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New Monsters

Ziege Men –

2+3 hit die

AC 6

Atk: By weapon type, in melee prefer bastard swords (2d4 dmg) +1 STR bonus. Ranged heavy crossbow

Special Atks: If reduced to less than ½ hit points, have a 20% chance of going berserk. When berserk atk melee 3/2 rounds and can be reduced to -5 hit points

No. Appearing 4-16

Move 6"

Barbarian goat men of the northern mountains and craggy hills. Dark grey patchy fur. Bi-pedal they walk erect on hoofed goat legs, barrel chested. Males have devilish horns. Ziege men commonly engage in thug style banditry. They eat nearly anything, and are fond of coin and gems, thus having good treasure. They carry treasure and equipment in large sacks

Giant Yellow Toads –

2+1 hit die

AC 4

Atk: Bite 1d8

Special Atks: Can shoot tongues at range of 15', save vs paralysis if hit is scored, paralysis lasts 2d4 rounds. If tongue hit causes paralysis, will draw the victim in in 1 round and start auto biting/feeding

No. appearing 1d10

Move 6"

Dark yellow to yellow tan in color. Boney exo-skeleton with pronounced back bone. Bulbous gummy dirty white tongue. . Mindless they seek only to kill & feast. Can smell human flesh from 100 yards. If they manage to kill a victim they will start feeding indiscriminate of being attacked.

Resin Constructs –

3 hit die

AC 2

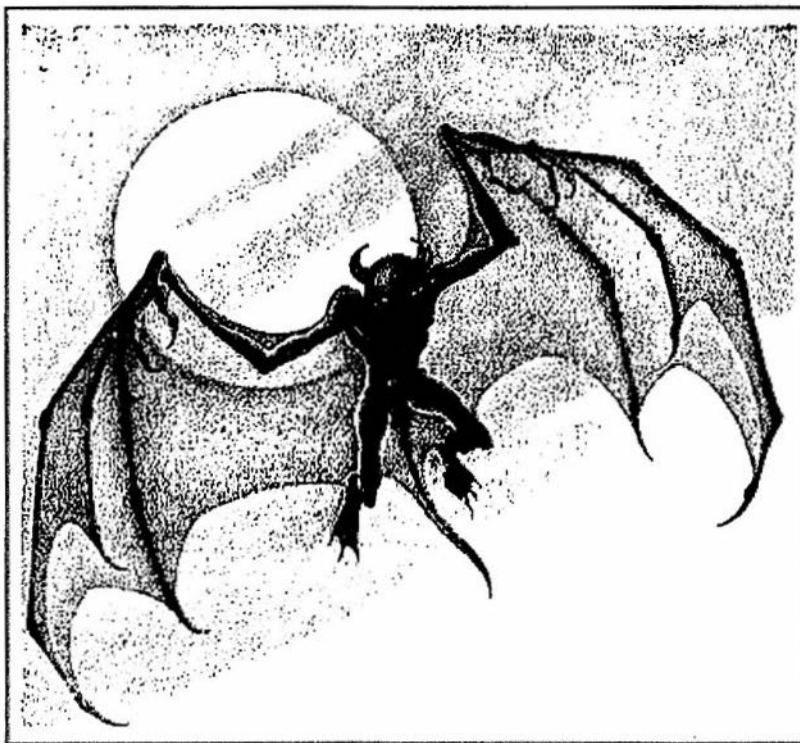
Atk: Pummel 1d6

Special Defenses: +1 magic weapon or better to hit. Immune to sleep and lightning based atks. If hit with a slashing or piercing melee weapon the weapon has a 50% chance of becoming stuck (which can only be freed upon the creature's demise)

No. appearing 1d6

Move 3"

Nearly clear/opaque, surprise on a 3 in 6. Made in vats and constructed by a powerful sorcerer or necromancer. 6' tall, gummy to the touch, they appear as a chiseled nude hairless human male. They are commonly used to guard something such as a laboratory or treasure/relic.



Advent of the Elder Ones: Mythos vs. Man in the Lake Geneva Original Campaign, 1973-1976

By Robert J. Kuntz

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In early 1973 I created the beginnings of an ever-expanding story arc involving the advent of the Elder Ones in the known planes of existence. That beginning grew to span most of my published career, has informed play from that point forward in its most granular aspects, and has been responsible as a launching point for so many projects, both published and unpublished that I now need a list to track the interrelatedness of it all. I have appended that list (with short descriptions) hereafter and will explore a selection from this in the main article (*asterisk notes the selections covered).

RPG Matter

**Lost City of the Elders:* See entry below.

Zayene the Accursed: Plagued by his investigation of the Jungle of Huhm, Zayene (prn: Zay-Een) is driven mad and flees Kalibruhn for what he terms "The Gray Lands," this with Mythos-like beings hot on his trail.

Fomalhaut: Off world adventure; very large, with many mythos beings described therein as well as creative expansion of new material; access point was in the *Temple of the Latter Day Elder Ones*.

Cosmodious: An intergalactic freebooter and scientist who is dead set on stopping the spread of the Elder Gods anywhere and at any time; major tech and dimension-hopping.

The Star Demon: First conceptually rendered as a totally alien outside force; then attached to adjunct matter for *The Seven Cryptic Books of Hsan* (q.v.).

Six (Mythos) Monsters: Note the material included about them in this volume.

The Seven Cryptic Books of Hsan: See the TOC for the adventure included in this work.

Tome of the Black Mold: Original City of Greyhawk sub-level adventure; one more of those tomes that "one best not open."

Bottle City: Many references to off world beings and entities; four new mythos-like demi-gods are referenced therein: Aza, Lalatha, Zirx and Phannon.

**Greyhawk City Sewers:* Mythos aligned beings still have outposts here to secure underworld passages to and from the *Temple of the Latter Day Elder Ones*; their war with the Thieves & Assassin Guilds whom are attempting to control all underground traffic beneath the city.

**Temple of the Latter Day Elder Ones:* Greyhawk City/Castle environs sub-level; access to ancient magic, mythos monsters and planar locales therein.

**The Annex:* An experiment by the priests of the *Temple of the Latter Day Elder Ones*; this produced 3 different humanoid species that soon turned to warring with each other. Located near the aforementioned temple and accessed through it.

Maze of Zayene: #1 has a plant demon in the art gallery which was painted while Pynyck visited an unearthly plane of existence; #2 Baal's Realm has many books relating to Mythos subject matter; Nym Sleevus's first occurrence as chronicler of strange outside events; #4 has much latent Mythos matter, including the wizard, Zydelic, whose special crystal ball allowed him to access visions of nether realms (and for creatures there to access him).

Garden of the Plantmaster: located in the *Lost City of the Elders* (q.v.).

Tharzdu'un: Alien outer god conceived from CAS's Thaisidon; 1.5 pages of typed matter given to EGG and used by him to create Tharizdun. Revisited in *Dark Druids* (q.v.).

Demonworld: Fraz-urb'luu's lieutenant, Sahazruul, occupies a strange edifice it found abandoned that sinks and rises at peculiar times. Many more off world intrusion records, all ancient even by demon-kind reckoning.

Ancient and Dimensional Magic: 20-page treatise describing alien magic that is archetypal of Uerth's.

Node Magic: Alien magic that drove Zayene insane and at the same time exposed him to those that guard it.

Daemonic & Arcane: *Steps of Zayene* artifact; found in the Jungle of Huhm; allows inter-dimensional access if used by those with knowledge of dimensional magic.

Dark Druids: Tharzdu'un story line.

Maure Castle: Worship of "Y" and other rites connected with many cross sections of powerful beings (some in disguised aspects); time manipulation brings them into confrontation with several converging power cycles wherein they are "Noticed" and finally dealt with; *LCotE* tie-in.

Whool Priests: World of Kalibruhn; they've encountered servants of the Elder Ones and have built complex technological devices to detect the formers' entry to their home world.

Fictional Matter

The Flight of Marloc: short story; lost 1989; CAS-like; long abandoned temple raid by a lone thief who meets his end therein.

The Six Threads: World of Kalibruhn; full chapter-by-chapter novel treatment and first 3 chapters; Loz-Toron and the demon-haunted tower; the samite that summons an alien god that consumes the wizard.

The Jungle of Huhm: World of Kalibruhn; 90% completed short story; a younger Zayene's adventure in an ancient, ruined city found deep within the Jungle of Huhm. He is driven insane by what he experiences there and manages to escape, with those seeking his destruction in hot pursuit. Precursor to his in-game fleeing WoK for the "Gray Lands."

H. P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith Influences

I'd like to note here, just to put speculation in abeyance, that I was influenced to create such matter by reading both H. P. Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith. I separate the overall influence thusly: Lovecraft's stories rooted the matter behind-the-scenes with broadly building hints. I transferred parts of his style into play to build mystery and a rising tension. Smith's style is the finalization of Lovecraft's, as he willingly moves to pull back the curtain and reveal in stark detail what it is we see rather than what we feel. Both rooted you in the inexplicable.

But when it came to hands-on play, Smith's "what we have feared has come to pass" was indeed the culminating point to it all. His influence became the "upper-cut" added to Lovecraft's feints and jabs. And it was meant to be the knock out punch in game terms. There are similarities in both, especially for endings, but whereas Lovecraft released an unsustainable shock, Smith immersed one in bearable pre-ending imagery via quickly emerging events that ultimately engulfed his protagonists. One was unknown—zap! The other, yes we sort of know, but let's see—zap! Their styles work well together, but in my opinion then and now, Smith's work better within the D&D RPG framework. In his stories there is that lingering feeling of chance recovery (as almost occurred in *The Seven Geases*); and even though recovery never really manifested in their stories (with the exception of *Dreamquest of Unknown Kadath*, which was more of a break-even/escape for Carter), if it were to ever have occurred I sense it would have been in Smith's tales.

In summary, I found in Smith's stories a very fine tightrope that D&Ders in our shared campaign had been so carefully walking down. In his stories his "walkers" always fell. In game terms the PCs were always weighing that balance as they teetered one way or the other. Would they fall? One never knew for certain until all the steps had been taken. Even that last step was but 100% of what could happen if it went askew. Tightrope indeed.

Lost City of the Elders: In very early 1973 I created an adventure now known in my collected works as the "Terrible Iron Golem." This was later updated and expanded (albeit changed in some spots) to *WG5 Mordenkainen's Fantastic Adventure*; and this then became updated to yet another incarnation of the original through its publication as *Maure Castle*. Confused yet? It gets better when folks started assuming that all of this was my original *Castle El Raja Key* (which it wasn't, but I'll reserve that topic for another time).

The gist of the "TIG" partial was to get Gary's PCs involved in an off-world adventure (or more precisely, "out of campaign" adventure, as we had no real "world" then but shared the same outdoor environs via the *Outdoor Survival* map). That adventure was *Lost City of the Elders*, the very first planar adventure in D&D history and a precursor to my world as then envisioned, Kalibruhn. The original "TIG" adventure had within it coral tablets carved with reliefs upon them; and these corresponded to the places I had in mind for creating off-world, or Kalibruhn, adventures. These places were in turn accessed via the 8-pointed star puzzle. One of these places was *LCotE*. Gary's party found the first bit for the 8-pointed star puzzle and was transported to the city near a waterfall; he made limited investigations of the city and then left, never to return. Ernie Gyga, many months later and while playing Tenser, followed in his father's footsteps and spent some time investigating the city. Not much was deduced by either one of them mostly due their reticence to proceed below ground or to enter the many strange structures there. My impression is that they were in awe of the city's sprawling grandness that now lay empty before them; and this (and rightly so) produced great doubt in both of these otherwise unshakeable adventurers. This was, of course, my intent.

It was only at an early Lake Geneva Gaming Convention that the *LCotE* came to be finally explored in depth and appreciated. A high level party tackled it, fighting many major encounters and discovering alien magic.

Tie-Ins: There is a major tie-in for an alien god who has been driven to the point of madness by outside sources that it tampered with. Some of these sources were uncontrollable i.e., such as Lamash the demon who feigned service when summoned to the *Garden of the Plantmaster* located in the city. Powers, etc., from *Node Magic* and *Ancient and Dimensional Magic* occur therein and as part of the many intersecting plots. Repositories of ancient magical formulas and rites and more otherworld knowledge is strewn throughout the city, most of it guarded by beings summoned through their use. This also (but briefly) ties into the Maure Family who had tampered with the time lines and through these manipulations found their way to the city, only to be pre-empted from discovering more about it by the signatures they had left throughout time and space. These fatal "planar foot prints" were to be used against them to unimaginable levels by the original city inhabitants, and just before the latter's demise (that's time manipulation for you). In all this represented a very involved plot in tune with an expansive, although alien, campaign setting. This was not just another "lost city."

***Composite** (*Temple of the Latter Day Elder Ones; The Annex; Greyhawk City Sewers*): There was a lot going on between these areas. The city sewers were a battle-zone for forces opposing the TotLDEO. The Thieves and Assassin Guilds attempted to maintain black market operations (including drug smuggling) while opposing the summoned forces of the Temple and Annex. There were more insidious plans afoot above ground (the opening of two gates to Demonworld, for instance).

The main intent of the Elder Ones in this area was complete control; and the replacement of the population in stages through their organic experimentation (as per *The Annex*). The Elder Ones had infiltrated many lofty stations in the city's political structure. They disrupted the balance by manipulating gates in Demonworld, especially the timed one that their masters once resided at, this being Sahazruul's Emerald Citadel.

