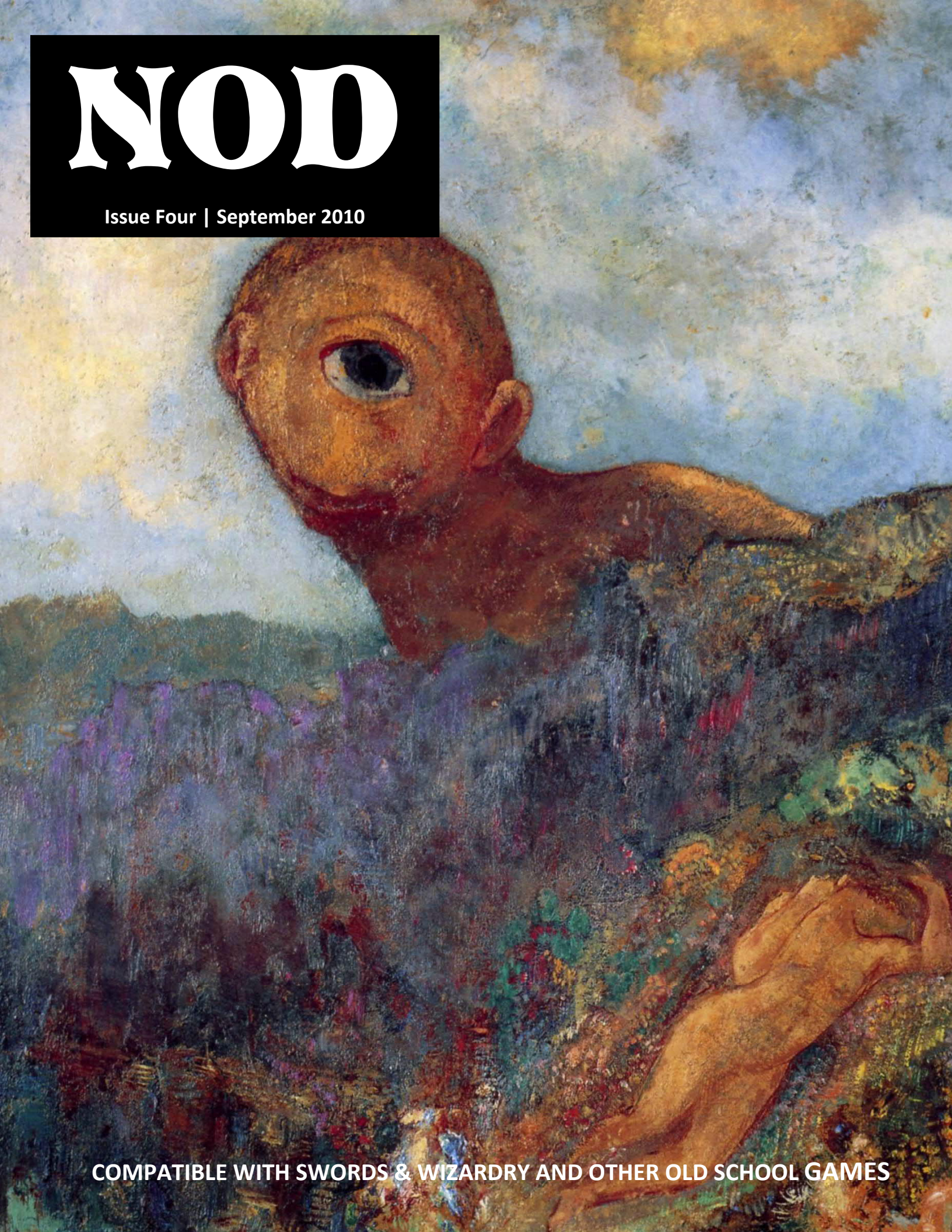


NOD

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COMPATIBLE WITH SWORDS & WIZARDRY AND OTHER OLD SCHOOL GAMES

Written and edited by John M. Stater

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The Cyclops

by Odilon Redon (1840-1916)

French painter of the symbolist school. Born in Aquitaine to a wealthy family, he began drawing at an early age. His father insisted he become an architect, but he failed to pass the entrance exams. He studied under Jean-Léon Gérôme and Rodolphe Bresdin and later served in the army during the Franco-Prussian War.

Page 76 features Cleopatra's Own Galley by Warwick Goble

Medieval Bestiary

By John M. Stater

European folklore holds a candle to none in the breadth and depth of its imagination. Europeans populated not only their own countries with all manner of strange beasts and monsters, but extended their imaginations over the entire globe. While a good many of these creatures have been given game statistics, several have not. Some of these creatures are, to be sure, simple variations on existing monsters – ogres, giants, fairies, spirits, etc. Others are just not threatening or interesting enough to demand statistics. Those monsters of the folklore of France, Germany and the Low Countries and those of medieval bestiaries and heraldry that I thought both unique and challenging are presented below.

The monster descriptions and statistics in his article are declared Open Game Content.

Abarimon

First described by Pliny the Elder in his *Natural History*, the abarimon lived in a country, also called Abarimon, in a great valley of Mount Imaus (i.e. the Himalayas). Despite their feet being turned backwards, or perhaps because of it, they were incredibly swift runners. The abarimon were terribly savage, and lived alongside wild animals. The air in the valley of Abarimon is so pure, that once one has become accustomed to it, they cannot leave the valley again without dying.



In game terms, the abarimon are humanoids who have backwards pointing feet. They dwell in mountain valleys and live the life of hunter-gatherers. They are swift runners, and as cunning as any animal. The abarimon speak a simple dialect of grunts and gestures, and place no value on treasure other than weapons.

| *Abarimon*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6) or 1 unarmed (1d3); Move 18; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

Alce (Keythong)

The alce is a wingless griffon, the offspring of a true griffon and a lion. Although lacking the ability to fly, it makes up for this with a coat of spikes, not unlike that of a hedgehog. Because of these spikes and the beast's vicious disposition, creatures engaged in melee combat with an alce must make a saving throw each round to avoid suffering 1d4 points of damage from the spikes. Alces usually live in highlands bordering mountains inhabited by griffons.

| *Alce*: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spikes.

Allocamelus

The allocamelus is the offspring of an ass and a camel. The allocamelus has the head of an ass and the body of a camel. The creature is used as a pack animal throughout Venatia and the Golden Coast. It is not as tolerant of the desert heat as the camel, but can in most respects be treated as that creature.

Alp (Schrat, Walrider)

In German folklore, the alp is a creature that resembles the incubus (the male version of a succubus) and the vampire. The word "alp" is related to the word "elf".

The alp is a minor demon that appears as a demonic satyr wearing a hat in a style common to the region. The female version is called a "mara". In either case, the creature attacks sleeping people, controlling their dreams and trapping them in terrible nightmares. While the victim is unable to rouse himself, the alp sits upon his chest, making it difficult to draw breath. The alp might also attempt to

suckle on its victim, male or female, drawing blood if no breast milk is forthcoming. Alps can change themselves into the form of a boar, cat, viper, wolf or a small, white butterfly, and it is in this last guise that it often infiltrates a home. The alp's hat, or tarnkappe, acts as a cloak of invisibility, though the hat itself always remains visible. Besides being able to use the nightmare spell at will (but only at night), the alp's gaze can either cause disease or bestow a curse. In either case, a saving throw is allowed to negate the effect.

| Alp: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 horn (1d4) and 1 bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Nightmare, gaze attack, change shape, cap of invisibility, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.

Alphyn

The alphyn's name means "chaser". A heraldic creature, it resembles a large wolf with the forelegs of an eagle and the hind legs of a lion. It has a long tail that is invariably knotted in the middle, and a long, flicking tongue like that of a snake. The alphyn is a powerful predator of the forest and highlands. As large as a tiger, it has multiple, vicious attacks and the tracking abilities of a wolf. In combat, an alphyn that hits the same target with both fore claws gets two additional attacks on that target with its rear claws. Alphyns often run in small packs of 2 to 5 monsters. Their baying can be heard for miles. Up close, it causes fear (saving throw to negate), but even from afar it makes one's hair stand on end. Some hold that the alphyn is the executioner of the fairy court.



| Alphyn: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d6); Move 15; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Rear claws, immune to fear, can track creatures on a roll of 1-5 on 1d6.

Amphiptere

The amphiptere is a small, legless wyvern. The amphiptere is faster, more flexible and cleverer than the wyvern. An amphiptere is capable of folding its wings close to body and hiding in small (for a large creature) spaces and then springing out. This gives it the ability to surprise on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. The amphiptere retains the wyvern's stinging tail.

| Amphiptere: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d6), 1 sting (1d6); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Poison sting, flight.

Apes

The callitrix, or cericopithecus, was a monkey with a long beard and wide tail that always gave birth to twins, loving one and hating the other. While this does make it something of a jerk, it doesn't make for an interesting encounter. If the need arises, use the gorilla's statistics for a callitrix.

Aspidochelone (Fastitocalon, Jasconius)

The aspidochelone, or "asp-turtle" is either a whale or sea turtle or an amalgam of the two, that has grown to such a massive size as to be, in essence, a living island. In game terms, the creature is a massive sea turtle with a craggy shell that can easily be mistaken for a small island. The shell is caked with soil from which grows trees and flow small streams. The aspidochelone is among the largest creatures in creation, its shell having a diameter of approximately 300 feet. Unfortunately, the aspidochelone is a cruel beast. It surfaces and allows desperate sailors to land on its back. After they have tied their ships down and made camp, it suddenly submerges again, plunging them into the ocean and then gobbling them up as they flail about helplessly. A victim of the creature's bite attack must pass a saving throw or be swallowed whole. Creatures inside the aspidochelone's stomach suffer 1d6 points of damage each round from the stomach acids and poisonous vapors. From the inside, the creature has an Armor Class of 6 [13]. Escaping into the esophagus requires an open doors roll.

| Aspidochelone: HD 20; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 3; Save 3; CL/XP 21/4700; Special: Swallow whole.

Barbegazi

A creature from the folklore of the Swiss, the barbegazi resembles a dwarf covered in white fur and sporting a long beard and two enormous feet. They dwell in large, extended families in the highest mountains, traveling through the snow cover using their feet as skis or snowshoes. In the summer months, they doze away in caves and tunnels, not awakening until the first snowfall. The barbegazi are generally kind, warning people of impending avalanches and helping shepherds find lost sheep. They are usually encountered in bands of 6 to 10 individuals traveling from one community to another. These parties are armed with clubs and darts made of ice. They are not slowed by the snow, and can reach high speeds when skiing downhill.

| Barbegazi: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4+1); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Immune to cold, weapons cause +1 point of cold damage.

Birds

Several strange species of birds are described in medieval bestiaries. Most of them are not fit for a combat encounter, but they make for interesting non-combat encounters, or the goal of quests for magical ingredients.

The avalerion was a beakless bird with stumpy, feathered legs. After two avalerion mate and lay a pair of eggs, they drown themselves.

The barnacle goose is another interesting creature of European folklore. It was a small marsh goose that was believed to be born from a piece of driftwood, in much the same way that it was believed that flies were born out of rotting flesh and mice out of grain.

The hercinia was a bird of the Hercynian Forest. Its feathers glowed brightly, illuminating the forest at night.

Bishop Fish

The bishop fish, or sea bishop, is a bipedal fish with a human face and a pointed head that resembles a bishop's mitre. A couple specimens were said to have been captured in the 16th century. One, while being studied by a group of bishops, pleaded to be released through gesturing. When the bishops acquiesced, the bishop fish made the sign of the cross before disappearing into the waves.



In game terms, the bishop fish can be treated as a more lawful version of the locathah. Bishop fish communities are led by low- to mid-level clerics of lawful deities. The bishop of a community is served by a bodyguard of 3 to 6 monk-fish. Monk-fish have maximum hit points for a bishop fish and can cast spells as 2nd level clerics. Bishop fish cannot speak out of water, but are capable of communicating with hand gestures.



Blemmye (Acephali)

Blemmyes are a race of headless men and women who have their faces in their chests. Pliny the Elder, the champion monster creator of his day, placed them as inhabitants of Nubia, Kush or Ethiopia. Others placed them in India. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote about a tribe of the creatures living in the Caribbean.

The blemmyes are humanoids without heads. They have eyes, mouths and noses in their chests, but are without ears and thus deaf. They live in small bands of 20 to 40 individuals, living by hunting and gathering. They are known to eat sentient humanoids, so one must take care when interacting with them.

| *Blemmye*: HD 1+1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6) or 1 bite (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprised on 1-2 on 1d6, immune to affects that work through sound.

