



Quests of Doom 4

War of Shadows

By Tom Knauss



FROG GOD
GAMES

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War of Shadows

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War of Shadows

*Forward march; our enemies fled
They litter the field with all their dead.
Trample on spine or smashed head
Of fallen dwarf, elf, or men
We march victorious once again!*

— Typical hobgoblin war chant

War of Shadows is an adventure for 7th-level characters that picks up where **Between a Rock and a Charred Place** left off. Erod Flan weathered the dark folk's storm, yet the conspirators are not done. Their focus now turns to the critical outpost of Tyr Whin. The characters and the outnumbered defenders must somehow stop the hobgoblin warlord, Grugdour, and his army from overrunning the citadel and opening a beachhead for invasion into the Stoneheart Mountains.

Adventure Background

For hundreds of years, the hobgoblin warlords of Exor, Smashed Skull, and Hollow Bone have waged a war of attrition against their dwarven rivals to the southwest for supremacy of the Stoneheart Mountains. In an effort to break the stalemate, Grugdour, the newly ascendant hobgoblin warlord of Exor, hatched a daring plan to attack the dwarves of Clan Craenog from two fronts. Through their shared worship of the goddess Mirkeer, he enlisted the aid of Blassian, a traitorous dwarf, and Rogvörn, the leader of the dark folk dwelling beneath the dwarves' capital of Erod Flan. While his two newfound allies wreaked havoc in Erod Flan, Grugdour set his sights on Tyr Whin. To further weaken the defenders' resolve, his witchdoctors discovered a debilitating contagion seemingly tailor made to afflict dwarves. A vengeful human disguised as a dwarf eagerly volunteered to pose as a merchant and spread the disease throughout the citadel. Though the contagion is not fatal, it severely incapacitates its victims. With all the components in place, the trio set their plan into motion.

Meanwhile, the dark folk attempted to kill the high thane of Clan Craenog and his heirs using a massive underground explosion. Blassian would then succeed his deceased cousin and transfer troops from the fortress of Tyr Whin to the capital of Erod Flan to supposedly bolster the citadel's defenses. After a deliberately bloody and costly foray into the dark folk's trapped mines, Blassian would negotiate a peaceful settlement between the dwarves and the dark folk. In the end, the dark folk would gain control of the subterranean complex below Erod Flan, Blassian would be high thane, and the untimely transfer of roughly half Tyr Whin's defenders would pave the way for Grugdour and his hobgoblin army to defeat the depleted force manning the outpost. Unfortunately for the hobgoblins, the elderly high thane survived the assassination attempt, and a group of heroic adventurers unmasked Blassian's treachery and eradicated the dark folk threat. Grugdour and the hobgoblins now stand alone.

Exor is approximately 300 miles from Tyr Whin, so the hobgoblin warlord and his force of 3000 seasoned warriors could not wait for events in Erod Flan to fully unfold before setting out to capture his prize. Secretly encamped only a few miles from their destination, Grugdour's witchdoctors, who still worship their race's patron deity Kakobovia, cast their magic and learned that their master's plan had failed. Blassian did not become high thane, and a party of adventurers routed their dark folk allies. Now that he is no longer waiting for Erod Flan to summon reinforcements from Tyr Whin, Grugdour urges his troops forward. In spite of these setbacks, the confident military commander believes that victory is within reach. Even though Tyr Whin still boasts its full contingent of soldiers, the remorseless disease ravaging the remote outpost continues to surpass Grugdour's wildest expectations. With his army in sight of the gates of Tyr Whin, and Grugdour tucked safely away within a nearby mountain stronghold, the fortress's ultimate fate now rests in the hands of a few brave adventurers.

Adventure Synopsis

After a failed attempt to kill Clan Craenog's high thane, the dwarves discover that a hobgoblin army in league with the assassins and their dwarven allies is rapidly approaching the frontier outpost of Tyr Whin. If the characters participated in the adventure **Between a Rock and a Charred Place**, they are well aware of this development. Otherwise, the high thane and his advisors beseech the characters to hurry north to the remote citadel to offer their aid to the besieged defenders. Along the way, they must brave the harsh elements and monstrous denizens that inhabit the Stoneheart Mountains as well as avoid or defeat hobgoblin scouts patrolling the area around the dwarven stronghold. When the characters arrive at Tyr Whin, they find a massive hobgoblin army surrounding the citadel. Siege engines rain destruction down on the battered walls, while Grugdour occupies an entrenched position at the base of a nearby mountain. The characters must devise a way to break through the hobgoblin lines and make contact with the dwarves inside Tyr Whin.

Once inside the citadel, the characters quickly realize that the dwarves are in dire straits. While the hobgoblins' siege engines take their toll on the walls, their manufactured plague decimates the defenders' strength. More than half of Tyr Whin's soldiers are too ill to fight. The citadel's commander, Truvven Blackgranite, implores the characters to find a rumored secret pass that allegedly leads behind the hobgoblin lines and into the base of the mountain where Grugdour and his inner circle keep their headquarters. He believes that if a small group can slay the hobgoblins' able and charismatic commander, they are certain to retreat back to Exor in disarray.

The characters once again slip past the hobgoblin lines and set off into the cold and treacherous Stoneheart Mountains in search of the elusive passage beneath a forgotten temple of old Arcady. Within they find the horrifying remnant of its worshippers who never left its now-desecrated halls. Past them in the secret tunnel they seek they encounter a tribe of albino bugbears and the white dragon they worship as a deity. Once past these obstacles, the characters can enter the fortified caverns that serve as Grugdour's command center. Then, while the battle for Tyr Whin rages outside, the characters must strike off the proverbial head of the goblinoid army and save Tyr Whin from certain destruction.

Part I: Besieged

With the dark folks' complex and Blassian's plans in ruins, interest quickly shifts from securing the capital city to preventing Tyr Whin from falling to a determined force of hobgoblin conquerors. The first part of the adventure takes the characters 120 miles north through the Stoneheart Mountains to the dwarves' vital military station. Along the way, the characters encounter an eclectic collection of wicked monsters, hobgoblin scouts and odd characters eking out a meager existence in the rough-and-tumble mountain range. When the characters finally reach Tyr Whin, the hobgoblin forces surround the citadel and continuously bombard its teetering walls with siege engines. The characters must break through the hobgoblin lines and get into the dwarven stronghold. Once inside, the characters witness Grugdour's devastation firsthand. Nearly broken and beaten by the constant battering and the insidious plague, Truvven Blackgranite, the citadel's commander, extols the characters to slip past the besieging invaders and locate a fabled passage that leads into the heart of Grugdour's mountain stronghold. Any hopes of surviving the onslaught now depends upon the characters' heroic actions over the next several days.

Beginning the Adventure

Ideally, the adventure picks up where its predecessor ended. Fresh from their victory over the treacherous Blassian and malevolent dark folk, Clan Craenog's High Thane Kaelan urges the characters to hurry north to Tyr Whin to help fend off an imminent hobgoblin invasion while his own battered people gather in force and prepare to follow. Of course, if the characters participated in the preceding adventure, they almost certainly need no prodding from the clan's leader to take matters into their own hands and race to help their kin on the frontlines against their hated foes. For characters that did not take part in *Between a Rock and a Charred Place*, it is still best to begin the adventure in Erod Flan in the immediate aftermath of the foiled assassination plot. In this instance, the elderly high thane approaches the adventurers and requests that they perform a service for the clan to hold the gap until the dwarven forces can rally.

Adventure Hooks

War of Shadows immediately follows the events portrayed in the preceding adventure *Between a Rock and a Charred Place*. Characters who participated in the battle against the dark folk may seamlessly segue into the long journey north to Tyr Whin to face Grugdour and his hobgoblin war machine using the following **Unfinished Business** hook. Otherwise, the Referee may use one of the remaining two hooks or create one of his own to thrust the characters into the middle of the two races' epic confrontation.

Unfinished Business

Even though the characters saved Erod Flan from a catastrophic second explosion and foiled the devious Blassian's wicked machinations, Clan Craenog is not out of the woods yet. Their exploration of the dark folks' lair and interrogations of its leaders and the dwarven traitor all point to the chilling realization that Grugdour's hobgoblin army now marches toward the distant fortress of Tyr Whin. The worried clan and its elderly ruler Kaelan (see **Audience with the Thane**, *Between a Rock and a Charred Place*) look toward the newly dubbed "brothers of the high thane" to check this menace as it attempts to overrun the northern frontier and threaten the dwarven heartland. The high thane urges the victorious heroes to race to the citadel and warn the outpost's commander Truvven Blackgranite about the imminent danger. He instructs the characters to lend any aid they can and work with Truvven to devise a strategy to defeat or fend off the hobgoblins until he can muster the reinforcements to meet the hobgoblin forces in battle. Before they depart, Kaelan gives each character that participated in the preceding adventure a mithral brooch and an official letter identifying each of them as a "brother of the high thane."

Picking Up the Pieces

The high thane's palace is still ablaze in the aftermath of two massive explosions that rocked Erod Flan. Clan Craenog's ruler barely survived the devastating blasts, but the battle against the dark folk decimated his forces. Many of his best soldiers, clerics, and even the head of his guard perished in the struggle, along with much of his immediate family. Even more worrisome, the scant clues and information gathered during the course of the investigation indicates that the distant citadel of Tyr Whin is in grave danger from an approaching hobgoblin army. Kaelan (see the **Unfinished Business** hook) summons the newly arrived adventurers to his makeshift headquarters within one of the military barracks. If the characters belong to Clan Craenog, he urges the characters to undertake a mission of great importance for his family and their race in general. He implores the characters to travel to the outpost of Tyr Whin and lend whatever aid they can to Truvven Blackgranite, the citadel's commander. In exchange for their assistance, he offers them the prestigious title of "brother of the high thane" as well as the mining rights to a promising site near Tyr Whin. If the characters are not members of Clan Craenog and display some reluctance to undertake this mission, the high thane offers the characters a flawless 2500gp diamond for their assistance.

Heady Proposition

While traveling through the Stoneheart Mountains, the characters cross paths with **Oderick Bricklyme** (Lawful male mountain dwarf ranger 5) astride his pony. Oderick informs the characters that Truvven Blackgranite, the commander of the dwarven citadel Tyr Whin, is offering a 2500gp bounty for the head of the hobgoblin warlord Grugdour. The dwarven wanderer tells interested characters that the hobgoblin army is besieging the outpost and repeatedly pounding its walls with catapults and other siege equipment. Truvven has numerous spies under his command that can provide valuable intelligence about the enemy commander's whereabouts and vulnerabilities if the characters can make it within the citadel's walls.

Stoneheart Mountains

The dwarven citadel of Tyr Whin lies 120 miles north-northwest of Erod Flan along the edge of the Feirgotha Plateau where Baen's Pass enters from the east. If the characters are new arrivals at Clan Craenog's capital, they may explore the settlement and gather some information before setting out into the Stoneheart Mountains.

Tyr Whin is a part of the clan peaks of Clan Craenog, and though somewhat remote near the northern edge of the clan's territory, it is nonetheless connected to Erod Flan by the dwarves' low-ways (see the **Mountain High-Ways** sidebox in *A Little Knowledge*). The dwarves of Erod Flan advise the characters of the route of the secret low-way that leads to Tyr Whin. Winding among the lower elevations and valleys of the Craenog clan peaks, through tunnel and forest trail, despite its disguised nature, the road is remarkably direct and level. For the most part, the average elevation gradually fluctuates between 1000ft and 3000ft for the length of the journey. And since most of the trip is sheltered in tunnels, even in unfavorable weather the characters can travel at three-quarters of their normal overland speed. An average dwarf walking at a reasonable clip can complete the trek in approximately 10 days. Naturally, a mounted character is going to reach Tyr Whin in less time.

At their current level, it is possible if not likely that the characters have access to spells or magic items that allow the characters to fly, teleport, or accelerate their land-based speed, thus allowing them to shorten the duration of their journey. In fact, the high thane counts on the characters being able to move significantly faster than a column of dwarven heavy infantry. The fast-moving characters can easily avoid the indigenous wild animals and lesser threats without incident. Still, the characters are likely to spend at least some time traveling through the wild Stoneheart Mountains en route to Tyr Whin. Along the way, the characters may partake in one or more of the following events to break up the monotony of the long trek and provide the characters with new information about their ultimate destination and the hobgoblins' activities.

Going for Help

Three miners, **Torvin Stonesifter**, **Gerdel Agatesmith** and **Herz Veinfinder** (Neutral male mountain dwarf expert 5) hustle south toward Erod Flan with utmost haste. Their ashen skin and furrowed brows betray their obvious concern. The exhausted trio makes no effort to cover their tracks or move stealthily across the terrain. They literally run past anything that crosses their path with one exception — other dwarves. In spite of their temporary relief in seeing members of their race, the three haggard travelers are so frightened and unnerved that they cannot hold an intelligible conversation unless the characters calm them down.

After finally catching their breath, the dwarves explain that they saw a massive hobgoblin army numbering in the thousands heading toward Tyr Whin. Foot soldiers made up the bulk of the force. However, they also saw several hobgoblin warriors mounted on worgs in the vanguard and several giants pulling siege engines towards the citadel's stone gates. The dwarves spotted the enemy army roughly 5 miles from Tyr Whin, and they are certain that the warmongering goblinoids must be at Tyr Whin by now.

News of the Road

Bartus Shimmerweave (Neutral female halfling magic-user) sits in a modified backpack strapped around the torso of a clockwork warrior that functions as her mount. A friend of the Craenog clan, she has known of its low-ways for years. The brilliant inventor loves to gab and tell tall tales. She makes outlandish claims that the denizens of ruined Tsar are mounting a campaign to take the Stoneheart Mountains from the dwarves and that the hobgoblin warlord Grugdour is really an oversized goblin that drank a magical potion that made him larger. Her lesser fibs include stories about a race of stone creatures that only come to life when wet, a mountain made of pure gold dust, and an undead sorcerer scouring the land for his medusa bride. Bartus sprinkles in her fantastical tales while she tries to peddle her paltry collection of magical potions. The illusionist has no information about Grugdour and his hobgoblin army.

Clockwork Warrior: HD 3; HP 20; AC 2[17]; **Atk** slam (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** self-repair (1hp/round). (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 101)

Monument Dwarves

Argus Truechisel (Lawful male old mountain dwarf expert 7) and his wife **Reina Truechisel** (Neutral female old mountain dwarf magic-user 3) scour the Stoneheart Mountains looking for an ideal location and block of stone to use for a monument erected in High Thane Kaelan's honor. The renowned sculptor and his devoted wife have spent the last three months wandering the Stoneheart Mountains in pursuit of this grand endeavor. The couple served in Kaelan's court for more than 100 years, and they want to honor their beloved ruler before he meets Dwerfater in the next world. Any news of the recent assassination attempt against Kaelan or the hobgoblins' imminent assault against Tyr Whin greatly troubles the pair. Neither was aware of these recent events, though they did hear that the high thane planned to honor a group of adventurers who performed a valuable service to the dwarves.

If the characters tell Argus and Reina that they are now "brothers of the high thane," the old dwarf reveals that he helped reinforce Tyr Whin's walls many years ago. He is confident that the fortress can withstand several weeks of heavy bombardment. If the characters tell him that the hobgoblins already surround the citadel, he asks Reina to cast *detect magic* on the characters to determine if they are currently under the influence of any enchantment or illusory magic. Once satisfied that the characters are not disguised or under the mental influence of another creature, he says that it may be possible to get into Erod Flan through an old service tunnel connecting the citadel to an abandoned quarry 4 miles north of the fortress. However, he cannot make any assurances that the passageway is still accessible and not now buried beneath tons of rock.

Escapees

Four slaves who escaped from their hobgoblin masters on the march to Tyr Whin try to find shelter amid the Stoneheart Mountains. They include two human men named **Albus** and **Gehrmon**, and two mountain dwarf males named **Thrushck Banechis** and **Vartosh Pebbleston**. Though Thrushck and Vartosh share their kin's racial animosity toward humans, their hatred toward their cruel overseers is even stronger. Furthermore, the two dwarves credit the men with saving their lives during their frantic escape from captivity. The malnourished quartet is too weak and exhausted to fight with one another or anyone else for that matter, but they are strong enough to barter for their lives and freedom. Gehrmon acts as their unofficial spokesman, and he happily offers information in exchange for directions and safe passage back to their homes in the lowlands. Thrushck and Vartosh also appeal to their fellow dwarves and plead with them to spare the lives of their human counterparts.

If the characters accept the terms of his bargain, he tells them that their hobgoblin master Krugethar was one of Grugdour's witchdoctors. The ambitious Krugethar always butted heads with the tribe's chief religious figure, Beastshifter. A week after leaving Exor, the confrontation between the two rivals came to a head, and their owner lost the power struggle. More than fifty other slaves took advantage of the distraction and tried

to escape captivity. These were the only survivors. Gehrmon relays that Beastshifter and Krugethar spent countless hours concocting a virulent pestilence that is spread through contaminated yeast. The hobgoblins then recruited a human assassin with an intense hatred of dwarves to infiltrate Tyr Whin and distribute the infected yeast throughout the citadel's bakeries. Gehrmon cannot specifically name the man responsible for distributing the contagion or even describe his physical appearance but states that he may well still be inside secretly reveling in the destruction he is causing. The slaves also confirm that the hobgoblin army numbers in the thousands. A roughly equal number of human and dwarf slaves accompany them on their trek to Tyr Whin.

Albus and **Gehrmon, Human Slaves:** HD 1d6hp; HP 4, 3; AC 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 254)

Thrushck Banechis and **Vartosh Pebbleston, Dwarf Slaves:** HD 1; HP 5, 4; AC 4[15]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 6; **Save** 17; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** darkvision 60ft, detect attributes of stonework. (*Monstrosities* 149)

Encounters

The preceding events are intended to provide the characters with additional background about their destination and their foes. These individuals are generally harmless and pose no serious threat to the more-skilled and better-equipped characters. However, the Stoneheart Mountains teem with malevolent monsters and wicked beasts that actively seek to injure, maim and kill their quarry. The Referee may use one or more of the following encounters to challenge the characters on their long trek from Erod Flan to the remote citadel of Tyr Whin. These combats are deliberately more difficult than normal, because the characters are unlikely to partake in more than one encounter per day.

Intercepting Scouts

Grugdour sent several scouting parties south to provide him information about any large troop movements coming from Erod Flan. The reconnaissance patrol has recently stumbled upon the low-ways and is not quite sure to make of it. They are looking about at this section of the low-way where it runs through a thicket of evergreens. The patrol consists of 4 hobgoblin warriors, each of which is mounted atop one of 4 giant weasels. The characters happen to be upwind from the patrol, so the weasels detect their scent when 60ft away and still out of sight. Once they become aware of the party's approach, the hobgoblins spur their mounts and head up the road to attack.

The roughrider fighters immediately spur their dire weasel mounts to charge any foes within range. The hobgoblins greatly fear and loathe magic. Therefore, if they notice an isolated spellcaster on the battlefield, they converge on that individual.

The scouts' primary role is to gather intelligence and report their findings back to the main hobgoblin force. Once reduced to 10 or fewer hit points, their thoughts turn toward self-preservation. However, they never surrender and fight to the death if their prospects for escape appear hopeless. If compelled to speak against their will, they confirm that the hobgoblins now surround Tyr Whin and are preparing to assault the beleaguered defenders in a few days' time. They have no intricate details about Grugdour's plans other than the preceding generalities. Left to their own devices, the dire weasels always fight to the bitter end.

Hobgoblin Warriors (4): HD 4; HP 30, 28, 27, 23; AC 5[14]; **Atk** +1 longsword (1d8+1), longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: +1 longsword, longbow, 50 arrows, 2 potions of healing.

Giant Weasels (4): HD 3+3; HP 24, 22x2, 20; AC 6[13]; **Atk** bite (2d6 blood drain); **Move** 15; **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 4/120; 506)

WAR OF SHADOWS

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, the hobgoblins also keep several important items in their saddlebags. These include 8 red garnets worth 100gp each and a flute taken from a dwarf several months earlier.

Winged Terror

In a section of the low-way where it runs across the bottom of an open canyon, a lone mothmere happens to be flying by. Very little evades the beast's enhanced senses, and when characters pass beneath it, it soars down the canyon toward them to attack.

If reduced to 20 or fewer hit points, the clever mothmere climbs to a dizzying height to evade its attackers. The monster accumulates no treasure and has no lair.

