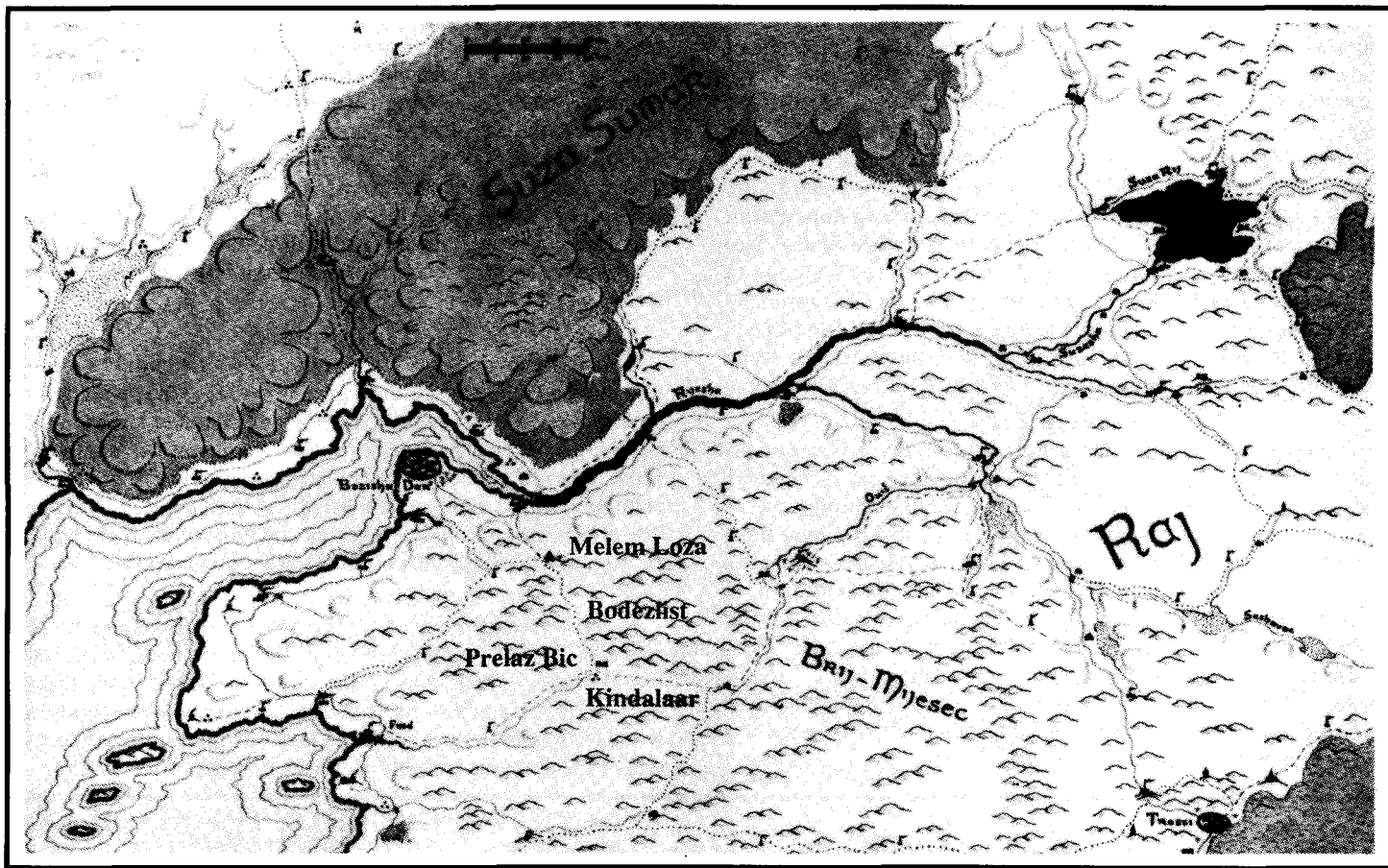
5.3 THE SETTING

The area in which the PCs must operate is the stretch of arid land between the village of Melem Voda and the fortress of the bandits, twenty miles to the south. This is traversed by a desert track that intersects the eastward road from Fred just below the fort. The countryside consists of the region's usual hills and tough grass, but there is a five mile stretch of open sand which fills an ancient lake bed. The terrain will allow for varied action and encounters through the journey, leading to a climactic rescue at the stronghold.

5.31 DESERT SITES

1. Melem Loza. This is a typical watering village of the hills. It has a good well around which grow several palms and a few shrubs. Around these, in turn, are clustered a dozen buildings. Seven are homes, and one is a trading post. A small inn possesses separate structures for a stable, a barn, and a kitchen, built around a courtyard and a goat pen. The food at the inn is tasty, and sturdy local cloth can be purchased at the trading post, but there is little else to note about the little community.

2. A Thicket of Knives. The track south from Melem Voda has a number false trails spurring off from it; occasionally, the track fades out altogether for some distance. A careful traveller can usually find the way, but it is not hard to waste time in these spots. One such place is a well-marked spur that continues straight where the actual faded track cuts to the right. The traveler who hurries onto this path will soon find trouble. It tops a hill and drops directly into a broad thicket of Bodezlist (see below). The slope down is composed of loose earth, and a nasty fall may result if the PC is not moving carefully. For purposes of play, the cruelty of this trap can be balanced by allowing the players to discover the benefits of the plants as well. This encounter with a thicket of knives might be timed the moment when the PCs lose or exhaust their water supply.



Thorns are common on the local shrubs, but no other bush possesses spines like those of the Bodezhist (Ap. "Daggerleaf"). To a walking man in daylight, these shrubs will prove no more than a nuisance. Their blade-like leaves are plain to the sight, and only a fool would try to pass through a thicket. At night, however, or to a man who is running or falling, this small bush can be deadly. The leaves grow up to eighteen inches in length and are stiff and fibrous. The tips and edges are surprisingly sharp and cut like the weapon for which they are named. Anyone simply walking into bush will suffer one to six unmodified dagger attacks. If he is running or falling, this should be modified to one to ten +20 attacks. For those who are wise in the ways of the desert, though, the Bodezhist can be more of a boon than a danger. Hidden within the fortress of blades, the plant's heart is a mass of succulent tissue which is sweet to taste and will provide water to keep a man alive, each bush holding moisture equivalent to one day's water ration. Extracting the heart without injury requires a normal maneuver roll, modified by foraging skill.

3. The Lair of a Prelaz Bic. The portion of the track which traverses the sandy lake bed has been haunted of late by that dangerous beast, a Prelaz Bic (see below). The creature is now burrowed near one of the white stones that marks the trail and waits for a meal to pass its way. The bandits, all too familiar with the beasts, saw signs of its ambush and gave it a wide berth. Others who pass along the road may not be so lucky.

One of the more dangerous denizens of the desert lands is the Prelaz Bic (Ap. "Travelers' Scourge"). It is related to the Zimaj of the Dune Sea (see *Far Harad*), but is smaller and has no wings. It possesses a vaguely man-like head, with a halo of horns and bristles, atop a strong, six-foot neck. Its eyes are large and have a transparent inner lid which allows it to see even when buried under a light film of sand. Irregular spines run down its back to a flexible tail. The beast will burrow beneath the sand and wait for days to ambush a passing beast or man, bringing its prey down with its powerful forelimbs and jaws as would a hunting cat. It is not clever, though, and can often be out foxed by multiple attackers or good strategy. In the open desert, these animals are always at odds with their winged cousins; yet, when they venture into the hills, packs of Vuk (Far Haradan wolves) often hunt them down. The Far Haradrim also hunt the Prelaz Bic for their hides, which make good armor — and to relieve the threat of attack. Still, in the face of all these enemies, the reptiles show no signs of nearing extinction.

5.32 THE STRONGHOLD OF THE KINDILAAAR

The fortress of the Kindilaar was built, in the days when Akorahil's influence was great among the Far Haradrim, by a desert lord named Sellif who pandered to the Storm King's wishes. When the wraith was driven from power by Tar-Ancalimon, the gambits Sellif had undertaken fell to pieces and he came to be despised by his countrymen as a traitor. He finished his days in near isolation, with no one to bear him company save the embittered servants who were caught in his fall. After his death, the fortress stood abandoned for centuries. Finally, the clansmen of the Kindilaar, feeling that any ill luck must have long been dispersed from the estate, claimed it for their base. In the decades since, the buildings have been fitted fully to the role of a bandit fortress, like the many others that dot the arid lands. Though their clan is quite small and falls far short of filling the village behind its walls, the quality and location of their stronghold has allowed the the Kindilaar to gain respect and power in recent generations.

The stronghold sits atop a rocky hill about a day's ride south of Melem Voda, at the crossing of two caravan tracks. It is built of yellow desert stone throughout, with an encircling wall ten feet high. A second, fifty foot, wall encloses the actual buildings and tenting sites. A switch-backed road runs up from the the road to Fred, passing through an open arch in the outer wall to the stout wooden gate of the second. This gate is a single portal with a small postern door, each held in place by its own solid cross-bar. The entire hilltop is overlooked by a sixty-five foot stone tower, which can be seen more than ten miles away.

Within the first wall, the clansmen keep a few carefully tended produce gardens and pens for horses and goats. The animals are skittish, and even the gardens provide little cover for hiding from the guards in the tower — this area is dangerous ground for any would-be intruders. The fortress proper begins with the inner wall, behind which are the homes and day buildings of the clansmen.

Against the inner side of this wall, on both sides of the gate, stand the workshops, storerooms, and public rooms of the clan. Some of these are described in detail below. The floor of the heart of the stronghold is hard earth, and like their more nomadic ancestors the clansmen make their homes in *satorna* (sing, *sator*) scattered across the space. These are dwellings which consist of a sunken foundation of stone, about four feet deep, over which a wooden frame supports a low canvas tent. The desert folk choose this design because it offers more privacy and better temperature control than would a normal pavilion. Among the *satorna* is the community well, sheltered by a domed building of yellow stone. Opposite the gate stands the final building of the fort, known as the *Zamak* (Ap. "Bastion"). This is an enormous *sator*, built atop a raised stone platform large enough to contain a number of normal chambers.

THE MAIN YARD

The open area between the bandits' dwellings is almost constantly full of the people of the clan. During the day, it serves as something of a market, with the clansfolk trading amongst themselves or with visitors from the road below. An occasional fight often breaks out during the course of a day; as is usual among the Haradwaith, bets are taken, the brawl ends, and interactions then return to their lively norm. In the evening, the Kindilaarl follow the Haradan custom of revelry. From the time of the night meal onward, the folk gathered here grow more and more drunk. Around eleven, when all settle down again, most retire to their tents. But there are always at least a dozen who bed down where they are and sleep through the night under the stars.

The yard has a somewhat untidy appearance, with assorted tables and handcarts lying at random and various artifacts piled on them or leaned against the stones of the walls. At any given moment, one finds the same assortment of odds and ends that might be expected in a typical village square.

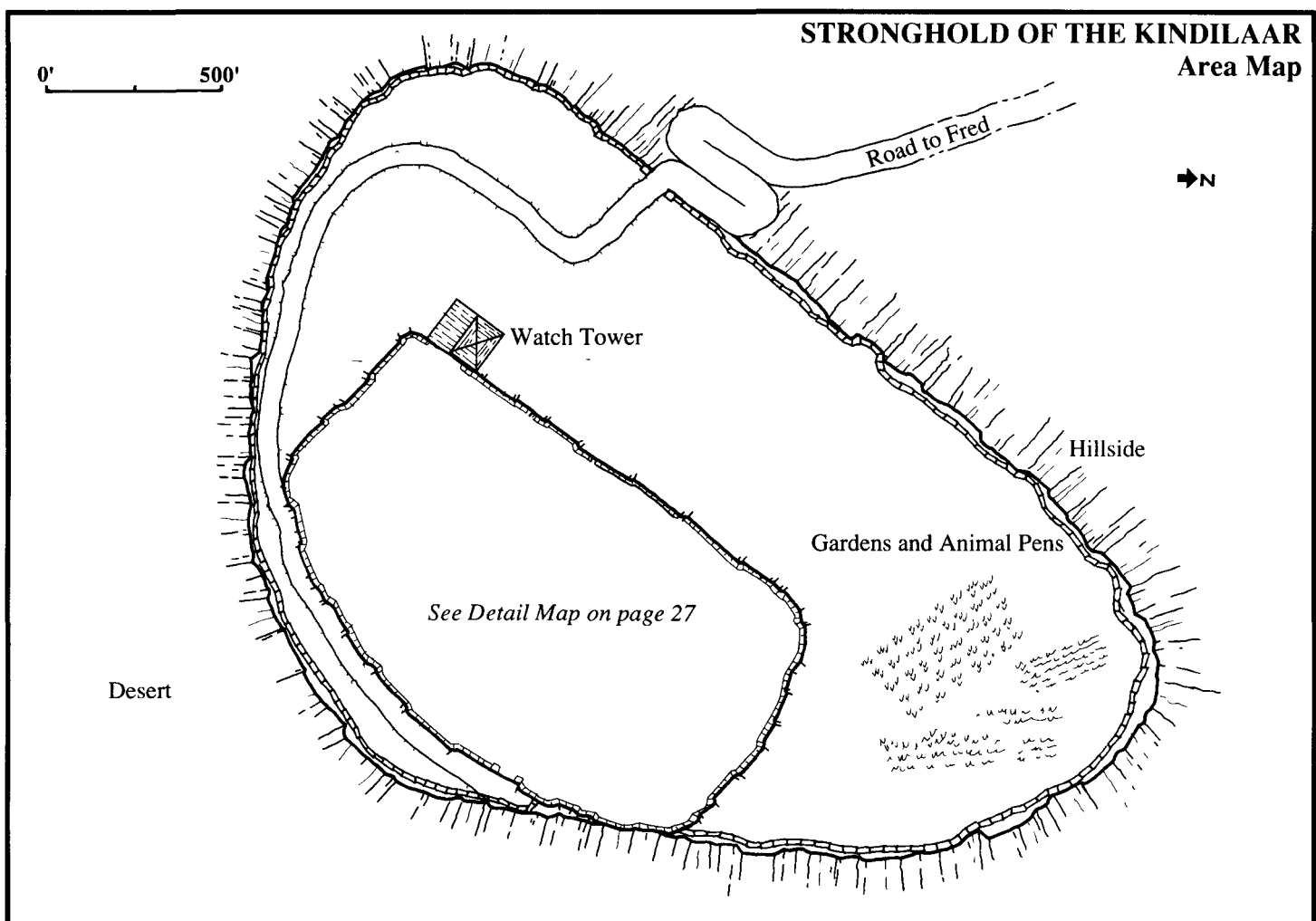
One open area is set aside for practice for the warriors of the clan. Twice a day, an hour after sunrise and two hours past noon, as is done all across the desert lands, an old soldier or two gives the call and a loose but well disciplined drill begins. These sessions last two hours each, after which the warriors simply return to their other business.