Bonnacon (Bonasus)

The bonnacon was believed to be a species of bison native to the steppes of Asia. The bonnacon had curled horns and a most unpleasant form of self-defense. When attacked, the creature flees and sprays behind it a cone of acidic dung. Pliny describes the creature as a bull with the mane of a horse and horns curled back in such a manner as to be useless for fighting. The bonnacon's "cone of dung" is 120 feet long and 50 feet wide at the base. Creatures caught in the shower suffer 1d6 points of damage (or half with a successful saving throw). Creatures hit by the dung suffer an additional point of damage each round thereafter, as it adheres to the skin and can only be removed completely by washing with some form of liquid.

| *Bonnacon*: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d3) or 1 kick (1d4); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Cone of dung.

Bugul Noz

The Bugul Noz, or “Night Shepherd”, is a fairy of Brittany. The last of its kind, it lives a solitary life due to its incredible hideousness. Any creature that views the face of Bugul Noz must pass a saving throw or be affected by its frightening visage. Creatures who fail their saving throw by 10 or more are killed on the spot. Those who fail the saving throw by at least 5 points faint dead away, and remain unconscious for at least an hour. Upon waking, they will discover that their hair has turned snowy white and that their sanity has been ever so shaken. Those who fail the saving throw by less than 5 are merely panicked and flee at top speed in a random direction until they collapse from exhaustion. Should one manage to control themselves, they will discover that the Bugul Noz is a kind and generous creature, and very knowledgeable about its home forest. Attacking so pitiable a creature may draw the ire of the seelie (i.e. holy) fairy court.

Caladrius (Dhalion)

The caladrius was represented in medieval bestiaries as a white bird that would take sickness upon itself, thus curing the sick. The bird would then fly away, dispersing the sickness to others. In game terms, the caladrius seeks out strong individuals and attempts to divest it of whatever disease it is carrying by pecking at them, in the hopes that they are strong enough to withstand the disease that a weaker person could not. The bird will appear in the sky, dive at the humanoid with the highest constitution, and attack until making a hit. At that point, the victim must make a saving throw against the effects of a cause disease spell (the reverse of cure disease). Whether the victim saves or not, the caladrius will flee, looking for another victim. The caladrius’s high Armor Class is due to its speed and savvy.

| *Caladrius*: HD 1d4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 beak (1 + disease); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Cause disease.

Caleygreyhound

This odd beast of medieval heraldry had the body of an antelope, the head of a wild cat with the antlers of a deer, the forelegs of an eagle and the hind legs and tail of either a lion or ox. The caleygreyhound is a predator with amazing speed; in effect, it is always under the effects of the haste spell. A similar creature is the enfield, with the head of a fox, chest of a greyhound, body of a lion, hindquarters and tail of a wolf and forelegs of an eagle.

| *Caleygreyhound*: HD 3; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 bite (1d4) and 4 claws (1d3); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Haste.

Carcolh

The carcolh is one of the folkloric beasts that makes you half-wonder if our medieval ancestors did play fantasy roleplaying games, because it is simply made for them! The carcolh is a giant serpent with a mollusk shell on its back. It is covered in sticky slime. Around its gaping mouth, the creature has dozens of long tentacles – some as long as a mile. The beast dwells in a cave and unfurls its tentacles, extending them well into the countryside. When something approaches too close to a tentacle, it is grabbed and squeezed and pulled back to the creature’s waiting mouth. In game terms, these tentacles might be found anywhere in a dungeon, and in fact 90% of random carcolh encounters are actually with a tentacle. The tentacles surprise creatures on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. If a tentacle successfully attacks, it wraps around its victim quickly, squeezing for 1d4 points of damage each round and dragging it back 10 feet per round to the creature’s mouth. The tentacles have an Armor Class of 6 [13] and can be severed by inflicting 8 points of damage on them. The bite of the carcolh is +5 to hit a grappled creature, and if the bite attack beats the victim’s Armor Class by more than 4 points, the creature is swallowed whole.

| *Carcolh*: HD 9; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 or more tentacles (1d4 + grappled) or 1 bite (2d6); Move 9; Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Tentacles, swallow whole.

Chichevache

This odd creature began as an unkind joke of Geoffrey Chaucer. The creature is said to resemble an emaciated cow with a human face. Its diet consists entirely of obedient and faithful wives, and the scarcity of such women, according to Chaucer, explains why it is so thin. The word may be a play on the French *chichifache* (“thin face”). In game terms, the creature can be turned into a fairly disturbing creature. Imagine an emaciated grey cow with a human face (a good start, in terms of being disturbing). Now imagine that this creature is an undead spirit, roaming the countryside looking for lawful females that it might devour their souls. In essence, it becomes a wraith wrapped in a new form.

| *Chichevache*: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 touch (1d6 + level drain); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Drain 1 level with hit.

Dipsa

The dipsa is a tiny serpent or worm, covered in a mucus membrane and so poisonous that its victims die before they are aware that they were bitten. The dipsa is a perfect creature to have lurking in swamps or dank dungeons,

often buried in the soft mud or living in a puddle of water. It gets a single attack that forces its victim to save or die.

| *Dipsa*: HD 1 hp; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 bite (poison); Move 3; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Deadly poison.

Dragons

Dragons feature prominently in French folklore. Gargouille was a river dragon that spouted water. It was tamed by St. Romain and then slaughtered and burned. Gargouille's head and neck, however, would not burn, and were instead affixed to the cathedral, thus beginning the use of carved gargoyles as water spouts. The Tarasque was a legendary dragon from Provence. It was a dragon with six short legs, like those of a bear, an ox-like body covered by a turtle's shell, a lion's head and a tail that ended in a scorpion's sting. The Tarasque was the offspring of the Biblical Leviathan and the Onachus, a scaly, bison-like beast from Galatia that burned everything it touched. The beast was impervious to the armies thrown against it, but was finally charmed by Saint Martha and led back to a city where it was killed by the people, offering them no resistance. The city was then renamed Tarascon. La Fertre'-Bernard, France, was terrorized by a dragon called Peluda, or "Shaggy Beast". Peluda is unique enough to deserve its own entry below.

Note: Some fantasy games include rules for subduing dragons. Using these legends as a guide, a Referee might allow lawful or good clerics in his campaign the ability to charm dragons as though attempting to turn undead. If successful, treat the dragon as though subdued.

Drude

The drude is a strange spirit from German folklore. It appears as a hag, and is in fact the evil portion of a virginal or holy woman's soul. Sometimes, these women voluntarily undergo the *Drudenfluch*, or drude's curse to split their soul in two, and other times it is forced upon them by a demon or witch. The drude is very heavy and is as powerful as an ogre. It has a foot print that looks like a pentacle, and this symbol, called the *Drudenfuss*, can ward them away as a protection from evil spell. Drudes are capable of assuming gaseous form and seeping into a house through the tiniest cracks. Once inside, they attempt to suffocate their victim by sitting on its chest; in essence, this is handled as a fist attack. If successful, the victim must succeed at a saving throw or be grappled and suffer 1d3 points of constitution damage each round. When the victim is reduced to 0 constitution, the drude possesses them, bringing them back to full health and gaining

complete control over them until forced out, which can be done by a cleric's turn undead attack or with other spells.

| *Drude*: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 fist (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Grapple, possession, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.

Forest Cattle

Pliny the Elder placed these cattle in Ethiopia. Forest cattle are twice the size of normal cattle and bright red in color. They are capable of turning their horns in any direction, thus allowing them to make two separate horn attacks each round. Bulls inflict 1d6 points of damage with each horn, while cows inflict only 1d4 points of damage. The forest cattle may be related to the yale of English folklore.

| *Forest Cattle*: HD 6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 gores (1d6); Move 18; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Can gore two different creatures in the same round.

Ged

Ged was the original word used for the pike. It is derived from the Old Norse *gaddr*, or "spike". For our purposes, the ged is a giant pike that lurks in lakes and rivers. Ged are quite sneaky, and surprise on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Ged*: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 0 (Swim 24); Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise.

Ghouls

The nachzehrer, or "afterwords devourer", is a foul undead creature from German folklore. Usually the risen corpse of a victim of suicide or disease, the nachzehrer consumes dead bodies in the manner of a ghoul. The creature assumes the shape of a large pig after leaving its grave, and initially targets its own family for consumption.

Gnolls

Through one means or another, the gnoll of modern fantasy games has come to be represented as a humanoid with the head of a hyena. In medieval bestiaries, two creatures can be used as variant gnolls. The first is the chromandi, a hairy, savage humanoid with the teeth of dogs. The second is the cynocephalus, Latin for "dog-head". These dog-headed creatures were long claimed to have hailed from the mountains India. The dog-heads were hunters who communicated with barking and wore animal skins. Although of ancient Greek origin, they persisted into the Middle Ages. St. Christopher was often depicted as being a cynocephalus, for he was a member of the tribe of Marmaritae, who were believed to be large and to have the heads of dogs. In game terms, Christopher would be a very rare high level lawful gnoll cleric! In the late Middle



Ages, there were stories of such people living in Central Asia. King Arthur had a band in his retinue, inhabitants of the mountains of Eidyndyn, or Edinburgh. The Chinese admiral Hui-Sheng described an island of dog-heads, a “dog kingdom”, to the east of Fusang. Clearly, the gnolls got around in the days when giants still walked the earth.

Gorgad

Gorgades are hairy humanoids that inhabit islands off the Atlantic coast of Africa. Described by Pliny the Elder, it now seems likely that what he was really describing was apes. There is no reason, of course, that the gorgad cannot be portrayed in a fantasy game as a new race of hairy, primitive humanoids. After all, one can only encounter orcs and hobgoblins so many times before they yearn for something new.

Gorgades are primitive humanoids that are covered in shaggy fur. They dwell in large, extended families of 20 to 50 individuals and are usually led by one or several powerful males (2-5 Hit Dice each). Gorgades use primitive weapons, usually clubs and stones. They are known to be fleet of foot.

| Gorgad: HD 1+1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

Gulon (Jerff, Vielfras)

The gulon appears to be a large, brown, shaggy wolf with the head of a wild cat and the tail of a fox. The gulon kills quickly and then gorges itself on its prey, eating rapidly and until swollen. A frenzied gulon can devour most of a man-sized corpse in three rounds. Once gorged, its movement is reduced to 6, it suffers a -2 penalty to hit,

and its Armor Class is reduced by 2 points. A creature devoured by a gulon cannot be raised from the dead or resurrected, but can be brought back to life with a wish.

| Gulon: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d4); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Devour corpse.

Humans & Demi-Humans

Pliny the Elder described many strange humanoids that can statistically be represented as humans. The hippopodes, or “horse-feet”, were a tribe of humans with equine feet that lived on an island with two other strange tribes. The panotti were humans with ears so large and long that they could cover the creature’s entire body. The other tribe was the oeonae, humans who only ate oats and marsh bird eggs (but not the eggs of the barnacle goose, for that creature does not lay eggs!) The struthopodes are a tribe of humans in which the male has very large feet and the female very tiny feet. The machlyes are a race of hermaphroditic humanoids that look generally like human beings with male and female halves.

Ichneumon (Echinomon)

The ichneumon is the enemy of dragons. When the creature spots a dragon, it burrows into the mud in order to surprise the dragon and swiftly kill it. The name was later used to designate the mongoose, legendary enemy of poisonous snakes. For our purposes, the ichneumon is a giant mongoose that is incredibly swift and immune to dragon breath and poison. Against dragons and other reptiles, it enjoys a +2 bonus to hit and damage.

| Ichneumon: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 bites (2d4); Move 18; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Haste, immune to dragon breath and poison.



Klabautermann

Klabautermann are aquatic gnomes of a kindly disposition who aid fishermen and sailors at sea. These gnomes are expert sailors and musicians. They appear to be small, gnomish sailors in yellow clothes, woolen caps and gripping a sailor's pipe in its mouth. Unfortunately, a klabautermann is naturally invisible, and will only appear to sailors if their ship is doomed to sink. A klabautermann is skilled at the hornpipe, and can play a tune that grants the sailors of a ship a +2 bonus to hit, damage and on all saving throws.

| Klabautermann: HD 1d6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 9; Save 18; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Invisibility, rousing music, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.

Mandragora

A mandragora is a little doll or figurine in the shape of a beardless man. They are given to magic-users by the nether powers to act as familiars. In terms of game statistics, the mandragora can be considered a homunculus. Its possession allows a magic-user to Contact Other Plane once per week. The mandragora must be fed the blood of an innocent to keep it alive. They are immune to fire, and can actually travel back to their hellish plane of origin by entering a fire.

