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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY:

JUNE 2016





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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: JUNE 2016

Featuring material from some of Raging Swan Press's newest products as well as classic releases of yesteryear, advice articles and material from Creighton's own Borderland of Adventure campaign, the GM's Monthly Miscellany series is a terrific free resource for the busy, time-crunched GM.

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SOURCES

As well as new, never seen before material from my own Borderland of Adventure campaign, this instalment of GM's Monthly Miscellany presents information from several Raging Swan Press products and advice articles including:

- **Campaign Backdrop: Hills & Mountains** (extract by) John Bennett.
- **Places of Power: The Monastery of the Marble Palm** Anthony Jennings.
- **Village Backdrop: Feigrvidr** Stephen Radney-MacFarland.

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I feel like Darth Vader.

Many years ago, when my freelancer career (and my good self) were young, I was part of the Living Greyhawk campaign's Circle of Six. My job was to prepare all the Core modules for campaign wide release. As part of that, I reported to a sinister, dark force in Wizard's HQ known only as SRM. This terrible—some would say fiendish and malevolent—

force of evil was in charge of the campaign and is probably responsible more suffering and death than almost any other figure from that impossibly distant time period.

Well, now the circle is complete. I am the master (sort of). As I go on about below at great length, Raging Swan's Patreon campaign has been tremendously successful. With the support of our heroic patrons we've been able to massively increase the amount of pay we offer our freelance designers. Not only has this meant filling our schedule has become somewhat easier, I

get an enormous sense of wellbeing offering great pay for great work. It also means we are starting to be able to lure luminaries of the industry into working with us. This month sees the first of such folk in the guise of Stephen Radney-MacFarland fall into our sinister clutches. I hope you enjoy his village.

In any event, herein you'll find excerpts from some of Raging Swan's newest products including *Village Backdrop: Feigrvidr*, *Places of Power: The Monastery of the Marble Palm* and a new, never seen before extract from *Campaign Backdrop: Hills & Mountains*. I've also included three fun 20 Things articles for your campaign. You can read the articles—and scores more—at ragingswan.com.

You might also be aware that Raging Swan Press is now on Patreon. We signed up at the start of April 2015, and it's going rather marvellously. The thrust of our Patreon campaign is to be able to afford better rates of pay for our freelance game designers. As I'm sure you know, the economics of 3PP are notoriously tight, but Patreon gives us at Raging Swan Press a way to increase our freelancer rates. At time of writing, we've already increased our word rate to 9 cents a word, which gives me a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. We want to pay more, but to do that we need your help! If you sign up, you get our supplements earlier than normal and cheaper than normal. Even better, you can pledge what you want and cancel when you want. If you are interested in taking a look at the campaign, check out patreon.com/ragingswanpress or head over to patreon.com and search for Raging Swan!

In any event, I hope you enjoy the material in this GM's Monthly Miscellany, but more importantly I hope you find it useful and that it enhances your campaign. If you've got any comments or questions about Raging Swan Press, I'd love to hear from you. You can contact me at creighton@ragingswan.com.



10 THINGS TO SEE IN A BURNED OUT BUILDING

Fire is a potent enemy for any settlement. Wooden buildings are particularly susceptible to flames and often marauders use it to devastating effect on the borderland settlements they raid.

Use the table below, to determine what minor features of note the party discover while investigating a burned-out building:

1. The building's blackened chimney rises from the surrounding piles of scorched and burnt wood. Debris chokes the fireplace.
2. Bizarrely one section of soot-stained wall survived the fire relatively undamaged. Someone has written graffiti—the names of the people who died here—in the soot.
3. Part of a bed's wooden headboard sticks out of a pile of burnt and scorched debris.
4. The fire that destroyed this building was clearly powerful. The building's stone foundation stones are scorched, and several cracked in the intense heat. Similarly, the branches of a tree nearest to the building are blackened and burnt.
5. Pieces of partially melted iron lie amid the ruins. One is reminiscent of a cauldron or pot, while others nearby might have once been utensils of some sort.
6. Birds now nest amid the scorched rafters of this once fine home. The rafters rang over the ruin like blackened bones reaching up into the sky. If disturbed, the birds fly up out of the building into the air; perhaps their sudden appearance could alert nearby raiders to the PCs' presence.
7. Three crude grave markers of blackened wooden planks stick out of the muddy earth behind the house. Bunches of dying flowers lie upon each grave suggesting at least one person cares about the people who once lived here.
8. Rubble and the scorched remains of two wooden beams partially cover a hole in the ground. Investigation reveals, the hole leads down to a root cellar. The wooden stairs leading downward were badly damaged in the fire and collapse if any meaningful weight is put on them.
9. Attempts have been made to salvage useable materials from this ruin. Near what was once the front door, someone has dumped a pile of wood that survived the fire in relatively good condition; another pile of scorched and burnt offcuts lies nearby.
10. The soot-wreathed bones of one of the building's unfortunate residents lies pinned beneath an unstable pile of debris. Trying to reach the skeleton is dangerous; the pile could shift or collapse if disturbed.