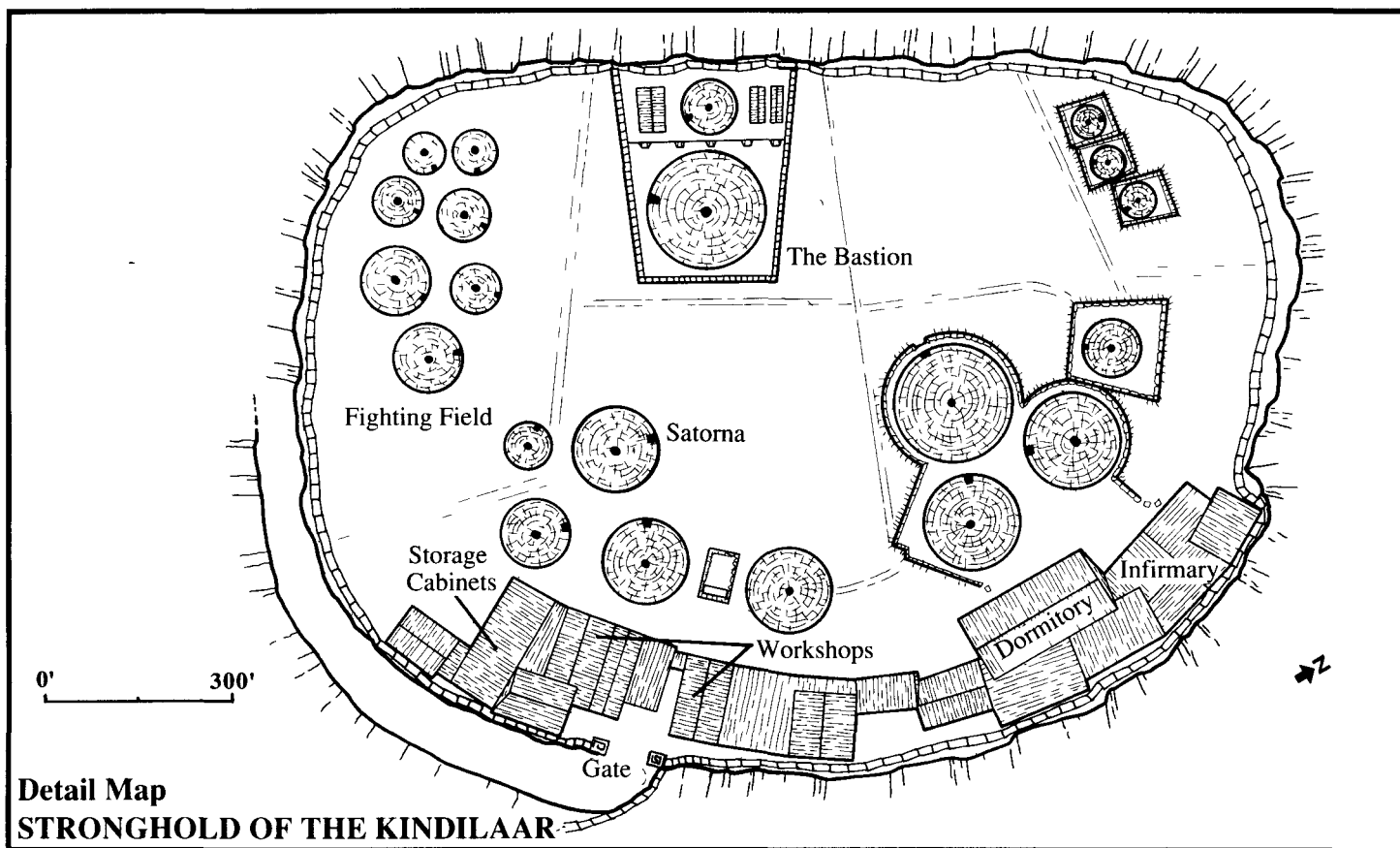
THE DORMITORY

In many Haradan clans, the youngest of the children are kept together and cared for by the community. Until the age of ten, the children of the Kindilaarl live in this long chamber and are tended by women of the clan. The dormitory's cots run the length of the room, providing space for just under twenty children. This number is rarely reached, but there are usually at least a dozen living here. The area is busy throughout the day and most of the night with the coming and going of the children and their caretakers.

STORAGE ROOMS

In this series of rooms, the clansmen keep provisions for their stronghold. These consist of food stuffs for day to day use, and for use in time of siege, and all the numerous other items that are needed by the community, such as clothing, leather goods, and wood for repairing their homes. A lazy old quartermaster sleeps in one of these rooms by night and uses it as his office by day.





INFIRMARY

This chamber holds facilities to care for the sick and wounded of the clan. It is furnished by a row of simple cots, and at the east end rests a closet where medicinal herbs and the healer's tools are kept. Opposite this is a small office that serves as work space and quarters for the clan's healer, an animist of seventh level. Herbs of power are always difficult to obtain in this region of the land, but the healer's spells do much to speed the recovery of the clan's wounded.

At any given time, the herbs that are present can be determined by application of the standard rules of searching in the region, with each 15 points rolled above the required score representing an additional dose. For this, herblore skills of course have no effect; however, even the rarest of herbs may be available if a high enough roll is made.

WORKSHOPS

These chambers hold tools and supplies for the maintenance of the fortress and the clansmen's war equipment, as well as those required for the production of clothing and other necessary items. Each shop is overseen by a man of some skill in the trade who will have at least one full-time apprentice. In such a small clan, though, even the craftsmen do not all possess much talent, and any work that requires a group of laborers must be done by whoever is available. The shops reflect this lack, being untidy and disorganized most of the time. The shops found here include: a woodworking room, one for arms repair, a leather smith, a stonewright and carpenter, and a winery which is idle most of the time since fruit is hard to obtain.

THE SATORNA

The satorna of the Kindilaar are larger than is typical across the Haradwaith. This is because their original builder, the renegade Sellif, designed them as elements of an estate, rather than as single family dwellings. A typical foundation measures around nine feet

across, but these are larger, reaching as much as one hundred feet in diameter. The Kindilaar have constructed the sizable tents to fit these foundations and now use each to house about fifteen households. The areas are divided into apartments by walls of canvas with narrow corridors twisting between. To any who are not familiar with the layout, these present quite a maze, but the residents know their way well enough to get in and out quite quickly when there is a need. At the center of each is a common area where meals are taken and the women gather to do their chores. Around the perimeter, each has four or five spots where stairs lead to the surface through flaps in the canvass, though anyone with a knife might get out elsewhere in a pinch.

THE TOWER

When the warriors of the clan are not away on a raid, those who are not married live in the base of the watch tower. When all are home, thirty young men live here, though often this number will drop to eighteen or even fewer. Standing eight hour watches, they are split into three groups with one band asleep on each shift. There will also be two more experienced men in command, one of whom will always be awake. It is the duty of these warriors to provide warning enough to muster all of the older men from their satorna in case of trouble.

The barracks chamber itself is twenty-five by thirty feet in size. It holds little more than fifteen sets of bunkbeds and the personal goods of the men. This includes the odd knife or other hand-weapon of fair quality, but nothing of real value. In the chamber's north-west corner, a steep stair leads up to the floors above through an opening in the stone ceiling. The second and third stories of the tower store a stock of weapons for the fort's defense. Their walls are slit for arrows, and the third floor has doors that let onto a sheltered walk that runs the top of the wall. The highest level of the structure, reached by a ladder from below, is open to the sky and holds only a great iron brazier which was once used as a beacon.

The view over the five foot breastwork is astonishing. Scanning the land from the great bay into the haze in all other directions, one can see signs of no less than a dozen other settlements, none of which are less than a day's ride away.

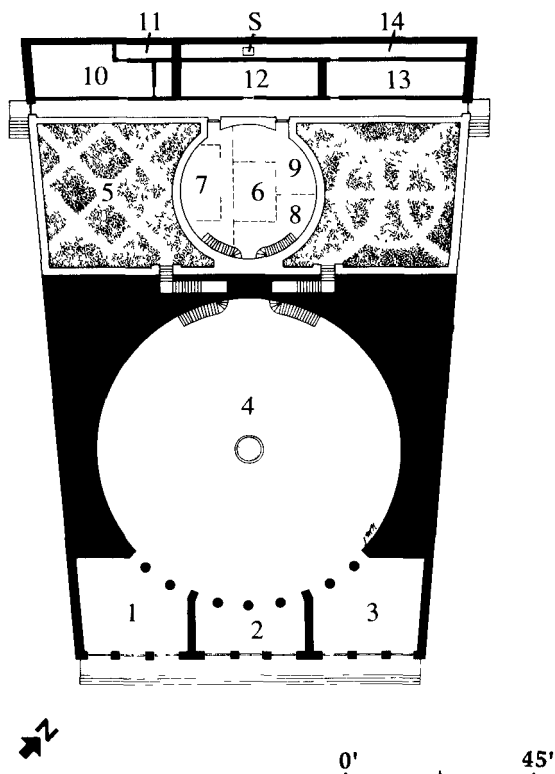
THE BASTION

The building known as the Zamak is quite impressive even compared to the huge satarna that surround it. Its foundation is a building in its own right, rising about twelve feet out of the soil. Through the doors in its front wall, one gains access to a number of normal stone chambers and two separate satarna. The larger of these is the clanhall; the smaller stands a little above the rest of the structure and holds the apartments of Suljati Sey and Jamak Spijun. Unbeknownst to its current occupants, the Zamak has additional chambers below the earth. These were built as Sellif's tomb, though he was not put to rest there. They are sealed, and the door that leads down to them from the back of the bastion is covered with trampled dirt.

1, 2, & 3. Entrance Halls. These three chambers hold nothing more than a few small tables and some wooden benches. They are used by the clansfolk on meeting nights as places to join their family members or friends before entering the hall itself.

4. The Hall. In this great chamber, the meetings of the clan are held. An enormous fire pit dominates the room, with vents in the canvas above to release its smoke. Around the fire pit are set a number of rough wood benches and low tables. Trophies from plundered caravans deck the walls and hang from the wooden frame overhead. These include a handful of Southern battle flags as well as decorated wagon wheels, patterned silk from merchants' pavilions, and tusks from half a dozen Mumakil. The floor is all of stone, but enough soil and dust lie over it to make its color indiscernible. Most of the time, the hall is empty, with only an occasional clansman passing through on some errand to or from the clan leaders' chambers. About three times a month, the lord of the clan calls a great meeting of his followers. On these nights, the hall rings with their discussions until the coming of the dawn.

THE BASTION Ground Level



5. Gardens. The rear portion of the Zamak rises another eight feet above the roof of the front. Atop this section, gardens of desert flowers occupy elegant borders. Though in the wild these plants appear only after the rare desert rainstorms, here, with constant watering, they bloom year round. The gardens fill the air nearby with a sweet smell and are quite pleasing to the eye. Gravel paths cut between the beds, running to and from the six stair cases that lead down from the gardens to ground level.

