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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: COMPENDIUM 2016





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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: COMPENDIUM 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 on-going design of the megadungeon Gloamhold, the GM's Monthly Miscellany series is a terrific free resource for the busy, time-crunched GM.

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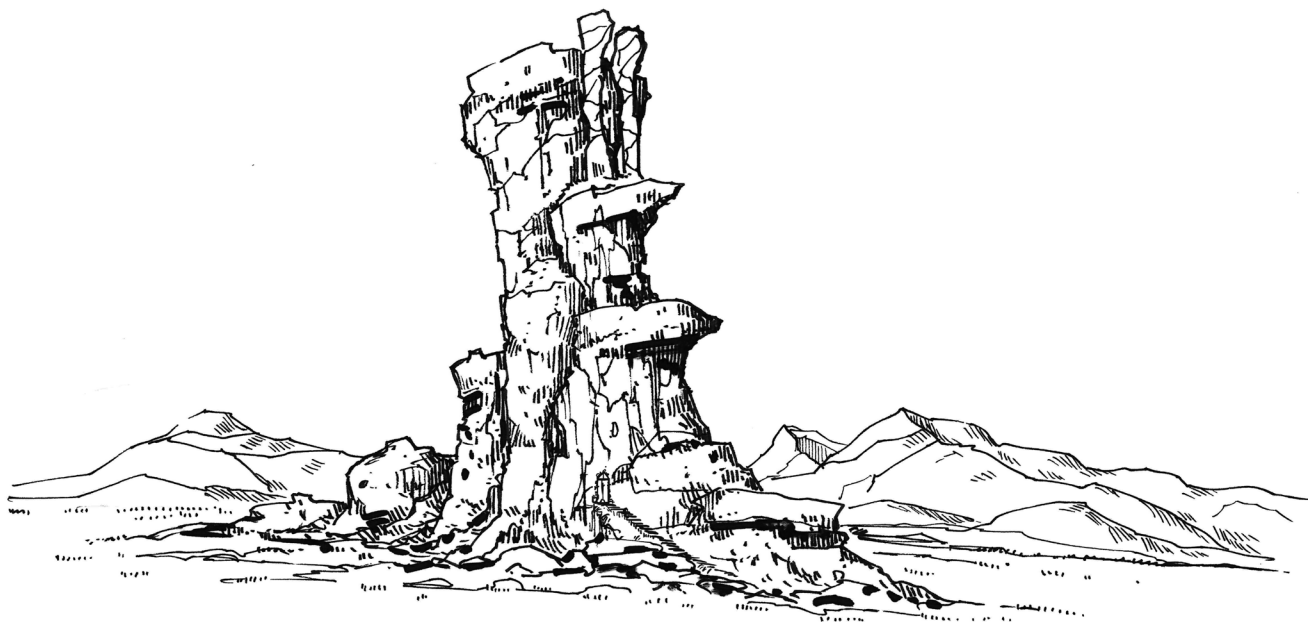
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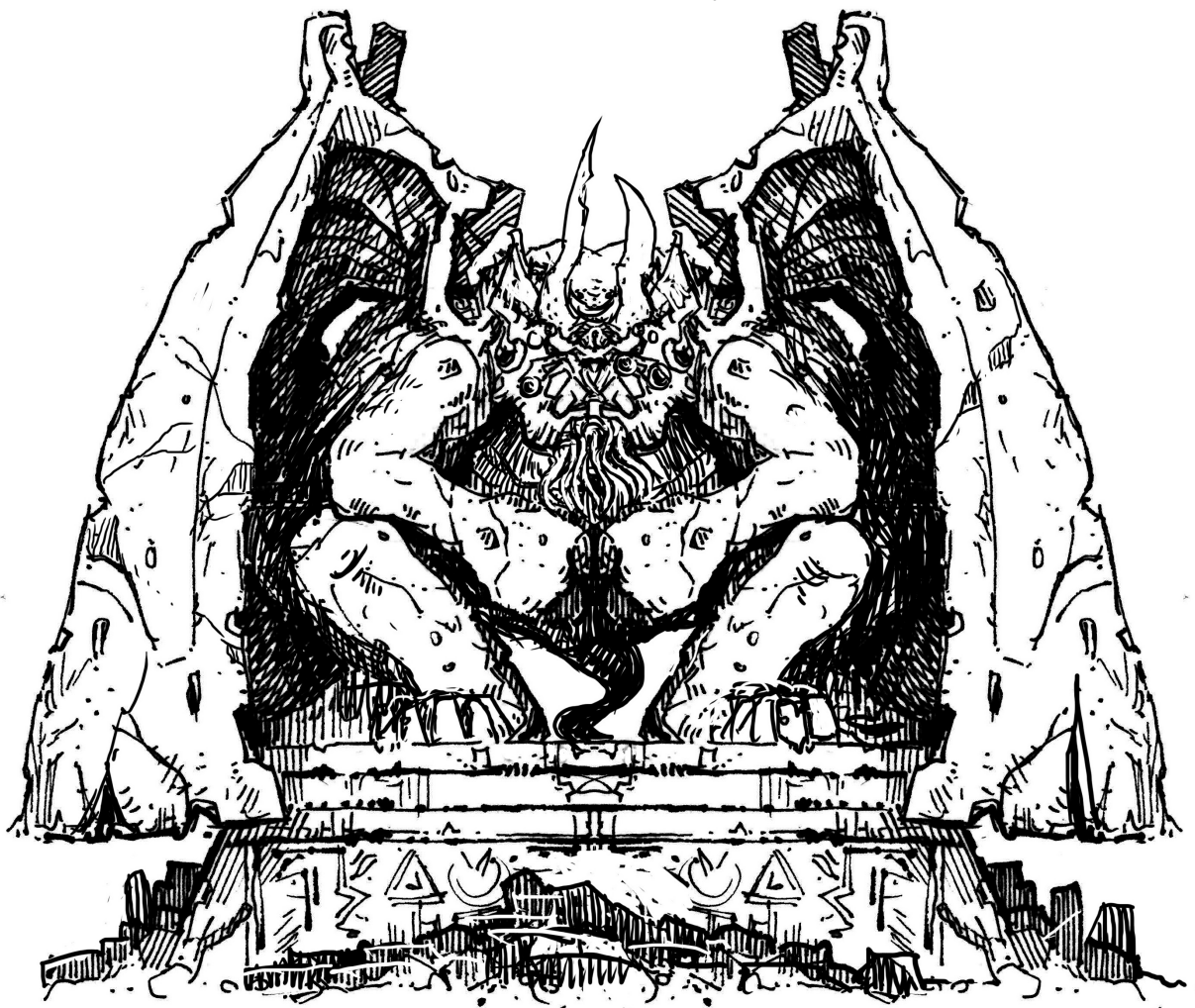
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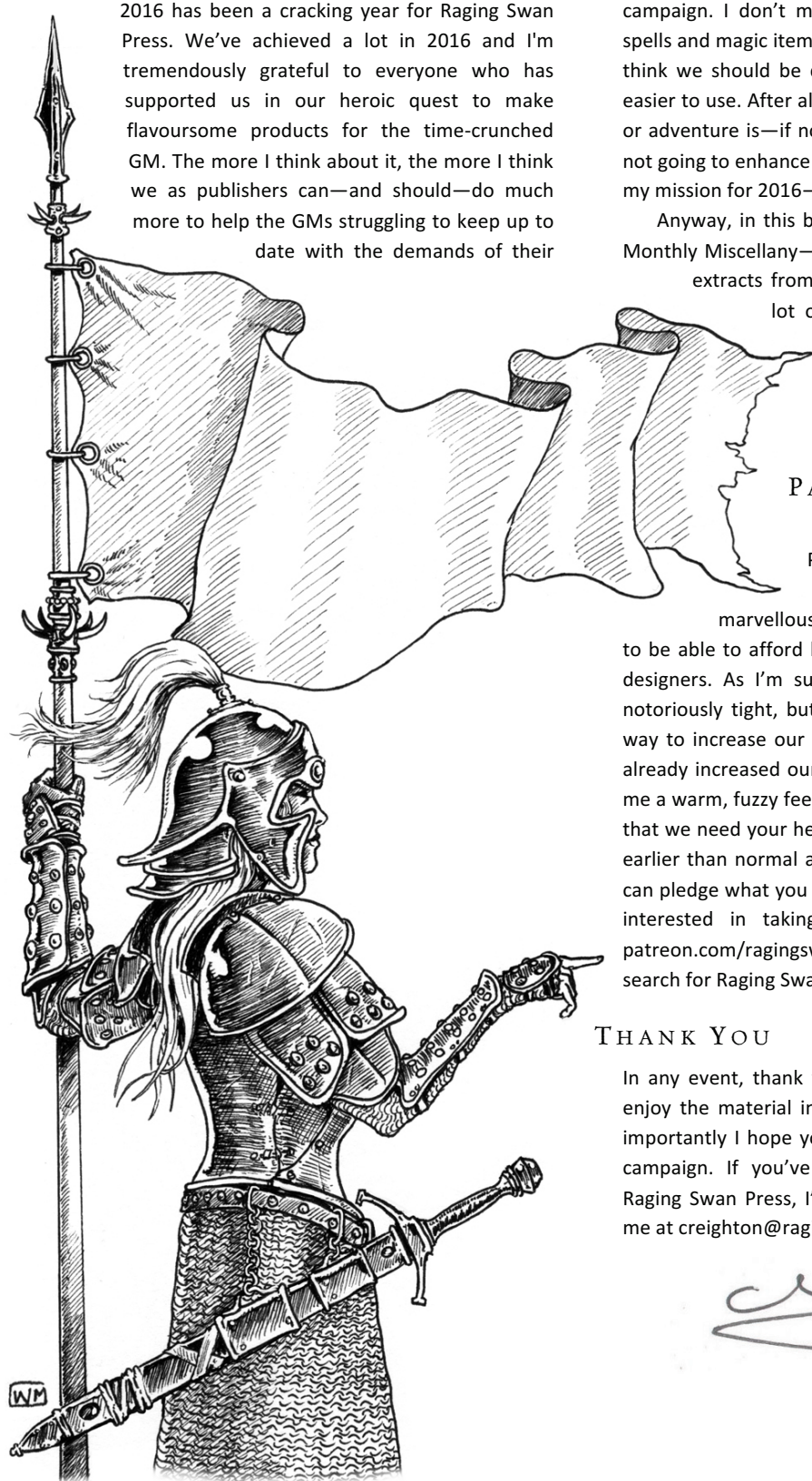
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FEATURED PRODUCTS

- **20 Things #3: Wizard's Tower** Creighton Broadhurst
- **20 Things #4: Smuggler's Lair** Creighton Broadhurst
- **20 Things #7: Ancient Necropolis** John Bennett and Creighton Broadhurst
- **20 Things #7: Haunted House** Alexander Augunas, Creighton Broadhurst and Cole Kronewitter.
- **Campaign Backdrop: Hills & Mountains** (extract by) John Bennett.
- **Campaign Backdrop: Swamps & Marshes** Jesper Andersen, John Bennett, Creighton Broadhurst, Denver Edwards Jr., Steve Hood, Greg Marks, David Posener, Jacob Trier, Josh Vogt and Mike Welham.
- **Campaign Events: Prison Break** Christopher Wasko.
- **I Loot the Bag of Holding** Mike Welham.
- **I Loot the Druid's Body** Mike Welham.
- **I Loot the Rogue's Body** Eric Hindley.
- **I Loot the Wizard's Body** Kat Evans.
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- **Places of Power: The Midnight Market** Eric Hindley.
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- **Shunned Valley of the Three Tombs** Creighton Broadhurst.
- **Subterranean Enclave: Flenheim** Brian Wiborg Mønster.
- **Urban Dressing: Bridge Town** Josh Vogt.
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- **Village Backdrop: Y'taris** Jeff Gomez.
- **Whispers & Rumours: Borderland Town** Neal Litherland.





2016 has been a cracking year for Raging Swan Press. We've achieved a lot in 2016 and I'm tremendously grateful to everyone who has supported us in our heroic quest to make flavoursome products for the time-crunched GM. The more I think about it, the more I think we as publishers can—and should—do much more to help the GMs struggling to keep up to date with the demands of their

campaign. I don't mean we should be producing more feats, spells and magic items; I don't see how that really helps. Rather I think we should be doing more to make the products we sell easier to use. After all, it doesn't matter how good a sourcebook or adventure is—if no-one can easily understand and use it, it's not going to enhance a GM's campaign. I think that's going to be my mission for 2016—to make our products even easier to use.

Anyway, in this book—the third yearly compilation of GM's Monthly Miscellany—you'll find dozens of articles and scores of extracts from our 2016 release schedule. We release a lot of books every year (around 50) and you should find extracts from virtually of all them in this book. If you are new to Raging Swan Press, they should give you a great idea of the kind of stuff we publish.

PATREON

You might also be aware that Raging Swan Press is 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!

THANK YOU

In any event, thank you for your support in 2016. 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.

ARTICLES

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.

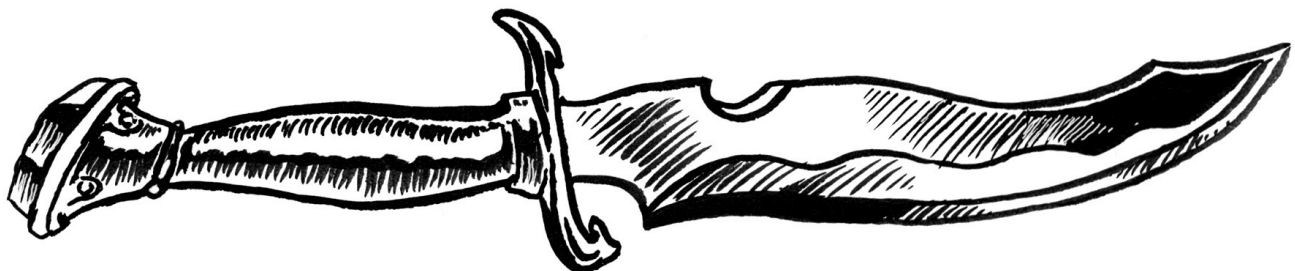
Thus, a lich's phylactery is a tremendously important object both for the lich itself and the adventurers seeking to defeat it. However, a lich's phylactery is rarely described. The default phylactery is a small metal box filled with rune-covered scraps of parchment, although—obviously—other examples 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).



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.

20 BULKY TREASURES DIFFICULT TO GET OUT OF THE DUNGEON

One reader of my blog recently waxed lyrical about bulky treasure and how it was fun to give the PC the challenge of actually getting them out of the dungeon. With the near death of encumbrance, such challenges have faded away. That's a real shame. So with that in mind, behold: 20 pieces of bulky treasure difficult to get out of the dungeon:

1. A 10-foot square tapestry hangs on one wall. The tapestry depicts a bucolic woodland hunting scene, is worth 50 gp and weighs 120 lbs.
2. A cast iron chandelier easily 5 ft. across hangs from the ceiling. It has five arms forged to depict writhing dragon heads. Within each dragon's open mouth writhe magical, heatless flames. A long metal rod leaning against the wall enables the user to open or close each mouth, to increase or decrease the amount of light. The whole is worth 200 gp, but weighs 75 lbs.
3. A huge giant's breastplate has been pressed into service as a brazier. Full of hot coals, the breastplate is heavy (45 lbs.) but finely decorated with intricate lightning bolt engravings picked out with silver. Worth 400 gp, the item is nevertheless worthless as armour because the entire back of the breastplate is missing.
4. A map of the local area showing all major landmarks and settlements decorates this 15 ft. long and 10 ft. wide rug. Of great interest and value to local nobility and suchlike the rug is worth 75 gp (but weighs 100 lbs.)
5. This 10-foot tall stone statue depicts a medusa—its snake-hair waving about its face—staring down at those in front of it. The statue is (ironically) tremendously detailed and life-like. As a piece of art, it is worth 200 gp (but weighs 200 lbs).
6. This long, narrow ornate oak box has a hinged lid decorated with beautiful geometric shapes picked out with wood stain. Displayed within, amid velvet compartments, is a full set of silver cutlery with enough place settings for a dozen diners. The whole is worth 100 gp, but weighs 20 lbs. Dumping the box and keeping the cutlery reduces the value by 20 gp.
7. Of beaten silver, this shallow 2 ft. wide display bowl could be used for hand washing, to hold fruit or as the centrepiece of a formal dining table layout. It is worth 10 gp.
8. A mass of glass bottles and retorts along with a small cauldron and dozens of small tools and other pieces of equipment sit upon a side table. Obviously the equipment of a wizard or alchemist the whole is worth 200 gp, but weighs 40 lbs. If packed carefully, the rest of the equipment is designed to fit into the cauldron (but if packed poorly without padding much of the glass items won't survive rough handling).
9. This long blood-red ballgown complete with short train is a stunning mix of lace and chiffon and worth 30 gp. However, although light—only weighing 6 lbs.—it is bulky and must be careful folded to avoid damage.
10. This thick coil of rope is 400 ft. long and designed to hold twice as much weight as a normal rope but is heavy (160 lbs.) and only worth 16 gp.
11. This portable battering ram is crafted from some kind of super heavy and dense wood and is tipped with a great wedge of iron shaped like a clenched fist. It is twice as heavy as a normal ram (40 lbs.) and requires two people to swing properly. It provides a +6 Strength bonus to opening doors.
12. This huge bullseye lantern was clearly crafted for a giant (or perhaps a ship or lighthouse). It burns a pint of oil in three hours but provides double the illumination produced by a normal bullseye lantern. The lantern weighs 6 lbs., is five-foot high and worth 25 gp.
13. These ornate metal scales are large enough to weigh a human or similarly-sized object. With the matching set of weights the whole is worth 150 gp to a merchant or similar person. However, the scales along with the weights weighs 400 lbs.
14. Four tightly rolled bolts of silk—blue, red, yellow and black in colour—fill a large sack. Each roll is worth 25 gp. While light, the sack is bulky.
15. A four-foot square steel cage holds a great mass of dried and then oil-soaked wood logs. The oil used to impregnate the wood is particularly fragrant and pleasant. Used to heat noble's houses, the taproom of upmarket taverns and the like the wood is valuable. The whole mass of wood—weighting 100 lbs.—is worth 20 gp.
16. This heavy iron door bar is intricately engraved with a depiction of two muscular arms grasping each others wrists. The bar is worth 20 gp, is seven-foot long and weighs 50 lbs.
17. This high-backed wooden chair is intricately carved. The armrests look like a mass of writhing serpents and a red velvet cushion provides a modicum of comfort to the user. The chair weighs 100 lbs. and is worth 50 gp to a nobleman or similar person.
18. With a set of drawers on either side, this ornate oak desk and been stained a deep brown. Each of the drawers is lockable and one has a well-hidden secret compartment. The desk weighs 150 lbs. but with its matching chair (and set of draw keys) is worth 200 gp.
19. These four matching tapestries are only five-foot wide and reach from floor to ceiling. Designed to conceal doors, alcoves or perhaps windows the four are a deep red in hue. Each weighs 20 lb. and is worth 10 gp. As a set, however, their value doubles.
20. This chainmail barding—designed for a truly monstrous horse—weighs 80 lbs. and is worth 750 gp. It is so finely made, it could be magically enchanted.

20 CURSES TO ENCOUNTER IN A NECROPOLIS

The dead lie mouldering in coffins, tombs and sarcophagi often surrounded by treasures tempting grave robbers and foolhardy adventures. Disturbing these objects often comes with a price as the dead do not part with their treasures so easily. Even disturbing their sanctuary can bring down the curses of the deceased.

1. Rows of bleached skulls form the lintel of a stone doorway. Anyone passing underneath alerts any undead within 60 ft. to its presence for 1d4 days.
2. Ancient, but valuable, silver coins (worth 30 gp) cover the eyes of a mummified humanoid. Taking the coins inflicts blindness on the thieving PC for 1d4 hours.
3. The funeral shroud of a mummy lies inscribed with deeds describing its former life. Anyone reading the script acts out the mummy's life while sleepwalking for one week.
4. A jewelled vase (worth 150 gp) lies at the foot of a sarcophagus inscribed with the visage of a beautiful woman. Disturbing the vase transforms any nonmagical liquids within the room into bitter tears. This change is not immediately obvious and only comes to light when the liquid is drunk or used.
5. A golden necklace (worth 200 gp) found amongst a pile of brittle bones causes whoever takes it to sob inconsolably for five minutes after committing violence against another living creature.
6. An inscription on the floor, if not intoned properly and placated with an offering of blood, causes anyone passing over it to feel a tangible sadness, effectively doubling their weight for 24 hours.
7. A skeleton grips a bejewelled dagger (worth 145 gp). Whoever removes the dagger begins suffering mysterious cuts, taking 1d4 points of damage every 6 hours until the weapon is discarded.
8. A small pearl (worth 100 gp) rests in the mouth of a skull. Removing the pearl causes the person to speak only in an ancient language for 1d6 days. This does not affect spell casting.
9. A silver skull (worth 250 gp) nestles within the lid of a sarcophagus. Anyone touching the skull has vivid and horrific nightmares that night and is unable to gain the benefits of a food night's rest.
10. A ring (worth 50 gp) worn on a mummy's hand causes the hand of anyone touch it to become paralyzed for 2d4 hours.
11. Bas-reliefs of underworld spirits guard a doorway. Crossing the threshold causes offenders to be attacked by a wraith the next time his hit points drop below half.
12. An ornate funerary urn (worth 65 gp) causes the skin of those who touch it to become brittle (all damage taken is doubled) for 1d4 hours.
13. A stack of 50 ancient gold coins creates feelings of intense greed and paranoia in anyone who takes it for 1d6 days.
14. A golden crown (worth 300 gp), perched on a skeleton's head, temporarily possesses whoever removes it with the deceased's spirit for 1d4 hours.
15. A bloodstained pit filled with bones (and three enticingly placed gems worth 50 gp each) causes whoever enters it to hear the screams of dying creatures for 3d4 hours.
16. An ornate golden goblet (worth 225 gp) lies entombed with a skeleton. Anyone taking the goblet tastes blood in their mouth and is unable to drink any liquids for 2d4 hours—doing so makes the drinker violently—even explosively—sick.
17. A small, cracked silver mirror (worth 35 gp) creates a hate-filled, murderous doppelgänger of whoever stares into it. The doppelgänger emerges 1d20 minutes after the PCs leave the area or discard the mirror. It then begins to hunt the PC down.
18. Any person passing by a row of upright sarcophagi has to reroll the next roll made to avoid or mitigate damage within the next 24 hours, as the spirits of the dead cluster around them.
19. A bone strewn floor causes whoever disturbs the debris to move at half-speed for 1d4 hours as if dragged down by innumerable ghostly hands.
20. A golden bracelet (worth 75 gp) adorning a skeleton fuses to the arm of whoever touches for 1d3 days. The arm has a will of its own and cannot be controlled. It doesn't try to harm the PC, but often does strange or inappropriate things.

8 STRANGE EFFECTS

1. Faint mist clings to the floor.
2. Multi-coloured glimmering shards of light float gently on the air currents.
3. Thick shadows cloak the small nooks and crannies in this area. Only magical light banishes them.
4. Faint groaning emanates from the walls; perhaps it is the spirits of those buried within lamenting their fate, or perhaps the old stones are simply moving and shifting.
5. The air is strangely cold; frost clings to the walls and floor.
6. Small motes of insubstantial darkness float like dust upon the air. They disappear when they collide with a warm blooded creature.
7. The translucent image of what the necropolis looked like in its prime is superimposed over the place's current condition. This effect is sporadic and fades in and out of view.
8. Bones in some of the burial niches seem to shudder and move slightly when the PCs get close.

20 MINOR HAUNTINGS TO ENCOUNTER IN AN ANCIENT NECROPOLIS

Vestiges of the dead wander the necropolis—fleeting spirits mirroring their past lives or lashing out at intruders disturbing their rest. Sometimes these lost spirits partially manifest into the world, and the PCs encounter the fleeting vestige of their lives.

1. A ghostly procession of priests drags a screaming servant down a tunnel leading further into the necropolis.
2. The vacant eye sockets of a pillar of skulls glow red and scream in an ancient language when the party passes by.
3. A shimmering, translucent group wearing robes of ancient cut kneel before a sarcophagus. As one, they draw long daggers, thrusting them into their hearts before disappearing. Their brittle bones remain among the dust.
4. A noble woman drags the corpse of a man, stabbed many times, behind her before dumping the body in a corner and sneering as she fades away. A dust-shrouded skeleton remains to bear witness to her crime.
5. Spectral people blink in and out of existence along a row of bone-filled niches piercing the wall.
6. Two armoured figures clash violently in front of the tattered remains of an ancient tapestry depicting them.
7. A translucent, roguish figure flashes a smile at the nearest creature before disappearing into a wall (which reveals the location of a hidden secret door to observant PCs).
8. Skulls fill numerous shelves bored into the wall. They begin to chatter and moan when any living creature comes within 5 ft.
9. A regal figure rests within an open coffin, appearing to be alive but asleep. Touching the body causes a spirit in the figure's likeness to rise up, scream and then dissipate, leaving nothing but a mouldering corpse behind.
10. Shadowy figures hound the footsteps of anyone within the room, appearing just out of sight.
11. Bones skitter madly across the floor, rising up briefly before clattering back down.
12. Lids swing open on a number of coffins before suddenly slamming shut. Muffled screams come from the coffins.
13. Phantasmal figures feast at a ghostly table on fine food and wine before a shrieking wind sweeps them—and the table—away.
14. The sounds of laughter, sobbing and screaming swirl through the air around piles of stacked skulls. As quickly as the sounds begin, they end.
15. Pale figures fly from a series of urns, streaking towards any living creature, their mouths rent with fury, before disappearing with a cackle.
16. A family of five transparent figures watches intruders, their eyes vacant black holes of swirling energy.

17. The temperature drops abruptly to freezing and any living creature feels hands trying to pull them down through the floor.
18. The temperature rises to sweltering levels as if the explorers have entered a fire. Blackened, writhing figures flicker just out of sight.
19. Blood appears to spurt out from niches along the wall, accompanied by a torrent of screams.
20. Everyone feels claustrophobic, as if the room is no larger than a coffin.

Sometimes, when explorers encounter haunts they suffer ill effects. Sample effects include:

1. The sight of the haunt leaves the PC shaken for half an hour.
2. The intense emotions radiating from the haunt leaves the PC dazed for half an hour.
3. Sickened by the otherworldly suffering of the haunt, the PC feels intensely sick until he eats his next meal.
4. Wisps of the haunt cling to the PC and suckle upon his warmth. These leaves the PC sluggish and tired for an hour.
5. The sight of the haunt damages the PC's sanity. He temporarily loses 1 point of Wisdom. It returns after a day or complete rest.
6. Contact with the otherworldly nature of the haunt inflicts 1d6 damage upon the PC.

I 2 STRANGE SOUNDS

The sounds below can come from any direction and be at any volume. Use them to build tension.

1. The skittering of tiny clawed feet on stone.
2. The gentle sigh of the wind (perhaps accompanied by tiny, swirling dust devils).
3. Rocks or stones clatter to the ground.
4. A guttural cackling slowly tails off into a gurgle.
5. A choir's faint chanting in an ancient tongue floats through the necropolis. (The chant is a litany for the dead).
6. Something large slithers through the necropolis. The party hear the rasp of its scales on stone.
7. Somewhere distant, a gong sounds once.
8. The clanking of chains—as if something like a gate was being raised or lowered—breaks the silence.
9. Soft, tinkling chimes sound for a few minutes every half hour.
10. A faint susurrus of whispering—its tone oddly menacing—occasionally reaches the party's ears.
11. Unidentifiable instruments play a mournful dirge.
12. Sobbing—perhaps from ghostly mourners.

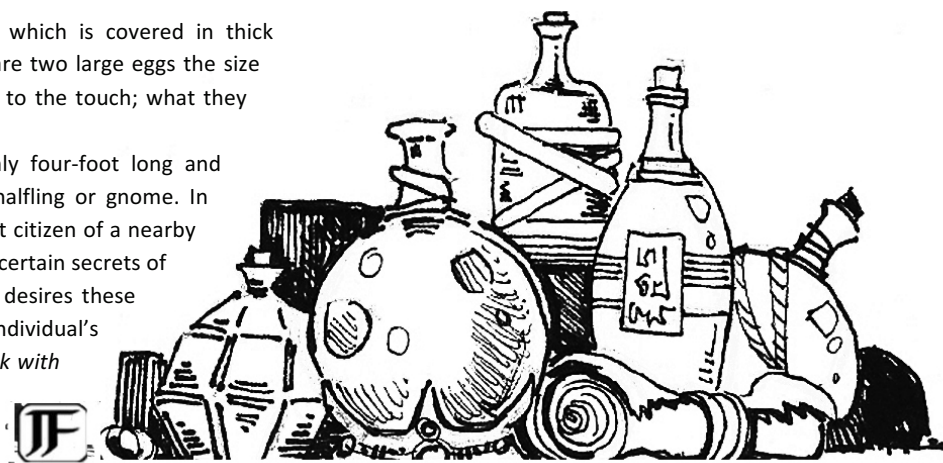
20 MINOR TREASURES TO FIND IN A SMUGGLER'S STOREROOM

Smugglers are naughty chaps; intent on dodging the lawful taxes of the realm they work at night to bring in valuable or illegal items destined for the black market.

Thus, smugglers' lairs can offer up a great store of treasure for adventurers intent on stamping out their nefarious doings. Note, many of the items listed below are not ordinary or typical examples of a smuggler's normal inventory and should be used to round out the gang's inventory.

1. Two small kegs of brandy stamped with the seal of a famed distiller. Each keg weighs 10 lbs. and is worth 50 gp.
2. The lid of this small coffer is sealed with white wax. The coffer feels light if picked up as if it were empty. In reality, it contains ten sealed packets of exotic spices each sealed with wax and stamped with a seal depicting a stylised sailboat. The whole is worth 150 gp.
3. One bolt of blue silk and one bolt of red silk wrapped tightly in an oversized sack. Each bolt contains enough material for five cloaks and is worth 75 gp.
4. A lidless chest holds six large clay jars packed with straw. Each of the jars holds peaches steeped in whisky. A current favourite among the local nobility, each jar is worth 20 gp.
5. This large chest contains a mass of junk silver and gold including damaged coins, broken jewellery and blobs of already melted down precious metal. Destined for a jeweller of dubious moral character, the chest weighs 150 lbs. The contents are worth 250 gp.
6. An exquisitely made silk and lace ball gown is wrapped in a wide and soft roll of cotton.
7. This small finely crafted coffer contains an exquisite glass decanter along with four matching glasses. Nestled in a cushion of blue velvet the set is worth 80 gp.
8. This large barrel of middling to fair quality red wine contains a secret. Hidden within—in a waterproof sack—are three *scrolls of animate dead*. The wine itself is worth 10 gp to a tavern or similar establishment.
9. Wet sand fills this heavy barrel, which is covered in thick blankets. Buried within the sand are two large eggs the size of a human head. They are warm to the touch; what they contain is anyone's guess.
10. This rough wooden box is roughly four-foot long and holds the crumbling bones of a halfling or gnome. In life, the deceased was a prominent citizen of a nearby town who was rumoured to know certain secrets of the local nobility. A necromancer desires these secrets and so has secured the individual's bones so he can use them to *speak with dead*.

11. A wooden case contains six bottles of exquisite elven wine; each is worth 20 gp—even the bottles are delicate works of art.
 12. This stiff and dry sheepskin glimmers in the light; silver flecks impregnate the heavy fleece. It is worth 20 gp.
 13. A large cask of cracked salt worth 15 gp.
 14. A single silk shirt wrapped voluminously in faded red cloth. The shirt is impregnated with bubonic plague and is destined to play centre stage in an upcoming assassination.
 15. A pile of fur pelts stuffed into several sacks. Among the more common wolf, fox and rabbit pelts is a full owlbear pelt (complete with clawed hands and beaked head) and a thick, gorgeous winter wolf pelt. Each of these atypical pelts is worth 100 gp, while the others are worth a total of 25 gp.
 16. A robust chest contains several trade bars of precious metals of the type used by mints or jewellers. There are five silver bars (each worth 5 gp), four gold bars (each worth 50 gp) and a platinum bar (worth 500 gp). Each of the bars bears the crest of a nearby kingdom.
 17. Six small flasks hold a rare red dye much in demand due to recent fashion changes. Each flask is worth 5 gp.
 18. A small dark wood coffer contains 12 small packets of exotic incense. The coffer is worth 20 gp and each packet is worth 15 gp.
 19. Six tightly sealed earthen jars hold preserved exotic fruits. Two jars contain pineapples (worth 7 gp each) and three contain pomegranate segments (worth 7 gp each). The final jar is cracked and contains nothing but rotting coconut.
- A large cage contains a beaten and starved baby griffon destined to be the plaything of a noble obsessed with owning the most exotic mounts. Although caged and maltreated the griffon is still a proud, violent predator. Characters getting too close to the cage could be in for a shock.



20 THINGS TO DECORATE A WIZARD'S TOWER

Wizard's towers are strange places full of esoteric items of unknowable purpose and artifice. It makes sense that such folk—steeped in arcane arts—would decorate their homes with objects and items that one would be unlikely to find in more normal dwellings.

1. This large black tapestry covers one entire wall; small interwoven silver beads depict the best known constellations. Perceptive PCs note another constellation they don't recognise; this one is picked out with small red beads.
2. Wrought iron torch sconces protrude from the walls; the sconces look like the blackened claws of some kind of terrible, mythical beast.
3. A pentagram covers much of the floor. The design is cut into the floor and its tiny channels are full of glistening mercury.
4. Thick red curtains hang from the ceiling around the walls and obscure any doors or other openings. Behind the curtains, several cunningly-cut holes channel the wind from outside; when the wind is strong enough, the curtains oscillate.
5. This chamber's walls are whitewashed. However, perceptive PCs can just make out the shadow of an image below the whitewash.
6. This door frame is decorated with intricate carvings of a swarm of tiny hands grasping at the door; paranoid PCs may suspect this is a trap.
7. The floor is of one-foot square alternating yellow and black flagstones. The yellow flagstones look older and more worn than the black.
8. Soot mars the ceiling, although there doesn't seem to be any obvious source of fire.
9. A fan of daggers—all of different craftsmanship and make—decorates one wall. The daggers come from a variety of races and cultures; some are crafted by orcs or goblins while others are of human manufacture. One impossibly slender blade is clearly of elven origin.
10. A scorched and battered suit of chainmail sits on a stand in a small niche in one wall.
11. Small niches pierce the walls at roughly knee height. A sconce sized for a candle fills each niche, and dried candle wax of a variety of colours covers the bottom of each niche (and in some cases has dripped down onto the floor).
12. A portrait of the wizard adorns one wall; he is pictured clad in the finest robes, his fingers and throat heavy with jewellery. Behind him, lies an alien landscape and motes of light cluster about this head.
13. A cracked and blackened skull of probably human origin lurks in a deep niche in the wall; small black curtains flank the niche.