Mothmere: HD 8; HP 56; AC 3[16]; Atk 2 foot-talons (1d6); Move 6 (flying 24); Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 11/1700; **Special:** +1 or better weapon required to hit, ethereal travel (at will), fear (30ft radius, 4HD creatures or lower save or flee for 3d12 rounds), magic resistance (30%), mimicry, pyrotechnics (at will, control fire, as spell), telepathy. (*Monstrosities* 339)

Approaching Tyr Whin

The hidden low-way emerges on a well-marked trail only a few miles from Tyr Whin. Though it is not as large or cosmopolitan as the clan's capital, Tyr Whin boasts many of the clan's finest warriors. What Tyr Whin lacks in numbers and resources, it more than compensates for in skill and moxie. Only the best of the best cut the mustard in this distant outpost.

The citadel stands in the peaks above the Feirgotha Plateau to the west. Originally built more than 2000 years ago to control access to Feirgotha Plateau by Baen's Pass, the fortress now serves the dual purpose of defending access to the plateau and the lands south from hobgoblin invasion. It sits atop a small plateau, but there are no formidable natural barriers preventing an enemy from approaching its walls and establishing camp in the vicinity of its mighty gate. Over the years, the dwarves constructed earthworks and moats to slow down an invading force, but these obstacles merely delay enemy troops rather than repel them. Still Tyr Whin is far from defenseless. The parapets affixed to the walls allow its crossbowmen to rain volleys down upon attackers from a secure location. Dwarven engineers can also keep an enemy army at bay with its arsenal of six standard trebuchets. The dwarves opted not to build these devices into or on top of their walls because of their enormous weight and vulnerability to enemy siege engines. Instead, they keep the trebuchets tucked safely inside the citadel and lob their ordnance over the walls upon foes beyond the reach of their crossbowmen through indirect fire.

Of course, the defenses designed to keep the hobgoblins out conspire to keep the characters out as well. In peace time, any mountain dwarf could stroll through the front gate with little more than a cursory glance and a few perfunctory questions. Now visitors have to circumvent Tyr Whin's defenses and get past the hobgoblin army invested around it. Grugdour's lines and encampments extend entirely around Tyr Whin's walls. The hobgoblin ranks include 2895 soldiers and officers, as well as approximately 2000 human, dwarf, half-elf, and elf slaves. The hobgoblin foot soldiers are supplemented by 86 trained mountain lions, 22 ogres, and 9 trolls that are evenly divided among the various platoons within this rigidly organized army. Characters that try to run the proverbial gauntlet through the hobgoblin camps are quickly enveloped by dozens and perhaps hundreds of enemy soldiers. When the characters come within visual range of Grugdour's army, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

A massive outer wall roughly 30 feet high spans the perimeter of an impressive citadel in the distance. The structure sits atop an elevated plateau dwarfed by the nearby mountains. It is impossible to miss the telltale signs of dwarven construction and their stonemasonry expertise even from afar. Still, their craftsmanship cannot withstand

the constant volley of hurled stones and massive quarrels concentrated precisely on specific sections of the walls. You can see emplacements of heavy ballistas and catapults manned by teams of hobgoblin engineers in hurling a continuous barrage at the fortress walls. The defenders respond in kind, lobbing massive blocks of stone and other debris over the walls and into the mass of hobgoblin troops gathered outside the gates. The massive force numbers into the thousands and appears to include a great many captive humanoid slaves — dwarves, humans, and elves — toiling ceaselessly in the hobgoblin camp, a camp that completely encircles the dwarven citadel.

Getting into Tyr Whin

In spite of the formidable obstacles, there are several ways to get into Tyr Whin. The first and most straightforward is the ancient service tunnel found at the bottom of the quarry 4 miles north of the citadel. The characters may have learned about this hidden route during their interaction with Argus and Reina Truechisel earlier in the adventure. Alternately, the characters may use their own arsenal of special abilities, spells, and magic items to bypass Tyr Whin's defenses and the hobgoblins outside of it. The list includes but is not limited to *invisibility*, *fly* or *phantasmal force*. The characters could also opt to fashion ordinary disguises and try to impersonate hobgoblin warriors or pass themselves off as slaves to make their way past the army and up to the gates. The following sections describe the hobgoblins' camp, Tyr Whin's structural defenses, and how the dwarves defending the citadel react to trespassers. The previously mentioned quarry entrance appears after the more conventional methods. Regardless of the path chosen, the Referee must ultimately determine whether the characters' efforts succeed or not.

Hobgoblin Lines

The hobgoblins set up camp roughly 400ft from the walls. At this distance, they are still within range of the dwarven crossbowmen manning the parapets. Likewise, the hobgoblins can also reach the citadel's defenders with their longbows. The two sides exchange occasional fire at one another, yet they seem content to save their ammunition for the real fight yet to come.

Unlike rabbles of orcs and goblins, hobgoblins are highly regimented. There is a **sergeant** for every squad of **10 hobgoblin soldiers** and a **lieutenant** plus a **trained mountain lion** for every platoon of **50 hobgoblin soldiers**. There is also a 60% chance that an **ogre** or a **troll** accompanies each platoon of hobgoblins. The trolls and ogres are predominately found in close proximity to the hobgoblins' **8 heavy ballistas** and their **5 catapults**, which are positioned between 500ft and 600ft from the walls. Though beyond the weapons' ideal range, the crews operating these siege engines are far enough away from the parapets to avoid taking damage from anything other than a wildly lucky shot. The catapults and ballistas are not clustered together. However, they concentrate their fire on three specific locations. Three ballistas and 2 catapults hurl their ammunition at the western gate and the walls surrounding it. Three ballistas and 1 catapult target a central section of the southern wall. Finally, 2 ballistas and 2 catapults bombard the intersection connecting the northern and eastern walls. If the characters attempt to destroy or sabotage these siege engines, they always encounter at least **1 ogre** or **troll** in addition to the **hobgoblin soldiers** assigned to protect the army's siege equipment.

The hobgoblins are all parts of a larger unit and do not wander aimlessly through camp looking for something to do. They are always wary of unfamiliar faces among their ranks, especially considering their mistrust and hatred of magic. If two or more creatures move through camp for no particular purpose, there is a 40% chance of attracting a sergeant's interest for every 10 minutes spent moving in such a manner. The inherently suspicious sergeant asks for the creatures' names and units. If fooled, he directs them to rejoin their unit at once. Failure to obey this direct order or if he sees through a disguise is, of course, punishable by death.

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The hobgoblins take no prisoners and immediately attack any of their subordinates that defy their instructions.

Intruders suffer a worse fate. To maximize their military efficiency, the hobgoblins form a circle around the offenders and bombard them with a barrage of arrows fired at close range. If the tactic proves ineffective, the lieutenants command the mountain lions, ogres, and trolls to attack the interlopers. Hobgoblins show no mercy and take no chances. They beat their hapless foe into a bloody pulp and do not stop until they are certain that they have killed their enemy.

Hobgoblin Soldiers: HD 1+1; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8), shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, shortbow, 50 arrows, 2 *potions of healing*.

Hobgoblin Sergeants: HD 4; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Hobgoblin Lieutenants: HD 6; AC 5[14]; **Atk** battle axe (1d8), longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: battle axe, longbow, 40 arrows.

Trained Mountain Lion: HD 3+2; AC 6[13]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 18 (climb 12); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 634)

Ogre: HD 4+1; AC 5[14]; **Atk** club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none.

Troll: HD 6+3; AC 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** regenerate (3hp/round).

Treasure: It is impossible to list the items found on every hobgoblin soldier in camp. In addition to their listed gear, the Referee is encouraged to randomly determine the treasure found on each individual hobgoblin. This is especially true in the case of the hobgoblin lieutenants and sergeants.

Structural Defenses

Built to withstand the ravages of war, time and even earthquakes, Tyr Whin is an architectural wonder. Though its outer walls seem to be crafted from one massive, smooth block of stone, reality differs greatly from appearance. In fact, the walls are made of countless small flat stones. On average, these blocks are 3ft long, 1ft high and 1ft wide. The dwarves cut alternating deep grooves and tongues onto the edges of these stones, allowing them to be fitted onto the adjacent stones as part of an interlocking pattern. This design gives the stones added strength and a greater degree of flexibility in the event of a massive impact or an earthquake. The dwarves then poured several inches of quick-setting gypsum plaster over the stones' face, giving them the appearance of being one, solid surface rather than an amalgamation of innumerable separate parts.

Tyr Whin's impressive outer walls are 30ft high and 1-1/2ft thick. The walls stretch for 600ft from east to west and another 450ft from north to south, encompassing roughly six acres of land behind its formidable defenses. The walls' aesthetically pleasing smooth surface also has a practical use. In the absence of any handholds and footholds, attackers cannot climb up the walls without magical assistance. To make infiltrating the citadel even more difficult, parapets span the entire length of the walls. They are 28ft above the ground and are specifically designed to allow crossbowmen to peer through the stone embrasures and rain bolts down against the walls' attackers from a fortified position.

Tyr Whin is accessible through either of its gates. The main entrance on the east wall consists of a pair of massive, iron doors. The 30ft-high,

10ft-wide, and 6in-thick portals are so heavy that it takes 6 dwarves, 100ft of steel chains, and an enormous winch to open and close them. Two 40ft-high towers riddled with arrow slits are on each side of the threshold.

The smaller gate on the western wall primarily serves as a postern. This entrance consists of a single 30ft-high, 10ft-wide and 6in-thick iron door also defended by two towers identical to those protecting the east gate. In spite of its slightly smaller dimensions, the iron door shares the same statistics as its counterpart on the opposite wall.

Dwarven Defenders

Under normal circumstances, 100 mountain dwarves patrol the parapets and the towers overlooking the two entrances and the surrounding foothills. Given the current state of affairs, **200 Tyr Whin soldiers** stand atop the walls and keep the hobgoblin forces at bay for the present. The remainder operates the siege engines within the citadel. The gates are barred shut and remain closed to everyone, including other dwarves. They open the doors for no one without a direct order from the citadel's commander or the high thane himself. Similarly, the dwarves offer no quarter to flying creatures, including their kin. They greet any flying intruders with a barrage of crossbow bolts.

The characters have two options to get past the dwarven guards without a fight, presuming they are dwarves too. The simplest is to use their credentials as a "brother of the high thane" to avoid a confrontation with the dwarven guards. The character can either display his mithral brooch or present his official letter (see the **Unfinished Business** hook.) Still, the dwarves do not open the gates for the characters. Instead, they lower a rope from the top of the walls and instruct their brethren to either climb up the rope themselves or tie the rope around their waist and allow the dwarves to pull them up the wall. The dwarves immediately escort their esteemed guest to Truvven Blackgranite's audience hall in the citadel's main building.

Without these official symbols, the characters must throw themselves on the dwarves' mercy. Dwarves that approach the gate or the walls are instructed to keep their hands over their heads and remain still. The dwarves then lower a rope with a loop around it and instruct that person to fasten it around their feet. The guards then pull the person up the side of the wall feet first. They then strip that person of his weapons, bind his hands, and prepare him for questioning. The dwarves repeat the process with each additional character. After they disarm and restrain each character, one of the resident clerics of Dwerfater uses *detect magic* to scan for illusion or enchantments. Once convinced that the character is not a charmed spy and is not using a spell or magic item to alter his appearance, the cleric then questions the individuals at length. If the characters provides satisfactory answers, the clerics escort that person under heavy guard to Truvven Blackgranite's audience chamber.

Dwarves that fly over the walls or suddenly appear inside of the citadel walls face an identical fate. The dwarves disarm and bind that person in their pursuit of magic and truthful answers. Those that pass the test are brought before Truvven Blackgranite for further inquiry.

Tyr Whin Soldiers, Male Mountain Dwarfs Warriors: HD 3; AC 4[15]; **Atk** hand axe (1d6), heavy crossbow x1/2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** darkvision 60ft, +4 save vs. magic.

Equipment: chainmail, steel shield, hand axe, heavy crossbow, 50 bolts.

Quarry

The dwarves' abandoned quarry is 4 miles north of Tyr Whin, beyond the hobgoblin siege lines. Abandoned decades ago, the dwarves mined tremendous quantities of limestone, gypsum, marble and other construction materials from this massive gouge in the earth. The quarry is 1200ft in diameter and burrows 120ft into the ground at its maximum depth. However, it is more than a giant hole. The quarry is shaped like an enormous funnel comprised of concentric rings of varying depths and sizes. Naturally, the deeper rings are considerably smaller in diameter and depth to those above them. For instance, the lowest section measures a mere 40ft across, whereas the concentric ring 10ft above it is double the

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size. When the characters approach the quarry, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

An immense hole carved from roughhewn stone descends more than 100 feet into the earth. The huge abscess resembles a circular amphitheater comprised of terraced levels. Rusted tools, smashed tables and overturned barrels are strewn about the abandoned site.

Though aware of the quarry's existence, the hobgoblins neglected to explore the site after a cursory search of the surrounding area turned up nothing important. In fact, most dwarves share the same opinion as their hobgoblin foes. None can imagine their kin lugging tons of stone through an underground passageway when they could more easily transport the gigantic rocks overland using an array of better methods. If the characters learned of the subterranean passageway during their interaction with Argus, he never explains the rationale for building such a tunnel. The reason is that the dwarves never used it. They designed the underground tunnel to serve as an escape route if either the quarry or Tyr Whin came under attack during the citadel's construction. When neither event occurred, the dwarves simply forgot about the unused passageway, and it fluttered out of their collective memory.

The dwarves' loss is the gain of the 3 **aberrant giants** that make their abode in the antechamber that opens into the abandoned tunnel. The brutish giants accidentally stumbled upon the secret door and have been living in the large outer chamber ever since their chance discovery. The large humanoids are far too big to continue farther down the narrow, winding passageway connecting the quarry with Tyr Whin. The nocturnal monsters venture outside when the sun sets in their constant search for food and treasure. They roam the entirety of the quarry and a roughly 1-mile radius around its edge. The giants always keep the secret door into and out of their lair closed. In spite of this precaution, the monsters do nothing to otherwise conceal their presence. Characters can discover their footprints and follow them directly to their front door. When the characters cross paths with the giants, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

Coarse, dark hair and oozing blisters cover the hideously deformed bodies of three 14-foot-tall giant humanoids. The hulking brutes carry a huge club with remarkable ease and sport enormous ears akin to an elephant's ears.

The secret door is located 60ft below the surface on the south side of the quarry. The dwarves concealed the portal extremely well. However, decades of neglect and the giants' need to crouch through the tight opening degraded the door over the years. It is much easier to spot now than it was when the dwarves first built it.

Abberant Giants (3): HD 8; HP 60, 57, 54; AC 4[15];
Atk club (2d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 8; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 9/1100;
Special: physical deformity. (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 10)
Equipment: club.

Development: The aberrant giants swing first and never bother to ask questions, especially if the characters intrude into their lair. They attack with reckless abandon and surrender only when reduced to 10 or fewer hit points. They know nothing about the hobgoblin army other than to stay away from it. The same applies to the dwarves of neighboring Tyr Whin. The monsters have no idea where the adjoining tunnel leads, as they cannot squeeze their 14ft-tall frames through the 5ft-high and 5ft-wide passageway for more than a few feet before abandoning the effort. Fortunately for them, the antechamber connecting the quarry with the tunnel is 15ft high and 40ft in diameter. The giants keep their spoils in a pile adjacent to the antechamber's south wall.

Treasure: The giants wear hide armor and carry clubs at all times. They keep six bear furs worth 50gp each, two gold bars worth 25gp each, and a sack containing 608gp in a pile in the corner.

Dwarven Tunnel

The subterranean emergency passageway cuts through rough-hewn stone and is partially blocked at many points. The tunnel continues for four miles through the earth before finally emerging in an empty cellar in the tower adjacent to the citadel's western gate. Numerous crates and barrels cover the concealed trapdoor leading into Tyr Whin, so it requires an Open Doors check to force the hinged portal open. Of course, the loud commotion attracts the attention of 2d6 Tyr Whin soldiers who appear to investigate. They react in the same manner as described in the preceding section (see the Dwarven Defenders section for their reaction).

Tyr Whin Soldiers, Male Mountain Dwarfs Warriors: HD 3; AC 4[15]; **Atk** hand axe (1d6), heavy crossbow x1/2 (1d6+1); **Move** 12; **Save** 14; **AL** L; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** darkvision 60ft, +4 save vs. magic.

Equipment: chainmail, steel shield, hand axe, heavy crossbow, 50 bolts.

Inside Tyr Whin

Erod Flan can masquerade as a large town. There is no mistaking that Tyr Whin is a military stronghold. Barracks dominate the citadel's interior. The soldiers grow most of their own food and raise their own livestock on the 2 acres of land devoted to agricultural purposes. The men and women under arms are almost wholly self-sufficient. At the present time, there are enough food stores to sustain the population for at least another month, and an underground aquifer has more than enough water to quench the dwarves' thirst for an indefinite period of time.

In spite of their preparedness and intense training, there is a palpable sense of despair throughout the citadel. The dwarves manning the parapets, arrow slits, and siege engines look exhausted. Weary soldiers patrol the walls and operate the citadel's 6 trebuchets. In fact, nearly all of them have been at their posts for at least 16 consecutive hours as the hobgoblin ailment ravages their ranks. Still, the dwarves carry on because they expect no mercy or quarter from their hobgoblin opponents. Defeat at the hands of their hated rivals means either one of two things — a painful, gruesome death or a lifetime of slavery and misery.

Fortunately for them, the characters' sudden appearance buoys their flagging morale and sagging spirits. The sight of heavily armed, fresh dwarves revives their hopes of imminent reinforcements. They are even more elated if they learn that these new arrivals are also "brothers of the high thane." Visitors are a rarity in this distant corner of the world. While traveling merchants are a common sight in Erod Flan, few entrepreneurs peddle their goods in this frontier outpost. Grain is the only widely imported commodity in Tyr Whin, and the dwarves use it to brew beer, bake bread, and make oatmeal. Commerce is strictly regulated, and all prospective business partners must register with Tyr Whin's quartermaster **Pultock Alemeister** (Lawful male mountain dwarf expert 6). Truvven prohibits merchants from selling their wares to private individuals. Instead, Pultock purchases these items in bulk on the citadel's behalf. Unfortunately, he inadvertently allowed the disease known as spinning sickness to take root in Tyr Whin.

Tyr Whin

TYR WHIN

Neutral small town

Government autocracy

Population 1089 (1089 dwarves)

Notable NPCs

Truvven Blackgranite, Commander (Lawful male mountain dwarf fighter 7)

Grusk Glumgold, Hobgoblin Agent (Chaotic male human assassin 8)

Pultock Alemeister, Quartermaster (Lawful male mountain dwarf expert 6)

Spinning Sickness

Anyone contracting spinning sickness must make a saving throw any time he casts a spell, runs or makes an attack. If he fails, he falls prone and suffers a –2 penalty to attacks and saves for the next 1d4 rounds. The disease affects only dwarves.

Foul Brew

What the dwarves do not know is that hobgoblin witchdoctors, aided by a human assassin, carefully developed a diseased strain of yeast that specifically affects dwarves. The assassin **Pieter vanPaard** (see the section **Further Inquiries**) slipped into Tyr Whin nearly a month ago and registered with Pultock Alemeister to sell large quantities of his specially fabricated yeast to the citadel. The soldiers doubling as bakers liked working with the new yeast. It rose quickly and gave their breads a pungent, earthy taste that they and their fellow dwarves enjoyed. No one got sick from the bread made with the newfangled yeast, so Pultock purchased even more of the leavening agent from the human masquerading as a dwarf merchant. Tyr Whin's quartermaster and the dwarves never realized that the oven's heat killed the pathogen. When some of the citadel's brewers began pitching the tasty yeast into their beers and ales, the cool liquid did not destroy the infected fungus. Instead, the disease thrived in the cool, nutrient-rich environment. Because it took several weeks for their brews to ferment, no one made the correlation between the yeast, the beer, and the illness. Even now, many dwarven soldiers continue to drink the diseased beer without giving it a second thought.

The hobgoblins' debilitating disease takes a heavy toll on Tyr Whin's defenders. The sick can barely stand for a few seconds before the intense dizziness and disorientation causes them to lose their balance and become unstable. Fear and trepidation cover the faces of those fortunate enough to elude the contagion for this long. Amazingly, no one has died from the disease. However, the crippling sickness ravages roughly half of the citadel's defenders. Worse still, one successful bout with the illness does not grant immunity. Many contract the contagion again a few days later. Dwerfater's clerics do what they can to combat the disease, but they are at a loss to explain how the disease spreads and why some individuals seem immune to it while others fall victim to it multiple times. Characters that hoist a mug of beer or ale into the air are likely to learn firsthand how and why the disease has sickened some and spared others.

Behind the Walls

Fortunately for the dwarves, spinning sickness did nothing to weaken its formidable walls. Yet, the depleted dwarf workforce cannot repair the damage to the walls faster than the hobgoblin artillery can inflict it. Grugdour's cunning engineers concentrate their fire on three locations. Though the siege engines are not overly precise, the constant barrage of boulders and enormous quarrels has weakened the walls to less than half their original strength. At the current pace, the hobgoblins are expected to smash through at least one of their targeted areas in the next few days. Once the hobgoblins penetrate the outer wall, they face a half-strength dwarven army decimated by disease.