6. Parlor. When guests are entertained officially by either Spijun or Sey, this chamber is used for the reception. It is filled with fine sitting cushions of the sort favored by the nomads of Far Harad. These are interspersed with small, low tables, one of which bears a lovely tea service of silver worth 45 gold pieces. There are a few wooden chairs for the sake of any guests who might prefer them. In recent weeks, there has been little activity here due to the lack of important visitors. The tea set, however, is kept full and hot throughout each day, ready should someone arrive.

7. Suljati Sey's Apartment. The quarters of the heir apparent are included in the circle of the leader's sator. The area is divided up by canvas partitions with flaps rather than doors between them. Sey's room is not ostentatiously decorated. He displays trophies from several of the raids he has led, including the blood soaked tabard of a captain of the Visi, Bozisha-Dar's elite warrior clan. A large pile of cushions tumbles against the curving stone wall where Sey entertains guests. His sleeping roll is laid in a chest in the northwest corner of the room along with his clothing and a few other odds and ends. Above the cushions, braces on the wall hold the warrior's sword while he sleeps. At all other times, he keeps the weapon by his side. The only item of real value that Sey keeps in his chamber is also among the trophies of his military career. This is a straight sword taken from one of the few Northerners who join the Haradan caravan trade. The weapon was made in Bozisha-Dar by one of the city's finest smiths and is truly a product of the height of the art of metalworking. The combination of northern form and Haradan decoration is intriguing and pleasing to the eye. The weapon is +20 in melee just for its superb balance. It is also lightly enchanted and will seek fresh water upon command (range: twenty miles). Its wielder must simply say, "Find water!" in Westron.

8. Harem. All three of Spijun's wives have passed out of this life before him, and he no longer takes much interest in women. This chamber, though, is still kept in readiness for the day when Sey assumes the headman's position and takes a wife. Like the parlor (6), it is filled with soft, colorful cushions and low, delicate tables. The eastern end holds several sandlewood dressers which are now quite empty.

9. Jamak Spijun's Chambers. The leader of the clan lives in a room similar to that of his second in command. The eastern section of the room is furnished with cushions for entertaining personal guests, and the northern portion contains his sleeping mat and his clothing. Between these two areas, a curtained door leads into the rear of the Bastion. Along the outer wall are arranged a number of prizes, the most important of all those taken in battle throughout his long career. Now, they seem more a mockery to his bitterness than a recollection of warm glories. Among them are the colors of a dozen other clans and the standards of war-bands from both Hyarn and Umbar. On many days the lord of the Kindilaar chooses not to carry his weapons and armor with him, but leaves them hanging on the wall of his apartment. These are finely made pieces, and many would be proud to wear such fine metal. This tired old man has seen too many battles to miss these tools when he does not need them.

10. Guest Chamber. For generations, this room has been set aside for important visitors to the clan, but Sey has given it recently to Bethin Omul instead. Since there is no polite way to turn down his offer, she lives here but still eats her meals with her friends out in the satarna. The chamber is spacious and comfortable. A small closet is set into the southeast corner for the young woman's clothing. The rest of the room is draped with silks and scattered with pillows — it looks much like the seraglio (8). The girl has very few belongings of her own, so there is little of value present. Sey has given Bethin two pieces of jewelry which could be sold for fifteen and twenty-seven gold pieces if she took them into Bozisha-Dar.

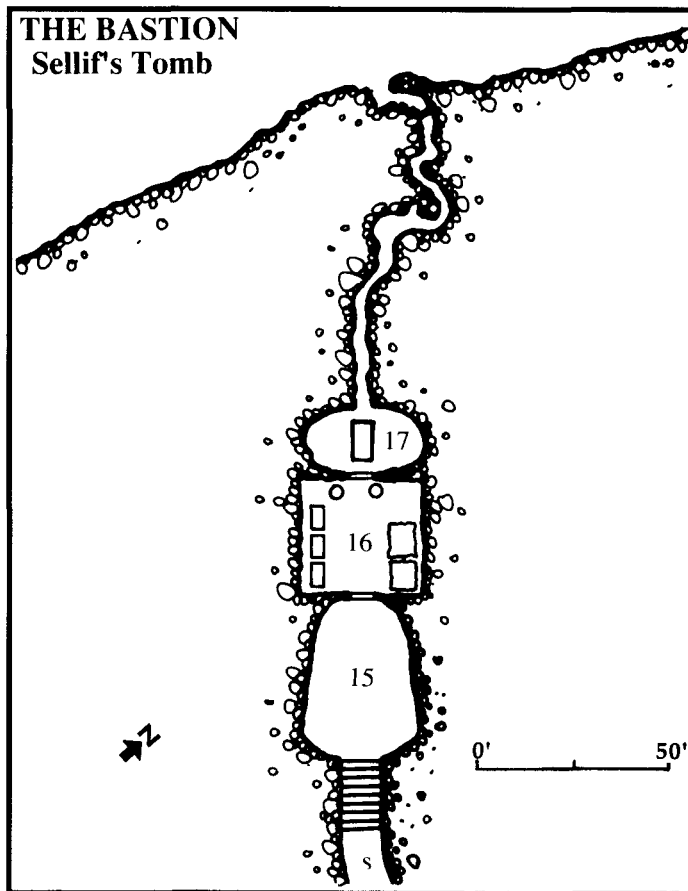
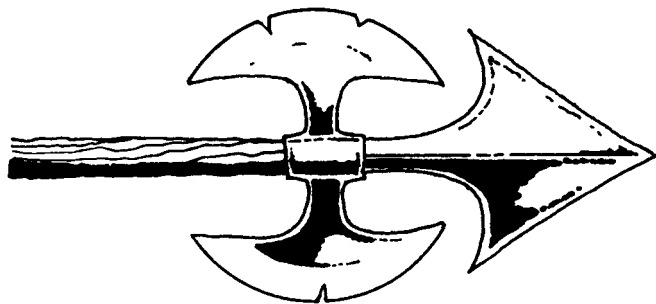
11. Strong Room. Built to act as a vault for the expensive possessions of guests, this chamber possesses a sturdy door with a lock to which Omul has the key. Currently it holds the Damsel Farithain. She is unhappy with her captivity, but Omul has been given charge over the captive and treats her quite well. Actually, in spite of the fact that Omul knows only a little Westron and Fanthain knows no Apysaic, the two have become friends. Omul has little trouble identifying with the feeling of being a prisoner of the Kindilaar. The chamber is furnished with only a sleeping mat, a table, and a chair, but when no one else is around the Damsel often joins her keeper in the Bethin's chamber (10).

12. The Treasury. The wealth of the Kindilaar is kept in this open chamber. It is not extensive compared to that of other clans, but for their size these folk have done well. Three small chests hold coins and gems (total 1500 gp). The west end of the room is stacked with bolts of expensive cloth from the lands beyond the Yellow Mountains. A sedan chair of rich black wood, worked with gold and ivory, stands against the south wall, opposite the door. A stack of ancient books rests atop one of the chests of gold. All of these are being saved by the clan chief to be sold at some later date. A faint shimmer across the entrance way is the only sign that all of this treasure has any protection. This is the effect of an enchantment that holds the entire room. Within its walls, time passes one one hundredth as quickly as it does outside. This feature was a gift to Sellif from the Storm King, but its power holds through the present. Any thief who steps into the chamber will find himself stepping out into the arms of angry clansmen, the day after he went in. This trap is simple, but quite effective.

13. Kitchen. The meals for the residents of the Zamak are prepared in this well-fitted kitchen. The cook, a displaced Easterling called Krinda, is the only slave currently owned by the Kindilaar, and he is a very skilled chef. He speaks Westron and some Adunaic, as well as passable Apysaic and his native tongue. He was captured with a trade caravan from Umbar and has served here for the three years since. The room holds two large brick ovens and a fireplace for broiling and the preparation of pot-cooked meals. A wide array of pots, pans, knives, and forks hang from the north wall, all captured with the man who uses them. In the southeast corner, an area is set aside where the slave makes his bed. He spends almost all of his time in the kitchen.

14. Store Room. This long chamber acts as pantry to the kitchen and store room for the rest of the Zamak. The west end is filled with neatly kept boxes and bags of provisions for the residents' meals. From the mid-point east though, it is a cluttered place. Items of linen, bits of furniture, and odd trunks and boxes have been stored here for generations, coming and going as they were needed. Underneath a small chest is the trap door into Sellif's tomb, one of the flagstones which is thinner than the others and carved with a lip around its edges for lifting. It is quite covered with dirt, as is all of the floor at this end of the room.

15. Ante-room. After a short, steep stair down from the trap door, the entrance way to Sellif's tomb is a modest chamber that currently stands quite empty. It was designed with shelves and pedestals along both walls where parting gifts were to be placed. Now only a thick coating of dust adorns them. The walls grow closer together as they move toward the hammered bronze door that leads into the tomb, and the ceiling slopes slightly downward.



16. Vault. The next chamber of the tomb was set aside for a portion of Sellif's wealth. As his health declined, he ordered some of it moved to its final resting place. Three large chests of coins and jewels rest against the right hand wall of the square room, each encased in a riveted steel frame which cannot be opened without cutting through the bars. The total value of their contents is over two thousand gold pieces, but it would be impossible to carry the chests out through the secret passage below and the Kindilaar will have words with anyone who tries to take them out above. On top of one chest sits a smaller case of black polished wood which is closed by a simple latch. Inside it, a shaped cushion of silk holds four large sapphires which were brought to the vault too late to be locked with the rest of the coins and gems. Each is worth forty-five silver pieces. Against the opposite wall are two large bails of what was once expensive cloth. Now it is only a heap of dry-rotten fibers with no value at all. The final items in the treasury are two enormous terra cotta urns, set on either side of the door to the crypt. Both show the remnants of colorful paintings on their surfaces, but there is no outward indication of their contents. The one to the left as one faces the burial chamber has had its seal broken by a stone, fallen from the ceiling. The sealed urn holds almost a hundred gold pieces worth of fine bathing oil, about a hundred gallons. The other's original contents have long since evaporated, and now it is home to a large hive of sand hornets (see below). The door to the crypt is sheathed in beaten bronze, with a small grate at eye level through which the corpse might survey his wealth.

Sand hornets, large, stinging insects, are considered quite dangerous by the desert folk, because, when they gather in a swarm, their vicious attacks have been known to kill entire villages. Each sting will deliver 1-3 hits of damage, and a typical swarm will have upwards of ten thousand of the two inch wasps. Luckily, they do not swarm often, usually only once in twenty years, but any who disturb their hives are taking a grave risk.

In Sellif's tomb these beasts can be used to ensure that the PCs do not have an easy escape. If the hive is awakened, a few stings will convince the party to move quickly through to the ante-room, and an angry buzzing behind the door will show this path of retreat to be cut off for several hours.

17. The Crypt. The resting place of the great Sellif was to have been this small, oval chamber. The ailing lord and the vast majority of his serving staff perished instead in the wrath of a great desert sand storm, so the tomb never saw his corpse. The room's center holds a raised slab of stone where the body was to be placed, and to either side are aisles where his most precious possessions were to be laid. To the right, a set of fine barding has been laid out, to be placed on his horse when the time came. To the left is the battle armor Sellif wore in his youth, with a dark chain shirt, a spiked helm, and the remains of a colorful tabard. Laid across the breast is a sheathed scimitar of very fine manufacture. It lacks the gaudy decoration that was the rule in Sellif's later years, being of plain steel with a hilt of worked horn. The armor is charmed (+15) and will also double its wearer's rolls for resistance to poison. The blade is +20 but has been imbued with a power that many would rather forego. As a gift to Sellif, the Storm King enchanted the sword to call out to the servants of Sauron. Any who pass within two miles of the weapon will feel a pleasant urge to find it. At the head of the slab, a small circular doorway opens into the stone. A passage slopes down from this, often barely large enough for a man to crawl through, finally ending in a small wooden door, also bronze sheathed. Beyond this is a short length of narrow cave and then the open air. This entrance to the tomb has never been discovered by the Kindilaar, since no one is foolish enough to crawl into a hole where the sand hornets live.

Three *lesina* lurk in the shadows of the crypt. These are the remains of men who came here after escaping from the clansmen above. They were brought to the brink of dehydration while prisoners in the fort, and upon escape they knew they could not go far without rest. They found the hole at the bottom of the hill and climbed in. The three discovered the door and the tomb, but died of thirst before they could complete their bid for freedom. Now their undead bodies stay in the chamber. They cannot leave, because, though neither door is actually locked, both have latches that require some wit and reason to figure out. These creatures have not even that, so they lie in wait for any who should stumble upon them.

The dry tracts of land that surround Raj have been an unmarked grave to thousands, over the centuries. Of these, a few still haunt the region, doomed to unrest for crimes they committed in life, or simply cursed by fate. One form such ghouls acquire is known to the Haradim as a *Lesina* (Ap' "Corpse"). These gruesome beings retain the bodies they held in life, desiccated and hardened by the desert sun, and lurk in the caves of dry hills or among the dunes of the desert. In some cases, where individuals have died together, a group of the beings will prowl the wastes, spelling doom for any poor travellers who might come across them. They are unreasoning and mute, but their condition has instilled in them an abiding hatred for all living men. Their dried eyes see the life-energy of their victims as painful light against a dimly perceived landscape.