14. Esoteric runes—in the ancient magical language—snake around the room at waist height. PCs able to read the runes realise they are a form of ritualistic protection against scrying.
15. A picture set into an ornate, gaudy frame depicts a great granite throne standing alone in a deep cavern. The dust of ages is upon the throne and its surroundings. Small letters hidden in the bottom left corner of the picture identify the scene as, "The God-Throne." The picture is unsigned.
16. A fabulously detailed blown-glass figurine standing on a side table depicts a rearing unicorn.
17. Surprisingly life-like carvings of a multitude of stone bats hang from the ceiling.
18. A crudely painted picture of the wizard dead in his coffin hangs on one wall. The picture is signed by the wizard himself (in a trembling hand).
19. Protective sigils are etched into the wall above every door and window. The sigils themselves are filled with a mix of lead and silver and are designed to ward against scrying and teleportation magic.
20. A beautiful rug of exquisite craftsmanship covers a large portion of the floor. The map depicts the surrounding area and shows the location of several hidden tombs, derelict wizard's towers and other adventure sites.

8 STRANGE SOUNDS

1. Perceptive PCs hear the sound of barely audible muttering in a harsh, otherworldly language. The sound is so faint, though, they cannot make out more than a few words.
2. Many small holes pierce the tower's outer walls; when the wind is stronger than a mere breeze this creates a whining sound that rises and falls as gusts batter the structure.
3. Footsteps sound in a random direction, but investigations reveal the relevant area to be empty.
4. A perceptive PC detects the faint sound of scrabbling claws on stone.
5. Barely audible crying or sobbing comes to the party's ears; it comes from an unknown source.
6. A high pitch buzzing sounds suddenly begins. No matter the PCs' actions, it increases in pitch for 30 seconds before abruptly ceasing.
7. A low humming—seemingly coming from the tower's very stones—slowly becomes apparent to the PCs' ears. It continues for 20 minutes before slowly fading away.
8. A single, loud chime rings out. The sound echoes through the tower.

20 THINGS TO FIND IN A MINE

Mining is an ancient effort shared by many races. Even active mines may come across problems which require the help of skilled adventurers, whether it be to roust a pesky beast or explore a newly-discovered underground cavern.

Use the table below, to determine what minor points of interest the party discover while exploring a mine:

1. The tunnel floor is marred with deep ruts worn by steel-clad wooden cart wheels. Slippery moss grows in patches between the ruts.
2. A pulley hangs from the ceiling. The rope dangling from it has an empty wooden bucket tied to one end. The other disappears into a deep shaft in the floor.
3. A donkey cart sits to one side with its harness still attached. It contains three days' worth of dry rations for four people.
4. Small recesses at head height, one every ten-foot or so, line the walls. One of them contains a metal lantern which emits a cool, pale light that can't be extinguished.
5. The floor ahead is littered with diamond shards that glitter like stars. There is about 50 gp worth of diamond bits, but collecting them all takes about 30 minutes.
6. A small metal cage dangles from a metal hook driven into the tunnel's ceiling. A brightly coloured, but miserable-looking, bird sits on a perch inside.
7. A six-foot stick lies along the wall. It has a half-used candle lashed to one end.
8. This passage boasts a few large wooden support beams. One lies unfinished across the floor in a pool of oddly coloured water.

9. Warm, dry air flows through this part of the mine. A shaft in the ceiling cuts straight up to daylight above.
10. Short-hafted hammers, pickaxes and shovels lean against the walls in this half-finished tunnel, waiting for the workers' return.
11. A group of hand baskets sit here, full of ore ready to be carried from the mine.
12. A low shaft slants off to the right. A drum with two crank handles sits four-foot back from its opening wrapped in a rope that disappears into the darkness below.
13. Atop a pile of rubble sits an old, battered warrior's helm which has been modified to hold a candle just over the brow.
14. Knocking sounds seem to come from behind the walls and ceiling. All non-magical lights gutter out in this area.
15. The floor drops away suddenly. A wooden ladder enables access to the lower level.
16. A pile of charcoal lies on the floor of an alcove. The wall and ceiling are black with soot.
17. Off to the side sits a wheelbarrow with a single metal wheel. The barrow is full of fist-sized chunks of rock.
18. The walls are worked with such delicacy that they are smooth as glass to the touch; this must have required a significant amount of time, but there seems to be no reason why anyone would expend that much effort.
19. The floor slopes down into a lower area full of a strong, sour gas smell. One minute spent in the area probably causes any creature to become sickened; after ten minutes they could lose consciousness.
20. A crude sign nailed to a support beam says "For the Knockers".
Beneath lies a pile of half-eaten food in various states of decay.



20 THINGS TO SAY IF A PC SEARCHES FOR A TRAP AND FINDS NOTHING

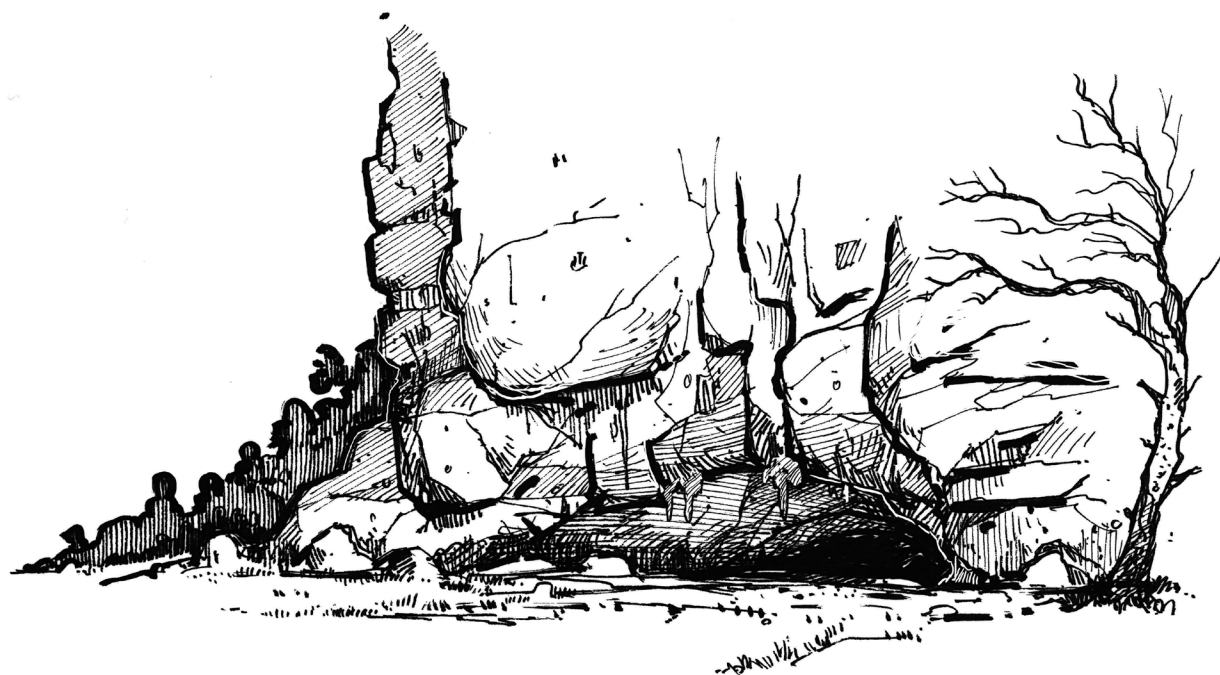
Players are a paranoid bunch. The only thing they hate more than finding a trap is not finding a trap when they are certain one lurks nearby!

Use the table below, when a PC makes a Perception check and finds nothing, but remember to modify the entries to take into account the dungeon environment. For example, if a dungeon has floorboards or worked stone walls you'll have to do some minor work on several of the description below. Read:

You don't find anything out of the ordinary, but...

1. The floor doesn't seem completely flat. Several parts are slightly higher than the surrounding areas.
2. Dust on the floor is thicker in some places than others.
3. A gentle breeze caresses your face. You can't determine its source.
4. The mortar in the walls is old and crumbling. In some places, it has completely disintegrated leaving gaps between the bricks.
5. The floor at one point seems to be slightly concave and the stones look slightly damp.
6. Your (torch, lantern or other) light casts strange shadows on the walls as if they are not as flat as they first appeared.
7. The area seems slightly colder than you'd expect.
8. The area seems slightly warmer than you'd expect.
9. There is a faint, acrid smell in the air.
10. You are pretty certain you heard the faint grinding or groaning of stone on stone.

11. The air is perfectly still—it's as if the dungeon itself is holding its breath...waiting for you to make a mistake.
12. The area seems safe, but for a moment you thought you heard a faint clicking sound.
13. The ceiling looks a little odd. Perhaps it's not built properly, but you swear its sloping down toward one side of the room.
14. There's a fair amount of stone dust and small pieces of stone lying against one wall.
15. The faint smell of smoke hangs in the air.
16. Several sections of the walls have soot stains reminiscent of that left by torches set in sconces. However, there are no sconces present anywhere in the room.
17. Scratches on the floor show something large and heavy was dragged through here. However, the scratches stop roughly halfway across the area.
18. In three spots, water drips from the ceiling onto the floor. None of the resultant puddles seem very large suggesting the water is draining away somehow.
19. Faint growths of mould on the (floor, wall or ceiling) hint at an organised pattern of sorts unlikely to occur in nature. (The pattern could be suggestive of a hidden portal, trapdoor, pit or sigil of arcane or divine nature).
20. The proportions of the whole chamber just looks wrong. Some pieces of architecture—protrusions and niches—seem to serve no purpose whatsoever and the ceiling seems suspiciously low.



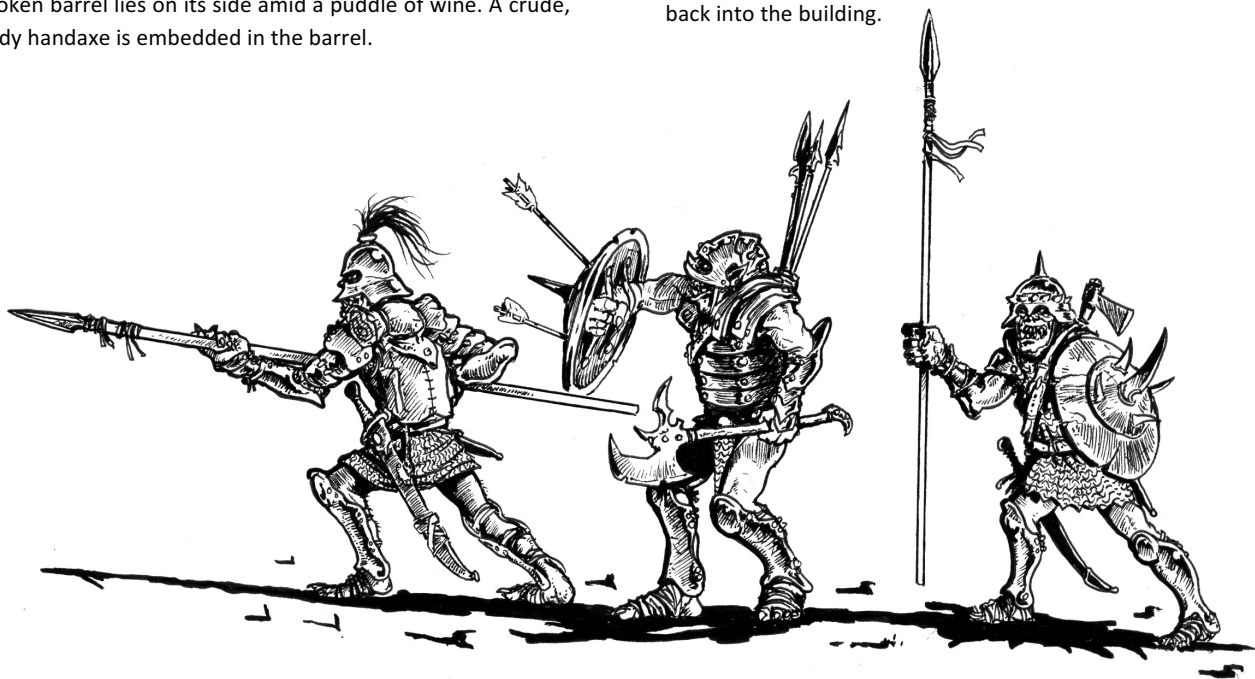
20 THINGS TO SEE DURING AN ORC RAID

On the frontier, life is tough. As well as the unending battle to grow enough food, the threat of raiding—either by orcs, bandits or a rival kingdom—is a constant worry.

Use the table below, to add minor points of interest to a raid on a frontier settlement. Of course, many of the entries below can be used for raiders of any ilk; simply change any mention of orcs to suit the raiders' identity.

1. A small, snivelling child huddles behind a barrel, trying to hide from the rampaging orcs.
2. Fire suddenly takes hold of a nearby building and smoke from its burning thatch fills the air. Indistinct screaming comes from within...
3. Shouts, screams and the sound of battle fill the air. One particularly loud, piercing scream ends suddenly.
4. A mother dashes across the street dragging one child behind her. In her other hand, she carries an old spear.
5. The sprawled and bloody corpse of a militia member lies in the street. He has been hacked to death and lies in a pool of his own blood.
6. A jumbled collection of scattered household goods—clothes, a cooking pot and so on—lies scattered on the ground outside a home.
7. An orc raider—covered in blood and gore—sits slumped against a wall. An arrow protrudes from his throat and the orc's face is frozen in a grimace of hate and pain.
8. Smoke blows across the street, obscuring the PCs' view of events. Humanoid shapes move within the smoke—and they seem to be running directly toward the party!
9. A broken barrel lies on its side amid a puddle of wine. A crude, bloody handaxe is embedded in the barrel.

10. A villager—an axe embedded in his back—crawls down the street. In great pain, he spots the party and loudly begs for aid.
11. Two orc raiders drag a woman from a smouldering house. Their backs are to the PCs and they do not appear to have noticed the adventurers.
12. A javelin flashes passed the lead PC's face and embeds itself in a nearby wall.
13. With a crash, a blazing outbuilding collapses in on itself, throwing up a cloud of sparks and smoke.
14. Two children—one clutching a baby to its chest—dash from a side street and run straight at the party. Their soot-stained faces are streaked with tears. Behind the pair lumber two drunk orcs—intent on easy pickings. At sight of the PCs, they turn away.
15. The frenzied squealing of a horse in tremendous pain breaks through the clamour of battle.
16. An arrow falls from the sky and lands—quivering—at a PC's feet. There's no indication who shot the arrow in question.
17. A handcart lies on its side in the street—vegetables along with a few hand tools lie scattered on the ground.
18. A villager—clearly very dead—stands transfixed against a wall by a large spear driven through his chest.
19. A raider lies dead in the street, his skull caved in. Near his outstretched hand lies a yet burning torch.
20. The thatch of a nearby building is beginning to smoulder—a raider threw a torch onto its roof moments ago. A villager dashes out of the building clutching a load of possessions to his chest. He dumps them onto the street and then dashes back into the building.



GLOAMHOLD: THE GHOST TOWER

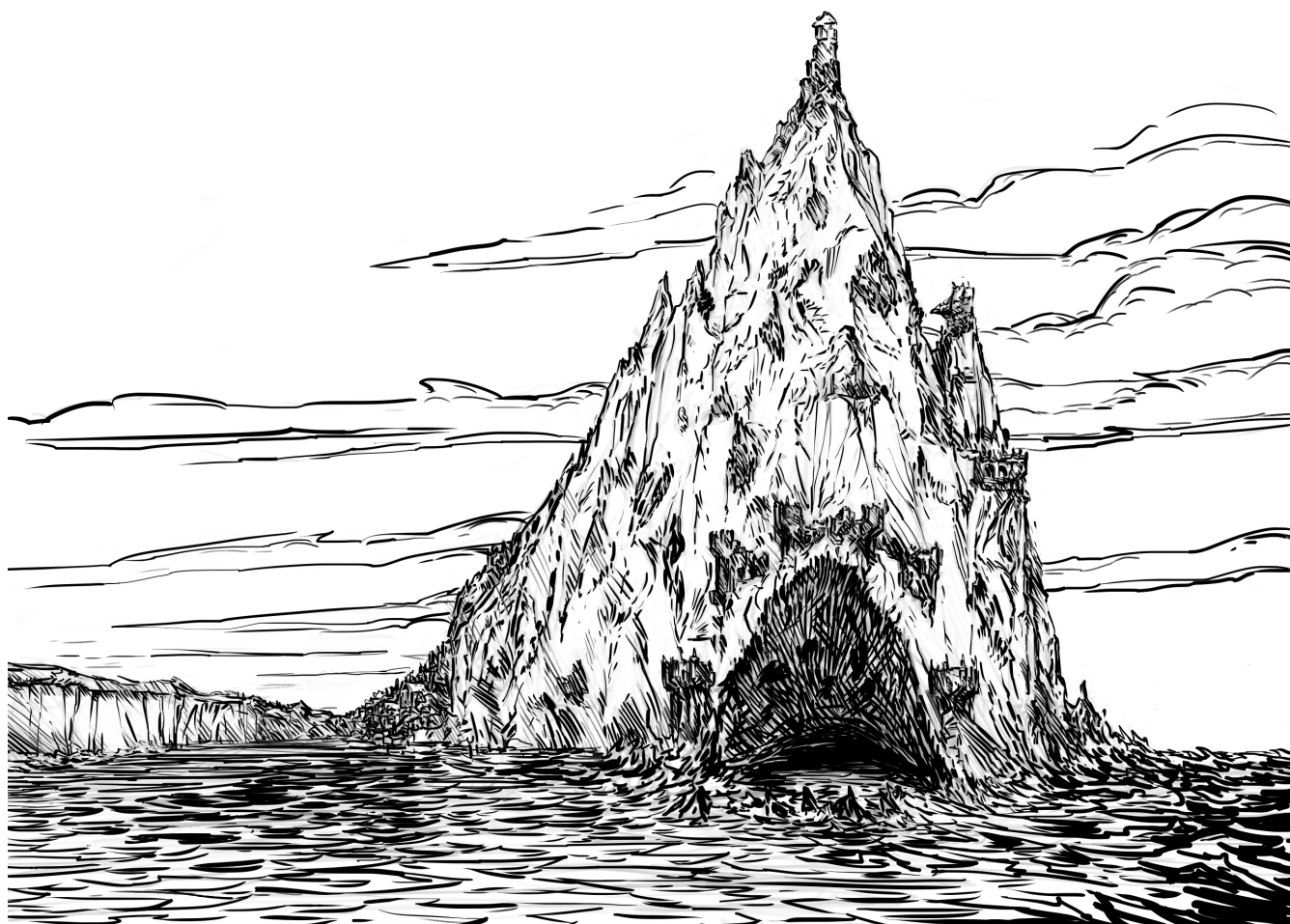
The Shard is one of the most well-known parts of Gloamhold. Visible from Languard's battlemented walls, the great ruin soars high above Greystone's ruins huddling far below. Neophyte adventurers—not ready for the terrors lurking in Gloamhold's outer halls—often dare the Shard's ruins in search of easy victories and gold.

However, persistent rumours speak of otherworldly portions of the tower that defy rationale explanation or description. They speak of a so-called Ghost Tower accessible by adventurers clever enough to decipher a fiendishly complex puzzle buried far below the Shard's ruins in a hidden, savagely trapped cellar.

The puzzles scattered throughout the Shard's cellars granting access to the Ghost Tower take many different forms. Old adventurer's lore, though, speaks of a band of adventurers who claimed to have discovered and deciphered one of the puzzles—an incredibly complicated and breathtakingly detailed mosaic of stars—in a cavernous vaulted chamber protected by merciless sentient magical traps. Since their discovery decades ago, no one is known to have replicated their feat and the survivors of the expedition seemed reticent to discuss what they discovered within the Ghost Tower.

For those who cannot find or decipher the means of entering the tower, all is not lost. Sometimes the tower's fuzzy, transparent outline, overlaid over (and soaring high above) the Shard, is visible at the height of the savage annual winter storms that lash the Mottled Spire. What otherworldly terrors lurk within the tower is a matter of wild conjecture. However, local legends whisper that at the height of the fiercest winter storms, when vicious winds tear at the ruins, bolts of lightning blast the surrounding rock and driving rain buffets the tower the barriers between this world and the other weaken. At this time, brave adventurers can enter the tower, but they must explore quickly for when the storm dies, the barriers warding the tower strengthen trapping any who yet linger within.

The Ghost Tower has other colourful names including the Tower Unseen, the Ephemeral Spire and the Citadel of the Wraith Kings. The last of these names perhaps hints at what lurks within...



HOUSE RULE: IDENTIFYING MONSTERS

One of my players recently sent me the link for a jolly interesting conversation on the Paizo message boards. The thread was so interesting—and the generally suggested “rules fix” was so awesome—I immediately implemented it in my Borderland of Adventure campaign as a house rule.

The thread in question discusses how GMs deal with Knowledge checks made by PCs to identify monsters. This is one of those areas in the core rules that many GMs handle differently.

While the basics of the rule are clearly spelled out: a PC learns one piece of interesting or useful knowledge about the monster for each 5 points by which he exceeds the DC required to identify the beast.

But what information?

Sometimes the information can be less than useful. I once, for example, played under a GM notorious for giving out pointless information about the monster. For example, who cares about its mating rituals (or whatever) when it’s trying to rip your face off?!

The solution suggested in the thread is both genius and simple: for every 5 points by which the PC exceeds the DC required to identify the creature he can ask one question. So for example, the player could ask:

- What overcomes the creature’s damage reduction?
- Does the creature have spell resistance?
- What is its most powerful special attack?

For myself, I’d like to keep these questions relatively specific. Here are some questions I am unlikely to answer:

- What are all its spell-like abilities?
- What is it particularly skilled at doing?
- What attacks or energy types is it particularly vulnerable or immune to?

I like this system because it rewards player skill and attention and gives the player a measure of control over what information he gains. For example, a wizard plotting his next spell may care more about the monster’s potential spell resistance than what weapons he needs to get through its damage reduction. A rogue or cleric will probably have different concerns.



THE 10 COMMANDMENTS OF DUNGEON DELVING

I've been running a sporadic game over the last few months for my son and a bunch of his school chums. It's been fun watching them play—the experience is certainly different (read more chaotic and louder) than my normal group.

I was struck during the last session with how their play style differed to normal play. Of course, they are less experienced and more caught up in the moment than "more mature, considered" play. But more than that, some things have sunk so deeply into the play experience itself that we as gamers never really talk about them—they are just an assumed given.

I've previously posted some advice for beginning dungeon delving; this is a brief, to-the-point follow-up to that post. Really, it's just a bit of fun but I think the ten commandments listed below are—at heart—solid and simple.

So, without further ado, here are the ten commandments of dungeon delving:

1. Thou shalt learn as much as possible about the dungeon and its denizens before venturing inside.
2. Thou shalt make appropriate preparations and diligently equip yourself before entering the dungeon.
3. Thou shalt have a plan and thou shalt stick to the plan.
4. Thou shalt work as a team.
5. Thou shalt not wander off alone.
6. Thou shalt not try to kill everything you encounter.
7. Thou shalt pay attention to your surroundings.
8. Thou shalt keep an accurate map.
9. Thou shalt remember that running away is sometimes a good idea.
10. Thou shalt share any treasures you find fairly.



THE FALLACY OF THE ADVENTURER'S BACKPACK

Or why you really need to hire some hirelings...

Last week, I heroically went on an adventure in the wild borderlands that lie close to my frontier home...

Well, sort of. In fact, I went on a day trip to Dartmoor (one of the UK's beautiful national parks). Dartmoor is a wonderful, wild place but the weather can be challenging (and can change rapidly).

Warning: excessive verisimilitude ahead. If you are not into realism in your games, this is not for you!

In any event, this (inevitably) got me thinking about gaming and adventuring. We only planned to be out for the day, but I have two boys aged 9 and 12. Each of the boys and my wife took a light backpack to carry their food, drink and extra layers incase the weather got crappy. As the leader of the party, I felt I should bring along some additional supplies and equipment.

Now, I don't have the biggest backpack in the world (I own a Maxpedition Falcon II which is a 25 litre pack) but it's a decent-sized bag. I was surprised at how quickly it got full. It certainly made me think about how much stuff the average adventurer carries around.

And to put me and the pack in context, I'm not a heroic adventurer, but I am a relatively fit 42-year-old. I can run six miles in 50 minutes, or 3 miles in 21 minutes and often walk and/or run 18-20 kilometres a day (because we have a young dog that is wildly irritating if not exercised to the point of exhaustion).

But, to make things worse, I'm pretty sure the Maxpedition Falcon II counts as a masterwork backpack as it's well organised and very well designed to spread the load.

In any event, the major items I carried in my pack included:

- A decent first aid kit
- A main meal (a MRE which gave me 1,300 calories; if I'd been out all day being jolly active I would in theory need two or three of these) plus mess kit.
- One litre of water.
- Additional snacks.
- A pouch containing a compass, map and other miscellaneous items (fog can come on very quickly on Dartmoor and it's easy to get lost).

- An emergency bivvy (shelter).
- A small travel towel (boys + stream normally equals hilarious disaster).
- A 50 ft. length of paracord (I was so not going to need this, but I was going on an adventure and I felt duty bound to put it in my pack; I think the wife thought I was mad).

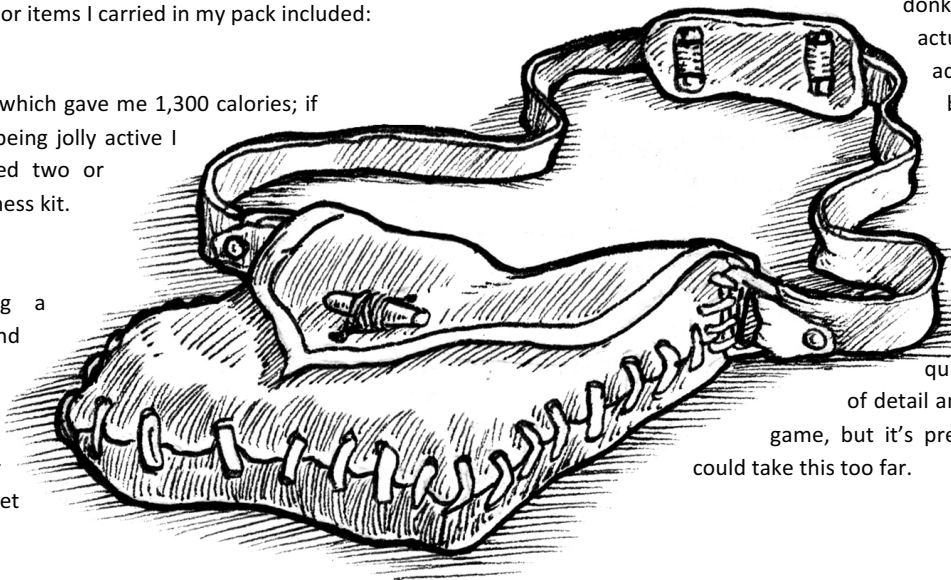
Surprisingly, the pack only weighed 14 lbs. or so. The weight wasn't particularly a problem; it was the bulk. I couldn't realistically fit any more in and the pack was pretty cumbersome. I couldn't imagine carrying 50 lbs. on my back for any extended period of time. I certainly couldn't imagine fighting while carrying that much gear. (I did experiment running up a hill wearing the pack and while I got to the top the extra weight proved rather detrimental to my performance).

Shockingly, I wasn't carrying any spare clothes, weapons, a spellbook, iron spikes or any other accoutrements of adventure. However, my pack was basically full. It makes me look at some of my character's character sheets and laugh. I'd blithely write down, "Seven days of rations," "20 iron spikes" or some-such. Hilarious. Imagine the size of the pack I'd need to carry it all!

Just consider how much food I need for a week of adventure. Even if I switched out the MREs (I'd need 21) for Liferaft Survival Biscuits (one pack a day gives 2,500 calories) I'd still need seven (and I suspect not having ever eaten them I'd be jolly sick of them somewhere around day two as having read their description they look pretty bland).

It's incredible how much bulk I'd need to carry as an adventurer. I guess that's why bags of holding, handy haversacks and the like are so sought after (that and pretty much everyone hates tracking encumbrance!) In Old School games, this certainly highlights why adventurers need henchmen, hirelings and

donkeys—not to actually go on the adventure itself but instead to carry everything the brave heroes need to actually adventure! Personally, I quite like this level of detail and realism in the game, but it's pretty evident you could take this too far.



TREASURES, TRINKETS & TRASH: LONGSWORDS & MACES

One-dimensional, unremarkable treasure is boring. Adding interesting descriptions to treasure adds depth, detail and verisimilitude to the GM's campaign.

Of course, a GM doesn't have time to slavishly detail every piece of treasure in his campaign. That's where the list below comes in handy.

The GM can use these descriptions to bring to life the weapon wrenched from the corpse of a defeated foe, as the basis of a magic weapon or even to depict a PC's treasured heirloom possession. However they are used, the descriptions below are inherently more interesting than, "It's a mace."

MACES

1. Set upon a haft of stout oak, this mace's oval shaped head is worn smooth on one wide.
2. The iron pear-shaped head of this mace glistens as if it were wet. A leather loop is threaded through the weapon's haft to make it harder to drop.
3. Small holes are bored through the mace's spherical head. When the mace is swung vigorously, the holes create a high-pitched whistling sound.
4. This mace has a haft of iron and a small square pommel.
5. The haft of this mace is of dull iron worn smooth through countless hours of use. Similarly the head is dented and chipped suggesting it has seen much combat.
6. The head of this mace was forged to depict a snarling demon's head. Dried blood covers the demon's face and one of the demon's horns has snapped off.
7. The haft of this mace is engraved with lurid scenes of battle and death. Some of the carvings have been damaged—probably in combat.
8. Atop this stout haft sits a grinning iron skull. The skull has been painted white to appear more "real" but the paint is faded and chipped. Thus, the skull has a mottled—almost diseased—look.
9. When caught in bright light this mace's circular head gleams like the sun.
10. Mystical symbols—worn smooth by use and age—adorn the head and haft of this ornate flanged mace. The mace has four flanges—on each the mystical symbol for one of the elements appears prominently.

LONGSWORDS

1. Plain, unadorned and of solid, functional design this longsword holds a wickedly sharp edge. A maker's mark—a hammer set under a soaring raven—adorns the hilt.

2. Polished to a mirror-like sheen, this is a noble's weapon. Its hilt is of smoothed ivory and the crossguard is wrapped with silver and gold wire.

3. Chipped and battered, this longsword's blade seems old and dangerously weak. The pommel and hilt are of much newer and solid design; they are clearly not original.

4. The hilt of this longsword is engraved with several esoteric sigils denoting victory and glory. The weapon's haft is well-worn imply it has seen much action; however the blade itself is in excellent condition.

5. This longsword has an ornate basket hilt, which is chipped and dented. The blade itself is highly polished and glimmers in the light.

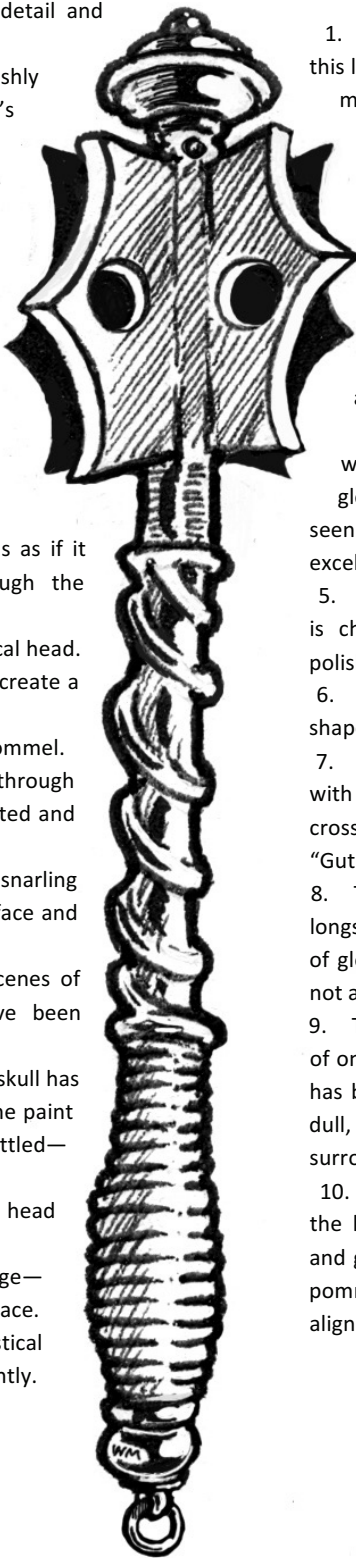
6. The pommel of this serviceable weapon is shaped like a clenched, gauntleted fist.

7. The hilt of this longsword is of horn wrapped with worn leather for better grip. It has a simple crossguard inscribed with the sword's name, "Gutripper."

8. The pommel and crossguard of this crude, heavy longsword are stamped with Goblin runes. They speak of glory, death and battle. It is sized for a hobgoblin, not a goblin.

9. This sword's pommel is carved from a large shard of onyx to represent a grinning skull. Additionally, ash has been worked into the blade and haft to give it a dull, dark grey appearance that seems to drink in the surrounding light.

10. This silvered steel sword glitters and glimmers in the light like ice. Runes speaking of goodness, light and glory are engraved into the blade itself while the pommel is decorated with the holy sigil of a good-aligned martial deity.



WHY CHARACTER OPTIMISATION IS POINTLESS (UNLESS YOU ENJOY IT)

I've been running my Borderland of Adventure campaign—in one form or another—for over four years now. In that time, I've come to a—possibly controversial—conclusion: character optimisation is basically pointless.

Before you flame me, let me explain. Flame me at the end (in the comments).

A normal optimisation cycle goes something like this:

- A player optimises his character to be particularly good at something. This could be his physical attacks (melee or ranged), his defences (normally armour class), the power of his spells or something else such as a certain skill. Even taking into account his level, in whatever he chooses to specialise, this character is epic. He rules.
- The character begins adventuring, and crushes or defeats everything standing before him.
- The GM notices this. The GM wants to challenge his players and so he adds in harder monsters, opponents or challenges to defeat than normal for the character's level. He's not trying to kill the characters, just challenge them.
- The player (or players) notice the adventures are getting harder and tweak or optimise their characters to be even better at the thing or things they are already awesome at.
- The GM noticed this. The GM wants to challenge his players and so he adds in harder monsters, opponents or challenges to defeat. than normal for the character's level. He's not trying to kill the characters, just challenge them.
- Repeat steps 4-5 until someone gives up.

Of course, that's a pretty simplified view of optimisation, but it's basically accurate.

Now if you are the kind of person who likes tinkering with rules, coming up with new power combos and so on—all power to you. Feel free to ignore my opinion. Have fun, enjoy.

However, if you are the kind of person who optimises purely to win I can "sensationally" reveal you aren't really increasing your chances of victory. If the GM is paying attention and matching the challenges your group faces to its abilities (like a good GM should) you aren't achieving anything. You are just rolling more dice, or adding better numbers to your die roll. Your chance of victory essentially stays the same.