Time is running out for Tyr Whin's defenders, and no one is more aware of that cruel fact than the highthane's most trusted son-in-law and the citadel's commander, Truvven Blackgranite. He heard the rumblings about the aggressive, new hobgoblin warlord and beseeched the highthane to transfer 500 of his troops to the distant northern outpost in anticipation of a major attack. Kaelan declined his request. Now, he fears that reinforcements are unlikely to arrive in time to save his fortress from certain ruin. His hopes for salvation now rest in the hands of the newly arrived adventurers.

Meeting with Truvven Blackgranite

Eight dwarven soldiers hurriedly escort the characters to Truvven Blackgranite's audience hall. Tyr Whin's commander cares little for pomp and ceremony. He loathes the trappings of wealth and power. Truvven occupies a simple barracks chamber just like the common soldier, and he meets his guests in a small dining room that also doubles as a meeting chamber. When the characters are brought into Truvven's meeting room, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

A long oak table surrounded by eight chairs is the only furnishing in the cramped chamber. Two tapestries depicting an army of dwarves routing their hobgoblin foes adorn opposing walls. A middle-aged dwarf wearing a shirt of mithral mail adorned with the symbol of a hammer and anvil sits at the far end of the table. He has long, black hair tied into a braid, gaunt cheeks, dark brown eyes and a drab complexion.

The characters immediately recognize the insignia on his chest as Dwerfater's holy symbol. Truvven is an extremely pious man and a rigid disciplinarian who never swears or drinks alcohol. In this case, his abstinence from partaking in this popular dwarven vice spared him the ravages of spinning sickness. If asked, Truvven makes an offhanded comment to that regard, though he has no actual knowledge of the correlation's significance.

The citadel's commander is renowned for his efficiency. He wastes no time with small talk and idle banter. He asks a few pointed questions to fully vet adventurers that are not officially recognized as "brothers of the highthane." Once that is out of the way, he gets straight down to business. Truvven realizes that the dwarves cannot outlast or defeat the hobgoblins in their current state. He even expresses skepticism that his forces could prevail over the hobgoblins at their full strength. Truvven believes his people have just one hope — to cut off the hobgoblins' proverbial head.

He tells the characters that while the siege rages outside the citadel, Grugdour and his commanders are currently camped inside Mount Huumvar above the nearby Feirgotha Plateau. The secure location offers them total protection against the dwarves' artillery and any large-scale attack, but the hobgoblin warlord likely is not aware of the mountain's ancient history. Two thousand years earlier, the Kingdom of Arcady flourished on the now desolate Feirgotha Plateau. The humans that dwelt there built a temple to one of their foreign deities on the plateau. Truvven does not know the god's name or any other detailed information about the divine being. Though the shrine stands more than six miles away from Mount Huumvar, a secret tunnel connects the two locations. Legends say that the men and women used the clandestine passageway as an escape route to flee the chaos that consumed the crumbling kingdom.

Truvven is convinced that the tunnel offers the best means of infiltrating Grugdour's headquarters and slaying the hobgoblin warlord, thus sending his army into disarray. Once again, he refers to his earlier analogy, claiming that if the characters successfully kill the army's head, the body is sure to follow. He directs the characters to travel up Baen's Pass and onto the Feirgotha Plateau. Truvven has ventured into the barren wasteland many times. He confirms that the temple's outer grounds and main building lie in ruins, but he is supremely confident that the lower levels remain intact and offer the ideal means to strike a death blow against the hobgoblin invaders.

Truvven cautions the characters against attempting a frontal assault against Grugdour's stronghold in Mount Huumvar. The entrance is heavily guarded and protected by numerous magical wards specifically designed to detect and kill intruders — even invisible ones. He adamantly states that the hobgoblin warlord undoubtedly has a contingency plan for escape in the face of a conventional attack. He insists that Grugdour is unprepared for an unorthodox assault against his stronghold.

If the characters ask Truvven any questions about the disease ravaging his soldiers, he provides them with the following details.

- The first cases started two weeks ago and have steadily risen since then. He estimates that nearly half of his troops now suffer from the debilitating

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illness. He is also quick to mention that many dwarves who recovered from the disease contracted it again a few days later.

- The spinning sickness follows no recognizable pattern. It does not appear to be contagious, as very few of the clerics and family members tending to the sick have caught the disease. The only odd curiosity is that none of the sixteen children inhabiting Tyr Whin suffers from the illness.

- Tyr Whin carefully guards and monitors its water supplies and food stores. The underground aquifer provides all of the fortress's water. Likewise, the meat, fruits, grains, and vegetables grown on the citadel's lands are also closely checked for diseases and impurities.

- The citadel imports only a handful of goods, and those wares must go through the compound's quartermaster, Pultock Alemeister. All merchants must be registered with his office, and he regulates all transactions between Tyr Whin and outside vendors.

Truvven Blackgranite, Male Mountain Dwarf Military Commander (Ftr7): HD 7; HP 53; AC 3[16]; Atk +1 heavy mace (1d6+3); Move 9; Save 8; AL L; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** +2 to hit and damage strength bonus, +4 save vs. magic, darkvision 60ft, multiple attacks (7) vs. creatures with 1 or fewer HD.

Equipment: +1 chainmail, shield, +1 heavy mace.

Rumors in Tyr Whin

Thick stone and mortar can withstand missile fire, but it cannot repel word of mouth. Fear and isolation give birth to countless new tales that circulate through the fortress faster than a hobgoblin's arrow flies through the air. The simple act of greeting a soldier or merely standing within earshot of a group engaged in conversation is sufficient to gain access to 1d4 of these rumors per character that attempts to gather information.

- The disease first appeared two weeks ago before the hobgoblins arrived at the gates. More than half of Tyr Whin's soldiers fell victim to the dreaded spinning sickness. Many have succumbed to the illness multiple times, while others appear immune to it. Dwerfater's priests seem helpless to stop it.

- Several "brothers of the highthane" are on their way to Tyr Whin to aid Truvven Blackgranite, the citadel's commander in its time of need.

- Orcs from the areas near the Southern Pass are massing an army on the Feirgotha Plateau. No one can say for certain if they mean to attack the hobgoblins or join them. (This is a false rumor.)

- The young warlord Grugdour commands the army from the hobgoblin stronghold of Exor. The rulers of Smashed Skull and Hollow Bone are prepared to support their fellow leader if he successfully captures Tyr Whin.

- A forgotten tribe of dark folk attempted to kill High Thane Kaelan, but he survived the attack and laid waste to their subterranean lair.

- Poltock Alemeister is the citadel's quartermaster. He strictly regulates all commerce within Tyr Whin and approves all purchases on the fortress's behalf.

Greater Details

Tyr Whin teems with rumors. However, many of these tales are the same, recycled stories repeated multiple times or that otherwise fall into the realm of the completely ridiculous. Characters searching for more specific information may interact with the local residents or sift through their memory to recollect a legend from their previous travels or details from an event they witnessed firsthand. The Referee needs to exercise discretion when doling out these important clues. Tyr Whin's rank-and-file soldiers are familiar with their usual adversaries, but they are not archaeologists or historians. Mount Huumvar, the Feirgotha Plateau, and the ruined temple are beyond their area of expertise. Still, if the characters locate the right people, they can obtain crucial facts from such individuals.

Tyr Whin and Mount Huumvar

The characters may learn the following information about Tyr Whin and nearby Mount Huumvar. Roll 1d20 once and give the characters all the information with the target number and below.

| 1d20 | Result |
|------|---|
| 6 | An old, disused service tunnel connects a section of the barracks with a quarry a few miles outside of the citadel. |
| 8 | A tasty new variety of bread and ale arrived in Tyr Whin roughly one month ago. Its pungent taste is very popular with many dwarves. |
| 11 | Grugdour, the hobgoblin chieftain, currently occupies the caverns inside of this mountain stronghold. The peak is less than one mile northeast of Tyr Whin. It would take thousands of men to march upon and storm the mountain because of the steep rock walls leading up to the entrance. |
| 13 | Human legends claim that the survivors of Arcady's demise escaped the Feirgotha Plateau through a secret tunnel that connected a long-forgotten temple to the mountain's cavern complex. |
| 15 | Many sages believe that Mount Huumvar is a previously dormant volcano that is set to erupt. (This is a false rumor.) |

Feirgotha Plateau and the Temple of Aten

The characters may learn the following information about the neighboring Feirgotha Plateau and the ruined Temple of Aten. Roll 1d20 once and give the characters all the information with the target number and below.

| 1d20 | Result |
|------|---|
| 6 | The Feirgotha Plateau is a desolate plain. The ruins of an ancient structure are several thousand feet from Baen's Pass. |
| 8 | The mountains are particularly treacherous outside of Tyr Whin. Baen's Pass is the only safe passage onto the high plains. |
| 10 | Strange pictographs cover three stones in close proximity to the ruins. Their meaning remains a mystery. A stone staircase also descends below the ground, but no one has ever explored what lies below the temple. |
| 12 | After the human kingdom's collapse, the dwarves tore their temple down stone by stone to erase their presence from the Feirgotha Plateau forever. (This is a false rumor.) |
| 13 | The temple's high priest struck his staff against the ground and caused a powerful earthquake that destroyed the structure rather than let it fall into the dwarves' hands. (This is a false rumor.) |
| 15 | The temple was dedicated to the Khemitite god Aten, commonly associated with the sun. |
| 17 | During Arcady's final, chaotic days, its worshippers turned to a dark entity to save them from the ensuing destruction. |

Further Inquiries

Truvven repeatedly insists time is of the essence, yet the characters may want to conduct a few inquiries about the spinning sickness's potential causes. The soldiers and their officers provide no tangible assistance. The sick also offer no good leads. If the characters question the sick about their activities and diet, each states that they have been at Tyr Whin since before the outbreak started, and their eating habits include the typical dwarven fare — meat, cheeses, bread, and beer. There is no specific common denominator in their stories or any particular combination that comes to light.

Yet Truvvan unwittingly provided the answer during his discourse with the characters. If they ask the healthy individuals about their diet, they almost universally repeat what their ill counterparts said with one exception. They ate the same types of meat, cheeses, and grains, but they did not drink any beer or ale over the last month. A small percentage of these individuals did not drink any alcohol at all, but most preferred drinking harder spirits. If the characters question the soldiers about where and how beer is produced within Tyr Whin, the dwarves direct them to the cellars in the main barracks building where brew master **Nurne Stoutgut** (Lawful male mountain dwarf fighter 4) normally oversees the citadel's beer-making operation. However, he suffers from his second bout with spinning sickness, so the brewing duties fall upon the less-capable shoulders of his assistant **Wrothn Amberblade** (Neutral male mountain dwarf fighter 2).

Wrothn laments that the brewery is currently operating with a skeleton crew because of the spinning sickness's toll on his workforce and the citadel in general. He tells the characters that Nurne was one of the first dwarves to fall ill along with three other members of the staff. Wrothn boasts that he has somehow resisted getting sick during the epidemic, even though he normally spends most of his day in close quarters with Nurne. If the characters ask the right questions, Wrothn provides them with two valuable pieces of information. In spite of his chosen profession, he grudgingly confesses that he hates the taste of beer. In fact, he admits that he has not touched any of the brewery's products in 5 years. Wrothn also tells them that Tyr Whin's quartermaster, **Poltuck Alemeister** purchases all of the ingredients, which have remained the same for years with the exception of a new variety of yeast that they started using at least several weeks ago. He assures the characters that Poltuck inspected and tested the new yeast in the citadel's bakeries without incident before distributing it to the brewers. Wrothn refuses to admit that the new yeast could play any role in the spread of spinning sickness throughout the fortress.

The investigation ultimately leads to Tyr Whin's quartermaster, **Poltuck Alemeister**. If the characters question him about any unusual recent purchases, the dutiful soldier searches through his records for a few minutes before arriving at the name **Grusk Glumgold** (an alias for the human assassin and hobgoblin operative **Pieter vanPaard**). He relays that he carefully screens all of Tyr Whin's merchants and suppliers. Grusk presented the proper credentials, including four signed references from highly respected members of Clan Craenog, and he also paid the licensing fee. Poltuck tells the characters that he and several soldiers also ate fresh bread baked with the new yeast and suffered no ill effects. Poltuck freely shows the characters the signed references. If a thief examines the document, he has a 4-in-6 chance to verify that Grusk forged the signature. Poltuck is not sure where Grusk is at the present time. However, he always visits the Sundered Axe Tavern for an early lunch and dinner whenever he is in Tyr Whin.

Sundered Axe Tavern

There are six restaurants and taverns in Tyr Whin, and the citadel's soldiers operate all of them on a part-time basis. The Sundered Axe is its most upscale and sophisticated establishment. In light of the present circumstances, the atmosphere is very subdued. Glum expressions and stony silence replace the frivolity and gaiety normally found inside its welcoming walls. The business's manager, **Wruun Tunecarrier**, typically sets the tone within the Sundered Axe, but even the flamboyant extrovert seems reluctant to let loose and have a good time under these dire conditions. Still, it is impossible to completely suppress his carefree attitude. Wruun detests the pervading rigid, military mindset and does

everything he can to inject some levity into the stale proceedings. Not surprisingly, his upbeat personality rubs some of his fellow dwarves the wrong way. They falsely believe that he views war and death as some kind of sick joke. On the contrary, Wruun takes his soldiering duties deathly seriously. Yet, he feels that unbridled passion and raw emotion win the day on the battlefield far more often than marching in lockstep and reacting like automatons.

In spite of the consistent barrage of hobgoblin artillery fire and the ravages of spinning sickness, the Sundered Axe Tavern still serves lunch and dinner from late morning through early evening. Because of manpower shortages, Wruun and his trusted assistant **Xanxes Truefacet** (Lawful male mountain dwarf fighter 2) are all that remains of his former staff of six full-time employees. The duo bolts around the bar, dining area, and kitchen at a frantic pace. Wruun takes orders, pours drinks and greets the customers, while the low-key Xanxes prepares and delivers the food. Despite their effort and enthusiasm, the war and contagion also take a toll on their guests. The usually raucous bar and dining area are never more than half full on a good day and are utterly deserted during off hours. The only exception is the tavern's one odd patron who never leaves — **Grusk Glumgold** (the better known dwarven alias of **Pieter vanPaard**) and his pet orange tabby cat, Maurice.

Pieter vanPaard AKA Grusk Glumgold AKA Grusk Grimsilver

The human assassin posing as a yeast supplier spends his days and evenings nonchalantly sipping on wine and sharing his extravagant meals with his beloved familiar, Maurice the cat. While violence rages outside Tyr Whin's walls, Grusk appears totally unfazed by everything happening around him. His worrisome demeanor unnerves and annoys his dwarven hosts and fellow guests. Wruun cannot in good conscience turn a paying customer away, especially in these times, yet his blood boils at the disgusting sight of a fellow dwarf openly displaying callous disregard for his homeland, kin, and thane. The shrewd proprietor feigns cordiality in his presence, but his pleasant exterior conceals his contempt for the worthless loafer.

Grusk Glumgold sits alone at a back table and strokes his pet cat's ginger fur between sips of spiced wine and lukewarm mead. The middle-aged dwarf has thick, wild blackish-gray hair, a granite chin, bulbous nose, and dull green eyes. He wears no armor and a sheathed short sword dangles from a belt around his waist. Tyr Whin's most disinterested resident barely lifts his head and manages a fleeting smile when acknowledging strangers in his presence.

He shows no interest whatsoever in conversation. Grusk responds to the characters' inquiries with terse answers, preferably those of the one word variety. His gruff version of politeness is short-lived. He tolerates no more than a few questions before he forcefully demands that the characters leave him alone. If the characters persist, a wry grin comes over his face. Grusk reluctantly acquiesces and insists that the characters join him for a drink. He calls Wruun to the table and orders a mug of beer for each of his new guests, hoping that the disease-ridden brew incapacitates his unwelcome partners. (Of course, if any dwarf characters imbibe any of their drinks, they must also succeed on saving throw to avoid contracting spinning sickness in the next few days.) Still, Grusk's newfound generosity fails to loosen his tongue. In fact, he turns the tables on the characters and asks them rude, intrusive questions intended to simultaneously discombobulate and offend them. The most that the characters can voluntarily extract from him about the yeast is that he purchased it from a dwarven merchant in Erod Flan a few months back. He stands behind his claim that the product is perfectly safe (he is lying, of course).

The evasive Grusk has two profound weaknesses. The most dangerous is his human parentage. The hobgoblin agent disguises himself so that he appears to be a dwarf. If the characters discover the truth (15% chance), Grusk knows he must quickly escape the tavern in order to protect his secret. He is all too aware that the lifespan of a human found in the heart of the dwarven citadel is almost as short as that of a hobgoblin.

The other shortcoming is his tangled web of lies. Grusk helped the hobgoblins develop the diseased strain of yeast. He deliberately disguised himself as a dwarf in order to spread the sickness throughout Tyr Whin. Grusk's evasiveness probably helps fuel the characters' suspicions of him.

The quality of his disguise greatly exceeds his ability to spin an untruthful tale. Characters who catch the cagey Grusk in a lie also gain leverage over their wily quarry. When confronted with the inconsistencies in his responses, the frustrated Grusk flies into a vitriolic rage. He wildly flails his hands into the air and directs the characters to leave at once. If they refuse, he gets up from the table, says a few choice words to Wruun and storms out of the premises. He dashes into a nearby alley and disguises himself as a young, robust dwarf soldier named Grusk Grimsilver. In furtherance of the ruse, he takes up a position on Tyr Whin's outer wall before retiring to the barracks later in the evening. He follows the same routine every night, so if the characters conduct surveillance on him, they may discover his pattern and learn that he is using a disguise to take advantage of the citadel's military facilities. Like Grusk Glumgold, Grusk Grimsilver tries to stay out of sight and keeps a low profile. In fact, Pieter vanPaard uses the Grusk Glumgold disguise so that Poltock knows where to find him for more diseased yeast.

Pieter vanPaard aka Grusk Glumgold aka Grusk Grimsilver, male human assassin (Asn8): HP 42; AC 3[16]; Atk +1 freezing short sword (1d6 plus 1d6 cold), +2 dagger (1d4+2 plus poison); **Move** 12; **Save** 7 (+1, ring); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** backstab (x3), thieving skills as 6th-level thief.

Thieving Skills: Climb 90%, Tasks/Traps 40%, Hear 4 in 6, Hide 35%, Silent 45%, Locks 35%.

Equipment: +1 freezing short sword, +2 dagger, bracers of defense 4[15], ring of protection +1, 3 doses of lethal giant wasp poison, 6 jars of contaminated yeast, pet cat named Maurice.

Maurice, Tabby Cat: HD 1d4hp; HP 3; AC 7[12]; Atk 2 claws (1d2), bite (1d3); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** A/5; **Special:** none.

Tactics: Flight is always Grusk's first instinct. He fights only when cornered. In that case, he uses his blade coated with giant wasp venom to strike an adjacent opponent. If confronted inside of the Sundered Axe, he fights to escape. In the face of his imminent demise, Grusk focuses all of his attacks against a single dwarf character (if possible), hoping to take at least one dwarf with him into the next world.

Development: The human infiltrator never surrenders. Pieter vanPaard never willingly divulges anything about Grugdour's plans. He cooperates only when compelled to do so. The human spy admits that he and a group of witchdoctors developed the diseased yeast that spreads the spinning sickness. He keeps his entire supply of the fungus on his person at all times. Pieter confesses that his hatred of the dwarves spurred his actions and eagerness to help the hobgoblins conquer Tyr Whin.

Part II: Through the Mountains

After meeting with citadel commander, Truvven Blackgranite, the characters learn that the likely road to defeating the hobgoblins takes them back onto the neighboring Feirgotha Plateau. An ancient shrine dating back to the Kingdom of Arcady contains a hidden passage that connects the apparently abandoned and ruined building to Grugdour's fortified stronghold in nearby Mount Huumvar. Though the structure is no more than rubble, the final vestiges of a dark and forbidden faith still linger in the depths beneath the religious complex. From there, the path takes the characters deeper into the icy mountains that straddle the border separating the Stoneheart Mountains proper from the Feirgotha Plateau. Yet, the presumably direct route opens into a mountaintop complex dominated by a fierce and aggressive race of albino bugbears. To make matters worse, the brutish humanoids worship an adult white dragon named Frozentooth that they rescued as a hatchling and have venerated as a living idol ever since. After besting the wicked reptile and his goblinoid servants, the characters proceed through an ancient tunnel that leads them into Grugdour's headquarters inside the caverns of rugged Mount Huumvar.