The attacks these creatures make against men are no more than bestial, using only teeth and hard fists. They know neither pain nor fear, but also use no strategy in their combat. Once a victim has been downed, the attacker will fall upon him and continue the assault until death comes, without concern for any other foes in the area. This behavior will persist even if blows are landed on the monster's body by would-be rescuers. As far as calculation of damage against the *Lesina* is concerned, though they do not suffer from stun or bleeding criticals, they are damaged normally by weapons. They are completely immune to all spells that attack the mind or spirit, but are otherwise fully susceptible to magical attacks as well.



5.4 THE TASK

The PCs will face, in this adventure, a mission of some daring. They must save the Damsel Farithain from her captors and bring her back to Bozisha-Dar unharmed. This will require a trip across unfamiliar territory at speed, a stealthy raid into the bandit camp, and a return across the desert once more. While they achieve these goals, they may have a chance to line their pockets or even meet a new ally or two.

5.41 STARTING THE PLAYERS

The PCs should be started with the invitation to the outing. From that point on, the game will move itself. Some grease to encourage continuous action and excitement is provided in section 5.42 below. Once the Damsel has been taken, the players should be allowed no chance of turning back, and a lively adventure is sure to follow.

5.42 AIDS

To achieve their goals, the PCs will need to receive aid from several NPCs. The roles these will play are mostly minor or informational, but they will be important none-the-less. These are listed below.

Just after the Damsel's abduction is discovered, the PCs will be in desperate need of information. This will be given them by an old Haradan Shaman who saw the whole thing. In his travels, he has been to the fortress of the Kindilaar and thus recognized the men who took the girl. He knows that they will probably be planning to sell her and that they will do so quickly to avoid any rescue attempts. This means that the PCs must get to her before the next caravan passes through, which could be any day. He advises that they go in at night and try to take her back by stealth, since the Kindilaar are too numerous for any band of six to attack openly. He also knows of the back door through the tomb, though he doesn't know exactly where it is. When he was visiting the clan chief, he was shown an old book which detailed the history of the fort. It had been written by Sellif himself and made mention of the passage, though it was not drawn on the map in the book. The illiterate clan chief had no understanding of the information contained by the book of which he was so proud, and the Shaman has kept the knowledge to himself, thinking that it might be useful sometime. This information, mixed in with a fair amount of speculation concerning why Sellif might have fallen from the True Faith and why the Gondorlans might wish to take it up, should give the PCs the basis for a plan of action. The Shaman can also secure horses for the PCs from their hosts, who would rather turn back to the city and ask the Regents for aid than journey into the desert.

The cook of the Kindilaar may act as the party's second benefactor. When they enter the Bastion, the PCs will almost certainly encounter him in his kitchen. If they give him the chance, he will seem more curious than alarmed by their appearance. If they see that he is not Kindilaar and explain themselves, he will give them some information in exchange for going with them when they leave. He knows where Fairthain can be found and can describe the layout of the Bastion in some detail, though he has little to tell about the habits of the clansmen outside the Zamak. He is somewhat skilled as a fighter as well and can use one of his cooking knives with second level proficiency.

The most interesting ally to be found among the Kindilaar is Bethin Omul. As has been said above, she is not happy with her lot these days. Though she will be alarmed when strangers enter her bed chamber, and may draw her dirk to fight, once she sees their purpose she also will want to join them when they leave. She is a third level fighter and knows the workings of the bandit community perfectly. With her to help avoid sentries, the PCs should have a much easier time on their way out. She has also long kept a plan in her mind for the day when she would break free on her own. She has a horse in the corral in the outer camp which she and Farithain can use, and though the PCs could never ride the Haradan horses without magical charm spells, they might stampede them out through the outer gate, giving themselves much better chances of escape and creating an excellent diversion.

5.43 OBSTACLES

The obstacles faced by the PCs on this mission are pretty plain. On their journey, they will meet the challenges of normal desert travel and the various beasts that haunt the region. The fortress itself must be penetrated and the captured girl found. The lesina and sand hornets of the tomb provide additional difficulties to be overcome or avoided. The clansmen of the Kindilaar will pose their own threat, though only a few of these tough fighters should be allowed to meet with the party.

5.44 REWARDS

The main rewards of this adventure will be of a spiritual nature: glory, self satisfaction, and the like. The material gain to be had is somewhat limited. The contents of Sellif's tomb are there for the taking, but most of the items are too bulky to remove. If the party is very foolish, they may try for some of the clansmen's treasure, but this would almost certainly prove fatal. However, the few items that they do find, when added to the prestige and possible rewards they will gain when they return to Dol Amroth with the Prince's niece, should make the adventure worth while.

5.5 ENCOUNTERS

The encounters which occur should be regulated by the GM to match the flow of play. Some have been described in section 5.31 above and can be inserted at any point in the journey to or from the stronghold. Encounters with the Kindilaar should be handled as follows.

Since a general battle with the strength of the clan would certainly spell doom for the PCs, any but the most wildly impetuous players should be allowed to avoid this. Instead, they should do most of their fighting on the road or in the tomb and take most of the clansmen they meet by surprise, permitting quick, quiet kills. The Haradan guards posted on the night of the raid will total eight, including their commander. Two will be in the tower, two by the gate, and four will be spread along the walls. They will be looking for threats from outside not from within, so the chances of sneaking up on one will be good. Of these men, the commander is fifth level, two are fourth, four are third, and one is second (see the NPC Table for stats). Any who is given the chance when confronted will call the alarm immediately, but he will also stand and fight. The other guards will respond quickly, but running to the site of the fight will take them several rounds. It will not be until actual bodies are found that a general alarm will be raised and the clan awakened. By that time, the PCs had better be well on their way.

6.0 SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

The hopes of success for the delegation from Dol Amroth focus on the relations established between the Prince's ambassador, Marahil, and the seven members of Bozisha-Dar's ruling Council of Regents. As the days of the Northerner's visit wear on, some progress has been made; but Regent Slu Carlon suggests that greater advances might be made through more intimate discussions. As the Haradan Ambassador to Foreign Powers, Carlon wishes to initiate a series of intensive one-on-one sessions with Marahil.

The idea of such negotiations appeals to the Prince's emissary, and he has accepted an invitation to meet with Carlon at the Southron's home, the Palace of the Wood. It is no secret among the leaders of the embassy that he looks forward to setting aside the politeness and reserve of formal meetings for the blunt frankness possible in man-to-man discussion. Carlon, however, looks forward to a less appropriate bluntness. He plans to show the Banneret a new sort of southern hospitality.

6.1 THE TALE OF CARLON'S TREACHERY

Throughout his adult life, Carlon built his power in the government of Far Harad without pause. His prime found him the most powerful man in his native land and object of the devotion of hundreds of his city's people. He aspires, however, to more than this. The fact that all of his power and support cannot break the strength of Imat's coalition chafes him constantly. He sees in the cheers of the crowds a mandate that sends him higher than the post of Regent-councilor; surely he is the man destined to restore the old order to Far Harad and rule as King!

From the day he assumed his Council seat, he plotted towards this end. Despite his efforts, the strength of moderates like Imat grew, lessening the chance that the Council might deliver the crown into his hands. In the years leading up to the present, frustration led Carlon into a new course. Through his duties as Ambassador, he formed secret ties with powerful men among the Corsairs of Umbar. Each year he worked his way further into the favor of Faltur, planning to enlist his aid in a bid for the kingship.

When word came of Prince Celdrahil's embassy, Carlon felt he was many years from readiness to make his play for power. However, the visit brought circumstances that forced his hand. A letter arrived, two days after the message from Dol Amroth, with a thinly veiled ultimatum from Faltur of Umbar. The Lord Captain had been alerted of the visit by his spies and was convinced by his dark priest councilors that he must defeat the purposes of the Prince. Though rankled by the tone, Carlon could not ignore the order that he take Marahil prisoner and deliver him to Umbar. Following this enterprise, he would be lent soldiers enough to bring him into power by force of arms. And Faltur expressed certainty that the uproar and friction likely to arise between Gondor and Far Harad could only strengthen Carlon's position in the Southern court.

Carlon's commitment to the action was sealed when his fellow Councilor, Carnen Mek, approached him with an offer of aid in the treachery. Mek was alerted by Faltur's allies among the dark priests of Umbar. He has provided Carlon with several of his own followers to help guard the Palace of the Wood while the kidnapping takes place.

The arrival of the delegation set the hastily laid plans in motion. Carlon deliberately tied the negotiation sessions down with protocol, stretching each meeting into an interminable series of gift exchanges and expressions of feigned affection. He watched Marahil grow more and more impatient, ripe for the traitor's trap. With the Banneret's acceptance of Carlon's offer to speed negotiations through private meetings, the Councilor awaits the morning when Marahil is to arrive.

6.2 THE NPCs

Several characters that will be involved in this adventure have been described in the section above. The PCs will also encounter members of Carlon's household staff and his guards, as well as magicians from the guild Tama, under the orders of Carnen Mek. Prominent among all these are the two men described below. In addition to Pujist Din and Vamman Carl, the total complement in the Palace of the Wood includes six mages, twelve guards, and ten servants. Normally both servants and guards are present in greater numbers, but most have been sent away, so as not to "overwhelm the honored guest."

PUJIST DIN

Pujist Din is the leader of Carlon's household guard. He is a man of great skill with weapons and men, but of mean spirit and poor character. He is privy to all of Carlon's scheming and sees an opportunity for great personal gain, so he stands firmly behind his lord. However, if the tide should turn against the Regent, it is questionable whether the warrior would stay with him. Without Din, many of Carlon's men will falter as well, though it is certain that some would remain loyal. In his effort to gain guards who would not betray his plans, Carlon has surrounded himself with men who have more self-interest than integrity.



Din is a large and handsome man, like Carlon, and is even lighter in complexion. He carries a scimitar and shield whenever he is on duty and is well trained in the use of the Haradan bow and light spear. He wears Carlon's colors, silver and crimson, over armor of dark steel chainmail.

VAMMAN CARL

To support Carlon's putsch, Carnen Mek has lent the support of several Mages from the Tama led by Vamman Carl. Fanatically dedicated to his order and the path of Darkness, Carl is a most dangerous foe. He is skilled in the arts of magic and also shows promise as a leader in his guild. He has been informed by Mek that nothing is to stand in the way of Carlon's scheme, not even Carlon himself. The widening of the gap between Gondor and Far Harad is of paramount importance to the designs of the Tama.

Carl is a dynamic man of pure Southron blood. His dark skin and hair provide contrast for fiery eyes that show the fervor lying within this disciple of Darkness. He wears robes of grey and red to show his ties to the Tothin clan, which has always held a hatred for the men of Gondor. If forced into physical combat, Carl wields a charmed dagger which protects him as if it were +15 chain and on its wielder's command ("Zamka") will inject a dose of poison from a reservoir in the hilt. The knife holds three doses of poison from the Zamka, a snake of Far Harad's hills. It is a 7th level paralytic with a duration of twenty minutes per 10 points of RR failure. If a critical is scored within three rounds of the use of the command word, the poison will be injected successfully and an RR will be required after ten seconds.

6.3 THE SETTING

The majority of this adventure can be expected to take place in and around the Palace of the Wood, which is described in detail below. Some of the action may occur, however, among the other mansions of the Katedrala or out in the streets of Bozisha-Dar. These areas are described in Section 2.0 of this module and in Far Harad the Scorched Land.

THE PALACE OF THE WOOD

The mansion of Slu Carlon is well matched to his role as Ambassador to Foreign Powers. It represents the Suza Sumar (Ap. "Forest of Tears"), the great rainforest that rises out of the parched earth northeast of Bozisha-Dar like a displaced province of Tullwang or Usakan. The building, like the forest itself, seems out of place in the Haradwaith's arid clime. It is built all of wood, which must be constantly cared for and replaced by a crew of craftsmen dedicated to the house's upkeep.