The campaign was ripe for taking the PCs away from simple dungeon delving for treasure to a more involved atmosphere as I was presenting it via the city and its nearby environs. This overflowed to off world adventures, strange city intrigues and sub-city quests.

All of the aforementioned listed matter was sluiced into the campaign at different times. I had a storehouse of resources and adventure hooks aplenty, eye-popping stories and roughly 20 maps. Some of this continued to evolve beyond 1976 (*Maure Castle* and *LCotE*, for instance); but the majority of it was created and tested during those play-test years of the original *Dungeons & Dragons* game.

In retrospect I had wanted to examine this to its greatest extent. But I was unable to do that for telling reasons. By 1977 I was no longer DMing in our original shared campaign and no longer working for TSR, as I had quit my position there. But I always imagined this: What if the Elder Ones had won? What would it have been like? Dying Earth? Night Land? These concepts forever tugged at me; and I always found them much more enticing than green fields, castles deep and strong, medieval clones and the whole Arthurian motif, no matter how well these had been done. Fantasy to me was about exploring the unknown, stirring up imaginative matter and investigating what was behind it all. It was about worlds, not just areas within them; and the stars, not just the faded matter that these squinted at.

And this is why Lovecraft and Smith held my attention then just as they still do to this very day. They did not squint at this type of matter, but saw it for what it was: pristine gems delicately mined from untold depths of the mind and thereafter offered to anyone who would appreciate the iridescent glory of the imagination.

THE OTHER MURDER OF ETELVEN THIOS

by Darrell Schweitzer

The evil mage Etelven Thios had been murdered by Oinath the rug merchant, as was already well known in the lands surrounding Dzim. Minstrels were beginning to sing of the deed, telling how the vengeful husband, whose wife had been foully molested by Etelven Thios, had lured the wizard out of his castle on a pretense, and into the desert, and there slain him with a hatchet, only to meet a frightful and doubtless magical doom shortly thereafter. The details of this fate were not known, and since by and large people prefer to hear pleasant songs, no one cared to expound upon them. But the rest of the story rapidly grew in complexity and detail, and, resplendent with bold struggles, midnight terrors, and implacable courage, it began to drift, slowly, like a poorly moored ship dragging its anchor, into the realm of myth.

Meanwhile, in the city of Garnish by the inland rivers, on the outskirts of which stood the cottage of the late Oinath, there was a matter of more immediate concern. The beheaded corpse of Etelven Thios had been found within, and beside it the shrieking wife, Themara, driven completely mad by what she had seen. The city fathers took her gently to their temple, where along with other lunatic persons she was worshipped as one touched by the gods -- for such was the custom of their country -- and the body and ruined head of the sorcerer, with its still malevolent green, cat-like left eye, they buried in hallowed ground, amongst their most revered ancestors, while chanting petitions to patron divinities, in hopes that all this accumulated goodness would make the grave lie quiet.

Alas, they did these things in vain. On a night when rain drizzled silently out of a grey sky, while fog filled with ghosts drifted over the land, every single mound in the cemetery began to stir, and all the dead arose, from the oldest and most brittle skeletons to the beloved Urga, mother of the town's mayor, whose funeral robes had yet to gather mold. An unliving army walked or limped or crawled to the place where Etelven Thios lay, and removed the signs the priests had placed over him -- the sign of the earth and stars, inverted with the stars on the bottom; the sign of the thunderbolt trans fixing the asp; the sign of the dry fountain --- and they drew out the long silver sword which had been driven deep into the ground, piercing the wizard's heart. Then they began to dig with their ruined hands, their broken limbs, and their teeth, even stillborn babies clawing at the earth, until the coffin of Etelven Thios was completely uncovered.

The next morning there were discovered a pit, a heap of shattered planks, and a trail of corpses leading out of the city, across the plains, and even to where the desert began. No one cared to find the end of it.

A council of prominent citizens and the ruling elders was held. Said one: "Lords, soon Etelven Thios will plague us with renewed fury, unless we swiftly dispatch him once and for all." Said another: "One must not impugn the courage of Oinath the rug merchant, or his righteous quest for vengeance, but it must be admitted that he had no prior experience in wizard-killing. He was hardly qualified to deal with the likes of Etelven Thios. In short, he was an amateur."

So it was decided. This time they would send for a professional.

There was a man called Eom of the Shadows, for all his deeds were done after nightfall, and out of the gaze of the bright moon, who dwelt across the sea in the city of Kosh-Ni-Hye, about which much is written elsewhere. There he kept a shop, above the door of which swung a hand-painted sign showing a man with a sword killing a nine-headed sea monster. This was all that was needed to advise passersby of his trade, but if they cared to hear more, he often was to be found seated beneath that sign, telling of his exploits to any who would listen. This was good for business, he said. It spread his name about, till eventually it fell upon the right ears.

"My father was a maker of jugs," he told his audience once. "When I was a boy he made me sit by his side all my waking hours, spinning the wet clay on the potter's wheel or painting designs on the finished products. You can scarcely imagine how tedious my life was. I began to dream, first of running through the streets and playing with the other boys, caught up in frivolous games, and then, when I was a little older, of far lands and the heroes whose images I painted on the baked clay. I wanted to be as brave and as famous as Ganhuil, who wrestled with the Bull of Fire on a cliff by the edge of the world, finally casting the beast into the abyss. You can still see it flaming there, in the sunset, an everlasting memorial to Ganhuil. Definitely I wanted something more exciting out of life than jug-working, and when my father died, dishonorable to his memory as it may have been, I sold the shop and assumed my present occupation, about which you already know much.

One day as he was speaking thus, Kamdok his apprentice came to him, saying, "Master, we are wanted," and he excused himself and went inside the shop, into a room which was always kept locked. There he searched among his collection of enchanted and empowered swords until he found the one he wanted, a huge, silver broadsword forged by a godling who dwelt in the heart of a sun. It glowed in the dark and gave off slight heat. To complement this he took a shield made of arctic ice, frigid and permanent by virtue of the runes carved upon it and the magical light entrapped within its center. On his head he placed a helm of coral and the bones of dead mermen. He selected also a dwarfish dagger for Kamdok, and then, dressed in ordinary street cloaks, the two of them went to the docks, bought passage on a ship, and sailed over the Middle Sea to the other end of the world, coming at last to Ptnarnir, then passing overland to Garnish, where the city fathers welcomed them with smiles, open arms, and promises of much gold.

They followed the route Oinath had taken, as well as they could reconstruct it from the accounts of eyewitnesses who preferred to say nothing. On camel-back they crossed the desert beyond Dzim, past the place of colored sands, past the mountain Cloudcap where the gods no longer danced, and into that dreadful forest of leafless trees where branches swayed without any wind and had whispered "Death, death, death," to the terrified Oinath. This time, since there were two intruders beneath its boughs, the wood was distinctly heard to say "Death-death, death-death, death-death." Kamdok was uneasy, but whenever he looked into the calmly determined face of his master, his fears were still a while.

Emerging into the desert once more, they came upon a ruined ship, half buried in the sand and tilted to one side, so that the yardarms of the leaning masts nearly touched the ground.

This too Oinath had seen, and he had conversed with the captain of the madmen who sailed it, never moving from that spot, convinced that only by such a paradox could they escape Etelven Thios. Now the sails flapped ragged. Silence lay upon the decks like a sated beast, and all over there were deep gashes cut into the wood, as if from nibbling.

At last, in the middle of the night, they spied the two mountains called the Dark Sisters and the constellation of the Toad peering between them, and knew they had found the lair of Etelven Thios.

Eom and Kamdok stood before the massive ebony gates of the sorcerer's castle, wondering how to get in.

"Could you not take your sword and cut away the gate in great ringing slices?" asked the apprentice. "I could," said the man of Shadows. "There is precedent for such a thing, set of old by the hero Leothric, but I think this particular instance calls more for stealth and finesse than the magic of a blade and the sheer strength of the wielder's arm. Behold."

And the boy beheld as his master walked into the darkness before the gate, and straining his eyes to the utmost, he perceived Eom stooping to whisper something to a seated figure. Cautiously Kamdok came closer, and saw that there were two persons sitting in the sand, both mummies of a very ancient sort, which had remained unmoving for so long that the desert caressed their laps as the sea does rocks at high tide. Between them was a chessboard on a stand. They had been playing for aeons, each unable to defeat the other, by the design of Etelven Thios.

When Eom spoke into the ear of one of the mummies, the creature rose. Sand fell from bandaged legs, and joints creaked like dry wood. Unsteadily it walked to where the two gates joined, and made before them a sign. There was a deep rumbling, and lo! the gates spread apart, leaving a space wide enough for a man to slip through sideways if he were not too fat.

Then, returning to the game, the mummy moved a single piece, checkmated its opponent, and crumbled into dust, having been bribed with the promise of victory and won the privilege of oblivion. The other sat forlornly in the sand, regarding eternity.

Inside was a courtyard filled with sand, out of which grew metal flowers. The master bade the boy not touch them, for he saw how their petals glinted like razors in the starlight. The two of them came to a black ivory door, through which evil dreams pass into the world from the imagination of Etelven Thios. This hung open, as it always did at night. Beyond it was a vast room, floored in shining black stone, held up with pillared arches. Above them in the darkness, the ceiling invisible, lay a nesting place for vampires; around them in darkness, yellow eyes drifted like sparks from a campfire. Somewhere unearthly voices tittered. In front of the intruders, leading upward, was a stairway of what looked like glowing red marble. Eom and Kamdok examined this more closely, and saw that it was in fact a clear substance containing a bubbling red fluid.

The Shadow Man put a foot on the first step, and a little scream rose up, fluttering like a moth until lost in the distance above. He mounted the second, and another scream ascended. Kamdok was quivering, nearly ill from fright, when the master finally understood. Each of these steps was a prison, holding some wretched soul bound there by Etelven Thios.

And taking his sun-forged sword, he thrust the point deep into the first step, at the same time whispering, "Peace, friend, your deliverance has come."

The step died in silence, blood spurting onto the floor. The second one did likewise, and by saying to each as he slew it, "Peace, friend," Eom was able to climb the flight of stairs without any first alarms. Karndok followed closely behind, knees shaking and eyes wide. When they were at the top, the stairway

behind them was a pale, delicate thing, like a row of shattered glass coffins. All the gore had drained out, forming a pool on the floor below, to which hunched shapes from the gloomy corners of the room came to drink.

The stairs had brought them to a room filled with the Essence of Night, a blackness so Unfathomable that no earthly light could penetrate it, and against which the star-sword was reduced to the barest hint of a glow.

Carefully, guiding his apprentice with one hand, Eom made his way through this room. The Night seemed to welcome him. He was in his own element. He groped for the metal knob of another door, opened it, and emerged into light (which somehow did not pass beyond him to illuminate the previous room), and found himself in the lair of a dragon, without which no evil wizard's castle would be respectable in story or in song.

Before he even saw the beast, he knew the nature of his foe, for the room was not well or often cleaned; the rushes were stale, the air thick with the odor of the dragon droppings which seemed to be everywhere. Then the monster unwound itself from the top of a pillar and came slithering down. It was a magnificent specimen, a hundred feet long and more, lined all along the top

of its body with barbed spikes, and with a two-edged plate like an executioner's axe on the end of its tail. Its mouth was too dreadful to contemplate for long; out of that cavern lashed a tongue like a leather whip, and the teeth lining it were like an armory of swords set aside for an especially strenuous war. From within came the drum-like throbbing of the dragon's heart, and occasionally a low moan from some poor soul swallowed perhaps ten years before, and digested slowly. When it moved, the creature made sounds like huge trees being felled with each step, and like laborers dragging those trees, bound in chains, across the smooth floor.

With his first blow Eom struck off the end of the tongue which sought to ensnare him. The dragon let out a bellow of rage and pain, and twin clouds of burning vapor burst from its nostrils. With another blow he chipped one of the teeth; with yet another he parried the awesome tail. But he knew he could not

slay his enemy, for all the scales of the upper body were of polished steel, stronger than his sword, magical as it was. Only the tender belly, protected by nought but thin bronze, was vulnerable. He had to get the dragon onto its back, a seemingly hopeless task, since dragons only roll over when sleeping, and only then when having discontented dreams.

(So Keothak the Traveller says in his Bestiary. I take his word for it.) There was only one thing to do. He retreated back into the room filled with Night, with Kamdok scurrying before him. He stood to one side of the door, and when the dragon had gone within, he closed it behind him.

Now the only light was that of the sword, and the occasional snorts of the beast. Eom hid the blade under his cloak, and he and Kamdok stood flat and absolutely still against the wall, on either side of the door. Utter darkness. The dragon wandered about, dragging its tail noisily, but was unable to locate the two humans.

At last, tiring, it lay down and slept. Because of its failure to catch Eom and Kamdok, it went to sleep hungry, and its dreams were discontented indeed. After a short while it rolled over, its armor against the floor making a noise like rocks being ground in a quarry. When it was still again Eom inched in the direction of the sound, then, when he was sure he stood almost near enough to reach out and touch the bronze scales, he uncovered the sword. By the light of it he saw he was correct, and swiftly, before the dim glow could make the shiny eyelids flutter, he drove the blade with all his might into the gigantic mass before him, reaching deep, until the tip pricked the dragon's heart. All its life blood spouted from the wound, and the body seemed to deflate like a punctured water bag until it lay in flaccid ruin on the floor. Again the two left a lake of gore in their wake, and things came to sip from it.