Matagot (Mandagot)

The matagot is an evil spirit that takes the form of a black cat, rat or fox. Matagots can bring wealth to a person, but in turn condemn their soul to torment after death. If the owner of a matagot gives it the first bite of food and drink at every meal, it is rewarded the next morning with a single gold coin. Each gold coin the person collects condemns his soul to torment for 1 year, thus making it impossible to resurrect or raise that person from the dead until his soul is freed. Moreover, the owner of a matagot suffers a -1 penalty to Armor Class and 1 extra point of damage per damage dice in combat – all the better to hasten his soul's arrival in Hell.

| Matagot: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Only harmed by silver or magic weapons, misfortune.

Melusine

Melusines appear to be exceptionally beautiful young women that, in place of legs, possess two mermaid-like tails. Melusines live in rivers and lakes. They crave the companionship of men, but are easily insulted if not given proper respect. The offspring of unions between humans and melusine are always melusines if female, or future magic-users if male. Melusines are fierce protectors of

their children. Melusines can polymorph themselves at will into human females or small bronze dragons. One day per week they must assume their natural form and must submerge themselves in water.

| Melusine: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 6 (Swim 12); Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Polymorph.

Monocerus

The monoceros is an animal of the savanna often mistaken for a unicorn. It has the face of a sheep, the body of a stag, the rear feet of a goose, the tail of a dog and a long horn growing from its head. They are expert at spearing fish from rivers with their long horns. Although a monoceros horn has no efficacy against poison, it is worth approximately 20 gp on the open market.

| Monoceros: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 gore (1d10); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

Monopod (Sciapod)

The monopodes are dwarves with one leg and a massive foot. They live in sunny highlands and use their foot as an umbrella when they take their afternoon naps. Monopodes are extremely strong (+2 to hit and damage) and they can control animals (as charm monster, but up to 6 animals). Monopods are as skilled at blacksmithing as other dwarves. They wear chainmail hauberts in combat and wield heavy maces and spears. Monopod tribes are led by 3 HD chieftains wearing platemail. The chieftain's bride is always a druid. The chieftain will be guarded by four 3 HD bodyguards.

| Monopod: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 kick (1d8) or 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.



Muscaliet

This odd creature from medieval bestiaries has the body of a hair, the tail of a squirrel and a boar's tusks. The muscaliet is about the size of a large dog. Its body gives off a blistering heat that eventually kills the tree in which it builds its nest. Muscaliets are not terribly aggressive, but they do respond violently to threats and attacks. The muscaliet is surrounded by a 10 ft radius of intense heat. Creatures within the heat aura of a muscaliet suffer 1d3 points of damage each round. People in metal armor or wielding metal weapons suffer an additional point of damage each round.

| *Muscaliet*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (1d4); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Heat.

Musimon (Tytron)

The musimon is a cross between a goat and sheep, having the feet and body of a goat and the head and wool of a ram. The creature has four horns on its head, two curved like a ram and two straight like a goat. Musimons are incredibly strong and will quickly charge creatures that approach their herd. Their gaze acts as a hold person spell on a single creature or a cause fear spell on up to 10 creatures. In any case, a saving throw is allowed to avoid the effect.

| *Musimon*: HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 butt/gore (2d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Gaze attack.

Myrmecoleon

The myrmecoleon has the body of a giant ant and the head of a lion. Because the lion head is only attracted to eating meat and the ant body is designed for digesting grain, the creature is usually in a foul mood. Like giant ants, they inject a poison with their bite attack. The poison does 2d6 points of damage if a saving throw is failed, 1d4 points of damage if the saving throw succeeds.

| *Myrmecoleon*: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + poison); Move 18; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Poison.

Panthera (Pantere, Love Cervere)

Pantheras are intelligent, supernatural felines with iridescent coats and sweet-smelling breath. Pantheras are roughly the size and shape of a leopard. They spend most of their time sleeping in their caves, but emerge once or twice a week to hunt. Pantheras are lawful creatures that will not attack non-chaotic creatures unless seriously provoked. Panthera females are capable of breeding only once, so the breed is quite rare.

Pantheras have a breath weapon that can be used three times each day. The panthera's breath is a cloud of perfume that fills a 20 ft radius centered on the panthera. Any creature except dragons that breathes this perfume must make a saving throw or be affected as by a charm monster spell. Dragon, on the other hand, are affected as though by a fear spell. Spells like stinking cloud or a troglodytes maliferous odor are neutralized in a 30 foot radius around a panthera. A panthera's hide, if reasonably intact, retains this property and thus is quite valuable. If a panthera successfully bites a victim, it gains two additional attacks with its rear claws.

| *Panthera*: HD 7; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claw (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Breath weapon, rear claws.



Parandrus

The parandrus resembled a shaggy ox with cloven hooves and a large rack of antlers. Although unintelligent, the parandrus is capable of changing its color and shape. A parandrus will change its color as a means of camouflage, surprising on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. In general, a parandrus that surprises will choose to flee, rather than attack. If forced to fight, the creature is capable of changing itself into any natural and supernatural beast. The parandrus can change shape each round and still attack.

| *Parandrus*: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 gore (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Change shape.

Peluda

A peluda is a river beast that resembled a giant, green porcupine. Its body is covered by stinger-tipped tentacles that can be made erect like quills. It also has the neck, head and tail of a serpent and the legs and feet of a tortoise. The peluda is capable of attacking with its

poisonous stingers. Any creature in melee combat with the beast is subject to 1d3 stinger attacks each round. Each stinger inflicts 1d4 points of damage, or half that if the victim succeeds on a saving throw. The creature can also fire off one stinger each round as a missile attack with a range of 60 feet. A peluda has one of three possible breath weapons. The first is poisonous gas, like that of a green dragon. The second is a fiery breath, like that of a red dragon. The third is a gout of acid, like a black dragon. Each peluda will have one of these breath weapons, which it can use three times per day, inflicting 6d6 points of damage.

| *Peluda*: HD 8; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (2d6), tentacles (see above); Move 9 (Swim 15); Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Breath weapon, poison tentacles, only harmed by magic weapons, magic resistance 15%.

Pegasus, Ethiopian

Medieval bestiaries told of a breed of pegasus from Ethiopia that had two horns. These creatures can be treated as normal pegasus with the addition of a gore attack that deals 1d6 points of damage.

Revenant

The revenant is an animated corpse that has returned from the grave to terrorize the living. The name comes from the French and means “returning”. Revenants are always wicked in life. Creatures struck by a revenant in combat must make a saving throw or be infected with a disease that resembles mummy rot. Revenants regenerate damage in the manner of a troll at the rate of 1 hit point per round. A revenant can only be destroyed completely by cutting off the head, removing the heart, and burning them and the body separately.

| *Revenant*: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Regeneration, disease.

Snakes

The writers of medieval bestiaries imagined many interesting serpents, many that were probably based on fourth-hand accounts of real animals. The hydros was a viper whose poison caused a person to swell up. In game terms, his poison causes the person to have their movement and dexterity scores cut in half. The hydros’ poison could only be cured with the application of ox dung. There’s a fun quest! The hydros, on the other hand, was a water serpent of the Nile River. It would swim into the mouth of a crocodile and then down its throat. Once in the stomach, it would eat the poor beast from the inside out. In game terms, it is probably immune, or at least resistant, to acid. The hypnalis was an asp that killed its victims in their sleep. In game terms, perhaps it can cast a

sleep spell one or several times per day. The scytale was a snake with such brilliant markings that those gazing on the creature are hypnotized and lulled into inaction. The scytale’s body is so hot that those touching it or touched by it suffer 1d4 points of burning damage. The seps, on the other hand, has venom so acidic that it liquefied its prey; assume normal viper poison plus an additional 2d6 points of acid damage.

Waldgeist (Woodwose)

The German “woodland spirit” is the custodian of the forest. It dwells in woodlands and protects it as well as lawful creatures within the woodland. Waldgeists resemble gnarled old dwarfs with skin like the bark of a tree and hair like a tangle of leaves and twigs. They dwell in the branches of trees and, though mischievous, are not by any means evil. Waldgeists can use the spells bless and bestow curse. They blend in with the foliage, and thus surprise foes on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. Despite their small size, they are exceptionally strong and dangerous to provoke.

| *Waldgeist*: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 slam (2d4); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Bless, curse, surprise.

White Ladies (Wise Ladies)

The white ladies of the woods are elven amazons of the ancient and powerful blood. They are tall and beautiful, with white skin and hair like gleaming platinum. They dress in white cloaks and gleaming armor and wield spears tipped with silver and bows with silver-tipped arrows. White women are capable of casting spells as 3rd level clerics or magic-users. They are capable of using the spell Light at will and always radiate an aura of Protection from Evil in a 10 ft radius. They usually appear in bands of 5 to 10 individuals and might be encountered in the company of unicorns. White women have the same immunities as normal elves. They are skilled in herb craft and healing, and under their care a person’s natural healing rate doubles and he enjoys a +2 bonus to save against poison and disease.

| *White Woman*: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 spear (1d8) or 2 arrows (1d6); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells, immunities.

White Worm

The white worm, or Indus worm, was a giant, pale worm that dwelled in the Indus River. It was carnivorous and capable of swallowing a man whole when it scores a natural ‘20’ on a bite attack.

| *White Worm*: HD 7; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 9 (Swim 12); Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Swallow whole.

Wild Man

Wild men are hairy humanoids that dwell in deep woodlands. They are called *wilder mann* by the Germans and *homme sauvage* by the French and wodehose by the English. They are associated with gods and goddesses of the wild such as Silvanus and Fauna and with the death god Orcus. In fact, they are known as orkes or lorkes in some parts of Italy.

Wild men run in bands of 20 to 30 individuals. Their entire bodies are covered in a tangled coat of brown hair and the men wear long, unkempt beards. They behave as though mad and fight as savagely as berserkers, gaining a +2 bonus to hit and damage. Despite their savage appearance, wild men are strict vegetarians, eating nuts, berries, roots and leaves.

| Wild Man: HD 1+1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon or fists (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Berserk.

Wraiths

The erlking, or “alder king”, was a pale, gaunt humanoid who rode a black horse and preyed on women. In game terms, it can be treated as a wraith. In truth, the name “erlking” was a mistranslation from the Danish for “elf-king”.

Yale (Centicore, Eale)

The yale is a black, horse-sized goat with the feet of an elephant and a boar’s tusks. It has large horns that it can swivel in any direction, thus allowing it to attack two different targets each round. Yales are immune to paralyzation and poison, thus making them a natural enemy of the catoblepas and basilisk.

| Yale: HD 5; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 gores (1d6); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Immunities.

- JMS



Eastern Venatia

By John M. Stater

I. Overview

Eastern Venatia is a region of woodlands and hills nestled between the Klarkash Mountains in the west and the Great Yamas in the east. Once dominated by the Nomo Empire, it is now home to several competing city-states, including Bodbertus, the white city, Argis, fading city of the bronze men and eldritch Ibis. Venatia has several sub-regions, including the Dreadful Forest, Golden Coast, Golden Sea, Harrowing Hills, Reed Sea, Tepid Sea and a small portion of the Wyvern Hills and Nabu Desert.

Pandiluvian Age

During the Pandiluvian Age, Eastern Venatia was a collection of small islands covered in pine trees and scrub in what was then part of the much larger Tepid Sea. The Sturmdrangs were an island dominated by the ophidians and their lizard man slaves. Many of the elder races established underwater mining operations in the highlands, traces of which can still be found today in irregularly shaped caverns filled with dark, dank deposits of primordial sea water and the descendants of the bizarre creatures that once inhabited those seas.

As the waters receded, the islands became larger, the highlands divided by swampy lowlands. The Reed Sea was still submerged at this point, as was most of the Nabu Desert. The Sturmdrangs became cooler and the ophidian civilization collapsed, with their former slaves, the lizard men, rising to become the lizard kings. The lizard kings built their strongholds in the swampy lowlands, and what is now the Dreadful Forest became the center of a particularly powerful lizard king state called Karzak.

Golden Age

As the waters continued to recede the country took on its present contours. The lizard kings were toppled by their own human slaves; the bronze men in the north and the proto-Nabu in the south. The noroob, lizard men and troglodytes are all that remains of the lizard king civilization.

The bronze men built villages that grew into city-states. In their cyclopean citadels, they honed the art of war and worshipped gods like Sabazios, Hecate and Bacchus. At its

Welcome to NOD!

NOD is a sandbox campaign setting, a mega-sandbox if you will, that will eventually detail dozens of geographic regions. This issue of NOD details one half of region J10. The second half of J10 will appear in NOD #6. The region of J11 was described in NOD #1 and NOD #3, and is situated to the south of region J10.

NOD is intended as a place to set fantasy role-playing games – period. Although a few histories and over-arching story lines are hinted at to provide inspiration and a bit of color, they can easily be ignored. NOD attempts to include many different styles of play, from historical to gonzo to science fantasy, but Referees should feel free to ignore anything they do not like or do not think they can use – the integrity of the setting will not be disrupted by doing this!