The palace grounds are encircled by a nine foot wall of desert stone, but from its boundary inward, the feel of the desert diminishes rapidly. The smaller walls that divide one stretch of palm garden from another are all of polished redwood. And the gardens are designed to resemble the glades that lie just on the skirts of the great wood, with palms and small shrubs, but little ground cover and no open water. Except in the narrow court that leads to the building's modest entrance, the trees thicken dramatically as one moves inward. At the walls of the house, it is difficult to see where the trees end and the woodwork begins. The palace has been carved with artistry to capture the look of densely intertwined trees almost perfectly. Massive boughs arch all the way to the crown of the highest roof, interspersed with green-tinted skylights and windows

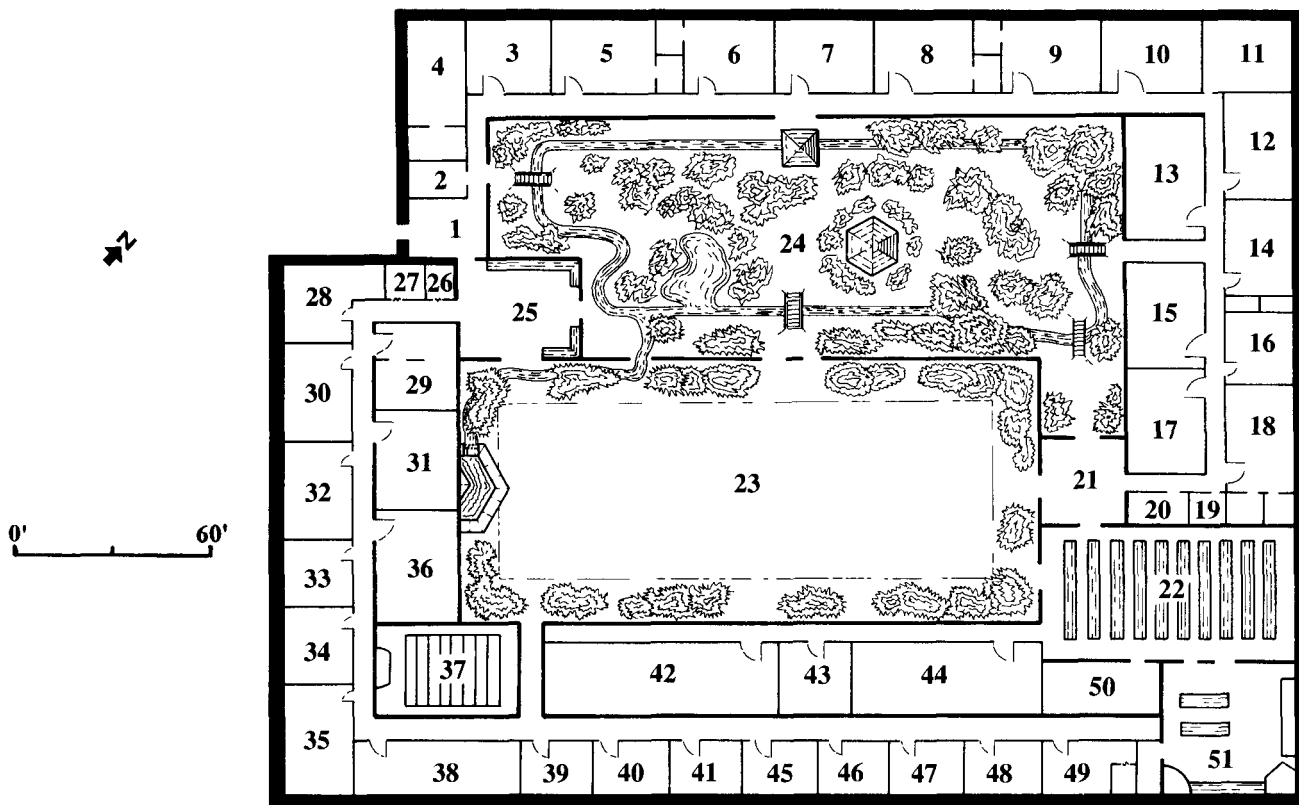
resembling foliage. On the exterior walls, there are no windows below the level of the eaves, shielding the inhabitants from any sights that might detract from the sylvan settings within.

Inside, the skylights of green glass and a hundred trickling fountains give one the feeling of being right in the heart of the rainforest itself. The walls are carved like those outside, and, though the passageways are straight and the rooms are square, the texture of the wood gives an illusion of much less regularity. Even in daylight, the palace is lit only with a warm green dusk. At night, torches burn throughout, but they are placed so as to leave sufficient shadow to maintain the forest ambience.

1. Foyer. Inside the unlocked, richly-carved, stonewood double doors, visitors to the palace are greeted by this comfortable chamber. The green glow from the skylights is bright here, dimming slowly as one walks forward into the remainder of the house. The walls, as throughout most of the mansion, are carved with tree trunks and branches, and the ceiling is formed into the arches of a jungle bower. Vines twine to form a number of comfortable benches, for those who do not rate an immediate audience with the steward of the house. Among the shadows overhead is a secluded guardpost, which is manned at all times. It has room enough for just one man, but a bundle of cords that hangs near his hand will ring discreet chimes throughout the building if he has cause to raise an alarm. He is also well positioned to drop and attack any who might pass beneath him. His hiding place is well concealed (-15 to perception rolls), and any attack he might launch will have a bonus of 65 on surprise rolls.

At the time of Carlon's treachery the guard posted here will be a warrior of third level. He is not aware of his master's true plans, but harbors a healthy distrust of the Northerners. His orders are to remain in position, no matter what he might hear passing in the rest of the mansion. However, if any foreigners should pass through the foyer unaccompanied, he is to ring the alarm and then use whatever means are necessary to detain the poganin. This he will do without hesitation.

THE PALACE OF THE WOOD



2. Steward's Office. The head of Carlon's household staff, a weathered veteran named Holton Gar, uses this chamber as his place of business. His duties include the supervision of the house's maintenance staff and the personal servants of the Regent. He greets all of the Regent's guests and acts as his master's personal secretary as well. The chamber holds four comfortable upholstered chairs about a green and brown patterned rug, a low table of rich green callow wood, and a desk of black oak with a matching seat. Worked into the wood of the walls are many shelves full of leather bound ledgers that catalog the mansion's finances for the past several decades.

Though Gar has served his current master for many years, he has not been trusted with knowledge of the current scheme. Instead, to his amazement, he has been sent to Tresti on an errand designed to keep him out of his master's way. His duties have been taken over by an officer of Carlon's guard, who carries them out from the guards' chamber (15), where he can also keep an eye on Marahil. The steward is not the only servant to be removed from the palace at this time. The majority of the serving staff has been sent away on the pretext of ensuring privacy. Those who remain are marked for death once all is over, so that news of Carlon's doings can never leak out.

3. Carlon's Parlor. Designed to resemble the darkest corner of the Forest of Tears, this chamber seems as though it were home to one of the seductive forest spirits of Haradan legend. A serpent shaped fountain sends up a fine mist of water from its mouth, filling a three foot circular pool. Couches of green and brown silk are set among several low tables and three thick tree trunks. Lamps of silver and opal provide subtle lighting in the evening, and some daylight finds its way in through two small, leaf-traced skylights overhead. The southwest wall, near its western end, holds a carefully concealed door that leads into the Regent's sleeping chamber. It is set between two sculpted trunks and opened by pressure on a carved knot just to the left of it.

Carlon uses this chamber very rarely, since he has few guests who he would choose to entertain in such surroundings. The room usually stands empty, but Vamman Carl has taken a liking to it, and, when Carlon is occupied elsewhere, the mage will often spend time here lost in thought. He has also discovered the secret of the door to the adjoining chamber (4), but he has not yet seen what lies beyond it.

4. Carlon's Bedroom. Behind its hidden door, the Regent's sleeping chamber is appointed in much the same style as his parlor. It is dimly lit by day or night, though adjustable shades overhead and additional lamps allow the lord to shift the lighting to his tastes. One of the chimes from the anteroom is suspended from the ceiling beside a hanging lamp. The western corner is filled by a large bed, surrounded and supported by carved boughs that stretch from the walls. As is true of most of the upholstery and cloths of the palace, the bed dressings are brown and green. Matching chairs rest around a circular rug that depicts a jungle cat, an Unca, leaping to attack. In the corner opposite the bed stands a large writing table, topped with a bank of pigeon holes filled with neatly sorted papers. These are mostly letters to and from Carlon's contacts abroad. Among them can be found the Regent's correspondence with Faltur in Umbar. His own copies of his letters and their replies are all carefully placed together in one of the topmost slots. These speak in unguarded terms of the plans Carlon has undertaken, and could prove his downfall should they ever come before the eyes of his fellow Regents. Above the desk hangs a great axe which was wielded by Carlon's greatgrandfather, it is +25 against all creatures native to the desert and will protect its wielder and up to two companions from the ravages of desert storms.

Through a small doorway is the Regent's bath chamber. This is finely decorated and carefully kept up by his servants. Real moss grows on shelves of smooth stone around a pool of steaming water at one end. At the other, under a larger, brighter light, is Carlon's dressing table. A large mirror is set above a shaving bowl of fine silver (30gp), beside which lies a set of scissors and razors which are also of silver (15gp).

During Marahil's captivity, Carlon spends little time in his own chambers. He is anxious to gain as much information as possible from his prisoner, before handing him over to Faltur. The efforts to break the Half-elf have been nearly as hard on the Regent, he has slept very little, spending most of the days and nights in the suite where Marahil is imprisoned.

5 & 6. Guestrooms. As Carlon is a bachelor, all of the apartments of his mansion, besides his own, are given over to the guests he entertains. These two suites are mirror images of each other. They are designed to depict airier regions of the wood, with broad expanses of glass work in their ceilings and lighter shades in the cloth and wood of their furnishings. The two beds in each room are surrounded by lovely ferns of silk. A pair of low chairs and a couch complete the furnishings. Both have separate bath chambers, decorated as sunny ponds near the forest's edge. Chamber five has one real difference from its twin, in its western corner hangs a lamp of finer manufacture than the others of the palace. This work of pale moonstone and iron has been placed here for its loveliness, but it also has a magical power that has been forgotten by its owners. Its light acts as a repellent to the insects of the Suza Sumar and will protect all within its thirty foot glow from the diseases they carry. As a work of art it will bring 45gp, but to anyone interested in journeying into the great wood, it could could for as much as twice that.

At the time of Marahil's imprisonment, chamber six quarters Vamman Carl. He stays here for only two hours a day, when he sleeps under the influence of a refreshment spell. This spell, carried in a charm he keeps by his bed, allows him to benefit from two hours' sleep as if it were a full eight hours' rest. The charm may be used only once a day and seven times a month.

7. Servants' Quarters. This chamber is set aside for the head attendants and secretaries of the Regent's guests. It is furnished somewhat more plainly than the other chambers of this wing, but is comfortable none-the-less. The room holds six beds, arranged so that thick drapes may be drawn between them. Each bed has a small chest beneath it for the occupant's possessions.

Currently, this chamber has been set aside for the use of Vamman Carl's six magicians. The bed in the north corner belongs to the ranking mage and the chest beside it holds, in addition to several uninteresting items, a broach of some power. It is worn on the wrist and shields its wearer as if he had a large shield on that arm. The bit of jewelry is made of bronze and set with six small pieces of desert amber.



8 & 9. Guestrooms. Like 5 and 6, these two suites are a matched pair. They represent glades from the central forest, but are not as dim as Carlon's parlor. Each holds two canopied beds, three chairs, and a large writing desk. The greens of the upholstery are dark and rich, and the wood of the furniture and walls is coffee brown. Both have bathing chambers fitted with showering streams like sylvan waterfalls, falling into shallow stone-lined pools. These can be warmed by braziers built into the sculpted stone from which they flow.

10 & 11. Guestrooms. These rooms have been set aside for less important visitors. They are comfortably fitted, much like 8 and 9, but each holds only one bed and their occupants must use the household bath chambers at 19 and 20. In number 11, on the northeast wall hangs a framed map of great age. It shows the Suza Sumar in fine detail. The map is commonly believed to be mostly fanciful, because it depicts inner reaches of the wood which cannot be reached due to the forest's disease carrying insects. At the time of Marahil's capture, these chambers stand empty.

12. Servants' Quarters. Identical to 7, though empty at this time.

13. Guard Chamber. This room is set aside for the rare case when a visitor should be allowed to bring his own escort into the palace. Up to fifteen men can be bunked comfortably here in the least sylvan of the chambers described so far. The walls are carved like the rest of the palace, but the green glass of the skylights has been replaced with clear to ease the spirits of soldiers who might not be used to the wood. Marahil, of course, brought no warriors with him, so this chamber stands empty at present.

14. Pujist Din's Chamber. The captain of Carlon's household guard keeps himself in high style in this comfortable room. It is fitted to capture the spirit of an Unca's den. The lighting is dim, and the low branches intrude to camouflage the living space. The walls and furnishings are decorated with the pelts of the stetan and koza, the only large animals on which the jungle cats prey. The room suits its tenant. Dm is a hunter of some skill as well as a strong warrior, and many of the pelts are his own trophies. Furnishings include a comfortable bed, several hassock style chairs, and a wide, leather-topped writing table, all of which are built sturdy and low to the ground. The table top is hinged and will open to reveal two compartments, one holding ink and writing brushes, the other, neatly stacked ledger books where Dm keeps track of the affairs of his command. One of the chimes from the anteroom hangs from the branches at the center of the ceiling. On the wall that faces the corridor, a detailed carving of an enormous stetan's head is set so that it seems to be pushing through the branches that shelter the den. It is so life-like that legend claims magic was used in its production. This rumor is true, and its effect is such that, at first sight, any visitor must make a successful perception roll to perceive that it is not real. Of course, this effect lasts only a moment, but it is often startling to newcomers and can be a bit frightening.