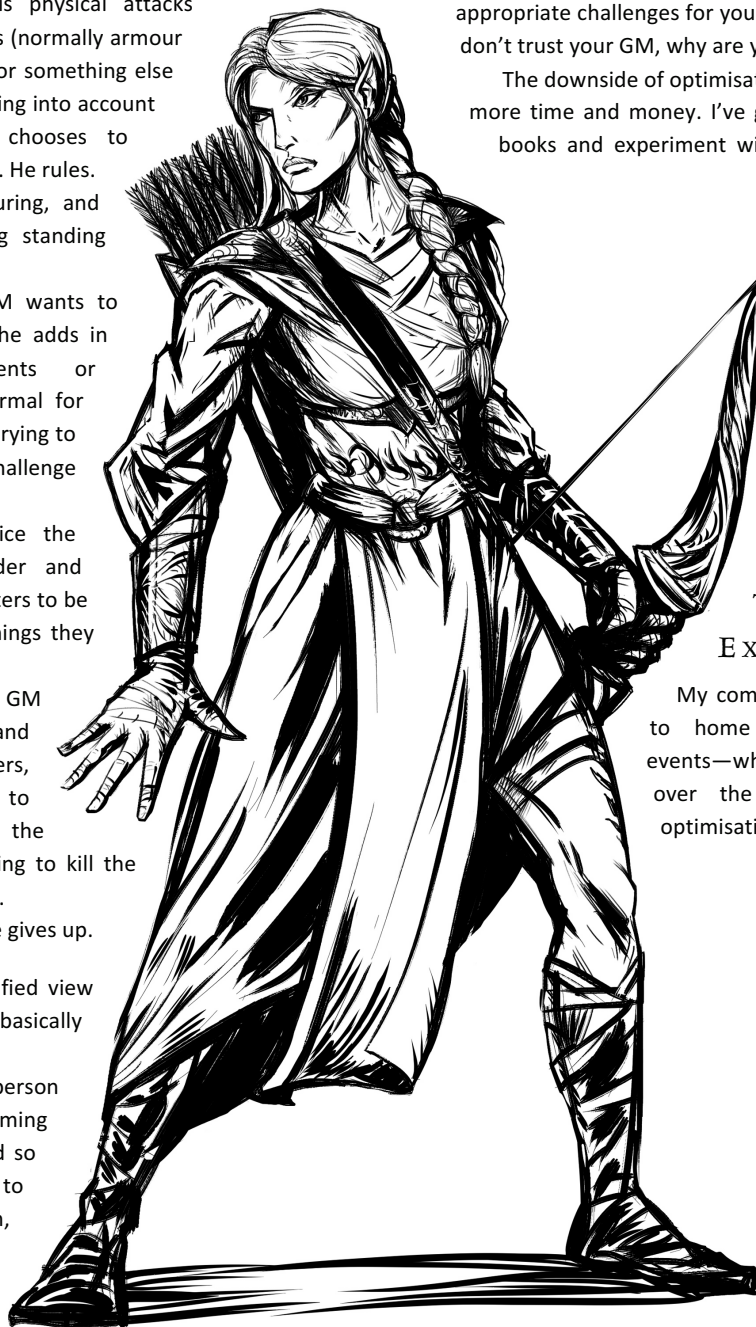
So I'm here to tell you not to bother (unless you want to). Just relax, have fun and trust your GM to provide appropriate challenges for your PC and group. (And if you don't trust your GM, why are you playing with him?)

The downside of optimisation (for me) is that it takes more time and money. I've got to buy and read more books and experiment with more character builds.

This takes time I could spend developing a background and personality for my character, plotting his hopes and dreams and generally creating a more rounded individual.

THE "LIVING" EXCEPTION

My comments above apply purely to home games. In Living-style events—where the GM has no control over the adventure's contents—optimisation is a viable strategy.



WHY YOUR CAMPAIGN NEEDS MORE RUMOURS

Rumours are a bit like wandering monsters. In the Good Old Days every adventure had both a rumour table and a wandering monster table. Now, they both seem to be few and far between.

It won't surprise you to know, this is a bad thing. Rumours are an essential component of any decent adventure that features anything more than a series of related combats. (And actually, adventures that are nothing more than a series of combat encounters could still do with rumours!)

Some might think rumours are merely an obstacle to fun; after all they slow down the PCs' quest to "find the fun". Essentially, that's not the case. Rumours do several things at the table:

- **Reward Good (or Thoughtful) Play:** Players taking the time to learn rumours can often find useful pieces of information that may help their adventure. For example, if the party learn rumours of a hidden or forgotten entrance to a dungeon they could gain a tactical advantage when they assault the place. They could also learn of a monster's fatal weakness or of the location of a lost treasure.
- **Changes the Pace:** Learning rumours not only requires a different skill set to whacking things with a sword, but also suits a different play style and players more interested in role-playing. Bards—obviously—are particularly suited to learning rumours, but any charismatic PC can be skilled in this area. Remember, it's important for the GM to provide opportunities and campaigns designed for players of all ilks.
- **Build Verisimilitude:** The party's adventures don't happen in a vacuum. The world is a living, breathing place. Even the smallest settlements have minor events that have no affect on the party, but are important—or at least interesting—to local inhabitants. Births, marriages, deaths, thefts and affairs all happen, and are often the subject of rumour, gossip and innuendo. Having such rumours come to the party's ear build a sense of a real community.
- **Provide Depth:** Related to verisimilitude, rumours allow the GM to build depth to his campaign world. They help build a sense that the world doesn't revolve around the party's adventures and that other things do actually happen.
- **Enable Foreshadowing:** Great events don't just happen (most of the time). Using rumours to foreshadow upcoming events allows the GM to give a sense of the developing campaign instead of just dumping news of the orc invasion (or whatever) in the party's lap. In this way, events seem more organic and—of course—the party may even decide to act before the major event comes to pass. This works best in sandbox style games and enables the party to affect or direct the course of events (and their adventures).

TYPES OF RUMOURS

All rumours are not created equal. There are several types of rumour:

- **Adventure-Critical:** These rumours are rooted in the PCs' adventure. They are of particular use to the party and the GM can use them to warn of particularly dangerous monsters, hint at hidden locations, a monster's weakness and so on.
- **Red Herrings/Local Interest:** These rumours are rooted in the local community, but essentially have no real impact on the adventure. That might not be immediately obvious, though, to the party which could "force" them to interact with NPCs to discern the truth. They can also lead to interesting and fun (impromptu) side quests.
- **False:** Not all rumours are true. Sometimes, a person unknowingly spreads a false rumour while other times they lie. Wise and clever PCs don't believe everything they are told. In particular, while an adventure-critical rumour can give the party an edge, they would do well to check its veracity before basing their tactics on it.

WHERE TO GET RUMOURS?

A PC can learn rumours pretty much wherever people gather together. Particularly good places to do so include:

- Taverns & inns
- Docks
- Marketplaces
- City gates
- Temples

Often the PCs can learn rumours by buying folk drinks (in a tavern or inn), feigning interest in a merchant's goods (at a market), talking with priests (at a temple), overhearing the gossip of other travellers (while waiting to enter a city) or by loitering on the docks to hear the sailors talking. These are just a few examples of how a PC could learn rumours; inventive players should be able to learn them pretty much anywhere.

Some settlements—particularly larger settlements—may even have people who make their living learning what is going on and selling this information. Such rumourmongers may ply their trade in any of the above locales and will doubtless charge the obviously wealthy adventurers extra to learn what he knows!

BACKDROPS

CAHILL ABBEY AT A GLANCE

For much of its history, Cahill Abbey was a village of no special significance. Though its namesake abbey was long ago abandoned, the small community built to support it remained home to several dozen families who made a good living from the fertile hills around them and the bountiful Grayflash Creek. Though blessed with rich granite reserves in the nearby hills, the village's distance from nearby towns made it uneconomical to export the quarried stone.

Then, far from Cahill Abbey, the king's soothsayer was granted a vision promising the kingdom's saviour would come from the village. Unaware of any threat to the kingdom much less the need for a saviour, the king sent soldiers, ordering his men to protect Cahill Abbey, find the saviour and make sure he would fulfil his prophesied role.

To avoid bringing attention to his true purpose in the village, the king's agents, Hesha Kingseye, spread rumours of a darkness growing in the surrounding Morigain Hills. His troops, she said, were there to protect against this threat. Unwittingly, though, she echoed the events that led to the original abbey's founding and roused a slumbering evil.

The villagers, oblivious to the soldier's true purpose, struggle to adapt to their new circumstances. The sleepy village's residents are outnumbered by their new guardians, and frightened by the supposed need for the wall rapidly growing to defend them. While some few welcome the increased opportunities the Royal Sentinels bring with them, most merely wish to slip back into the cosy, safe lives they had before.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Hesha Kingseye

Government Overlord

Population 86 (60 humans, 2 elves, 9 half-elves, 11 half-orcs, 4 halflings); plus 120 Royal Sentinels and support staff (60 humans, 24 half-elves, 23 half-orcs, 5 gnomes, 8 halflings)

Alignments LG

Languages Common

Corruption +1; **Crime** -4; **Economy** -1; **Law** +5; **Lore** -1; **Society** -2

Qualities Insular

Danger 0; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Aongham Cooperstave (location 3; LG male human fighter 5)
This Cahill Abbey native left years ago to join the Royal Sentinels, but now finds himself home training the local youths.

Brom Abbott (location 5; LG male human expert 3) The now mostly powerless mayor resents the disruption to his village.

Cadwinne Raighmane (location 4; CG female middle-aged human expert 2) The innkeeper is making the best of the village's new situation.

Hesha Kingseye (location 8; LG female halfling oracle [life] 10)
The king's oracle has a single-minded focus to protect the kingdom.

Teehan Winberry (location 7; LG female elf expert 2) This longtime midwife and herbalist simply wishes to be left in peace.

Verun Reig (location 4; LN female human rogue 6/shadowdancer 2) This agent of the king poses as a waitress in Cahill Inn.

Yerris Lyedenbur (location 2; LG male half-orc paladin 8) The head of the Royal Sentinels would rather be almost anywhere else.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Old Cahill Abbey:** Cahill Abbey's namesake was abandoned long ago; its original purpose is long forgotten.
2. **The Wall:** This half-built stone wall looms over the village.
3. **The New School:** This school was set up to ensure village residents were equipped with the necessary skills should they become the prophesied saviour.
4. **Cahill Inn:** The village's sole inn and tavern has seen business boom since the Royal Sentinels arrived, much to the landlady's (Cadwinne Raighmane) pleasure.
5. **Abbot's Goods:** This general store, owned by the descendants of the village founder, is Cahill Abbey's centre of commerce.
6. **New Chapel:** Despite its name, this humble church has ably served the village for decades.
7. **The Winberry Home:** Teehan Winberry works from home, where she also deals in herbal and other remedies.
8. **The Sentinels' Camp:** This Royal Sentinels have been more focused on building the wall than homes for themselves, meaning they continue to live in tents.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Light farming, light forestry

Base Value 500 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd;

Minor Items 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *oil of erase* (50 gp), *oil of purify food and drink* (25 gp), *potion of sanctuary* (50 gp), *potion of cure light wounds* (50 gp), *potion of protection from evil* (50 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *scroll of spell immunity* (700 gp), *scroll of order's wrath* (700 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 10: Cahill Abbey was a sleepy village until the Royal Sentinels arrived to defend it against some growing threat in the surrounding Morigain Hills foreseen by the king's soothsayer.

DC 15: The village was founded centuries ago by a religious order to support its namesake monastery. The order abandoned the site long ago, but the village remained.

DC 25: The Royal Sentinels keep a close eye on any visitors to Cahill Abbey, shadowing their every movement.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Natives of Cahill Abbey have broad, blunt faces, with pale, freckled skin, red hair and light-coloured eyes. The Royal Sentinels and their support troops are more varied, though typically have darker skin, hair and eyes.

Dress Natives of Cahill Abbey dress in simple peasant woollens, typically in shades of brown, gray or white, bringing out brighter garb for festivals. The king's men wear uniforms featuring a sky-blue tunic marked with the kingdom's sigil.

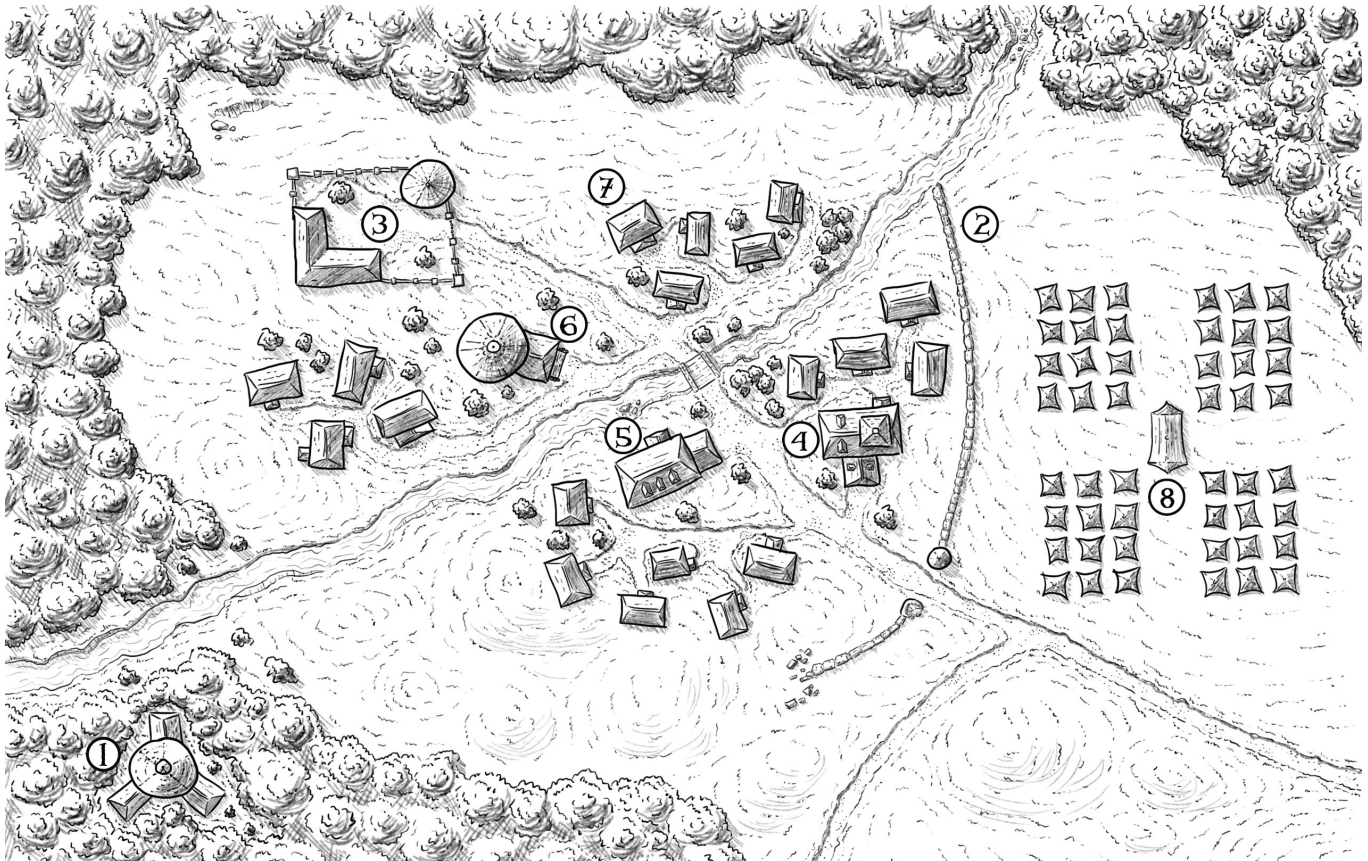
Nomenclature *male* Arawn, Hod, Meuril, Taletan; *female* Aderyn, Glane, Nie, Sioma; *family* Dellhill, Glascrick, Woodrugn.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Cahill Abbey 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*	A thrush woke Teehan Winberry moments before Calla Dewwet's husband summoned her for their child's birth. The thrush now follows Calla and the baby around.
2*	Can you believe Cadwinne Raighmane hired a girl to provide "companionship" for the Royal Sentinels?!
3	As a child, Aongham Cooperstave snuck further into the old abbey than anyone in a generation. He left the village shortly after and only came back at the king's command.
4*	Tif Dager saw some sort of demon bear last week in the Morigain Hills. (The huntsman's imagination made what was just a mangy ursine into something more sinister.)
5*	The king ordered no children under 13 could leave the village and that every child who comes of age must go to the capital for a year to personally serve him.
6	The Royal Sentinels were encouraged to bring their wives or husbands with them or to woo locals, and promised a 50 gp bonus for any children born in the village.

*False rumour



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.

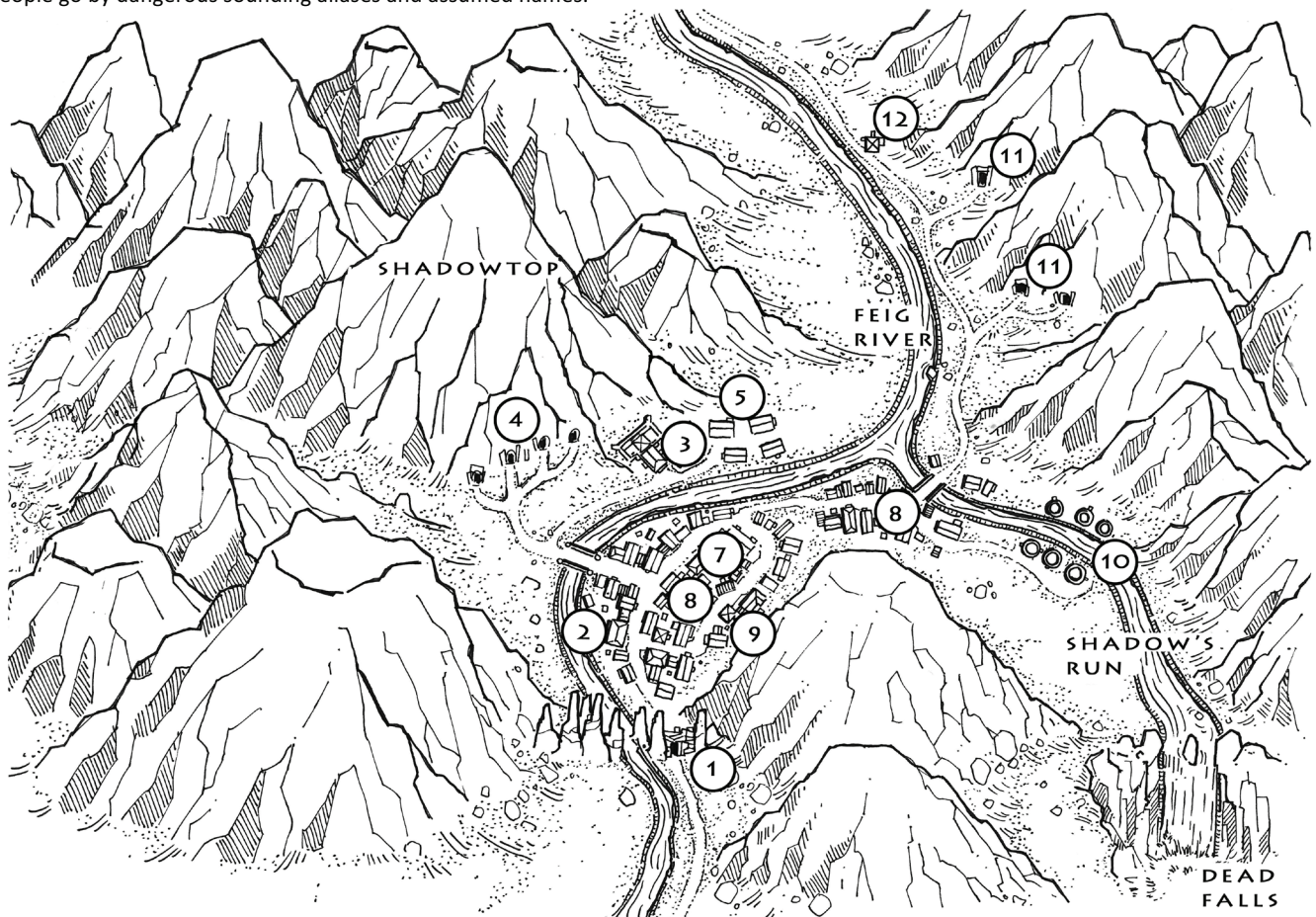
Nomenclature The nomenclature of Feigrvidr is widely varied. While many dwarven names are prominent, a great number of people go by dangerous sounding aliases and assumed names.

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



FEYHALL AT A GLANCE

The calamity that caused the Sylvan Court to abandon their hold under the Fey-Cursed Hills is not known and now only twinkling lights and haunting music remain; fairy magic that refuses to be extinguished. When the disease called the Hunger came to the Twyll River Delta, those empty halls provided a hiding place for rogues, bandits and those not welcome in the nearby village of Vaagwol. A constant threat, the Hunger animates the dead whether preserved in the bog, long entombed under fairy hills or recently succumbed in Feyhall hold itself.

Bandits, rogues and refugees now huddle in the eerie dark struggling to keep the Hunger at bay. Without the natural resources or trade of Vaagwol, the fruit of their neighbours' effort is all that sustains them. When their spies send word of river barges or clay gathering expeditions, the bandits of Feyhall attack and carry off all they can gather back to their families.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Boss Stig

Government Overlord

Population 74 (47 humans, 6 dwarves, 2 elves, 4 half-elves, 11 half-orcs, 3 halflings, 1 goblin)

Alignments CN, CG, CE

Languages Common, Sylvan

Corruption +0; **Crime** -3; **Economy** -7; **Law** -6; **Lore** +0; **Society** -9

Qualities Eldritch, notorious

Danger +43; **Disadvantages** Hunted, plagued, wild magic zone

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Boss Stig (location 4; CN male half-orc fighter 3) Stig is a bully not especially concerned with running the settlement, but instead enjoys raids on merchant caravans, river barges or workers from nearby Vaagwol. If his position is questioned, he is more than willing to defend it with axe or fist.

Luthar Shieldamann (location 2; CG male human ranger 2) Luthar is a dark, bearded man from a distant land of which he will not speak. While Stig greedily watches outside, Luthar looks within, searching for signs of the Hunger, strange fairy magic or simply keeping track of what supplies the villagers need to last another day. If there is a problem, the locals are more likely to approach him than Stig.

Nin (location 3; N female human expert 1) Nin is a former dockworker from Vaagwol infected with the Hunger.

Oosa (location 1; NE female human fighter 2) Oosa is one of the gate guards and a frequent member of raiding teams. She despises Boss Stig and wants to overthrow him.

Sala Greenswidow (location 2; N female half-elf adept 1) Sala and her love Teesha are new arrivals in Feyhall. Sala is quiet and sickly and claims to have visions directing her to seek a fairy crown beneath the Fey-Cursed Hills that can cure the

Hunger. She is known to have particular skill with divination and necromancy spells.

Shank (location 3; CE male goblin rogue 3) Shank is a masked goblin masquerading as a halfling. He is trying to forge the other halflings into a gang under his leadership.

Teesha (location 2; CN female human fighter 1/rogue 1) Teesha claims to be an expert in lost civilizations and seems knowledgeable on digging for artefacts. She is fiercely protective of Sala.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Hidden Gate:** This is the disguised and heavily defended entrance to the village along with attached barracks.
2. **Markethall:** The main cavern is the centre of village life with its two wells and storage of all raided goods. Here shares of plunder are doled out and villagers trade with each other. Balls of flickering starlight dance throughout the cave to a quiet haunting melody that changes for unknown reasons.
3. **The Hideaways:** A cavern with many twists, turns and meandering niches used by many of the villagers as "homes." The Hideaways is mostly populated by the weak, poor and sick.
4. **The Altars:** This two-storey hall has dozens of shrines with plain altars on two different floors which have been converted into living spaces. In contrast to the Hideaways, the Altars are populated by the strongest members of Feyhall.
5. **The Forbidden Stair:** Ornate, and disturbing, silver doors block access to stairs leading down to the Wytchlyte Graves.
6. **Wytchelyte Graves:** An unmapped maze filled with cairns, burial niches, strange curios and death.
7. **Solnicht Bog:** Home to peat, centuries of battlefields and the many walled town of Vaagwol on the Twyll River Delta; a ready target for Feyhall's raiders.
8. **Fey-Cursed Hills:** Once the home of the Sylvan Court, the hills hide ruins of former fey settlements including Feyhall.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Fairy curios, stolen goods

Base Value 450 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 1st (3rd for Divination and Necromancy); **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *elixir of vision* (250 gp), *cure light wounds* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *identify* (25 gp), *see invisibility* (150 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *lesser restoration* (150 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 10: Feyhall is a sanctuary hidden from the hungry dead somewhere in the Fey-Cursed Hills. It is a place with no laws where only the strong prosper.

DC 15: The people of Feyhall survive by raiding neighbouring Vaagwol and the trade flowing to that heavily walled village. Their only natural resources are strange weapons or devices of fairy construction sometimes found deep under the hold.

DC 20: The lights and music of Feyhall are magic of the former fey occupants. Something stalks the residents and many just disappear, while others go mad.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The people of Feyhall are similar to those of Vaagwol and frequently have dark hair and dark eyes, though red hair is not uncommon. Hairstyles are often long and wild.

Dress Fashion tends to be made up of whatever the residents can scavenge or steal, and is frequently worn until it falls apart. It is not unusual for residents to have a piece of fairy-made jewellery or some scrap of shiny cloth as a good luck charm.

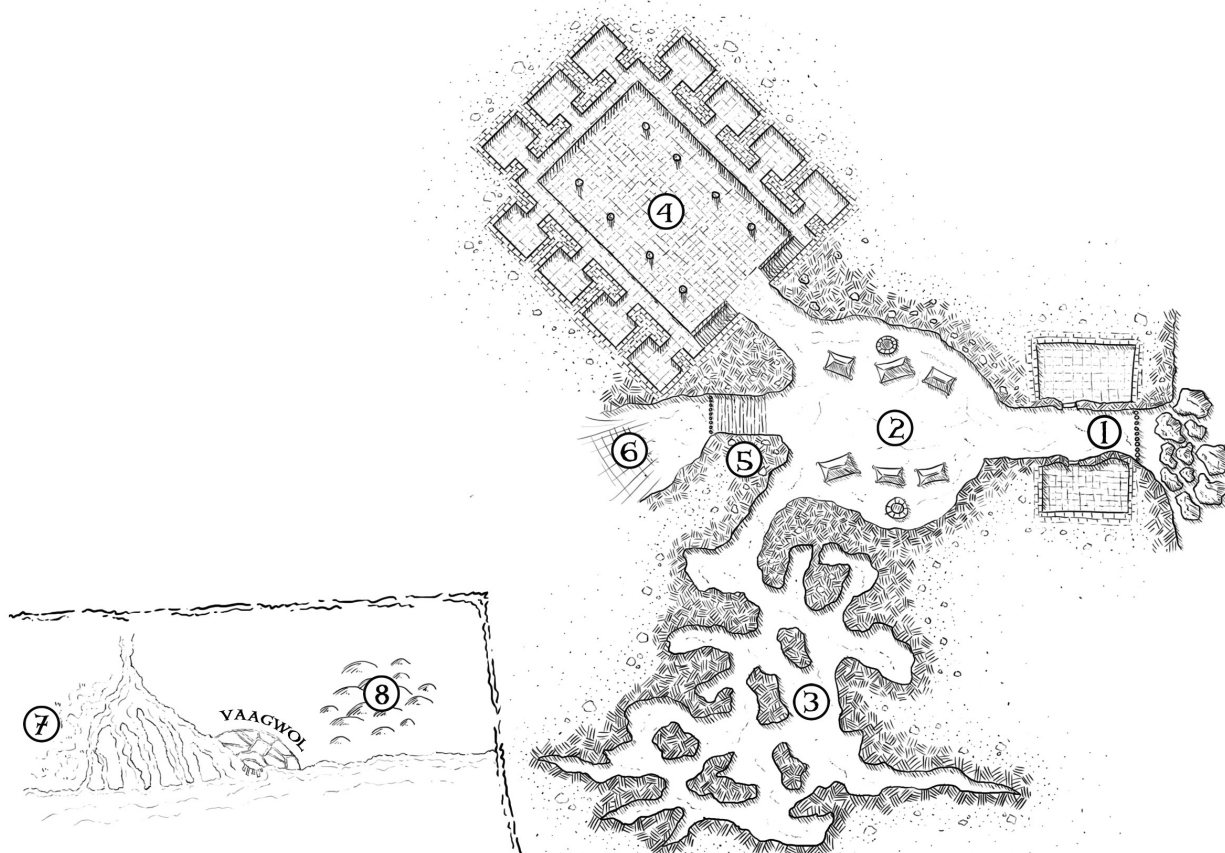
Nomenclature *male* Hindrik, Ove, Rasmus; *female* Hebbla, Igna, Nathalie; *family* Ahlgren, Forstlund, Lindqvist, Westermark.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Feyhall 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*	Vaagwol has a spy in Feyhall and it is only a matter of time before their soldiers come.
2	Someone is purposefully opening the Forbidden Stair gate.
3*	Boss Stig contracted the Hunger on his last raid. He will soon die, no doubt touching off a power struggle to replace him.
4*	Sala knows a way to ward against the wytchlytes.
5	The halflings are stealing and hiding supplies in the Hideaways.
6	Tesha and Sala are planning on sneaking into the Wytchlyte Graves in search of powerful magical artefacts.

*False rumour



FLENHEIM AT A GLANCE

After traversing a network of twisting tunnels visitors discover a peculiar sight: inside a massive cavern lies the derro village of Flenheim lit up by the weird, dancing shadows created by scores of iron wrought braziers and lanterns. Brass tubes protrude from the rocky walls and some of the buildings are even shaped to resemble various internal organs. In its shadowed market, luxury items from the surface are bartered for alongside the services of fleshcrafters selling their skills to the desperate, the crippled or the insane.

Moans and screams echo through the cavern. It is here the mad derro bard Herath Syngler perfects his art form of flenning—the use of the screams of torture victims to create symphonies of macabre horror. Flenheim has always been linked to flenning but Syngler has turned it into an art form that lures students of other races to the village to learn—or sometimes participate in—the masters’ lessons.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler High Mayor Dyril Hrathen

Government Autocracy

Population 183 (176 derros, 7 others [pupils at the academy])

Alignments NE, CE, CN

Languages Aklo, Common, Undercommon

Corruption -1; **Crime** -2; **Economy** -1; **Law** 0; **Lore** 0; **Society** -1

Qualities Academic, insular

Danger 10; **Disadvantages** None

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than normal derro. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Esteemed Improver Gorls Twarkken (location 5; NE male derro sorcerer [aberrant] 7) Hidden beneath his cloak is a body that bears the signs of much experimentation; not all of Gorls’ current body parts are his own.

Flenmaster Herath Syngler (location 1; CE male derro bard 8) Herath wears outrageously colourful clothes; his hairstyle changes daily.

High Mayor Dyril Hrathen (location 2; NE male derro expert 3) An elderly derro, his eyes and posture reveal he is troubled and stressed.

Jerad Mangovian (location 6; LG male human paladin 6) Jerad has yet to wash off the dust and grime of weeks of travel.

Mistress Nerya the Shadow (location 7; CE female derro rogue 7) A slim, lean derro always dressed in black leather, Nerya seems part of the shadows.

Priest Karne Leden (location 8; CE male derro cleric 6) A stern derro, Karne’s ceremonial cape comprises the flayed skins of several victims.

Priestess Eliam Breth (location 8; CE female derro cleric 5) Eliam has a soft voice, and braided white hair. She tends to the temple and is often seen tenderly caressing the torture implements used in the rituals performed therein.

Sister Jerille (location 6; CN female derro expert 3) Jerille owns the Final Scream and loves to collect recipes from the surface.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the enclave comprises derro homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Flenning Academy:** Brass tubes emerge from this stone structure which also has natural stone pipes running around its exterior. Disturbing statues of various races in obvious pain also adorn the building.
2. **Mayor’s Office:** This is the first stop for visitors to Flenheim; here they are told the village’s rules and sign the contracts needed to enter.
3. **The Shadow Market:** Several stalls stand in the shadows; here the derro sell whatever trinkets and goods they have brought back from their expeditions to the surface.
4. **Improvers’ Quarter:** These residential laboratories have signs made from skin, teeth, nails and other remains from the improver’s slabs.
5. **Gorls Twarkken’s Home:** The biggest laboratory belongs to the de facto leader of the improvers. Next to the door is an animated head that calls out, “Master” whenever its nose is pressed. A sign explains how to use this macabre doorbell.
6. **The Final Scream:** This large inn is located near the Improvers’ Quarter. Inside Sister Jerille cooks surface dishes as well as various Ebon Realms dishes.
7. **Collectors’ Lodge:** A small unassuming structure, here the collectors depart on their raids to the surface; several cages display their newest acquisitions.
8. **The Flayed House:** Covered in flayed skins and dried blood this nightmarish building has a depressing aura about it.
9. **Kal Zakoth:** An ancient abandoned dwarven outpost; according to rumours it has a new owner.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Fleshcrafts and surface items

Base Value 500 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

Potions & Oils *bear’s endurance* (300 gp), *haste* (750 gp)

Scrolls (Arcane) *enlarge person* (25 gp), *fireball* (375 gp)

Scroll (Divine) *hold person* (150 gp), *sanctuary* (25 gp)

ENCLAVE LORE

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

DC 10: Flenheim has existed for centuries, but recently its folk have started selling surface items, a move that has made them more open to visitors than most derro settlements.

DC 15: Flenheim gets its name from flenning, an obscure derro art form. Flenning is basically music, but music comprising the exquisite sounds created by the careful (but enthusiastic) application of pain.

DC 25: Tensions boil between the Flenning Academy and the Improvers, the latter lead by Gorls Twarkken.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The derro have blueish/grey skin and large eyes with no discernible pupils.

Dress The derro favour black and grey leathers with a comfortable yet simple cut. This style is most useful for their surface raids and for hiding in the Ebon Realms.

Nomenclature *male* Belott, Charth, Shivis; *female* Assari, Laac, Olierr; *family* Ijandag, Tvinder, Zixxix.