Getting out of Tyr Whin

The next leg of the characters' journey takes them onto the steppe of the Feirgotha Plateau. The first step of the trek requires them to leave Tyr Whin. Of course, the dwarven defenders offer no resistance to the departing characters and may even help them coordinate a plan to slip past the hobgoblin besiegers and make their way to the steep cliffs separating Tyr Whin from the neighboring plateau. The secret tunnel that leads to and from the quarry is the characters' best means to bypass the hobgoblin lines. However, only a handful of the dwarven defenders even know of the passageway's existence, let alone where it goes; even Truvven is unaware of it. If the characters did not previously encounter the aberrant giants occupying the cavern adjacent to the quarry, they must do so on their way out of the tunnel (see the **Quarry** section in **Part I** for details about the chamber and its occupants.)

Otherwise, the characters must devise an alternate means of getting out of Tyr Whin and through the hobgoblin lines just as they did to get into the citadel. One possibility is to fly over the walls and out of the reach of the hobgoblin artillery and longbow fire. If the hobgoblins see the escaping dwarves, they send a **hobgoblin sergeant**, a **mountain lion**, and **20 hobgoblin soldiers** to track them down. The hobgoblins always keep their eyes on the citadel's walls, so any movement outside of Tyr Whin's walls immediately garners their interest. Obviously, the hobgoblins cannot react to characters that they cannot see. Therefore, *invisibility* is another viable option to sneak past the citadel's attackers and perhaps even wreak a little havoc in their ranks. While the characters may have disguised themselves as hobgoblins to move through their ranks and then closer to the fortress's walls, the same ploy does not work in reverse. They immediately rush forward to capture and detain the escapees.

It is possible that the characters may deliberately let the hobgoblins capture them and then hope or demand to be taken to see Grugdour. The hobgoblin lieutenants are too wily and clever to fall for that trick. They bind and shackle prisoners and keep them in the siege lines under an ogre's scrutiny. They also strip the characters of their gear and distribute it among their soldiers. In the end though, the Referee is the ultimate arbiter when determining whether the characters' plans fail or succeed.

Hobgoblin Soldiers (20): HD 1+1; HP 9x2, 8x5, 7x3, 6x5, 5x2, 4x3; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8), shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: longsword, shortbow, 50 arrows, 2 *potions of healing*.

Hobgoblin Sergeant: HD 4; HP 30; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Trained Mountain Lion: HD 3+2; HP 20; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 18 (climb 12); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (**The Tome of Horrors Complete** 634)

Roads Less Traveled

Massive cliffs and icy rock walls separate the desolate Feirgotha Plateau from the neighboring Stoneheart Mountains. The paths to the isolated locale ultimately lead them west. The characters essentially face two choices. They can scale or fly over the rugged mountains separating the two regions, or they can travel slightly north and intersect with Baen's Pass, which takes them west and then onto the Feirgotha Plateau. Though Tyr Whin is a meager five miles east of the plateau, neither choice is easy.

Climbing over the mountains is an arduous task. These steep slopes feature forbidding cliffs and rock walls. The cliffs in this region are typically 2d10 x 10ft tall, whereas the rock walls are 2d8 x 10ft tall. For the sake of simplicity, characters attempting to scale the mountains in this area encounter a cliff every 3d4 x 100ft that they travel through this terrain. Likewise, they encounter a rock wall every 1d3 x 1000ft that they travel

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through this area. Non-thief characters have a 25% chance of slipping on a cliff, and a 40% chance on a rock wall for every 30ft climbed. Characters who slip take 1d6 points of damage for every 10ft fallen.

Baen's Pass cuts a gently sloping route through the mountains, forgoing the need to succeed on climb checks and bypassing the ominous cliffs and rock walls that defend the Feirgotha Plateau against intruders. However, the hobgoblins deployed a force consisting of **12 hobgoblins**, **1 hobgoblin sergeant**, **2 ogres**, and **1 troll** to defend the passage and prevent a rearguard assault against the hobgoblin's main army. Grugdour's troops take up a defensive position in a wide stretch of the pass surrounded by rock walls on all sides. The trail heading toward the Feirgotha Plateau is winding and narrow in most spots, but this particular location measures 20ft across and is comparatively straight. Sharp U-bends separate this 120ft-long area from the adjoining portions. The hobgoblins and their allies occupy the center of this mountain highway and make no effort to conceal their presence. So far, their greatest adversary is boredom. The ogres try to lob stones over the escarpments, while the hobgoblins occupy their time rolling dice and telling tales of glorious military actions. When the characters come upon this scene, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

Smoke billows from a roaring fire near the center of the pass. A contingent of hobgoblins, two ogres, and a troll loiter around the flames, passing their idle time rolling dice and lobbing stones into the nearby cliffs.

The guards are not paying attention, so the characters have the opportunity to surprise the defenders. In the event of an attack, the ogres and troll rush forward to engage their adversaries in melee combat. The hobgoblins lag behind and pepper their foes with a barrage of arrows. With nowhere to retreat, the unit fights to the bitter end. In the event that the characters capture and subdue one of the hobgoblins, they provide no useful information about Grugdour's whereabouts or future plans. The pass is undefended from this point forward, allowing the characters unfettered access to the Feirgotha Plateau beyond it.

Hobgoblin Soldiers (12): HD 1+1; HP 9, 8x2, 7x4, 6x2, 5x3; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8), shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, shortbow, 50 arrows, 2 *potions of healing*.

Hobgoblin Sergeant: HD 4; HP 28; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Ogres (2): HD 4+1; HP 28; AC 5[14]; **Atk** club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none.

Troll: HD 6+3; HP 45; AC 4[15]; **Atk** 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** regenerate (3hp/round).

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, the hobgoblins have 85gp and an agate worth 10gp. The hobgoblin sergeant has 49gp and a *potion of healing*. The ogres carry a sack containing 189gp and a pearl worth 100gp. The troll keeps an emerald worth 500gp in a pouch attached to his belt.

Feirgotha Plateau

After clambering over the intervening mountains or traveling via Baen's Pass, the characters arrive on the barren plains of the Feirgotha Plateau. Fierce winds currently batter the region bringing bitterly cold temperatures. The characters' intended destination lies roughly 3000ft north of Baen's Pass, juxtaposed against the edge of the mountains abutting the Feirgotha Plateau. In its heyday, the ruined Temple of Aten

beckoned sages into its welcoming halls nearly as much as the Library of Arcady by the Southern Pass. Now, the religious complex is nothing more than a ruin covered in faded hieroglyphs.

Temple of Aten

Despite its condition, the Temple of Aten's remaining ruins are visible from a distance of 500ft. When the characters come with range of the abandoned site, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

Three obelisks covered in pictographs and runes stand next to a stone staircase that descends into the earth.

Over the years, the dwarves of Tyr Whin have visited the temple's remains on many occasions. Most scavenged valuable stones and other relics from the ruins. A discerning eye can still make out the skeleton of the main building's outer walls through the scattered debris. The structure's foundation encompasses a 10,000-square-foot area. Two of the obelisks are outside the boundary and one is inside of the border, indicating that it stood inside of the temple proper rather than on its outer grounds.

As a monument devoted to the worship of the Khemitite sun god, the Temple of Aten was an open-air structure. The building's outer walls were 8ft high and adorned with paintings and sculptures depicting the sun on its journey across the heavens. The interior featured lush gardens, shallow pools, and stela containing prayers and artwork celebrating Aten's wondrous glory. Worshippers marveled at the temple's architectural beauty and placed their offerings of food, gold, and other precious objects atop the altar that stood near the western outer wall. Because there were no interior walls or doors, the clergy used the subterranean chambers as an administrative center, a secondary place of worship, and an ossuary. Aten's worshippers observed the Khemitite practice of mummification after death with some unique variations. They used the sun as the primary means of desiccation and did not wrap their dead in the customary funerary linens. They interred noteworthy worshippers and priests in a tomb beneath the temple.

Some legends claim that vengeful dwarves tore the temple down stone by stone to rid all human evidence from the Feirgotha Plateau. Other tales place the blame on the god's worshippers, claiming that their high priest struck his staff against the altar and collapsed the temple upon itself rather than let it fall into dwarven hands. A more obscure story purports that Aten's worshippers gave their souls to a dark power and went to their eternal rest in the ossuary beneath the primary shrine. The characters may try to gather clues from one of the notable aboveground locations in the following section, but the answer to this mystery can be found only in the darkness below the Temple of Aten.

Aten, The Sun, The Sun Disc

Alignment: Neutral

Domains: Air, Bounty, Fire, Strength, Sun

Symbol: Sun disc

Typical Worshippers: Clerics, sages, wizards

Favored Weapons: Quarterstaff, longsword

Aten appears as a solar disc of immense size and proportion, sometimes with wings, sometimes with arms and hands. He is worshipped as a life-giver and is, in some areas of Khemit, more highly venerated than Ptah or Ra. He is thought to be the sole creator of life and the world, though Ptah's followers dispute such claims.

T1. Southern Stela

Pictographs and foreign writing cover the uppermost portions of the limestone stela. The artwork covering the central and lower portion of the 9-foot-high stela depicts humans tilling the fields, sowing seeds, and harvesting plants.

Read languages can be used to translate the message:

The stela proclaims, *“In the beginning, there was the Sun. And Aten, the Great Creator, looked down upon the world and gave it light.”*

T2. Northern Stela

A large, jagged fissure running across the top of an 8-foot-tall limestone obelisk indicates that part of the monument’s top is missing. Hieroglyphics beneath the fracture convey part of a presumably longer message. Carvings adorning the stela’s face show images of human warriors in chariots routing a dwarven army.

Characters unable to read the Khemitian hieroglyphs scrawled across the stela’s top can use *read languages* to translate its meaning. It says, *“All praise the Great Sun Disc that brings warmth, and bask in his glory. There are none above Him, and none that stand before Him.”*

The sculptures adorning the monument’s face depict Arcady’s soldiers expelling the dwarves from the Feirgotha Plateau.

T3. Western Stela

The image of a humanoid being with a radiant head shaped into the likeness of the sun dominates most of a 7-foot-tall marble stela. Hieroglyphs wrap around the top of the obelisk.

Aten is the artistic subject upon the stela. Unlike the other two surviving stelae, this monument stood inside the temple proper rather than the outer courtyard.

The hieroglyphics above Aten’s depiction state, *“Aten is the bringer and giver of life.”*

T4. Staircase

An overturned basalt statue of a humanoid being with a spherical head rests on the ground alongside the edge of a stone staircase that descends at a steep pitch into the frozen earth. The faded images of reed boats, desiccated corpses, and the sun adorn the staircase’s walls.

The basalt statue depicts Aten. Erosion and weather took their toll on the paintings adorning the walls leading into the underground level. These paintings differ from typical Khemitian paintings and even most of the artwork found here. The surviving colors are more vibrant, and the subjects’ poses seem more relaxed in comparison to the normally rigid style prevalent in Khemitian art. Upon closer examination, the desiccated corpses are not shrouded in funerary linen and almost appear to be smiling. Still, there is nothing in the artwork to suggest what befell the temple in its last, dark days.

The staircase descends at a 45-degree angle into the ground. The individual steps are chipped and covered with ice in many spots. Characters must make a saving throw to negotiate the stairs without slipping and tumbling down the stairwell. Characters that roll down the staircase take 1d6 points of damage for every 10ft traveled. During daylight hours, sunlight illuminates the first 20ft of the descent before darkness and shadows take over. The 40ft-long staircase delves roughly 30ft below the surface and ends at the door opening into **Area S1**.

Subterranean Level Features

During the temple’s heyday, clerics and worshippers alike were free to walk through the underground complex’s chambers and corridors to visit the chapel and the remains of the dearly departed, thus accounting for the lack of doors in most locations. The only exceptions are the stone door that separates the outer staircase from **Area T4** with the complex proper at **Area S1** and the strong wooden doors in the clerics’ living quarters in **Area S2**. The stone door is stuck, whereas the strong wooden doors are locked. The floors, walls and, ceiling are made from plaster and are treated as superior masonry. The numerous ceramic oil lamps positioned in small recesses throughout the complex are empty and unlit. All ceilings are 8ft above the floor.

S1. Purification Chamber

Wispy clouds of dust bearing a stagnant, musty odor fill the air in a formerly grandiose chamber. Four majestic 2-foot-deep ceramic tile pools now contain small puddles of brackish, stagnant water. Bright paint is still partially visible beneath a thin layer of dirt and dust that covers four limestone columns positioned at one of the pool’s corners. The same debris also coats an exquisite tile mosaic emblazoned on the floor. The artistic piece is a depiction of the sun with jets of flame erupting from its edges. Paintings and sculptures of village life adorn the spacious walls.

Before entering the chapel and the ossuary, Aten’s worshippers bathed their feet in the pools in a ceremonial gesture to wash away their impurities before stepping into the sanctuary. Cynics sneered that Aten’s clerics implemented this ritual to keep the floors clean. The grit on the floors, walls and columns appears undisturbed, indicating that no one has set foot in this chamber for an extremely long time. This is especially true of the wondrous mosaic in the center of the floor. Grime and humidity marred its lustrous colors leaving a slightly dimmed yet still spectacular piece in its wake. The yellow image is easy to recognize as the sun disc, a symbol commonly associated with Aten. Red, green, and yellow stripes arranged into a helix pattern, once covered the columns but are now faded to near obscurity. The sun is a constant image in the artwork adorning the walls. The paintings depict farmers planting and harvesting their crops along with animals grazing in the fields.

S2. Priests’ Living Quarters

Two stone slabs jut out from the adjacent walls. A closed alabaster chest occupies the floor between the protrusions.

At the height of its influence, six clerics tended to the extensive grounds and served the needs of the sun god’s worshippers. Most followers offered gifts of food, wine, honey, and other organic materials to their beloved sun deity. Therefore, the temple accumulated almost no wealth during its operation and applied any monetary donations towards its upkeep rather than the clergy’s coffers.

Aten’s priests led a monastic lifestyle. They slept on the hard, stone slabs against the far corners and stored their personal belongings in the alabaster chests positioned between the two beds. The storage containers hold an assortment of long since dry-rotten clothing, sandals, and other sundry items. However, there is an object of interest in the northern priests’ living quarters. During Arcady’s rapid collapse, the resident high priest named Atumshutsep secretly authored a tiny scroll that he hid within one of his sleeves. He placed the document in a minute ceramic case. It is easy to overlook the small container; thus, anyone searching through the alabaster chest in the northern room locates the object. Hieroglyphics completely cover the small scrap of papyrus. Unfortunately, Atumshutsep’s message is not complete. The text is completely faded in some spots and some pieces of the papyrus disintegrated over time. Still, enough parts remain to deliver a discernible warning to the reader.

Atumshutsep's Message

Sun fades, and darkness creeps in. Madness...and goodness fails. It is...light in the void...abandoned us. There is...nowhere...Arcady. Only greater evil can defeat...

Treasure: Characters that take the time to search through the alabaster chests find 8d6gp in ancient Arcadian coinage in each chest.

S3. Mummification Chamber

Two oval stone slabs, one slightly larger than the other, dominate the chamber. Disgusting stains and deep gouge marks cover both surfaces. More disturbing, strips of dried skin and muscle tissue tenuously cling to the ribs of a human skeleton that lies atop the bigger slab. Small, uneven mounds of salt fill its chest cavity, abdomen and lower jaw. A narrow stone pedestal stands between the two slabs. Four tarnished bronze implements sit atop it. Two large piles of salt are on the floor. One is behind the larger slab, and the other sits alongside both surfaces.

Aten's clergy mummified the bodies of its priests in accordance with most Khemitite traditions. The clerics assigned this grisly task used the two stone slabs to prepare the corpses for their transition from this world to the afterlife. The procedure required the embalmers to remove the internal organs, including the brain, and replace the extracted innards with copious amount of salt. The bronze tools on the raised pedestal between the stone slabs were used for this exact purpose.

At first glance, it appears that the skeleton resting atop the larger slab was an unfortunate soul who died at an inopportune time. However, further inspection reveals that the person was in fact alive for at least part of the procedure. Portions of his fingernails are embedded into the stone surface and there are deep scratches on the bones corresponding with the fingertips. The skeleton belongs to Ankehato, the only priest who refused to turn his back on Aten and worship Ahriman, the wicked lord of the divs. Atumshutsep and four other clerics horrifically murdered their fellow priest, but the ghastly act and the presence of a dark entity infused Ankehato's soul with evil and rage. His spirit survived and transformed into a **shadow demon**. The vengeful Ankehato slew two of his killers, turning them into **2 shadows**.

Shadow Demon: HD 7; HP 47; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); Move 15 (fly); Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 12/2000;

Special: immunities (electricity, poison), incorporeal, shadow blend (surprise, 1–5 on 1d6), spell-like abilities, sunlight powerless, telepathy 100ft. (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 151)

Spell-like abilities: at will—darkness 15ft radius; 3/day—fear; 1/week—magic jar.

Shadows (2): HD 2+2; HP 15, 13; AC 7[12]; Atk touch (1d4 plus strength drain); Move 12; Save 16; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** +1 or better magic weapons to hit, strength drain (1 point with hit). (*Monstrosities* 418)

Tactics: The two shadows remain hidden within the larger slab, while the shadow demon is within the smaller slab. They can sense the presence of other creatures only within 5ft of their current position. The shadows rise from inside the slabs to attack. The ordinary shadows always follow the shadow demon's lead. They do not attack until their master attacks. Once they hear the sounds of combat, the pair joins the fray.

The shadow demon and the two shadows loathe the living and their own miserable existence. Therefore, they fight until destroyed. The undead monstrosities have no treasure.

S4. Chapel

Bright yellow pieces of tile comprise an elaborate mosaic built into the floor to depict a radiant sun emitting beams of light. The artwork rests in front of a 10-foot-diameter, upright circular stone that still bears several flecks of yellow paint on its surface. Two smaller upright stones flank the central stone. A thick coat of black paint completely covers the entire surface of the western monument. A tiny sliver of silver is the only image painted onto the dark monument. Several mounds of dust and rotted debris rest upon a marble altar behind the central stone. Hieroglyphics depicting obvious images of the sun cover its sides.

Aten's priesthood allowed only a select group of worshippers to venerate their deity in this wondrous chapel. His followers left gifts of food, flowers, and plants upon the altar while marveling at the depictions of the sun disc scattered throughout the chapel. The Khemitian hieroglyphics adorning the altar's sides contain a series of repetitive prayers and hymns extolling Aten's virtues and his gifts of warmth and light.

At one time, luminous yellow paint completely covered all three upright stone sun discs. In fact, the bright pigments literally illuminated the otherwise dark chamber, thus adding to the worshippers' sense of awe within the chapel.

However, the black sun disc with the sliver of light is another matter. As the Kingdom of Arcady collapsed, despair fell over the land. Desperation spurred some of Aten's clerics to turn to a dark power for salvation. In the ensuing chaos and darkness, they found the malevolent entity Ahriman, lord of the divs and the corrupter of mortals. The cabal of conspirators murdered Aten's only remaining priest by mummifying him alive in **Area S3** and began converting their former god's chapel into a shrine to Ahriman. The blackened sun disc is Ahriman's symbol.

S5. Catacombs

Fully clothed, mummified human corpses line the outer walls and are arranged in several clusters throughout the spacious catacombs. Dried, leathery flesh still clings to the extremities of these remarkably well preserved bodies, yet their heads and faces are completely skeletal. They stand in an upright position and all face toward the center of the room. Their manner of dress and unsettling stares gives the eerie impression that many of these ancients still possess some secret life.

Aten's priests and followers differed from most Khemitian deities in the fact that they did not wrap their dead in funerary linens and inter their bodies within a coffin or sarcophagus. Instead, they attired the deceased in their favorite outfit and arranged the bodies as part of a macabre display. It is easy to distinguish Aten's clerics from the laity based upon their garb. Aten's clergy all wear the same simple robe, while his wealthiest and most-influential worshippers adorn their dead bodies with the riches they displayed in life. Lavish clothing and jewelry bedecks many of the corpses interred within the catacombs.

Treasure: There are sixty-eight mummified bodies placed throughout the catacombs. The ravages of time has taken its toll on the clothing textiles, rendering all of it worthless. However, the corpse's jewelry survived. There is a 75% chance of any corpse mummified corpse searched having jewelry worth 3d4 x 10gp.

S6. Inner Sanctum

Rotting, priestly vestments cover five human bodies scattered throughout a circular chamber. One of the bodies rests inside of a 15-foot-diameter, jet-black circle painted onto the floor. A minute streak of silver, like a single ray of light, is painted in the center of the image. A narrow, roughhewn passageway carved out of the far wall leads into darkness.