"Someday you'll be doing that by yourself, my boy," he said.

"Y-yes, master. Maybe I should have been a pot maker."

Eom of the Shadows only laughed, and led Kamdok through the befouled lair of the dragon, down a corridor decorated with murals celebrating the wickedness of mankind, and into the roof garden of Etelven Thios.

Moonlight shone through a crystal skylight on many marvelous plants and the gleaming stones of the pathways that ran between them. There was a thing as tall as a sunflower which whispered something distressingly like, "Food," over and over, and lashed out with leafy mandibles as the two passed. There was a toadstool the size of a fat woman's rump, on which sat a twisted thing vaguely suggesting a toad. Even as they watched this thing quivered, made a feeble attempt to hop, and exploded into a cloud of spores. As Born and Kamdok watched, miniature versions of the first, complete with tiny toads, began to grow out of the soil, the pavement, and their clothing. They hurried on, then stopped to scrape the things off with their knives, gagging at the putrid odor they gave off when pierced. As soon as the blades touched each one, it wiggled, fell to the stones, and died. Next they came upon plants which bore a strange, heavy fruit on the ground, hidden among shadows and twists of vine: vegetable women, which were becoming more human, more beautiful, and less attached to the parent stalks even as the intruders watched. One plant, which seemed to be diseased from the way its foliage drooped, bore a shrivelled hag.

There were lovely plants, too, among the horrors. One spread golden petals three yards across, and sang when moonbeams touched it. Another shone of lace and silver, like the aftermath of an ice storm in winter.

Earn and his apprentice suddenly found themselves in a square, where all the paths converged, with Etelven Thios. The wizard did not look well. He moved stiffly, as if just barely able to control his limbs. His frame seemed shrunken and bent beneath his red cloak. And they were not exactly face to face with him, because he had no face. His head was missing.

A voice thundered from somewhere.

"Ah, botanists, I presume, here to admire my humble garden."

"Yes," said the master, stalling for time until he could spot the inevitable traps. "How did you know?"

Laughter echoed through the garden. He still couldn't tell where it was coming from. Kamdok looked six weeks dead.

"You have many . . . unusual specimens here," Eom continued.

"Yes," said Etelven Thios. "Here is an especially remarkable one."

He led them a short distance, to the edge of the square. Half buried in the loam, just beyond the end of the pavement, was a man, or what had been a man. The naked, pale grey skin showed here and there above soil and leaves. One arm stood crookedly upward, the wrist limp, the hand twisted, and young vines growing in place of the fingers. The chest was exposed, and the upper legs, but from the knees downward they were either missing, or covered. Eom couldn't tell, and Kamdok was in no condition to try. Etelven Thios wasn't telling.

There was part of a face. The head was bent far back, chin up. The eyes and forehead were buried, but the rest was clear. Out of the mouth grew a perfect red rose.

And Etelven Thios, taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, cut that rose. At once blood spewed out of the mouth. In a spasm the body nearly sat up, dirt smeared eyes rolled in mindless terror, while a scream in the throat died in a gurgle. Then the thing lay still, and out of the bloody mouth another rose grew.

And Etelven Thios held the first one up above the stump of his neck, as if invisible nostrils were sniffing it. The blossom wilted. "You are right, sir," said Eom of the Shadows.

"I have never seen a plant like that before."

"It bears an uncanny resemblance to a certain purveyor of cheap carpets." The voice seemed distracted, and Eom had a hint of where it was coming from. But he didn't wait to find out. As the wizard stood there, momentarily off guard, he slipped a hand under his cloak and drew forth Rumor, a dagger famed for being swifter than its namesake, and with a single, silken motion slid it between the ribs of Etelven Thios, deep into his ancient and thoroughly black heart.

The result was instantaneous. There was an explosion of wind blowing in all directions from the body, sending Eom and Kamdok sprawling in opposite directions, to either end of the square. Then a wall of flame rose from the stones, encircling the corpse but not touching it--- a wall of protection.

Phalanxes of flaming soldiers, with long red-hot spears lowered, appeared in the pathways converging on the would-be assassins. The plants around them stirred hungrily.

The hand of Etelven Thios removed the knife, and the body remained standing, even if it swayed unsteadily. The voice laughed, louder, louder -- and suddenly Eom knew its source.

On the far side of the square, behind where his assistant was now standing, in a patch of innocuous, broad-leaved shrubs, lay what looked at this distance like a melon.

A melon? How could something so tame, so mundane, be in the garden of Etelven Thios? Of course!

"Kamdok! There! Behind you! Grab it !"

The molten spears were only a few yards away, advancing steadily.

The apprentice turned. His training overcame his fear. Without even a flash of thought he obeyed his master's voice, and snatched the thing from beneath the leaves. It wasn't a melon. It was the head of Etelven Thios, still mutilated from the blows of Oinath's hatchet, but healing. The green, cat-like eye glared balefully.

Again instinctively Kamdok moved. He drew his dagger, called Terror, the brother of Rumor, and plunged it into the green orb before it could blink, bursting the iris like a rotted grape, the tip reaching up through the skull into the brain.

At once the flames and the soldiers were gone, and the headless remains of Etelven Thios fell limply on the stones. The realization of what he had done came to the apprentice, and in dumb shock he let go of the head. It too fell and lay still. All was quiet in the garden for an instant, and then Eom of the Shadows, the master assassin, began to laugh, out of joy for his victory and the irony of how it had come about.

And like an echo came the laughter of another!

Kamdok screamed, and pointed. There, standing over what had been Etelven Thios was --Etelven Thios! He was tall and slightly stooped, as he had been in life, his face a white mask of hate, entirely unscarred, his green eye a beacon of doom.

Eom paused, startled, but then casually advanced, drew his sword, and slashed at the apparition. The blade passed through without meeting resistance, rippling it like the reflection on the surface of a pool.

"You see, my boy? It's only his ghost. A mere insubstantial wisp. It can't hurt us. Remember this adage, which has been known for countless ages: Anything you can't cut with a sword isn't material enough to worry about." He laughed again. Karndok forced a smile.

And, laughing also, the spirit of Etelven Thios drifted into Eom of the Shadows, superimposing itself over him, cutting him off from air, suffocating him as smoke can.

When the master was dead, Etelven Thios turned to the boy, who cowered before him in helpless, babbling terror.

Before he did anything he waited, giving him enough time to go mad.

END

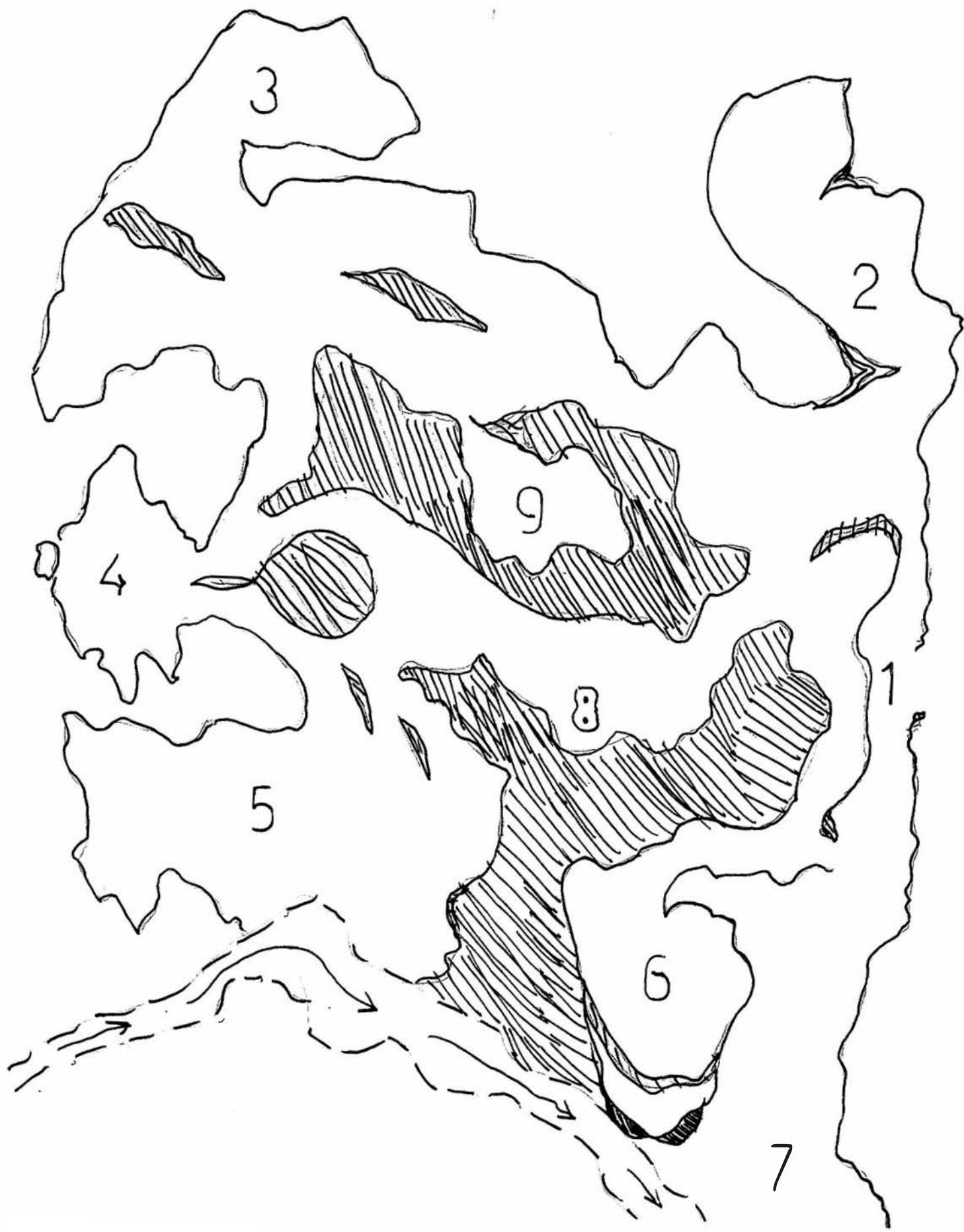
AFS zine editors note: From Darrell Scwheitzer -I don't have a website as such. I am very active on eBay and you can find most of my books there. You could mention to the readers that the entire Etelven Thios trilogy is available in *THE GREAT WORLD AND THE SMALL* (Wildside, 2000). Someone new to my work would probably want to check out the novels *THE WHITE ISLE*, *THE SHATTERED GODDESS*, and *THE MASK OF THE SORCERER*, or the collection *REFUGEES FROM AN IMAGINARY COUNTRY*, *NIGHTSCAPES*, *TOM O'BEDLAM'S NIGHT OUT*, *TRANSIENTS*, and *NECROMANCIES AND NETHERWORLDS* (with Jason Van Hollander). I've been nominated for the World Fantasy Award 4 times and won it once, for co-editing *WEIRD TALES* with George Scithers).

WEIRDBOOK fans should particularly look out for the immediately forthcoming *ECHOES OF THE GODDESS* (Wildside) which collects all the "Goddess" stories (prequels to *THE SHATTERED GODDESS*) from *WEIRDBOOK* and elsewhere and features revised versions of several of them.

best,

Darrell Schweitzer

Cliff Warrens of the Corvid Birdmen



Cliff Warrens of the Corvid Bird Men

An adventure for 4-7 characters levels 2-4

Setting/Placement: This adventure takes place near a Port City of your choosing.

DM's background: The City is awash with terror and thievery! A group of Crow-like evil bird men nest amongst cliff-side warrens out near the harbor. They have a fondness for human flesh and shiny bits. They strike at night, carrying off stragglers from the streets. An errant drunk, a couple out on a stroll. 14 people have disappeared in the last month & the attacks have become more frequent & brazen. People are afraid to come out at night in this normally vibrant town.

The Mayor and the merchants guild hire the party for 600 gold to investigate. The party can interview 'Captain Sussex' whose ship 'The Wellingsmast' routinely sails these waters carrying provisions. His lookout spied 2 huge black bird-like creatures flying across the night sky on the last full moon out near the harbor cliffs. One of them was carrying a large sack from appearances; or possibly a body. They flew to the cliffs and entered through a gaping slit not easily visible unless you are looking for it. He would transport the characters aboard his 3 masted schooner for free if it would help as he also lives in the community. The hole in the cliff is only an hour's sail from the wharf pending decent winds.

Rumour table

1. A Demon is loose upon the City, hide your children! (false)
2. The Mayor is in on the thievery and takes a cut. (false)
3. The beings that raid & murder amongst our City also target ships at sea. (true)
4. I got a glimpse of one, it was like a giant crow, carrying something large off into the night (true)
5. I hear they have a taste for plump women. I best keep my sister indoors (true?)
6. I say it's common bandits wearing some sort of disguises (false)

The hole in the cliff should be findable without much trouble. It is some 30' off the waterline in a craggy Cliffside a few miles out. There are decent footholds, so anyone could try and scale the cliff face (as a 1st level thief), or the party thief could scale the wall and look to tie off a rope (this may be the smartest route they could decide though there is nothing obvious to tie a rope off to so a spike/hammer would be desirable.) The party would be wise to chance this venture in the daytime hours. The birdmen are nocturnal (as they should have gathered). If they choose to try and enter at night have a 50% chance of them encountering 2 birdmen near the entrance making scaling the cliffs hazard prone.