10 THINGS TO SEE IN A PLAGUE-INFESTED BUILDING

When plague comes to a settlement, death and suffering travel in its wake. Inevitably, houses touched by plague are horrible places; here evidence of the its savagery is writ large. Sane individuals do not willingly enter such places, but sometimes adventurers—or looters—have little or no choice in the matter.

Use this table, to generate minor features of "interest" the PCs could discover in such a house:

1. A bloody blanket lies twisted on the floor. The bloody is dried and from the pattern of the stain looks like it was coughed up.
2. The remains of a meal—a plate holding some mouldy bread and hard cheese—stands next to a fallen pewter cup.
3. The door to this room has been crudely nailed shut from the outside.
4. A terrible smell of rot pervades the house; clearly someone died here. The stench gets stronger as the PCs get closer to the body.
5. Much of the furniture lies scattered about out of place. Either someone was enraged and took out his frustrations on the furniture or someone has searched everywhere for loot.
6. Dust and grime covers most surfaces in the house. Faint footsteps lead toward a back room. A PC skilled in tracking can tell the person making the tracks was shuffling.
7. The rotting corpses of three rats lie on the ground near the body of one of the house's occupant. The body lies with one arm stretched; many small bite marks on the arm are evident.
8. The building's windows are all boarded over...from the outside. Inside, gloom fills the house and dust sifts down through the thin cracks of sunlight piercing the interior.
9. A body—wrapped in sack cloth—lies in state on a long table. Burnt down candles surround the suppurating corpse and its bloody, grimy wrappings.
10. A man hangs from a makeshift noose thrown over a rafter. Clearly dead, his neck is broken and insects swarm over his decomposing corpse. In a nearby room, the party find his family's rotting bodies laid out in state together, under a blanket.

FEIGRVIDR AT A GLANCE

Hidden in the headlands of the forbidding Titan Peaks, remote Feigrvidr was founded three years ago when Svingal Halfbeard and his band of dwarven outcasts and brigands discovered rich veins of gold and silver among the pebbles and silt of the Feig River. The find was purely by chance. Halfbeard's group was on the run, hiding from the forces of various barons and petty princes they had raided during their years of brigandage.

Tracking the source of the gold nuggets and dust to the Shadowtop Peak and other mountains amid the lower range, Halfbeard and his dwarves dug mines and craft halls to maximize their haul. With this influx of treasure, they were soon able to pay off the bounties and warrants levelled against them, and Svingal became a sovereign of his lucrative, remote hold.

Since its founding and the building of the first mines and halls, Feigrvidr has seen an influx of the desperate and the dangerous. At first, it was a haven for criminals and those who wished to escape feudal realities of life, including clans of halflings fleeing enslavement. Now the hold is a bustling hotbed of get-rich schemes, broken dreams, desperation and violence.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Grand Thane and Imperator Svingal Halfbeard
Government Overlord
Population 187 (40 humans, 97 dwarves, 7 half-elves, 20 half-orcs, 23 halflings)
Alignments NE
Languages Common, Dwarven, Halfling
Corruption +2; **Crime** -2; **Economy** 0; **Law** +1; **Lore** 0; **Society** -3
Qualities Notorious, prosperous
Danger 10

NOTABLE FOLK

A few of the more helpful or skilled folks that may be of interest to adventurers are listed below:

Andrul Ringold (location 7; N female dwarf ranger 4) This brash warrior funds many expeditions into the Titan Peaks. She is a rival of Mendri Halguth.

Flaith Bloodblade (location 3; NE male dwarf rogue 2) One of the chief agents of Svingal Halfbeard, Flaith and his partner Krovusa are often tasked with the Grand Thane's dirty work.

Krovusa (location 3; CE female half-orc barbarian 3) This mute and murderous albino half-orc is often found with Flaith.

Mendri Halguth (location 2; NG female half-elf expert 2) This sage of giant myth and history acts as agent for the collectors from southern free cities.

Qysin the Muddled (location various; NG human oracle 2) This blind vagabond wanders the streets, healing the sick and warning of the doom soon to befall Feigrvidr.

Shadra Flamegaze (location 2; CG human ex-paladin 3) The owner of the Flamegaze Tavern and Inn, Shandra spends her time drinking, leaving the business to her husband.