Above all, have fun! If you find the setting useful, please visit my blog and drop me line – I'd love to hear about how you used the material in your home game!

John M. Stater

height, the Nabu Empire conquered the city-states of the bronze men and reduced their numbers to the point that they were no longer a threat, and the bronze men remain relatively few in number to this day. The Nabu Empire left behind a few settlements of humans and beastmen (see *Beastmen of Nabu* in NOD #2) before its self-inflicted cataclysm forced it to abandon its colonies.

Modern Age

With the fall of the eldritch empires of Nabu and Irem, the elf-dominated Empire of Nomo expanded into Eastern Venatia, but only barely left its mark, as its main focus was the conquest of Ibis, the last intact city-state of Nabu. Many adventurers (warlords and bishops, mostly) established strongholds in the region, but the land remains wild. In recent times, the exiled dwarfs of Hybresail have established themselves in small mining operations along the Golden Coast.



II. Regions

Dreadful Forest

The Dreadful Forest is thick and dark, consisting mostly of evergreens (spruce, pine) and brambles. It's primary inhabitants are the noroob and kobolds – hundreds of small copper and tin mines can be found beneath the forest. Incursions by thugtoads and lizardmen are not uncommon in the western reaches.

The Dreadful Forest is really the foothills of the Sturmdrang Mountains. It is bordered by the Forest Perilous to the north and the Great Myre to the east. Reptilians figure greatly into the ecology, for the whole forest was once ruled by the Lizard Kings, technologically advanced ancestors of the noroob and lizardmen. Lizardman ruins can still be found in the forest, along with some of their artifacts.

City-States: Bodbertus [4223]

Dungeons: Pleasure Palace of Izrigul [5838]

Monster Lairs: Amazons [3903], Gnolls [4731], Noroob [4009], Tribesmen [4735]

Settlements & Strongholds: Abbey of Amphitrite [5341], Abbey of St. Arachne [4431], Barony of Adrada [5839], Barony of the Black Manse [4103], Gobardan [5234], Halis [6328], Iothir [4129], Magnar [4336], Sadhnath [4138], St. Stimula's Abbey [3936], Viscounty of Xaphrei [5631]

Trade Goods: Cattle, fish, geese, goats, oysters, sheep, spider silk, cereals, lallemantia, smearwort, strawberries, thimble-berries, timber, vetch, wine, agates, copper, iron, tin, travertine

Random Rumors

1. There is an agate mine worked by the damned [T]
2. A blind man once entered Izrigul's Palace and left unscathed. What you cannot see, cannot harm you [F]
3. The Rhodians are deathly afraid of spiders [F]
4. The queen's tongue is deadly to fairies [T]
5. Shadow goblins cannot exist in light [F]
6. The nuns of St. Stimula know how to party [T]
7. Kelleneta of the Black Manse is power mad [T]
8. There is a pool of gemstones in the woods [T]
9. Twelve ancient lords are buried in the woods with their magical suits of armor [F]
10. The men of Sadhnath worship sea demons [F]

11. No good comes from exploring Nabu ruins [T]
12. You can find sanctuary with Lord Thaco [T]
13. The nuns of St. Arachne are vampires [F]
14. The undead fear idols of Mercurius [F]
15. Zosh the kobold is an excellent guide [T]
16. Gabardan is afflicted by a plague [F]
17. Xaphrei's hall is a merry place [T]
18. A pillar of gold lies at the heart of the Empty Valley [F]
19. Izrigul's Pleasure Palace is near the coast [T]
20. The duchess of Ophelia has a thing for barbarians – the sweatier the better [F]

Golden Coast

The Golden Coast consists of a large range of highlands bordering the Golden Sea. The highlands are as rugged as those of the Wyvern Coast to the southwest, but receive more rainfall and thus support more vegetation. The coasts have the thickest woods, including forests of date palms, sycamores and pistachios. The hinterlands have smaller copses of bay laurels, hazels, lindens, maples and spruces. Animal life is also more plentiful on the Golden Coast, with the most common predator being a breed of lanky, golden-furred wolves. The highlands are also pocked with dozens of artesian wells and bubbling springs. They are rich in deposits of gold, copper, tin and zinc.

City-States: Argis [5013], Lithr [7215], Palah [7502], Quidnog [6320], Utya [6503]

Dungeons: Halls of the Titans [5332]

Monster Lairs: Bugbears [5312], Gnolls [5126], Troglodytes [5427]

Settlements & Strongholds: Mercurius abbey [6110], Illiops [4713], Kelatha [4827], Lightning Hill [5215], Neldor [5813], Ormr [6408], Sacellum of Mitra [4718], Temple of Hecate [6906], Zibbul [7502]

Trade Goods: Timber, barley, turnips, wine, broccoli, watermelons, dogs, geese, salts, goats, sheep, gold, copper, silver, furs, olives, wheat, hackberries, silphion, zucchini, grapes, figs, dates, pistachios, zinc, apples, cider

Random Rumors

1. While in the Halls of the Titans, avoid doors that appear overly friendly [T]
2. The men of Illiops main their guests [T]
3. Avoid Kelathra during the full moon [T]
4. The merchants of Argis are thieves [O]
5. The road to Izrigul's palace is paved in blue [F]
6. A treasure is buried beneath the gallows tree [F]

7. The rabbit sausages of Neldor are to die for [T]
8. A wondrous treasure of art and jewelry lies beneath the minotaur's feet [T]
9. The black pillar is death – avoid it [T]
10. The hair of the blue cattle is a panacea [F]
11. The axe Blackburn was lost in the hills; one day it will be found and bring eternal war to the Motherlands [F]
12. There is a city of blue men in the hills [T]

Golden Sea

The Golden Sea is a deep body of water that connects to the Tepid Sea via the Strait of Sabaz. Despite its depth, the Golden Sea is fairly calm, and much of the outer reaches of the sea is shallow, allowing easy navigation by galleys. The sea got its name for the deposits of gold on its shores and in its shallows.

Dungeons: Zetan Tomb [7135]

Harrowing Hills

The Harrowing Hills are a range of craggy hills that ring the river delta, forming a barrier between the Reed Sea and the Nabu Desert. The Nabu side of the highlands is barren, while the Reed Sea-side is lush, though not as lush as the wetlands themselves. Beyond the river, the hills support, at best, tough grasses and thorny shrubs fit only for goats. In happier, more prosperous times, the hills contained dozens of villas owned by the nobility of Nabu.

Most of the active settlements in the Harrowing Hills are small farmsteads along the canyon through which flows the River of Death. These hillside villas have terraced fields set anywhere from 40 to 60 feet above the level of the river. There are few landing sites on either side of the river, usually massive stone quays backed by sturdy, narrow temples chipped into the walls of the canyon. From these quays, dozens of little trails extend back into the hills, sometimes being constructed as stairs that ascend more than 100 feet before turning into well worn paths. These paths lead, in a twisting, indirect way, to the different villas, and from there into the hinterlands and a few scattered homes of goatherds.

Most folk avoid the hinterlands, especially when the sun is highest, due to the visitations of the Sun Queen, a malevolent fairy queen who claims dominion over the hills. She appears as an 8-ft tall woman with white skin (actually white hot skin) and flaming hair. Her thin, angular body is unclothed. She is accompanied by three Lady Middays and nine golden lions. Ibis sends into the hills patrols of clockwork cavaliers in the shape of hawk-headed warriors in gleaming brass scale armor mounted on brass hippogriffs.

| *Sun Queen:* HD 12 (70 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 slam (1d8 + 1d6 fire); Move 15; Save 3; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Aura of heat inflicts 3d6 damage within 5 ft, 2d6 damage within 10 ft and 1d6 damage within 30 ft, immune to fire, her aura of heat and touch cause confusion.

| *Golden Lion:* HD 5+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Body gives off tremendous heat, causing 1d6 damage to all within 10 feet, immune to heat and fire, double damage from cold.



Largest native plant in the Harrowing Hills is a bush that grows as a clump of 3-ft long wooden branches covered in what appears to be a downy hair, but is actually tiny little leaves. From the end of these branches there drips a steady stream of sap that eventually forms a tear-shaped amber ball. When a branch is removed from the bush with the ball intact, it can be used as a mace. These maces make a whirring noise when swung about. If a hit with one of these maces causes maximum damage, the weapon breaks and is no longer usable (or repairable).

Random Rumors

1. Beware the man-eating goats [T]
2. The paladin Rosmerta is believed to be entombed in these hills, along with her magic sword [F]
3. The western hills are home to an unpleasant earth dragon of considerable age [F].
4. The sentinel of the river accepts olive oil as payment for his toll [T]

Nabu Desert

Only the small, northern portion of the great Nabu Desert appears on this map. Nabu is a sand sea desert with scattered oases. Its sands are traversed by merchant caravans and violent nomads (human and otherwise). See NOD #3 for more information.

Settlements & Strongholds: Barony Nealbandan [7347], Tower of Ingostos [7047]

Random Rumors

1. Nealbandan is a bad place to be a full moon [T]
2. Nomads in blue are lawful and kind, all others are to be feared [F]
3. A crater in the desert holds a fortune in rare earths and precious metals [T/F]
4. The archimage Sediquen died over a year ago, leaving his tower ripe for plunder [F]
5. Somewhere in a thicket of iron thorns lies the sleeping form of Rosmerta, the famous lady paladin of old [F]
6. The wizard Ingostos can be bought with the seeds of the black lotus [F]

Reed Sea

The Reed Sea is a vast wetland, the river delta of the River of Death. The delta consists of rich, sandy soil crisscrossed by thousands of small and large water courses, all of them choked with papyrus plants. The delta supports a rich variety of plants and animals, including olive, kumquat and

silver beech trees, dozens of berry-producing shrubs and such animals as silver foxes, ibis, ducks, eagles, water rats, serpents and a unique variety of leaping cattle called the Nabu Blue that have long horns that sweep back from the head, in the manner of an antelope, narrow faces and bodies and blue-grey coats with white spots on the haunches.

The largest settlement on the Reed Sea is Ibis, an ancient port of Nabu that survived the empire's downfall largely intact. Since the fall of the empire, Ibis has prospered as both an independent city-state (as it is now) and as a far-flung colony of Nomo. Ibis is surrounded by hundreds of manorial villas and boasts a fine university. As in the days of old, it is ruled by a wizard king, the scion of a long and storied dynasty.

City-States: Ibis [7638]

Trade Goods: Papyrus, cereals, vegetables, dates, figs, fish, wool

Sturmdrangs

The Sturmdang Mountains are connected to the western portion of the Great Yamas, and are lush and quite ancient. Many rivers originate in the snowbound peaks, with the Vusk merging with the Danu River and flowing into the Tepid Sea, and the Dinar, Scorda and Oeagrus emptying into the Golden Sea.

The slopes are covered with coniferous forests, and the valleys are choked with broadleaf forests. The mountains are rich with flora and fauna, including brilliant red poppies, edelweiss, wild thyme, bilberry, black bears, wolves, foxes, martens, wild goats, badgers, lynx, eagles and bats. The most conspicuous inhabitants of the Sturmdrangs, and the reason for their name, are the storm giants.

Unlike a world founded on immutable scientific laws, NOD™ does not have natural processes *per se*. The natural progress of seasons, the patterns of wind, rainfall, etc are all the labors of the fey folk and other agents of the Old Gods, including their ancient, defeated foes, the giants. Weather, of course, was the purview of the storm giants, and every region of NOD™ has a storm giant (or family of storm giants) assigned to govern wind and rain. The storm lord of Venatia made his home in the Sturmdrangs, where he still accepts offerings and sends forth life giving rains and death dealing bolts of lightning.

Dungeons: Abandoned Forge [4413], Gzodd – The Living Citadel [4705], Temple of Ograeus [6202]

Monster Lairs: Bugbears [4502], Trolls [4421]

Settlements & Strongholds: Barony of Thaco [4304], Mark of Rhovarn [4416], Monastery of the Crescent Moon [4904]

Trade Goods: Winter wheat, goats, rabbits (for their hair), silver, buckwheat, hops, celery, medlars

Random Rumors

1. Black frogs with yellow spots are poisonous [T]
2. Purple goblins are allergic to salt [F]
3. The fairies give riches and magic to those who join their revels [F]
4. Avoid the triple bridge – it attracts dragons [T]
5. If you see a crooked tower, turn around [T]
6. A magic sword is hidden in a silent forest [T]
7. Beware grinning satyrs [T]
8. The trolls Miklos and Spavetz hate one another [T]
9. The giant's fountain bestows riches to the wise [F]
10. A fabulous temple of the river god Oeagrus lies at the base of a great waterfall [T]

Tepid Sea

The Tepid Sea is thoroughly described in NOD #1. We will note here that it is a shallow, blue-green sea and home to

mermaids, sahuagin, tritons and undines. A good deal of commerce goes through the Tepid Sea to Mother Ocean, much of it to or from the city-state of Antigoon. The two other major ports on the Tepid Sea are Tremayne and Ophir (which appears in NOD #2).