Note: For this short dungeon to be effective an emphasis should be placed on vibrant description by the DM. {smells, sounds etc. A sense of dread, murky death and a fear of the unknown}. The DM should not map for the players and should only describe as far out as their torchlight may illuminate (with large flickering shadows amongst the walls etc.).

The keyed 'rooms' describe 'areas' more than actual rooms.

There should be a sense they are in a windy natural cavern with a fear of becoming lost and facing unknown horrors..

New Monster: Corvid Birdmen, 6' tall dirty black crow wings, human looking face, cruel visage, cone shaped semi pointed heads. Scraggly oily black hair on their heads.

HD 3+1, AC 6, Move 6"/12", No. atks 3(claw 1d4, claw 1d4 bite 1d6) Special atks. Harmonic cawing, cackling save vs spells or be charmed for 1d6 rounds.

1. Entrance: Muddy white bird droppings. The pungent odor of rot and filth wafts from this dark tunnel-like opening. The natural cave entrance here is roughly 7' high and 5' wide. A damp muddy cavern runs north/south here. If anyone thinks to 'listen' they can hear the faint echo of running water to the south

2. A powerful necromancer (*'Aleister Cruxx'*) dwelled amongst these caves some aeons past. A permanent confusion spell has been cast on the back north half of this cavern. A black haired woman wearing a grey cloak can be seen at the edge of an entering torch's glow. This is a sea Hag (MM pg.86, hp 20) named Laga. She has become insane through her dwellings here and will attack on sight of beauty casting her gaze upon the highest CHR first. All those that enter the northern 40' of this large cavern must also save vs confusion or be confused for 1d6 rounds. At the end of being confused, a character must try another save for the spell to wear off. If the party tries to speak to or contact her she will turn on them and attack. She has no treasure. Scrawled on wall is *'Aleister Cruxx' & 'Death comes ripping....'*

3. Den of the hideous immobile squat bird queen. Upon entering this area the party feels a deep sense of fore-bodeance. Here lies the filthy queen of the Corvid birdmen. She is guarded at all times by 4 Corvid birdmen who will fight to the death. (hit points 18,14,14,13). The queen itself is a bulbous mass of filthy black feathers. Her small bird head appears bald of feathers as a vulture. Her great bulk (some 2000 lbs) no longer permits her to move freely. HD 8, AC 9, hit points 33, atks. 1 bite for 1hp dmg, special attack once every 3 rounds can project a horror induced fear as the spell in a 40' radius. A save vs spells is permitted. Those who fail will seek to flee the area, those who fail the save twice will seek to run to the cliff opening and jump off hoping to end their lives (2d6 fall dmg. as they are dashed on the rocks.) A search of the area reveals two empty tubs that smell horrible (these were her slop pails of entrails). Underneath her bulk amidst her filthy nest of straw, wood and bones are a large amount of coins and a few gems. A thorough inspection reveals 893gp, 177pp 304sp & two medium sized red gems worth 350gp each. Also roll on the 'minor magic items table' from this zine once.

4. 2 Humans (1 male and 1 female, Osun & Hame) hang suspended from bolts in the ceiling in lacquered wood cages, 5 corvid birdmen muddle about in this area, one carries a long prodding cane. Two of them wear silver nose rings (40gp each). There is a large boulder set in the western wall of this cavern. This is a blocked up entrance that used to lead outside.

5. 8 Corvid birdmen , on perches high in the dark ceiling recesses in this massive high ceilinged cave, Two of them will sing(cackle & caw), the rest swoop down to attack. Active if night time, 20% chance asleep during the day. Some treasure can be found up in the nests (25' up). A total of 170gp and 11sp, as well as roll once on the semi-mundane treasure table (from AFS #1), (or a finely crafted brass lantern, worth 90gp, no oil) can be found.

6. 2 wraiths haunt this dank corner, Old pirates loot. 2 large wood chests locked. The smaller of the two has a rusty poison needle trap, save vs poison at +4. Smaller chest contains a +2 sabre with a shiny bronze hilt guard and 400 gold. The larger one contains 100' old hemp rope, a folded up musty white sail, a rusty boat anchor, 3 torches and a dark green cloak (cloak of protection +1)

7. Purple veined mushroom growths can be found here sparsely growing on the walls and ceiling near an underground stream of dark slow moving water, If eaten they heal 1d4 hit points per dose (3 such doses can be foraged in 30 mins). If the DM wishes to expand this dungeon they could do so here (possibly playing up on the former Necromancer that dwelled here in aeons past angle). Otherwise the way here ends.

8. A disheveled heap of dried yellowish sea salt, and bones of human and fish litter the south wall of this undulous cavern giving off a noxious brine smell (harmless). Nothing of value can be found here.

9. Wet moss clings to the walls here as you enter down a slight slope into another large cavern. This is the den of Thal, an old stunted Troll who has lived here since before the Birdmen took up residence. He is crafty and overconfident. The Birdmen fear him and leave him be. He will likely seek to converse with the party, offering not to kill them all if they give him food & treasure. He will fight to the death if attacked. Troll MM pg. 97, Thal has 33 hit points. Treasure is near his filthy sleeping area of moss. 110 pp, 81gp, a rolled up rug of flying, 3 emeralds medium size 200gp each, + roll 1x on the minor magic items table. The cavern is also littered with bones, 2 complete Corvid birdmen skeletons can be found as well as a dwarf skull.

The Zombastodon by Chris Kutalik



No. Enc.: 1-3
Alignment: Chaotic (Evil)
Movement: 120' (40')
Armor Class: 5
Hit Dice: 9
Attacks: 2 tusks, 1 front trample
Damage: 2d6 (tusk), 1d12 (trample)
Save: F9
Morale: 12
XP: 1,500

Though colloquially called "zomabastodons" by feckless wags who care not for life and limb, the *Mammut Morbidium* is a reanimated spirit-demon of the more mundane mastodon.

It is said that Kosteĵ the Deathless himself had a hand in the base sorcery that first revivicated the lifeless corpses of the wooly elephantine pack animals so very much beloved by the northern rump-states of the Hyperboreans in the long glacial age that ended their civilization.

Whatever their origin, Zombastodons have been imbued with a relentless fury at two-legged mammals--and a cold, undying semi-intelligence to sustain that rage over the centuries. They appear as shattered shells of their former robustness, mangy hide splitting, exposed rib bones, and a demonic red glow to their eyes.

Zombastodons have the same range of magical protections as do the more human-appearing undead. They can be turned by clerics as per their hit dice (or as "vampires" in some systems).

Though their tusks are somewhat desiccated and gnarled by the ravages of time, each tusk is still able to fetch 1d4 x 100 gp from collectors of curios and the arcane.

Leiber Ghuls

(by Chris Kutalik)

No. Enc.: 1d6 (5d6)
Alignment: Lawful (Evil)
Movement: 90' (30')
Armor Class: 5
HitDice: 3
Attacks: 1 (weapon)
Damage: Weapon+1
Save: F3
Morale: 11

Leiber Ghuls are practitioners of the Illuminated Doctrine of the Septuagint Anthropophagite (Authentic), a rather extreme mystical sect that maintains that human flesh corrupts the spirit-self.

Unlike other ascetic doctrines, however, the Leiber Ghuls posit a rather straightforward solution: ritual cannibalism. By liberating (ie eating) human and demi-human males of their flesh—women are believed to be inherently too corrupted and hobbits a delicious veal-like delicacy—they believe that they make their little corner of the world a spiritually uplifted place. Resistance is seen as a corrupted mental trick of the meat-demons and is dealt with by an upright and furious force.

Over the aeons, Leiber Ghuls have themselves been transformed by their flesh-eating practices. Their flesh is now wholly composed of a near-invisible translucent goo leaving only a dull pink skeleton to view. Because of this translucence in shadowy environs they will surprise on a 1-3 roll.

The ghuls are highly intelligent and are inordinately fond of debating amongst themselves and others the fine points of their doctrine—even in the midst of a forcible liberation. Once engaged in combat the ghuls will maintain a steady stream of locution about the urgency and inherent rightness of their doctrine until their dying breath.

When found inside their sect quarters, the ghuls will be accompanied by a Sub-Patriarch of the Cleansing Palate (6 HD of their species) and 1-3 lieutenants (4HD). Obsessively-compulsive pyramids of the clothing and bones of those liberated will be found throughout the area, occasionally items of interest will be found within said piles (luxurious clothing, dropped items) totaling up to 50-400 gp. Any weapons of worth picked up in their duties will be employed in use (though they are particularly fond of big nasty barbed weapons).

The ghuls maintain a long-lasting interdimensional friendship with the Gentlemen Ghouls of Stonehell and some distant relations in the world of Nehwon

- Scalydemon (Semi-Mundane Items) 1-5, 16-20
- cwslyclgh (Semi-Mundane Items) 6-10, 21-25
 - Mock26 (Semi-Mundane Items) 11-15, 52
 - Amalric (Semi-Mundane Items) 26-30
- IllGottenPants (Semi-Mundane Items) 36-40, 42a
 - Morlin (Semi-Mundane Items) 41-45
- Vlark (Semi-Mundane Items) 46-51, 57-64, 70-75, 81-87
- apprentice (Semi-Mundane Items) 53-56, 76-80, 88-92
 - Mudguard (Semi-Mundane Items) 65-69

The Big Table of Semi-mundane Items(1d100)

1. Boat anchor with ten foot long rusted chain attached.
2. Jar of glue-like tan ointment.
3. Jar of talc powder.
4. A low-crush hat of black velvet with a scarlet feather.
5. A large (ostrich sized) black speckled egg. [It was stolen from an axe-beak nest nearby in the wilderness, they are angry]
6. An open barrel with the shafts of five spears still rising from it (a close inspection of the spears reveals them to be battle worthy, but not especially valuable).
7. A small cairn, some six feet long by three feet wide by three feet high constructed of fist to head sized stones and broken chunks of masonry (characters excavating it can find the skeletal remains of a woman in rusted and worthless chainmail armor).
8. A brass lantern hanging from a wall hook (wick missing, no oil).
9. A pitch coated two gallon leather bucket half-full of oily water.
10. A huge, misshapen pile of vines, stems, and rotting foliage lying on the floor (if characters have encountered a shambling mound before, they will recognize the pile as the remains of one of those strange creatures).
11. A crate of axe heads (for battle axes) but no shafts.
12. An ornately carved chamber pot.
13. Four plates and four goblets made out of stone with matching knife, fork, and spoon sets. Silverware is metal with stone handles.
14. A dozen candle stubs.
15. A wooden crown.
16. A small burlap sack that contains approximately 300 seeds. [If planted they turn out to be turnip seeds]
17. Five six foot lengths of wood. A Ranger or Elf may recognize these as cut Yew saplings that could be made into excellent long bows by a trained bowyer.
18. A clay bust of a Medusa head.
19. A 30# keg of tack nails.
20. A tun of fortified, very potent red wine.
21. A blunted wooden practice sword.
22. A small wooden box containing 150 butterfly wings.
23. A pedestal holding a half carved marble bust, debris lies on the floor all around.
24. Two bull horns, each broken off about a foot down.
25. A small cask of very strong grain alcohol (characters drinking it must save vs. poison or be blinded).
26. A jar of green paste, which if rubbed on the skin proves extremely repellant to aarakokra.
27. A small pouch of powdered sandstone.
28. A brass door handle.
29. A wyvern claw.
30. A large and very fragile glass water clock, possibly worth 30-50gp.
31. A battered keg containing old, cheap, and mostly-spoiled wine. It's maybe half vinegar, mildly eye & skin irritant, and quite vile.
32. A broken stick, maybe four foot long and dark brown. Close examination by an archer reveals it is (was) a composite short bow...examination by a fletcher reveals it was built for 16 strength. Close examination of the area shows a large bloodstain on the floor where it is found.
33. A practice dummy, on its side with most of the covering torn off & the pedestal broken.
34. A pile of boxes, all stenciled "CANDLES, FOUR DOZEN". All are empty, half are rotted enough to be useless.