Svingal Halfbeard (location 3; NE male dwarf rogue 7) The so-called Lord Thane and Imperator of Feigrvidr kills anyone standing in his way.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of Feigrvidr is a patchwork of small businesses providing services to the miners and wayfarers, with a large number of shabby flophouses. A few locations, however, are of greater interest to adventurers:

1. **Raggedy Wall:** Built from a hodgepodge of debris and many *stone shape*, this wall protects the village's southern entrance.
2. **Flamegaze Tavern Inn:** One of the cleaner buildings in the village, it's kept relatively peaceful by the retired paladin, Shadra Flamegaze.
3. **Imperator's Hall:** This great hall serves as the village's seat of power and home for Svingal Halfbeard.
4. **Shadowtop Mines:** This cluster of four mines was the first dug by Halfbeard and his dwarves.
5. **Clanging Halls:** These four large workshops constantly emit a rhythm of clangs as ore is refined and turned into works of art.
6. **Sin's Roost:** A den providing gambling and sins of the flesh, this is a popular spot for miners, miscreants and adventurers.
7. **Little Lordling's Inn:** This inn is popular with adventurers delving into the Titan Peaks in search of giant enclaves.
8. **Hawkers Maze:** This jumble of small stalls and shops sells a variety of goods (of which many are illicit).
9. **Halfling Town:** This collection of stunted shacks and burrows houses a tight knit halfling community.
10. **Middens:** These large vats contain the waste from both the village and the mines.
11. **Upper Mines:** These minor, less profitable mines are leased to others by Halfbeard.
12. **Last Tower:** From this roughly-finished tower Halfbeard's minions watch for returning adventurers to tax.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Mining, silver and gold smelting, gem cutting, trade in plundered artefacts, crime, gambling and prostitution.

Base Value 800 gp; **Purchase Limit** 5,000 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Feigrvidr, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *potion of cure light wounds* (3; 50 gp each), *potion of invisibility* (300 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *gentle repose* (175 gp), *silence* (150 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about Feigrvidr. A successful check gains all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: Feigrvidr is a rowdy place fed by silver, mithral, gold and the hunt for giants' artefacts found in abandoned holds deeper amidst the mountains.

DC 15: While most of the population are dwarves who follow their Thane, the dangerous Svingal Halfbeard, the search for riches has drawn many diverse dangerous people to the village.

DC 20: Those who cross Svingal often just disappear.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Feigrvidr's rough and tumble existence leads many of its inhabitants to appear ruddy and unwashed. This dirtiness is exacerbated by the village's poor waste removal.

Dress While most folk wear rough work clothes, the more affluent wear the latest fashions brought by traders from the south. Adventurers typically wear a variety of strange and sometimes outlandish costumes, as adventurers are wont to do.

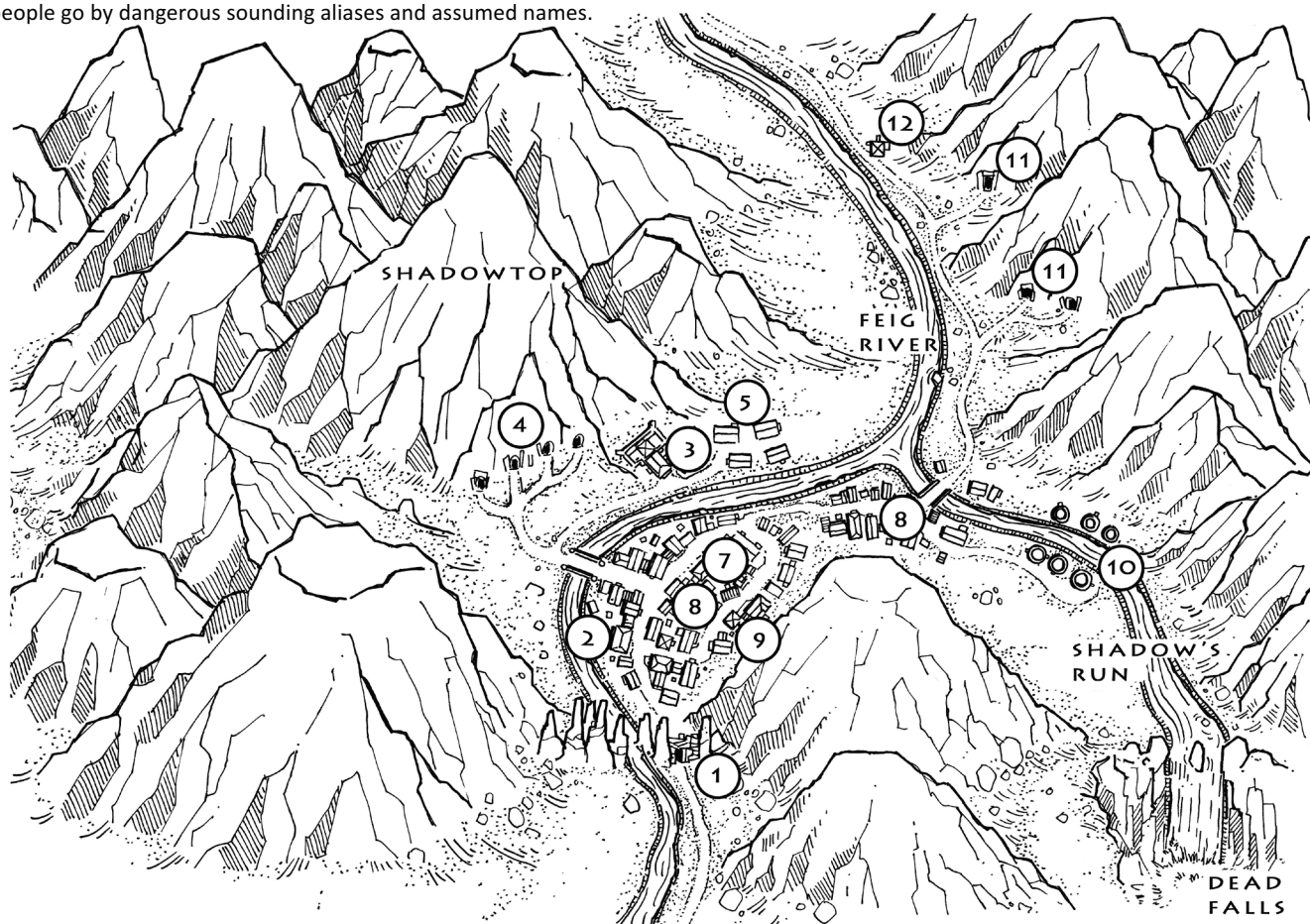
Nomenclature The nomenclature of Feigrvidr is widely varied. While many dwarven names are prominent, a great number of people go by dangerous sounding aliases and assumed names.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Feigrvidr and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1*	Precious metal by the nugget can be readily found by anyone in either the Feig River or the Shadow's Run.
2	The halfling-run middens are home to monsters that eat flesh, be it living or dead.
3	When looking for the best prices for plundered giant artefacts, visit the dwarf Ringold first and then the sage Halguth. Halguth always tries to outbid Ringold.
4	Feigrvidr's halflings refuse to use any language other than Halfling, though they understand and can speak Common as well as anyone.
5*	Qysin the Muddled is actually an angel in disguise, and that is the only reason Halfbeard hasn't made the loon disappear.
6	While most of the giant halls are abandoned, a few are haunted by extremely dangerous giant undead.