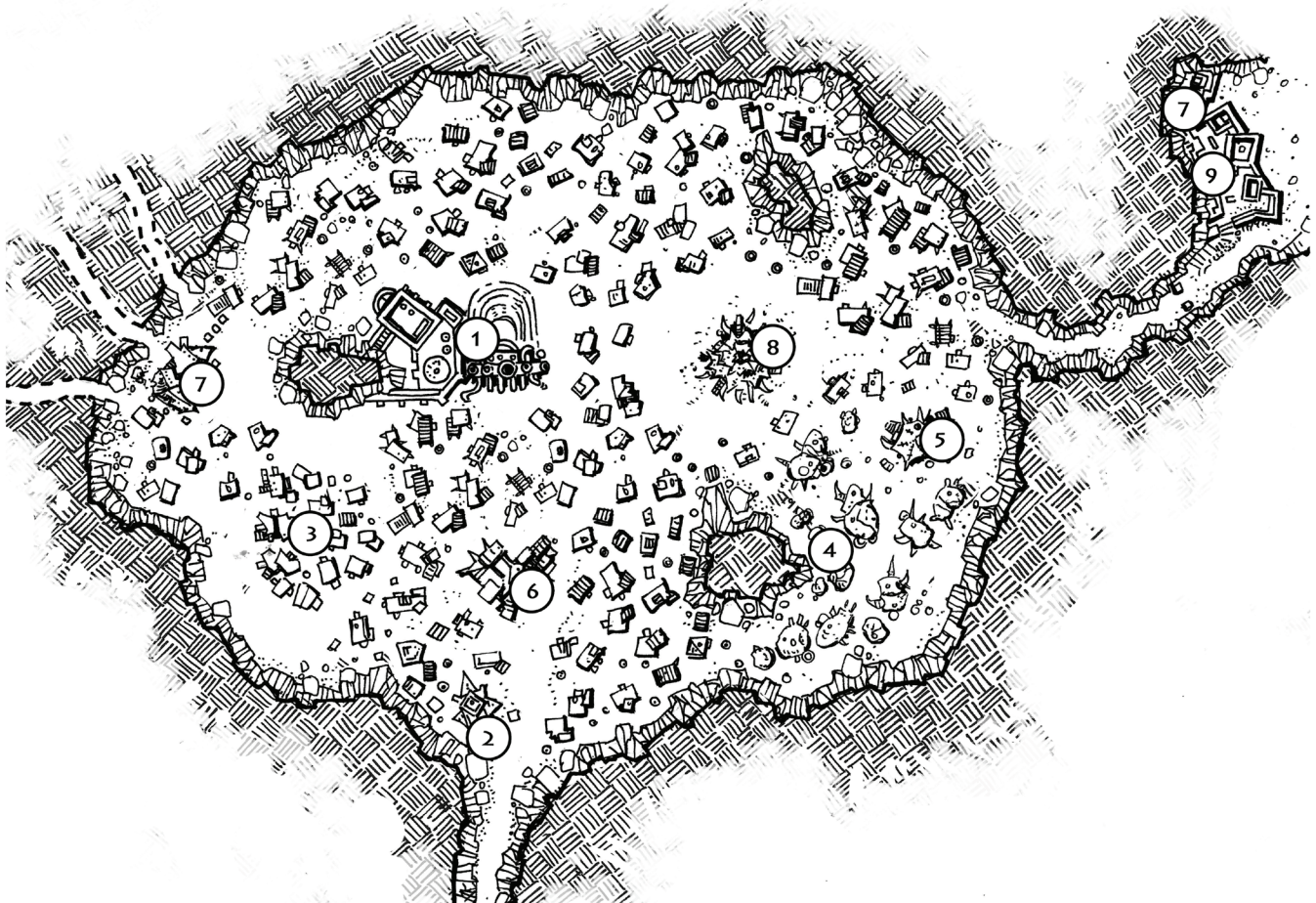
WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Flenheim 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

	Herath Syngler insulted Gorls Twarkken at the Final Scream two days ago. The enclave awaits Gorls' response.
1	
2*	The Pure Form is awaiting the arrival of a particular item from the surface, before they launch an attack.
3	One of the flayed skins adorning the temple has a tattoo of a treasure map on it. It leads to a legendary hoard.
4	Not all the guests at the Final Scream are what they seem.
5	Nerya the Shadow has returned with a great treasure but she has decided to keep it to herself. No one knows what it is.
6	Recently some guests at the Final Scream disappeared from their rooms without a trace. Some say their skins now adorn buildings in Flenheim.

*False rumour



GODSWATCH AT A GLANCE

The Godswatch tower guards one of the few safe crossings over a treacherous stretch of the river Kyrne. A solitary monument of mottled white and grey granite, Godswatch is a sacred site consecrated not just to the local river spirit, but to hundreds of deities of all outlooks and portfolios. The locals tend to it with reverence and pride, honouring it and its caretakers.

Within, myriad shrines, altars and statues fill the Godswatch; even rooms not dedicated to worship have one or two sacred objects or an appropriate shrine. Very little distinction is made between the gods enshrined in the tower; the smallest and least known receive as much space as the greatest and most powerful; even deities of distant lands are treated with dignity and reverence.

Recently, the Godswatch has become increasingly well-known and welcoming due to the influence of its new priestess, Faith. Pilgrims visit more frequently and the number of shrines within the tower has greatly increased. But the elders remember why Godswatch was founded, and so quietly, they remain wary against the evil that might rise to threaten their community.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Faith

Population 0 (while no one lives at Godswatch it is constantly staffed by at least one elder and several acolytes)

Alignments NG, LN, N

Languages Aquan, Common, Elven, Orc

Resources & Industry Consumable magic item creation, divine spellcasting and stoneworking

LORE

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

DC 10: Perched on the banks of the Kyrne, the Godswatch is a watchtower for the local community and also a religious site. It is one of only a few safe places to cross the river's rapids.

DC 15: While the worship of Kyrne is emphasised in the Godswatch, it contains altars and statues dedicated to many gods. The tower's priestess promotes piety in myriad forms and pays homage to all the gods enshrined in the tower.

DC 20: The tower was created not only as a monument to the triumph of the gods over a great evil, but as a guard against evil's return. The continued worship at the site and sanctification of the tower helps keep the area safe.

NOTABLE FOLK

Acolytes typically wear plain white robes to represent their humility and service, but this isn't strictly enforced. Local volunteers generally wear common garb for the region.

The Godswatch has three categories of servants. Acolytes are all who have been formally inducted into service, but hold no other title. Elders are respected caretakers who make the major day-to-day decisions that affect its workings. The sole Priest or Priestess of the Godswatch is the highest ranking person in the Godswatch, and directs the elders and leads worship.

Four notable folk work at the tower:

Faith of Godswatch (NG female half-elf cleric 7) The priestess of Godswatch, Faith is cheerful and welcoming to all who visit. She devotes herself to all of the deities of Godswatch.

Mercy of Godswatch (N venerable female half-elf druid 10) An elder of the Godswatch and its former priestess, Mercy is Faith's mother. Mercy is warier than her daughter and more inclined to emphasise the Godswatch's role as a watchtower.

Miri (LN female human cleric 3) A quiet young acolyte, Miri was called to serve by the gods of the Winter Sanctum, and dedicates herself to them.

Werruk Blacktusk (NG male half-orc barbarian 6) Werruk is an Elder, though he is sometimes mistaken as an acolyte as he frequently tidies and cleans the tower himself.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of Godswatch comprises locations of little interest to adventurers. A few locations, however, are notable:

1. **Gatehouse Passage:** The passage through the Godswatch is covered in stylised mosaics.
2. **Gatehouse Room:** The controls for the tower's gates are housed here, along with a few amenities placed by Mercy.
3. **Sanctuary:** General ceremonies and common worship are held in the Sanctuary.
4. **Storeroom:** This area is used as storage, and contains unfinished art and cleaning supplies, as well as valuable magic items and shrine goods.
5. **Kyrne's Shrine:** A large section of the third floor is devoted to the river spirit, Kyrne, and contains shrines and artwork glorifying him.
6. **Spring Sanctum:** Filled with flowers and pleasant scents, the Spring Sanctum is dedicated to the gods of growth and life.
7. **Summer Sanctum:** Consecrated to the gods of light, fire and passion, candles and incense burn constantly here.
8. **Autumn Sanctum:** Here the gods of earth, harvest and wealth are recognised and honoured with offerings of coin and food.
9. **Sanctum of All Gods:** The sanctum of all gods is dedicated to all deities who have place in the seasonal sanctums.
10. **Winter Sanctum:** The secluded winter sanctum holds shrines to the gods of death and endings. Miri tends to them and keeps them clean and orderly.
11. **Tower Top:** Here a magical circle enchanted to amplify sound, allows warnings and calls to worship to reach a great distance.

EVENTS

While the PCs are at Godswatch, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

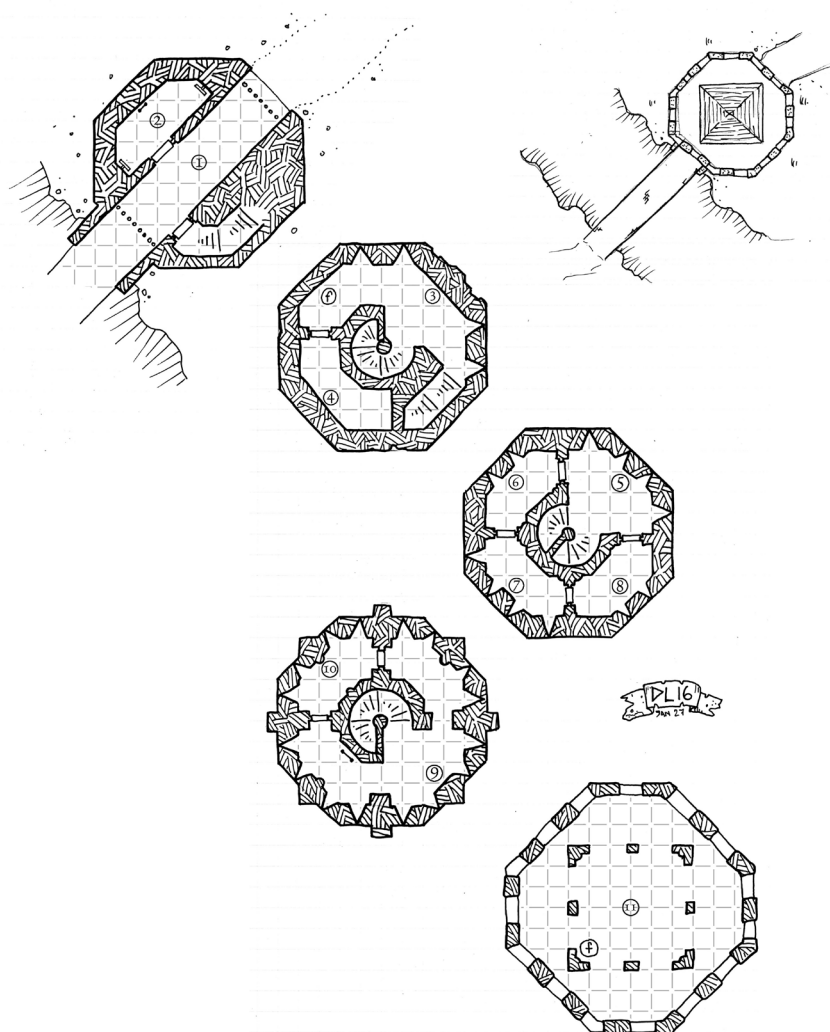
D6	EVENT
1	Faith sings a song of praise from the top of the Godswatch, her voice amplified by the tower's magic.
2	The Kyrne river floods and overruns the tower bridge, rendering it impassable. Werruk swims across and dares anyone fit and courageous to do the same.
3	A pilgrim arrives at the Godswatch and prays quietly in the main sanctuary. Enquiry reveals he is a descendant of the priests who established the tower.
4	One of the PCs is called to the shrine of a god represented in the Godswatch through an omen or command to do homage.
5	Travelling peddlers set up shop just outside the tower, advertising a wide variety of items, from basic goods to magic items.
6	A ceremony is held to consecrate a new shrine being placed in one of the sanctums.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Godswatch 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 Godswatch predates the river itself. A long time ago, Kyrne diverted his river down the ravine to submerge an evil power that threatened the local community.
2	Sometimes, people feel called to the tower to pay their respects or to serve the gods.
3*	Mercy regrets passing the position of priestess to her daughter, and works to undermine Faith's authority.
4*	Faith's father is actually the river spirit Kyrne, who continues to watch over her.
5	Even gods of evil and death are revered at Godswatch.
6	Werruk is a former soldier who retired to the quieter life as a priest after distinguishing himself in a vicious battle.

*False rumour



MACRIMEI AT A GLANCE

Macrimei rests in a cold country of windswept hills and thick, hardy grass amid the ancient ruins of a once magnificent city. The Macrimeiens are descendants of the survivors of the city, now fallen into primitive barbarism. Instead of enjoying grand sorceries and marvellous technologies like their ancestors, the villagers eke out a living raising hardy ponies and a breed of fearsome dogs. Where once stood spiralling towers of marble and ivory, now lie tumbled rocks and ruins with cloth and leather stretched over them to create crude homes. Thick, black smoke curls up from the large dung fires scattered about the village, burned for warmth as wood is scarce and too valuable for burning.

Few outsiders visit Macrimei. However, each year a trickle of adventurers and curious scholars come to poke around the village and surrounding countryside where cave entrances lead to the ruins of the ancient city far below filled with valuable treasure and knowledge. Even within the village, a slender, sleek obelisk of red marble thrusts up through the ground from the city below. In the structure's forbidden interior, village priests once conducted rites to a local god the villagers call "Soryan." Exactly who and what Soryan is remains a mystery to most.

In recent years, a mysterious wizard, Anazturex, arrived in a strange looking tower. With him, he brought a group of outcast barbarians calling themselves the "Sons of Soryan." They quickly took control of the village and began an excavation into the ruins below. Now the Sons of Soryan rule with a brutal hand, leading raids for slaves to work the excavation site from nearby clans. The Macrimeiens keep to themselves, going about their normal business and attempting to avoid the notice of the Sons of Soryan. Even the remaining village priest has been barred from the Red Obelisk and the god he's vowed to serve.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Anazturex (N male android wizard 11)

Government Magical

Population 183 (178 humans, 1 half-elf, 4 half-orcs)

Alignments NG, CG, N, CN, CE

Languages Common

Corruption -2; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +1; **Law** +1; **Lore** +2; **Society** -2

Qualities Insular, tourist attraction

Danger 0

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Anazturex (location 2; N male android conjurer 11) An outsider, Anazturex seeks his lifemate buried deep below Macrimei, and willing enslaves the villagers to achieve him goal.

Britha (location 8; N female human druid 3/ranger 3) As the top pony and dog breeder, Britha commands the respect of the entire village and is looked to for guidance and leadership.

Darlaria Elowee (location 6; CN female half-elf sorcerer 5) Darlaria scavenges the ruins for strange artefacts to sell.

Grul (location 4; NE male human barbarian 5/ranger 4) The brutal Grul leads the Sons of Soryan and enforces Anazturex's will with unprecedented brutality.

Hedde (location 7; N female human rogue 4) Hedde serves as a go between for the Sons of Soryan and those wishing to deal with them. She is a keeper and seller of secrets.

Kulway (location 5; N male human adept 6) Kulway served as the village priest until deposed by the Sons of Soryan.

Menetethis (location 5; CG young male variant adamantite golem) This child-sized, intelligent golem, secretly wandered into Macrimei from one of the nearby ruins.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Red Obelisk:** The red obelisk is said to be Soryan's home.
2. **Anazturex's Tower:** This tall, slender tower appears to be fashioned from a mysterious black metal.
3. **Excavation Site:** Slaves work on creaking scaffolding, digging ever deeper into the ruins below.
4. **Sons of Soryan:** The Sons of Soryan maintain control from their base which features a fighting pit.
5. **Kulway's House:** The former priest plots against the Sons of Soryan and the reclamation of Macrimei.
6. **Darlaria's Place:** Here, Darlaria sells an assorted number of unusual items, mostly to visitors.
7. **The Bloodied Pony:** A ramshackle affair of stones and cloth forms Macrimei's one drinking establishment.
8. **Britha's Farm:** Britha breeds and trains both native dogs and ponies from her small farm.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Breeding, hunting, leatherworking

Base Value 600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *comprehend languages* (50 gp), *darkvision* (300 gp), *true strike* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *arcane eye* (700 gp), *nondetection* (375 gp), *spider climb* (150 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *silence* (150 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 10: Macrimei specializes in the breeding of large dogs and ponies.

DC 15: Macrimei is said to lie amid and atop the ruins of a once fabulously wealthy city.

DC 20: Some sort of strange cult or group rules Macrimei now, seeking something buried below the village.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Macrimeians wear their hair long and unbound. Men often sport long beards. Most have brown or grey eyes. Their features have a chiselled, weathered look.

Dress Macrimeians dress in drab clothes, usually leathers and thick furs to stay warm. What little jewellery they possess is often worn in the beards for men, or the hair for women.

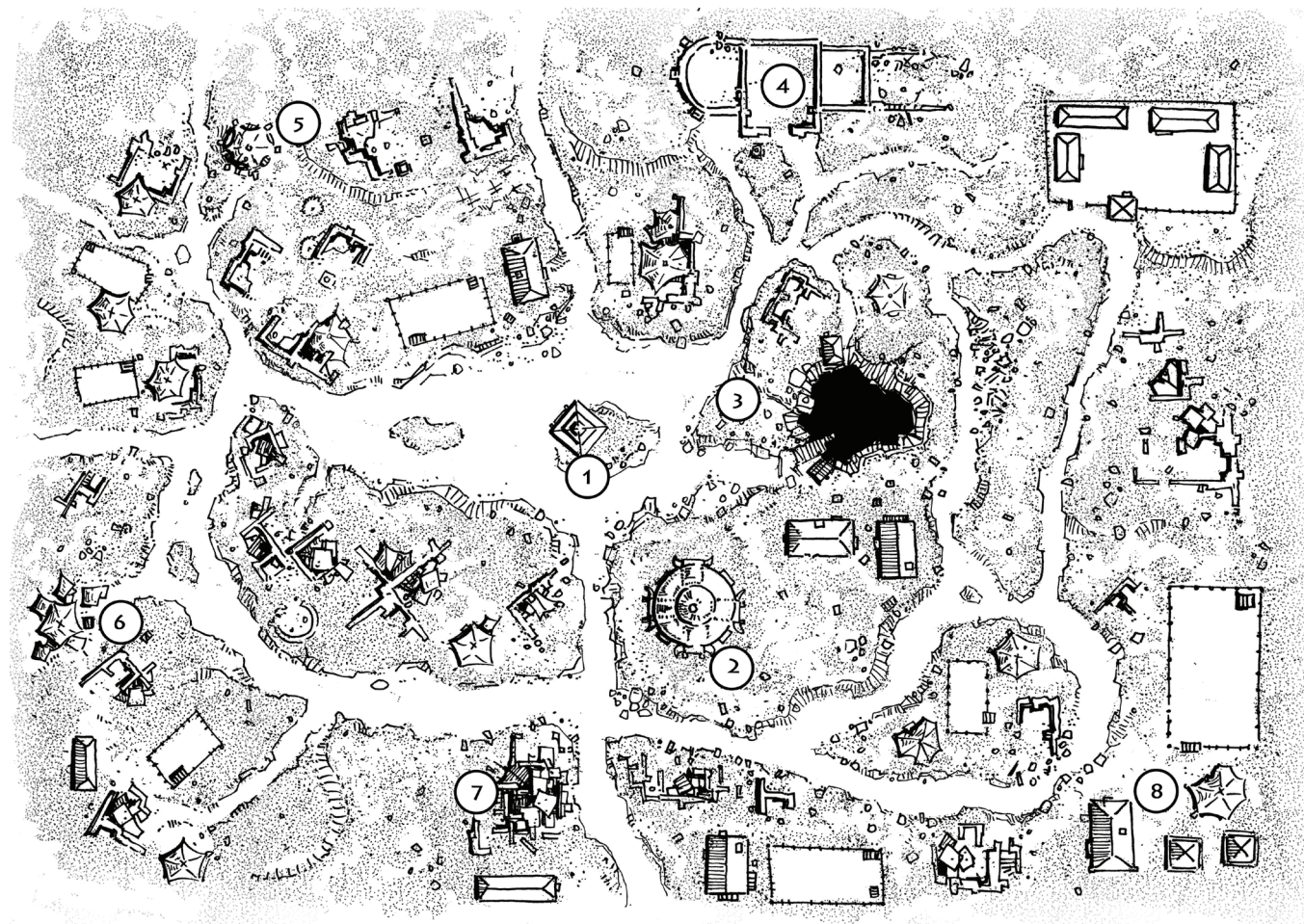
Nomenclature *male* Brutho, Corvo, Fedrok, Mulmon, Sarvos, Tergar; *female* Cedra, Gridene, Leddi, Nani, Yura; *family* Macrimeians don't have family names, often referring themselves to as "son of" or "daughter of."

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Macrimei 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 Sons of Soryan practice horrible rites at night. They are seeking to unlock a demon from below!
2	A strange, silvery child appeared one day in the centre of Macrimei but then vanished. No one has seen it since but the Sons of Soryan seemed interested in finding it.
3	Hedde can broker you a deal to have the Sons of Soryan leave you alone, for a hefty price.
4	Anazturex's Tower suddenly disappears for days and weeks at a time before magically reappearing.
5	Kulway has been meeting with Britha, trying to get her to rally the villagers against the Sons of Soryan.
6*	Those who enter the Red Obelisk meet a demon which steals their soul if not their life.

*False rumour



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:

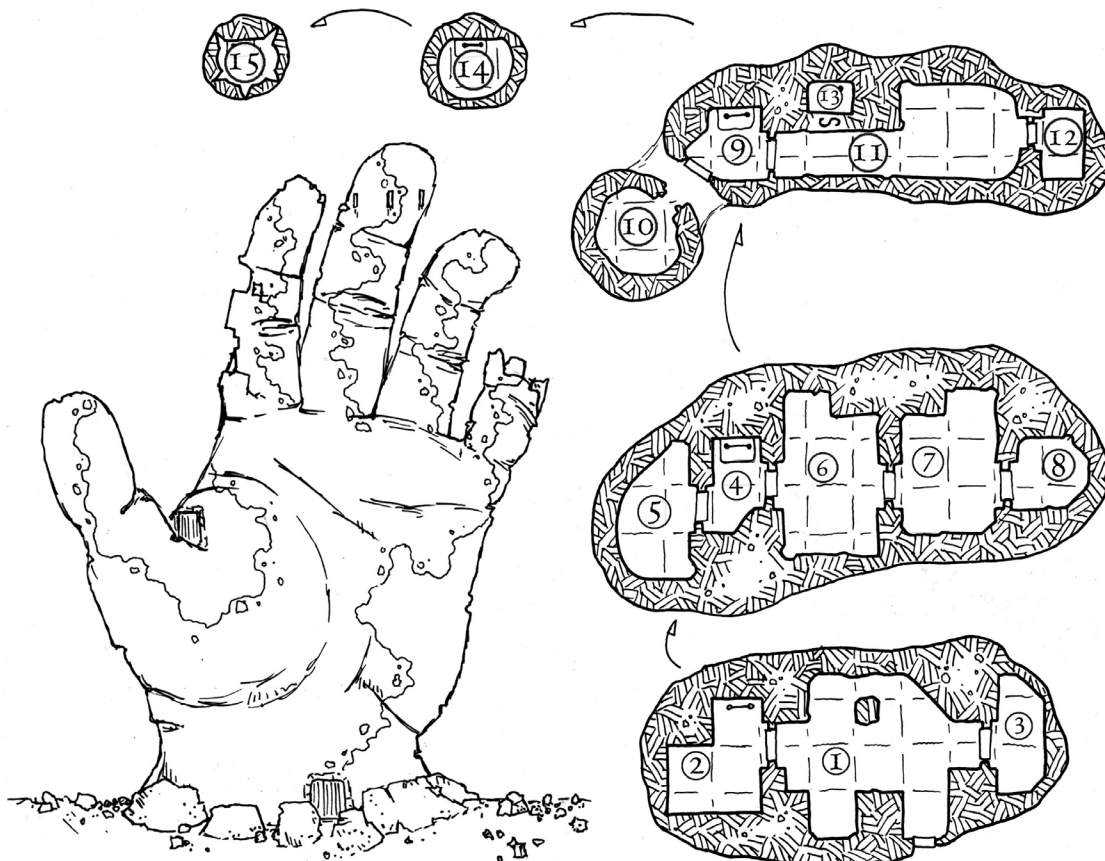
D6	EVENT
1	Farelya's and Yobin's animosity towards each other finally reaches the boiling point. Yobin attacks Farelya and if not stopped these fearsome monks try to kill each other.
2	The rival monks of the Path of the West Wind arrive and threaten Ilkir. They demand Ilkir hand over Alrakkham's Glory 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



PENITENT'S REST AT A GLANCE

"Welcome, friends, to the Shrine of Alikandara Lat, better known as Penitent's Rest. Here you may find healing of the body and, more importantly, the soul." So are greeted all who arrive at the doors of this remote wilderness temple, a refuge where they may seek atonement for wrongs they have committed.

The shrine was established several centuries ago in the name of Alikandara Lat, a great paladin until she was seduced into a murderous act of evil by a fiend. Horrified, Alikandara fled into the remotest wilderness, seeking atonement.

She died alone in her self-imposed exile but her tale wasn't forgotten. Those inspired by the example of her early life soon became as fervent about the latter part. They journeyed into the woods, intending to find and bring back her body. Unsuccessful, they instead founded a shrine in her name, welcoming all in need of respite and redemption.

Legend holds that those who pray at Alikandara's cenotaph are sometimes visited by the fallen paladin's spirit, which still seeks to make up for her misdeed in life.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Bajer Horngard

Population 4 (2 humans, 1 dwarf, 1 ghost), plus penitents

Alignments LG, LN

Languages Common

Resources & Industry Religious guidance; minor magic items

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) may know some information about Penitent's Rest. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 15: Penitent's Rest is a remote shrine that helps those who enter find atonement.

DC 20: Although everybody knows it as Penitent's Rest, it's formally the Shrine of Alikandara Lat, after the heroine who inspired it. She was a great paladin, the hero of her age, until she was seduced into evil by a fiend from Abaddon's depths.

DC 25: People think Alikandara Lat's spirit appearing at the shrine means her body is there, but her cenotaph is empty. The location of her remains, and her magic blade, remain a mystery.

NOTABLE FOLK

In addition to penitents who come for stays of varying lengths, Penitent's Rest has four permanent inhabitants:

Alikandara Lat (location 10; LG female ghost human ex-paladin 12) The ghost of the shrine's namesake rarely makes herself known.

Bajer Horngard (location 2; LG male dwarf rogue 2/monk 5) This beardless dwarf arrived at the shrine about 50 years ago as a penitent, and eventually became its caretaker.

Bavari Sinisere (location 9; LN male human wizard [conjurer] 9) Though his companions vouch for him, Bavari Sinisere's demeanour leaves those who meet him wondering if he's truly reformed.

Honna Keenheart (location 1; LG female human cleric 5) Honna Keenheart came to the shrine in service of others, rather than out of any need for atonement.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of Penitent's Rest comprises locations of little interest to adventurers. A few locations, however, are notable:

1. **Chapel:** This worship space is the heart of Penitent's Rest.
2. **Workshop:** A stocked workshop for penitents to use their hands in meaningful labour to help them expurgate any sins.
3. **Penitents' Rooms:** These rooms, housing those who come to the shrine seeking atonement, are surprisingly comfortable.
4. **Living Room:** Community is emphasized at the shrine, where denizens eat meals together in this warm living space.
5. **Kitchen:** This well-appointed kitchen produces food for all the residents at the shrine.
6. **Supply Room:** Edible, mundane and magical supplies are stored here.
7. **Caretakers' Quarters:** This simple room houses the shrine's caretakers.
8. **The Divine Judge:** This ancient statue predates the shrine.
9. **Pond:** Lily pads dot this peaceful spot for meditation. The abundant fish here often provide dinner for residents.
10. **Cenotaph:** The soul of Penitent's Rest, the ghost of Alikandara Lat visits some of those who pray here in her name.

MARKETPLACE

The following items are for sale:

- **Consumables** *elixir of truth* (6 doses; 500 gp each), 3 *potions of cure light wounds* (50 gp each), 2 *potions of sanctuary* (50 gp each), 3 *scrolls of atonement* (1,225 gp each)
- **Miscellaneous** *phylactery of faithfulness* (1,000 gp)
- **Weapons & Armour** 4 *sleep arrows* (132 gp each), 2 *demon slaying arrows* (2,282 gp each)

Additionally, the following services are available:

- **Spellcasting** arcane casting up to 5th level; divine casting up to 3rd level
- **Crafting** potions, scrolls, minor wondrous items

EVENTS

While the PCs are at Penitent's Rest, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

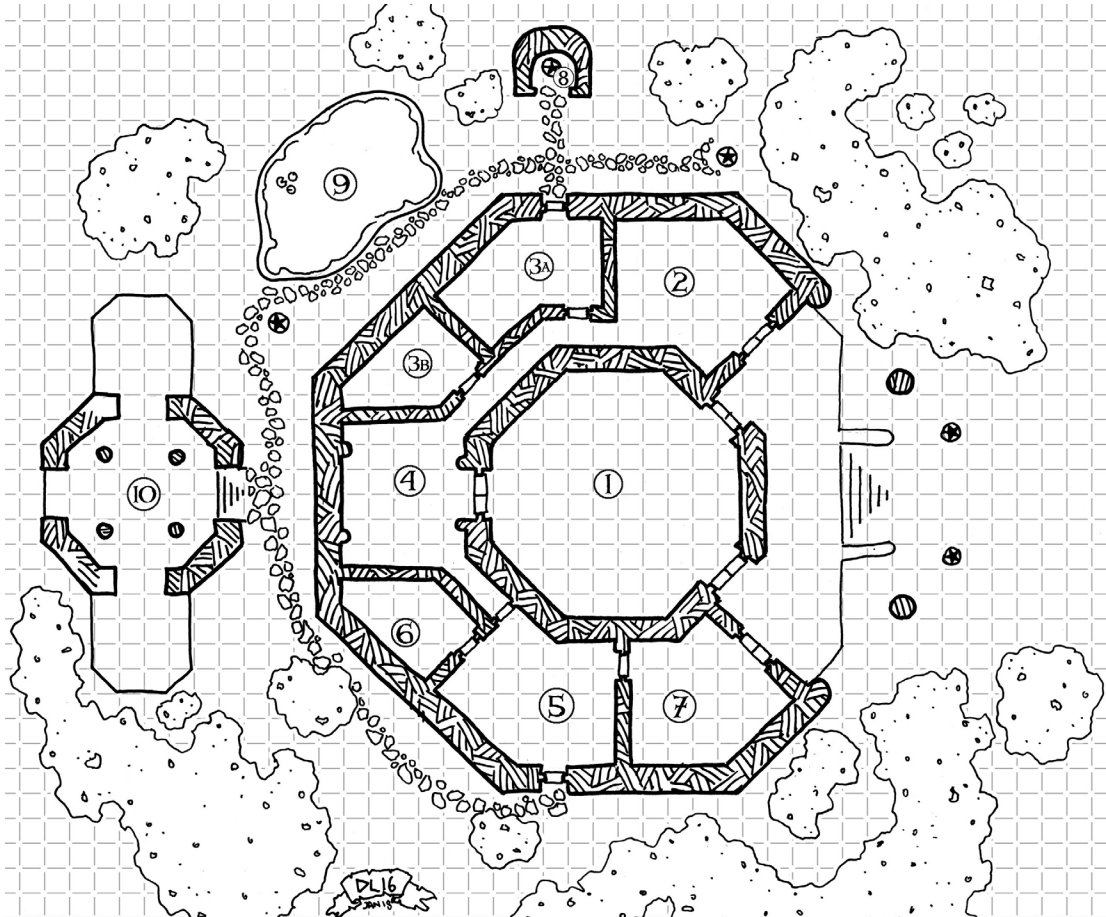
D6	EVENT
1	The ghost of Alikandara Lat takes possession of a (willing) penitent commoner to help him find redemption for his misdeeds. She enlists to the PCs to aid them.
2	An armed group comes in search of a penitent, intending to enact their own justice for a harm done to them and for which the penitent is seeking atonement.
3	A pilgrim comes to the shrine in search of information about Alikandara Lat, saying he wishes to find her remains and her magic blade, <i>Taanashyara</i> .
4	A penitent has a crisis of faith, crying that he's already damned and threatening to harm himself and others.
5	A nightmare causes Bavari Sinisere to scream loudly enough to wake all the shrine's residents. He refuses to speak of what he dreamed and remains taciturn and withdrawn for the next several days.
6	A unicorn is spotted on the outskirts of the shrine, leading several penitents to see it as some sign, though they cannot agree what it portends.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Penitent's Rest 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 fiend who seduced Alikandara Lat into evil still torments her, sometimes preying on those who leave the shrine and have found peace in her name.
2*	The spirit of Alikandara Lat is just an illusion, a way for the shrine to bilk the gullible out of their gold.
3	Bajer was exiled from his home after he was caught creating weapons with shoddy materials instead of cold iron, costing several dwarves their lives during an attack on their stronghold.
4	Bavari Sinisere was a devil binder before he came here but no one knows what prompted him to change.
5*	Honna Keenheart is actually a descendant of Alikandara Lat's, a legacy of what made Alikandara fall from grace.
6	They say penitents have shared the location of several great treasures with the shrine's caretakers, who supposedly have never told anyone else the secrets.

*False rumour



SHROUDHAVEN AT A GLANCE

Finding Shroudhaven presents certain difficulties, as no road leads to the village; wagon ruts serve as the only path. Thick fog makes navigation. Wolf howls and mad gibbering from all directions provide travellers constant companionship. The first indicator of civilization, signs spaced around the village proclaiming “No Necromancers, on Penalty of Death” and “Lawbreakers Will Be Eaten,” greet visitors.

Shroudhaven’s architecture, style of dress and dialects hearken back to its centuries-old genesis. Incredible, innovative artwork and artisanship contrasts oddly with the village’s quaint nature. The sky only manages to brighten to a gloomy grey at noon. Brass lamps lining the streets cast yellow glows barely penetrating the fog. When the fog thickens, one can only perceive the vague shapes of buildings and other beings.

While Shroudhaven’s undead inhabitants make no outward displays of their state, in order to make guests feel more comfortable, astute observers easily discern the truth. For such guests, the undead don’t bother to hide their state, and instead put their effort into convincing visitors of their civility.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler The Gloomhand (five-member council)

Government Council

Population 79 (22 humans, 11 dwarves, 27 elves, 6 halflings, 13 ghastrs)

Alignments N, LE, NE, CE

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven, Undercommon

Corruption –1; **Crime** –1; **Economy** –1; **Law** –7; **Lore** –3; **Society** +3

Qualities Insular, notorious

Danger 20; **Disadvantages** Cursed

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are undead. A few, however, are of particular interest to adventurers:

Bertram Jinkin (location 1; N male dwarf wizard 4/rogue 3) One of Shroudhaven’s few living residents, Bertram acts as the village’s “face” to newcomers.

Damiella Nightingale (location 8; CE female human vampire bard 11) Damiella is one of Zuzu’s prize pupils, with a voice capable of both shattering glass and soothing souls.

Keren Zaris (location 9; LE female vampire halfling expert 7) Keren spends her relative immortality perfecting various clockwork devices.

Quentin Roarg (location 3; NE male elf vampire wizard 12) Quentin has spent decades formulating a blood substitute.

Sestra Vol (location 5; CE female ghastr ranger 9) Sestra runs her shop when she is not patrolling outside Shroudhaven.

Yvaine Grau (location 10; N old female elf cleric 15) Yvaine oversees her farm and Respite Lodge, where she provides aid to the living and undead alike, along with her wisdom.