City-States: City of Oozes [4250]

Random Rumors

1. Telemache is a covetous creatures – beware her dainty clutches [T]
2. A shadowy boat has been seen along the wooded coast – probably just fishermen from Sadhnath [T]
3. The men of Sadhnath worship sea demons [F]
4. There is a city of oozes beneath the waves [T]
5. Despite his bluster, Captain Seabard is an honorable man [F]
6. Mozimumpus is a wise, gentle wyrm [T]
7. Osween of the Castrum Angellum carries a torch for Mirza of the abbey of Amphitrite [F]
8. A beautiful nymph was turned into a statue of a dolphin for defying the Sea King, and was lost somewhere in the Tepid Sea [F]

Wyvern Coast

The Wyvern Coast is a range of sun baked hills and craggy mountains located between the Tepid Sea on the west and the Nabu Desert and Pwenet on the east. The Wyvern Coast was once dominated by the city-states of the Purple



Kings, but only one now city-state remains, Ophir. More information on the Wyvern Coast can be found in NOD #1, and more information on the city-state of Ophir can be found in NOD #2.

Dungeons: Ruins of Timulus [5746]

Settlements & Strongholds: Castrum Angelum [5346]

III. Random Encounters

Random encounters should be diced for twice each day, once in the daytime and once at night, with dangerous encounters occurring on the roll of 1 on 1d6 and traveler encounters on the roll of a 6 (see below).

Travelers

1-2	Men-at-Arms (6d6)
3	Pilgrims (3d6)
4	Refugees (9d6)
5-6	Traders (2d6)

Dreadful Forest

1	Lizardman (2d6)
2	Noroob (2d6)
3	Wild Man (2d6)
4	Black Bear (1d6)
5	Carnivorous Flying Squirrel (6d6)
6	Giant Lizard (2d6)
7	Baccae (1d6)
8	Firedrake (1d8)
9	Hill Giant (1d4)
10	Ogre (2d6)
11	Pseudo-Dragon (1d8)
12	Woodwose (1d3)

Golden Coast

1	Centaur (1d6)
2	Chalkeion (1d6) or Dwarf (2d6)
3	Gnoll (3d6)
4	Black Bear (1d6)
5	Giant Ram (2d6)
6	Wolf (3d6)
7	Alce (1d6) or Hippogriff (1d6)
8	Baccae (1d6)
9	Bronze Giant (1d3) or Cyclops (1d3)
10	Gorgon (1d3) or Roc (1d3)
11	Nymph (1d6) or Satyr (1d6)
12	Aurumvorax (1) or Panthera (1)

Golden Sea / Tepid Sea

1	Locathah (6d6)
2	Mermaids (3d6)
3	Pirates (6d6)
4	Giant Octopus (1d3)
5	Roc (1d3)

6	Shark, Large (1d6)
7	Harpy (1d6)
8	Scrag (2d6)
9	Sea Serpent – Briny (1d3) or Spitting (1d3)
10	Sea Serpent – Fanged (1d4)
11	Sea Serpent – Gilded (1d6)
12	Aspidochelone (1)

Harrowing Hills

1	Aigosity (6d6) or Esou (6d6)
2	Arc (2d6) or Moulaj (2d6)
3	Axum (6d6) or Kawa (6d6)
4	Bandit (6d6)
5	Qamouli (3d6) or Riri (3d6)
6	Giant Cobra (1; always gains surprise)
7	Giant Owl (1d6)
8	Jackalwere (1d6)
9	Lady Midday (1d6; daytime only) or Poltergeist (3d6)
10	Pixie (1d6)
11	Skeleton (6d6)
12	Sun Queen (1)

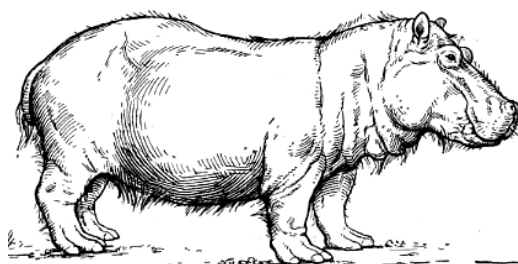
Nabu Desert

1	Berserker (3d6)
2	Dragon Man (2d6)
3	Hxto (6d6)
4	Qamouli (3d6)
5	Sahitim (2d6)
6	Giant Scorpion (1d6)
7	Basilisk (1d6)
8	Dragonne (1d8)
9	Jackalwere (2d6)
10	Lamia (1d6) or Mummy (1d6)
11	Serpoleopard (2d6)
12	Sphinx (1)

Reed Sea

1	Bandit (6d6)
2	Synthoid (3d6)
3	Wererat (2d6)
4	Crocodile (2d6)
5	Giant Centipede, Small (3d6) or Giant Mosquito (3d6)
6	Hippopotamus (1d6)
7	Eblis (1d6)
8	Grey Ooze (1d6) or Mud-Man (2d6)
9	Grub – Effluvial (1/person*) or Rot (1/person*)
10	Leech – Giant (2d6) or Sorcery (1/magic-user*)
11	Leech – Spinal (1/person*) or Throat (1/person*)
12	Catoblepas (1d4)

** Save or be attacked by one of these creatures.*



Sturmdrangs

1	Barbegazi (2d6)
2	Bugbear (3d6)
3	Wild Man (6d6)
4	Giant Badger (3d6) or Giant Lynx (1d6)
5	Giant Goat (3d6) or Giant Ram (3d6)
6	Roc (1d6)
7	Alp (1d6) or Drude (1d6)
8	Giant – Stone (1d6) or Storm (1d3)
9	Griffon (1d6) or Musimon (2d6)
10	Lantern Goat (1d3)
11	Waldgeist (1d6)
12	Carcohl (1)

Wyvern Coast

1	Bandits (6d6)
2	Dragon Men (2d6)
3	Pirates (6d6)
4	Giant Eagle (2d6)
5	Giant Lizard (2d6) or Giant Tick (2d6)
6	Giant Scorpion (1d6)
7	Basilisk (1d6)
8	Igniguana (1d6) or Shocker Lizard (2d6)
9	Insectaur (1d6)
10	Lamia (1d6) or Leucrota (1d6)
11	Shedu (1d6)
12	Wyvern (1d6)

Tribes

A “tribe” for our purposes is defined as a large group of humanoid creatures under some kind of command structure. There is one sub-chief (or sergeant) per 6 humanoids and one chief (or captain) per 3 sub-chiefs. If there are more than 20 humanoids present, they are accompanied by a spell-caster.

Aigosity

Aigosity are humans with faces that suggest a goat. They have black or dark brown hair and males sport long beards. A large group of goat people might be a patrol or a caravan moving goods on the backs of allocameli. Aigosity warriors wear ring armor under black robes and carry shield, mace and sling. Aigosity originally appeared in the “Beastmen of Nabu” article in NOD #3.

| Aigosity: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Climb, +1 save vs. mind-affecting spells, +2 save vs. disease and poison.

| Aigosity Sub-Chief: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Climb, +1 save vs. mind-affecting spells, +2 save vs. disease and poison.

| Aigosity Chief: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Climb, +1 save vs. mind-affecting spells, +2 save vs. disease and poison.

| Aigosity Shaman, Adept Lvl 4: HD 4d6; AC 7 [12]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), sage.

Arc

Arcs are ursine humans that are encountered as a single hermit with the abilities of a 5th level fighting-man or monk, but sometimes encountered in groups that meet during the spring to cavort and pair off. An arc wears a simple brown robe tied at the waist with rope and carries a jug on his shoulder and a large, gnarled club.

| Arc: HD 5d10; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 club (1d8+1) or 1 grapple (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: +1 to hit and damage with club, +1 to hit with grapple (1d6 damage), jug with 1d12 doses of cure light wounds.

Axum (Falcon Men)

Falcon men are humans with pointed noses and piercing eyes. They have tanned skin and golden hair, and are melancholy and given to fits of violence. Axum warriors have leather armor, curved long swords, daggers and bundles of darts.

| Axum: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: +1 to hit with missile weapons.

| Axum Sergeant: HD 5 (23 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: +1 to hit with missile weapons.

| Axum Captain: HD 7 (32 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: +1 to hit with missile weapons.

| Axum Priest, Adept Lvl 6: HD 6d6 (21 hp); AC 7 [12]; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (2nd), animal trainer (falconer).

Bugbears [4502] [5312]

The bugbears of the Sturmdrangs have black fur tinged with gold on the backs of the forearms and calves, leathery, maroon faces with glaring, saucer-like eyes and wide mouths full of pointed teeth. They prefer to nest in trees, rather than underground. Bugbears are usually armed with spears and axes, and may wear hide armor (treat as leather armor).

| Bugbear: HD 3+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.

| Bugbear Sub-Chief: HD 5+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise on 1-3.

| Bugbear Chief: HD 7+1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Surprise on 1-3.

| Bugbear Shaman, Adept Lvl 6: HD 6d6; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Surprise on 1-3, spells (2nd), guide.

Chalkeions [5013]

Chalkeions are the elite warriors of the bronze men, and might be encountered as soldiers on patrol or mercenaries going to or coming from a battle. They wear hoplite-style armor (treat as chainmail) and carry spears, short swords and short bows. There is a 60% chance they will be mounted on warhorses.

| *Chalkeion*: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 by weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Chalkeion Sergeant*: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 by weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

Dwarfs

Dwarfs are encountered as small bands of prospectors looking for veins of gold or silver. The dwarfs are all exiles from their ancient homeland across the sea, or children of the immigrants born in the Motherlands. They wear chainmail armor and carry shields, picks or war hammers and crossbows.

| *Dwarf Warrior*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+1); Move 6; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Detect stonework.

| *Dwarf Sergeant*: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+1); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Detect stonework.

Esou

The paranoid esou are humanoids with sheep-like faces and mannerisms. They are encountered in large, well-armed groups that are either patrolling or on an important errand. Esou warriors wear chainmail and hshields and maces.

| *Esou*: HD 1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9 (due to armor); Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Only surprised on 1 on 1d8.

| *Esou Sergeant*: HD 3; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 6 (due to armor); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Only surprised on 1.

| *Esou Captain*: HD 5; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 6 (due to armor); Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Only surprised on 1.

| *Esou Shepard, Adept Lvl 4*: HD 4d6; AC 3 [16]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Only surprised on 1, spells (1st), berserker.

Galleass

The Ibisian navy patrols the Golden Sea in sleek galleasses. The ships are constructed from golden brown hardwoods and have brilliant yellow sails that bear crimson ankhs. The ships are armed with bronze cannon and always have a shipboard spell slinger. Marines wear leather armor and carry shields, short swords and crossbows. NOD #2 has rules for naval combat that Referees might find useful.

| *Marine*: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

| *Marine Mate*: HD 3+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

| *Marine Captain*: HD 5+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Ship's Mage, Adept Lvl 4*: HD 4d6; AC 1 [12]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), animal trainer – hawks.

Gnolls [4731] [5126]

The gnolls of the Golden Coast are lanky and hyena-headed, with black muzzles and reddish-brown fur. The gnolls of the Dreadful Forest are a bit smaller and have more wolf-like faces. They have dark grey fur and white markings on their faces and chests. In either event they wear coats of ring armor and carry axes, spears and short bows.

| *Gnoll*: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or 1 weapon (1d10); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.

| *Gnoll Sub-Chief*: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or 1 weapon (1d10); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.

| *Gnoll Chief*: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or 1 weapon (1d10); Move 9; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

| *Gnoll Shaman, Adept Lvl 5*: HD 5d6; AC 6 [13]; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (2nd), berserker.

Kawa

A merry band of kawa can be a sight for sore eyes in the Harrowing Hills. They are short humans with faces reminiscent of a fox. Hunters by trade, they have little to steal and thus little to fear from others. Although kawa are initially wary of strangers, they will parlay and after an exchange of gifts will show hospitality. Kawa warriors wear leather armor and carry short bows and short swords.

| *Kawa*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprise.

| *Kawa Sergeant*: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Surprise.

| *Kawa Captain*: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise.

| *Kawa Shaman*: HD 4d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise, spells (1st), guide.