The nihilistic Ahriman gave his greatest gift to his newfound converts — complete and utter destruction. The wicked being betrayed them even as their former patron Aten condemned them as well. The Khemitian god transformed the heretics into **5 huecuvas**. Aten's former priests feign that they are ordinary rotting corpses instead of sentient undead monsters. They lie motionless upon the ground and do not stir until the characters enter the room. In addition to the danger represented by the undead, the black disc in the center of the room is a **summoning circle trap** that activates when a living creature sets foot within it. The circle summons an angry **salamander** into the chamber.

Huecuvas (5): HD 2; AC 2[17]; **Atk** claws (1d4 plus disease); **Move** 12; **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 5/240; **Special:** +1 or better magic or silver weapons to hit, change self (3/day, appear to be normal cleric), disease (fever, 1d3 constitution and dexterity damage per day, saving throw at –3 penalty to resist). (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 329)

Salamander: HD 7; HP 50; AC 5[14] (torso); 3[16] (serpent body); **Atk** touch and constrict (2d8 plus 1d6 heat), longsword (1d8 plus 1d6 heat); **Move** 9; **Save** 9; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** heat (1d6 damage), constrict (2d8 damage).
Equipment: longsword.

S7. Escape Tunnel

A narrow tunnel burrows through the rock into darkness.

Arcady's refugees used this natural tunnel to escape the Feirgotha Plateau and emerge in the Stoneheart Mountains. The winding path ascends into the surrounding mountains at a gentle slope. Ancient hieroglyphics cover the walls in some places. The symbols detail the names of individuals who made the trek through the mountains to hoped-for safety. The tunnel is 3 miles in length before it ends in a crudely fitted stone door separating the Khemitian temple from the more recently established bugbear lair at **Area W1**.

Mountain Level Features

The primitive tunnels are a far cry from the Arcadian architecture of the temple. Unlike the smooth plaster walls found in the Temple of Aten and its sublevel, the walls, floors, and ceilings in the lair consists of natural fissures expanded into crudely hewn passages. Likewise, the area's good wooden doors are ill-fitted and stuck, requiring an Open Doors check to force them open. There are no light sources anywhere in the complex except cook fires and the like. Ceilings are not uniform, ranging at 1d4+10ft high. In the vicinity of a subterranean mountain glacier, temperatures hover slightly below the freezing mark throughout the lair, and it is more than 5000ft above sea level.

The ice bugbears rarely stay in one place for extended periods of time. For every 10 minutes spent in their lair, there is a 30% chance of encountering **1d2+1 bugbears**. Any loud disturbance, such as the sounds of combat, necessitates an immediate check and increases the chances of an encounter by an additional 20%. Likewise, bugbears found in a designated area also leave their location to investigate unexplained noises and the scent of humanoid intruders. The characters cannot encounter

more than 6 wandering bugbears during their stay in the monsters' lair. Captured bugbears never willingly reveal information about their lair. If compelled to speak against their will, the captive gives a general layout of the area and nothing else.

Ice Bugbears (1d2+1): HD 5; AC 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4) or battle axe (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: battle axe.

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, each wandering bugbear also carries 10d6gp, 1d4 gems worth 100gp each, and one of the following potions (*fire resistance*, *frozen concoction*, *heroism*, or *slipperiness*).

W1. Storeroom

Forgetting the existence of this unused door, the ice bugbears have piled crates and barrels filled with long-ruined foodstuffs and against it. Because of the added weight, it takes an Open Doors check to open the portal. In addition, the act of pushing the door inward knocks the top crate to the ground, creating a loud disturbance.

Ransacked wooden crates and overturned barrels cover the floor in an apparently neglected storage room.

The ice bugbears amassed this collection of foodstuffs and general provisions over the span of several years. They fear the numerically superior dwarves of Tyr Whin and avoid coming into contact with their humanoid foes whenever possible. Instead, they tend to raid the supplies of their smaller hobgoblin relatives far north of their present location as well as the stores belonging to nearby barbegazi (ice gnomes), frost men, and small dwarven bands of dwarves they can catch unawares. The storeroom contains nothing of value.

W2. Shrine of Snurge

Flickers of light are visible around the bend of a corridor. Inside the adjoining chamber, the smoldering embers of a dying bonfire illuminate and warm what appears to be a crude shrine. Two oval slabs of stone flank the central fire pit. The crude statue of a bald, obese goblin stands against the far wall. Horns protrude from the creature's skull, and it clutches a pick in its hands.

The ice bugbears venerate the goblin deity Snurge. The primitive bugbears take turns maintaining the shrine by keeping the fire lit. In fact, the lone **bugbear** currently assigned to this duty arrives in the shrine 6d6 minutes after the characters first arrive here. (This individual counts toward the limit of encountering 6 wandering bugbears as described in the earlier **Mountain Level Features** section.) The fire pit is deliberately crudely shaped to resemble a forge. Snurge's worshippers fling gold into the flames as a form of tribute, which leaves several lumps of partially melted gold amid the hot embers and ash.

Ice Bugbear: HD 5; HP 36; AC 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4) or battle axe (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: battle axe.

Treasure: There are 5 large nuggets of soft gold in the fire (deals 1d6 points of fire damage per round if touched). Each is worth 1d4 x 50gp and must be allowed to cool for 10 minutes or be carried in an appropriately insulated container.

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W3. Communal Chamber

Grimy, foul-smelling furs cover most of the floor of this cavern. The charred carcass of some small humanoid rests upon a rotating spit above a small fire.

There are **5 ice bugbears** currently in this communal chamber. The two tending to the roasting ice gnome impaled upon the spit are awake and ready for action. Another pair rests on their grimy bedding; they are awake but must grab their axes and rise from prone before they are ready for combat. The last bugbear is asleep. He requires a full round to wake from his slumber, grab his weapon, and stand up. He foregoes his armor and wades into battle but wears a *girdle of giant strength*. If intruders are detected, the bugbears whistle and summon **2 winter wolves** from **Area W4** to their aid. The beasts arrive 1 round later. In addition, the winter wolves' howls increase the chances of attracting the attention of wandering bugbears by an additional 20% beyond the normal increase attributable to the sounds of combat.

Ice Bugbears (5): HD 5; HP 38, 36x2, 32, 30; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (2d4) or battle axe (1d8+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: battle axe.

Note: One of the bugbears wears a *girdle of giant strength*, allowing him to do 1d8+8 points of damage with his battle axe.

Worgs, Winter Wolves (2): HD 4; HP 27, 24; AC 6[13]; Atk bite (1d6+1); **Move** 18; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none.

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, one of the bugbears carries a pouch containing 206gp and 8 garnets worth 100gp.

W4. Winter Wolves Lair

The gnawed skeleton of a short, squat humanoid lies strewn upon the floor between three large stalagmites.

If the bugbears from **Area W3** did not call upon the **2 winter wolves** to aid them in their battle against the characters, then the beasts are here chewing and cracking the sundered bones of an unfortunate dwarf who crossed paths with their bugbear masters. The hungry monsters attack intruders on sight. The winter wolves howl to attract the attention of the bugbears in **Area W3**. See that area for details of attracting additional bugbears.

Treasure: A silver and gold necklace worth 250gp and *carpet of flying* lie beneath a stone at the base of the southeastern stalagmite.

W5. Foundry

Buckets of poorly smelted iron ore are set next to an anvil, cooling bath, and rack of tools. A poorly preserved animal skin hangs from a rack against the far corner. Two foul-smelling barrels stand near the rack. A heavily chiseled, exposed vein of raw iron ore is on the wall near the leather-making equipment and materials.

The bugbears manufacture their armor and weapons in this foundry. A cursory glance around the chamber discerns that the most vital smelting and forging equipment is absent. That is because the **2 bugbears** who work the forge and smelter use a trained **remorhaz** to smelt the ore and heat the forge. The huge vermin obeys the simple commands of its bugbear masters. The barrels hold urine mixed with salt and a mild acid to tan the

hides from their kills for the creation of leather armor. When the characters enter the room, the bugbears take up a defensive position behind the anvil and hurl their javelins at the characters. The remorhaz, curled up beyond the anvil, immediately rushes into combat. The bugbears enter the fray once the remorhaz grapples or swallows one of their enemies. The trio fights to the bitter end and does not retreat or surrender.

Ice Bugbears (2): HD 5; HP 37, 34; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (2d4) or battle axe (1d8+1) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: battle axe, 3 javelins.

Remorhaz: HD 10; AC 0[19], head/underside 2[17]; Atk bite (5d6); **Move** 12; **Save** 5; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 12/2000; **Special:** swallow whole (on roll of natural 20), melt weapons (non-magical weapons). (*Monstrosities* 394)

The foundry's most significant architectural feature is the secret door that allows the bugbears access to the outside world to scour the surrounding mountainside for prey. In addition to the stone portal, thick layers of ice form over the door's edges, providing additional camouflage for the concealed door. The bugbears use the remorhaz to rapidly melt the ice, and the white dragon's breath weapon to replace it. The secret door opens onto a rocky outcropping nearly a mile above sea level on the north face of a series of interconnected mountains. A barely discernible path cuts a circuitous route down the mountain face and into the deep valley below it.

Treasure: The two bugbears carry a total of 9 deep green spinels worth 100gp each between them. One of the pair also has a *wand of magic missiles* (7 charges) that he acquired from a dwarven magic-user he killed several years ago.

W6. Audience Hall

Grisly souvenirs garnered from fallen foes adorn the far walls. The severed heads of a dwarf, an ice gnome, and a man are mounted onto wooden bases much like a hunting trophy. Discoloration and decay distort the faces into horrific caricatures of the original individuals. An expertly crafted suit of chainmail and an equally magnificent suit of armor composed of great black scales adorn two statues of men near the entrance. The chamber's centerpiece is a throne constructed from the hipbone of some massive beast and several large ribs. The seat rests upon a slightly elevated stone platform.

The bugbears' chieftain, Haagron, uses his audience chamber to interrogate prisoners captured during the bugbears' incursions into the Stoneheart Mountains. The throne is crafted from the hip and ribs of a frost drake. It is difficult to identify the owners of the heads mounted upon the wall because of their age and poor condition. The dwarf head is Molthurk Minebottom, a distant cousin of the Craenog high thane and the leader of a small dwarf village 30 miles north of Tyr Whin who disappeared under mysterious circumstances 20 years earlier. The human head belongs to Cezar Almarin, a renowned ranger who conducted a one-man guerilla war against the hobgoblins and dwarves of the Stoneheart Mountains. He also vanished without a trace roughly a decade ago. The bugbears preserved the barbegazi head simply because they liked the way it looked. The owner was an unfortunate ice gnome who accidentally found their secret entrance and met his unceremonious end in Haagron's hall.

There is a 35% chance that the characters encounter **Haagron** in this chamber along with a **bugbear warrior**. If the characters do not encounter him, he and his bodyguard are found in his personal quarters in **Area W8**. Haagron flies into a rage at the first sign of intruders and attacks with reckless abandon. Haagron's bodyguard fights in tandem with his chieftain. In addition, the loud racket increases the chances of encountering wandering bugbears by an additional 30%, if any of them still remain, and always alerts the ogre mage from the neighboring **Area**

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W7, if the bugbears' resident jailor and torturer is present in that chamber. In the latter case, the malevolent ogre mage uses its *invisibility* to enter the room undetected and blast the characters with its cone of frost. None of the combatants backs down or surrenders under any circumstances. If they are forced to surrender and speak against their will, Haagrion is naturally familiar with the entire bugbear complex and Frozentooth's lair. The ogre mage and the chieftain's bodyguard know fewer details, but can still provide basic details about the area.

Haagrion, Ice Bugbear Chieftain: HD 9; HP 68; AC 4[15]; **Atk** bite (2d4) or +1 *flaming battle axe* (1d8+1 plus 1d6 fire) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 5 (+1, cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: +1 *flaming battle axe*, *cloak of protection* +1, 3 javelins.

Ice Bugbear Bodyguard: HD 5; HP 38; AC 5[14]; **Atk** bite (2d4) or battle axe (1d8+1) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: battle axe, 3 javelins.

Treasure: The chainmail armor draped over the torso of the north statue is a suit of +1 *chainmail*. The plate armor fitted over the southern statue is a suit of +1 *platemail* crafted from the scales of a black dragon.

W7. Prison

Conditions are utterly squalid in a cramped, humid chamber that reeks of bodily waste. Eight pairs of shackles are embedded into the otherwise smooth surfaces of four stone columns. A badly bruised and naked male dwarf chained to the column adjacent to the far wall lies in a pool of his own filth. Likewise, a gagged and blindfolded male hobgoblin with his hands chained behind his back rests at the base of the western column.

The bugbears treat captives as future meals rather than potential sources of information. They beat their prisoners to a bloody pulp in order to tenderize their flesh for later consumption. However, their sadistic ogre mage jailor **Carcemma** gladly steps in where the brutish goblinoids refuse to tread. The sinister ogre mage derives pleasure from inflicting pain. Carcemma extracts every last detail from his victims regardless of whether the information is relevant or not. There is a 50% chance that the wicked creature is here reveling in the suffering of others. If the characters do not encounter him here, he is in his personal quarters in **Area W9**. Without the aid of the bugbear chieftain and his bodyguard, Carcemma immediately blasts the characters with a frigid cone of frost and then hacks into their ranks with his fearsome bastard sword. If things turn badly for Carcemma, he turns invisible and attempts to escape through the secret door in **Area W5** or join forces with Frozentooth in **Area W11**. In addition, the sounds of combat emanating from the crowded prison attract Haagrion and his bodyguard's interest if they are currently occupying **Area W8**. Their response time depends upon whether Haagrion is asleep or awake as described in that section.

Carcemma, Ogre Mage: HD 5+4; HP 39; AC 4[15]; **Atk** bastard sword (1d12); **Move** 12 (fly 18); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** cone of frost (60ft cone, 8d6 damage, save for half), regenerate (1hp/round), shape change (human form), spell-like abilities. (**Monstrosities** 359)

Spell-like abilities: at will—*invisibility*, *darkness* 15ft radius; 1/day—*charm person*, *sleep*.

Equipment: bastard sword, keys to all the shackles bolted into the columns.

Development: The dwarf prisoner is **Thezneal Onyxbrow** (Lawful male mountain dwarf ranger 3), a headstrong, solitary hunter who was once one of Tyr Whin's defenders before a charge of insubordination led

to his abrupt dismissal. The bugbears captured him during a nighttime raid on his camp. His captivity and subsequent torture traumatized Thezneal to the point that he is nearly catatonic. Inquiries are met with blank stares, and pleas for aid gain nothing but a sheepish grin. Thezneal is in a fragile mental state. Characters who are friendly with him can get the dwarf reluctantly to tell them that the ice bugbears captured him two weeks ago because he was too disoriented to escape them. He claims that he left Tyr Whin a few days earlier and began experiencing extreme dizziness shortly afterward. If pressed, he admits that the citadel's commanders discharged him from the military after he called his superior "the spineless spawn of a dwarf maiden and a boneless sea crawler" right after he urinated in a new recruit's beer mug. Thezneal has no useful information about the complex other than seeing the remorhaz ("an enormous, red-hot worm") in **Area W5**.

The defiant hobgoblin soldier is a far cry from his broken dwarf counterpart. Determination is literally etched onto his stoic face as he waits for his opportunity to exact revenge against his bugbear captors. Of course, he is not fond of dwarves and other humanoids either, so he is openly hostile toward the characters. His name is **Doggurm**, and he spits in the face of any character who dares to ask him a question. He boasts that he and his kin are going to eradicate the dwarf plague from the Stoneheart Mountains and raise the banner of the hobgoblin fist across the lands. The steadfastly loyal sergeant divulges nothing about himself, Grugdour or the hobgoblin army unless the characters forcibly compel him.

If coerced to speak against his will, Doggurm tells the characters that the bugbears captured him two weeks ago while he and two counterparts were on a reconnaissance mission to survey the terrain around Tyr Whin. The bugbears knocked him unconscious and presumably carried him here. He believes that the bugbears killed and ate the two hobgoblins who accompanied him on the mission. He knows nothing about Mount Huumvar and its inner workings. However, he confirms that hobgoblin witchdoctors created the spinning sickness that afflicts the dwarven defenders at Tyr Whin, and that these same wicked practitioners of dark magic follow Grugdour wherever he goes. He also mentions that two bodyguards always remain within earshot of Grugdour; one serves as his chief spy, the other is a druid.

Hobgoblin Sergeant: HD 4; HP 28 (currently 5); AC 5[14]; **Atk** slam (1d4); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: none.

W8. Haagrion's Personal Quarters

Moldy, decrepit fur pelts cover a crude, wooden bed that abuts the far wall. An upright, shaggy humanoid creature covered with a thick coat of snow-white fur stands near the bed. An iron pole inserted into its lower back and then bolted onto the floor is clearly responsible for keeping the obviously dead monster in its current position. The creature's eyes are missing, its skin is poorly preserved and wads of stuffing protrude from crudely stitched incisions in its abdomen. The monster's face literally stares into a polished silver mirror on the opposite wall. An iron chest is against the near wall.

The bugbear chieftain, like others of his kin, greatly prizes trophies garnered from his fallen enemies. A decade earlier, Haagrion defeated the leader of a competing band of yetis. Haagrion's lieutenants did their best to preserve the creature's fur and skin before stuffing the monster's innards in a rudimentary attempt at the art of taxidermy. The bugbears commandeered the polished silver mirror and the iron chest from travelers several years earlier. These two furniture items are fine examples of elven craftsmanship from the Forest Kingdoms.

There is a 65% chance of encountering **Haagrion** in this chamber. If he is not here, the characters instead encounter him and his bodyguard in **Area W6**. If here, there is a 40% chance that Haagrion is asleep. Haagrion always sleeps alone and without his armor, though he keeps his battle axe by his bedside at all times. Once awakened, he leaps to his feet and

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immediately shouts for aid if being attacked; Carcemma the ogre mage arrives 2 rounds later if he currently occupies **Area W7**, and his missing bodyguard arrives 1d4 rounds later. If Haagron is awake, his **bugbear warrior** bodyguard always accompanies him. If they hear fighting in **Area W7**, the bugbears reinforce that area in 3 rounds.

Haagron, Ice Bugbear Chieftain: HD 9; HP 68; AC 4[15]; Atk bite (2d4) or +1 flaming battle axe (1d8+1 plus 1d6 fire) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 5 (+1, cloak); **AL** C; **CL/XP** 10/1400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).

Equipment: +1 flaming battle axe, cloak of protection +1, 3 javelins.

Ice Bugbear Bodyguard: HD 5; HP 38; AC 5[14]; Atk bite (2d4) or battle axe (1d8+1) or javelin (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** surprise (1–3 on 1d6).
Equipment: battle axe, 3 javelins.

Elven Chest: Haagron wisely captured, rather than killed, the chest's creator during the raid that yielded these treasures. The chest's lock has three tumblers requiring a three-digit code ranging from 000 to 999 in order to gain access to its contents rather than a key. Haagron coerced the correct code (163) out of the elf artisan before offering him as a sacrifice to Snurge.

If the combination is used to open the chest, it can be opened harmlessly. However, if any pressure is exerted to open the lid without first entering the correct code (such as guessing with a wrong code, for instance), even the slightest pressure upon the chest's lid reveals the chest's **trap**. The chest shoots out goutts of flame that strike up to three randomly determined creatures within 30ft of the chest. If only one target is within range, all three blasts hit that creature. Each gout of flame does 3d6 points of damage. A creature can make a saving throw for half damage.

Treasure: The silver mirror is large and bulky. It is 6ft high and weighs 40 lbs. Still, the object exhibits expert craftsmanship and is worth 500gp. The locked iron chest contains 2988gp, 652sp, 105pp, 8 pearls worth 100gp each, and a jewelry case that contains a 1000gp diamond.

W9. Carcemma's Personal Quarters

A massive bed draped in a polar bear fur rests against the far wall. Two small, golden idols sit in an alcove in the far corner. One of the 1-foot-high statues depicts a voluptuous human female, while the other depicts a humanoid figure with a jackal's head. A wondrous silk carpet covers much of the floor.

Unlike the bugbears, **Carcemma**, the resident ogre mage enjoys life's finer things. He took the silk carpet and the polar bear fur from fallen victims. The devious ogre mage pilfered the golden idols from the ruins of a distant Arcadian temple on the Feirgotha Plateau. The female statue is the Khemitian goddess Isis. Likewise, the same check also determines that the humanoid statue with the jackal head depicts the Khemitian god Anubis.

There is a 50% chance that Carcemma occupies his quarters at any given time. If he is not encountered here, the sinister ogre mage occupies his time torturing his captives in **Area W7**. As a native outsider, Carcemma needs rest, so there is a 50% chance that the characters stumble upon the slumbering giant wearing no armor.