Zuzu Mellavious (location 8; NE female halfling vampire bard 13) Proprietor of Theatre Mellavious, Zuzu develops new talent.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises resident homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Jinkin’s Bar and Grill:** The first stop for many visitors, Bertram Jinkin serves an array of food procured from the farm and the village’s mushroom fields.
2. **Manor House Inn:** Several residents have suites in this massive mansion, which also houses newcomers to the village.
3. **Roarg’s Alchemy:** An acrid stench permeates the air around this building, where Quentin Roarg creates alchemical supplies as a break from working on his passion project.
4. **The Cathedral:** Meeting place of the ruling Gloomhand council, the Cathedral also serves as a prison.
5. **Hunting Shoppe:** Sestra Vol’s shop contains a wide variety of hunting supplies, from simple weapons and snare traps to items suited to repel or destroy the undead.
6. **Yvaine’s Farm:** Yvaine Grau raises sheep and cattle near one of the mushroom fields, which provides surprisingly healthy fare for the animals.
7. **Mushroom Fields:** Since normal plants cannot grow without sunlight, Shroudhaven has turned to harvesting mushrooms.
8. **Theatre Mellavious:** Varied performances grace the stages of this magnificent theatre on a nightly basis. Zuzu Mellavious invites visitors who catch her eye to perform on stage.
9. **Gear and Gears:** Keren Zaris runs this general store, which has given over much of its space to the intricate clockwork objects Keren creates.
10. **Respite Lodge:** Due to the dangerous creatures outside Shroudhaven, visitors might stop here for healing on arrival.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Alchemical supplies, clockwork devices, entertainment, exotic mushrooms

Base Value 650 gp; **Purchase Limit** 3,750 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *barkskin* (300 gp), *cure light wounds* (50 gp), *eagle’s splendour* (300 gp), *inflict serious wounds* (750 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *cloudkill* (1,125 gp), *enthrall* (200 gp)
- **Scrolls (Divine)** *daylight* (375 gp), *gentle repose* (150 gp)
- **Wands** *detect undead* (750 gp), *disrupt undead* (375 gp)
- **Wondrous Items** *hat of disguise* (1,800 gp), *horn of fog* (2,000 gp), *pearl of power* (2nd, 4,000 gp), *silversheen* (250 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 20: Shroudhaven's remote location and the pervasive fog make it a mysterious place. The population is made up of relatives of refugees from an ancient war.

DC 25: Led by the Gloomhand, Shroudhaven is a destination for undead creatures. However, these creatures claim to be civilized and present no threat to living creatures. They scour the land of what they call the "feral undead".

DC 30: Residents of Shroudhaven can never leave the village for long periods. After a week's absence, a villager begins to suffer from a wasting disease. Despite this, representatives from Shroudhaven invite innovative artisans and artists to live there.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Thanks to the lack of sunlight, and the undead nature of most of the residents, everyone has a pallid complexion; hair colour ranges from white/blonde to brunette.

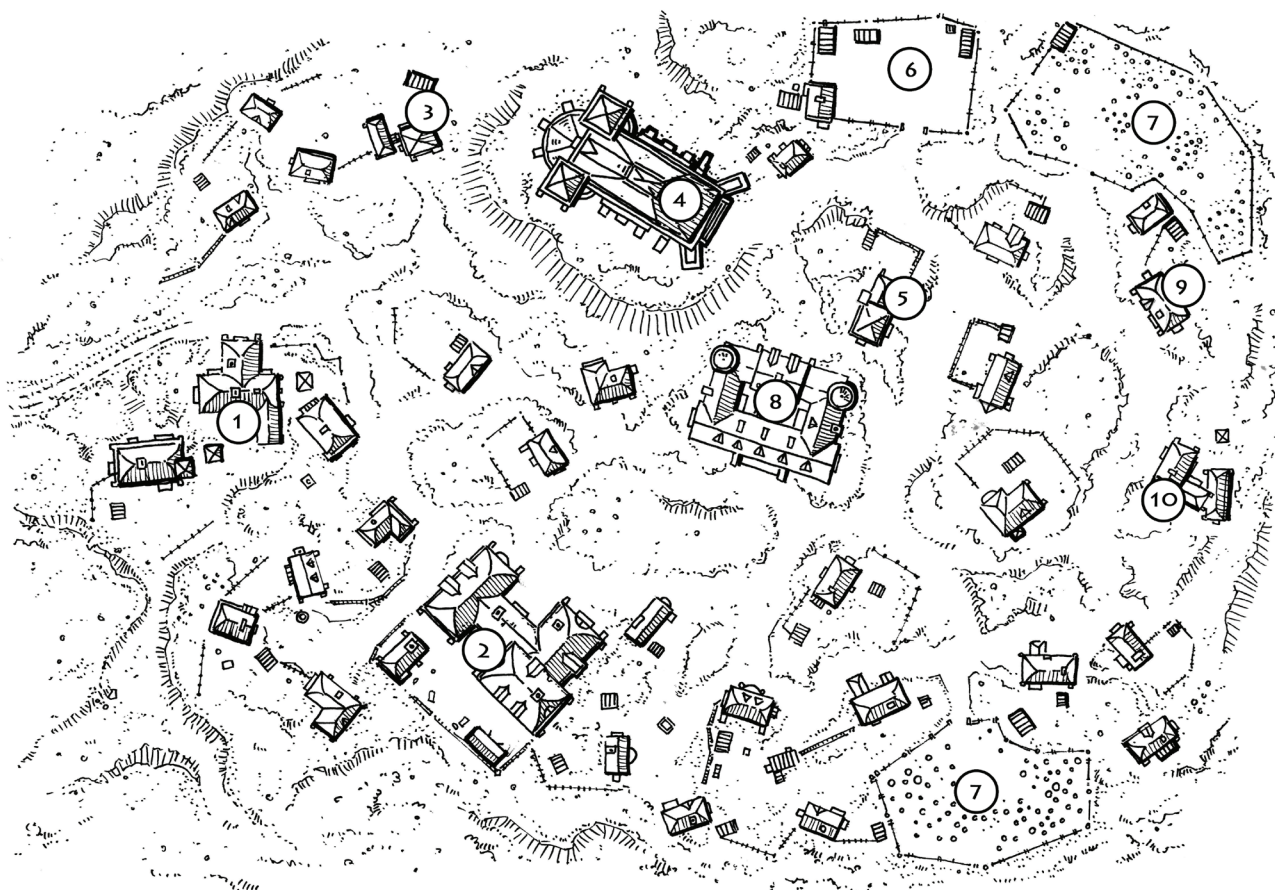
Dress The people of Shroudhaven wear stylish clothing for the historical period of its founding, but the fashion is outdated.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Shroudhaven 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*	A thin ray of sunlight penetrated the fog recently and followed Valdriane around.
2	The Cathedral has a secret cellar where the Gloomhand inters feral undead they plan to recondition.
3	The fog became acidic and destroys crops and forces the villagers inside for a time.
4	One of the Gloomhand has spoken about stepping down from the council, the first such departure in sixty years.
5	Madame Mellavious has enticed an acting troupe to stage an original play on the main stage; devastating events occur after each performance.
6	The mining village of Silver Bluff has discovered the remnants of an engine of war; the Gloomhand has expressed concerns about the engine's reactivation.

*False rumour



THE MIDNIGHT MARKET AT A GLANCE

After a dangerous trek through the mountains, eager adventurers can find their way to a lonely entrance to the Ebon Realm. The remoteness of this entrance helps deter the dangerous underground monsters from wreaking havoc on the local populace, but it is also a landmark that truly maintains the peace. Perched across a chasm is a strange fortress-bridge, built both above and below the level of the crossing. The insides provide a safe place for both under-dwellers and the light folk to meet and exchange goods, services, and information. Bloodshed is expressly forbidden within the Midnight Market, a rule its mistress maintains with cold ruthlessness.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Mistress Amelya Van Fersker
Population 21 (10 humans, 6 ghouls, 4 vampire spawn, 1 vampire) plus merchants and shoppers
Alignment LE
Languages Common, Undercommon
Resources & Industry Trade goods, magic items, black market goods (poisons, drugs etc.)

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about the Midnight Market. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 10: The Midnight Market stands over the Final Chasm at the mouth of a major entrance to the Ebon Realm. It provides a neutral place for trade between those dwelling above the ground and those dwelling below.

DC 15: Access to the Midnight Market does not come cheap. At the least, a *potion of gaseous form* is required to enter the market. Any who enter are also indebted to the mysterious mistress of the Midnight Market, who is known to call in favours even years after the transactions are complete.

DC 20: To accommodate some of the more irregular visitors to the site, most of the major trading is done between dusk and dawn.

NOTABLE FOLK

When the market is in full swing, dozens of people of all races and descriptions can be found here, from armoured dwarves and green-clad elves to ghouls in tattered finery and dark-skinned duergar and drow. Some of the inhabitants, however, are particularly notable:

Mistress Amelya Van Fersker (location 7; LE female vampire enchanter 10) The beautiful seductress in charge of keeping the peace between worlds.

Anshelm Chellas (location 1; NE male ghost rogue 6) Ambassador to the Ebon Realm; bitter rival of Bertich.

Bertich (location 1; LN male human fighter 8) Chief of the Day Guard, Bertich is fanatically loyal to his lady and a rival to Anshelm Chellas.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Much of the Midnight Market is given over to storage or is used as living quarters for the Night Guard and Day Guard. A few places, however, are of interest to adventurers.

1. **Entryway:** The main entrance of the Midnight Market spans the chasm separating the world of light from the Ebon Realm.
2. **The Midnight Market:** This is the primary trade area for the Midnight Market. Here, many things are for sale.
3. **The Elite Market:** Those seeking specialized goods and illegal trade eventually seek out the elite market.
4. **Elite Storage:** Crates of contraband stored for the members of the Midnight Market's elite fill this area.
5. **Trapped Corridor:** To reach Mistress Amelya's personal chamber is never an easy task. This heavily trapped corridor is a death-trap for the unprepared.
6. **Amelya's Chamber:** This beautiful, but nearly inaccessible, chamber is home to Mistress Amelya and her entourage. Few visitors emerge from this chamber unchanged.

MARKETPLACE

Nearly any good under 25,000 gp can be found in the Midnight Market, with a bit of time and luck. When the PCs first arrive at the Midnight Market, the following good are available:

Armour +2 heavy wooden shield (4,157 gp), +3 heavy darkwood shield (9,257 gp), +4 banded mail (16,400 gp),
Potions & Oils bless weapon (50 gp), gaseous form (5; 750 gp), hide from undead (50 gp)
Scrolls (Arcane) darkness (150 gp), magic mouth (2; 160 gp each)
Wand sound burst (49 charges, 4,410 gp)
Weapon +2 repeating crossbow bolts (5; 831 gp)
Wondrous Items cloak of arachnida (14,000 gp), ivory goat figurines of wondrous power (21,000 gp)

Additionally, the following services are available:

- **Spellcasting** 5th-level arcane
- **Crafting** 10th-level or lower

EVENTS

While the PCs are at the Midnight Market, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

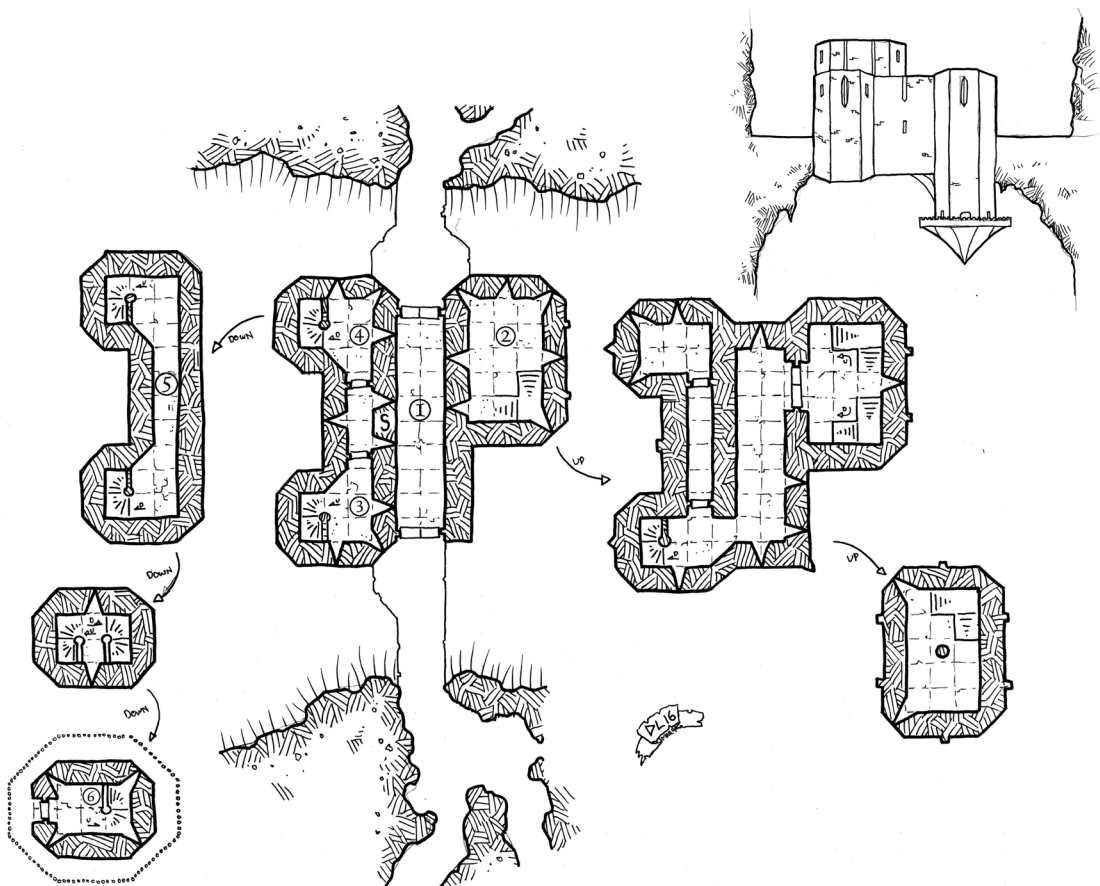
D6	EVENT
1	A group of human visitors draw weapons against a ghoulish merchant, threatening to close the market down as they accuse him of kidnapping (and eating) one of their friends.
2	A humanoid merchant wrapped head to toe in bandages offers vials of a black dust that transport the inhales to another dimension.
3	A scuffle over a table of strange reagents ends abruptly when one man gets shoved into the stall and the shattered glass vials mix disastrously, consuming the whole area in purple flames.
4	A bizarre fey creature sells phoney artefacts, for a few hours. By the time the hoax is discovered, the creature has vanished.
5	Several humans wandering the market bear puncture wounds in their necks. When asked about the wounds, none of the victims have any recollection of their origins.
6	Two dwarves engage in an arm wrestling contest over a sparkling green gem the size of an ogre's fist.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about the Midnight Market 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	Lady Amelya can be bought as easily with admiration and adulation as with gold.
2	There is much tension among the members of the so-called "Elite Market", something a canny customer might turn to his advantage.
3*	In the deep reaches of the keep is a portal to an inter-planar marketplace to which only a select few are granted access.
4	There are no requirements to be mortal or even living to visit the Midnight Market.
5*	The Mistress of the Midnight Market is a powerful devil in search of souls to please her infernal masters, so tread carefully and sign nothing.
6*	Anything can be found at the Midnight Market, for a price. (In reality, the Midnight Market is simply a place for contraband to cross to and from the Ebon Realm).

*False rumour



THE MISTFALL REFUGE AT A GLANCE

Deep in the Greyspire Mountains, a cluster of rectangular dwellings cling to a remote cliff face. An underground river bursts from the rock and cascades down the cliffs, shrouding the buildings in perpetual mist. Here, ancient runes protect the inhabitants and guests from divination and unwanted magical incursions. Thus, mist and magic obscure this remote location from prying eyes.

Driven from their ancestral home by a demonic horde streaming through a planar rift in the clan's mines, the Steelhammer dwarves wandered the Greyspire Mountains looking for a new home. When the clan was on the brink of starvation and fragmentation, several strange coincidences drew them to the echoing cliffs of the Mistfall Refuge. Faced with obfuscating runes and magical protections, the dwarves decided upon a new way of life. For the past three decades they have shared their refuge with others who would pay for the privilege of privacy and safety.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Averin Steelhammer

Population 45 (41 dwarves, 2 humans, 1 bear, 1 half-elf)

Alignments LN, N

Languages Common, Dwarven, Giant

Resources and industry Discreet hospitality services

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about the Mistfall Refuge. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 20: The Mistfall Refuge is a concealed establishment where individuals with sufficient funds can disappear for a time. The dwarves who run the refuge keep its exact location a closely guarded secret.

DC 25: Entry to the Mistfall Refuge is only obtained by securing an invitation from the Steelhammer clan and paying a hefty entrance fee. Once inside, total privacy is guaranteed, since the refuge is warded against scrying and teleportation.

DC 30: The Mistfall Refuge is ancient, and inscribed with runes of power. Whoever built it was long gone by the time the Steelhammer dwarves arrived.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are hardworking dwarves. A few, however, are of particular interest to adventurers:

Averin Steelhammer (location 5; N male dwarf bard 7) The outward face of the clan, Averin makes all arrangements for entry and maintains a vast network of contacts. Averin is

unusually courteous and friendly for a dwarf—an affect which is quickly dropped when it is time for serious business.

Brehal Steelhammer (location 4; N male dwarf wizard [abjurer] 7) Brehal devotes every moment to studying the warding runes. He is obsessed with their power, and fully understands their importance to the clan.

Grendalin Steelhammer (location 2; LN female dwarf ranger 6) As leader of the mountain rangers, Grendalin is responsible for keeping the Mistfall Refuge secure, but knows she would be outmatched by many of the guests' enemies.

Dress The dwarves wear simple, practical clothing appropriate to their trade or craft. The mountain rangers prefer rugged outfits of leather and fur, dyed grey to help them blend into the mountainous terrain.

Nomenclature All the dwarves proudly bear the Steelhammer clan name.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

These locations are of particular interest to adventurers:

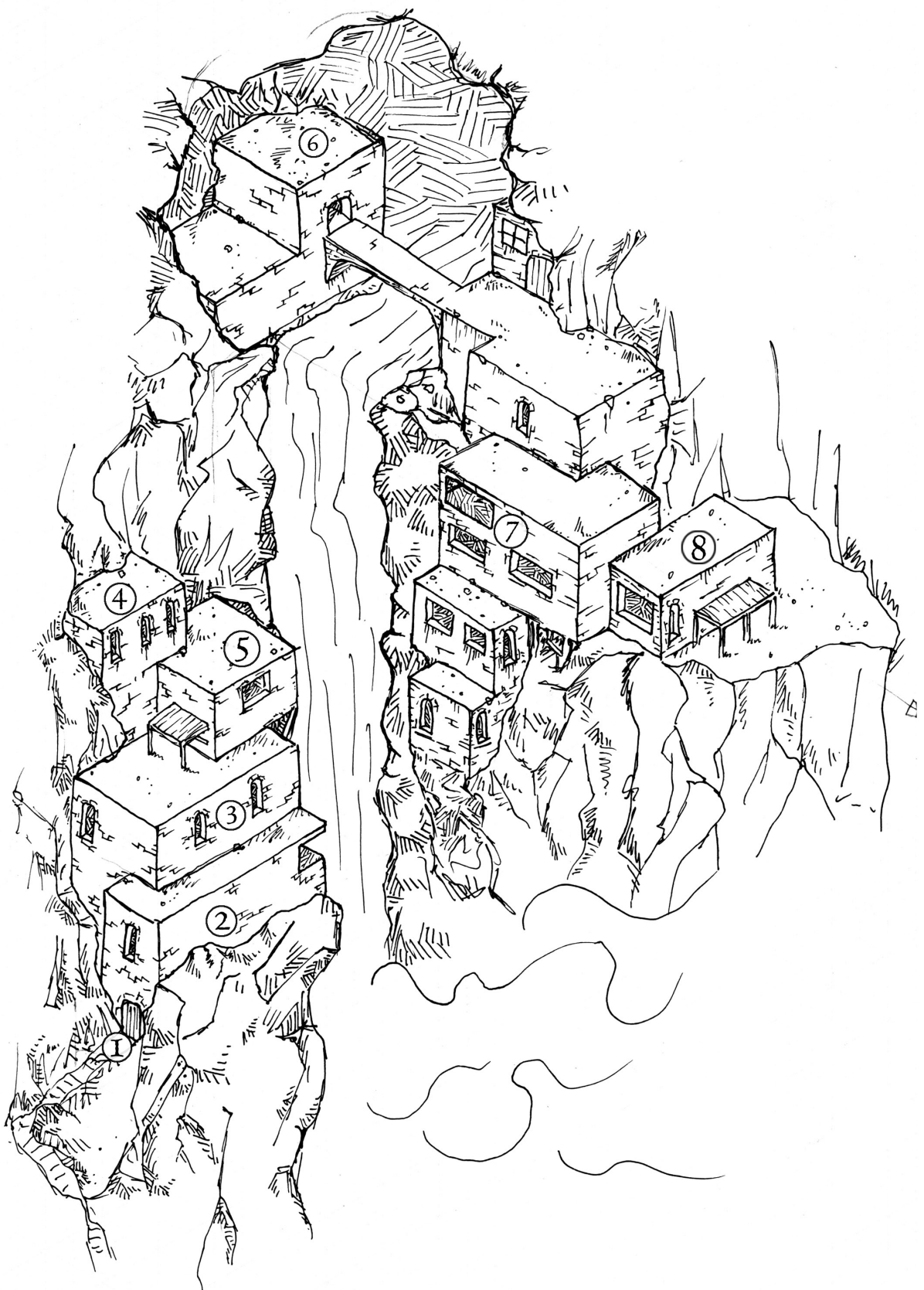
1. **Mountainside Entrance:** A fortified gate allows access to the refuge from the narrow trail leading up the mountainside.
2. **Ranger Barracks:** Grendalin and the mountain rangers reside here. The barracks also hold the refuge's armoury.
3. **Steelhammer Clan Dwellings:** The Steelhammer dwarves have expanded the original buildings to suit their own needs.
4. **Brehal's Study:** When not examining the runes, Brehal is usually in this cluttered chamber, either writing or sleeping.
5. **Averin's Home:** Averin maintains a small but comfortable apartment filled with homey decorations.
6. **Portal Hall:** All guests enter the refuge through the teleportation portal in this hall.
7. **Guest Apartments:** A lavishly decorated suite is available for each paying guest.
8. **The Misty Mug:** At the Misty Mug, guests are able to enjoy food, drink and entertainment.

MARKETPLACE

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

- **Consumables** *potion of nondetection* (350 gp), *scroll of create treasure map* (250 gp), *scroll of obscure object* (25 gp)
- **Miscellaneous items** *ring of climbing* (2,500 gp), *robe of blending* (8,400 gp)

Additionally, Brehal and Averin cast spells for their guests, if properly compensated.



THE MUDDED MANSE AT A GLANCE

Protected to the west by a river and along its other bounds by treacherous, crumbling cliffs leading up to the plateau on which it rests, The Muddled Manse enjoys further safeguards due to its remote location in the swamp. The people of the nearest settlement, Thornhill, regard The Manse as a fearful place and rarely speak of it to strangers. The oddest feature of The Manse is the bubbling mud underlying the plateau. The mud has healing properties, so The Manse's proprietor, Vississi Leeai, has transformed the place into a hospice and spa where the rich or adventurous come to receive miraculous cures.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Vississi Leeai

Population 21 (8 humans, 4 halflings, 3 half-orcs, 3 sylphs, 2 elves, 1 lizardfolk)

Alignments LN, N, NE

Languages Auran, Common, Draconic, Halfling

Resources & Industry Healing, restoration

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about The Muddled Manse. A successful check reveals everything gained by a lesser check.

DC 20: Little known to the world, The Muddled Manse is a destination for those who have the protection necessary to reach the swampy location and the money to spend on its services, which include cures for diseases and other maladies.

DC 25: Vississi Leeai founded The Manse thirty years ago, after she and an associate cleared out a lizardfolk tribe.

DC 35: The land on which The Manse stands served as the stronghold of a powerful earth elemental in antiquity.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the residents are nothing more than ordinary individuals.

- **Appearance** Despite the omnipresent mud, The Manse's residents are always clean; the staff are always cheery.
- **Dress** The staff dress in simple, white robes, but happily change to other colours to suit a client's desires.

Some of the inhabitants, however, are notable:

Aqalarian of the Grove (location 10; NE female elf druid 10) Aqalarian tends the plants in the grove behind The Manse.

Demben Indra (location 7; NG male halfling adept 4) Ever jolly, Demben ensures guests are comfortable.

Pel Gort (location 1; LN female half-orc ranger 9) A no-nonsense warrior, Pel watches over the only path to The Manse.

Sslaryss (location 3; N female lizardfolk cleric 11) Sslaryss oversees the recovery process for clients with dire illnesses.

Vississi Leeai (location 2; NE female sylph wizard [transmuter] 11) Founder and leader of The Muddled Manse.

Xar Gort (location 5; N male half-orc expert 7) Pel's twin brother, Xar has served as masseuse since The Manse opened.

Zev Kaldan (location 4; N male human bard 3/cleric 4) Zev is responsible for high-profile guests in the private ward.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of The Muddled Manse comprises locations of little interest to adventurers. A few locations, however, are notable:

1. **Main Approach:** A barely visible trail leads to The Muddled Manse. A path flanked by twenty-foot-high cliffs funnels visitors through an area overseen by trained guards.
2. **Welcome and Mud Well:** Vississi Leeai receives guests here and discusses available treatments and payment.
3. **Convalescents' Wing:** Visitors who have been treated for grievous maladies rest and relax here in semi-privacy.
4. **Private Ward:** This room houses one or two guests who can afford the exorbitant fees for seclusion.
5. **Masseur:** Despite his appearance, Xar Gort's gentle touch removes all aches and pains.
6. **Mud Application:** The primary draw for The Manse, this room is where experts apply health-giving mud to patrons.
7. **Waiting Room:** Retinue of clients who are not receiving treatment wait here for their employers.
8. **Quarters:** Most of The Manse's staff remains on site; Vississi ensures the comfort of her staff in this crowded room.
9. **Administration:** Vississi Leeai's office and payment storage.
10. **The Grove:** This beautiful shaded area provides respite from the surrounding swamp's oppressive heat.
11. **Mud Hole:** Rarely, a mud elemental escapes from the hole.

MARKETPLACE

The following items are for sale:

- **Consumables** *potion of cure serious wounds* (750 gp), *potion of remove disease* (750 gp), *scroll of transmute mud to rock* (1,125 gp), *scroll of comprehend languages* (CL 9th, 225 gp),
- **Miscellaneous** *ring of acid resistance* 10 (12,000 gp), *staff of earth and stone* (owned by Vississi), *wand of prestidigitation* (50 chgs. 375 gp), *wand of stoneskin* (20 chgs., 13,400 gp)

Additionally, the following services are available:

- **Spellcasting** Arcane and divine spellcasting (bard 3, cleric 4, druid 10, transmuter 13 [see Vississi's stats])
- **Crafting** Scrolls and wondrous items

EVENTS

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

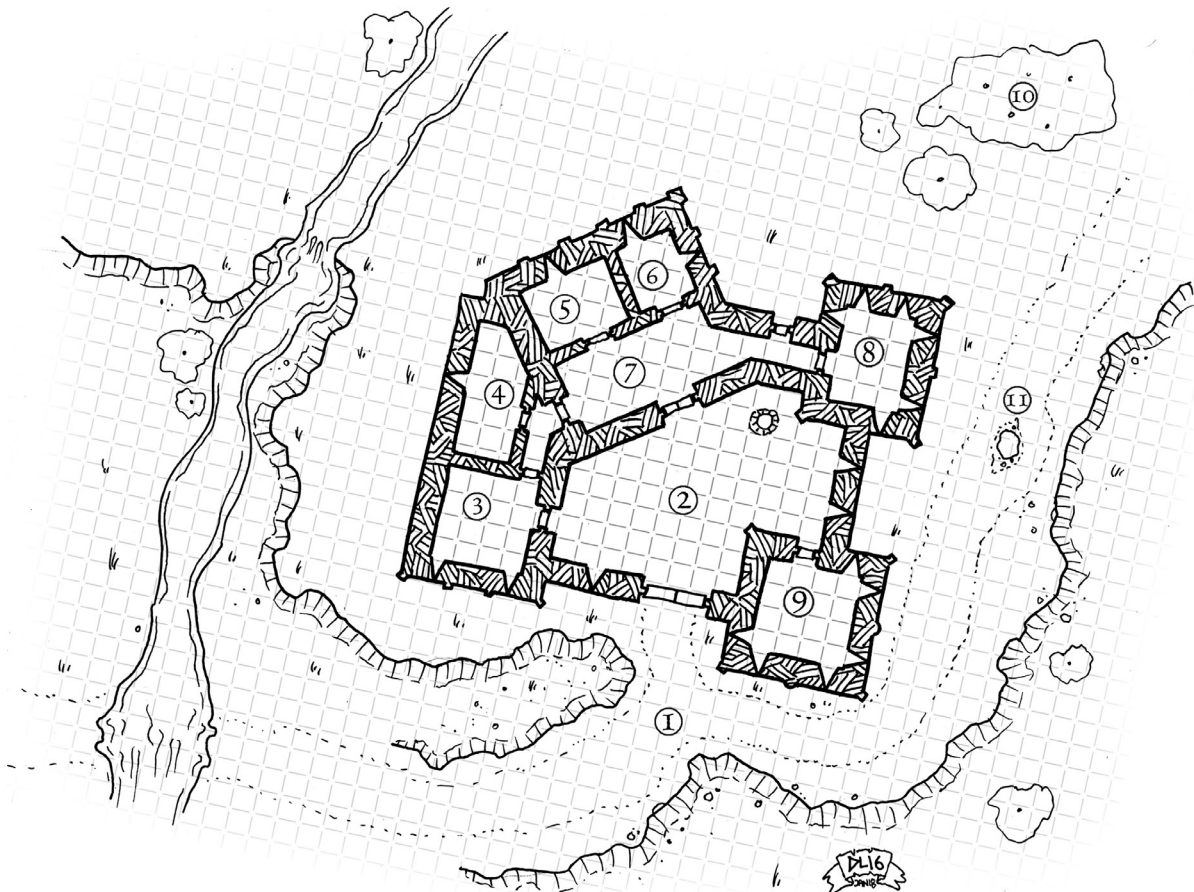
D6	EVENT
1	A murder of crows, numbering in the thousands, circles the grounds for an hour, blotting out the sun. Afterwards, they disperse in all directions.
2	An earthquake shakes The Manse's foundations. Terrified clients flee the building as the employees attempt to calm them. Vississi determinedly clutches her staff as she storms out the north exit.
3	Zev leaves the private ward in a panic, grabbing anyone who can help him, as mud used to treat acid scarring on a guest has solidified and threatens to suffocate him.
4	Aedwen Sirett arrives from Thornhill to ask Vississi to provide aid for villagers suffering from a deadly disease.
5	A powerful noble's envoy arrives and demands the Manse clear of patrons before her arrival, raising objections from clients. Vississi confers with the envoy who whispers to her for a minute. The sylph offers full refunds and insists everyone depart by tomorrow night.
6	Pel drags a pair of gnomes to the administrative office. Eavesdroppers hear Vississi briefly ranting about spies before telling the half-orc to take them to Aqalarian to deal with them.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about the Manse 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	You don't want to go to the grove when the druid's not around; some of the vines there would strangle you if it weren't for his intervention.
2*	The neighbouring lizardfolk believe the Manse defiles the swamp, and they are planning a massive assault to destroy the building.
3	Aqalarian has put feelers out for information about a powerful magic item that controls earth elementals.
4	This section of the swamp shares a thin border with the elemental plane of earth. It seems odd someone with air elemental heritage would be drawn here.
5	Be careful what you say around the staff. Selling secrets is another way they generate revenue for the Manse.
6*	Vississi and Aqalarian are the sole remaining members of an adventuring party that amassed a great fortune before the group fell to deadly in-fighting.

*False rumour text



REVENGE AT A GLANCE

One of the largest and oldest villages near the pirate town of Deksport, Revenge has grown from humble beginnings to straddle both banks of the Buccaneer River a short distance downstream from the confluence of two smaller rivers. The surrounding land is fertile, if prone to occasional flooding, allowing the village's crops to thrive.

Founded over 20 years ago by the pirate captain Tarvin Brineshadow, *Revenge* was named after his second ship. His first was the *Helldrake*, one of the fastest galleons to sail the ocean. The *Helldrake's* first mate was a treacherous soul named Red Jaska Purho who led a mutiny against Tarvin after an unsuccessful raid. The deposed captain was forced to walk the plank in shark-infested waters. Luckily, he managed to swim to a small island where he spent weeks living off crabs and coconuts before being rescued by a passing ship. This pirate vessel, the *Good Fortune*, had never experienced much success, but with Tarvin's guidance, began to take plenty of fat prizes. After a vote was held to elect him captain, Tarvin spoke of the plunder filling the hold of the *Helldrake*. Renaming his new ship the *Revenge*, he sailed the oceans until he tracked down his former vessel.

The *Revenge* attacked the *Helldrake* under cover of a fog bank. Tarvin boarded his old ship and dueled with his mutinous ex-first mate while the two crews battled around them. As Tarvin thrust his cutlass through Red Jack's heart, his men triumphed over the the *Helldrake's* crew. Once the holds had been emptied, Tarvin gave the order to send the galleon to the bottom of the ocean.

His lust for revenge sated, Tarvin's drive to sail the oceans waned, and he vowed to live out his years on dry land. After finding a spot inland suitable for farming, he founded Revenge. While some of his crew joined him, many preferred to remain at sea. These days, few of the folk living in the village have ever served on a pirate ship.

Now, Tarvin's past is about to catch up with him. Adventurers recently found and plundered the wreck of the *Helldrake*, disturbing Red Jaska Purho's watery grave. The pirate captain's angry spirit has returned and Red Jack has risen from the ocean as a revenant to take his revenge on his old enemy.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Tarvin Brineshadow

Government Autocracy

Population 154 (121 humans, 15 half-orcs, 9 halflings, 6 dwarves, 3 half-elves)

Alignments NG, CG, N, CN

Languages Common, Orc

Corruption -4; **Crime** -4; **Economy** -4; **Law** -3; **Lore** 0; **Society** -2

Qualities Strategic location, superstitious

Danger +20; **Disadvantages** Hunted

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Brother Lobell (location 5; CG male human cleric 1) Well-meaning young priest of Serat, sent here from Deksport.

Feijo Grogblood (location 2; CN male middle-aged human warrior 2/expert 2) Landlord of the Ferry Inn and ex-crewman on the *Revenge*.

Kaisa Two-Teeth (location 3; N female middle-aged half-orc warrior 1/expert 1) Loud and earthy owner of the Turtle Trading Post. Ex-pirate, served on the *Revenge*.

Ol' Veijo (location 1; N male old human warrior 1/expert 1) Grizzled old ferryman. Ex-pirate; part of the *Revenge's* crew.

Red Jaska Purho (location 8; CE male revenant fighter 2) Former first mate and captain of the *Helldrake*, recently risen from the dead and out for revenge.