Lizardmen

The lizardmen primarily dwell in the Grete Myre, but small bands of raiders sometimes venture into the woodlands in search of smooth stones, which they need for their gizzards, and game not available in the wetlands.

Lizardmen are unarmored, and carry spears, shields and javelins.

| *Lizardman*: HD 2+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); Move 6 (Swim 12); Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Breathe underwater.

| *Lizardman Sub-Chief*: HD 4+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); Move 6 (Swim 12); Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Breathe underwater.

Locathah (Fish Men)

The locathah are fish men who once dominated the Golden Sea. They have glassy black eyes and flesh reminiscent of a goldfish, with bits of pink and purple on their finger tips, toes and the tips of their arm, leg and back fins. Their numbers are now fewer, thanks mostly to the depredations of the shark-worshipping sahuagin. A locathah patrol is armed with barbed spears and obsidian knives.

| *Locathah*: HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.

| *Locathah Sub-Chief*: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.

| *Locathah Chief*: HD 6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

| *Locathah Shaman, Adept Lvl 5*: HP 5d6; AC 7 [12]; Save 11; Special: Spells (2nd), healer.

Men-at-Arms

These patrols are usually mounted on warhorses. While exact equipment differs from city-state to city-state, you can use the same statistics.

| *Man-at-Arms*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

| *Sergeant*: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 15; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

| *Captain*: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Templar, Adept Lvl 4*: HD 4d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), guide.

Moulaj (Night Ravens)

Moulaj are short humans with faces that suggest a raven or owl. They have black hair and dusky skin. Moulaj operate in small bands, searching crypts and tombs for treasure to loot. They will make every attempt to hide from or avoid adventurers, but may tail them in the hopes of being led to treasure. Moulaj wear black robes over leather armor and carry short sword and crossbow. Moulaj appear in the “Beastmen of Nabu” article in NOD #3.

| *Moulaj*: HD 1d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 18 (17 vs. undead); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast one level 1 cleric spell per day plus see above.

| *Moulaj Sub-Chief*: HD 2 (9 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 16 (15 vs. undead); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Cast one level 1 cleric spell per day plus see above.

| *Moulaj Chief*: HD 4 (18 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 13 (12 vs. undead); CL/XP 5/240; Special: Cast one level 1 cleric spell per day plus see above.

| *Moulaj Warlock, Adept Lvl 4*: HD 4d6 (13 hp); AC 7 [12]; Save 12 (11 vs. undead); Special: Spells (1st), sage, cast one level 1 cleric spell per day plus see above.

Noroob [4009]

The noroob are large, massive reptilian humanoids, akin to lizardmen the way bugbears are akin to goblins. Bands of noroob stake out territories and defend them with a vengeance. They prefer personal challenges to mass combat, and follow a strict code of honor when it comes interfering in these duels. Noroob have battle axes and javelins.

| *Noroob*: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (2d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Track by scent.

| *Noroob Sub-Chief*: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (2d6); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Track by scent.

| *Noroob Chief*: HD 7; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (2d6); Move 9; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Track by scent.

| *Noroob Shaman, Adept Lvl 6*: HD 6d6; AC 4 [15]; Save 10; CL/XP 7/400; Special: Track by scent, spells (2nd), guide.

Pirates

At sea, the pirates of the Golden Coast and Tepid Sea operate in sleek galleys rowed by the powerfully muscled pirates themselves. On land (in the Wyvern Coast), they are encountered as large hunting parties looking for game, their galley moored in a nearby cove for repairs and resupply. The pirates wear light pieces of armor (no more than leather) and carry short swords and short bows.

| *Pirate*: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

| *Matey*: HD 3+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

| *Cap'n*: HD 5+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Pirate Mage, Adept Lvl 4*: HD 4d6; AC 1 [12]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), berserker.

Qamouli (Camel Men)

Qamouli are traders of the desert. They wear yellow robes over leather armor, tall, crimson turbans, and long spears decorated with gleaming holy symbols. The qamouli are among the friendlier races in the hills. Qamouli originally appear in the “Beastmen of Nabu” article in NOD #3.

| *Qamouli*: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: See above.

| *Qamouli Sub-Chief*: HD 4 (18 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: See above.

| *Qamouli Chief*: HD 6 (27 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: See above.

| *Qamouli Wise Man, Adept Lvl 5*: HD 5d6 (18 hp); AC 7 [12]; Save 11; Special: Spells (2nd), guide.

Riri (Swine Men)

Riri are porcine human treasure hunters who comb the hills for hidden shrines and tombs of the ancient Nabu. Riri are standoffish and encounters with them can turn violent if they fear adventurers are after their treasure. Offerings of intoxicating drink can soften them up, but one must take care not to wait around for them to become drunk, for drunk riri are as dangerous as suspicious riri. Riri warriors wear ring armor and carry shields and hand axes. Riri originally appear in the “Beastmen of Nabu” article in NOD #3.

| *Riri*: HD 1+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Fight until -5 hit points.

| *Riri Sub-Chief*: HD 3+1 (15 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Fight until -5 hit points.

| *Riri Chief*: HD 5+1 (24 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Fight until -5 hit points.

| *Riri Shaman, Adept Lvl 4*: HD 4d6+1 (15 hp); AC 7 [12]; Save 12; Special: Spells (1st), berserker, fight until -5 hit points.

Encounter Key

3903. Rhodia is a citadel of 65 amazon warriors and 20 maidens. The citadel is constructed atop a rocky outcropping that has a commanding view of the woods in this hex. The citadel, which predates the amazon habitation, is built of massive limestone blocks covered with shiny red tiles. The citadel sports six tall towers, several courtyards and a fortified palace wherein resides Vierna, a full-figured amazon with ash-blond hair and cool, deep-set grey eyes in a grey toga. Vierna is protected by two bodyguards, Phyta and Minephe. She is never without

her silver scepter and steel shield. The palace contains a chapel dedicated to Minerva and tended by Xanaide and her three acolytes. The amazons work their own fields, which dot little clearings that surround the citadel. They mine iron, copper and tin from the surrounding hills with the help of three dozen kobold slaves, and trade finished weapons and armor for supplies with traders from Antigoon.

Amazon patrols, consisting of 12 warriors wearing chainmail and carrying shields, spears and long bows, are common in this hex and usually mounted on tough mountain ponies and accompanied by one of Xanaide’s acolytes bearing a brass owl standard that grants the amazons a +1 bonus to save vs. fear.

Beneath the citadel there is a spider-infested dungeon in which the amazons have hidden the mythic Girdle of Hippolyta (treat as a belt of giant strength). Vierna owns a tame fire drake that she uses as a mount in times of dire emergency. It otherwise resides in the entrance to the aforementioned dungeon.

| *Amazon*: HD 2+1; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 sword (1d8+1) or 1 bow (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: +1 to hit and damage with sword and bow.

| *Vierna, Amazon Fighting-Woman Lvl 10*: HP 60; AC 1 [18]; Save 5; Platemail, shield, long sword, 6 darts. Eccentric and aggressive.

| *Xanaide, Amazon Cleric Lvl 7*: HP 36; AC 1 [18]; Save 9; Special: Spells (5th), turn undead; Platemail, shield, warhammer, holy symbol. Large blue eyes, golden hair in a long ponytail, high forehead, somber and severe.

| *Phyta, Amazon Fighting-Woman Lvl 4*: HP 25; AC 1 [18]; Save 11; Platemail, shield, long sword. Gangly woman with chestnut hair and green eyes, has a raspy voice.

| *Minephe, Amazon Fighting-Woman Lvl 3*: HP 19; AC 1 [18]; Save 12; Platemail, shield, long sword. Brawny woman with blond braids and blue eyes, grouchy, with square jaw.

3913. A broad valley cuts through the mountains here from north to south. The snowy peaks feed dozens of streams that flow into sparkling pools that themselves drain into subterranean rivulets that eventually find their way to the lowlands beyond. The valley is thickly forested with twisty evergreens and great patches of crimson ferns that hide fat, black, poisonous frogs speckled with yellow. These frogs are preyed upon by a flock of noisy gryphs, strange, black birds with anywhere from four to eight legs. The gryphs are unaffected by the frog’s poison, but have no special immunity to poisons in general.

| *Gryph*: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 beak (2d6); Move 27; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Implant eggs.

3915. A pass through the mountains here is laced with the burrows of 30 nilbogs, a tribe of goblins that warp time and space around them, causing all within 30 feet of them to act in the opposite way they intended. The burrows are all 10 to 20 feet long and quite tight. They end in fetid, little dens that hold each nilbog's treasure. In most cases, this amounts to 1d20 gp, but one burrow holds a rosewood staff that is inundated with the power of chaos. The staff is set with a large opal. The bearer of the staff can detect the presence of an agent of Law within 100 feet and can cast the confusion spell once per day. The nilbogs look like craggy, purple goblins with long, pointed snouts and prominent overbites.

| Nilbog: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam or weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Gains hit points when hit in combat, loses hit points when healed.

3918. Old Clion is a grizzled hill giant who lives alone in a cave overlooking the river. He survives by fishing for the giant gars that live in the river and by extracting tolls from travelers on their way to and from Bodbertus. The traders complain, but the Countess has yet to take action (some say because Clion is kin). Clion keeps a worg he calls Wolfie and keeps a small treasure of 1,150 gp and a rose quartz worth 50 gp.

| Old Clion: HD 8+2 (33 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 spiked club (2d8); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Throw boulders for 2d8 damage).

| Wolfie: HD 4 (19 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 18; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.

3922. Lodged in the hollow of a dead tree is a 2-ft tall soapstone idol of a voluptuous woman with the head of a gorilla sitting cross-legged with an illegible tablet in her lap. Anyone who argues with the holder of this idol is polymorphed into a toad.

3926. Remnants of an ancient highway run through this hex. The highway was constructed along a tall ridge, and was in fact constructed by excavating and flattening a portion of the ridge. At one point, several clay drainage pipes penetrate ridge beneath the highway's surface, allowing water to pass through and form a pleasant stream that continues down the slope before meeting a larger stream. The drainage pipes can be crawled through (or walked through if one is a halfling or gnome), being 600 ft long and eventually ending in a large, pond fed by dozens of little streams.

The pond is lined with tall trees and reeds and home to a menagerie of frogs and fish. In the midst of the stream, surrounded by water lilies, is the battered and toppled

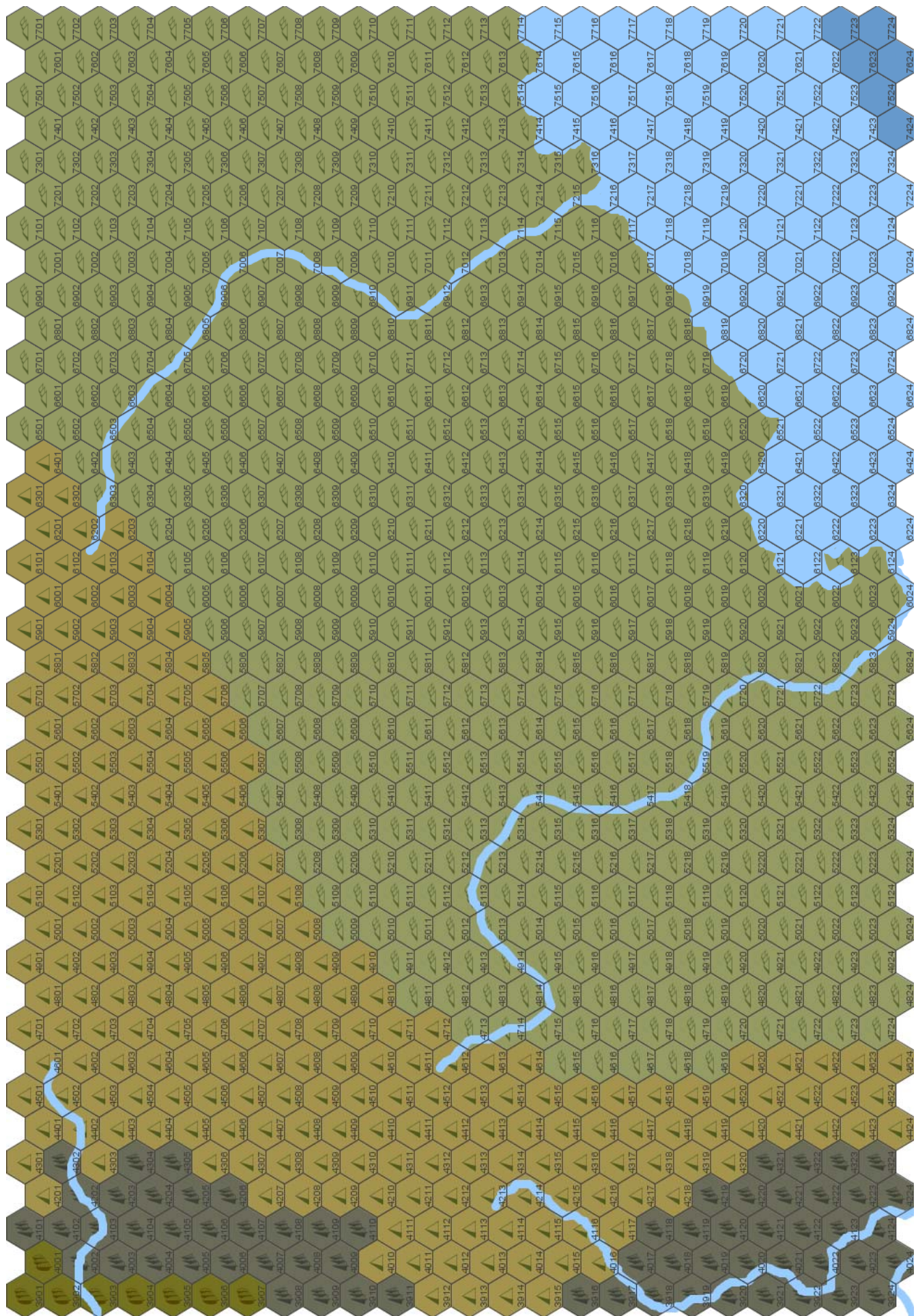
statue of a humanoid. Closer inspection reveals it to be a fairy queen. The queen is guarded by a gwurru (or green fairy mist) that appears at night as a greenish, glowing mist on the surface of the pond. It soon moves through the pipes and into the hills beyond in search of creatures to torment and hurt. If the statue is righted and cleaned, and decorated with garlands of flowers, the statue's mouth will open, revealing a small, flint arrowhead on the tongue. The arrowhead can be used as an arrow of slaying against fey creatures.