Carcemma, Ogre Mage: HD 5+4; HP 39; AC 4[15]; Atk bastard sword (1d12); **Move** 12 (fly 18); **Save** 12; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 7/600; **Special:** cone of frost (60ft cone, 8d6 damage, save for half), regenerate (1hp/round), shape change (human form), spell-like abilities. (*Monstrosities* 359)

Spell-like abilities: at will—invisibility, darkness 15ft radius; 1/day—charm person, sleep.

Equipment: bastard sword, keys to all the shackles bolted into the columns.

Treasure: The polar bear fur is exceptionally well preserved and cared for and is worth 1000gp. The silk carpet originally came from the far off Maighib Desert. The carpet is worth 2175gp. The golden idol of Isis is worth 500gp, and the golden idol of Anubis is worth 450gp.

W10. Frozentooth's Antechamber

The air temperature drops suddenly, forming billowing clouds of frigid condensation. Two halves of a pure white, speckled eggshell rest upon a pedestal crafted from ice. Pieces of sundered armor, hewn body parts, and shattered bones rest in front of a concave ice wall covered in runes that have been scratched deeply into its surface. A set of double doors made entirely of ice can be seen behind this barrier. The frightening image of a reptilian maw spewing snow and sleet emblazons the doors.

Long before Haagron ascended to power, his ancestors stumbled upon the complex that would become their home. Previously a dragon had occupied **Areas W5**, **W10**, and **W11** along with the adjoining passageway connecting **Areas W5** with **W10**. The bugbears discovered the egg that would hatch Frozentooth in this very spot, left by his mother who died at the hands of a force of mountain dwarves out of Tyr Whin. When the hatchling emerged from its shell, the bugbears fed and nurtured the wyrmling. As Frozentooth grew, their attitudes toward the dragon shifted from nurture to worship, and the dragon's antechamber serves as a makeshift temple to him. Though the bugbears venerate Snurge as their divine patron, they revere Frozentooth as a living representative of the power of their god sent to them at his behest. The halves of its broken egg are enshrined upon the icy pedestal crafted in the dragon's honor.

The white dragon wrote the phrases in draconic after being taught by a bugbear witchdoctor that knew the language. The runes are Frozentooth's dire warnings that also contain his off-color brand of morbid humor and include the following phrases:

- Divine emissary, lord of snow and ice, and the crown prince of pain bring utter destruction to all that oppose Frozentooth!
- Dwarves and men taste better frozen.
- An icy tomb awaits all that dare trespass upon sacred ground.
- Steeped in snow, knee deep in snow, frozen stiff or horribly slow; nowhere to go, nowhere to go, I told you so, I told you so.

W11. Frozentooth's Lair

Ice and snow covers every surface of a spacious cavern with a rough ceiling 15 feet overhead. An ice-choked tunnel exits not far away to the southeast.

The cavern appears empty and uninhabited at first glance. A thin sheet of ice coats the walls and ceiling, whereas the cavern's floor is a literal sheet of ice that is only a meager 2in thick in many spots. In actuality, the sheet of ice is a **false floor trap** that Frozentooth created in order to ensnare the unwary. Characters who examine the translucent ice notice what seems to be a cavity beneath the surface rather than solid stone. However, probing the ice using a pole or a similar device reveals that it seems strong enough to support a considerable amount of weight. However, the ice floor is relatively thin, so a solid blow from a weapon shatters the ice in a 5ft square if it deals at least 4 points of damage. Walking on the slick floor at faster than half speed requires a saving throw to avoid slipping and falling. A fall by a creature weighing more than 100 pounds requires an immediate 40% chance to see if that square breaks as described below.

False Floor Trap: Creatures weighing 100 lbs. and less can safely walk across the ice without any danger of falling through the thin partition. Whenever a creature weighing more than 100 lbs. but less than 200 lbs. crosses 1d4 squares, there is a 40% chance that the ice in that square collapses under the creature's weight. The character must make a saving

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throw in order to leap aside to an adjacent square and avoid falling onto the real floor 20ft below the sheet of ice (the square that is leaped onto likewise has an immediate 40% chance of collapse). The false floor cannot support creatures weighing more than 200 lbs.; they automatically break the ice after crossing 1d4 squares and fall into Frozentooth's lair and are only allowed a Reflex save if adjacent to a solid floor such as at the entrance. Characters that fall onto the ice-choked ground take 2d6 points of damage from the unexpected tumble and 2d6 points of slashing damage from the jagged shards of ice there.

Whenever a character breaks through the ice or Frozentooth cracks it himself, the Referee may read or paraphrase the following description.

Frigid fog fills the air, yet an indelible image pierces the icy haze. A large winged dragon covered in frosty white scales sits atop a mound of coins and other wondrous items covered in a layer of jagged ice shards and patches of snow. Slender horns, connected by a thin membrane, crown the magnificent yet terrifying creature's head.

Frozentooth sits atop his treasure hoard 20ft beneath his lair's false floor. His dragon senses immediately alert him to the presence of intruders. Haagron is the only individual that dares to disturb his slumber. Thus, if Frozentooth notices the presence of more than one creature, he knows there is trouble.

Frozentooth, Adult White Dragon (7HD): HD 7; HP 28; AC 2[17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); Move 9 (fly 24); Save 9; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** breathes frost (70ft, 28 damage), spell-like abilities.

Spell-like abilities: 3/day—*obscuring mist*.

Tactics: In preparation for battle against the characters, Frozentooth casts *obscuring mist* in the vicinity of his treasure hoard. He then bursts through the ice beneath the largest cluster of characters, creating a 10ft-square hole in the ice sheet that may send several characters tumbling to the ground beneath him (each is allowed a saving throw to leap aside, although there is a 40% chance for a second collapse for those who weigh more than 100 lbs.). With the characters in his sights, Frozentooth blasts his frigid breath weapon at the largest concentration of characters. The cunning white dragon then takes to the air, remaining within melee reach of only one enemy if possible. If he needs to land, he tries to do so on the icy walls to avoid falling through the thin ice floor. He concentrates his bite attack and two claws against a single foe.

Once his breath weapon recharges, Frozentooth moves out of the characters' melee range (perhaps taunting them farther onto the thin ice) and bombards them again with another blast of cold. Frozentooth relies heavily upon his breath weapon and melee attacks. If he sees the characters struggling to move across the icy floor, he uses his speed to keep his distance from as many characters as possible. Ideally, Frozentooth wants to affect as many characters as he can with his breath weapon and focus his melee attacks on one or two individuals.

Development: Like most of his kin, Frozentooth is a selfish brute at heart. However, he is also rather chatty for a white dragon who fancies himself as something of an expert in dark comedy. He makes light of the characters' dire predicament, telling them that he is "going to leave them out in the cold" or give them "the cold shoulder." He describes his relationship with the characters as "icy" and advises them that their chances of surviving the encounter with him are as good as a "snowball's chance in the Elemental Plane of Fire." Frozentooth taunts the characters in common, making sure that they understand his every word.

Also like most of his kin, self-preservation trumps embarrassment. Once the characters severely injure him, Frozentooth's attitude makes an abrupt change. He congratulates the characters on their mastery of the art of combat and offers them a truce. They may leave through the southern tunnel with their lives and half of his treasure. If the characters balk at his proposal, he gives them his "last chance" deal. They can take any one item of their choice along with all of his gold through the southern passageway, never to return. He even lets them know that the tunnel leads

to Mount Huumvar via a precipitous drop through a narrow passageway that leads to a secret door into the mountain's cavern complex. If this fails, Frozentooth opts to die with his treasure than live without it.

The tunnel is as Frozentooth describes. The ice choking its entrance only extends for 20ft and can be cleared in 1d4 rounds or squeezed past (Frozentooth simply burrows through it). Beyond that, the temperature rises above freezing again and the narrow, winding passageway bores through the mountain for another 3 miles before ending in a precipitous drop at **Area P1**. Along the way, the characters find ancient graffiti written in ancient Khemitian hieroglyphics along the walls that speak of the destruction of Arcady and curse the name of its king, Aka Bakar, confirming that this is indeed the passageway that the Khemitite refugees used to escape Arcady so many centuries ago.

Treasure: Over the last century, Frozentooth has amassed an impressive array of valuable items. He sits upon a hoard consisting of 9523sp, 3807gp, and 150pp. There are 3 arcane scrolls (*hallucinatory terrain*, *ice storm*, *polymorph other*), (*clairaudience*, *clairvoyance*, *wall of ice*), and (*explosive runes*, *rope trick*, *protection from normal missiles*), a divine scroll (*dispel evil*, *neutralize poison*, *prayer*, *raise dead*, *righteous might*), a +1 freezing mace, a ring of poison resistance, a girdle of giant strength, and a *chime of opening*.

Pr. The Plunge

The passageway abruptly ends in a precipitous drop that disappears into the darkness below. Numerous handholds and footholds along with a few examples of ancient graffiti can be seen on the descending rock face.

The passage descends roughly 300ft before ending in a landing. Despite the danger posed by this formidable obstacle, the presence of graffiti on the walls indicates that the Khemitite refugees braved this deadly barrier in order to escape the cataclysm befalling their land. As in most other locations within the tunnels, the graffiti is nothing more than a collection of names of people who passed through this area two millennia ago and curses against the perfidy of Aka Bakar who seems to have destroyed many of his own people with his powerful magic in the process of repelling the humanoid invasion of Arcady. Unfortunately, not all of the refugees survived the perilous descent. Though their unpreserved flesh and bones rotted away long ago, their fear and anguish in the final moments as fell to their untimely deaths linger in the form of a **haunt**.

The haunt exists at the bottom of The Plunge, so characters must negotiate the first 260ft of the descent before coming into contact with the malevolent energy. The handholds and footholds allow non-thief characters a 45% chance to climb down the tunnel.

Haunt: HD 5; HP 36; AC 5[14]; Atk ghostly touch (1d4 plus 1d3 dexterity); Move 9 (fly 12); Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 8/800; **Special:** +1 or better magic weapon to hit, alternate form (ball of light), dexterity damage (touch, *magic jar* at 0), immune to turning, rejuvenation (1d4 days after death), strangle (Lawful possessed victim, 1d4 damage per round). (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 319)

Once the characters reach the bottom of the tunnel and overcome the haunt, the passageway continues another 20ft north before abruptly ending in what appears to be a stone wall. The tunnel's end actually conceals a secret door that grants the characters access to Grugdour's fortified stronghold. The door opens into the intersection between **Areas H8** and **H9** on the Mount Huumvar Level map.

Part III: Mount Huumvar

The passage from the precipitous drop at **Area P1** culminates in a secret door that opens into the natural cavern complex that currently serves as Grugdour's headquarters within the heart of the mountain (between **Areas H8** and **H9**). With the main hobgoblin force outside of the area, the characters have an ideal opportunity to eliminate the warmongering army's overlord along with its command hierarchy. As they make their way through the complex, the characters must contend with the witchdoctors responsible for creating the contagion spreading through Tyr Whin as well as his two closest advisors — Deathblade, his most trusted spy, and Beastshifter, the tribe's druid. These individuals and his elite infantry stand in the way before the characters finally come face to face with the architect of Tyr Whin's current misery. The characters have this one golden opportunity to sever the proverbial head of the hobgoblin war machine and send the demoralized force back to Exor defeated and ashamed.

Front Door

In the event that the characters refused to heed Truvven Blackgranite's advice and instead opted to attempt a frontal assault, formidable obstacles block their path. Grugdour assembled most of his army outside the walls of Tyr Whin, yet a significant reserve force of 300 hobgoblin soldiers in addition to their officers and giant auxiliaries camp right outside the rugged slopes of Mount Huumvar within 30ft of the rocky entrance into the mountain stronghold. The hobgoblins are organized in the same manner as described in the Hobgoblin Lines section found in Part I of the adventure with one notable exception. A troll and an ogre accompany each platoon of 50 hobgoblin soldiers. Therefore, 6 ogres and 6 trolls are interspersed amid their ranks. These larger monsters roam the area near the entrance and serve as the hobgoblins' first line of defense against intruders. All have darkvision, so attempting to infiltrate the compound using cover of darkness offers no benefit to the characters. More importantly, the mountain lions and the trolls both can detect the presence of invisible and disguised creatures through scent. If either creature gets even the faintest whiff of a dwarf or other hostile humanoid, the monster raises an alarm to rally more of the hobgoblins to their aid and attempts to attack the intruder. The hobgoblins are disciplined and do not rush to the scene en masse. Instead, they fan out over a wide area around the entrance in an effort to locate additional intruders. To make matters worse, the commotion outside of the mountain hideaway alerts the hobgoblins inside of the complex to the presence of danger. The hobgoblins then react accordingly as described in the subsequent section Mount Huumvar Level Features. Characters who manage to evade detection must still contend with the next line of defense described in **Areas H1** and **H2**. If their presence becomes known, the ogres, trolls, mountain lions, and hobgoblin lieutenants pour into the complex searching for the intruders.

Hobgoblin Soldiers: HD 1+1; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8), shortbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 17; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 1/15; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, shortbow, 50 arrows, 2 *potions of healing*.

Hobgoblin Sergeants: HD 4; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Hobgoblin Lieutenants: HD 6; AC 5[14]; Atk battle axe (1d8), longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: battle axe, longbow, 40 arrows.

Trained Mountain Lion: HD 3+2; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 18 (climb 12); **Save** 14; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 3/60; **Special:** none. (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 634)

Ogre: HD 4+1; AC 5[14]; Atk club (1d10+1); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none.

Troll: HD 6+3; AC 4[15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 8/800; **Special:** regenerate (3hp/round).

Back Door

Alternately, the characters may instead try to scale Mount Huumvar from the other side or another suitable location and enter the stronghold this way, thus negating the need to slip past the forces massed around the entrance. If the characters pursue this option, they must contend with the treacherous rock walls and icy surfaces prevalent at the peak's upper elevations. These terrain features duplicate those discussed in the Roads Less Traveled section that appears in Part II with a few differences. Mount Huumvar reaches a maximum elevation of 14,408ft above sea level, while the entrance to the mountain fortress is only 4003ft above sea level. There are no issues with altitude, though the elevations above 2000ft are still cold enough to contain icy surfaces. The mountain face just above and around **Area H1** are cliffs, so the characters must contend with these terrain features before gaining entrance to Grugdour's complex proper.

This route allows the characters to bypass the mountain lions and trolls and their keen sense of smell, but the hobgoblin army can still see the characters moving down the mountain. Of course, invisible characters avoid visual detection. However, any slight misstep on the descent may dislodge stones from the mountain face or otherwise create a disturbance that attracts the attention of onlookers as well as the guardians defending **Area H1**. Like characters attempting to infiltrate Mount Huumvar as described in the preceding **Front Door** section, the characters must still contend with the hobgoblins' first and second lines of defense that appear in **Area H1** and **Area H2**. Once they make their presence known, the characters are then fair game for the trolls, ogres, and lions outside the complex, who also pour into the stronghold searching for intruders.

Mount Huumvar Level Features

Many wicked creatures and monsters have inhabited Mount Huumvar's natural caverns over the passing centuries, though few have left any indelible mark on the complex. The hobgoblins scouted the location weeks before marching on to Tyr Whin. In fact, Pieter vanPaard used his repertoire of spells to search for secret doors before moving on to the dwarven citadel to infect the fortress's defenders. The walls, floors, and ceilings are carved out of roughhewn stone. The ceilings are 2d6+4ft high in the chambers and corridors. The hobgoblins and their minions benefit from darkvision, therefore there are no light sources anywhere in the complex. The strong wooden doors are remnants from past tenants. They are all stuck. Temperatures are chilly, but not frigid. Temperatures average around 45° F.

The hobgoblin stronghold is an active location rather than a static site. Hobgoblin soldiers march through the caverns and hallways with frequent regularity. There is a 50% chance of encountering 2d3 **hobgoblin sergeants** for every 10 minutes spent in the complex, up to a maximum of 10 hobgoblin sergeants. In addition, the sounding of any alarm, particularly from **Areas H1** or **H2**, awakens every creature in the complex. If this occurs, the chances of encountering the wandering sergeants increases to a 50% chance for every 2 minutes spent in the complex. In addition, the 3 **hobgoblin witchdoctors** also leave **Area H7** and sweep the area looking for intruders. The characters have a 30% chance of running across them for every 10 minutes spent in the complex. It is important to remember that the complex is relatively small. The sounds of combat in one chamber are almost certain to attract the interest of the hobgoblins and their minions occupying adjoining chambers. It is entirely possible and somewhat likely that a small combat in one chamber can turn into a gigantic melee in a matter of rounds.

Hobgoblin Sergeants (10): HD 4; HP 30, 29, 28x3, 27, 26x3, 22; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

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Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Hobgoblin Witchdoctors (3): HD 6; HP 44, 42, 39; AC 5[14] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** spells (4/2/2). (**Monstrosities** 250)

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *magic missile*, *shield*; 2nd—*hold person*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*cause disease*, *lightning bolt*.

Equipment: staff, scroll (*dimension door*, *monster summoning II*, *suggestion*) or scroll (*ice storm*).

Note: Each witchdoctor as one scroll.

Hr. Outer Entrance

Several hundred hobgoblins along with several giants are camped outside of a high peak with nearly sheer vertical surfaces along its southern face, where there is an opening into the mountain proper. Two bizarre creatures like giant bloated slugs stand guard in front of the entrance.

The hobgoblins use **2 blood golems** as sentries that flank the entrance. The golems obey their hobgoblin masters without question and attack without mercy. They simply bash their enemies to death with their slam attacks and grab hold of an unfortunate victim and feast on their blood. They never retreat or surrender. Their primary purpose is to alert the units outside of the mountain stronghold about possible intruders rather than singlehandedly fend them off.

Blood Golems (2): HD 6; HP 25x2; AC 3[16]; **Atk** 2 strikes (1d8 plus consumption); **Move** 12; **Save** 11; **AL** N; **CL/XP** 9/1100; **Special:** +1 or better magic weapons to hit, blood consumption (gain hp equal to damage done via strikes), blood expulsion (2 strikes hit same target, additional 2d4 damage, save for half), cell division (splits at max 48 hp into two 24 hp blood golems), immune to mind-affecting abilities, regenerate (2hp/round), resist fire (50%), vulnerable to cold (slowed for 1d4 rounds). (**The Tome of Horrors Complete** 288)

H2. Secondary Entrance

A narrow tunnel ends in a door with an inscription etched onto its face.

There are **three traps** scattered through the natural corridor. The first two are represented by dotted lines on the map. The third trap appears on the door. The first targets a *dispel magic* spell against the trespasser. The trap triggers whenever a dwarf passes through the protected area.

The second and more lethal trap is a *symbol of sleep* rune that activates whenever a dwarf moves through the narrow section of passageway containing the rune. The symbol is visible from 60ft away, but it remains inactive until triggered.

The third and final obstacle is comparatively benign from an immediate standpoint, but it can prove incredibly troublesome as the characters make their way into Grugdour's fortress. It triggers whenever a dwarf reads the etching on the door. The rune is written in goblin. Therefore, the character must be able to read and understand the phrase in order for the trap to affect him. The phrase reads, "*The sight of a battle axe sickens me.*" Once it is read, the character is affected by a curse triggered by the sight of a battle axe for the next 90 minutes or until the curse is removed, whichever occurs first.

Hell Breaks Loose

As discussed previously in the **Mount Huumvar Level Features**, a small combat in any chamber can easily escalate into a massive melee in a matter of a few rounds. When this occurs, the hobgoblins use their numerical superiority and knowledge of the complex's layout to maximum benefit. Whenever possible, the hobgoblins attempt to lure the characters into the chamber and then wait for their reinforcements to pour down the corridor and surround the characters. The clever hobgoblins take care not to cluster together in a confined space and allow the characters to thin their ranks with area and line spells such as *fireball* and *lightning bolt*. Instead, they take cover behind a bend or a wall and then slowly funnel more reinforcements into the fray as needed.

H3. Guard Chamber

Mugs of beer, coins, and stained playing cards cover two round tables near the entrance. More mugs rest at the bottom of a wall sink filled with murky water. Metal brackets bolted into the surrounding rocks support an enormous keg with a spigot on the wall opposite the entrance.

In spite of the room's strategic importance, the **4 hobgoblin sergeants** and **2 hobgoblin lieutenants** manning the defenses pay more attention to their lively card game than any potential threats unless the characters' intrusion alerted the entire complex. Characters that slip into the complex unnoticed may surprise the oblivious hobgoblins. The hobgoblins' keg of beer is fresh, strong and remarkably tasty. The hobgoblins' ceramic mugs are chipped in many spots and badly damaged.

Hobgoblins alerted to the presence of intruders stand at the ready and attempt to bottleneck the characters in a small area of the room so that reinforcements can subsequently flank them. In this case, the wandering hobgoblin sergeants may join them and add to their ranks. In addition, reinforcements from **Areas H4, H5, and H11** also rush in to join the fray at the first signs of combat.