*False rumour



THE MONASTERY OF THE MARBLE PALM AT A GLANCE

On the ocean's shore, the monolith known as Alrakkham's Glory—a 50-foot-tall hand carved from a single piece of blue marble—rises from the dunes reaching towards the heavens as if it grasp at the passing clouds. Despite being older than recorded history, the salt-encrusted hand shows little sign of weathering or damage.

The blue marble is foreign to this region with some noting it is similar to marble found in the mountains of the distant south. Who could move such a massive piece of stone thousands of miles? Even more strangely, the marble is resistant to most magic, and only enchanted weapons can damage the monolith.

Centuries ago, a forgotten mason carved out the interior of the hand to create living spaces that a variety of hermits, eccentrics and strange beings have since occupied. Those who have lived inside Alrakkham's Glory have noted many bizarre phenomena. At night the veins in the marble appear to pulse in an almost rhythmic fashion. Earthquakes around the monolithic hand are common and often create cracks in the hand that repair themselves after a fortnight or so. Residents of Alrakkham's glory claim they can hear deep groans in the night, sometimes when no wind is blowing.

The current residents of Alrakkham's Glory are a group of monks who study the mysteries of the marble hand and its unique effects on their ki powers. Led by Ilker Magarian, the Eldest Brother, the monks continue to perfect their unique martial art form.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Ilker Magarian, the Eldest Brother
Population 3 (1 human, 1 elf, 1 halfling)
Alignments NG, LN, N
Languages Common, Elven, Halfling

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about the Monastery of the Marble hand. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 15: Alrakkham's Glory is thousands of years old and predates even the elven empires. Alrakkham's Glory has had countless inhabitants over the centuries.

DC 20: The monolith is named after Alrakkham, a powerful wizard who died nearly 200 years ago. He was known for his mastery of the various hand spells such as *interposing hand*, *grasping hand* and so on.

DC 25: The monolith was originally solid, but centuries ago a master mason carved out the rooms that now honeycomb its interior.

NOTABLE FOLK

Currently, only the three Monks of the Marble Hand inhabit Alrakkham's Glory.

Ilker Magarian (LG male old human monk [Monk of the Marble Palm] 15) Ilker is the founder and leader of this small monastery.

Farelya (LG female elf monk [Monk of the Marble Palm] 4) Farelya is Ilker's favoured student but lacks Yobin's talent.