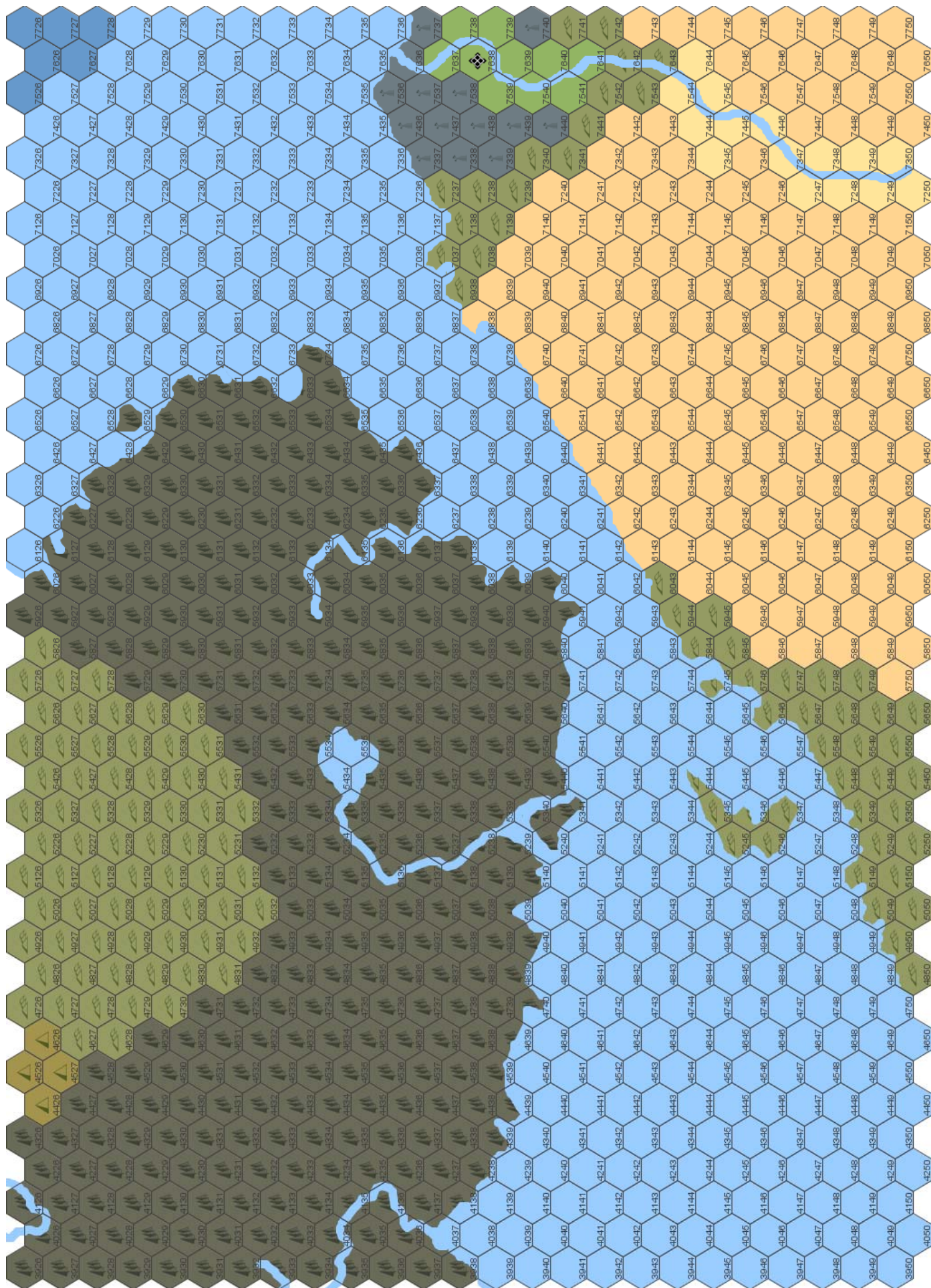
3928. A rune stone, 10 feet tall and carved in a greenish stone flecked with silver, stands atop a grassy hill. While the base of the hill is clogged with gnarled pine trees, the hill is completely devoid of anything but reddish-green grass. The rune stone recounts the deeds of an ancient chieftain of the wose, or wild men, in simple (and often graphic) pictograms reminiscent of the ones used by the ancient lizard kings. The stone is erected atop the chieftain's burial mound, the crypt chamber lying 15 feet beneath the soil. The crypt can be reached by a low tunnel composed of large stones leaning against one another and buried under the soil. The stone "walls" of the passage and crypt are covered in swirls and stylized skulls. The chieftain's partially mummified remains lie atop a stone slab made reddish-brown from the spilling of blood (probably sacrifices). Around the slab lie the chieftain's treasures, mostly obsidian axes and flint spear and arrow heads, but also some simple copper and electrum jewelry (25 gp worth) and a soapstone carving of what appears to be a bear standing on its hind legs (worth 10 gp).

3929. The landscape here turns into a deep hollow choked with maples, sycamores and ferns and traversed by a deep, moderately fast running rivulet. At many places, the rivulet becomes quite shallow and is easily forded. Many large rocks, some that bear signs of having been shaped into irregular blocks, dot the rivulet. In the center of the hex, the rivulet is the lair of a clutch of eight giant, green frogs that are scaled in the fashion of a dragon and that belch plumes of poisonous vapor from their wide mouths almost at random. The largest of the bunch is an actual green dragon that was polymorphed into its present form by a vengeful wizard.

| Dragon Frog: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 3 (or 100 ft leap); Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Leap, swallow whole, immune to sleep, breath weapon (3/day, cloud of poisonous gas 30-ft in diameter, 12 damage).

3932. On the banks of a mineral spring you discover a half-completed shrine dedicated, by the looks of the carvings on its walls, to Apollo Helios. If adventurers encounter the





shrine during daylight hours, they will see a man sitting on a partial wall looking terribly dejected and scarcely giving the new arrivals any attention whatsoever. If questioned, Uranion will lament his poor luck, for his efforts to construct a shrine to the god of healing have been frustrated by raids made by what he calls “shadow goblins”. Each night, the shadow goblins emerge and go on a rampage, smashing tools, toppling walls, frightening animals and killing workmen. Alas, all of the priest’s hirelings have indeed left the site for civilization, vowing not to return until the priest brings them the heads of the shadow goblins.

Naturally, a visit at night will occur during one of these raids. The shadow goblins look like normal goblins, but they inky black in color, with dull, grey eyes teeth. They seem to be wrapped in tenebrous cloaks and radiate a distinct chill in the air, especially through their silver swords. There are a total of 30 shadow goblins that have plagued the priest.

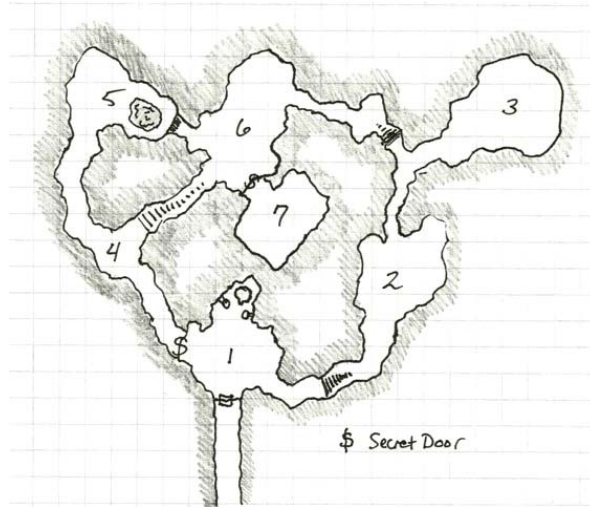
| *Shadow Goblin*: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6 + 1d4 cold); Move 9; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, chill metal.

| *Uranion*, Cleric Lvl 4: HP 17; AC 3 [16]; Save 12; Special: Spells (2nd), turn undead; Chainmail, shield, mace, holy symbol, basic supplies, 20 gp. Has long, sandy blond hair and a drooping mustache, usually fierce but lately morose.

3935. A vault has been constructed in the side of a steep, rocky hill covered with grayish grasses and spikes of white flowers. The vault holds the skeletal remains of Warach, an erlking of old came to this coast from Hybresail with other exiles and became a prince among the barbaric Venatian tribes. The tomb entrance is sealed by a thick slab of limestone that is overgrown with grasses and flowers and generally blends into the hillside (treat as a secret door).

Beyond the slab there is long corridor braced by slabs of limestone. Torch and lantern light seems to drown in the surrounding shadows, and the air is chill and stale. The corridor ends in a crude, bronze door divided into six panels, each panel decorated with skull motif within a swirl. Pressing the right eye socket of the middle-left skull causes the door to open.

[1] This cavern is covered with cobwebs and the air leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. The walls are dry and the floor is paved in terracotta tiles showing the remnants of indigo paint. Twenty of these tiles are especially thin, and crumble when trod upon, sending one’s foot and ankle into a small, spiked hole. Each person walking through this chamber has a 1 in 4 chance each round of triggering a



trap and suffering 1d4 points of damage. In addition, if they fail a saving throw they have their movement halved until healed. The alcove in this room holds an idol of Cernunos, a horned deity of the ancient elves who holds the key to life everlasting in Fairyland. The alabaster idol is flanked by two green bronze torch holders.

[2] A slight breeze causes torches to flicker in the tunnel and natural stairs that lead to this cavern. The cavern is studded with tiny flecks of mica that reflect the light like little stars, and a dozen thick, fungal columns grow from floor to ceiling and cast a dim, grayish light that casts faces into grotesque parodies of themselves. There is a persistent clicking in this cavern that gradually rises to a fever pitch while adventurers occupy the room before becoming deathly quiet and beginning the cycle anew. The fungal columns release clouds of moth-like spores when they detect heat. Anyone breathing in these spores (a saving throw is required to quickly hold one’s breathe and avoid them) has their lungs coated with them. Each night, they suffer the loss of 1d4 points of constitution; their chests feel heavy and they are noticeably short of breath. Each day, the stricken adventurer may make a new saving throw to avoid the constitution damage; two successful saves in a row destroy the spores, as does a cure disease spell.

[3] An ancient firedrake sleeps in this cavern. The drake, called Ormelvod, has buried its treasure in the center of the cavern. It consists of 210 gp, 27 pp and an orichalcum armband worth 125 gp.

| *Firedrake*: HD 4 (18 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claw (1d4) and 1 bite (2d4); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Half damage from fire, breath weapon, burning blood.

[4] The roof of this chamber is a smooth dome of inky black stone. When entered, six shadows will seem to flow from the ceiling onto the walls and join battle with the interlopers. Each shadow that is killed is quickly replaced by another while people remain in this room. The shadows always lurk near (or on) the walls, reaching out to attack with their strength draining touch attacks.