Tarvin Brineshadow (location 4; CN male middle-aged human fighter 5) Retired pirate captain; founder of *Revenge*.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Ferry:** A chain ferry is used to cross the Buccaneer River.
2. **The Ferry Inn:** *Revenge's* hostelry caters for travellers, offering warm beds and hearty food in a convivial atmosphere.
3. **Turtle Trading Post:** Sells all manner of goods and supplies to local farmers, river traders and travellers.
4. **Brineshadow Manor:** This large building is home to the founder and ruler of the village, Tarvin Brineshadow.
5. **Village Church:** Dedicated to Serat, Mistress of Storms, the church has few regular worshippers.
6. **Mill:** The village mill stands idle following the violent death of the miller, Bart Quint.
7. **Palisade:** Protects the village from local orc and goblin tribes.
8. **Old Barn:** Red Jaska Purho is hiding in this abandoned barn as he wages his campaign of terror on the *Revenge's* ex-crew.
9. **The Pinnacle:** A strange, tall spire of rock stands in the forest to the northeast of the village.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Farming, fishing, forestry

Base Value 550 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 1st; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *bear's endurance* (150 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *speak with dead* (375 gp)
- **Weapon** +1 heavy crossbow (2,350 gp), +1 dagger (2,302 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 10: Revenge sits on both banks of the Buccaneer River. The villagers use a chain ferry to cross the river.

DC 15: The village was founded by a pirate captain who named it after his ship. He retired from piracy and took up farming after killing his arch-enemy.

DC 20: Adventurers recently explored and plundered the wreck of the *Helldrake*, sunk by the *Revenge* over 20 years ago.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The villagers are of different ethnic backgrounds but most have a healthy tan and well-weathered hands from working the land. Some of the older inhabitants are ex-pirates and sport tattoos of varying artistic merit.

Dress Most wear simple, practical work clothes and sturdy leather boots. The ex-pirates still like to wear hoop earrings or other pieces of flashy jewellery.

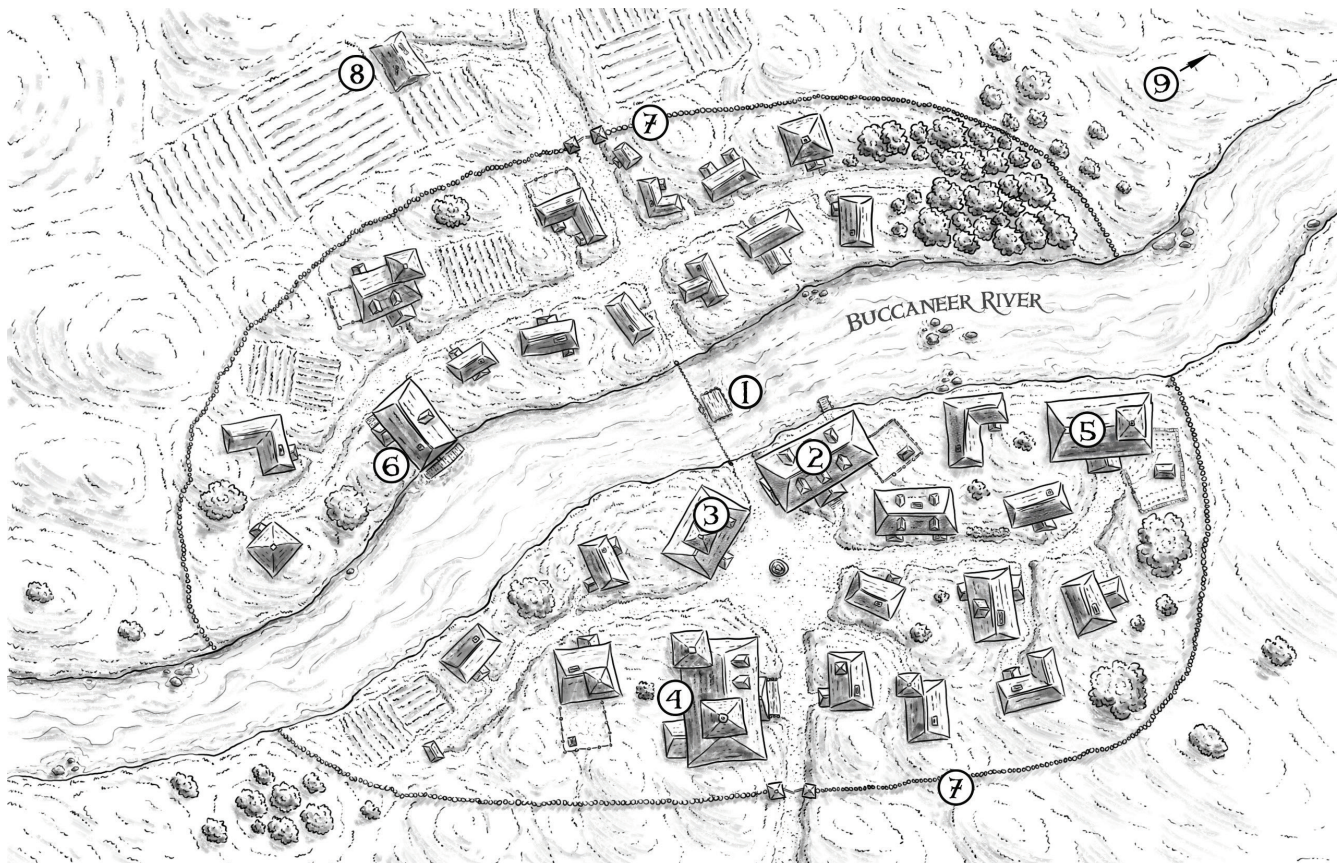
Nomenclature *male* Armas, Jaska, Panu, Volitto; *female* Alina, Elena, Laila, Pirjo; *family* Ahokas, Outila, Takala, Varala.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Revenge 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	Someone (or something) is out for vengeance against the ex-pirates who served on the <i>Revenge</i> . Three have been killed in the last two weeks.
2	Bart Quint, the miller, was found dead clutching a piece of parchment bearing the dreaded Black Spot—a dire warning that a pirate is marked for death.
3	Tarvin Brineshadow has promised to build a new bridge to replace the ferry later this year. The last one was washed away in a terrible flood.
4	No one has seen Tarvin Brineshadow since the killings began – he’s barricaded himself in his manor and refuses to leave.
5*	The killer is a disgruntled pirate who served on the <i>Revenge</i> but was cut out of his share in the loot.
6	A tall, thin spire of rock, known as the Pinnacle, stands in the forest to the northeast. Carved ancient drawings and symbols cover its base.

*False rumour



UMELAS AT A GLANCE

Umelas stinks of sweetness. From the saccharine wines to the cloying scent of white oak, the air is rich with sugar. The scenery is idyllic enough, if you can stand the scent. Vaulting green hills host groves of shimmering trees as far as the eye can see. A dancing stream carries grape scents from the winery on the cliffs above to the laughing villagers below. Men and women smoke sweet sage at the Riverwatch tavern, curling vapours which settle lazily over the waters below.

But something sinister lurks behind every contented smile.

Umelas was not always this sweet. Thirty years ago the village was in the depths of economic depression, with trade goods faltering and a horrifying plague sweeping ever closer. Out of the woods came a bright eyed fey in the guise of a man. He called himself Smiling Bracken, and he offered a trade: longevity, prosperity and unending joy for the life and soul of a child.

From a community on the brink of destruction, the vote was unanimous. Smiling Bracken took his sacrifice down into the limestone caves beneath the village. When the screams began, some villagers wavered in their resolve, and spoke in hushed whispers of going back on their deal.

But Smiling Bracken kept good on his promise. Umelas *thrived*. And it has thrived for 30 years – despite the whimpers and screams of pain from the earth below.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Hiswin Baeler

Government Utopian Experiment

Population 66 (52 humans, 6 halflings, 5 half-elves, 2 elves, 1 gnome)

Alignments LN, N, LE

Languages Alko, Common

Corruption -3; **Crime** -3; **Economy** +2; **Law** -1; **Lore** -2; **Society** -1

Qualities Insular, Smiling Bracken's Blessing

Danger 0

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Birrick Baeler (location 8; NG male human commoner 1) Birrick is the tortured sacrifice of Umelas, bound in eternal pain deep within the earth.

Gerder Groa (location 6; LN female human expert 2) Uldric's wife, Gerder is even larger and more taciturn than her husband. She handles duties while her husband is away, and is teased good naturedly for her silence.

Hiswin Baeler (location 7; LN male human aristocrat 2/expert 1) The mayor is an old man now, though he looks much younger. He has little to do on a daily basis, and spends most of his time praying at the Temple of the Covenant.

Merner Sugarloft (location 1; NE male gnome adept 1/expert 3) The owner of Sugarloft Winery, Merner pines for the days

before Smiling Bracken but recognizes life is better with his blessings.

Tevrik Waterblossom (location 4; LN male halfling expert 2) Large and gruff, many mistake the bearded Tevrik for a dwarf when they first lay eyes on him. Tevrik runs the town lumberyard but stays out of political and fey affairs.

Uldric Groa (location 6; LE male human expert 2) The owner and bartender of Riverwatch Tavern is strict and quiet, preferring to pour drinks rather than make conversation.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Sugarloft Winery:** The esteemed legacy of this winery far outshines its current produce, sickly-sweet wines which sell well on the market but lack depth or character.
2. **The Gutter:** Gutter's River, or the Gutter, brings fresh snow melt from the mountains to Sugarloft Winery, then courses down Gutter's Gorge to Umelas below.
3. **White Oak Groves:** Across The Gutter grow hundreds of aromatic white oak groves on grassy hills, stretching up and onto the hills and mountains beyond.
4. **Umelas Lumberyard:** Thin sweet sap clings to every corner of this bustling lumberyard.
5. **Gutter's Gorge:** A steep ravine cuts its way down limestone cliffs, bridging a vertical divide between Umelas and the Sugarloft Winery on the slopes above.
6. **Riverwatch Tavern:** Riverwatch is a restaurant and tavern on the banks of the Gutter where white oak incense burns in flickering hearths.
7. **Temple of the Covenant:** This structure is Umelas' religious and political centre, and a place to worship Smiling Bracken.
8. **Limestone Caves:** Musty, dark and dripping, the limestone caves are littered with animal bones and play host to Smiling Bracken.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Mutton, white oak, wine, wool

Base Value 500 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 3rd;

Minor Items 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *invigorate* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *hypnotism* (25 gp), *innocence* (25 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *calm emotions* (150 gp), *hunter's lore* (25 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 10: A mere 30 years ago, Umelas was heavily impoverished and on the brink of collapse.

DC 15: Umelas has and needs no guard or militia. Disturbances are few and far between, and dangers seem to avoid the place.

DC 25: The villagers made a dark sacrifice to Smiling Bracken, a dark fey; in return he granted them prosperity and long life.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The people of Umelas are always smiling hollow grins full of pink-stained teeth. The men are strong and handsome, the women proud and beautiful and the children playful and intelligent. All are unusually tall and healthy. Sickness and hunger are rare things here.

Dress The villagers rarely import textiles and fabric from abroad, and make do with local wool. They tend towards simple clothing of light colours, but both men and women often braid their hair with pink flowers growing on the white oak trees

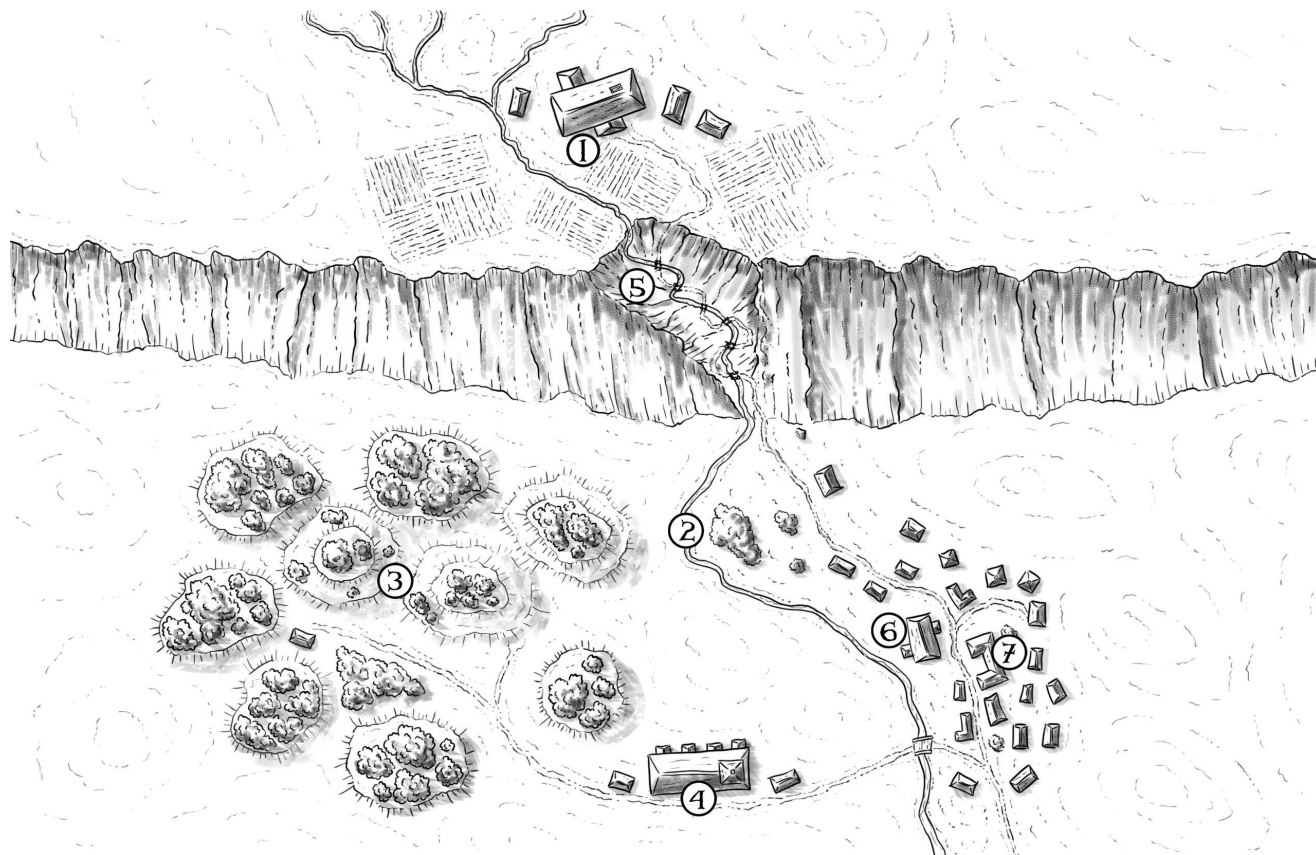
Nomenclature *male* Argeld, Gilles, Joran, Loris, Lukas; *female* Desmonda, Evry, Indrid, Olund, Saera; *family* Elser, Idoder, Jonad, Neamin, Persire.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Umelas 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 populace's unusual good health comes from the river spirits beneath Gutter's Gorge.
2	The village healer now works in the vineyard after a lack of patients led him to pursue another career.
3	Smiling Bracken is a fey who blessed the village with prosperity thirty years ago.
4	The mayor lost his son long ago, and has been unable to sire another.
5*	The winds of the underground caves produces sounds like a child screaming.
6	A hidden rock formation in Gutter's Gorge leads into an expansive underground cave system.

*False rumour



Y'TARIS AT A GLANCE

A stone circle marks the confluence of ley lines in this bleak and broken place. Across its storied past, Y'taris has hosted spellbinding wizards and apocalyptic cultists, angelic battles and fey outcasts, abyssal legions and eldritch incursions. Among the ancient runes and onyx pillars lie secret messages, spells and powers hidden by gods and men alike.

But to the people of Y'taris, the stone circle is just a tourist destination for the rich. Every year, hundreds of mages and necromancers make the long pilgrimage to the stone circle high in the Broken Mountains. Between meditation and study, these spellcasters need a place to eat, relax and play. Y'taris provides it all for exorbitant prices. Those who are unwilling to pay may find their wallets missing all the same. And for the dark powers gathered here, the people of Y'taris offer some unusual services. Anyone is welcome, as long as they have the coin.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Rulers Ayred Guilespire, Girmark Flaskgut and Mulgin Kulon

Government Plutocracy

Population 189 (57 humans, 16 dwarves, 24 elves, 39 gnomes, 14 half-elves, 7 half-orcs, 32 halflings)

Alignments LE, NE

Languages Common, Elven, Halfling

Corruption +1; **Crime** +2; **Economy** +2; **Law** -2; **Lore** -1; **Society** -3

Qualities Magically Attuned, Notorious

Danger 10

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Ayred Guilespire (location 1; LE male elf cleric 2/expert 2) Gaunt and impossibly pale, Ayred owns nearly all the stalls in the Grey Market. He speaks for all shops and panhandlers, ensures their prices and methods are in line, and represents their interests in council meetings.

Davyn Highhall (location 5; N male human wizard 1) Davyn is like a hundred other spellcasters who travel to Y'taris each year. Born from a noble family, he seeks to enhance his pitiful magical ability by studying the Confluence. Instead, he is being cheated out of his entire inheritance.

Girmark Flaskgut (location 1; NE female dwarf expert 2/rogue 3) Girmark's years of thievery are mostly behind her. Now, she teaches and organizes the pickpockets and burglars, and represents their interests in council meetings.

Mulgin Kulon (location 5; LE male gnome expert 3) Mulgin is a disgusting, boil covered gnome who spits when he talks. He oversees operations at all taverns, inns and gambling halls, and represents their interests in council meetings.

Stockmaster (location 9; LE male gnome cleric 6) Stockmaster runs Onyx Hall, the premier provider of necromantic goods

and services in Y'taris. He is taciturn and precise and expects his customers to be the same.

Xthelis (location 3; NE female human lich wizard 11) Xthelis is one of the few individuals actually worthy of the arcane power available. She spends her time solely at the Pit, studying runes and practicing her necromancy. She showers the citizens with gold and they give her whatever she needs.

Yosrin Nimblefingers (location 1; CN male halfling bard 1/rogue 3) Yosrin is an expert pickpocket and something of a legend among his peers. He covers his good looks with dirty brown clothes, and sometimes clashes with Girmark Flaskgut over the appropriate distribution of stolen goods.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **The Grey Market:** Filled with vendors, beggars, panhandlers and pickpockets, all magical goods can be found here (at exorbitant prices).
2. **The Confluence:** The reason mages flock to Y'taris, this stone circle intensifies magical ability and enhances arcane study.
3. **The Pit:** A conduit of necromantic power, the Pit draws powerful liches and other unsavoury spellcasters from across the world.
4. **The Gibbering Stone Inn:** This inn and tavern epitomizes everything about a cheap tavern except for its prices.
5. **Raven's Reach:** Raven's Reach inn provides wealthy visitors with opulence and a reason to spend far too much gold on frivolities.
6. **Griffon's Call:** This gambling hall is the third best place to lose money in Y'taris.
7. **Mage Society:** Within the Mage Society, novices pay hefty dues in hopes of arcane revelations that never come.
8. **Trading Post:** At the trading post, the merchants of Y'taris buy alchemic ingredients from travelling salesmen.
9. **Onyx Hall:** Onyx Hall, which sells necromantic goods, is perhaps the only store in Y'taris worth the price.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Tourism

Base Value 750 gp; **Purchase Limit** 4,250 gp; **Spellcasting** 5th; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

When the PCs arrive in Y'taris, the following items are for sale:

- **Potions & Oils** *lesser restoration* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *blood biography* (150 gp), *pass without trace* (25 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *divination* (400 gp), *glyph of warding* (575 gp)
- **Wand** *detect magic* (375 gp), *purify food and drink* (375 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 15: Y'taris is ruled by a council of three merchants: one for the inns, one for the shops and one for the thieves.

DC 20: Beneath the Confluence festers a pit of dark magic and great power. Only the citizens of Y'taris know the way.

DC 25: The powerful lich Xthelis has taken up near permanent residence at the Pit, and the villagers provide her with a steady stream of corpses.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The inhabitants of Y'taris are as stark as the surrounding mountains. They wax between cold annoyance and obsequious flattery, depending on if they have something to sell.

Dress Y'tarians dress in blacks and greys, and often wear cloaks or hoods. Many do not wish to be identified when performing their daily tasks, while others simply mimic the muted landscape.

Nomenclature *male* Belzor, Garhace, Hortran, Jodak, Kaswan, Panbul; *female* Arfin, Breni, Faybyn, Idalile, Yezlyn; *family* Calziver, Greyhand, Magespire, Totix, Uriwor.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Y'taris 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 Confluence has no true power, and is simply a means to draw visitors to the village.
2	The Onyx Hall sells corpses and human sacrifices in addition to other necromantic materials.
3	In ancient times, a powerful necromancer created the Pit to summon forth an undead army.
4	When visitors outstay their welcome, they are sometimes delivered to the necromancers.
5*	In the sky above the Confluence, an invisible celestial structure bestows divine power.
6	Raven's Reach has secret passages so the staff can more easily rid the guests of their possessions.

*False rumour



VAAGWOL AT A GLANCE

Ringed by tall, thick walls, the fog-shrouded Vaagwol sits on the edge of the Twyll River delta; on one side lies the Solnicht Bog while on the other stand the Fey-Cursed Hills. The peat and clay resources, in addition to the navigable river, have long attracted many to this dreary place. From the mysteriously absent Sylvan court to dozens of mortal kingdoms may have fought over this land. Consequently, old battlefields and queer mysteries cluster thickly about the village.

Perhaps what characterizes Vaagwol most is the Hunger. The Hunger animates the dead whether preserved in the bog, long entombed under fairy hills or recently succumbed in the village itself. In order to protect against this ever-present threat, Vaagwol has not only built a stout outer stone wall, but also divided itself into several walled. The lack of windows on the lowest floors of all buildings, protect not only against the constant chill and mist, but also against the dead whose diseased bite further spreads the Hunger.

With the falling population, the villagers have become increasingly reliant on clockwork mechanisms for many simple tasks; however many such creations are poorly constructed and often break.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Mayor Alfrant Merryn

Government Plutocracy

Population 167 (109 humans, 32 dwarves, 8 elves, 11 half-elves, 7 intelligent undead)

Alignments LN

Languages Common, Dwarven, Elven, Sylvan

Corruption +0; **Crime** -4; **Economy** -2; **Law** -4; **Lore** -2; **Society** -8

Qualities Defensible, superstitious

Danger +20; **Disadvantages** Hunted, plagued, soul crushing

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

Caltha Stonestacker (location 4; LN female dwarf expert 3) Cartha is a brash and stout woman, even for a dwarf, who leads the Wallers guild. She is responsible for the construction and maintenance of the great walls that protect the village from the dead and the spread of the Hunger.

Bychan Ytes (location 7; LE male human expert 3) Bychan is fascinated by the Hunger, which has so far defied magical attempts to curtail its spread. His obsession turns darker with each passing day and he has begun to document the disease's progression on those imprisoned in his cellar.

Mayor Alfrant Merryn (location 1; LN male human expert 2) A successful merchant from a respectable family, Alfrant has parlayed his breeding and wealth into political office. He generally believes in stoically ignoring any unpleasantness the village suffers and instead tells stories of better days.

Phethil Riverdancer (location 8; CG male elf rogue 2) The dashing patriarch of the small elven community, his family controls much of the trade passing through the village. While looked down upon by the village's respectable families, the bravery and daring of the Riverdancer Forwarding Company is the lifeblood of Vaagwol's economic health.

Scythemaster Ecta Jenigan (location 6; LG female human fighter 3) The Scythemaster is the honourable leader of the Bereavement Watch, who both garrison the village's defences and cull the sick inside the walls.

Slow Ewain (location 5; CN male human rogue 1) A spy from Feyhall, Ewain is craftier than his moniker implies.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

1. **Vaagwol Hall:** This hall is a block-like building that serves as the centre of government and trade for the village.
2. **St. Elspeth the Martyr Hospital:** The hospital is run by the sisters of St. Elspeth the Martyr who strive daily to both care for the health of the villagers and fight the plague.
3. **Cutters' Guild Hall:** The Cutters' Guild makes regular forays into the bog to cut peat or to the hilly cost to dig clay. They often hire guards when working outside the walls.
4. **Wallers' Guild Hall:** The dwarven dominated Wallers' Guild Hall is surrounded by several rings of walls and is perhaps the most defensible location in the village.
5. **The Quiet Maid:** Popular public house with rooms for let.
6. **Bereavement Watch Barracks:** There is one of these barrack houses in each district, filled with soldiers on the lookout for both the dead and signs of the Hunger infecting their charges.
7. **Ytes' Mansion:** This solitary mansion is home to the bachelor physician Bychan Ytes (and his unfortunate test subjects).
8. **Docks:** The piers stand outside the protection of the walls.
9. **Solnicht Bog:** Home to peat and centuries of battles.
10. **Fey-Cursed Hills:** Once home to the Sylvan Court, the hills now shelter a band of brigands in the village of Feyhall (whose location is a secret to all but a few).

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Clay, clockworks, peat, shipping

Base Value 300 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 1st; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *hide from undead* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *chill touch* (25 gp), *magic weapon* (25 gp)
- **Scrolls (Divine)** *bless water* (50 gp), *lesser restoration* (150 gp)
- **Wondrous Items** *silversheen* (250 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 5: Vaagwol was once prosperous due to its proximity to peat and clay, and the ability to ship it up the Twyll River. Several significant ancient battlefields litter the nearby Solnicht Bog.

DC 10: The village lives under threat from the Hunger, a disease that kills the living and animates the dead.

DC 20: Somewhere nearby in the Fey-Cursed Hills is the bandit known as Feyhall. The rogues are nearly as dangerous as the Hungry Dead.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The families that have lived in Vaagwol for generations frequently have dark hair and dark eyes, though red hair is not uncommon. Hairstyle is general tied to class, with the common folk favouring longer hair and the wealthy keeping theirs' cropped short.

Dress The villagers tend to wear dreary layers of wool to keep out the cold and damp mists. Jewellery is uncommon, though affections such as a cane, monocle or pocket watch are more likely among the wealthy. It is common to see heavy boots and forearm guards on those who travel areas where encounters with the hungry dead are likely.

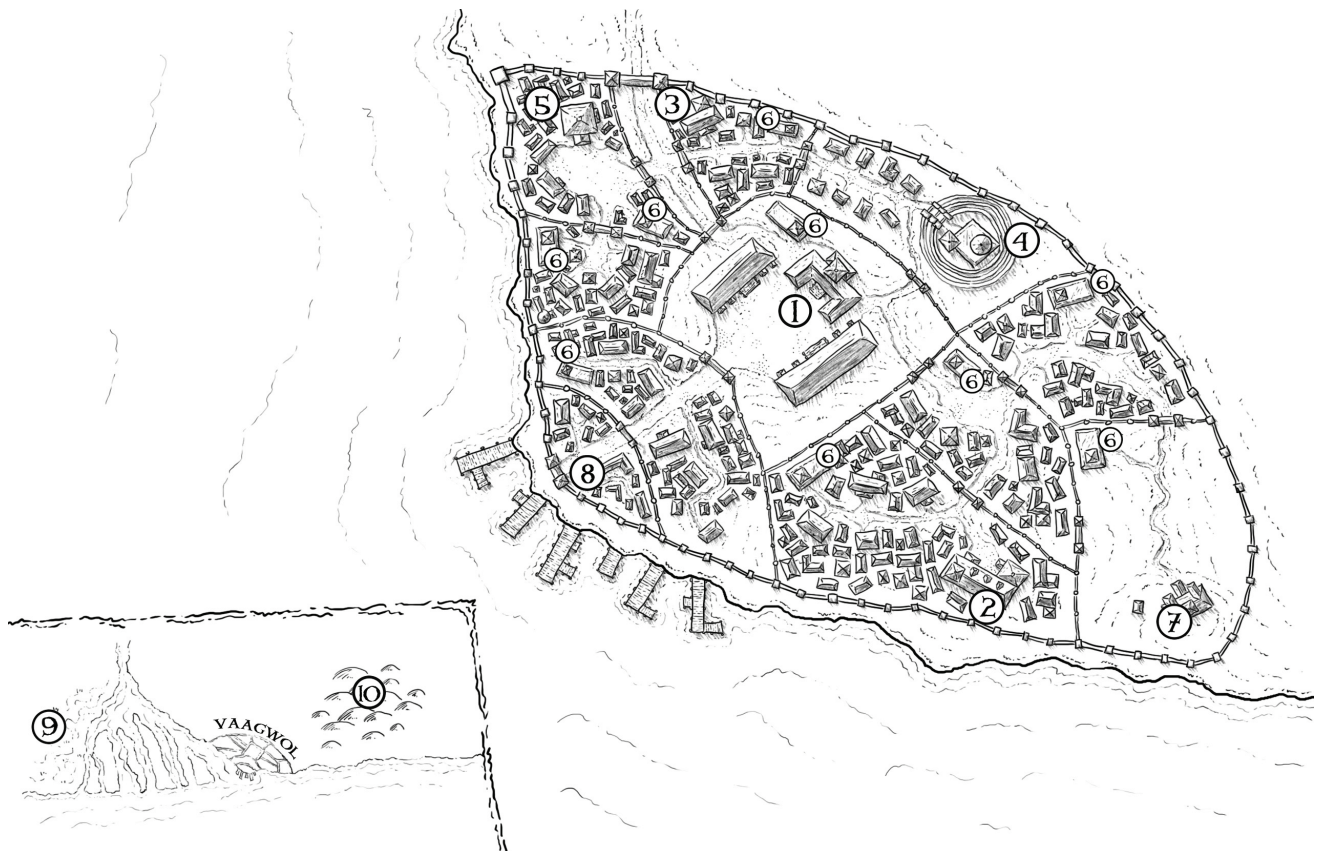
Nomenclature *male* Aeron, Einon, Linos, Sawl; *female* Aderyn, Brynn, Gynn, Rynnon; *family* Astley, Caddagan, Merryn, Rodderych, Yorath.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Vaagwol 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 Hungry Dead are controlled by an intelligent menace seeking to lay the village low.
2	Someone is spreading the Hunger on purpose.
3	The bandits of Feyhall have spies in the village.
4*	The Sisters of St. Elspeth the Martyr have magical healing powers they do not publicize, but if you earn their favour, they can cure you of the Hunger.
5*	The Bereavement Watch cannot be trusted. They will execute you if you are sick for any reason.
6	Hungry Dead are commonly found outside the walls, but sometimes some to get inside. Be careful who you approach on a dark and lonely street.

*False rumour





MISCELLANEOUS OFFERINGS

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.

AN UNEVENTFUL DAY'S TRAVEL IN THE SWAMP

Use this table to provide the basic details of an uneventful day's travel through a marsh or swamp. Some entries may be inappropriate based on the adventure's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

D%	
01-02	Biting insects assail you while the long leaves of nearby trees reach down to touch you. A wan sun hides behind thin clouds before giving way to full, bright moon. The song of various insects reaches a fevered crescendo.
03-04	You spy here and there worn stone boulders half buried in the murky water, ruins from an ancient civilization. An eerie silence infuses the dank air before the chirping of birds and insects encroaches as night falls.
05-06	Worn, half-rotted posts point you along the driest paths through the tree crowded swamp. Birds call out under a cloudless blue sky while bright stars and a full, silvery moon keep you company with the arrival of night.
07-08	A previous rain and a hot sun combine to fill the dank swamp with a thin fog, making travel slow as you slosh through muddy channels. Afternoon sees the fog lift and it finally dissipates by the time a red sun sets.
09-10	Despite the persistent rain dogging you all day, the buzzing, biting swamp insects are out in full force as you trudge along under heavily leaved trees. The rain stops just before sunset.
11-12	You manage to find a rough, man-made road winding through the thick trees rising like green wraiths from the dark waters of the swamp. Your travel is swift and time passes quickly.
13-14	As you stomp through a path covered in shallow water you occasionally see local rafts and small boats plying the swamp's deeper waters. The cool day gives way to a colder night.
15-16	You wade through the thickly overgrown swamp with relative ease made possible by numerous wooden boardwalks laid out over the deeper water. A warm sun follows you through the day.
17-18	The muddy ground threatens to suck you down while thick undergrowth attempts to ensnare you. Despite this, you manage to stumble along, avoiding the deeper water.
19-20	You make use of the crude, wooden bridges suspended by thick vines to traverse the deeper waters of the swamp. At one point, an animal's death cry rattles in the far distance.
21-22	You navigate a path through the trees by following markers fashioned from wood and animal skulls indicating the safest route. You see a few predators in the distant waters but they give you a wide berth. Night comes quickly.

23-24	The humid morning brings a series of short, violent thunderstorms as you slog through a narrow, shallow path weaving between fortresses of trees, their leafy boughs hanging low. A grey sky eventually turns black.
25-26	A stagnant trail rises just above the water line, meandering through the trees. You see occasional floating lights in the distance produced by swamp gas. A dismal sun sets.
27-28	A fetid stench bubbles up from the swamp as you trudge through swaths of brackish water weaving between muddy hillocks. The sun dies in a blaze of colour, birthing a moonless night.
29-30	Moss chokes hunched trees like widows' veils, crowding the muddy path traversing pools of murky water. An intimidated sun hides behind the clouds and a moonless sky follows.
31-32	A strong wind blows steadily throughout the day, harassing thin, leafless trees struggling to rise out of the muck around them. Even the animals seem silenced as the day passes.
33-34	A well-worn path takes you safely through the swamp. In the deeper waters in the distance, you see hunched figures in small boats with nets and fishing rods. A half-sickle moon appears at night.
35-36	Narrow boardwalks help you navigate the deeper stretches of the swamp. Occasionally, you spy cloaked figures walking on stilts armed as hunters. The sun gives way to a half-moon.
37-38	Thick fog drifts over the slowly moving water feeding the swamp. Thin, blackened trees thrust up like skeletal fingers. A grey sky obscures the sun.
39-40	A thin layer of ice coats the water while heavy snow beats down on the bare trees. The frozen ground crunches underfoot as you navigate a narrow path under a pallid sun.
41-42	Rain hammers down, like thousands of tiny fists. The muddy ground threatens to suck you down as you stumble along a flooded path. Luckily, you find a stretch of high, if muddy, ground to safely travel.
43-44	You journey along a man-made path winding between the trees, avoiding the deeper parts of the swamp where occasionally you see the water ripple after some creature slides into it.
45-46	Faint sunlight trickles passed the tall trees crowding overhead, casting the swamp in a perpetual gloom. Still, you manage to navigate its relatively shallow waters quickly until night approaches when darkness falls suddenly.
47-48	Scrubby bushes and long reeds form the winding path you travel, skirting the edges of deep, murky water. A hot sun seems to encourage the insects but the night brings cooler air.

49-50	A steady rain causes the marshy pools to rise, flooding the trail and making your travel an unpleasant slog. The rain tapers off at evening as a sickle moon peeks between the clouds.
51-52	Low clouds hang overhead, the distant sound of thunder accompanying you as you travel through wide lanes of tall grass cradling shallow pools of water. Birds clog the pools' edges, diving into the nearby thorny bushes.
53-54	The frozen ground crunches under your feet as you travel passed wide pools of water coated in a thin layer of ice. A brief snow squall blankets the dense, woody bushes between the water and your trail. Night comes cold and clear.
55-56	A man-made trail bordered by tall rushes snakes past flat, sluggish pools of grass choked water. Throughout the day, you spy a few mud brick houses built on sticks. A low sun sets late.
57-58	A low fog crawls along the marsh's surface, attempting to hide numerous, small pools of water. Luckily, you keep your path, trudging through thick reeds and thorny bushes. The sun dips redly and a sliver of moon replaces it.
59-60	Signposts guide you along a muddy trail carving through thorny thickets. In the distance, you occasionally see local residents thrusting spears or dragging nets through the pools of water dotting the landscape. A cold night greets you.
61-62	The squawking of birds slowly gives way to the croaking of frogs and chittering of insects as you march quickly along a relatively dry trail through the marshy surrounds.
63-64	The heat bakes the mud under your feet, the fetid pools of water crowding you. The earthy scent of mud and grass undercut with decay assaults you at every step.
65-66	Large, mossy boulders rise up like giants from black pools of water causing your mud drenched trail to twist and turn to avoid them. The muggy air is stifling with little relief at night.
67-68	You journey along narrow game trails cutting through long, stretches of water. The tumbled, stone remains of an ancient ruin lie at the bottom of these massive pools, occasionally rising above the surface of the water.
69-70	A horrid stench of sulphur wafts from numerous small pools of bubbling water along the muddy path. Things unseen call out to you from dense, tangled bushes. A wretchedly hot sun finally sets as thick clouds cover the moon.
71-72	Thin reeds and tall grass encircle shallow pools of water alive with birds and other small creatures. A cool breeze accompanies you while sunlight leaks between thick, dark clouds.
73-74	Abandoned, half-collapsed mud brick and reed houses appear on the path, some almost now grassy hillocks. The sun baths its reflection in mirror pools of still water until night arrives.