35. A latched (not locked) wooden box containing large mallet, a couple of metal bars, a couple of odd-looking spikes, and a straight stick with measurements marked on it. Any stonemason can immediately identify it as the tools of his trade. Dwarves, Gnomes, or Dwarf elves can do the same with an intelligence check on a 1d20.
36. A hand carved limestone mold for making bronze axe heads. Molten bronze is poured into it and after cooling, the two halves are separated, leaving a rough bronze axe head.
37. A small wooden box holding six different sticks of colored chalk. The white and yellow are nearly all used up, only nubs remain.
38. A bent and rusty trap for small animals. Two feet of rusty chain is attached to one end.
39. A pile of corks from wine bottles (2d10), most are starting to disintegrate.
40. A broken clay pipe, the bowl is intact but the stem is in small pieces.
41. A box containing a wooden rolling pin, half a dozen tin cookie cutters in campaign-appropriate holiday shapes and a thin volume of cookie recipes.
42. A 5-inch thick tome with the words "DON'T PANIC" written in large, friendly letters on the cover. The pages have been eaten through by bookworms and are illegible.
- 42a: A large, threadbare towel, approximately 3'x5', very stained.
43. Large glass jar of dill pickles and a pair of metal tongs.
44. Collapsible camp seat. Leather seat needs repair but otherwise usable.
45. Bag full of dirty socks.
46. A small bag containing 72 mice skulls.
47. A stick of black chalk.
48. A half-eaten sausage covered in fuzzy mold.
49. A ceramic jar filled with 63 pickled eggs (and the pickling brine).
50. A fingerless four-fingered leather glove, left handed.
51. A pouch containing 181 pieces of shredded parchment. If pieced together (a task that might take many hours), the PC will be able to read the following message "Thanks for the lovely time last fortnight. Derf and I and I enjoyed our visit very much."
52. A small box of bat dung.
53. A long white sheet with two eyeholes cut out.
54. A 3' diameter hoop fashioned from twisted copper wire.
55. Rusted iron lock - still functions but there is no key.
56. Slender glass box (3x9x13 inches) filled with sand and stinging ants.
57. The right-hand pinky knucklebone of one of the party member's mother.
58. A child's drawing of a lich, rendered on birch bark with charcoal.
59. A small iron cross which smells strongly of mint.
60. A chainmail dog collar.
61. A simple iron helm, caved in on the left side.
62. A set of seven six-sided gambling dice made of bugbear shinbone. One of them rolls true. Usually at an inopportune moment.
63. 1 bunch of skinless grapes.
64. 1 bunch of grape skins.
65. An inflatable leather cushion.
66. An ear trumpet.
67. A fly whisk.
68. A wig(made from real hair).
69. A glass eye.
70. 42 pairs of women's woolen socks, size small.
71. An iron ankle bracelet emblazoned with the sigil of a local deity.
72. 3 stalks of wheat.
73. 13 goblin ears on a wire chain.
74. A round, palm-sized, chalky-black stone that weighs approximately 2 pounds.
75. A ceramic pot of goat urine, sealed with wax.
76. A binful of wooden clothespins.
77. An extravagantly-painted deck of tarot cards.
78. A small tin soldier, 25mm.
79. A worn leather-wrapped ball.
80. A tattered page, obviously torn from a book, which contains a recipe for a delectable onion soup.
81. A fist-sized hair ball coughed up by a mantichore.
82. 3 mastodon toenails.

83. A copper belt buckle.
84. 7 flasks of fermented mare's milk.
85. A sprig of elderberry wrapped in white linen.
86. A battered lantern missing two panes.
87. An owlbear skin rug.
88. A complex puzzle box (can only be opened by a person with intelligence and dexterity of 14 or greater... or a strength of 12+, but destroying the box).
89. An artist's palette with the pigments all dried up (they could possibly be restored with water).
90. Half of a torn treasure map depicting an unfamiliar coastline, the "X" indicating where to dig is on the missing piece.
91. A miniature bellows.
92. A lacquered paper parasol with a fanciful flower pattern.
93. A holy symbol of a good aligned deity.
94. A silver mirror.
95. A grapple hook.
96. A scroll case with a quill, small bottle of ink, and couple parchments.
97. A manacle set with keys.
98. A Deck of Not A Lot of Things, scorched and burned beyond readability.
99. A bar of lye soap.
100. An empty scabbard decorated with gems made of paste. The scabbard is engraved "Property of Arthur."



CRYOMANCER

by Jeff Talanian

*A new magician subclass for use with
Astonishing Swordsmen & Sorcerers of Hyperborea™
and other traditional fantasy role-playing games.
Inspired by Benoist Poiré, with special thanks to Colin Chapman.*

The cryomancer is a sorcerer who masters the control and manipulation of snow, ice, and arctic winds. Through arcane studies and binding pacts made with glacial spirits, the cryomancer develops a spell book similar to that of a magician. Cryomancers form secret societies whose aims are oft deemed incongruous with other practitioners of the arcane. They aspire to unlock the genius of a legendary cabal of puissant sorcerer-priests who, in immemorial times, dwelled in a floating citadel of ice from whence they attended their dread master, The Ashen Worm. Cryomancers vest themselves in robes of colours revealing their personal ethos: Lawful Good cryomancers don pale blue robes trimmed with white and silver; Neutral cryomancers wear white robes trimmed with pale blue and silver; and Lawful Evil cryomancers vest themselves in pale grey trimmed with white and silver. When ranging the icy fields of Hyperborea, cryomancers favour the axe, pick, or spear.

Attribute Requirements: Intelligence 9, Wisdom 9

Prime Attributes: Intelligence, Wisdom

Hit Die Type: d4

Alignment: Any, save Chaotic

Armour Allowed: None

Shields Allowed: None

Favoured Weapons: Axe (hand), dagger, dart,
pick (horseman's), quarterstaff, spear (short)

Saving Throw Modifiers: Device +2, Sorcery +2

Cryomancer (Magician)

Level	Experience	Hit	Fighting	Casting	Spell Levels					
	Points	Dice	Ability	Ability	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	0-2,499	1d4	0	1	1	—	—	—	—	—
2	2,500-4,999	2d4	0	2	2	—	—	—	—	—
3	5,000-9,999	3d4	1	3	2	1	—	—	—	—
4	10,000-19,999	4d4	1	4	3	2	—	—	—	—
5	20,000-39,999	5d4	2	5	3	2	1	—	—	—
6	40,000-79,999	6d4	2	6	4	3	2	—	—	—
7	80,000-159,999	7d4	3	7	4	3	2	1	—	—
8	160,000-319,999	8d4	3	8	4	4	3	2	—	—
9	320,000-479,999	9d4	4	9	5	4	3	2	1	—
10	480,000-639,999	9d4+1	4	10	5	4	4	3	2	—
11	640,000-799,999	9d4+2	5	11	5	5	4	3	2	1
12	800,000+	9d4+3	5	12	5	5	4	4	3	2

Cryomancer (Magician) Class Abilities:

Cold Affinity / Fire Vulnerability: +2 saving throws versus cold-related effects; cumulative with *cold resistance* (q.v.); -2 saving throws versus fire and heat-related effects.

Ice: Once per day per level of experience, invoke a 12-inch icicle to rise from the clenched fist; glows violet, shedding a 15-foot radius of light. An *icicle* can function as a single-use dagger; otherwise, it lasts 6 turns (1 hour) before crumbling or melting.

Read Magic: The ability to decipher unintelligible magical inscriptions or symbols placed on weapons, armour, items, doors, walls, and other media by means of the *sorcerer mark* spell (q.v.) or other like methods.

Scribe Scroll: To scribe a familiar spell onto a scroll, creating a single-use magical device, at a cost of 500 gp + 100 gp per spell level. Materials may include the finest vellum, paper, or papyrus; a fresh quill; and sorcerer's ink, such as sepia. This involved process requires one week per spell level.

Sorcery: Cryomancers cast spells that they memorize from arcane tomes; they also gain favour from elemental forces and otherworldly beings associated with snow and ice. The cryomancer begins his career with a spell book that contains three level 1 spells, these drawn from the *Cryomancer Spell List*. Through personal research, the patronage of elemental powers, and perhaps The Ashen Worm itself, cryomancers develop one new spell at each level gain; this spell is automatically learnt, with no need of a qualification roll. To learn a spell outside of level training, refer to AS&SH VOL. II, SPELLS, *acquiring new spells*. Cryomancers of high intelligence cast a greater number of spells per day (see AS&SH VOL. I, ATTRIBUTES, *intelligence*).

Alchemy: When a cryomancer reaches 7th level, he may begin to concoct potions with the assistance of an alchemist (see AS&SH VOL. III, ADVENTURE, *hirelings*). By 11th level, the cryomancer may engage in this activity on his own. For details, see AS&SH VOL. V, MAGIC ITEM CREATION, *manufacture of potions*.

Stronghold: At 9th level, a cryomancer who builds a stronghold, castle, or tower with a 5-10 mile radius of control is eligible to attract a small body of men-at-arms, 0th-level fighters of 1d8 hp each. Here follows a typical troop:

- 12 infantrymen (*chain mail, small shields, light crossbows, long spears, short swords*)
- 12 halberdiers / pikemen (*splint armour, halberds or pikes, hand axes*)
- 12 longbowmen (*studded armour, longbows, short swords*)

Attracted units include one officer, a 3rd-level fighter responsible for the unit and for communication betwixt the lord and his men. If the reputation of the lord is favourable, further troops may be attracted. Men-at-arms receive 10 gp per month for their service, plus 100 gp for the officer. Inhabitants of the cryomancer's domain provide 5 spin taxes per person per month. Once control and reputation are established, the cryomancer attracts 1d2 apprentice cryomancers (0th-level) who petition him for learning.

N.B.: A warlock (fighter subclass) may elect to practice cryomancy for his sorcery type. Such a warlock may be referred to as an *ice lord*. Also, a *legerdemainist* (thief subclass) who practices the sorcery of a cryomancer is oft referred to as an *ice thief*.

CRYOMANCER SPELLS

Level One	Level Two	Level Three
Chill Touch	Cool Metal	Black Cloud
Cold Resistance	Continuous Light	Cold Protection
Decipher Language	Darkness	Cryonic State
Detect Magic	Detect Body Heat	Dispel Magic
Freezing Hands	Frost Sphere	Dissipate Gas
Hold Portal	Glitterdust	Freeze Surface
Identify	Gust of Wind	Hold Person
Light	Ice Armour	Lightning Bolt
Magic Ice Dart	Ice Axe	Protection from Evil, 15' r.
Melt Ice	Infrared Vision	Secret Page
Precipitate	Invisibility	Slow
Protection from Evil	Levitate	Tiny Hut
Shield	Obscure	Tongues
Shocking Grasp	Ray of Enfeeblement	Water Breathing
Shove	Shatter	Wind Wall
Sorcerer Mark	Wall of Vapours	
Unseen Servant		
Write Spell		

Level Four	Level Five	Level Six
Change Temperature	AirWalk	Aerial Minion
Cone of Cold	Breathe Frost	Chain Lightning
Extend Spell I	Contact Otherworldly Being	Chill of Death
Fire Shield	Control Winds	Control Weather
Ice Javelin	<i>Dismissal</i>	Disintegrate
Ice Storm	Extend Spell II	Extend Spell III
Igloo	Hold Monster	Freezing Sphere
Resilient Sphere	Passwall	<i>Geas</i>
Shout	Sending	Iceberg
Solid Fog	Telekinesis	Legend Lore
Sorcerer Eye	Teleport	Summon Ice Dæmon
Squall	Transform to Winter Wolf	Transformation
Wall of Ice		

N.B.: *Italicized* spells have reverse forms. **Boldface** spells are new.

NEW SPELLS

Breathe Frost

Level: cry 5; Range: 10 feet; Duration: special

The sorcerer must purse his lips after speaking the final incantation of this spell, for the next time he opens his mouth he releases a billowing jet of frost 10 feet long and 5 feet wide at its terminus. Victims in its path sustain 3d8+3 hp damage, though they can attempt *avoidance* saving throws for half damage. The sorcerer can open his mouth at will to release this spell, so he may move, engage in combat, or perform other like activities, though he may not cast other spells. If, however, *breathe frost* is not released within 1 turn (10 minutes), the sorcerer suffers internal frostbite, suffering maximum damage (27 hp) with no saving throw applicable. (This spell can be dangerous if the caster is forgetful and speaks to an ally or other person.)

Chill of Death

Level: cry 6; Range: 60 feet; Duration: instantaneous

The sorcerer points at his victim and utters an incantation of death frost. The target must make a *death* saving throw or suffer a frozen heart (or other vital organ). For every point of difference betwixt the sorcerer's CA and his target's level / HD, the saving throw is modified by ± 1 . So, if a CA 12 sorcerer casts this spell against a 13 HD monster, the monster gains a +1 bonus to its saving throw; if the target is an 8 HD monster, the saving throw is rolled at a -4 penalty. If the target lacks vital organs (e.g., automaton, skeleton, zombie), this spell is ineffective.

Cold Protection

Level: cry 3; *Range:* touch; *Duration:* special

Inures the caster or other recipient from any damage related to normal cold for a duration equal to 1 turn per CA level. Against magical cold (*cone of cold*, *freezing sphere*, winter wolf breath, etc.), the sorcerer gains immunity from a single attack before the spell is broken; a recipient of this spell other than the sorcerer simply gains a +4 saving throw bonus versus magical cold attacks.

Cool Metal

Level: cry 2, mag 2; *Range:* 30 feet; *Duration:* 9 rounds

Freezes metallic objects to blistering temperatures. For every CA level of the sorcerer, up to 5 square feet of metal can be affected, equivalent to 1 Small creature or ½ a Medium creature per CA level; e.g., a CA 6 sorcerer can affect three adjacent armoured men. For larger creatures, the referee must determine a reasonable number of potential targets using the above guidelines (e.g., a mail-clad fomorian may be considered the equivalent of four men). *Cool metal* is quick to freeze, burn, and then blister; likewise it is quick to warm. The dweomer lasts for 9 rounds, with metal treated thusly if in contact with skin:

- *Round 1:* metal becomes *cold*, uncomfortable to the touch.
- *Rounds 2-4:* metal *freezes*, burning for 1d4 hp damage per round.
- *Round 5:* metal *blisters* for 2d4 hp damage.
- *Rounds 6-8:* metal warms to *freezing*, burning for 1d4 hp damage per round.
- *Round 9:* metal warms to *cold*.