Yobin Kegsbottom (LN male halfling fighter 2/monk [Monk of the Marble Palm] 5) Yobin is a naturally talented monk who is growing to despise Farelya.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the Monastery of the Marble Hand comprises locations of little interest to adventurers. A few locations, however, are notable:

1. **Common Room:** The monks welcome their guests and share meals here.
2. **Kitchen:** This well-appointed kitchen is perfect for preparing the monks' simple meals.
3. **Store Room:** The monks store their provisions here.
4. **Empty Room:** A small room with a ladder connecting the separate levels.
5. **Farelya's Room:** Farelya resides here.
6. **Training Hall:** The monks use this area to train and perfect their skills.
7. **Ilkir's Room:** Ilkir sleeps in this modestly appointed room.
8. **Scroll Library:** Ilkir stores the scrolls and manuals that detail the secrets of his new martial art.
9. **Empty Room:** A small room with a ladder connecting the separate levels.
10. **Meditation Chamber:** This room in the thumb of the hand serves as a meditation chamber.
11. **Yobin's Room:** Yobin claims this large room for himself.
12. **Storage Room:** The monks store some possessions here.
13. **Empty Room:** A small room with only a ladder leading up to Alrakkham's Library.
14. **Alrakkham's Library:** Accessed through a secret door, Alrakkham's library holds all of the ancient wizard's spellbooks.
15. **Tea Room:** Here, Ilkir and his disciples can share tea.

MARKETPLACE

Alrakkham's Glory has no marketplace and the monks have little wealth. The monks are friendly and offer to share their home and meals with the travellers so long as they are friendly and respectful. The monks are willing to trade some of the trinkets they've discovered for exotic foods or wine.

EVENTS

While the PCs are at The Monastery of the Marble Hand, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

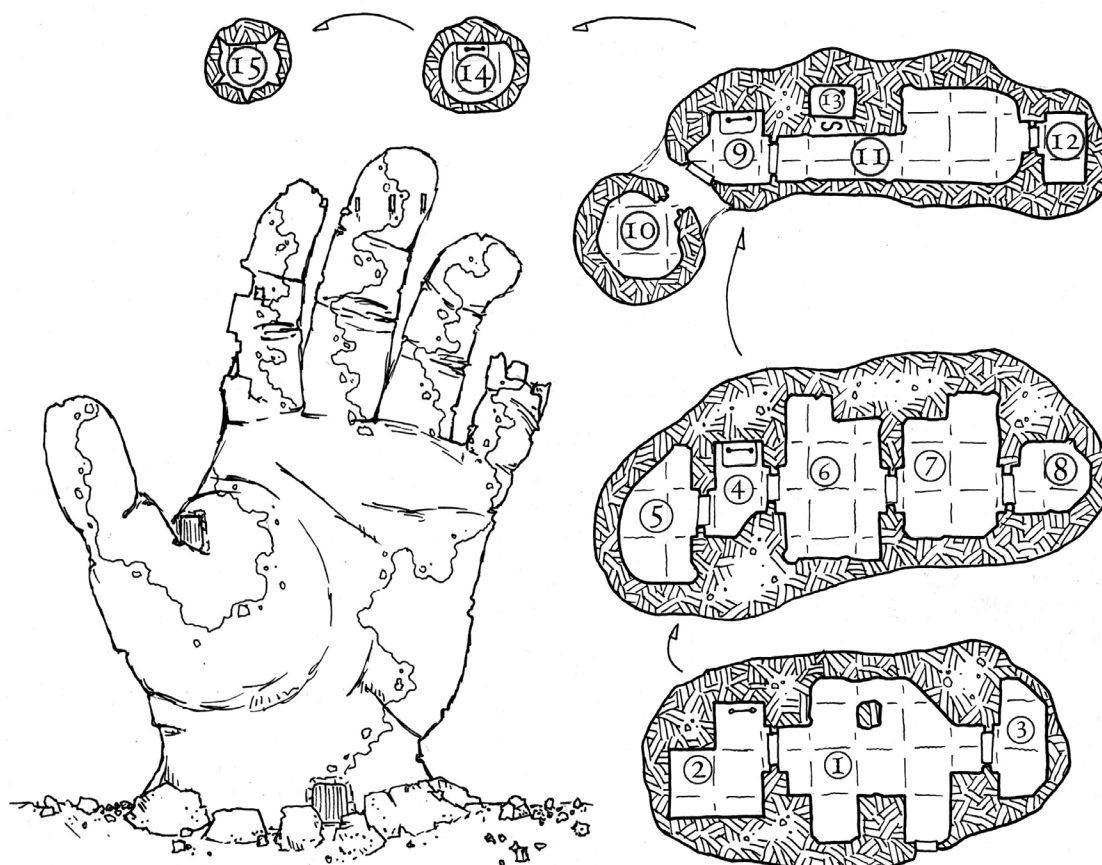
D6	EVENT
1	Farelya's and Yobin's animosity towards each other finally reaches the boiling point. Yobin attacks Farelya and if not stopped these fearsome monks try to kill each other.
2	The rival monks of the Path of the West Wind arrive and threaten Ilkir. They demand Ilkir hand over Alrakkham's Glory to them.
3	Admiring one of the PCs skill in combat, Ilkir offers to train him or her as a Monk of the Marble Hand. The training will take several years.
4	A powerful earthquake strikes the region and causes the monolith's little finger to fall off. Several days later it starts to grow back.
5	Pulses of light following the veins in the marble are a common nightly occurrence in Alrakkham's Glory, but this night, they radiate outward from a single point.
6	One of the PCs dreams of the monolith. The enormous hand crushes them to powder, but when the wind blows the powder away, a perfectly cut diamond is revealed.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about the Monastery of the Marble Hand and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6	RUMOUR
1*	The Marble Hand is the only part of a mountain-sized stone golem that remains exposed above the surface.
2	After his death, Alrakkham's spellbooks were never recovered. They remain hidden in the monolith to this day.
3	Ilkir the Eldest Brother is taking on new disciples. All you have to do is prove yourself worthy.
4*	Alrakkham's ghost still haunts the monolith and is the reason for the strange phenomena.
5*	Anyone who lives in Alrakkham's Glory for a year and a day can never leave again, but gains unbelievable powers.
6	Weapons made by mortal hands cannot damage Alrakkham's Glory.