75-76	The sun seems to hang low over the wetlands. You notice a sullen silence—not an animal squeal or the chatter of insects. You swear you see ancient skulls at the bottom of still pools of water. No moon comes this night.
77-78	The narrow game trail you travel, passes various hunters and fisherfolk, who all remain at distance. A warm sunlight dances across pools of water before a cool night arrives.
79-80	The wind and rain whip the landscape into a frenzy. Normally shallow pools overflows, flooding the snaking game trails you travel along. You push along, waist deep, until night falls.
81-82	Titanic slabs of ancient weathered stone thrust straight up or lie on their sides in the swampy muck, evidence of some antediluvian, bygone ruin. The sun shies away behind thick clouds.
83-84	Small cairns of stones mark paths of drier ground, hastening your journey. Bloated flies flit above stagnant water while birds watch you cautiously. A sliver of moon relieves the sun.
85-86	Skiffs navigate wide, slow moving channels of water, their occupants dragging nets behind. Your trail keeps to well-trod game trails. Dark clouds dog you all day but clear at night.
87-88	An afternoon thunderstorm savages the land as narrow channels of water engorge and your path turns into a morass. A sudden heat afterwards makes for a muggy, humid day.
89-90	You pass narrow, acidic smelling channels and pools coated with a greenish tinge. Before sunset, you pass the ancient, moss draped, half submerged skeleton of a massive dragon.
91-92	Droning insects and a light breeze stirring the tall reeds accompany your travel under a warm sun on a cloudless day. A serene, dreamlike peace makes the day pass quickly as the sun baths its reflection in the wide pools of water stretched across the landscape.
93-94	Wide channels cut through the terrain, carrying the occasional skiff or small river boat. Trees crouch near the trail, long leaves touching the ground. The moon appears at night, flitting between the gathering clouds.
95-96	Well-trod, but muddy paths, skate through dense trees and watery pools and channels. You pass a number of rusty cages holding mouldering bones. The moon creeps up as night approaches.
97-98	Dark clouds continually threaten rain and the air becomes muggy and hot. You journey along a worn game path passing a series of shallow pools and narrow channels as thunder rumbles in the distance.
99-100	A merchant's wagon mired in the muddy path forces traffic along a narrow twisting trail hedged by thorny bushes and tall grass darting between shallow, clear pools of water teaming with small amphibious creatures.

BRIDGE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the bridge town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	Wheels rattle as a wagon crosses the wide slats of a bridge made entirely of rickety wood.
2	Rusting metal cages hang on chains dangling from a steel-spiked bridge.
3	The tromp of feet nears as a guard patrol makes its way over the bridge.
4	Children laugh as they scamper from one end of the bridge to another in a friendly race.
5	A raucous parade pauses in the middle of the bridge to sing the mayor's praises.
6	Stonemasons hammer and chisel large blocks, which will soon form a new bridge.
7	Pallbearers carry a casket over a bridge that symbolizes the passage between life and death.
8	Mounted guards shout for people to make way as they thunder after a fleeing criminal.
9	Wind whistles through the arches of this fine stone bridge.
10	The complex web of ropes holding up the bridge creaks alarmingly as the party crosses.
11	Wherever they go in town, swarms of biting insects follow the PCs.
12	The water level in the canal is surprisingly low, reveals glistening mud flats.
13	Every guard bears a breastplate or shield adorned with a stylized bridge.
14	People whisper excitedly that the town's "ghost bridge" is supposed to be manifesting soon.
15	Dozens of shop fronts line this canal, but each of them is only accessible via the waterfront.
16	Lifelike faces of stone peer out unblinkingly from their settings in the side of this bridge.
17	A messenger boy walks past, calling out an advertisement for the Underbridge Inn.
18	A cloaked trio of people glide past, faces masked to resemble a variety of unearthly creatures.
19	The nearby craft shop resounds with hammering, and the occasional thud of a heavy object falling.
20	The stagnant water under the bridge is covered with algae and crowded with frogs and turtles.
21	A mucus-covered salamander flops out of the water and blinks bulging eyes up at the party.
22	A priest walks by, loudly preaching the dangers of offending the "God of Bridges."
23	A sign decorated with a person's face etched in charcoal, wanted for crimes of "Bridge Burning and other Acts of Arson" is nailed to the bridge.
24	The woman who just walked by had gills, scaled skin and webbed hands and feet.

25	Signs are posted all around town proclaiming the official Bridge Festival begins in a fortnight.
26	Water from the canals has been cleverly diverted into beautiful fountains arrayed all over town.
27	Children play and chant, "One bridge, two bridge, red bridge, blue bridge..." on the bridge.
28	Two fighters take up duelling poses in the middle of a bridge as onlookers place bets.
29	A hawker yells out the prices of his scale model wooden carvings of various bridges from around town.
30	Fishermen shout excitedly as they haul in nets of still-flopping fish from the day's catch.
31	An old hag in a black robe stands before the bridge, asking questions of everyone who wishes to cross.
32	Bells chime with every step the party take across this bridge, though they are never in discord with one another.
33	One man complains to another that he's stuck in this district because he's afraid of heights.
34	A sign boasts of this cafe's famous "Canal Tea" which they promise is brewed fresh every day with authentic ingredients.
35	A tiefling wanders past, grumbling to herself about "lighting the water on fire."
36	Polished stones are set in the street to form arrows and names pointing to various bridges and districts.
37	The stone bridge rumbles from time to time, but no one seems to worry.
38	A thick fog swamps the town, not letting travellers see the other end of any bridge when they start to cross.
39	Bridge menders swap stories and jokes as they take a break, lounging around a broken portion of a bridge.
40	Children fish along the edge of a canal, letting their feet dangle over the edge as they chatter among themselves.
41	A PC overhears a young man tell a woman, "Meet me at the Lover's Bridge at midnight."
42	The bronze statue of a pig stands before this bridge, nose polished by everyone touching it as they pass for good luck.
43	A group of acrobats draw applause as they perform balancing acts on the bridge's railing. A troupe member passes a hat around for tips.
44	An old man whistles to himself as he sweeps debris off the bridge into the canal below.
45	The person the party just passed was clutching a bundle of firewoods in their arms, along with a gleeful expression.
46	A bloody set of footprints smears their way toward the nearest canal and across the bridge.

47	Birds chirp from their roosts within the nooks and crannies of the bridge's stone arches.
48	A paper flutters past, and a PC sees the words "Bridge Tax" inked on it.
49	In the distance, shrieks rise as a bridge cracks and crashes into the river below.
50	A forlorn man leans against the bridge railing, sighing wistfully as he gazes off into the distance.
51	A ghostly moan wavers out from under the darkness beneath the bridge.
52	Two mobs brandishing swords and torches yell at each other from either side of a bridge.
53	A guard strides past, his booming voice announcing a bridge curfew is about to start.
54	A PC overhears several architects debating the virtues of various bridge-building techniques.
55	A passerby mutters at a PC under his breath, calling them a "no-bridger barbarian."
56	A loud snap sounds in the distance, followed by a multitude of screams.
57	High above the water, a figure perches on the lip of a bridge, as if preparing to jump.
58	The water in the canal is foamy, and the foam itself has an odd greenish tinge to it.
59	A horse's hooves sound oddly hollow as it clops its way across a lengthy span of stone.
60	The canal below moves sluggishly, looking like a thick, muddy churn full of trash and debris.
61	A gondolier rows past, calling out the prices of being ferried to various parts of town.
62	A crowd cheers as several folk hang from a bridge's railing in a test of strength.
63	A sign posted at eye-level reads, "Only people this tall or higher can cross the bridge."
64	The gentle sound of lapping water follows the party everywhere they go in town.
65	The stink of raw sewage fills the air near this plain wooden bridge.
66	This artist's paintings display locations of notable bridges from around town, except the realistic images lack the bridges themselves.
67	You hear grumbles and mutters wherever you go as town citizens complain about "bridge imps."
68	A sign directs half-orcs to take an alternate bridge rather than the main one.
69	People gather to watch a wooden bridge go up in flames. No one seems to be putting out the fire.
70	Whacking noises echo as a couple gondoliers spar with their paddles as they pass each other.
71	Rival gondolier teams mock each other's gaudy outfits and the quality of their competing boats.
72	Frogs chirrup from the abundance of lily pads clogging the canals from end to end.
73	A man screams for justice as he is lashed hand and foot to a bridge, where he'll be left to starve.
74	Every bridge in town looks identical, down to the exact shape and size of their planks.

75	Fish fling themselves out of the canals by the hundreds to flop about and die on the streets.
76	Graffiti of a generic bridge has been splashed in crimson paint on every door on this street.
77	Rows of rocking chairs line the span; people sit here to watch the sunrise and sunset every day.
78	The water in the canal has an oily scum to it that stinks of sulphur and ripples with rainbow hues.
79	A troll sits in the open at one end of the bridge, simply holdings its clawed hand out for people to drop coins into.
80	A clock tower gongs somewhere in the distance, and people hurry in all directions.
81	Someone screams before the party hear a loud splash and cries for help.
82	A bridge sentry is yelling at a half-giant, telling the brute he's far too heavy to cross the span.
83	Two merchants are yelling at each other, their carts having crashed into one another after trying to cross the bridge at the same time.
84	Two black coaches race directly toward one another from either end of the bridge; neither shows signs of slowing.
85	A folded parchment flutters in the breeze, having been stuck in a gap between two stones.
86	Rows of canal boats line dozens of small wooden piers, bobbing on the current.
87	A person points to the sky and gasps, saying, "Did you see? The heavenly bridge is back!"
88	Every bridge in town has tall statues on either end carved with demonic visages.
89	Iridescent beetles cluster by the hundreds on almost every flat surface, making an oddly musical humming once the sun sets.
90	A red velvet carpet has been laid along the street, leading all the way to the next bridge.
91	A drunken band of musicians launches into their new song, "100 Reasons We Love Bridges!"
92	This bridge is glistening wet.
93	A robed woman stands in the middle of the bridge, her face in shadow beneath the pink, frilly umbrella she holds.
94	Several monks shuffle past, their robes stylized with gray arches, ripples and white clouds.
95	A stack of planks lies nearby, drying out before being used for bridge repairs.
96	A man groans as he tries to roll an enormous block of stone down the street.
97	A few canals over, a chorus of worship songs rise over the town.
98	A stranger in a blank, black mask silently watches the street. He nods at the party.
99	At ship-maker's shop workers carve a tree trunk into the crude shape of a canal boat.
100	As the party step on a bridge, a kindly voice asks, "Excuse me, but could you get off my back?"

I LOOT THE BAG OF HOLDING: ADVENTURING GEAR

D%	
1	This large bundle of blue cloth folds out into a tent roomy enough to sleep four comfortably.
2	Six elaborate sets of climbing gear indicate the users planned to scale a difficult mountain.
3	Two iron spikes are accompanied by a note reading, "We'll need more since we fed almost all of these to that damnable thing."
4	This 500-foot length of rope is impossibly tangled and will take at least an hour to straighten out.
5	This nigh-invisible line of wire has tiny metal bells spaced irregularly along its length.
6	A pair of brass lanterns are tied to a 20-foot length of rope; they each have enough oil to burn for two hours.
7	This one-person wooden boat contains a pair of oars; one oar's paddle is missing a chunk in the shape of a bite.
8	This ladder is folded into a 5-foot-long, 1-foot-wide stack; when unfolded, it reaches 20 feet.
9	The green, minty paste contained in this tube soothes burns and helps heal burnt flesh.
10	This small workbench has a portable anvil and tools useful for repairing weapons and armour.
11	Each woollen blanket in this pile is scratchy.
12	This bundle of kindling contains enough material to start a week's worth of fires.
13	This spooled 87-foot-long piece of twine has multiple locations where the twine was broken and tied together.
14	A grimy sack holds rusty picks and shovels.
15	This hastily folded 5-foot-radius net holds the skeletal remains of three fish.
16	This barrel of oil has a slight leak; oil lightly coats everything else in the bag.
17	Five saddles are sized for an animal twice as wide as a typical horse.
18	Eight black cloaks sized for various humanoids help their wearers blend into the shadows.
19	"Cosimir's Keep" is etched on a leather band attached to this ring of keys.
20	These sheets of yellow parchment turn black when exposed to poison.
21	Four canvas cots are stacked together; one cot shows gnaw marks from a large carnivore.
22	A small bag holds two flasks, one containing clear odourless liquid, the other containing a pungent, blue goo. Mixing the contents together creates potent alchemist's fire.
23	Six bags contain spell components; each bag is labelled with a number, one through six.
24	A 100-foot length of rope is attached to a grappling hook, which is missing one of its claws.
25	Each of these four bone whistles produce the same note.

26	Each of these steel helmets has a mirrored receptacle on top holding a half-used candle.
27	This 50-foot-long silk rope is partially severed at the centre of its length; it seems like weight put on the rope would cause it to fray and snap.
28	Apparently forgotten rations have half spoiled.
29	Half of the torches in this bundle are pristine; the other half are blackened from use.
30	Ten liquid-filled vials are labelled as poisons but the liquids are actually the poisons' antidotes.
31	What appears to be an oversized knife block holds blades of varying lengths from daggers to greatswords.
32	An eight-inch-wide, fifteen-foot-long wooden plank is bowed in the middle.
33	A hammock is attached to two metal poles; one of the poles has been sawed in half.
34	This bundle of firewood is the scene of a termite massacre, as the insects could not survive in the airless environment.
35	A bottle with a label reading "In case of troll" contains an acrid liquid.
36	This belt holds five waterskins; the water tastes of metal, but is otherwise potable.
37	Seven sticks are in a bundle; when lit, a stick produces a choking purple smoke that obscures vision in a 10-foot radius.
38	Each of these hundred arrows is fletched with feathers from a different species of bird.
39	These one-foot long glass rods are resilient to damage; however, when struck, they produce bright unwavering light.
40	Fifty caltrops sized for creatures much larger than humans.
41	It seems the <i>bag of holding</i> rendered this green, five-foot-by-ten-foot cart moot.
42	The spyglass on a stand allows the viewer to see great distances.
43	This still-wet canvas tarp measures ten feet to a side; one corner has a hole.
44	Fur cloaks and leggings, seemingly harvested from yetis, provide protection from bitter cold.
45	This camouflage netting is wholly unsuited for the local area.
46	These folded sails suited for a caravel are brightly coloured.
47	One pair of mud-caked boots is sized for an adult human, while another is sized for a child.
48	These blood-stained, metal traps have tufts of fur stuck to the teeth.
49	Several whetstones are tied together with string; none of the whetstones have any grit remaining on them to sharpen blades.
50	This oversized compass points to the largest concentration of silver within fifty miles.

51	This one-gallon clay jug is filled with sticky tar; it pours out slowly and creates a ten-foot-diameter patch that grabs at footwear.
52	This thick stack of wood folds out into a fifteen-foot-long boat; astonishingly, the boat is watertight when fully unfolded.
53	Two poles are strapped together. A label on one reads "11 feet;" the other reads "9 feet, 10.5 inches—good luck."
54	This mix of buckwheat flour can produce enough pancakes to feed thirty people.
55	These steel helms have reflective visors.
56	This case holds different coloured sticks of chalk; the blue stick is the shortest by far.
57	This feed bag weighs fifty pounds, but it has a strap as if meant to attach to an animal.
58	The daggers in this bandolier are crafted from various exotic woods; a mithral dagger is the only metal weapon.
59	Green spatters cover these dull machetes.
60	Precautions to protect the glassware in this alchemical kit from jostling have mostly succeeded; only one glass vial is cracked.
61	The cuffs on these manacles rest on bottles that seem to have an endless supply of air.
62	This kit contains wigs and makeup; the flesh-coloured makeup has seen a lot of use.
63	A jeweller's loupe sits in a small blue bag among various small weights.
64	The water in this barrel has an oily film.
65	This kit contains a crowbar, drill, glass cutter and powder-filled orb with a fuse.
66	This stout, oaken staff has a horizontal grip; when grasped by two hands, the staff points to the nearest source of fresh water.
67	These three picks each have a different metal dust on them: silver, gold and adamantine.
68	A total of twenty grappling hooks are interlinked, forming a circle; a leather strap threads through the connected hooks, creating an odd belt.
69	The suit of platemail's breastplate is dented, requiring an armoursmith to repair it.
70	This kit contains a pair of wire cutters, four spikes and a skeleton key, all finely crafted.
71	A broken sword blade, radiating faint magic, has its hilt tied together with twine.
72	The grey paste in this ointment jar creates a watertight seal on any surface.
73	These supple brown gloves have suction cups on the index fingers and thumbs, enabling the wearer to climb even sheer surfaces more easily.
74	This black velvet bag contains a holy symbol, vial of holy water and a clove of garlic.
75	Though the oil in this barrel will not burn, it can make a surface extremely slippery; the oil cover a fifty-foot-square area.

76	A burlap sack contains a pair of whistles, hoops, a leash attached to a harness and tasty kibble.
77	A pair of canvas sheets stretched taut over a metal frame allows for short-distance gliding.
78	Charcoal accompanies tracing paper; strange glyphs line the bottom as a translation guide.
79	An elven curve blade and a dwarven urgosh highlight this collection of racial weapons.
80	This flexible, eight-foot-long pole allows its user to fling herself a long distance.
81	This skin-tight leather suit and pair of flippers make swimming considerably easier.
82	This falconer's glove has deep talon gouges dug into the leather.
83	This black leather satchel contains bandages, needles, thread and a small vial of alcohol.
84	These down-filled sleeping bags are large enough to fit two average-sized humans comfortably.
85	Though the two-inch thick stone at the bottom of these boots makes walking awkward, they provide protection from shallow lava streams.
86	The mirror attached to this long wooden pole is angled to allow the user to see around corners.
87	Tiny bags full of spices ring this stew pot.
88	An otherwise empty backpack contains twelve empty sacks and a single gold coin.
89	Mildew has formed on these grey ponchos.
90	Eight pairs of wooden poles end at discs etched with tracks for a total of four animals.
91	This cumbersome bladder can be pumped full of air, allowing someone to breathe from it while swimming or in an area devoid of breathable air for a total of two hours.
92	A bag labelled "For use on animated statues only" contains adamantine caltrops.
93	This kit contains a pair of small trowels, three brushes of varying widths and several small picks and knives.
94	This discoloured metal ten-foot pole has scratch marks along its length indicating some sort of measurement.
95	This teak box contains eleven stylish wands; each wand has a single charge remaining.
96	These coarse, scorched blankets provide little comfort, but they are great at smothering fire.
97	Nails dangle from holes in a pair of metal braces; the accompanying wooden beam allows one to bar a door.
98	This ten-pound pile of chain stretches 50 feet; scores from weapons mar the chains in spots.
99	The liquid in these jugs changes a five-foot-cube of stone to mud, making it easy to dig through.
100	Pouring water through this sponge removes impurities and waterborne diseases.

I LOOT THE DRUID: POUCH CONTENTS

Beyond their wealth, druids often carry strange odds and ends as well as minor pieces of small equipment in their pouches. Use this table, to generate such items.

D%	
1	Death's head moths flutter listlessly in this jar.
2	Dark green spots cover this potato that has sprouted five-inch-long roots.
3	Upon opening the pouch, the stink of rotten eggs permeates the air; a pair of stuck together greenish things that could have once been called eggs are the apparent source.
4	This vial, labelled "defoliant," holds a yellow liquid. A pungent smell escapes the closed vial.
5	Tailless rats glare with demonically red eyes at the intrusion, when the pouch is opened.
6	This pale moonstone glows when exposed to the light of a full moon.
7	This delicious green apple has a fat worm wriggling around in it.
8	The honey dripping from this honeycomb smells bitter.
9	This trio of oddly shaped, purple-blotched bird eggs show cracks as if they are about to hatch.
10	To the knowledgeable observer these shiny black berries are actually belladonna.
11	This severed frog leg twitches as if propelling its former owner in the air.
12	Live spiders scurry out of the pouch, when it is opened.
13	A skunk puppet made from the cured hide of a skunk and preserved skull; rough onyxes rest in its eye sockets, and its musk gland is still intact.
14	All but the index finger of this withered monkey's paw are curled tightly into its palm.
15	A packet of kibble, labelled "for death dog."
16	A fresh clump of red clay has stained everything else in the pouch.
17	Fangs of increasing length pierce this foot-long swath of silk, at regular intervals.
18	A jar contains a pair of bull's testicles in a preserving solution.
19	Steam rises from this lump of still cooling lava.
20	This mould-covered ball sends out tiny feelers when someone touches it.
21	A smooth, flat white pebble sits among a pile of dull, grey pebbles in this pouch.
22	This small pile of drying dung attracts flies, as soon as the pouch is opened.
23	A note accompanying this brilliant blue egg reads "last of its species."
24	This small notebook contains notes on various trees with poisonous leaves, along with perfectly preserved leaves from the described trees.

25	To get to the pouch's contents, one must avoid the stingers of the live black scorpions, each no bigger than a thumb, inside the pouch.
26	Dirt and roots caked this trowel.
27	Tufts of fur cling to the rope making up this simple snare trap.
28	A bag of black seeds contains a slip of paper stating, "Warning, experimental blend."
29	Living ivy clings to everything in the pouch.
30	Spores spray from this wide-capped, sickly green mushroom, the first time someone touches it.
31	This deep black—to the point of absorbing ambient light—tar ball is extremely sticky, leaving residue on anyone who handles it.
32	The spikes on this dog collar point outward and inward; blood tips the inward spikes.
33	These fossils of all descriptions come from a variety of flora and fauna.
34	This collection of dandelions has seeded; the seeds float away in the slightest breeze.
35	This tuft of hair from a silverback gorilla seems to have been carefully shaved from the beast.
36	A chart shows the dates of all the new moons and full moons within the past year and for the upcoming eighteen months. Two of the past dates for full moons are circled in red.
37	This giant red feather radiates heat.
38	Two hollowed-out coconut halves do not match up in colouration or shape.
39	A gold-plated bird cage holds three skeletons of songbirds, each gripping a perch.
40	A small metal shard sits in a cup filled with water; the shard points vaguely north.
41	The source of the awful odour upon opening the pouch appears to be rotting cabbage leaves.
42	A patch of fungus glows with a soft, blue light after it has been exposed to sunlight.
43	The fern-like leaves and the white flowers of this plant betray its identity: hemlock.
44	A variety of colourful butterflies are pinned to a thin wooden board; some of them seem to flutter of their own accord.
45	This vermilion flower sprays pollen in a five-foot radius, when touched.
46	Termites numbering in the hundreds crawl on these chunks of wood.
47	A small glass cube perforated with miniscule holes houses a living ant colony.
48	A large, purple mushroom emits an ear-piercing shriek, after the pouch is opened.
49	Black wrapping paper and a blood-red ribbon tied in a bow cover this box; inside is a still-beating heart.
50	Every third sound from this duck call is that of a duck dying mid-quack.

51	This rusted dagger crumbles into a cloud of rust the moment someone touches it.
52	Apparently the diary of a young child, many entries decry the fact his or her parents would not buy a puppy for the child.
53	Knitting needles protrude from a partially completed scarf.
54	This sticky tongue is five-foot long.
55	A woodcarving of a horse with flames jetting from its hooves only has the hindquarters and one fore hoof completed.
56	This four-inch-diameter mud sphere has a hole at the bottom; a hornet emerges from the hole when someone disturbs the sphere.
57	A plant sprig sits in a dirt-filled pot; it moves to "look" at anyone who speaks.
58	A cloud of gnats springs forth from the pouch, when it is opened.
59	This book composed of different fish scales contains no writing.
60	This starfish is missing one of its limbs, but it appears the limb is starting to regrow.
61	The species of butterfly or moth that will emerge from this pair of purple cocoons is unknown.
62	Lightning struck this piece of driftwood; it also bears a blackened lightning bolt sigil.
63	The blood tipping this peacock feather is recent.
64	A pair of salamander's eyes float in the noxious liquid filling this jar made of green glass.
65	Several twigs tied together with twine are fashioned into a vaguely human figure.
66	Vines of poison ivy line the inside of the pouch.
67	The owner of these stones carved them so they have sharp spikes; they would make passable caltrops.
68	Two packets of nearly identical mushrooms had labels which have since fallen off; one reads "delicious" and the other reads "deadly poison."
69	The pouch holds a surprising amount of sheep's wool, enough to make a human-sized sweater.
70	The vibrant purple flowers on this plant mark it as wolfsbane.
71	Live centipedes crawl out of the pouch, just after it is opened.
72	When someone grabs this wooden divining rod, it points to the nearest source of water.
73	This praying mantis head, complete with mandibles, is the size of a cat's head.
74	When placed in a liquid, this spoon cools or warms it based on the holder's desires.
75	These fuzzy white balls are actually severed cottontails.
76	Most of the fireflies in this jar have perished; none illuminate.
77	A dozen blind mole rats shriek in unison, when light shines on them.

78	This block of charcoal seems mundane in comparison to the rest of the pouch's contents.
79	This hollowed-out reed allows one to breathe while underwater.
80	This wooden whistle makes no audible sound when blown, but dogs start baying shortly thereafter.
81	Ears from various herd animals have tags identifying the animal belonging to the ear.
82	A star chart is annotated with scrawled words reading "the time is nigh."
83	The clapper is missing from this brass cowbell.
84	A chart shows a line of succession to the archdruid of the region; half the names are crossed off.
85	This severed rattle from a rattlesnake shakes when someone opens the pouch.
86	This gland from a fire beetle is warm to the touch.
87	These dried purple berries fizz, when eaten or placed in liquid.
88	This bundle of kindling rapidly sets fire to anything it touches, even damp material, when lit.
89	Numerous teeth marks measuring at least four inches in depth pierce this grapefruit-sized ball.
90	Rotten grain catches on the wind and makes black marks on any plant it touches.
91	Opening this vial labelled "deer urine" unleashes a horrific smell.
92	This leering, mechanical monkey crashing cymbals together seems eerily realistic.
93	This otherwise empty tortoise shell holds unhatched tortoise eggs.
94	Ants crawl on this half-eaten leg from a fowl of some description.
95	This rare orchid begins to wither when removed from the pouch.
96	This length of thorn-covered vine is coiled up like a whip.
97	This magnifying glass doubles the size of objects viewed through it. A piece of paper wrapped around the handle describes the optimal height to hold the glass to properly burn ants.
98	Briny water fills this small watering can.
99	Considering the other items in the pouch, this cheese wheel is surprisingly well-preserved and tastes delicious.
100	Dozens of dried locust husks fill this pouch; strange patterns decorate several of them.



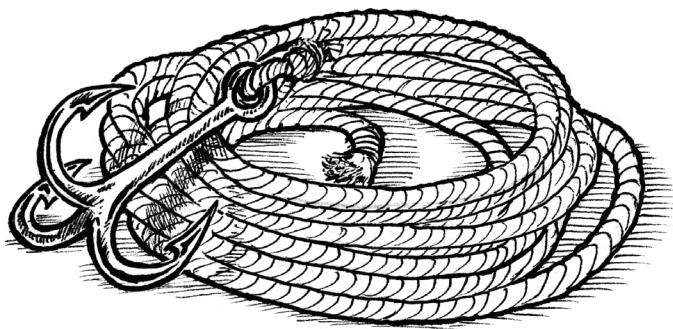
I LOOT THE ROGUE'S BODY: TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Rogues often possess many tools of the trade to aid their thievish endeavours. Use this table, to generate the details of such items.

D%	
1	A single, long needle-like implement, suitable for use as a lock pick.
2	A pouch of marbles—nine are black and one has a blood red cat's eye.
3	A small sack contains a handful of triangular pyramids with strange markings on each face, suitable for use as caltrops.
4	A loosely-wrapped bundle of flour leaks slightly; if thrown it would easily burst on impact.
5	A splayed eagle talon crafted from steel, designed to be used as a grappling hook.
6	A tiny knife, ill-suited to combat for a human, but easy to conceal.
7	A bushy false beard, mostly red with flecks of grey cunningly woven in to lend it a more realistic colouration.
8	A small box of wax designed to take an imprint of a key, amulet or similar small item.
9	A surprisingly large key, though some of its teeth appear to have been modified with a file.
10	A delicate hammer and jeweller's chisels, along with a few cheap practice gems.
11	A cleverly reinforced leather gauntlet with a few shards of glass embedded in the back of the hand.
12	A small vial of black, oil-based paint, with a small brush serving as an applicator.
13	A deck of carefully marked cards; the jack of diamonds is missing.
14	A double-sided coin, each side bearing the face of some long-lost monarch. One side is winking.
15	A small mirror on the end of a long, slim steel pole, obviously intended to be slipped under a closed door.
16	A few cast-off, bent and damaged lock picks, barely usable for their intended purpose.
17	An elaborate cosmetic kit, though most of it is nearly depleted, leaving only 1d2 uses.
18	A heavily worn whetstone, grooved almost clean through with use.
19	An empty vial that smells faintly of almonds, likely once containing poison.
20	A small bottle of viscous oil.
21	A fistful of long screws and a simple screwdriver.
22	A pulley about the size of a closed fist with a hook and small clip.
23	A single, heavily battered climbing piton.
24	An eight-foot length of fine silk rope, frayed at one end from a hasty cut.

25	A well-used crowbar, bent ever so slightly at its centre point.
26	A cracked spyglass, though still usable in a pinch.
27	A dinged brass ear horn, etched with the initials R.W.D.
28	A short brass whistle, only audible to dogs and elves when blown.
29	A length of black cloth faintly stained with old blood.
30	An elaborate head harness with ball gag.
31	A pocket-sized lantern that emits half the light of the full-sized version.
32	A jeweller's magnifying glass crafted from fine silver.
33	A full-face mask designed to look like a snarling orc.
34	Though clearly labelled as poison, the yellowy liquid in this small vial is benign.
35	A glass eye, its iris a garish green.
36	A tiny pick, such as might be used in dentistry.
37	A selection of small horsehair paintbrushes.
38	An elaborate, hand-cranked can opener.
39	An empty half-pint jar with a cleverly designed snap tight lid.
40	A spool of copper wire wrapped around a magnet.
41	A small, wind-up clockwork mouse painted to look very realistic.
42	A few sticks of chalk and sheets of paper, one of which has a rubbing of a lewd carving.
43	A selection of arrowheads, each slightly different in design.
44	A large steel file, a few flecks of copper still in its grooves.
45	A short sword scabbard containing a dagger, the rest of the scabbard acting as a secret compartment holding a selection of maps.
46	A small pouch contains various sizes of nuts and bolts along with a chisel.
47	An extendable pole with a small magnet at one end capable of holding up to 3 lbs.
48	A bar of soap smelling faintly of lilacs.
49	A spray bottle containing some kind of vulgar perfume, reminiscent of a drunk goblin.
50	A tiny wooden barrel on a dog collar full of cheap brandy.
51	A set of leather manacles joined with a chain.
52	A rather hefty sack of sand.
53	A leather waterskin filled with a foul-smelling but quite tasty white wine.
54	A short length of lead pipe that has been hastily converted into an improvised scroll tube.
55	A pair of slitted goggles designed to cut down on reflection in snowy regions.

56	A pair of felt slippers designed to fit over a pair of heavy boots to help muffle noise.
57	A few pellets that burst on impact, splattering the surface with bright green paint.
58	A small syringe and a collection of vials, some of which contain blood.
59	A small, dog-eared field guide to gem values, including definitions for cut and clarity.
60	A collection of assorted sizes of sewing needles in a small leather wrap.
61	A pair of finely tuned brass callipers.
62	A strange device, something like a compass, though the needle doesn't seem to point north.
63	A small pouch filled with tiny lead balls, something like buckshot.
64	A black eyepatch on a strip of leather.
65	An assortment of darts with brightly coloured fletching, too small for use in combat.
66	A brass horn that sounds like a duck when blown.
67	A book of code words and slang used by the local thieves' guild.
68	A small alchemical pouch that produces mild heat when its components are crushed.
69	A small alchemical pouch that produces mild cold when its components are crushed.
70	An incredibly fine ball of string that unwinds into a surprisingly strong 50-foot rope.
71	A simple but well-designed thong of leather designed to be used as a restraint able to be applied with one hand.
72	A cleverly linked set of rods that unfurl into a useful baton.
73	A heavy five-foot length of chain with a crude lock on one end.
74	A small cleaver and wooden cutting board, attached with a length of rope.
75	A small jewellery box with a huge assortment of customizable costume jewellery.
76	A small hand mirror that seems oddly angled to reflect behind the user when looked directly into.
77	A wooden holy symbol dedicated to a god of stealth and deceit. A secret compartment within hides a tiny knife.



78	A dagger with a hollow in the hilt full of fine, white sand.
79	A small bag of sand with a cleverly tied knot that makes it easy to open and throw into an opponent's eyes.
80	A punch set and hammer designed for leatherwork.
81	A spare bowstring and a handful of arrowheads all of different designs.
82	A piece of stretchable cloth useful for bracing a wounded knee or other joint.
83	A simple steel crowbar, painted a startling shade of blue. The paint is chipped at both ends.
84	This screwdriver has an unusual head, rarely found in this region.
85	A small handsaw, suitable for cutting through iron or steel. Its teeth are surprisingly sharp.
86	A five-pound lead weight with a loop for a rope. The bottom of the weight is battered and scratched.
87	A battered wooden tankard with a reinforced glass bottom.
88	A fine wire with steel pitons, suitable for use as a trip wire or garrote.
89	An elaborate glass cutting system complete with a suction cup and diamond blade.
90	Fingerless gloves with a stiff palm and protective plate stitched to the back.
91	A pair of wax ear plugs in a small pewter case.
92	A fine saw designed to slip in between a door and its frame to slowly cut locks or bars.
93	A double-headed coin, set of weighted dice and marked deck of cards provide a gambler's dream.
94	A wooden case of multi-hued chalk comprising different sections of red, white, blue and yellow chalk.
95	A small pot of red paint with a brush attached to the inside of its lid.
96	An exceptionally sharp single edged knife, serrated for a few inches near the hilt in a worn and supple leather sheath.
97	A tiny vial of weak poison, incapable of nothing more than rendering a target ill for a few hours.
98	A simple facemask for covering the eyes, black on one side and grey on the other.
99	A 30 ft. length of slender black thread able to easily bear the weight of a fully-grown man.
100	A 15 ft. long thin, almost invisible, silver wire with a sharply curved hook on the end used to hook things from the belts of unsuspecting victims passing below the rogue's perch.