Hobgoblin Sergeants (4): HD 4; HP 30, 27, 25, 22; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Hobgoblin Lieutenants (2): HD 6; HP 45, 40; AC 5[14]; **Atk** battle axe (1d8), longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: battle axe, longbow, 40 arrows.

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, the hobgoblins also carry a pouches that contain 4 opals worth 100gp each and a golden music box worth 150gp between them. There are 65gp and 129sp on both tables.

H4. Main Barracks

The adjoining corridor descends slightly and then opens into a tightly packed barracks chamber. Nine bunk beds with three bunks each are crammed against the near walls. Iron footlockers rest beneath the lowest bunks of each bed.

There are twenty-four iron footlockers beneath the bunk beds. They are all unlocked and contain an assortment of clothing and other sundry items.

The hobgoblins never spend any time in the barracks chamber other than to sleep. At the present time, there are **8 hobgoblin sergeants** asleep in

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their bunks unless the characters' actions alerted them. They are unarmed and unarmored. If they are awake, the hobgoblins stand behind the bunk beds and use them for cover while firing their bows at the intruders. The sounds of combat in **Area H3** or **Area H5** prompt them to leave this area and join their counterparts in the adjoining chamber.

If the characters successfully intimidate a recently awakened hobgoblin, the creature surrenders. Captured hobgoblins know where to find everything within the complex, but they are short on details in regards at **Areas H12** and **H13**.

Hobgoblin Sergeants (8): HD 4; HP 31, 30x2, 28, 27, 24, 22x2; AC 5[14]; Atk longsword (1d8); Move 9; Save 13; AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, the hobgoblins also carry a total of 104gp and 16 agates worth 10gp each. The characters have a 2-in-6 chance to find an object of value in one of the footlockers. There is a 50% chance that it is a randomly determined potion, and a 50% chance that it is a 100gp gem.

H5. Lieutenants' Barracks

Four bunk beds with two levels line the near walls. Two iron footlockers sit underneath each bed.

The hobgoblin lieutenants occupy more spacious quarters than their counterparts, but the barracks are still rather plain and bland. Unless alerted to the presence of intruders, **2 hobgoblin lieutenants** peacefully snooze in their beds unaware of the impending danger. The humanoid are unarmed and unarmored. If the characters successfully intimidate an awakened lieutenant, it surrenders and reveals that the hobgoblin witchdoctors occupy **Area H7** and that Grugdour is normally found in **Area H12** or his personal quarters in **Area H13**. They also confirm that their overlord's two closest companions are a master spy and a druid. The beds are unadorned and have nothing of value. The eight iron footlockers contain clothing and sundry items, as well as coins amassed by the lieutenants during their travels.

Hobgoblin Lieutenants (2): HD 6; HP 43, 40; AC 5[14]; Atk battle axe (1d8), longbow x2 (1d6); Move 9; Save 11; AL C; CL/XP 6/400; **Special:** none. (*Monstrosities* 250)

Equipment: battle axe, longbow, 40 arrows.

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, the hobgoblin lieutenants also carry three potions each (*extra healing*, *levitation*, *treasure finding*). Each footlocker contains 10d6gp.

H6. Armory

Dozens of battle axes and longbows, bundles of arrows, suits of studded leather armor, and a half-dozen breastplates fill the shelves of two racks affixed to the near wall. Two heavy hammers rest against the side of a large anvil adjacent to a forge. Two rotting and moldy furs spread out upon the floor appear to serve as a makeshift bed for a giant-sized occupant.

In spite of the heat generated by the forge, the armory is abuzz with activity as **2 ogres** build and assemble weapons and armor for the hobgoblins' elite soldiers. The two giants are remarkably skilled smiths for their kin, and the pair actually prefers working in the shop over manning the frontlines in the war against the dwarves. In fact, they never leave the armory in search of intruders and put up a reluctant fight against humanoid trespassers that enter their abode. Though they have no love lost for dwarves, they are not eager to risk their lives to protect the hobgoblins.

If the characters reduce them to 10 or fewer hit points, the ogres barter for their lives and freedom in exchange for information. They admit that the hobgoblin witchdoctors in **Area H7** created the spinning sickness that now afflicts Tyr Whin. The ogres also concede that Grugdour used a human assassin disguised as a dwarf to infiltrate the dwarven citadel and spread the sickness among their ranks. Grugdour never goes anywhere without Deathblade, his loyal spy. In addition, they recall seeing the hobgoblin overlord in the company of a hideous creature that resembles a bleeding corpse. Unfortunately, they rarely leave their quarters, so they have no details about the complex's layout or troop strength.

Ogre Smiths (2): HD 6+1; HP 44, 39; AC 4[15]; Atk club (1d10+1), javelin (1d6); Move 9; Save 12 (+1, ring); AL C; CL/XP 4/120; **Special:** none.

Equipment: club, 4 javelins, *ring of protection* +1, 205gp.

Treasure: The armory's tools and metalworking equipment are obviously inferior to the dwarves' setup, but it is still serviceable and worth 25gp. There are 19 battle axes, 15 longbows, 1400 arrows, 10 suits of leather armor, and 6 breastplates stored in the racks. In addition, there are 3 +1 *battle axes*, a longbow, a suit of +1 *leather armor*, and 2 breastplates.

H7. Shrine to Kakobovia

Numerous small tiles are missing from an elaborate mosaic that once covered a large section of the floor. Likewise, a marble statue of a humanoid figure with a jackal's head lies in three pieces in the near corner. The putrid smell of mold and fungus wafts through the air. Its apparent source is two tables against the far end of the room covered with jars of blackish-green organic matter. Another table between the other two appears to be a workspace. The chamber's centerpiece is a stone altar adorned with humanoid skulls and a bestial skull with an ornate longsword driven through the crown of its head.

With the exception of Grugdour's and Deathblade's secret devotion to Mirkeer, the rest of the hobgoblin army still worships its divine patron Kakobovia. Beastshifter is the official high priest of the bloody god despite the fact that he is a druid. However, the tribe's **3 hobgoblin witchdoctors** use the shrine for their vile experiments. They are accompanied by their infernal familiars — Brimwick, Sulfurfoot, and Wisp. The **3 imps** advise their masters and aid them in their plans to bring the dwarven kingdom to ruin. Because of the hobgoblins' hatred for arcane magic, the three witches pretend to be priests serving Kakobovia. They perform sacrifices on behalf of the tribe's divine patron and can use their magical powers to cure injured hobgoblins, a ruse that reinforces the tribe's belief in their divine powers. In spite of the pretenses, the witchdoctors count themselves among Kakobovia's devout worshippers and remain blissfully unaware of their overlord's devotion to Mirkeer.

The trio is always hard at work trying to develop a lethal strain of the fungal disease currently ravaging their dwarven adversaries. They are so preoccupied with this task that they do not react to the sounds of combat outside their door unless the sergeants and lieutenants directly beseech their aid. In that case, the witchdoctors command their imp familiars to become invisible and search the complex for intruders. Once located, the trio uses their magic to confront the interlopers.

The witchdoctors' foul brew at the far end of the room is a literal incubator for a sinister fungal pestilence. The 22 jars on the table contain a variety of sugary solutions, malt extracts, and other growth mediums to grow the disease-ridden organisms. The hobgoblins are growing yeast in their soupy concoctions. It took the witchdoctors several years to create the strain responsible for spinning sickness. Fortunately for the dwarves and humanity, none of their current experiments shows any promise. In fact, the witchdoctors are unable to duplicate their success creating more yeast that transmits spinning sickness. Secretly, Grugdour believes that Mirkeer

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intervened on his behalf, but the truth is that an unforeseen, random mutation acted as the likely culprit. Thus, the hobgoblins' experiments are simply malodorous batches of worthless yeast.

The few remnants of the tile mosaic on the floor and the dismembered marble statue confirm that the Khemitite refugees made it this far and appear to have taken refuge in these natural caverns after Arcady's violent demise. It is impossible to identify the artwork's subject, other than that it is of Khemitian origins. The statue is a wondrous depiction of the Khemitian god Anubis.

Hobgoblin Witchdoctors (3): HD 6; HP 42, 41, 36; AC 5[14] or 2[17] (missile) and 4[15] (melee) from *shield* spell; **Atk** staff (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** spells (4/2/2). (**Monstrosities** 250)

Spells: 1st—*cause light wounds*, *magic missile*, *shield*; 2nd—*hold person*, *phantasmal force*; 3rd—*cause disease*, *lightning bolt*.

Equipment: staff, scroll (*dimension door*, *monster summoning II*, *suggestion*) or scroll (*ice storm*).

Note: Each witchdoctor as one scroll.

Brimwick, Sulfurfoot and Wisp, Imps (3): HD 2; AC 2[17]; **Atk** sting (1d4 plus poison); **Move** 6 (fly 16); **Save** 16; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** +1 or better magic weapon to hit, poison tail, polymorph (one or two animal forms), regenerate (1hp/round), immune to fire. (**Monstrosities** 262)

Tactics: The witchdoctors cast spells as needed before closing for melee with the characters. The witchdoctors fight to the bitter end. They refuse to cooperate with the characters unless magically compelled to do so. If they are forced to speak against their will, the witchdoctors are intimately familiar with the complex and its defenses.

Treasure: The characters can salvage Anubis' torso. The sculpture weighs 125 lbs. and is worth 1500gp.

H8. Kitchen

The smell of roasting meat, waves of intense heat, and the crackling of fat drippings falling into the flames emanate from fire pits with iron rotisseries above them. Two emaciated men attend to roasting boars over each pit.

Hobgoblin soldiers are too valuable to waste cooking food, so the actual task of food preparation falls to **6 human slaves** and the **4 hobgoblin sergeants** that keep a watchful eye on their every move. If the characters enter the complex through the secret door, their arrival startles the sergeants, who may be surprised by the characters' unexpected appearance. In this case, the hobgoblin sergeants call for aid from the guards in **Area H3** and their comrades in **Area H9** before engaging the characters in battle.

Hobgoblin Sergeants (4): HD 4; HP 30, 28, 26, 21; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Human Slaves (6): HD 1d6hp; HP 4x3, 3x2, 2; AC 9[10]; **Atk** fist (1hp); **Move** 12; **Save** 18; **AL** N; **CL/XP** B/10; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 254)

Development: Despite their ill treatment at the hobgoblins' hands, the humans are undecided where to turn. While they loathe captivity, the men expect no mercy from the dwarves of the Stoneheart Mountains. The slaves retreat to the far corner and watch the fight unfold with trepidation. Though they desire freedom, they are uncertain if the dwarves intend to liberate them or condemn them to a swift death. If dwarven characters prevail, the humans try to inconspicuously slink out of the kitchen and find refuge somewhere else in the complex. Cornered slaves immediately

surrender. In exchange for their lives, they tell the characters that a group of witchdoctors inhabits one of the chambers down the corridor and another contingent of guards occupies the room at the far end of the corridor. They provide no other useful information about the hobgoblins and the complex. The slaves hail from the lowlands around the Starcrag Range, having been captured by the hobgoblins in a raid three months ago.

Treasure: In addition to their listed gear, the hobgoblins also carry a total of 3 garnets worth 100gp each and 185gp.

H9. Mess Hall

Six wooden tables each surrounded by chairs are spread throughout a crowded dining hall. Dirty plates, forks, knives, and mugs cover every surface.

All of the hobgoblins — other than the witchdoctors, Grugdour, Deathblade, and Beastshifter — eat their meals in this mess hall. At the present time **6 hobgoblin sergeants** and a **hobgoblin lieutenant** dine on roasted meat complemented by raw vegetables and eggs. If they spot the characters, the hobgoblins overturn their tables and use them for cover as they fire arrows. They continue volleying arrows at the characters until they no longer have a clear shot. In that case, they abandon their cover and engage their enemies in melee combat. Whenever possible, they attempt to flank their outnumbered foes.

Hobgoblin Sergeants (6): HD 4; HP 31, 29, 28x2, 26, 23; AC 5[14]; **Atk** longsword (1d8); **Move** 9; **Save** 13; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 4/120; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: longsword, wooden shield, *potion of healing*, *potion of giant strength*.

Hobgoblin Lieutenant: HD 6; HP 41; AC 5[14]; **Atk** battle axe (1d8), longbow x2 (1d6); **Move** 9; **Save** 11; **AL** C; **CL/XP** 6/400; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: battle axe, longbow, 40 arrows.

H10. Storeroom

Numerous wooden crates and barrels line the walls in a spacious storeroom. Most of the barrels and crates are still sealed. The open containers appear to contain assorted foodstuffs.

The hobgoblins keep their provisions in this storeroom. There are nine large crates and an equal number of barrels in the supply house. The open crates contain linen blankets confiscated from dwarven merchants, preserved meats also stolen, and an assortment of onions and potatoes. The five closed crates contain additional blankets, clothing, plates, and mugs. The four open barrels include one filled with water and three others that contain fruits and leafy vegetables. The remaining five closed barrels include two kegs of beer, another barrel of water and heads of cauliflower and lettuce.

H11. Animal Den

Gnawed bones and hunks of spoiled meat are strewn about the stalagmite-studded floor.

The hobgoblins keep **3 mountain lions** in this den in the event that their scent abilities are needed to track down intruders. In addition to these animals, there is a 75% chance that the hobgoblin druid **Beastshifter** and his leopard animal companion **Nimblepaw** are also here unless they already responded to a call for help coming from **Area H3**. Otherwise, the druid is content tending to the animals under his care. The mountain lions

QUESTS OF DOOM 4

attack dwarves on sight. If Beastshifter is not here, then he is sleeping in **Area H14**. In either event, Beastshifter never surrenders and fights to the bitter end. If the characters compel him to speak against his will, he is intimately familiar with the entire complex and nearly all of Grugdour's plans with the exception of his involvement with Mirkeer.

Beastshifter, Male Hobgoblin Druid of Mirkeer: HD 8; HP 56; AC 5[14]; Atk +1 club (1d6+1); Move 9; Save 8; AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** +2 save vs. fire, shape change, spells (4/3/2/1). (**Monstrosities** 250)

Spells: 1st—*detect magic, detect snares & pits, faerie fire, locate animals*; 2nd—*cure light wounds (x2), heat metal*; 3rd—*cure disease, pyrotechnics*; 4th—*cure serious wounds*.

Equipment: leather armor, +1 club, 2d6sp, trained leopard named Nimblepaw.

Nimblepaw, Leopard: HD 3; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); Move 16; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 290)

Trained Mountain Lions (3): HD 3+2; HP 23, 20, 19; AC 6[13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8); Move 18 (climb 12); Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 3/60; **Special:** none. (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 634)

Tactics: At the first signs of trouble, Beastshifter wild shapes into a lion. Beastshifter then directs the mountain lions' actions and prevents them from bottlenecking in the narrow corridor outside their den. He wants to keep the characters in a confined space, but also allow all of the lions to attack them.

Hr2. Meeting Chamber

An enormous and highly detailed map is spread out across the length and width of a large table in the room's center. Six intricately carved wooden chairs surround the table. A statue of a broad-shouldered hobgoblin male armed with two daggers stands near another passage. An immense tapestry depicts graphic images of hobgoblin warriors decapitating and torturing their dwarven enemies outside the walls of an imposing citadel.

The tapestry hanging from the far wall is a rare example of the race's artistic prowess. The enormous artwork is 20ft in length and 10ft high. One of Grugdour's staunchest supporters created the piece to commemorate the hobgoblins' victory over the dwarves. It does not depict any actual event. Instead, it is an idealized version of Grugdour's conquest of Tyr Whin, including some glaring inaccuracies about the citadel and the surrounding terrain. Likewise, the statue was also sculpted by influential friends of the hobgoblin warlord. It depicts the supremely confident Grugdour in his glory after bringing the ancient citadel to its knees.

The hobgoblins actually stole the map atop the table from a dwarven cartographer several months before their march against Tyr Whin. The geographic locations and topography features are all written in dwarven. However, the hobgoblins wrote the translations in the margins in goblin. The exquisite map details the Stoneheart Mountains region from the far reaches of the Starcrag Range across the Feirgotha Plateau and down to the Desolation farther south. The hobgoblin overlord **Grugdour** and his closest associate **Deathblade** occupy much of their time scrutinizing the map and discussing their strategy for conquering Tyr Whin and expanding the burgeoning hobgoblin empire that Grugdour envisions. Meanwhile, a bizarre creature that resembles a bleeding skeleton cloaked in writhing tendrils looks over Grugdour's shoulder and surveys the map alongside him. The creature is a **bloody bones**, an outsider in Mirkeer's service. There is a 75% chance that the trio is present. Otherwise, the characters find Deathblade asleep in one of the chairs, while Grugdour sleeps in **Area H13**. The bloody bones never sleeps and is always vigilant, alerting Grugdour and Deathblade to the presence of trespassers.

Grugdour, Male Hobgoblin Overlord: HD 10; HP 76; AC 2[17]; Atk +1 longsword (1d8+1); Move 9 (18 outside, 30ft leap); Save 3 (+2, ring); AL C; CL/XP 10/1400; **Special:** none. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Equipment: +1 chainmail, +1 longsword, boots of leaping, ring of protection +2, potion of extra healing.

Deathblade, Male Hobgoblin Assassin: HD 9; HP 65; AC 4[15]; Atk +1 short sword (1d8+1 plus lethal poison), light crossbow (1d4+1 plus lethal poison); Move 9; Save 4 (+2, cloak); AL C; CL/XP 9/1100; **Special:** +2 save bonus vs. traps and magical devices, backstab (x4), thieving skills. (**Monstrosities** 250)

Thieving skills: Climb 93%, Tasks/Traps 60%, Hear 5 in 6, Hide 65%, Silent 70%, Locks 65%.

Equipment: +1 leather armor, +1 short sword, +1 light crossbow, 50 bolts, cloak of protection +2, dose of deathblade poison, 2 doses of scorpion venom.

Bloody Bones, Emissary of Mirkeer: HD 5; HP 38; AC 3[16]; Atk 4 tendrils (1d4 plus poison), 2 claws (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; AL C; CL/XP 7/600; **Special:** resist fire (50%), slippery (escape confinement), tendrils (after hit, save or be held and pulled toward creature; each tendril has 10hp, AC 3[16]). (*The Tome of Horrors Complete* 63)

Tactics: Grugdour fights to the death. He refuses to give up on his dream of crushing the dwarves and accomplishing what none of his kin could achieve before him. Grugdour never willingly commands his army to stand down and return to Exor, especially with victory so near at hand. Even if the characters magically compel him to order a retreat, his surviving lieutenants and sergeants fervently plead with him to reconsider and continue to press the attack.

Deathblade swiftly applies one of his poisons to a crossbow bolt and fires his light crossbow at whomever he perceives to be the most vulnerable target. Deathblade exhausts his entire supply of poison if necessary. Grugdour's most-trusted servant is loyal to a fault and never surrenders, even if he is badly outnumbered.

Treasure: The tapestry weighs 200 lbs., but the effort of removing and transporting it pays off handsomely, as the hobgoblin handiwork is worth 1000gp. The statue of Grugdour weighs 400 lbs. Unfortunately, it is significantly less valuable than the tapestry, fetching a meager 100gp. The crown jewel of the meeting room's contents is the map. Though it is almost a century old, the intricately detailed and exquisitely illustrated vellum document is worth 2125gp.

Hr3. Grugdour's Quarters

Polished and stained planks of rare mahogany support a majestic bed. Two plush, snow-white furs cover the bed. A marble pedestal is in the far corner. A small black marble statue of a beautiful heavily cloaked human female rests upon it, along with a black glove. A closed iron chest sits against the near corner.

Grugdour's veneration of Hecate's daughter is the best-kept secret in the hobgoblin camp. The only outward sign of his worship is her marble likeness perched atop the pedestal.

Grugdour personally transported his bed from Exor in spite of the logistics involved in such an endeavor. Likewise, the pampered hobgoblin also brought his two polar bear furs with him. The hobgoblin overlord stores his monetary treasures inside the unlocked iron chest. The chest is **trapped** with a volley of poisonous darts that strike anyone within 5ft when it is opened. Characters must make a saving throw of fall asleep for 1d4 hours.

Treasure: Mirkeer's marble statue is worth 150gp. The two polar bear furs are worth 1225gp each. The chest contains an assortment of coins including 58pp, 4608gp, and 9520sp.

H14. Beastshifter's Quarters

A moldy, foul-smelling fur against the far wall functions as a crude bed.