Metal affected by *blistering cold* (round 5 of the spell) is subject to brittleness. If an affected armour is struck (this must be deduced by the referee), it is subject to an *item saving throw* (see AS&SH VOL. III, *saving throw*) using the "crystal" category. A failed save could imply the armour's AC is worsened by 1-2. This *item saving throw* also applies to weapons used in melee, or other items as the referee sees fit; e.g., a sword can shatter, and axe blade can snap. Enchanted arms and armour gain a bonus to their save equal to their magical modifier. *Cold resistance* and *cold protection* negate the harmful effects of this spell.

Cryonic State

Level: cry 3; *Range:* touch; *Duration:* 1 day + 1 day per CA level

The caster or other willing recipient is cooled to subzero temperatures, effectively frozen solid and preserved. The recipient of this spell enters a coma from whence he cannot safely be revived until the spell's duration is met. Furthermore, the recipient appears dead, frozen to death by natural or sorcerous means, with no discernible pulse. Thawing begins at about 4 hours before spell's termination. When the spell ends, the recipient needs 1d6 turns before he is able to begin walking and talking as normal. *Cryonic state* can be used to preserve one who is about to die of poison, bleed to death, and so forth.

Freeze Surface

Level: cry 3, wch 4; *Range:* 240 feet; *Duration:* special

Freezes surface water in a 420 × 420-foot area, to 8-inch thickness. The frozen surface can be safely traversed if anchored to land; otherwise it will float. *Freeze surface* can be enchanted to be rough or mirror smooth, the latter of which can be quite slippery. It will melt naturally, variable as determined by the present climate. Also, the sorcerer can end this spell with a flick of his hand.

Freezing Hands

Level: cry 1; *Range:* 5 feet; *Duration:* instantaneous

Plumes of thin, blue-white frost spring from the fingertips of the caster, fanning out in a 120° horizontal arc and causing 2 hp damage per CA level, with no saving throw allowed. Small quantities of water, wine, or ale are frozen by *freezing hands*, but higher alcohol content liquids are unaffected. Small fires can be extinguished by *freezing hands*.

Frost Sphere

Level: cry 2; *Range:* 10 feet; *Duration:* 1 round per CA level

A swirling frost globe of six-foot diameter is evoked by the caster. The sphere begins rolling at a rate of 10 MV in the direction the caster points, rolling over barriers and other obstructions up to five feet high. Water is frozen by the *frost sphere*, small fires are snuffed, and struck creatures suffer 2d4 hp damage unless *sorcery* saves are successful, which negate the spell. As long as the caster concentrates and points, he can continue to direct the *frost sphere* for 1 round per CA level; otherwise, it remains stationary until the duration elapses.

Ice Armour

Level: cry 2; *Range:* 0; *Duration:* 1 turn (10 minutes)

A suit of frozen scale armour clads the sorcerer. *Ice armour* is formed of dense blue ice that is cool to the touch; it provides AC 6 and DR 1 (see AS&SH VOL. I, EQUIPMENT, *armour*). *Ice armour* is so perfectly articulated and light weight that it does not impinge the sorcerer's spell casting in any way, though the standard 30 MV applies. *Ice armour* is melted by exposure to magical fire, but normal fire has minimal impact.

Ice Axe

Level: cry 2; *Range:* 0; *Duration:* 1 round per CA level

The sorcerer must grip a 1½-foot haft of wood to cast this spell. Upon incanting the spell, an axe blade composed of steely-blue ice forms at the end of the haft. The *ice axe* is wielded as though it were a magical hand axe; it functions at +2 "to hit" and delivers 1d6+2 hp damage. If hurled (90-foot range), the *ice axe* automatically strikes its target for 1d6+4 damage, but this effectively ends the spell.

Iceberg

Level: cry 6; *Range:* 60 feet; *Duration:* 1 day per CA level

The sorcerer conducts a 6-turn (1-hour) ritual that requires the sacrifice of 1,000 gp in gold or gems, and the proximity of a significant body of water. He conjures ice to rise from the water, forming a small, pinnacle-shaped *iceberg* that functions as a three-storey shelter with a 30 × 30-foot first floor (below water level), a 20 × 20-foot second floor, and a 10 × 10-foot third floor. *Iceberg* can be fashioned to have transparent ice windows, a solid gate (usually at the second floor), a chimney, and other simple effects that are composed of ice that is cool to the touch—a table, chairs, and bunk beds, if so desired. The magic *iceberg* enjoys other enchantments as well:

- Impervious to normal fire and missiles (arrows and quarrels).
- Can withstand gale force winds and remain buoyant.
- Its gate has a *sorcerer lock* (q.v.), and each window has the strength of iron.
- Contains three *unseen servants* (one at each storey) with the sole function of maintaining the cleanliness of the place and assisting with cooking, stoking the fire, and so forth.
- From the third floor window, the sorcerer can direct the *iceberg* to float 60 feet per round, or 24 miles per day.

The *iceberg* begins to crumble when the spell's duration elapses, so it is always a wise choice to bring a raft or canoe. An expiring *iceberg* can be preserved if the spell is cast again and the requisite sacrifice is met again.

Igloo

Level: cry 4, drd 5; **Range:** 0; **Duration:** 12 turns (2 hours) per CA level

An *igloo* is invoked by the caster, surrounding him and providing suitable shelter for up to six companions. The *igloo* is 10 feet in diameter, with walls that arch to an apex 10 feet in height. The interior temperature is mild and comfortable, about 70°F. This condition is maintained so long as the temperature without is no higher than 90°F and no lower than -30°F; for every degree above or below this range, the interior temperature of the *igloo* rises or drops accordingly. The *igloo* can survive winds of up to 100 mph, though anything more powerful will destroy it. It will withstand rain, sleet, hail, and snow. A lambent light emanates from the interior ceiling upon the command of the caster. From the outside the *igloo* has a snowy white exterior, but from the inside the walls appear transparent, allowing its inhabitants to see the outdoors with perfect clarity. If struck, the *igloo* can sustain 36 hp damage before it is destroyed. Whilst the caster's companions are free to enter and exit the *igloo*, once the caster leaves, the spell terminates.

Magic Ice Dart

Level: cry 1; **Range:** 120 feet; **Duration:** instantaneous

A cyan-glowing icicle forms in the hand of the caster and fires at a selected target for 1d6+1 hp damage. The sorcerer shoots as many *magic ice darts* as he has levels of CA. Each missile requires a "to hit" roll and is fired at a +3 attack bonus; dexterity modifiers also apply. *Magic ice dart* can be divided amongst multiple targets, so long as they are all within range. Each target must be selected in advance.

Squall

Level: cry 4; **Range:** 0; **Duration:** 1 round

A snowy blast of arctic wind blows from the caster (in the direction he faces) in a path that is 10 feet wide and 5 feet long per CA level; e.g., a CA 7 sorcerer can invoke a *squall* that is 10 feet wide by 35 feet long. *Squall* temporarily blinds victims in its path for 1d4 rounds. Blinded creatures automatically lose initiative and suffer -4 penalties on "to hit" rolls, AC, and saving throws. *Squall* extinguishes natural bonfires and can even extinguish a *wall of fire*; too, it disperses and thus dispels magical clouds, fogs, and smoke, such as *cloudkill*, *fog cloud*, and *stinking cloud* (q.v.).

Summon Ice Dæmon

Level: cry 6; **Range:** 240 feet; **Duration:** 1 turn per CA level

This conjuration requires 1 turn to cast and may be performed but once per day. The sorcerer summons an *ice dæmon* (see **NEW MONSTERS**, *ice dæmon*) to serve him. The conjured dæmon obeys the will of the caster, performing any and all actions to the best of its ability, whether they be labour or combat. The sorcerer need not maintain concentration on the dæmon's activity; he can go about performing other tasks (fighting, casting spells, etc.) while the ice dæmon continues to obey his will. There is a 1-in-6 chance that an ice dæmon will at some point turn on its master or his comrades; however, the it can not breach a magic circle.

Transform to Winter Wolf

Level: cry 5; Range: 0; Duration: 1 turn per CA level

The sorcerer alters his form to that of a winter wolf (see AS&SH VOL. IV, BEASTS AND MONSTERS: W, wolf). Upon transformation, the sorcerer is subject to the following benefits and restrictions:

- Physical (AC, FA) and special abilities of the winter wolf are gained, including *frost blast*, *immunity to cold damage*, and *fire vulnerability*.
- The caster retains his previous hit point total and saving throws.
- Possessions are melded with new form; caster no longer gains their benefits if of magical nature.
- Mental capacity retained, though unable to cast other spells; speech changes to the strange language spoken by winter wolves.

The sorcerer can terminate the spell at will, or await expiration. When the spell ends, the caster reverts to natural form and is healed of 2d6 hp of damage (if applicable). If killed whilst in winter wolf form, the sorcerer's true appearance is revealed.

NEW MONSTERS

DAEMON, ICE (Undead Type 13)

No. Encountered:	1d3
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Size:	L
Movement:	40
Dexterity:	10
Armour Class:	0
Hit Dice:	8
No. of Attacks:	2 (bite or sting)
Damage:	2d6 (bite) or 2d4+2 (sting)
Saving Throw:	13
Morale:	9
Experience Points:	1,880
Treasure Class:	B

This dæmon presents as a twenty-foot-long, 5-foot-diameter, segmented worm, with a round maw lined with three rows of fangs, and a 3-foot long tail stinger. Ice dæmons are leprous beasts, pale white in colour, and lined with pale blue ridges. They burrow in the depths of glacial ice, creating vast networks of tubes in the ice. Ice dæmons are said to be the spawn of Yikkorth, “The Ashen Worm”, who is held to have impregnated the great glaciers of Hyperborea with ice dæmon eggs. Men of learning hypothesize that as more ice dæmons hatch and mature, they will galvanize Hyperborea’s glaciers to thicken again and mantle the whole of the realm in ice. Certain cryomancer societies prognosticate this as “The Great Cleansing of Barbarism and Chaos”.

Special:

- 7-in-20 spell resistance versus CA 12 casters. For every CA level less than 12, the chance-in-twenty increases by +1 (see AS&SH VOL. III, *SAVING THROW*, spell resistance).
- Electricity, fire, and gas attacks inflict ½ damage, or ¼ damage if save is made.
- Immune to cold attacks.
- Can cast the following spells at will (though only one at a time): cone of cold, darkness, detect invisibility, infrared vision, wall of ice.
- Once per day, can attempt to beckon another ice dæmon to fight alongside it (as reverse of dismissal), with 1-in-6 chance of success.

MAGICAL TREASURE

Frost Ray Gun: This firearm of ancient Atlantean manufacture is composed of transparent crystal within which runs a coil of thin copper tubing. The weapon can be wielded with one hand, though fired only once per round. When the trigger is squeezed, the gun releases a frosty blue ray that is 30 feet long and 10 feet wide at the terminus. This ray of cold delivers 3d10+3 hp damage (avoidance save allowed for half damage) to any creature in its path. If shot at water, it freezes solid to the ray’s limit. This weapon, which is prized by cryomancer societies, can be fired 66 times before crumbling to crystal shards and copper bits. Modern sorcerers have failed to unlock the riddle of the frost ray gun’s creation.

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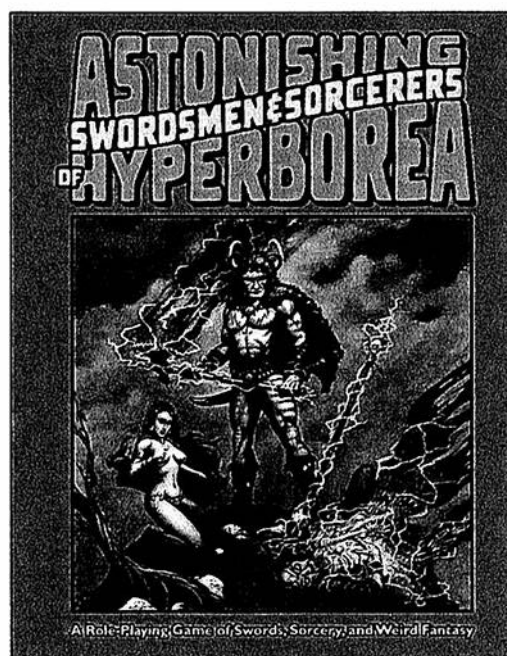
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The Muyoss (aka Cosmos Creature): Mythos Monster from the Lake Geneva Original Campaign

By Robert J. Kuntz

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This alien monster was created late 1973 and sluiced into Gary Gygax' and my own shared campaign environment. I had plans for it (and five more monsters of this pedigree); and thus for its direct application within our campaign play, and more than as "just another monster." Collectively all six had a distinct reason for existing in the campaign structure: they were related in part or whole to a growing story arc that spanned several projects I had either finished or was as yet working on.¹ These campaign stories were incrementally being revealed in various rumors and by the PCs' interactions in relation to them.