*False rumour



AN UNEVENTFUL DAY'S TRAVEL IN THE HILLS

Use this table, to describe an uneventful day's travel through the hills. Some entries may be inappropriate based on the adventure's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

D%	
01-02	You journey alongside a shallow, slow river winding through grass covered hills. Flocks of sheep watch you from rounded peaks and eventually the sun yawns in shades of red and pink before it slips behind the horizon.
03-04	Wide, flat paths cut through rocky buttes jutting straight up, hurrying you on your way. Luckily, you avoid swaths of woody bushes and thorny nettles before finding a suitable resting spot.
05-06	You travel along an ancient road crawling up and down a low, grassy hills while in the distance smoke curls up lazily from scattered farmsteads. A full, yellow moon greets you, at night.
07-08	Grey skies linger over a deep fog floating through the fat valleys as you journey through lightly wooded hills. The stormy clouds eventually give way to a clear view of scattered stars.
09-10	Brown, conical hills of sun-dried grass crowd around you as you follow a serpentine path. A limpid sun shines before sheepishly succumbing to a bold, fat moon dominating the black sky.
11-12	Wind beats at you as pass through a landscape of rocky, dwarfish hills. Stunted trees greet you in the place of travellers while the sun hides behind thick grey clouds. Night overbears the gloomy sky with a tapestry of impassive stars
13-14	Heavy rain runs down in streams off of rocky, steep hills, causing you to stomp through muddy paths and murky streams. Evening sees a dispersing of clouds and a faint, sickle moon.
15-16	Early morning frost coats the tops of the barren hills along your path which steadily ascends. Afternoon brings a brief squall of sputtering rain before the sun finally peters out.
17-18	Heavy brush threatens to obscure your trail while animals and birds chitter-chatter amongst the steep, heavily wooded hills. A flat valley awaits you as the sun salutes you goodnight.
19-20	Shepherds greet you as they stroll with their flocks over a series of pastoral hills. Clouds chase each other, propelled by a warm breeze under a bright sun before night falls.
21-22	You follow a series of narrow trails avoiding the numerous streams twisting through the towering rocky hills. The shrill cries of predatory birds accompany you throughout the day.
23-24	Stunted hills keep their distance from you as you travel along a rutted road while the sun warily watches you from the boulders cresting the hilltops before night sullenly takes over.

25-26	Throughout the day, you spy soldiers stationed on various hilltops keeping watch as merchant wagons cross your path. The sun dips in a pageantry of colour and a full moon arises.
27-28	You follow a narrow trail carving its way fitfully between steep-sided, rocky hills. Raucous birds call out overhead beneath a hot sun which lazily slips below the horizon. A cool wind blows in.
29-30	A well-worn path takes you through a series of gently sloping hills. The ruins of ancient watchtowers dot a few of the larger ones which take on eerily silhouettes, like broken, blackened fingers, as the sun sets redly behind them.
31-32	A large group of slow moving religious pilgrims hogs the main road, forcing you to clamber along a path winding through a series of lightly forested hills echoing with birdsong. The clear sky becomes cloudy, as night rolls in.
33-34	As you travel a road across a series of long, flat hilltops, you spy barges floating along the many small rivers carved through the valleys. A half-moon eventually replaces a weary sun.
35-36	Thickly forested, steep hills hedge you in as you journey a path twisting around their massive forms. Birds and animals call out until the sounds of insects replaces them as the sun descends.
37-38	A light rain keeps you company for most of the day, watering the grassy, shaggy hills rolling around you. By evening, the clouds drift apart, allowing a clear view of a star-filled night sky.
39-40	Rocky hills rise up as you journey along a winding path. At times, distant booming shakes the very air, sending up the raucous cry of birds. The sun lines the peaks of the hills with red as it sets.
41-42	A thick layer of icy crusts the barren hills as you trudge along a wide path between their steep slopes. The sun hides behind grey clouds which darken as day turns to moonless, starless night.
43-44	Heavy mercantile traffic trundles along a flat road between a series of low sloping grassy hills. Checkpoints, manned by local soldiers keep watch, occasionally checking individuals of a rougher looking nature.
45-46	A hot wind blows over the scorched peaks of burnt hills covered in a coarse, brown grass. Night brings relief from the wind, but not the stifling heat.
47-48	Large, standing stones, erected by unknown hands, dot the crowns of numerous, grassy hills. Birds wheel over them, cawing loudly. A tepid sun gives way to a meekly shining moon.
49-50	A merry band of performers follows behind you with a wagon as you navigate a treacherous road skirting steep-sided, forested hills. Night sees the band diverging along a different path.