Across from the stetan hang the guard captain's weapons. Branches cradle a fine Haradan short bow and a light spear of black stonewood with a bright steel barb at its tip. When Dm is off duty, he adds a deadly scimitar, a brightly painted shield, and a coat of dark chain to these. The sword is a magical blade which adds 10 to Din's offensive bonus in melee and drains the strength of his opponents if they fail a RR against a level five magical attack. For each three rounds in direct combat with Dm, a man will suffer effects as if he had spent an hour of exertion under the desert sun. In addition to burning and possible blistering of the skin, this will bring a loss of abilities at a rate of 10 per round until the total subtraction exceeds the combatant's constitution, at which point he will pass out. This power may be activated twice a day against up to three opponents total. The shield is decorated with Carlon's silver and scarlet standard, but neither it nor the chammail are magical.

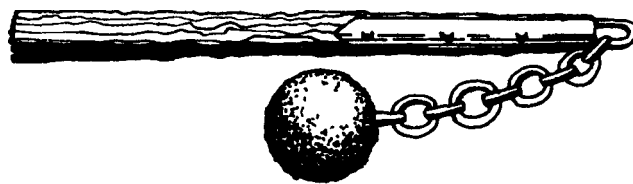
On the wall to the right of the chamber's entrance, there is a secret door into a small closet. It is worked by the movement of one of the carved branches on its face, 10 to find. The small chamber is used by Dm for storage of the wealth he has amassed in his years of service. This is contained in three leather bags and a small phial. The two larger sacks are filled with coins of gold (78 gp) and silver (154 sp). The smallest holds nothing but seven gnarled nuts, these are charmed seeds which can be planted in any desert soil and, within an hour, will sprout a fully grown Hrastr tree, with one to six pieces of fruit. These fruits are highly prized among the desert folk, and each will sustain a man for nearly a day of travel in the heat of the desert. The last bit of Din's treasure is a crystal phial which holds a single dose of juice pressed from Pargen berries (lifegiving, if administered within four days).

15. Guards' Chamber. The guards of the palace bunk in this chamber. These men are, for the most part, similar in nature to their leader Pujist Dm. Though they do share a strong respect for martial achievement, they are not as staunchly loyal as most Haradan warriors. They will gladly risk battle and even death when victory promises a good reward, but otherwise, they look after themselves. Their chamber holds thirty beds, stacked three high, built into frames made in the form of dark saplings with interlocking branches. The wall by the door holds a bank of cabinets where the men keep their personal belongings. Each holds a few changes of clothes and other such gear and 2-20 silver pieces, a few will also hold items such as knives, games, and kits for weapon care, but nothing extraordinary.

At any given time, four of Din's twelve men will be in the chamber asleep or resting. One of the chimes from the anteroom rings here, and the men have been trained to listen for it even in their deepest sleep. Should fighting break out, the frames of the bunks will make quarters close. Man-sized combatants will all fight at -25 and smaller folk at -10.

16. Bed Chamber. Though usually occupied by Din's leading assistant, this room imprisons the ambassador from Dol Amroth for the duration of his visit. The smell of the debilitating smoke used to subdue him still lingers in the cloth of the furnishings. The room is decorated to resemble the lair of a mischievous stetan, a large otter-like beast that wreaks playful havoc with the men who take their livings from the Forest of Tears. Each wall has a fountain that sends rivulets of clear water into basins near the floor. Low-hanging boughs intrude into the central space, and numerous nooks hold shiny baubles. Tucked into these little niches are over a hundred gold pieces worth of silver or brass, glass or gem studded odds and ends, all of it the glittery things the stetan delights in making off with. There is an oval bed with sheets patterned like a nest of fresh, green rushes. A table and three chairs, made of slender lengths of coffee colored wood and topped with woven cane, and a chest which now holds Marahil's extra clothing and a book on Haradan history finish out the room's fittings.

The room's northwest wall holds a concealed door. It is 15 to detect, but once it is noticed, the pressure plate mechanism which opens it is not hard to find. Beyond this is a small closet where the Prince's Banneret is held. He has not been allowed to sleep since he was taken and is quite nearly exhausted, but he has not been harmed physically. For the purposes of play, his condition should be matched by the GM to the needs of the game. The Half-elf is tightly bound and gagged. A small brazier is kept burning on a shelf above his head, its heavy smoke, from Guja wood, is just stimulant enough to ensure that the prisoner cannot sleep.



17. Guards' Common. In their off-duty hours, Carlon's guards often loaf here, playing games or eating. The room is brightly lit with very light glass in its skylights. The walls are set with widely spaced trunks that arch up to branch among a hundred panes of glass. A round table seems to grow up from the green rugs of the floor on a number of graceful, branching legs. A pool of cool water set into the floor allows the men to relax with a short swim after their work is done.

At present, the reduced staffing of the mansion sets only four guards to a shift, only 0-4 men will be found here. Since all have been forbidden to leave the house, those who are neither on duty nor relaxing are training (18) or visiting one of their on-duty comrades.

18. Training Room. Part of each day's routine for the palace's guards is a four hour training session, this in addition to an eight hour shift of duty. Many of the techniques they practice are taught here. Save for lightly carved walls, the room is completely without decoration. For diversity's sake, the lighting is designed to be adjustable, day or night, through the use of shutters and lamps. The floor is smooth bare wood, but at the far end from the door, it is broken up by several irregular steps and platforms. At the other end, doorways lead into two small rooms which hold equipment. The smaller is filled with rack upon rack of different blunted and wooden weapons, and the larger holds clothing from light cotton trousers to a heavily padded suit of chammail. None of these items are magical, though all are of high quality manufacture.

19 & 20. Bath Chambers. These two rooms are plain in their fittings, but still capture the ambience of forest ponds. They are functional, but pleasant and comfortable. The larger is shared by all of the guards. Pujist Dm and any guests of the Regent who do not have water in their rooms share the smaller.

21. Vine Arbor. Here the dark timbers of the mansion have been carved to become the most lovely of its rooms. A dozen varieties of jungle vine grow along a lattice work of carved beams, and together they create an arbor that seems completely natural. The perfection of its proportion and the distribution of the blooming and bearing strands shows masterful artistry. Gazing at the moon and stars through this canopy is a privilege many of the city's cultured folk will give much to secure. The vines grow from earthen pots at the base of the walls. Though all of the vines bear sweet fruit or colorful flowers, one strand is worth special note. The purple leaves of the Kloril have the power to heal 3-30 points of damage if eaten, more than one in a day, however, will also bring on a disabling nausea. To prevent the palace guards from picking the plant bare, the palace's head gardener keeps the vine's properties a secret, even from Carlon. Any herbalists who visit will have the normal chances of identifying the plant, though their knowledge may not be complete since it is rather rare. (They may not know about the side effects of taking multiple doses, for instance.) The third of the palace guards is posted here, hiding in the shadow of the lattice work.

22. Dining Hall. Though the Regent and his guests are usually fed in their chambers, the staff and guards of the palace eat in this large chamber. The walls and ceiling are patterned after the forest, but the lighting is designed to be like that of an airy glade near the wood's edge. The long tables are cut from single slabs of the great forest trees and have sturdy benches attached to them.

23. The Great Hall. This high ceilinged chamber resembles a beautiful and spacious forest glen. Pillars shaped like trees rise from the thick, brown carpet to support a roof, pierced by the palace's largest skylights. Leaves of silk and vines of rope hang throughout to complete the picture. Unlike the glens of the Suza Sumar, the floor space is not cluttered with undergrowth. Rather, it is open and airy, with a portion at the center for assemblies or dancing and space among the pillars around the sides for quiet conversation. At one end dances a large fountain that has been carved from the trunk of a stonewood tree. It has the shape of a squat, heavy featured man. Water flows toward the ceiling from his upraised hands and falls back into a large basin at his feet. To any who have traveled the forests between Rohan and Gondor he may seem familiar, he looks surprisingly like one of the Druedain. A third palace guard is stationed here, by the doorway to the garden.

24. The Garden. The gardens that surround the palace are much like those found all over the hill, but over the roof of the mansion vegetation from an inner courtyard can be seen. The towers of the Forest of Tears are matched by the trees within these walls, in spirit if not in size. A collection of jungle vegetation is gathered here, tended by several full time gardeners. The jungle trees have been dwarfed to keep them from overpowering the mansion itself, but still rise to heights of more than forty feet. Quiet paths of crushed stone wander throughout, between small glades with benches of worked wood for visitors who wish to rest their feet. A stream runs around the perimeter of the court, bridged by delicate spans of wood or stone. Two small tea houses provide quaint luxury for quiet meals or relaxation. One spans the stream and is filled with gentle music by a set of bells that hang down into the water. The final guard is posted here to watch the corridor to his west. A small pond holds colorful fish and lovely water flowers. Birds from the Suza Sumar, purchased from trappers, inhabit elegant cages and fill the garden with their songs. The two western walls of the court are made of latticed arches through which the corridor of the residents' wing can be seen.

25. Reception Room. Adjoining the foyer, this chamber is used for greeting guests when functions are held at the palace. A bench runs most of the way around the walls, cushioned in rich green velvet. Like the great hall, the roof is hung with leaves and vines and the floor is covered with a soft carpet patterned with leaves in all shades of brown.

26. Water Closet. For the use of guests, this room is decorated with its own rocky waterfall. There is one pool for a hand basin and another for other purposes. A chest by the door holds many varieties of scented oils and powders for whomever might need to freshen up.

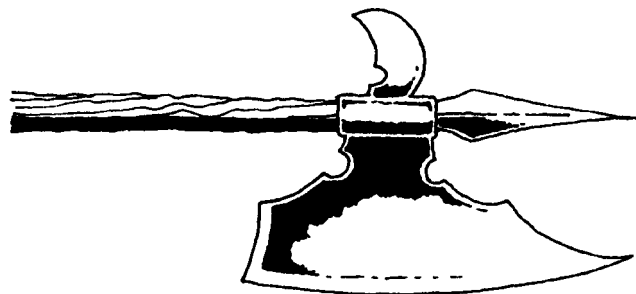
27. Guests' Servants' Lounge. While visitors are given audience in the chambers farther along the hall, their servants wait here. It holds three low couches of brown cloth, and two small tables of black wood stand between them. Food is brought to any waiting by the kitchen staff, and a stock of eating utensils is kept in a cabinet in the room's east corner.

28. Parlor. When the Regent wishes to meet in somewhat informal surroundings with a number of guests, he will often have them escorted to this airy chamber. It is furnished with a number of chairs and couches, but also has space for the visitors to stand and mingle with one another. The room is brightly lit, and the overall atmosphere is quite comfortable. Carlon has found it quite useful to get his guests into a talking mood.

29-35. Meeting Chambers. In these rooms, each decorated like a forest glade, the Ambassador meets with visitors from lands to the north and south of the Haradwaith. The chambers' furnishings are of beautifully worked wood, upholstered in shades of green and brown. All has been fitted with an eye toward comfort, as well as art, and the rooms are pleasant in all respects. Each chamber, though, is designed with its own character, and the Regent uses the differences to show his guests how important they might be in his eyes. A fellow Regent with whom Carlon is on good terms will be seen in intimate comfort (33), while a representative of the caravan owners might be received in the imposing gloom of a chamber (31) where the Regent sits under the room's only skylight.

36. Reception Room. Like the previous reception room (25), this chamber is used for greeting visitors before a function. However, the gatherings that occur here are typically even more exclusive than the parties in the great hall. The quiet chamber allows guests to gather for an event in the auditorium (37). The decor is subtle and tasteful, with an eye towards comfort. Three circles of lounges and soft chairs allow the guests to split into groups if they desire. Between them, space has been left for people to wander back and forth or simply talk on their feet. Through a hidden door in the southeast wall, the Regent's guests step into the palace's small theater.

37. Auditorium. The most exclusive theater in the city is found in the Palace of the Wood. The reason for its original construction in this mansion is no longer known, but for centuries it has seen the finest actors to pass through the land. The stage is small and offers only a tiny booth overhead for any clever effects. There are clear areas to either side which are usually screened off for the actors during a production. The seats spread out to the tree lined walls, interspersed with small tables for refreshments. All is made of smooth dark wood, and, when the lights are dimmed, it is easy to slip into a mood of fanciful delight. For obvious reasons, many of the plays performed on this stage dramatize the Haradan legends that surround the Suza Sumar. The spirits of the forest pass to and fro on the stage, bewitching the maids and heroes of the city, and creating some of the finest drama in Middle-earth.



38. Store Room. The shift from fine chambers to utility rooms is rather abrupt, though all of the palace's chambers are tastefully enough laid out that the distinction is sometimes hard to notice. This large chamber is used for the storage of the household's various supplies. Bolts of green and brown cloth stand beside stacks of fine lumber. Linens and cleaning goods are placed on shelves along the back wall. All of the items are neatly stacked, and a careful catalog is kept in the steward's office (2).