Muyoss (Cosmos Creature)

FREQUENCY: Special

NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1-3

ARMOR CLASS: 2

MOVE: 12" levitation; or *Atmospheric Leap* (18" see text)

LEVEL/HIT DICE: 7 HD monster

IN LAIR: 100%

TREASURE: Special (see text)

ATTACKS/DAMAGE: 2 ion-shock bolts/2d6+1 each plus possible mild stun (see text)

SPECIAL: *Reflectorized Body* (boreal based); *Death Implosion* (note the text for both)

COMPOSITE IMMUNITIES: Immune to electrical-based attacks, cold and mind-affecting spells or powers

¹ *Editorial Note:* Reference the accompanying article, *Advent of the Elder Ones: Mythos vs. Man in the Lake Geneva Original Campaign, 1973-1976*

INTELLIGENCE: Alien; mind non-compliant with human patterning (human standard estimate: 16-18)

ALIGNMENT: Alien; neutral; general antipathy to all organic creatures not of its sphere

SIZE: 6' diameter cloud mass

X. P. Value: 1050+4/hp

The muyoss is a creature summoned and controlled by mages or priests of the Elder Ones. The knowledge to accomplish this directly evolved from deepening relations with these alien gods wherein their most favored adherents were informed about the dimension in which the muyoss dwelt. In turn these select few were directed in how to summon and permanently bind these creatures to service.

Their dimension is hidden from Uerthly scrutiny. There is only one ancient source that mentions these beings: *Reflections from the Black Pool* by Nym Slevvus. Relevant text from volume #4 of that 22 volume set states:

...“There are many hidden realms. Several of these correspond to the corners, or cracks, of planes that gods of this dimension cannot fathom. Much escapes through these apertures that cannot again reenter them. Some are creatures with forms recognizable by us of similar make; others, like those that the great Loz-Toron described before his demise, are as alien to us as we are to them.

¹ Editorial Note: Reference the accompanying article, *Advent of the Elder Ones: Mythos vs. Man in the Lake Geneva Original Campaign, 1973-1976*

"One such manifestation is a bright cloud of whirling ice and dust; and as encountered by the Me-goh who thereafter named these the *N'lfsh'isk-X'yna*, which roughly translates to "*The cold-light sky gas.*" As there is no direct corollary for this symbolic description in any of our languages, its transliteration is hereafter ascribed, for purposes of clarity, to a rare cloud formation occurring in northern climes. This anomaly is surprisingly common to those nomads dwelling in the Land of Ebon Ice where it is referred to as *muyoss*, or, '*fierce cloud*'..."

Muyoss appear to be a jumbled collection of dust, tiny particles of ice, and light, in all somewhat reminiscent of a comet's tail. They move by way of an opposing magnetic force projection that allows them to simulate levitation in physical environments. While in space they use the same power to ride solar wind currents.

Atmospheric Leap (move): A muyoss can compress the atmosphere around it to create a wind tunnel that increases its movement speed for that turn by 6" (18" adjusted). This special move can be initiated every other turn.

Muyoss Dust (treasure): A small amount of dust from these creatures always survives from their implosions at death (q.v.). This equates to 3-12 parts. If alchemists having knowledge of transdimensional creatures are available in the DM's campaign, then these can be sought out to make three types of potions from the remaining dust:

- 1) *Potion of Extended Flight:* 2 parts muyoss dust, 3 eagle feathers, 1 roc egg fragment and a 500 gp mixing/decanting fee. When imbibed this allows the PC to fly for x2 the length of time as normal flying potions.
- 2) *Elixir of the Cloud:* 4 parts muyoss dust, 1 diamond (1,000 gp value or above) 2 roc feathers and a 750 gp mixing/decanting fee. When imbibed this allows the PC to freely change back and forth between normal and gaseous forms for turns equal to 1d12 + 1/2 his or her constitution score (rounded up).
- 3) *Potion of Airy Resilience:* 6 parts muyoss dust, 4 roc feathers and a 2,000 gp mixing/decanting fee. When imbibed this strong draught has multiple effects: increases the PC's total hp by +20 (these are removed first when damage occurs); provides a ranged immunity to cold damage for up to 100 hp total; and provides a ranged immunity to electrical damage for up to 50 hp total. Duration is turns equal to the combined intelligence and constitution of the PC.

DMs must determine the availability and/or prices of the additional components for them. These potions should not be readily available for sale since their main component is extremely rare to say the least. If a DM offers them for sale, they should be 2-4x the prices of potions that they most readily resemble.

Combat: The muyoss releases 2 ion-shock bolts per combat phase. These cause 2d6+1 damage each. If both bolts hit the same target a save vs. wands must be made. Failure mildly stuns the target (-2 to hit and damage) for 1 turn. Range: 6".

Reflectorized Body—Boreal (special defense): A reflectorized body always negates extra damage otherwise caused by strength bonuses, magical weaponry and/or powers and spells that equate to this idea. Additionally, a muyoss' body is of the boreal kind, so 50% of all cold-based damage that it would otherwise negate (see *Composite Immunities*) is instead reflected back upon the initiator of these attacks.

Death Implosion (special death): Upon death a muyoss implodes. This destroys most of its physical form while only leaving a trace amount of dust (see *Muyoss Dust*). The resulting energy released by this implosion causes concussion damage, no save, to nearby opponents and in proportion to their distance from it: 1-3 feet: 1d12 dmg; 4-7 feet 1d8 dmg; 8-10 feet: 1d4 dmg.

The Big Table of Minor Magic Items (roll 4d20 and add results)

By Scalydemon, MajorKookie, Bochi, Mith, Madalch, Stormbringer, Extempus, Mannahnin,

4. Potion of clear thought, nearly opaque with a moss green tint, adds +6 to WIS (Max 19) for 6 hours
5. Boots of athleticism, high soft black rubber boots. Enables wearer to standing jump 6' high
6. Bundle of 4 arrows, +1 to dmg only
7. Short sword of justice, +1, on a natural 20 does double dmg
8. Potion of wit, the quoffer of this milky red potion is full of astounding & witty observations for the next 2 hours, + 2 CHR, +2 INT (Max 19)
9. Wand of direction, a small brown wooden wand, somewhat knotted and gnarled. If pointed in any direction a telepathic voice comes to the user telling him exactly what direction the wand is pointing (ie. north, southwest etc.)
10. Magic quill, never runs out of black ink
11. Magic door spike, rust colored. A door spiked shut with this can only be entered with a knock spell
12. Buckler of Bravado, +3" movement, +1 initiative
13. Cap of Constancy, Cannot lie, cheat or steal but adds +3 to charisma as long as it's worn
14. Baldric of Bones, AC5 normal; AC 2 against undead; undead take 1-2 hp damage from its positive energy every time the baldric is hit by them (75% chance/successful hit)
15. Lyre of Listlessness, has a 90% chance when played of emitting a low grade sleep spell (saves vs. spells apply) that affects creatures of lv2 (1-3), or lv1 (2-6) for 2-4 turns; there is a 10% chance that the lyre will malfunction and put the player to sleep for 1 turn, no save
16. Wand of Stuttering, when used on a single target causes it to stutter for rounds equal to 30 minus its Int; saves apply
17. Grave Goad, a blessed sickle that does double damage (2-12) to undead in graveyards or within 200 yards of these

18. Hachim's Horrendous Hooka, once a day sends forth a noxious cloud spell, but has a 20% chance of nauseating the one creating the cloud, reducing their movement speed and melee attacks by 2"/-2 for 1-3 turns
19. Ferret Figurine, a minor FoWP that may be summoned once per 24-hour period to scout for 2-20 turns; AC10, 1-2 hp, MV 12" (silently), negligible attack;
20. Cursed shield, medium round metal shield with a red bullseye.-2 shield (if a character is so un-wise as to pick it up)
21. Large 10" canary yellow feather. Wave above head and weilder floats 2' off the ground, but can't control movement. Duration is until his/her arm gets tired (10-15 minutes)
22. Cloak of Draftiness (cursed), wearer always feels chilled down to the bone. Prone to sickness, 10% chance of contracting a disease each day
23. Mead of Drunkenness, (the Green Hornet), appears as a small silver flask with an angry hornet etched onto it's side. 8 shots/doses. Each shot causes inebriation for 4 hours. -2 to hit/dmg in combat. One might be best to sleep this one off..
24. Cigarillo of Coughing. 1 puff from this filterless cigarette causing uncontrollable loud coughing for an hour straight. Reforms into a fresh unlit cigarette 1 hour after lighting
25. +0 magical sword. At least it can do dmg to those only affected by magical weapons.
26. Caftan of Craftiness, generally adds +1 to dexterity; specifically adds +5% to a thief's pick pocket and hide in shadows chances
27. Oil of Ogrishness, applied to person, grants ogre strength for 2-4 hours but reduces both intelligence and charisma (warts and skin discoloration) by -4
28. Quillon of Quickness, normal cross guard/hilt that when joined to a blade through 'smithing confers a +3 to initiative and +1 to attack
29. Brazen Branch, functions as an unlimited duration torch
30. Gax's Gaiters, provides +2 to current AC, may spring/leap once a day as per the 'boots
31. Q'Adille's Frustrating Board Game: A gaming board with pieces and rules, the which are both tantalising and ambiguous, so that those attempting to play will be afflicted as by the spell confusion.

32. Starella's Potion Primer: Editions of this magical tome contain 1d4+1 potion recipes. Recipes can be copied but will disappear from the book.
33. Boots of Marching: These boots enable the wearer to make a forced march without suffering from the effects of exhaustion.
34. Codpiece of Truth and Deceit: This enchanted garment becomes increasingly tent-shaped when its wearer is telling lies. Much prized by virtuous wives and braggarts alike.
35. Magic Chilli Peppers: These spicy vegetables can be used to slow the effects of poison, mitigate the symptoms of disease and hold parasitical infections at bay. The underlying condition remains but its ill effects are put aside for 3-12 hours after consuming a pepper. Each pepper also does 1d4 damage, such as its heat. Green peppers: slow poison. Red peppers: mitigate disease. Yellow peppers: withstand parasites.
36. Replenishing waterskin: A waterskin holding two pints of water, which, on being emptied, will be found to have replenished itself the next morning.
37. Hay bricks: Bricks of hay, magically compacted, which, with the addition of water, reconstitute into a full day's feed for a single equine.
38. Mittens of Appraisal: These scruffy woollen mittens increase, by 5%, the chance of making an accurate appraisal of the value of gems, jewelry, and other valuables.
39. Ring of alignment concealment: This ring has the effect of concealing the wearer's alignment from detection magic such as Detect Evil or Know Alignment spells.
40. Club of Backlash: A magical +1 club that does half damage to the wielder and full damage to the opponent. The wielder is only damaged if the opponent is hit. (Also sword of backlash, mace of backlash, etc.)
41. Pegana's Permissible Miscibility Potion, allows one of two already quaffed potions to be dispelled (random 50/50) and another to be consumed thereafter; also dispels minor poison effects (DMs adjudicate) and indigestion
42. The Penetrating Point, A sword tip, which when attached through 'smithing to replace any normal blade's tip increases the new composite weapon's damage by +3
43. Hare's Horn of Hunting, when sounded summons all mammalian critters in a 100 yard radius; upon approaching within 20' of the horn wielder the animals realize their situation and immediately retreat (special cases may negate that, as in irate bears, etc.)

44. Kwag's Kerfluffle, when this dust is thrown in a 10' r. area saves must be made vs. spells; failing these cause those effected by the dust to start niggling arguments and trifling egoistic struggles among themselves. This causes a -2 to attack rolls as they attempt to outdo each other, thus confounding singular efforts; duration: 2-4 turns

45. The Myopic Minikin, a failed minor FoWP; this summons a 1' tall human of less than energetic demeanor: MV: 5", HP 6, AC 10, flees rather than attacks. It claims to be able to carry 500 lbs of material, though it is noted that only 10% of that is truly the case. It lags behind, complains and otherwise makes excuses for its myopic behavior. It may be summoned 10 times and always seems perturbed upon appearing

46. Megan's Mancatcher, contrived and once used by the female mage Megan (the "Avidly-Avoided") Mckannen in repeated attempts to get herself a husband, this +1 weapon pins those hit by it, effectively reducing to-hit rolls by -2, AC by -3 and halving movement. Opposing strength checks/turn allows the pinned target to break free if the balance is +2 or more in their favor

47. Ring of Zhalandron, this ring is made of platinum, set with a large oval shaped black onyx. 2d20 charges. The wielder can shoot a pencil sized diameter ray of negative energy from the ring, which strikes as does a magic missile. Damage 1d3

48. Ring of Disillusionment. Gold ring with a pale yellow stone. Allows the wearer +4 when saving vs illusion based magic

49. Horn of shrillness. Appears as a large horn carved from a mastadon tusk with a copper band. When blown into it emits a terrible high pitched shrieking noise. Anyone within a room, or in it's 40' range takes 1d4 damage + roll for wandering monsters

50. Amon's golden coins. 10 gold coins etched with a horned devil face. They are activated when picked up or moved. 10 minutes after being moved they begin to burn red hot. If stuck in a bag or pouch, backpack etc, they will burn through the bottom of the container in 2 turns. Other items may also spill out, and there is a 1 in 4 chance the sack catches fire

51. Magical spear. (Pigsticker), +1 spear, +3 vs Orcs

52. Magical shield. (the semi-fabled 'Defender of Hamshire'). Appears as a small round metal shield with a lightning bolt insignia. Usable only by Hobbits, +1 shield, +4 saves vs electrical based attacks

53. Magical dog barding armour. Aqua green in hue constructed from a slain mythical sea creature. This was commissioned to be made by the famous Wizard Phandaal for a deceased King's favorite deerhound. Functions as +1 scale mail armor

54. Cugel's Kerchief, When held to face rebuffs noxious fumes 50% of the time, including magically generated ones, up to 3rd level; and generally suppresses sneezing fits
55. Rhialto's Marvelous Rapier, +0 vs. summoned creatures; for every 25 levels slain of enemy-summoned creatures it gains a permanent +1 to hit and damage to a maximum of +4
56. Power sling - This sling has a range twice that of normal slings, increasing short, medium and long range proportionately.
57. Hat of holding - These hats, while no greater volume inside than outside, can negate the weight of objects that fit inside them. The objects are retained by the hat even when worn on top of the owner's head.
60. Compass of retrogression: The compass of retrogression will always point towards the location where the compass was last consulted.
61. Suit of Lincoln Green - This cloth suit (treat as padded armor) gives a +1 bonus to all missile attacks.
62. Badge of proficiency - Cloth or enamel badges which, when sewn or riveted in place, grant the bearer a proficiency, typically of woodcraft, scouting, or similar activity.
63. Hiero's Hacksaw, doubles the speed of cutting wood, etc.
64. Benign Boot Buckles, set of 2; when used as clasps for boots, provides an instant 40% chance of avoiding short falls (to 20'); improves a thief's climb percentage by 10%; and allows one to resist the effects of stubbed toes
65. Faerie Flint, a flint that produces a spark in even wet conditions
66. Homestones A pouch of magical pebbles, when poured on to the ground they form an arrow which points in the direction of the possessor's home.
67. Cursed Cloak of the Doppelganger Appears as a normal hooded cloak. Everytime the wearer of this cloak kills a human or humanoid being their physical form changes to that of the person/humanoid they have just killed. Their appearance will remain this way until they kill another person/humanoid or until they rid themselves of the cursed cloak.
68. Daggers of Dwerulas Two curvy-bladed daggers, their hilts are fashioned to look as if bound by twisting thorny-stemmed roses. Though these magical daggers do not bestow any bonus to hit, they do allow the wielder to use both daggers ambidextrously with no penalties.