51-52	Thorny bushes and nettles crawl along the sides of the stunted hills, occasionally blocking the crooked trail. A light rain comes with the rising of a half moon.
53-54	You follow a well-worn path through hills adorned with crowns of thin, barren trees. A few large boulders litter the valleys in between the hills. The sun slowly gives way to a silver moon.
55-56	A wide, man-made road winds along the rocky hillsides. Below, farmsteads rest contentedly in a well-watered valley. A pleasant blue sky gradually turns to pink and orange before purpling into a star-filled black night sky.
57-58	A haunting pipe music wafts across the serene hilltops, played in strange unison by shepherds tending their flocks. The music seems to lull the sun to set early and a sluggish moon rises.
59-60	Soft, grassy hills give way to steeper, stonier spurs of rock as the road winds to higher elevations before dropping back into a series of gentle hills as the sun begins to set.
61-62	You travel along a thin, rutted road across a series of gentle, grassy peaks. Midday, a horseman thunders passed. About an hour before evening, four additional horsemen ride by in a hurry without stopping.
63-64	Lightning flashes in the dark grey clouds skirting the tips of the highest hills on either side of the road. A brief, blistering storm assaults you around midday but dissipates before sunset.
65-66	Smoke rises lazily from the squat, long houses dotting the flat tops of the low hills. A well-used sheep track carries you along swiftly. A full, yellow moon greets you at night.
67-68	A wide road rambles up, over and down a series of large, wooded hills. You spy a few hunters crossing the road, a deer slung between them. The sun sets as you descend into a low valley watered by a clear, slow stream.
69-70	Grassy hillocks rise up suddenly like green warts from the landscape. A brief afternoon rain shower brings a brilliant rainbow stretching between two hilltops.
71-72	Your path cuts through the narrow valleys of rocky hills topped with thick, leafy trees. The chattering of animals and birdsong echoes down at you. The sun relinquishes to a sickle moon.
73-74	Copses of trees sparsely dot the tops and sides of the high, steep hills. Your trail skirts the deep, river filled valleys between them. A pleasant wind keeps you company until night fall.
75-76	A thick morning fog oozes down the high, sloping hillsides. As the path takes you higher into the hills, a light sleet assails you. When it passes late evening, it leaves the hills coated in a layer of glistening frost sparkling in the moonlight.

77-78	Your trail carries you up and through a series of high hills encircling a large, still lake. The setting sun seemingly sets the lake afire before the moon rises above the hills.
79-80	The hilltops crawl with crude, makeshift camps and cooking fires while soldiers patrol the winding road clogged with hollow-eyed ragged refugees from a distant war. You leave behind the desperate souls early, in the evening.
81-82	A ragged track takes you over a series of low hilltops watched over by the burnt and charred remains of numerous watchtowers from which large, black birds call out through the day.
83-84	As you travel through a series of conical hills, you notice some of them have sealed, stone doorways fashioned into their sides. The air seems quiet and the sun flees quickly this day.
85-86	Rocky hills jut up steeply around you as you climb upwards along a narrow path. Rocky cairns stacked on the flattish hilltops glow as if on fire with the setting of the red sun.
87-88	A few, small rockslides reverberate along the stony hillsides, the debris spilling over onto the trail. Booming laughter sounds from the higher elevations throughout the day.
89-90	An early morning heavy rainstorm unearths the remains of an ancient battle amongst the rolling, grassy hills—bits of rusted armour, weapons, and bones.
91-92	A wide, paved road meanders up and over a series of increasingly higher hills. Merchant wagons pass you to and fro while the sun shines benignly. A warm night welcomes you and your fellow travellers camped off on the road's side.
93-94	You follow a dried riverbed cutting through a narrow gorge between towering, rocky hills. Birds wheel overhead, watching you as the sun beats down. Day gives way to a cooler night.
95-96	A broken down peddler's wagon blocks the main road in the narrow valley, forcing you up into a series of animal tracks climbing the sides of the steep hills until evening sees you back on the main road as the sun slinks behind the nearest hill.
97-98	A shepherd and his flock follow you from a distance as you take a rambling path through a series of lush, conical hills. Before the sun sets, the shepherd ambles off on a different road, disappearing into the gloaming sky.
99-100	Large boulders decorate the hilltops and valleys, scattered at random. Occasionally, your path takes you past large grassy tussocks shaped like a giant's skull. The sun shines warmly through thin clouds before relinquishing control to a pale moon hanging low in the sky.