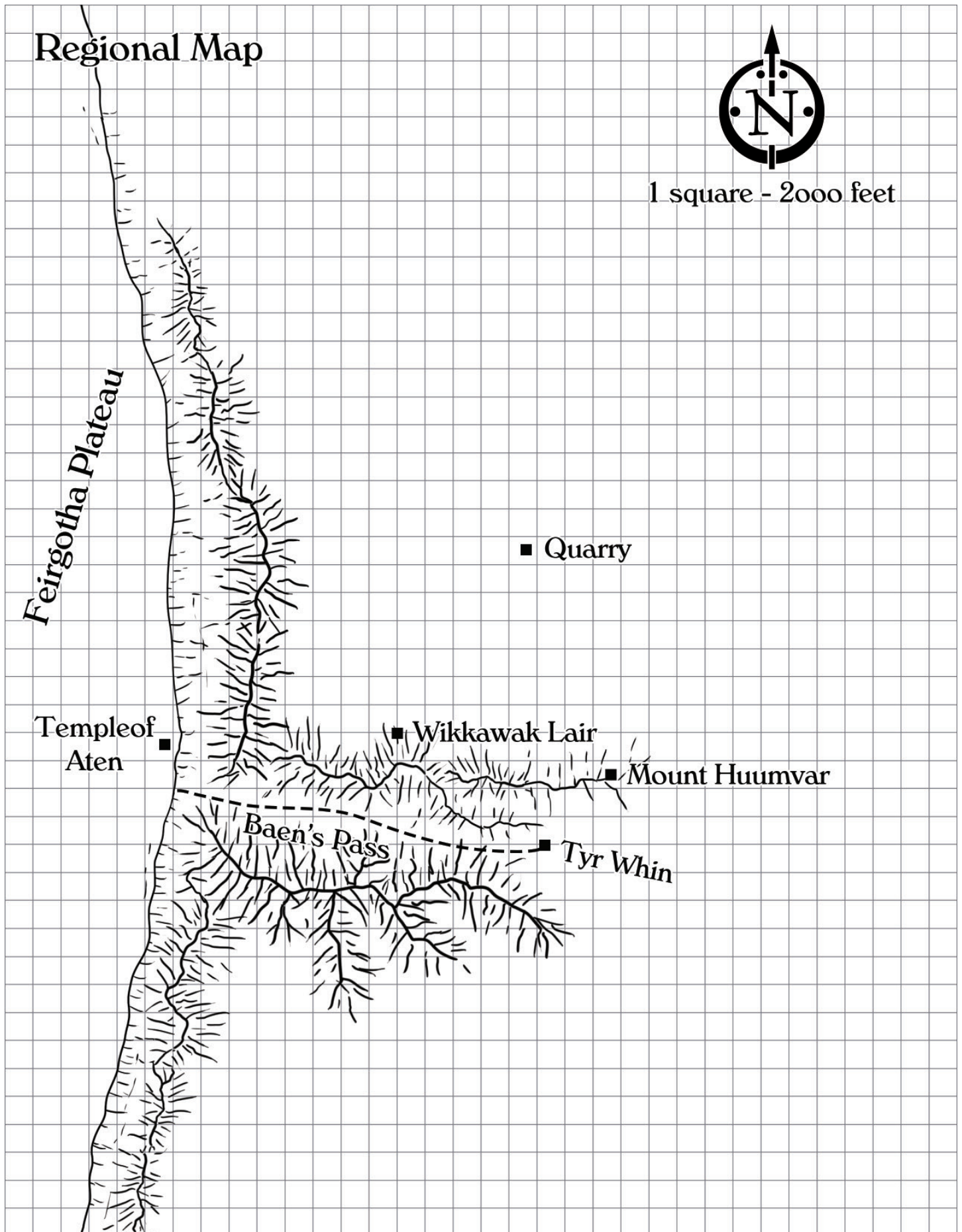
When he is not tending to his mountain lions, Beastshifter sleeps and eats in his personal quarters. The fur bed is worthless, and nothing else of value is in this small room.

Concluding the Adventure

Just as Truvven anticipated, Grugdour's sudden and shocking demise sends the hobgoblin army into an irreversible tailspin. The leaderless and demoralized hobgoblins abandon their grand plans of conquest and return home defeated. The trolls and ogres in their service abandon the goblins and venture back into the Stoneheart Mountains to their former lives. The dwarves are ecstatic over the unexpected and fortuitous turn of events. Truvven welcomes the characters back to Tyr Whin as conquering heroes and offers the "brothers of the high thane" practically anything their hearts desire within his means to provide. Though the characters cannot cure the citadel's afflicted soldiers of their illness, they likely gathered enough information during their exploration of Grugdour's stronghold to prevent any future outbreaks and destroy any remaining stores of the contaminated yeast responsible for spreading the contagion.

If the characters opted to ignore Truvven's advice and succeeded in a frontal assault against the hobgoblin warlord, the ice bugbears and Frozentooth quickly rush in to fill the vacuum. The aggressive bugbears raid the neighboring dwarven villages with increasing regularity, and the capricious dragon roams the landscape searching for humanoid meals and more earthly riches to add to his hoard. In this case, Truvven or another local dwarven authority figure beseeches the characters for aid. They ask the intrepid adventurers to venture into the mountains and root out the bugbear menace and slay their draconic master. Truvven may also tell the characters that his soldiers have witnessed strange events and unusual occurrences near the ruined Temple of Aten on the neighboring Feirgotha Plateau, thus prompting the characters to investigate the matter and delve into the subterranean complex.

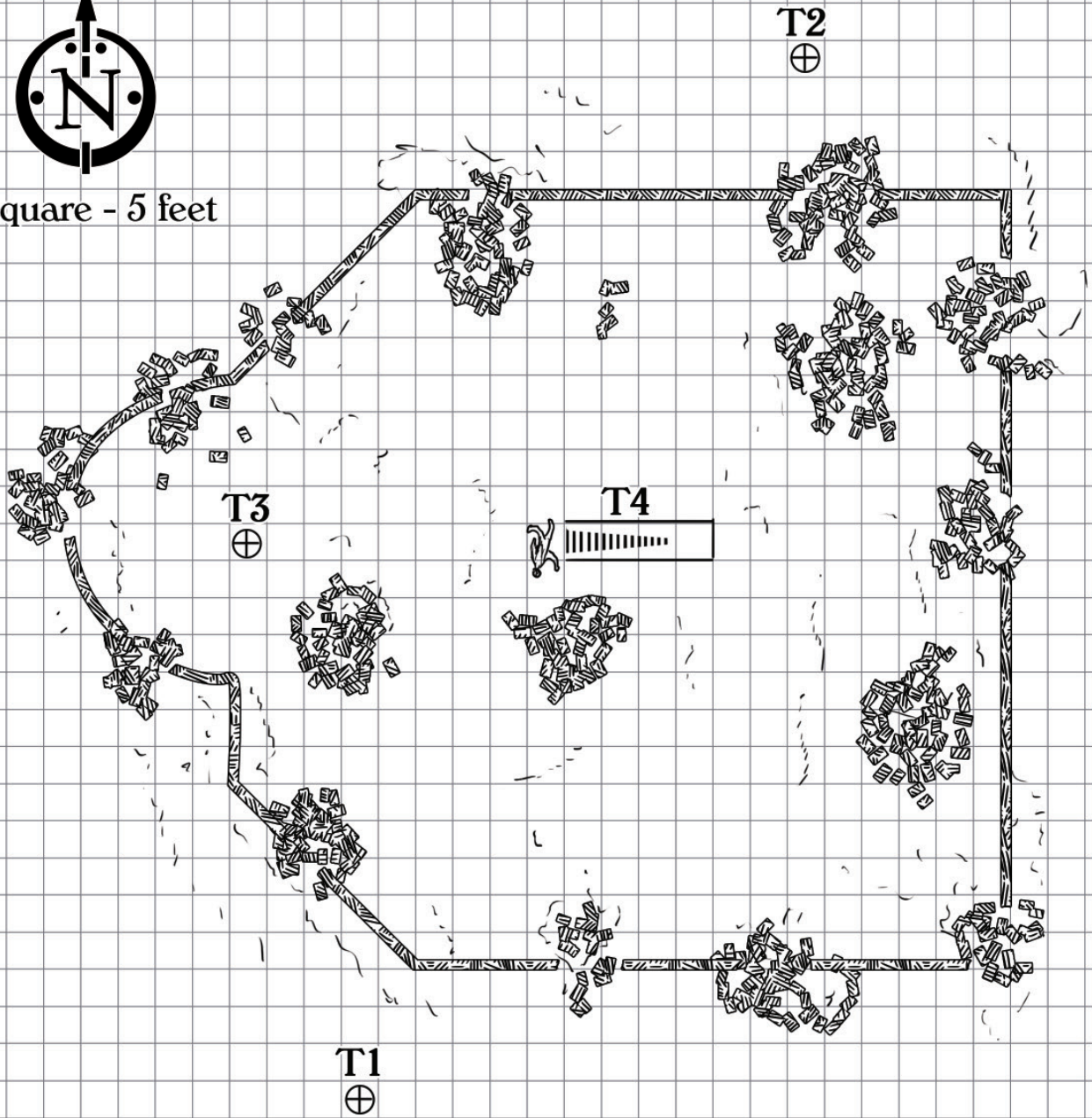
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Temple of Aten Ruins



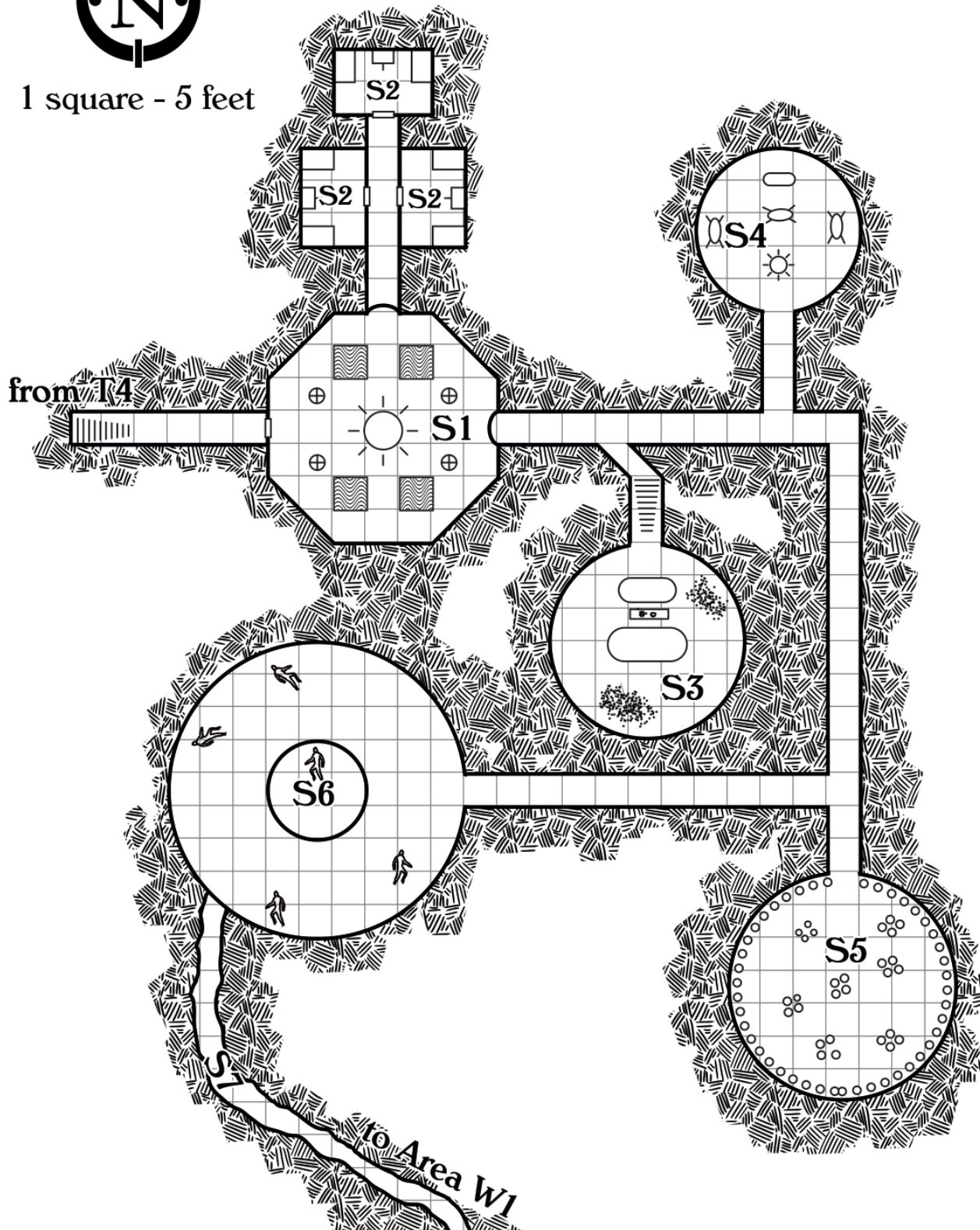
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Temple of Aten Ruins



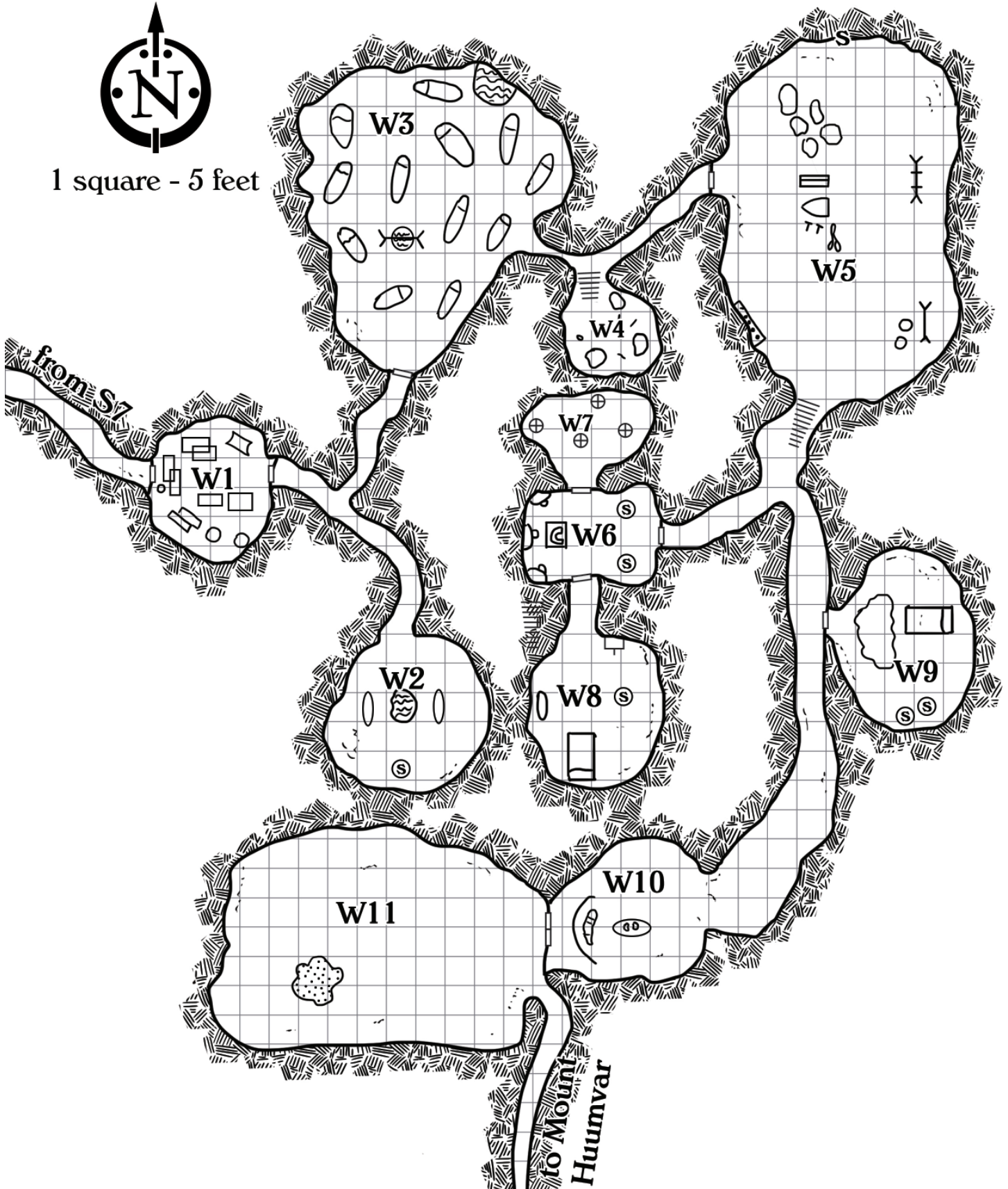
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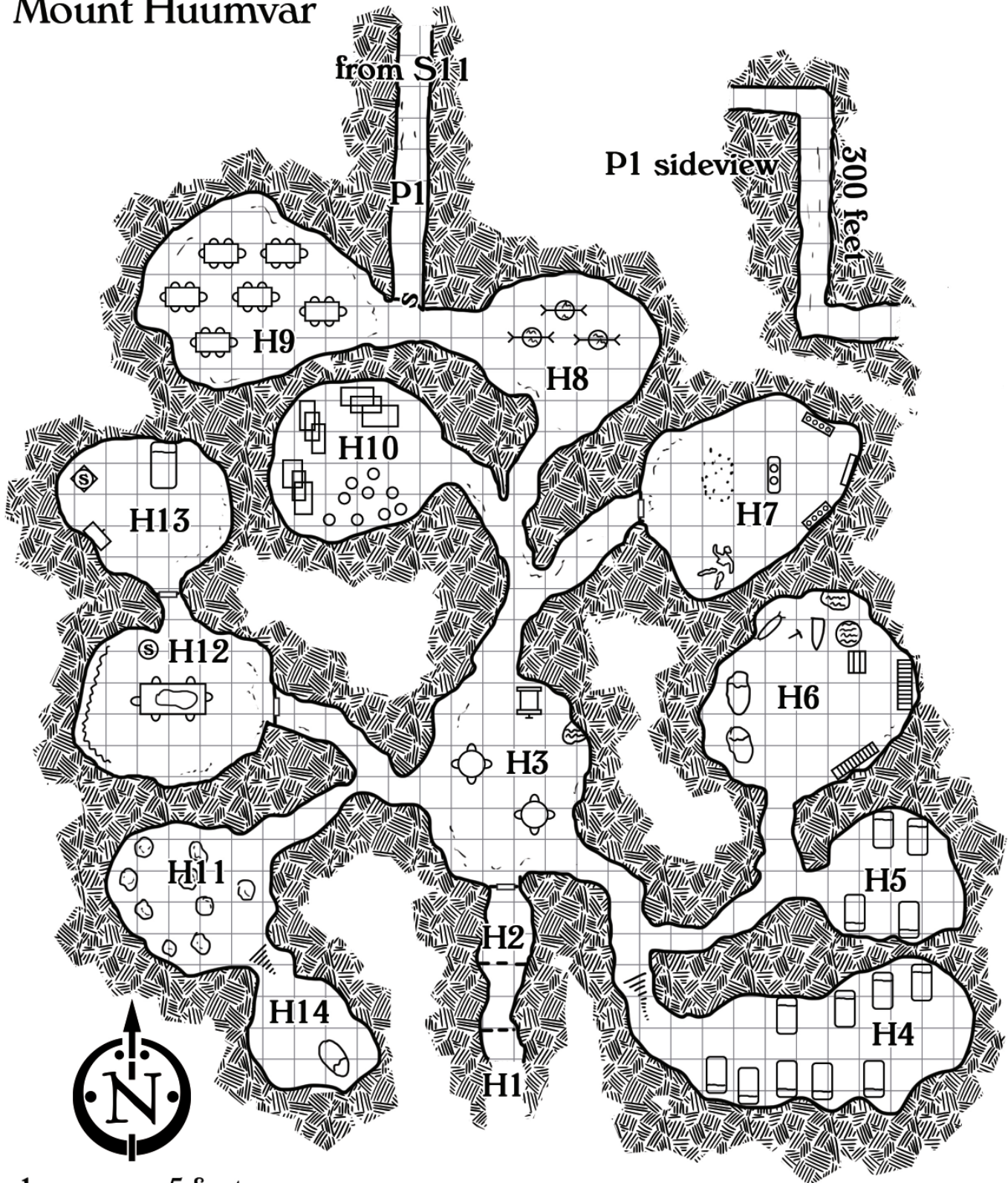
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Mount Huumvar



WAR OF SHADOWS

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Quests of Doom 4

War of Shadows

War of Shadows is an 8th-level adventure that picks up where **Between a Rock and a Charred Place** left off. Erod Flan weathered the dark folk's storm, yet the conspirators are not done. Their focus now turns to the critical outpost of Tyr Whin. The PCs and the outnumbered defenders must somehow stop the hobgoblin warlord, Grugdour, and his army from overrunning the citadel and opening a beachhead for invasion into the Stoneheart Mountains.



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