39-41. Head Servants' Quarters. Each of these three rooms belongs to the head servant from three groups of staff. The steward, Holton Gar, lives in 39, the head carpenter in 40, and the gardener in 41, respectively. Each chamber also serves as an office for administrative necessities and for dealing with the individuals whom the men oversee. Though each man has lent some of his own character to his room, they are basically the same. A file box, a writing table, and three wooden chairs are used for business, and a clothing chest and sleeping mat comprise the personal effects. None of these men have any truly valuable possessions, though each chamber will hold some thirty silver pieces, and the gardener does own a few good books on the Local herbs and plants. With these and a few weeks to study, a character from another land will be able to bring his knowledge of Haradan herblore up to his native skill level.

42. Servants' Common Room. The members of the palace staff use this chamber for their idle hours. It is furnished with a number of low wooden tables surrounded by plump cushions for seating. A large cabinet, built between two carved trees in the southwest wall, holds a number of games and some musical instruments with which the workers entertain themselves. Across from this, on the southeast wall, there is a hidden door which opens into the hall beyond. This is not difficult to detect from either side and is simply used as a short cut for the servants on their errands. Similar doors exit from 43, 44, and 50 for the same purpose.

43. Servants' Baths. Less ostentatious than some of the others in the mansion, but still very skillfully designed, these baths are used by the staff to clean off after their long labors each day. The chamber is laid out with one large pool, fed by three waterfalls, two of which flow over the tops of bronze braziers to gather heat. During normal times, this chamber is often in use, but the sullen men that Carlon has kept on to serve him during Marahil's stay seem to have little use for bathing.

44. Workshop. The maintenance of the house is coordinated by the head carpenter from this workshop. A broad variety of woodworking tools, as well as a number of partially finished projects, fill the chamber. Everything is kept very neatly at the orders of the master craftsman, and the work in progress is obviously of very high quality. There is nothing of real value to be obtained here though, unless one has a penchant for hammers and saws.

45-48. Common Servants' Quarters. In these, less well-fitted rooms the general staff of the palace is housed. The chambers are divided into small and rather plain cubicles, but are clean and sound enough. In normal times, there are always maids and butlers chasing through these rooms, keeping up with the often exotic needs of their master's guests. Now, all but room 48 stand completely empty. The one occupied room holds the ten men retained to keep the house for the duration of Marahil's captivity. A search of any of the chambers will turn up little of value. The servants are paid in com, but they spend most of what they earn on entertainment in the Sevet Kovina.

49. Cook's Room. The palace cook and his apprentice live in this suite. The main portion is used by the cook, and a small side chamber is home to his apprentice. The cook's chamber is fitted much like those of the other staff heads at the far end of the hall. The apprentice's room holds only a small writing desk, his sleeping mat, and a small box which stores his knives and other tools of the trade. Neither of the chamber's occupants has been retained during the visit of the Northern Ambassador. A hidden door like the one in the servants' common (42) opens from this room into the kitchen pantry.

50. Laundry. Even this utilitarian chamber has not been deprived of the sylvan decorations of the palace. Each of six large laundry vats is cradled in the carved branches of a tree-shaped column. The lighting is strong, but still has a green tint to it. This makes the job of cleaning fabrics somewhat more difficult than it might be, but the staff is expected to overcome such problems.

51. Kitchen. The large palace kitchen is a wonder of design and decoration. All of the ovens, counters, shelves, and racks have been incorporated smoothly into the sylvan theme. Great trees of stonewood house the room's three ovens. A central fire pit is raised from the floor on an enormous stump. A network of branches provides hooks and shelves for all of the kitchen tools. All in all, it looks like the kitchen of a clan of forest spirits from Haradan wives' tales.

6.4 THE TASK

The PCs' task will be two-fold. The first order of business must be freeing their leader. In addition to this, they will need to unravel as much of the Southron's plot as they can and determine how best to use the information they find. The possible impact of this event on relations between North and South range from disastrous to quite good.

If Carlon succeeds in his game, the immediate effects will be unpleasant, particularly for the PCs, who might not make it out of Bozisha-Dar alive. In the long run, the Regent will not be able to take the crown even with Faltur's help, and Far Harad will move further away from Umbar after the attempted coup. If the plot is exposed, the other Regents will see the threat from Umbar and be open to further overtures from Dol Amroth, though the Prince may be reluctant to pursue this after his emissary has been assaulted. Finally, if Marahil is rescued but the plot is not exposed, the Haradan mood will shift slightly toward Umbar, after an "unprovoked" attack on one of their Regents' homes by the Northerners. The Prince will have to begin his planning again from scratch.

6.41 STARTING THE PLAYERS

The PCs can be brought into action relatively easily. As they dine one evening at their mansion, Carlon's steward will come to them with news that "something is wrong." He believes that his lord has taken leave of his senses and plots evil against Marahil. He cannot go to the Haradan authorities, since he has no proof. Yet, he urges the Gondorlans to do so, or at least to do something. From there the players need only decide what steps to take first.

6.42 AIDS

The PCs will be frustrated if they try to turn to the council for help. Without evidence, they will get a cool reception at best and may risk real opposition if they press their point. As it is, the Regents may choose to place a watch on the PCs, but will do no more to hinder them. If they learn of the raid, they will not stop it. They will decide that, if the PCs are right, it is best that they do the dirty work. And if they are not, it will give the Haradnims more leverage with Marahil when his people embarrass him.

The greatest aid will come to the PCs from the palace steward, Holton Gar. He will alert them to the trouble in the first place, and once they decide to go to the rescue themselves he can give them some information about the building. Though he doesn't know how many guards remain, or that Carnen Mek has sent mages to help guard the prisoner, he can warn them that an open assault on the palace would be impossible while a stealthy raid might get through. He knows of the guard in the foyer and the alarm bells and will give them a rough map of the house.

It may work to the PCs' advantage that no one will come from outside at any sign of trouble short of an open fire. Carlon feared that some difficulty with Marahil might arise, and he wants no witnesses. Even the city guards that patrol the perimeter have been instructed that they must stay away no matter what occurs.

Finally, the conflicting loyalties that run through the opposition will play an important role in the events that transpire. It is unlikely that any fifth level party could survive a pitched battle with these men all at once, but as some guards flee, as Dm reevaluates his loyalties, and Vamman Carl plays his own game, the GM should be able to balance play. The mages and the guards might even come to blows between themselves, if things begin to go badly.

6.43 OBSTACLES

The obstacles the PCs face include both physical opponents and strategic puzzles. They will be matched against Carlon's palace guards and the mages of Vamman Carl. If things go wrong, they will also find the warriors of the city set against them as they flee for the docks. The adventurers will have to account for the actions of the other Regents and for the safety of the Gondorian delegation while they work to save the Banneret. These problems should prove challenging enough to make this trip one they won't forget.

6.44 REWARDS

The rewards the PCs stand to gain are a bit nebulous. They shouldn't be too open in their plundering of the Palace of the Wood, since no Haradan would look kindly on such actions. However, if they can expose the traitor, it is quite possible that the other Regents will offer a reward of some sort. This would certainly include whatever personal gear they had taken from the men who held Marahil, and should also include a sizable sum of money from the Haradan treasury. This will be left to the GM to match to the balance of his campaign. On their return to Dol Amroth, still other rewards will follow — fame and glory in addition to titles and gifts from the Prince and Marahil himself. Even if no real wealth at all is gained though, the increased prestige in the court of the Prince should open doors to future challenges. That should be reward enough for any truly adventurous souls.

6.5 ENCOUNTERS

If there is to be any hope of success for the players, the two Regents must be away when the action begins. Either of these powerful men would be too much of a challenge for the PCs. Since both men still have numerous responsibilities outside of the palace, it will not be difficult to have both called away for an evening. To add excitement to the climax of the game, Carlon may be brought home just as the PCs best the rest of the household. This can only be done safely if the players have found proof of his scheme and if Carlon is accompanied or closely followed by another Regent.

The main encounters of this adventure will be with the men under the commands of Dm and Carl. The PCs may also run into members of the serving staff, but these are poor servants and abysmal fighters. They will likely cower in their chambers at the first sign of trouble, though the GM may find other uses for them.

The PCs must deal quickly with the guard in the foyer (1). The other three on-duty guards are at their posts, which leaves four at leisure and four asleep in the guards' chamber (15). The four off-duty should be divided between their training room (18) and the common room (17) across the hall. Of the mages, three are likely to be sleeping (7), with the other three moving about the palace. The two leaders are also available, and will attempt to mount some planned defense. The GM should gauge the strength of his players and use the defenders in a way that keeps events interesting, but does not overwhelm the intruders.

7.1 BEAST TABLE

Type	Lvl	#/Enc	Size	Speed	Hits	AT	DB	(Primary/ Secondary/Tertiary) Attack	Notes
Gnat	0	3 300	T	FA/MD	1	No/1	45	10TB1/disease/—	Nocturnal. Carry Weeping Fever.
Goat	3	1-2	M	FA/FA	70	No/1	20	50MH0/40MBa/30MTs	Only males have horns.
Hawk	2	1-2	S	VF/BF	25	No/1	50	40MC1/25SP1/—	Aggressive hunting behavior.
Horse, Wild	4	1-20	L	FA/FA	120	No/3	40	40MCr/30MTs/40SB1	Mixed breeds, hardy.
Lesina	2	1-10	M	M/MF	50	No/1	20	80MBa/30MB1/—	Undead (Ghoul).
Lisica	3	1 5	S	FA/VF	45	No/3	50	60SB1/—/—	Nocturnal Fox.
Lizard	1	1 2	S	MD/FA	25	No/1	40	30SC1/—/—	Harmless.
Majmun	1	2 200	S	FA/VF	25	No/3	40	30SB1/—/—	Monkey.
Orao	6	1-4	L	FA/VF	90	No/1	30	80LP1/60LC1/40MB1	Desert Eagle.
Otravati	1	1	S	VF/VF	30	No/1	30	35Ho/—/—	Snake.
Petla	4	1	L	FA/FA	120	No/3	10	85LGr/80LCr/40MB1	30 constrictor. Use Large Creature Criticals.
Prelaz Bic									
Young	3	1 2	L	VF/FA	110	RL/12	30	100LB1/50LC1/50LCL	Use Large Creature Criticals.
Mature	7	1	L	FA/FA	135	RL/12	20	110LB1/70LC1/70LCL	Use Large Creature Criticals.
Old	18	1	L	FA/MF	160	Ch/16	15	120LB1/90LC1/90LCL	Use Large Creature Criticals.
Rat	0	2-20	S	MD/MF	10	No/1	20	20TB1/20SB1/—	City rats larger than desert rats.
Sand Devil	3	1	L	FA/FA	75	No/1	10	See Notes	Whirlwind. Tortured Mannish spirit. Attack — 1st rnd blindness, 1 pt damage, 2nd deafness, 1 pt, 3rd suffocation, 2 pt, 4th damage/rnd doubles every 2 rnds.
Sand Drake									
Young	4	1 2	L	VF/FA	125	No/4	40	90LB1/50LC1/80HBa	Use Large Creature Criticals.
Mature	8	1	L	FA/FA	150	No/4	25	100HB1/70HC1/90HBa	Use Super large Creature Criticals.
Old	20	1	H	FA/MF	175	RL/12	20	110HB1/90HC1/90HBa	Use Super large Creature Criticals.
Stetan	2	1	M	VF/VF	50	No/3	40	40MB1/—/—	Otter-like creature.
The Razarac	20	1	L	BF/BF	250	RL/12	40	80HC1/120LBa/—	Demon. Strikes 3x/rnd. Use Large Creature Crits.
Trusa	1	1-5	T	SL/SL	10	No/1	30	0TBa/50TSt/poison	If TSt obtains critical, lvl 4 poison.
Unca	3	1 2	M	FA/VF	100	No/3	35	80MB1/50MC1/—	Large cat. Active in morning and evening.
Vuk	3	5 30	M	FA/FA	110	No/3	30	70MB1/—/—	Wild Dog.
Zamka	1	1	M	VF/BF	30	No/1	30	60MGr/45MCr/30MB1	7' long "Snare Snake."

Codes: The statistics given describe a typical creature of that type. Most of the codes are self-explanatory. **Lvl** (Level), **#Enc** (number encountered), **Size** (Tiny, Small, Medium, Large, or Huge), **Hits**, and **DB** (Defensive Bonus). The more complex statistics are described below.

Speed: A creature's speed is given in terms of "Movement Speed/Attack Quickness." C = Creeping, VS = Very Slow, S = Slow, M = Medium, MF = Moderately Fast, FA = Fast, VF = Very Fast, BF = Blindingly Fast.

AT (Armor Type): The two letter codes give the creature's **MERP** armor type (No = No Armor, SL = Soft Leather, RL = Rigid Leather, Ch = Chain, Pl = Plate), the number is the equivalent to the **Rolemaster** numeric armor type.