10 LICH'S PHYLACTERIES

Liches are among the most powerful undead and are dangerous foes for virtually any adventurer. As well as being puissant spellcasters, lichs are virtually immortal; they cannot be destroyed until their phylactery is also destroyed.

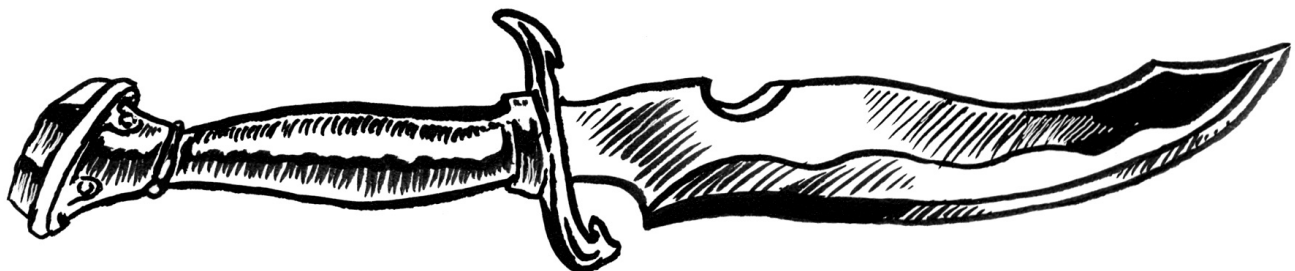
Thus, a lich's phylactery is a tremendously important object both for the lich itself and the adventurers seeking to defeat it. However, a lich's phylactery is rarely described. The default phylactery is a small metal box filled with rune-covered scraps of parchment, although—obviously—other examples exist. No matter, in whatever form it takes, the phylactery is tremendously difficult to destroy. (And obviously such important items would be heavily guarded or well hidden—they might even be enchanted so they don't radiate as magic).

Use the table below, to generate the details of a lich's phylactery.

1. This hinged plain iron amulet opens to reveal a small, seemingly empty recess, perhaps once used to hold a small picture of a loved one. The recess is actually a very small inter-dimensional space which can only be accessed by speaking the lich's name. This space contains the lich's research it used for its transformation.
2. This seemingly rusted iron comb was once apparently inlaid with several small gems, but these have long since fallen from their fixings. The comb itself lies—hidden in plain sight—amid a pile of mouldering and rusty equipment taken from corpses of the lich's enemies.
3. A seemingly innocuous platinum coin lies among a hoard of similar coins hidden away in a dusty vault. The coin is one of a handful of very old coins intermixed among more recently designs. Most of its features have been worn away seemingly through use and age.
4. A lump of magical hardened platinum lies at the centre of a large stone boulder created by *stone shape*. The boulder is so thick, *detect magic* and the like do not detect the phylactery's magic, although a perceptive PC may notice the boulder was formed by magic (and wonder why).
5. This lich painstakingly etched the secrets of lichdom onto the teeth of a great golden wyrm it slew centuries ago as part of

its transformation. It keeps the wyrm's skeletal remains behind a cunning hidden secret door. The skull is hidden amid a great bone pile comprising the remains of all those who have attacked the lich in its lair.

6. This phylactery takes the form of an over-sized amulet. It hangs from the mouldering collar worn by a huge skeletal dog lying in state in its own sarcophagus hidden in a secret recess in the floor.
7. This lich used the very first dagger it ever owned as the vehicle for its transformation. It etched the secrets of lichdom onto very thin sheets of gold which were then wrapped around the weapon's blade. The phylactery was then buried deep at the bottom of a pool somewhere in the lich's lair.
8. An animal lover in life, this lich decided to use the animate bones of its first animal companion—or perhaps a beloved pet—as its phylactery. The bones were drenched in molten adamantite before being animated (rendering them virtually indestructible).
9. Diamond—one of the hardest substances known to man—makes an excellent phylactery. This lich spent years hunting down a diamond as big as a man's fist. Magically enchanted and inscribed with various special command words the value of the thing is virtually incalculable...unless it is destroyed in which case the magic lurking within its form causes the various pieces to evaporate like ice in the midday sun.
10. Vastly powerful, this spellcaster defeated a powerful paladin during its quest for immortality. The paladin bore a holy sword that was shattered during the confrontation. The lich used the hilt of the once powerful weapon as its phylactery, revelling in the irony of transforming such a powerful good-aligned weapon into an object powering its unholy life. To make matters worse, the hilt is very distinctive—carved from the bone of a balor and inscribed with the symbols of various good-aligned deities and the PCs may recognise it as the shards of a legendary, lost weapon. The lich has kept the shattered piece of the blade and in extremis may offer up the various shard in exchange for its "life" (gambling the PCs will either hesitate to destroy such a weapon or—more likely—not notice the lich's sinister modifications to the hilt).



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