PRISON BREAK: PRISON DRESSING

Use this table, to generate minor points of dressing for the prison break. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
1	Rust corrodes the door hinges, causing a brittle shriek when the door opens and closes.
2	Tally marks are chipped into a cell's corner wall.
3	Manacles dangle from the wall, their ridges darkened with dried blood.
4	A scone stands empty, the wall smeared with ash near where the torch previously burned.
5	A dented tin tray with an overturned bowl lies near a cell door. Any food it may have contained has been picked clean.
6	A dull buzz emanates from a small cloud of insects, which swarm around a pool of tepid water at the end of the corridor.
7	Tattered parchments with charcoal sketches of morose faces lie scattered across a table. Beneath each face is a six-digit number.
8	Two tarnished chains suspend the ends of a cell cot. One of the links has split, threatening to drop its end to the floor.
9	Tiny mice scurry through the corridors, escaping into narrow holes in the walls and floors.
10	A fire pit smoulders in the centre of the room, its fumes rank from the dung used for fuel.
11	A dusty ring encircles the inner courtyard, with hundreds of footprints stamped into the soil.
12	A large fire blazes, illuminating the whole area.
13	Greasy fingerprints stain a cell's otherwise polished iron bars.
14	A door opens into a vast pit, illuminated only by a fist-sized opening in the far wall near the ceiling. A rolled-up rope ladder lies nearby.
15	Coils of hemp rope and piles of dirty burlap sacks stand atop a long oak table. Some of the ropes have nooses at their ends.
16	A barely-perceptible crack runs along the entire perimeter of one brick in a cell wall. The stone juts out just enough to be gripped and removed.
17	Scraps of burlap lie stacked beneath a cell cot, each bearing hastily scrawled memos written with different improvised inks.
18	One cell has a faded wool blanket, its edges frayed and its centre ripped.
19	A dirty iron grate, partially clogged with grime, covers a drain in the middle of the hallway.
20	Profane symbols cover the walls at major intersections. There is evidence of trying to scrub them off, but the images remain.
21	Fistfuls of hair, spatters of blood and a stray tooth litter the floor.
22	Wooden stocks stand in a row, their neck and wrist grooves stained with sweat and blood.

23	Grooves crudely chiselled into the wall at regular intervals, form the start of a makeshift ladder.
24	Shards of arrow shafts and bits of fletching litter the ground near the main gate. The nearby stone and soil seem darker than the rest.
25	A diagram of the prison hangs from the wall, with certain guard posts labelled with coloured pins.
26	A smudged, crumpled letter from a family member sits carefully folded beside a cell cot.
27	A human-sized wooden rack stands atop four winches wound with ropes.
28	A hand-sized spider sits motionless inside a tangled web in a cell's upper corner. Desiccated mice dangle from the strands.
29	A tiny drawstring pouch hangs underneath a cell cot, bound by a strand of fabric.
30	A battered, nearly empty oil lamp casts a feeble light in a hallway corner.
31	One of the barred windows makes a dull whistling sound when the wind is up.
32	A relatively intact book with dog-eared pages sits atop one of the few cell cots with a mattress.
33	A trail of blood dots the floor from one cell through the halls to the outer door.
34	A jagged hole the size and depth of a fist blemishes an otherwise smooth wall.
35	A tray of spoiled food lies just outside a cell, untouched.
36	An archery range for the guards lines the inside of an outer wall. Certain prisoners' names are scratched onto the target dummies' torsos.
37	One outer tower screams with the racket of hawks, ravens and pigeons.
38	One cell contains a crooked wooden crutch, which leans against one of the cots.
39	A cast iron branding rod hangs from a rack beside a fireplace. The tool itself has six square slots, which can be filled with interchangeable pieces bearing inverted numbers.
40	A massive ledger sits atop an administrative desk. It contains a grid with hundreds of numbers, names and brief descriptions.
41	An empty iron flask lies on the floor.
42	A layer of dried mud fills the hallway, its surface dotted with footprints.
43	A chicken leg bone, sharpened at one end, lies in a corner. Its tip drips with fresh blood.
44	A broken key lies discarded near an empty cell; its other half sticks out from the cell's keyhole.
45	A used bandage lies in tatters beneath a cell cot.
46	One hallway has some flooding, causing even the softest footsteps to splash along its length.
47	A tin bowl holds a concoction of lard, oatmeal and water as well as a bent metal spoon.

48	The crudely spelled names of prisoners are etched into a cell wall.
49	One cell contains a piece of inmate art, with three colours creating a crude landscape image on a ragged canvas hung from the wall.
50	A mound of horse droppings lies in a steaming pile in the courtyard.
51	The area reeks of sweat and body odour.
52	A torn uniform lies discarded in the hallway, the back ripped open along bloodied seams.
53	A small clay statue of a saint or deity sits atop a shelf overlooking a cell cot.
54	A steel alarm bell hangs from a cord near a door, its pull string dangling beside it.
55	Crude syringes and wells of black ink line a shelf in one cell.
56	A single shoe, muddied and worn to the point of uselessness, sits beside a cell door.
57	A deep crack runs the length of a hallway floor, making the ground slightly uneven.
58	A ball of hair lies in a gnarled bundle at the foot of the wall.
59	A metal mouthorgan sits on a prisoner's cot.
60	Misshapen dice and an incomplete deck of playing cards lie scattered across a table.
61	Tips of chewed fingernails litter the floor outside one cell.
62	A small blot of chewed tobacco stains the floor.
63	One cell's walls are covered with carefully etched carvings of linear shapes and patterns.
64	A jagged gash scars a hallway wall, as though someone scraped a dagger along its length.
65	A coil of chain binds the door latch of one cell.
66	Tendrils of ivy cover the walls like veins.
67	A beam of light outlined in the dusty air peeks through a small hole in the ceiling.
68	The smell of wet earth, blood and urine permeates the entryway.
69	One of the stairway steps has collapsed in on itself, leaving an awkward gap between the two adjacent steps.
70	Boards cover an opening in one outer tower, creating a potential blind spot.
71	The rim of a cauldron peeks between the exterior parapets. A wisp of steam rises from within it.
72	A slab of what might pass for meat sticks in a splattered mass to a wall in the mess hall.
73	One extended room holds long chains with multiple sets of manacles along their lengths.
74	A black fly the size of a grape buzzes lazily between cells.
75	A bag of bundled sheets and refuse hangs from a cell ceiling, like a homemade punching bag.
76	An empty burlap sack with a tattered drawstring lies discarded to one side. The inside is flecked with hair and sweat.

77	A tiny drawstring pouch carefully hidden in a cell cot contains a handful of battered silver coins.
78	An unconscious inmate lies on the floor, his face coloured with bruises, split lips and swollen eyes.
79	A stray fallen brick drips with fresh blood, a crimson stain around where it had been held.
80	A crowbar, a spade and a handmade stabbing weapon lie atop a table in the guards' office.
81	A tin tankard lies at the foot of a mess hall table, its side completely bent in as though it were smashed against a dense object.
82	A dead rat lies at the foot of an outer wall, an arrow shaft sprouting from its side.
83	Several thumb-sized centipedes crawl along a cell wall with startling speed before disappearing into a crack in the mortar.
84	Tiny shards of glass litter the ground in a small section of the courtyard.
85	Splintered wooden beams clutter the hall near a battered door.
86	This door's latch is completely rusted, rendering it inoperable and the door permanently locked. The sound of scratching comes from beyond...
87	Wooden trapdoors in the floor open into small oubliettes with barely enough room to stand.
88	Metal sarcophagi with tiny holes perforating their exteriors line the walls of this room. Large padlocks hold them shut.
89	One stone juts out of a corridor wall, posing a painful risk to the unaware.
90	A slick slime oozes slowly down the walls of the underground chambers.
91	A hunk of rock-hard stale bread lies just out of reach outside one cell's barred door.
92	Several detailed codices containing prisoner names numbers, cell numbers and death dates fill a bookshelf.
93	A row of manacles hang fastened to the outer wall, right over a strip of cold, muddy earth.
94	A dozen shallow graves lie empty in the courtyard, with spades sticking out of the adjacent mounds of soil.
95	A wooden rack holds metal apparatuses resembling unwieldy helmets with restrictive mouthpieces. An iron ring with clasp connects the device to a steel neck brace.
96	A poster outlining several prison rules decorates the door to the mess hall.
97	A single pump well provides water in the mess hall, spitting out dirty water when pumped.
98	A filthy kennel stands fenced off at the rear of the central prison complex.
99	A row of wooden pegs adorns the walls; some pegs hold damp, muddied cloaks.
100	The broken handle of a sundered sap lies on the common area floor.

SHUNNED VALLEY OF THE THREE TOMBS: NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Several locations of note lie within the valley. Use these notes, along with those presented in “Random Encounters & Events” to facilitate the above ground portions of this adventure.

A: BURIAL CAIRNS

Three cairns stand close to Aila’s Mere.

Three cairns stand in a ragged triangle. Lichens and moss cover all three while reeds growing thickly on the banks of a marshy pool almost engulfs the western most cairn.

Each cairn has the following notable features:

- **Old:** Moss and lichen grows thickly on the piled stone cairns. They are obviously old.
- **Remains:** Each cairn holds the remains of a decade-dead adventurer. Much of their equipment has rusted or rotted away. However, perceptive PCs may discover some small treasure. To do so, they must take apart each cairn. This takes four people an hour. While doing so, a PC making a DC 20 Perception check finds something. Use the table below to determine what is found. Use each entry only once.

D8	DISCOVERY ¹
1	A gold ring woven with silver wire (worth 50 gp).
2	A chipped ivory scroll tube decorated with once beautiful carvings of angels (worth 20 gp).
3	A rusty cold iron longsword (worth 30 gp) with a rearing wolf sigil on its pommel. It has the broken condition.
4	Six tiny azure blue translucent stones each with a hole bored through the middle (azurites, each worth 10 gp).
5	The mouldering, sodden remains of a spellbook. Most pages are unreadable but one is salvageable; it holds the spell <i>comprehend languages</i> .
6	A blunt and tarnished silver dagger (worth 22 gp). It has the broken condition.
7	A bronze cloak pin shaped like a dagger; usable as such by a Small-sized character (worth 20 gp).
8	A battered lantern set with reflective silver plates. The lantern itself is worthless, but the plates are worth 40 gp.

1: DC 20 Appraise check values



B: WEATHERED STATUES

Six statues guard the entrance to Area F—Champions’ Rest. Five yet stand upright, but the sixth has been knocked over and broken (by the adult owlbear lurking in Area G).

These weatherworn, moss-covered statues depict ferocious humanoid warriors. The warriors wear chainmail and hold a longsword grounded between their feet. One of the statues—the one nearest the pool—has fallen and lies in shards.

The weathered statues have the following notable features:

- **Weathered Statues:** The statues depict hobgoblin warriors (DC 6 Knowledge [local] determines). All are obviously old.
- **Broken Statue:** The fallen statue has half sunk into the boggy ground. Lichens and mould grow thickly upon it.
- **Buried Skulls:** Characters digging below the statues in search of hidden treasure discover an aged skull buried below each warrior. These are of hobgoblin origin, buried to placate the tribe’s ferocious gods. Each skull contains a small transparent yellow gem (a citrine worth 20 gp; DC 20 Appraise values).

GIANT FROG (1)

CR 1 (XP 400)

This gigantic frog has moist, mottled green and black skin.

N Medium animal

Init +1; **Senses** low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +3, **Sense Motive** -1

Speed 30 ft., swim 30 ft.; **ACP** 0; **Acrobatics** +9 (+13 jumping), **Stealth** +5, **Swim** +10

AC 12, **touch** 11, **flat-footed** 11; **CMD** 14 (18 vs. trip) (+1 Dex, +1 natural)

Fort +6, **Ref** +6, **Will** -1

hp 15 (2 HD)

Space 5 ft.; **Base Atk** +1; **CMB** +3 (+7 grapple)

Melee bite +3 (1d6+2 plus grab) or

Melee Touch tongue (reach 15 ft.) +3 (grab)

Atk Options grab (tongue), swallow whole, tongue

Grab (Ex [free]) The giant frog can grapple a Small or smaller foe without provoking attacks of opportunity. It does not gain the grappled condition and can pull a grabbed target 5 ft. closer with a successful CMB check (without the target provoking attacks of opportunity).

Swallow Whole (Ex [standard]) The giant frog can make a CMB check to swallow a Small or smaller foe grappled in its mouth. A swallowed creature is grappled and takes 1d4 bludgeoning damage a round. It can cut itself free with a light slashing or piercing weapon (AC 10, hp 1) or can make a CMB check to climb into the frog’s mouth. If a creature cuts its way out, the giant frog cannot use swallow whole until the damage is healed.

Abilities Str 15, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 1, Wis 8, Cha 6

Feats Lightning Reflexes

C: AILA'S MERE

This marshy pool fills much of the valley. The area surrounding the pool is distinctly boggy, due to frequent flooding.

A wide, marshy pool fringed with reeds and rushes dominates the valley floor. Boggy, marshy ground surrounds the pool, hinting—perhaps—at occasional flooding.

Denizen: A giant frog lurks here, but has grown somewhat cowardly after several near-fatal encounters with the owlbear in Area G. It attacks only when disturbed or when a tempting target is in the mere. The mere has the following notable features:

- **Calm Water:** The water is calm (DC 10 Swim), cold and murky. The mere is 2 ft. deep within 10 ft. of shore; further out it is 5 ft. deep. Thick, cloying mud three-foot deep comprises the pool's bottom.
- **Boggy Ground:** The ground immediately surrounding the pool is distinctly boggy due to frequent flooding. This does not inhibit movement, but the wet ground makes this an unpleasant place to camp.
- **Reeds & Rushes:** Thick stands of reeds and rushes surround the mere.
- **Frog's Lair:** The giant frog's lair is hidden deep in the reeds. The lair smells horrible. Partially eaten fish, bones and excrement lie scattered about.

VALLEY DRESSING

The PCs are bound to spend quite some time poking about the valley. Whenever they make Perception checks and don't discover anything noteworthy, roll on this table to add verisimilitude to the proceedings.

D8 DISCOVERY

1	A large mottled brown and white feather. The feather is obviously far too large to have come from a bird.
2	The tracks of a clawed creature. A DC 9 Survival check reveals the creature is Large-sized.
3	The vegetation—reeds, rushes, grass etc. as appropriate—are crushed and broken. Something large obviously passed this way.
4	A loud, distinct splash comes from Aila's Mere. Ripples spread across the water, but their cause is unclear.
5	High up in the sky a large bird circles the valley. After a few minutes it dives down into the grass, snatches up a mouse and flies away to feed.
6	For a moment, the PC catches the faint scent of carrion on the breeze.
7	A small patch of wild flowers—incongruously—grows amid the mud.
8	The wind picks up. For a moment, it sounds like the moaning of forlorn spirits.

D: WATERFALL

At the head of the valley, a small waterfall tumbles into Aila's Mere (Area C). Read:

A waterfall tumbles down into the valley over a series of three cascades before flowing into a wide, marshy pool.

The waterfall has the following notable features:

- **Rough Water:** In the immediate vicinity of the waterfall, the water is rough (DC 15 Swim).
- **Noise:** The roar of falling water imposes a -2 penalty on hearing-based Perception checks within 20 ft. of the waterfall.

Occasionally, things falling into the river tumble over the falls and end up in Aila's Mere. See "Random Encounters & Events" for more information.

E: TOMB OF THE STONE WOMAN

Filled with fearsome traps, this tomb has not been opened since it was sealed long ago. Read:

A moss covered capstone blocks a narrow fissure in the rock. Swamp grass grows thickly over the boggy ground.

When the PCs investigate the capstone, refer to page 16.

F: CHAMPIONS' REST

Herein lie the bodies of two hobgoblin heroes of old. This tomb has not been disturbed since it was sealed...and one of its inhabitants is very, very hungry. Read:

A wide, obviously heavy capstone covered in moss blocks what appears to be a passageway leading back into the hill. Grass and weeds grow thickly about the entrance.

When the PCs investigate the capstone, refer to page 18.

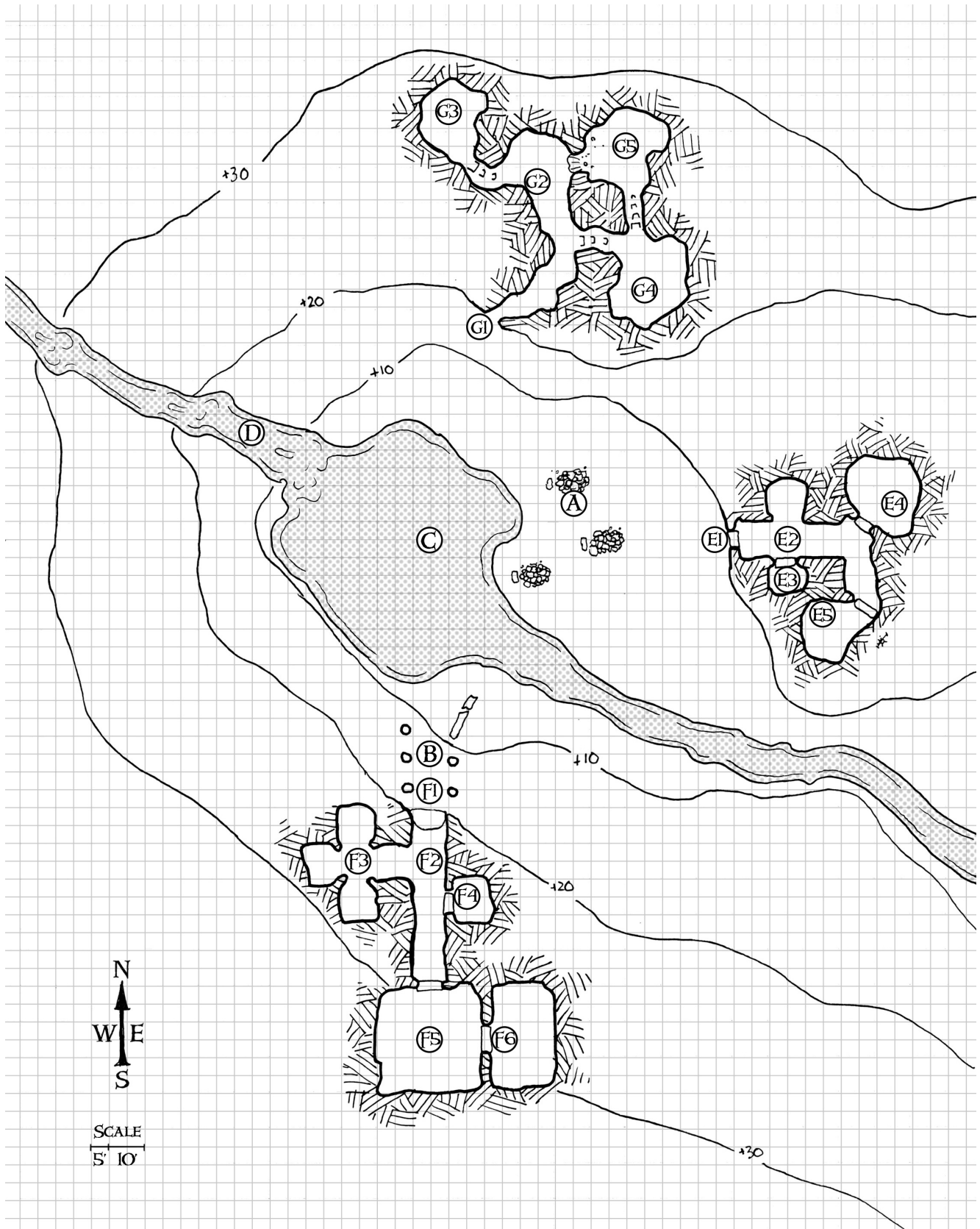
G: LAIR OF THE FEROCIOUS HUNTERS

An adult owlbear and its young claim this small cave complex. When the PCs enter the valley, the adult owlbear is away hunting. Read:

A narrow crack—perhaps 5-foot wide—pierces the cliff. A faint carrion odour wafts from within.

- **Tracks (DC 9 Survival):** The tracks of a large clawed creature enter and exit the cave. A DC 10 Survival check reveals the presence of an additional smaller set of tracks.

When the PCs reach the cave mouth, refer to page 20.





THE WIZARD'S BONDED OBJECT

Many wizards possess objects of esoteric appearance to help channel their power. Use this table, to generate the details of such trinkets.

D%	
1	This wand is a bouquet of wild flowers tied with a ribbon. It never loses its scent.
2	This ring is made from intricately braided and knotted thread.
3	This wooden ring is carved as a spiral around the finger rather than a closed loop.
4	This necklace is made of animal skulls. The eyes of the largest skull glow with arcane power.
5	On first glance, this silver ring seems to feature an enormous ruby. It is however, just red glass.
6	This wand is a wooden cook's spoon.
7	This amulet is a heart-shaped locket with a tiny portrait inside.
8	This silver ring is set with a tiger eye gem. It occasionally blinks.
9	This amulet is a small leather pouch.
10	This ring is a braided loop of green silk.
11	The tiny gems encrusted into the thick band of this ring are in the formation of a constellation.
12	This wand is iridescent and seems to be covered in scales. When activated it emits the sounds and smells of the sea.
13	This amulet contains a single, green eye that blinks and moves as if surveying its surroundings.
14	This staff seems to be nothing but a common miniature broom.
15	This amulet is a delicate silver cord, strung with many tiny bells.
16	This staff has a ram's skull on the top which dispenses platitudes in a soothing voice.
17	This gold ring has an inscription on the inside of the band. It reads "S love S".
18	This amulet is a necklace of dried raptor feet.
19	This wand is an incense stick and emits smoke and scent when activated.
20	This amulet is a crystal ampoule containing an ounce of blood, strung on a red silk cord.
21	This is a perfectly smooth, completely featureless, grey iron ring. The ring feels slightly cold to the touch.
22	This blue glass amulet glows softly and is cold to the touch for anyone but the wizard.
23	This red iron ring is warm to the touch. A subtle pattern of flames seems to dance around it.
24	This veined stone wand is far lighter than it appears.
25	The cord holding this amulet is always slightly damp. It smells of wet earth. The pendant is a tiny, live bonsai tree in a pot.

26	This amulet is made from a lute pick strung on a lute string.
27	This staff is a white carved pole, with a squid's tentacle curled around it.
28	This plain ring is made of an unknown metal with a red tint.
29	This staff is embellished with ribbons and flowers, like a miniature Maypole.
30	This ring is made of straw, twisted together and tied with a red ribbon.
31	This wooden wand is rough to the touch and dark green
32	This amulet is a rough stone on an unfinished leather cord.
33	This poison ring contains a viscous, orange liquid.
34	This staff is shaped like a shepherd's crook.
35	A signet ring inscribed with the initial M.
36	This pendant contains an extremely detailed horoscope, that is far too old to describe the wearer.
37	This wooden staff has several holes drilled through it. When the wind blows through it, it produces a low, calming whistle.
38	This wand is a hollow tube of glass. It contains a blue liquid.
39	This staff is carved from the trunk of a young willow tree. It remains pliable.
40	This necklace is fashioned from old shackles.
41	This necklace is shaped like a giant prawn wrapped around the wearer's neck, like an ouroboros.
42	This wand is a crystallized jellyfish stinger.
43	This staff is curved at the top. A birdcage containing a tiny bird's skeleton hangs from the end.
44	This staff is made from the femur of one of the wizard's ancestors.
45	This amulet is a dried giant spider. The legs are still twitching.
46	The pendant on this amulet is a glass sphere containing a seemingly frozen flame.
47	This wand is a branch from a flowering tree. It is always in bloom.
48	This wand was carved from a meteorite and has arcane symbols carved into the head.
49	This amulet is a small bundle of vibrantly coloured feathers.
50	This delicate silver ring is made of braided wire
51	This amulet is a collection of shark teeth.
52	This wand is carved from a single talon from some enormous beast.
53	A small vial of a green, viscous liquid. It bubbles slightly and smells of stale wine.
54	This staff is weightless and appears to comprise nothing but wisps of smoke.

55	This wand is the bone from a leg of lamb. It has been picked clean of all meat.
56	This ring is a smooth, grey and plain stone band.
57	A smooth wand of an unknown metal. It is slightly warm to the touch.
58	This amulet is a desiccated chicken foot tied onto a rough string.
59	The over sized glass orb on this ring resembles a tiny crystal ball.
60	This dagger is nothing more exotic than a kitchen knife.
61	This wand is a completely smooth bar of black marble.
62	The stone in this amulet seems to be impossibly black. It reflects no light at all.
63	The huge blue diamond on this ostentatious gold ring contains an asymmetrical inclusion, which renders it worthless as a gemstone.
64	The snake head on this staff occasionally talks, but only to tell bawdy jokes.
65	A small leather pouch on a string. Its contents are unknown, as only the wizard it is bound to can open it.
66	A wand shaped like a spoon encrusted with tomato soup.
67	This dagger comes in a sheath embroidered with prayers to the major deities of the region.
68	This staff is a twisted, rusted metal rod.
69	An athame whose blade is etched with a long forgotten language.
70	This staff is wrapped in fine, soft red silk.
71	The pendant on this necklace is a large, heavy coin from an unknown land.
72	This amulet emits smoke and the scent of incense common in local churches.
73	This wand looks like and functions as a skyglass.
74	This fist-sized glass amulet is filled with water and contains a live fish.
75	This silver ring is cool to the touch and covered in ancient writing.
76	This delicate staff comprises a single giant, perfectly preserved peacock feather.
77	Whenever this plain, unadorned ring is removed from the hand of the wizard it's bound to, it begins to vibrate and hum slightly.
78	This staff is a scaled down model of an obelisk from an ancient civilization.

79	This amulet is a tiny hourglass that seems too small to hold enough sand to measure an hour, but measures time perfectly.
80	This wand is an inkpen, which renders all writing as beautiful calligraphy.
81	A dagger carved from the horn of a narwhal.
82	This ancient, white, brittle ring was crafted from a cross section of bone.
83	This elegantly carved dark wood staff is highly polished and stained.
84	This ring is a thick metal band set with a moonstone.
85	This crossbow is of dwarven make. It is solidly built and carved with geometric patterns.
86	This wand can be flipped open with the snap of a wrist to function as a fashionably lady's fan.
87	This rough, leather spiked collar is something usually worn by attack dogs and suchlike.
88	This ring is a band of pale blue glass.
89	This ring is etched with the incantation for one of the wizard's spells.
90	This amulet is a pouch filled with fragrant herbs made of fine red wool.
91	This wand is nothing but a rough branch.
92	This silver ring is etched with an alchemical recipe.
93	This amulet is constructed from a love token, bestowed years ago.
94	This staff has precisely spaced marks and can be used for measuring.
95	This amulet spins slowly and is painted in a spiral pattern. Watching it spin is disorientating.
96	This necklace is composed of various fragrant alliums, commonly believed to offer protection from sickness.
97	This wand comes with a non-magical twin. Used together they can be disguised as hair sticks in elaborate, formal hairstyles.
98	Arcane power sparks and dances between the fine wires making up this ring.
99	This staff appears to be nothing more than an elegant walking cane, with a silver handle.
100	The handle of this curved dagger is tightly wrapped in scarlet silk.



WHISPERS & RUMOURS: LOCAL LEGENDS

D20

01	The lord who once ruled these lands was a perfect gentleman, both well-bred and well-married. Behind the silent walls of his fortress, though, he indulged in depraved, bloody rituals. Though his castle was razed during a revolt, no one ever found his hidden Screaming Chamber. That's why the forest around the site is filled with whipporwills; they're still seeking the souls of his victims, to guide them to their rest.	06	There's a huge oak tree in the centre of a grove outside town. Every spring the branches are filled with strips of cloth fluttering in the wind. According to myth, the tree holds the spirit of a powerful dryad, and anyone strong and pure enough to climb the tree, and tie the name of their true love to one of the branches earns the dryad's blessings in matters of the heart. No few suitors have broken their arms climbing the tree, but many unions come from the tradition.
02	The Band of the Red Brand were some of the most infamous local brigands. They were vicious, killing every member of any merchant train they targeted, before vanishing into the woods with their loot. When the band was finally captured, though, none of their spoils were recovered. They were hanged to a man, but the legend says there's a hidden grotto or forgotten cave somewhere in these woods, rich with the band's plunder.	07	There's a faded marker in the cemetery that simply won't fall over. The grave sits apart from the others, and the head-high obelisk refuses to bow to wind, rain or time's remorseless march. Here Kerowyn Brooks, the Cut-Wife of Sorrow Marsh, was buried. If you circle her grave three times at midnight, chanting her name and spreading a circle of salt, her ghost will rise and answer three questions. A few townsfolk claim when they did it nothing happened, but others stay strangely quiet, claiming a little too loudly that it's just a stupid story.
03	Happy is the home whose hearth bears a cat. The saying is a common one, but there's an older myth behind it. The grimalkin, a fae cat-like creature, once roamed these woods. It warred against the men who entered its domain, but after years of ill fortune and bloodshed, they reached a truce. Humans could live in its domain, as long as they respected the forest, and opened their homes to the grimalkin's children. It's why so many houses have cats and why so many people leave dishes of water or cream out. It's also why it's considered ill fortune to kill a cat.	08	The Cracked Caverns have always been a mystery. Their black, weathered mouths have been used for shelter by foresters and for privacy by lovers, for as long as anyone can remember. The caves go deep, though, and no one claims to have fully explored them. The stories say if you go beyond the fire pits left by travellers, you'll find walls covered in strange paintings. And if you go back far enough, those paintings seem to show fire-breathing beasts battling stick-men.
04	The Black Rock Inn can't boast anything too special. The food is good, the fire warm and most nights there are at least a few locals drinking and gaming. There is a room on the second floor, though, the inn keep hasn't let out since he was a young man. Footsteps can be heard through the door on quiet nights along with the creak of a rope, and whispered words just loud enough to be heard, but not loud enough to be understood. The inn keep won't say what happened in the room, but speculation rages about what haunts the room just above the common room.	09	Tattered Hawthorne is a flower that only grows in certain parts of the woods, blooming no more than once a generation under a full moon. While the ragged petals give the blossom a tragic beauty, it's said these rare plants are the key ingredient to some of the most powerful potions ever devised. Tended by druids and greatly prized by healers, in the right hands they can cure any illness, break curses or if enough is harvested, bring back the recently deceased.
05	Babies born under the Hero's Star are destined for great things. The Scarlet Knight, champion of a hundred duels, Arlan Faine, the Fist of the Faith who stood alone against a horde of demons and General Karela Longthorn, who led the Shining Legion to victory a thousand years ago, were all Hero Born. While some townsfolk try to have their children born underneath the red star, others do their best to avoid it. Because, while the heroes are the ones that stand out, people tend to forget great people sometimes do terrible things.	10	A thousand years ago a great champion patrolled the lands. A black-clad warrior mounted on a black destrier, it was said his honour knew no bounds. When he was ambushed by a force of invading foes, even death would not make him lie down. He fought on, and on, throwing back wave after wave until, finally, he was the only one left standing. If you travel the north road during certain times of the year, you'll hear the ring of steel, and the beat of heavy hooves. And if you ever meet the black warrior, and he issues you a challenge, do not accept it. He cannot be defeated, and only one who would take up his mantle can release him from his duty.

11	There's a fire-blackened clearing deep in the woods. Animals avoid it, and nothing grows there. A circle of dark stones sits in the middle of the aged char, and no one knows where they came from, or how long they've been there. The whispered tales among the elders say it was once a place where some unfortunate soul made a deal with a devil. They can't seem to agree on <i>which</i> devil it was, but they do agree the barriers between the planes are thin there and if the proper name is spoken within that circle, the devil appears to those seeking to beg a bargain.
12	The Fall of Tears is a place of beauty. The waterfall, and the small surrounding lake, draws swimmers in the summer, and skaters in the winter. However, in the fall and spring, on equinox nights when the spray is chill, and the base of the falls is shrouded in mist, it's said those who leap from the peak, and dive into the unknown, surface in the fae's realms. A few people try every year. Some survive, while others don't. A few disappear, but where they go is something no one has been able to determine.
13	It's bad luck to give old clothes to a scarecrow. The garments we wear pick up the stains of our lives, and those bits and pieces can sometimes worm their way into the sticks and straw making up these cornfield guardians. The story of Pumpkin Head Jarro tells the tale of how a farm wife dressed her scarecrow in one of her foul-tempered husband's old shirts, and how she found dead birds, slaughtered livestock and wrecked crops every morning. The cruelty of the garments had leached into the creature, and it was only when she set the scarecrow aflame the terror ended.
14	When husbands and wives wed, one of the gifts they exchange is cold iron daggers. They gently press the blades against each other's skin, and seal their union with a kiss. The tradition goes back to the tale of The Maiden in The Tower, who was suspicious of the handsome suitor with honey in his voice, and silver in his tongue. When he pressed himself upon her in the dark, the cold iron revealed he was a demon in disguise, and she drove him from her bed with the blade. No one really believes it...but you can't be too careful on your wedding night.
15	There's a half-collapsed temple along the eastern road, but the stone walls keep out the wind if travellers need to shelter. There's also a deep pool, fed by streams from the open mouths of three stone faces. It's said some of the old spirits the place was once dedicated to still remain, and that they'll bless you if you leave a coin in the pond. Those who take instead of giving, though, have been cursed until they've made restitution to the water's guardian spirits.

16	The Dragon's Lair is an ancient ruin no one, even the scholars who study it, truly understands. It remains half-submerged in the ground, making the crude, draconic bust capping the pyramidal structure look like it's trying to tear itself from the earth. On certain days of the year, when the sun hits it just right, the stone head appears to grow a shadowy body. While the trick of the light is impressive, some believe it's only when that shadow form is present the lair can be entered...or exited.
17	If you wander the paths in the deeper forests, you may stumble upon an Elfhome. These unusual structures are formed whenever trees grow together in just the right way to merge, creating an elevated shelter for canny travellers and weary woodsmen. Some Elfhomes are little more than hammocks made of branches, while others are the size of small houses. Most seem natural enough at a glance, but there are campfire stories of travellers who climbed into an Elfhome to rest and vanished.
18	The Babel Brook is a noisy little stream that brings fresh water straight from the mountains. Always clean, clear and crisp, travellers make certain to fill their waterskins from the brook. It's said the closer to the source the water comes from, the purer and clearer it is for the drinker. There are even legends that water taken straight from the spring can wipe away the weight of years, returning youthful strength and vigour to those few who find its source.
19	The spring winds bring piper's nights with them. The wind whistles through the trees, and sings through the mountains, creating the illusion of a far-off song that comes and goes with the evening breezes. There are some nights, though, when there is no wind. On those nights, if you strain your ears, you might hear the mournful notes of the piper. You shouldn't do that, though, because it's said if you can hear the piper, then he's close enough to hear you.
20	The old ruined mill has been silent for many years. While the stones no longer turn, the scorch marks along the heavy, leaning beams are a testament to what happened. Some people said it was an accident, but others whispers about what the miller was doing to his wife and daughters. And about the monsters his depravities brought forth. According to half-remembered local lore, the miller's wife tied him to the stones before torching the mill.

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