Attack: Each attack code starts with the attacker's Offensive Bonus. The first letter indicates the size of the attack, T = Tiny, S = Small, M = Medium, L = Large, and H = Huge. The last two letters indicate the type of attack, T1 = Tiny, P1 = Pincher/beak, Ba = Bash, B1 = Bite, Cl = Claw, Cr = Crush, Gr = Grapple, Ho = Horn, Ts = Trample/Stomp, St = Stinger, and We = Weapon. These codes may differ slightly from the **MERP** and **Rolemaster** codes. Each creature usually initiates combat using its "Primary" attack, which is the first attack listed. Depending upon the situation or success of the Primary attack, it may later use its "Secondary" or "Tertiary" (the next two attacks listed) attacks, perhaps all in the same round if previous attacks are very successful.

7.2 NPC TABLE

Name	Lvl	Hits	AT	DB	Sh	Gr	Prim. OB	Sec. OB	Mov M	Notes
NPCS FOR ADVENTURE #1: "THE TANGLED STREETS OF BOZISHA-DAR"										
THIEVES										
Gimmin Dzeper	4	52	No/1	15	N	N	44da	32da	20	Haradan Scout/Thief
Experienced Thief	3	48	No/1	15	N	N	60sc	40sb	15	Haradan Scout/Thief.
Thief	2	37	No/1	10	N	N	48da	20sb	10	Haradan Scout/Thief.
Novice Thief	1	24	No/1	5	N	N	37da	15sb	10	Haradan Scout/Thief.
OTHER FOLK										
Haradan Warrior	1	45	RL/10	10	N	N	50sc	80sp	10	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Tolodin	8	87	No/1	10	N	N	50qs	—	10	Dúnadan Mage 16 Essence lists, x3 signet ring, 48PP.
NPCS FOR ADVENTURE #2: "BANDITS OF THE EASTERN HILLS"										
THE KINDILAAAR										
Jamak Spijun	16	143	Ch/15	10	N	N	160sc	130sb	10	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Suljati Sey	12	120	Ch/13	30	N	N	100th	80sb	15	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Bethin Omul	3	48	Pl/17	15	N	N	70sc	50sb	15	Kirani Warrior/Fighter.
Krinda	2	30	No/1	20	N	N	55da	—	10	Usakanı Cook.
THE KINDILAAAR WARRIORS										
Guard Commander	5	81	RL/10	30	Y	N	70sc	65sb	10	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Experienced Guard	4	50	RL/9	15	N	N	65sc	50sb	10	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Guard	3	48	RL/9	15	N	N	50sc	40sb	10	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Novice Guard	2	30	SL/5	15	N	N	40sc	45sb	10	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
OTHER FOLK										
Farnithain	2	27	No/1	10	N	N	30da	45sb	10	Dúnadan Bard. 1 base list, 6PP.
NPCS FOR ADVENTURE #3: "SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY"										
THE HOUSEHOLD GUARD										
Pujist Din	8	116	Ch/15	10	N	N	105sc	100sb	15	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Senoir Guard	4	52	Ch/14	20	Y	N	68sc	60sb	15	Haradan Warrior/Fighter.
Junior Guard	3	40	Ch/13	20	Y	N	52sc	55sb	15	Haradan Warrior/Fighter
MAGES FROM THE TAMA										
Vamman Carl	7	91	No/1	25	N	N	45da	—	20	Haradan Mage. 12 Essence lists, x3 earring, 42PP.
Senior Mage	4	28	No/1	15	N	N	20da	—	15	Haradan Mage. 8 Essence lists, x2 ring, 16PP.
Junior Mage	3	20	No/1	15	N	N	15da	—	15	Haradan Mage. 6 Essence lists, x2 amulet, 12PP.
OTHER FOLK										
Marahil	16	140	No/1	15	N	N	130bs	110lcb	15	Half-elf Scout/Rogue 2 Essence lists to 5th lvl, 16PP
Slú Carlon	20	148	Pl/17	30	Y10	N	190sc	150sb	0	Haradan Warrior/Fighter 1 Ranger list to 5th lvl, 20PP

Codes: The following abbreviations are used below: Lvl=Level; Hits=Concussion Hits; AT=Armor Type; DB=Defensive Bonus; Sh=Shield; Gr=Greaves; OB=Offensive Bonus; MovM=Movement and Maneuver Bonus.

AT (Armor Type): Two letter codes give the character/creature's *MERP* armor type: No=No Armor; SL=Soft Leather; RL=Rigid Leather; Ch=Chain; Pl=Plate. The number is the equivalent *Rolemaster* armor type: 1=No Armor; 2=Robes; 3=Soft Hide (as skin); 4=Heavy Hide (as skin); 5=Leather Jerkin; 6=Leather Jerkin and Greaves; 7=Leather Coat; 8=Reinforced Leather Coat; 9=Leather Breastplate; 10=Leather Breastplate and Greaves; 11=Half-hide Plate (as skin); 12=Full-hide Plate (as skin); 13=Chain Shirt; 14=Chain Chirt and Greaves; 15=Chain Mail Suit; 16=Chain Hauberk; 17=Metal Breastplate; 18=Meatl Breastplate and Greaves; 19=Half-plate; 20=Full Plate.

Weapons — Weapon abbreviations follow the OBs: ba=battle axe; bo=bola; bs=broadsword; cl=club; cp=composite bow; da=dagger; fa=falchion; ha=hand axe; hb=halbard; hcb=heavy crossbow; ja=javelin; lb=longbow; lcb=light crossbow; ma=mace; ml=mounted lance; pa=pole arm; qs=quarterstaff; ro=rock (Rock=Fall/Crush attack); sb=short (or horse) bow; sc=scimitar; sl=sling; sp=spear; ss=short sword; th=two-hand sword; ts=throwing star; wh=whip; wh=war hammer; wm=war mattock.

DB (Defensive Bonus): Note defensive bonuses include stats, shield, armor, skills, and other items where possible.

OB's (Offensive Bonuses): Weapon abbreviations follow OB's: ba=battle axe; bo=bola; br=bastard sword; bs=broadsword; cl=club; cp=composite bow; da=dagger; fa=falchion; ha=hand axe; hb=halbard; hcb=heavy crossbow; ja=javelin; la=lance; lb=longbow; lcb=light crossbow; ma=mace; ml=mounted lance; Mr=Martial Arts (both strikes and sweeps); ms=morning star; pa=pole arm; qs=quarterstaff; ra=rapier; ro=rock (Rock=Fall/Crush attack); sb=short (or horse) bow; sc=scimitar; sl=sling; sp=spear; ss=short sword; St=Martial Arts Striking; Sw=Martial Arts Sweeps and Throws; th=two-hand sword; ts=throwing star; wh=whip; wh=war hammer; wm=war mattock. Melee and missile offensive bonuses include the bonus for the combatant's best weapon in that category.

Stats: Ag=Agility, Co=Constitution, SD=Self-Discipline, Me=Memory, Re=Reasoning, St=Strength, Qu=Quickness, Pr=Presence, Em=Empathy, In=Intuition. For *MERP*, average Re and Me for Intelligence (IG).

Animal Attacks — See Table 13.1 for codes.

7.3 ENCOUNTER TABLE

Encounter	The Katedrala	The Port	Sevet Kovina	Sellers' Court	Caravan Grounds	Poor Quarter	Municipal Quarter	The Gaj	Brij Mijesec	Suza Sumar	Dune Sea	Mirror of Fire
Chance (%)	10%	15%	20%	15%	15%	20%	10%	15%	10%	20%	10%	5%
Distance (miles)	.5	.2	.2	.2	.5	.2	.5	5	8	4	15	20
Time (hours)	1	.5	.5	.5	1	.5	1	4	5	3	8	12
Inanimate Dangers												
Traps	01-03	01	01-02	01	01	01	01	01	01	01-04	01	01-03
Natural Disaster	—	02	—	—	—	02	—	02-05	02-05	05-10	02-13	04-25
Sites/Things												
Cave/Lair	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	06-10	06-10	11-14	14-18	—
Oasis	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19-25	26-35
Village	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11-12	11-16	—	—	—
Stronghold	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	13	17-20	15	—	—
Tomb	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14-19	21	16-20	26-28	—
Ruins	—	—	—	—	—	03-07	—	20-25	22-24	21-25	29-33	36-41
Animals												
Camel (wild)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25	—	34-38	42
Gnat	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26-33	—	—
Goat	—	—	03	02	02-03	08-09	—	26-28	26-28	—	—	—
Hawk	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	29-31	29-30	—	39-42	43
Horse (wild)	—	—	—	—	04	—	—	—	31-32	—	43-44	—
Lisica	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	32-38	—	—	—	—
Lizard	04-05	—	04	03	05-06	10	02-04	39-42	33-35	34-38	45-46	44
Majmun	06-08	—	—	04	—	—	—	43-46	—	39-43	—	—
Orao	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	47-48	36-37	44	47-50	45-46
Otravati	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	38-41	—	—	—
Petla	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	45-50	—	—
Rat	09	03-06	05-06	05	07-09	11-13	05	49-52	42-44	51	51-53	—
Stetan	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	52-58	—	—
Trusa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	59-64	—	—
Unca	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	65-71	—	—
Vuk	—	—	—	06	10-11	14-15	06	53-55	45-50	—	—	—
Zamka	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	51-54	—	—	—
Enemies												
Haradrim	10	07-12	07-11	07-09	12-14	16-22	07	56-57	55-57	72-74	54	47-49
Others	—	13-16	12-16	10-11	15	23	—	58	58-59	75	55	50
Peoples												
B. Numenoreans	11-17	17-18	17	12-14	16-17	—	08-10	59	60	76	56	51
Variags	18	19	18	15	18-19	24	—	—	61	—	57-58	52
N. Haradrim	19-29	20-25	19-26	16-24	20-26	25-32	11-26	60-61	62-64	77	59	53
S. Haradrim	30-38	26-31	27-34	25-33	27-33	33-40	27-42	62-63	65-66	78	60	54
Warriors	39-67	32-48	35-51	34-43	34-40	41-48	43-58	64-66	67-72	79-80	61-64	55-68
Herders	—	49-56	52-54	44-52	41-48	49-51	—	67-69	73-78	—	65	—
Thieves/Brigands	68-70	57-61	55-69	53-58	49-56	52-81	59-63	70-77	79-81	81-82	66-68	69
Caravans	—	62-73	—	59-64	57-69	—	—	78-81	82-84	—	69-70	—
Merchants	71-79	74-88	70-79	65-83	70-82	82-89	64-83	82-85	85-86	83-86	71-72	—
Travelers	80-90	89-98	80-98	84-98	83-95	90-98	84-98	86-93	87-89	87-90	73	70
Creatures												
Lesina	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	94	90	—	74-78	71-76
Prelaz Bic	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	95	91-94	—	79-80	77-79
Sand Devil	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	81-87	80-85
Sand Drake	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	88-95	86-89
The Razarac	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	90-94
Special †	91-00	99-00	99-00	99-00	96-00	99-00	99-00	96-00	95-00	91-00	96-00	95-00

Use of the Encounter Table and Codes:

The GM should determine the group's location and the appropriate column and then roll for a possible encounter. The period of time covered by an encounter roll is either the **Time** given on the table or the time it takes the group to cover the **Distance** given on the table, whichever is shorter. If an encounter roll is less than or equal to the **Chance** of Encounter given on the table, a second roll of (1-100) is made to determine the nature of the encounter.

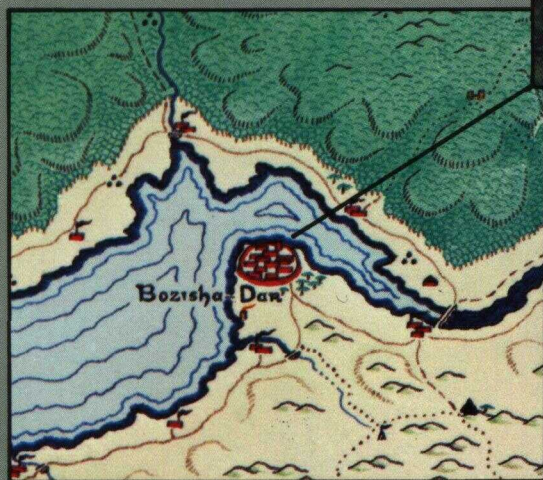
An encounter does not always require a fight of similar activity; a group can avoid or placate some of the above dangers/meetings with proper action or good maneuver rolls. This table only gives the GM a guide for encounters with unusual or potentially dangerous sites or creatures.

† — Special can include any of the NPCs listed in each of the adventure sections or unusual individuals with any of a variety of purposes. The latter are usually alone, frequently powerful, and often, but not always, evil. They might be wizards, lords, monsters, etc. The GM may reroll or, ideally, construct an encounter with a unique group or individual.



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WARLORDS OF THE DESERT features:

- 2 FULL-COLOR MAPS: including a regional map and a map of the city of Bozisha-Dar
- 3 EXCITING ADVENTURES: a confrontation with thieves in "The Tangled Streets of Bozisha-Dar," a risky rescue attempt in "Bandits of the Eastern Hills," and political intrigue in "Southern Hospitality"
- DETAILED LAYOUTS: of the adventure locations
- STATISTICS: for Far Haradan warriors, NPCs, beasts, and monsters

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