69. Shriving Stole: 1x per day, a cleric wearing this item of vestment may bless a person or group of people (up to 10) about to go into potentially mortal danger, such as battle or disarming a lethal trap. The blessing lasts until the end of the task, granting +1 to hit and saves, and +10% or +2 on applicable thief skill, ability, or similar checks.

70. Awen of Inspiration: An amulet bearing the symbol of three lines radiating downward from three points, this token allows a Druid to cast Augury 1x/day and Commune with Nature 1x/week.

71. Fumligor's Feather Bonnet, a mass of variegated feathers rising several feet above the head; this has two advantages when worn: 1) it provides instant succor from the dehydration effects of the hottest day (120 degrees F. max) and 2) reduces fire damage by 1 point/every 6 points sustained.

72. Quota Quoit, a light, 1' radius iron ring that is festooned with symbols of feet, ankles and legs; when thrown on the ground before an opponent an attack roll against their AC is made to see if they step in it; doing so activates the quoit's magic and it grasps the target and contracts about the ankle, causing 1 hp of damage/turn and slowing movement by 25%. These can be removed only if the target ceases movement and combat to take time to do so; wrenching these free causes 1d3 points tearing damage. These otherwise fall off legs after 2-4 turns. Their use is limited to 1-6 "tosses" before losing their magic.

73. Magic Apple (cursed). (The Golden Apple of Asticots), appears as a ripe golden apple, with a slight warm radiance/shine. If bitten into 1d6 1"bone white maggots immediately crawl down the eaters throat. The maggots each cause 1 pt of damage internally starting the next round, and this damage is re-occurring each round until they eat your stomach out. Can be immediately killed by swallowing any form of alcohol

74. Mirror of Vanity. This mirror appears as a polished hand mirror with an oval glass. The handle is adorned with wild roses. Those gazing into it appear as the most beautiful age & moment of their life. If a child looks into it they appear the same. (May fetch a handsome price from an aging queen or similar)

75. Infra-lantern: This simple device was developed by dwarves for use in their mines (though it can be used just about anywhere); it appears to be a regular lantern, however, once lit, it does not glow with visible light. Rather, it radiates infrared and so it illuminates everything within a 60' radius to anyone using infravision (very useful in areas with no temperature differentials to distinguish). Visible light renders these devices useless, so they can be used only in total darkness. Anyone may use an infra-lantern, it is lit using normal means, but the flame is barely visible to anyone with normal vision. Even though it illuminates a limited area, it is quite visible to anything with infravision up to a distance of 30".

76. Magical Mace (cursed), (False Mace of Cuthbert) - This item appears as a mace in excellent condition. Upon close inspection etched in common above the handle is the word 'Cuthbert'. This artifact was actually created by an evil Cleric who particularly despised Cuthbert & his followers. Anytime the wielder comes into contact with any form of undead they are drawn to attack him/her. If there are a high number of undead encountered in one combat have 3 of them attack the wielder.

77. Horn of Fineous: This magical horn, upon being blown, summons unexpectedly feeble aid. The dweomer upon the horn implies the aid of heroes and powerful magical beings, but in reality the horn will summon 1-6 giant rats, 1-4 men at arms, 1-3 goblins, 1-2 giant centipedes, or 1 manes.

78. Mask of Illusion- Each of these masks cloaks the wearer in a preset racial illusion. For example: Dwarf, Wood Elf, High Elf, Orc, Human, Halfling, Hill Dwarf, Gnoll, etc... This illusion is permanent as long as the mask is in place.

79. Darkwood Bracers- These darkwood bracers weigh 2lbs. These bracers can summon up to 10 non-magical arrows in a day. All that must be done is to pull back on a bow string and an arrow will summon into place. These arrows will be ready to fire and may be either sheaf or flight decided by the wearer.

80. Magical dirk (cursed) . Upon picking up this knife the wielder must save vs spells. If failed it will cause temporary violent insanity in which he/she will cut off a finger (roll randomly) from the off hand. After this is done the wielder is free to put down the weapon. The skeleton bone of a finger may be found nearby

THE TEMPLAR

Requirements: Lawful or Chaotic alignment (according to deity)

Prime Requisite: STR, WIS

Hit Dice: 1d8

Maximum Level: None

Attack Table: as Fighter

Saving Throws: as Fighter

Weapons & Armor: as Fighter

Experience Table: as Fighter with -5% XP penalty

Special: Divine Intervention



Templars are fighting-men who are members of a religious militant order. Not all religions and cults have templar orders but some have more than one. Typically, religions that originate these kind of associations are militant, proselytistic and certainly not prone to pacifism. All without exception emanate from "civilized" human societies and will be to some extent enmeshed in its social fabric. After all, no polity would tolerate armies of religious adepts of a hostile Deity within its midst.

Templar orders vary immensely. Some are powerful and renown with rich holdings and veritable armies of members, others are small, obscure and so poor they lack even a HQ. Some orders rival the hierarchy of the church or cult they belong to in prestige and political clout while others are little more than errand-boys and temple-guards. The grandest among them are led by the sons of nobles or rich merchants and can form a considerable portion of the total military forces available to a city-state or even a small nation.

Templars are usually organized in a manner similar to knightly orders. Like them they have adopted the tradition of *errant questing* and allow individual templars or small groups to exist half-outside the hierarchy to roam the land doing grand and great deeds. Solitary templars or those who are members of an adventuring party are bound to belong to this category.

A templar's level represents his ranking both in the Order and the Church he is a part of. A templar, even an errant one, must obey not only the orders of his Order superiors but of priests of his religion of equal or higher level than him. He may command Templars and priests who are of lower levels unless they are under orders from someone that outranks him.

Rules: Templars are fighters and use the same rules (core, optional or house) that Fighters do. Hit dice, attack tables, saving throws, weapon & armor use, etc. If Weapon Mastery rules are used in the game templars gain them at the same rate as fighters. Despite their religious nature templars cannot make use of magical items designed for the Cleric class, neither can they use clerical spell scrolls.

Templars advance in level as fighters but with a -5% XP penalty. A templar must have at least 13 in both the STR and WIS prime requisites in order to lose the -5% to experience. If any of the two is at least 16 and the other 13 he gets a +5% bonus. Obtaining an XP bonus above this is not possible.

Preferred Weapon: Most religions have a weapon that is associated with the Deity and considered holy. A templar will always carry one with him out of respect for the God even if it isn't his main weapon of choice. However, if Weapon Mastery rules are used a templar cannot have any of higher level than that of the preferred weapon. Magical weapons are a different matter. Those of the preferred kind are very highly valued and a templar will take a preferred weapon of lesser enchantment of a more powerful one of a different kind. The templar of *St. Cuthbert of the Mace* would prefer a +1 mace to a +2 sword and would trade the later for the former if given the chance.

Divine Intervention: Anyone can beg for divine intervention but aside from priests and a very few particularly pious persons, templars, dedicating their very lives to the Deity as they do, are the only ones who can expect anything resembling an assurance of positive results.

The number of requests for divine intervention that can be attempted per day is equal to the templar's level, as is the maximum number of requests that will be answered in a week. The base percentile chance of success is equal to the templar's level plus his wisdom (WIS + Level on 1d100).

To ask for divine intervention the templar must have a holy symbol on his person. There are two forms of request: Normal and Ritual. Both have the same effects but the first requires one full round of concentration and silent prayer or booming vociferation, the later needs one turn of ritualistic prayer. A ritual request has the same base chance of intervention being granted (WIS + Lvl)% but the probabilities may be increased favorably by means of sacrifice. As a guideline each 200 gp worth of coin or material wealth sacrificed to the Deity increases the chance of divine intervention by 1%. Living sacrifices (evil humanoids or innocent people depending on the alignment of the templar) will increase the chance by 3% per HD. Particularly valuable sacrifices (a known villain, an orc chief, young virgins) grant 6% per HD. Magical items may be sacrificed too, a ring is worth +10%, a weapon or armor 10% times its bonus, an item with charges is worth 1% per charge up to a maximum of 50% and a miscellaneous magic item is worth anywhere from +10% to +50% depending on its power and rarity. Extra participants in the ritual can increase the chance too, devout followers of the templar's religion are worth 1% each while a priest is worth 2%, regardless of character levels.

The templar can ask for any of the following effects by divine intervention:

A) one Clerical spell than can be cast by a cleric of his level

B) one Magic-User spell that can be cast by a magic-user of his level AND could be associated with the deity (Fireball for a god of fire, Cone of Cold for a deity from the frozen north, etc)

C) one Roll on the Turning Undead Table as a cleric of his level

If the divine intervention 1d100 roll fails there is no effect. Obviously, turning undead and some spells cannot be requested in a ritual manner. All spells work as described except for healing magic which has the maximum effect possible. A divine intervention *cure serious wounds* always heals 14 hit points rather than 2d6+2.

Divine Retribution: There is a chance the deity is angered at the request and punished a petulant templar. If this happens he immediately suffers 1d6 points of divine damage per character level with no saving throw and cannot attempt more requests for intervention until the next day. Retribution takes place in the following occasions:

A) a result of 96-00 is rolled on the 1d100, unless the % chance is equal of greater than the roll #

B) the intervention is requested for something clearly against the interests of the Deity ##

C) the number of requests per day is exceeded

D) the number of requests granted per week is exceeded

E) the intervention is requested for petty reasons, for something that could be easily achieved without it or with an effect disproportionate to the need ###

- a result of "00" always causes divine retribution even for a 100% chance

- such as healing an enemy or sworn foe of the religion

- asking for a Cure Critical Wounds effects to a wound of 2 damage points is a good example of this

Reaching 9th level: Once he reaches 9th level, a Templar attains the title of "Grandmaster" within his Order and may establish or build a stronghold. So long as the templar is currently in favor with his Deity and Order, he may buy or build a keep at half the normal price due a combination of divine intervention and order resources. Once the stronghold is established, it will attract followers. These will be 5d12+15 1st and 2nd level fighters who wish to join the Order, a contingent of 5d10 templars of same level, 4d6 1st-level novitiate priests of the character's religion and one high-priest of at least 5th level. All followers are completely loyal (never checking morale). The priests and templars will remain in the stronghold and assure its defense, rallying forth only in times of great need. The fighters are the character's private army, and personal henchmen he takes from their number can be elevated to templars and form the Grandmaster's Honor Guard.

Templars & Clerics: The precise relationship between the two classes is left for the individual GM to decide. If I was running a LL game the relationship would be *none* because clerics as such would not exist. Their role would be taken by the combination of templars and ritual-priests. The average priest is but a normal person with no powers to speak of who labors for the glory of his Deity at a temple, sometimes doing such mundane things as cooking or accounting. Liturgical priests conduct the rituals and prayers for the faithful but these (besides the possibility of divine intervention) are non-magical in nature. Divine magic and the ability to banish supernatural creatures by sheer force of will is the sole purvey of ritual-priests. Scholastic in bent, they are more akin to magic-users than clerics and their combat ability is likewise limited. Their rarity (one does not become a ritual-priest, one is born with the potential for it and may be lucky enough to obtain training) and importance makes ritual-priests extremely precious for any cult. Without at least one present, a temple is just a place where people gather and the faithful, denied the chance to see miracles happen at the drop of a hat, might become less faithful and depart for greener pastures. This means ritual-priests can pull weight within the hierarchy vastly superior to their rank. Many, much to chagrin of a temple's high priest take wandering sabbaticals that may last for years, maybe forever, and travel with groups of questing templars or adventuring parties to serve not only God but their wallets and their thirst for riches and excitement. As long as the travelling lay-priest keeps tithing to the temple's coffers there is little the high priest can do...after all, who would go against the chosen of God?