After five rounds of combat, the walls will begin to spin, and shadowy mists will fill the room. The adventurers now find themselves atop a hillock surrounded by a vast plain of grays and blacks. The hillock is surrounded by ranks of shadowy warriors – probably 100 of them silently clashing their spears against their shields as a king with stark white skin and hair makes his way through the warriors toward the hill on a chariot drawn by shadowy horses. As the king approaches the hill, he will rouse his horses into a gallop and his chariot will thunder towards the hill, followed by the massed warriors, uttering a ear-splitting scream that can be felt down to a person's spine. As the army of shadows reaches the crest of the hill, they disappear, and the adventurers find themselves again in the empty chamber.

If the adventurers leave the chamber before five rounds are up, they shadows will follow them throughout the tomb, harrying them at every turn, until 15 have been slain.

| *Shadows: HD 3+3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 touch (1d4 + 1 point of strength); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Drain strength, only hit by magic weapons.*

[5] This cavern has a low ceiling (5-ft) and contains a black pool that is filled by water dripping from a crack in the ceiling. The water is purple-black and seems to be covered by a thin film. Before the pool there is a low alabaster dais and marble steps leading into the water, which is 2-ft deep. By stepping into the pool and kneeling, one invokes a water spirit that rises like a serpentine woman from the water and bestows a thick key of malachite unto the petitioner. Her aspect then becomes more solid and her face becomes wicked, and she is revealed to be a spirit naga. The key is needed to open the secret door in [6]. Beyond the tunnel the floor drops 8-ft to the floor of [6].

| *Spirit Naga: HD 9 (49 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d3 + poison); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Poison, charm gaze, spells – charm person x2, magic missile, sleep, mirror image, web, protection from normal missiles, cause light wounds x2, silence 15' radius.*

[6] This chamber's floor is composed of large, square tiles. In the center of the room there is a 5-ft deep circular pit of roiling, golden liquid. Large bones can be seen bobbing to

the surface and then disappearing. Hanging from the ceiling are three brass censers filled with cones of incense. Upon entering the room, two things will happen. First, hill giant zombies will begin crawling from the roiling water and attacking the adventurers. 1d3 giant zombies will emerge each round until there are at least 6 zombies present. Anytime there are fewer than 6 active zombies, another 1d3 will emerge from the cauldron. In the meantime, pillars of stones, disguised as the floor tiles, will begin randomly crashing into the ceiling from the floor. Each round, an adventurer or zombie has a 1 in 6 chance of standing over such a pillar and must make a saving throw to avoid 1d6 points of damage. Even if the saving throw is successful, the victim will be left prone.

The cauldron can be "turned off" by lighting the cones of incense on the censers. The censers are hung 10' from the floor and easily lit. The pillars will continue crashing into the ceiling for 1d6+6 rounds. It takes them 1 hour to reset.

| *Giant Zombie: HD 9; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (2d6); Move 6; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Immune to sleep and charm.*

[7] This simple tomb has a raised dais in the center of the room topped by a corpse. The corpse resembles the king described in [4], and appears to be perfectly preserved. As soon as adventurers are near the corpse, its eyes will open and a wave of blackness will radiate out from him, casting the players into the same field of battle described in [4]. This time, however, the field of battle is littered with corpses, both elven and hill giant, the only creature standing being the white king. He will stare at the assembled adventurers for a few moments, and then begin walking toward them, the souls of his warriors rising and swirling about him as he does. With each step, his height increases; he is roughly 15 feet tall when he joins battle with the adventurers, and looks something like a giant armored lich carrying a massive mace.

| *White King: HD 12 (66 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (2d6 + 1d4 points of strength); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, magic resistance 20%, turn undead inflicts 1d6 damage on the king, but does not make him flee, hits from his mace fling the victim 2d6 feet and knock them prone unless they make a saving throw.*

If defeated, the White King will crumple into the ground and the sky will seem to fall like curtains, revealing again the simple tomb, only now filled with treasure: 18,450 gp, 50 silver ingots (each 2 lb, worth 20 gp), silver torc worth 80 gp, 8 leopard skins worth 25 gp each and a +2 spear, the head inlaid with silver wolves.

3936. Atop a rocky promontory, the base of which is forested with sycamores and maples, is a large, fortified

abbey. The abbey is dedicated to St. Stimula, patron saint of wine and part of the cult of Bacchus.

The abbey is built of grey stone and has gleaming white shutters on the windows. The shutters are engraved with vines and frolicking nymphs and satyrs. The buildings of the abbey have peaked roofs of green copper. The abbey is composed of a large, round tower that houses an armory, hospital and living quarters for abbey officials. It is connected to a two-story L-shaped building that houses the sisters, their winery and a shrine to St. Stimula and Bacchus. A tall wall encloses a courtyard with an iron portcullis. The courtyard houses a medicinal garden, a few young vines, a tall pomegranate tree and a very deep well. Hidden among the surrounding wooded hills are dozens of vineyards. The vineyards are protected by a band of twelve satyrs that join the sisters in their revels each night.

Mother Isleiza is a 70-year old woman who hails from Lyonesse. Her fifteen sisters hail from the local villages as well as Lyonesse, so there is a mix of olive-skinned and dark-haired women with the long noses and narrow faces common to the coast and the rounder faced, lighter-skinned and tressed women of Lyonesse. All wear grey frocks embroidered with round badges that look like a woman's face that is composed of grape leaves and vines. Isleiza is an ugly woman with a rude, grating personality. Of course, her looks and demeanor soften each night when the satyrs arrive and the drunken revelries begin, but in the daylight hours she is quite formidable. Mother Isleiza, despite her advanced age and seemingly tough exterior, has fallen deeply in love with Baron Torod [4336]. The Baron and a contingent of villagers visit the abbey every year to pay their respects, make sacrifices and purchase the sisters' excellent wine.

Treasure: Four leopard skins worth 15 gp each, 6,400 gp, polished obsidian sphere worth 95 gp and an olivine worth 125 gp. The treasure is kept in a vault beneath the tower and is accessible through a secret door with a lock that appears to have a poisoned needle, but in fact channels 4 dice of lightning damage through any metallic object that enters it. The vault holds a powerful relic - The Hand of Sabazios.



The Hand of Sabazios is cast in bronze and is slightly larger than a human hand. When held above the head, it amplified the holder's voice and gives his every word the power of a command (per the spell). The bearer of the hand is immune to fear and lightning and can, once per day, summon a celestial charger (treat as a benevolent version of the nightmare) that serves loyally for 1 hour.

| *Mother Isleiza, Level 12 Druid: HP 44; AC 7 [12]; Save 4; Special: Druid spells (6th), change into leopard, cobra or bull; Leather armor, gnarled club (does 1d6 damage), leopard skin (45 gp).*

| *Satyr: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 18; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: 50% magic resistance, pipes, concealment.*

| *Sister of St. Stimula, Level 2 Druid: HD 2d6+2; AC 7 [12]; Save 13; Special: Druid spells (1st); Leather armor, club, sling.*

3942. A wild, unruly herd of nine hippocampuses dwells on a submerged plateau. The creatures are wrangled by a trio of young storm giants on behalf of the nereid in [4041]. The storm giants, Eksen, Hraga and Tyrnach, are members of the family of Summan [5201]. The storm giants live in a large cave that overlooks the fields grazed by the hippocampuses. They enjoy tests of skill and strength, and will gladly challenge adventurers to compete in games. The storm giants possess 5,300 gp, a silver toe ring (large enough to be used as an armband, worth 1,000 gp) and a ceramic aquamanile worth 230 gp. The hippocampuses are all bluish-grey with white manes and silvery scales.

| *Young Storm Giant: HD 8+3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (3d6); Move 15; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Throw boulders, control weather (4 in 6 chance of success).*

3944. Telemache is a nereid, a sea nymph, whose bitter jealousy toward her sister Dione [4041] has given her otherworldly beauty a hard edge. Her skin is now a pale aqua, her hair like cold silver her eyes as blue as ice. She dwells in a cave covered by the brilliantly colored creatures of the sea floor – urchins, sea stars, crabs, etc. Telemache blames Dione for the death of her mortal lover many centuries ago, and in truth Dione is to blame, killing the youth out of her own jealousy. Telemache also covets Dione’s fine herd of hippocampuses. She would gladly pay any price for her sister’s comeuppance. Treasure: 340 gp, aquamarine worth 10 gp and marble statue of her dead prince worth 145 gp.

| *Telemache, Nereid: HD 4 (23 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk None; Move 15 (Swim 15); Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spittle, control water, seduce men, shawl.*

3939. A merchant sailing vessel of Mu-Pan design is anchored off the coast and seems perpetually blanketed in fog. The junk is home to Kevote, the commander of a brotherhood of thieves and assassins that operates throughout the Tepid Sea region. The brotherhood engages in smuggling, murder, blackmail and loan sharking. Besides the inscrutable Kevote, the ship is home to a dozen low-level thieves and assassins and two lieutenants, Morfinda and Dourne.

Morfinda was born in Blackpoort. She has long, black hair, a pale complexion and very dark, brown eyes. Morfinda is cunning and without mercy, and expects to replace Kevote in the very near future when a few of her own plans come to fruition.

Dourne, on the other hand, is a native of Tremayne with reddish-blond hair, pale blue eyes and a quick and ready wit. He is also a cowardly killer, very skilled with poisons and “accidents”, but unsteady in a direct confrontation. Both are tied to Kevote via secrets, and both are unaware that Folas, Kevote’s apparent valet, is his true lieutenant.

Kevote regards Morfinda and Dourne as nothing more than useful idiots for establishing his empire in the Motherlands. All of Kevote’s operative have a small, black dragon tattooed on their backs at the base of their neck. Kevote’s treasure, kept below decks in steel boxes (puzzle locks, -5 to open, spring-loaded needles with deadly poison), consists of 7,320 gp, two rose quartz worth 500 gp each and seven fox skins worth 35 gp each (actually taken from seven kitsune sisters who believed that Kevote was a man they could cheat).

| *Kevote, Assassin Lvl 11: HP 36; AC 6 [13]; Save 5 (4 vs. death); Special: Sneak attack for x4 damage; Three daggers (one is wavy bladed and*

coated with deadly poison), five darts, burglars’ tools, leather armor worn under a many-colored silk robe embroidered with a black dragon.

| *Morfinda, Thief Lvl 5: HP 26; AC 7 [12]; Save 10; Special: Back stab for x3 damage; Two daggers, four darts, burglars’ tools, leather armor, a black cloak with many pockets.*

| *Dourne, Assassin Lvl 4: HP 12; AC 7 [12]; Save 12 (11 vs. death); Special: Sneak attack for x2 damage; Three daggers, five darts (two coated in paralysis poison, three in poison that deals 1d6 damage), leather armor, tools, vial of poison.*

| *Folas, Magic-User/Thief Lvl 7: HP 21; AC 9 [10]; Save 8; Special: Spells (4th), back stab for x3 damage; Dagger, 3 darts.*

| *Thieves (8): HD 2d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Back stab for x2 damage. Carry short swords, daggers, three darts, shield and wear leather armor.*

| *Assassins (4): HD 2d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14 (13 vs. death); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Sneak attack for x2 damage. Carry short long swords, daggers, light crossbows, shield and wear leather armor.*

4008. Many of the trees in this hex have fallen and now host colorful fungi and colonies of termites. The underbrush is especially thick. The hex is a breeding ground for stegocentipedes, and several clutches of eggs have been laid beneath the fallen trees. Tiny, burrowing dinosaurs resembling reptilian chickens hunt for these eggs – they almost always leave humans alone, but could attack (treat as wolves) if they were hungry enough. There is a 4 in 6 chance that travelers through this hex will encounter a stegocentipede.

| *Stegacentipde: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) and 1 tail sting (3d4) and 1 horn (1d6); Move 15; Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Poison, spiny armor.*

4009 Lizard King Pyramid: A band of 80 noroob has taken up residence in the remains of a decrepit stone pyramid of the ancient lizard kings. The pyramid is one of the smaller of its kind, standing a mere 40 feet in height and not even topping the larger pines in the area. Still, the land around the pyramid, which sits on a small rise, is rocky and devoid of trees, and gives the noroob plenty of room for sunning themselves.

The interior chamber of the pyramid, which connects to seven hidden tunnels that exit into other parts of this hex, is used as an egg chamber and is always guarded by fierce females wielding wicked looking pole arms and shields. The noroob of the pyramid are known for wearing bulky pieces of copper and jade jewelry (large males wear about 50 gp worth, others about 25 gp worth).

The tribe is commanded by Taatuumo, who is assisted by his sorcerous mate, L-Tlox.

| Taatuumo, Noroob Barbarian Lvl 6: HP 38; AC 3 [16]; Save 10; Special: Berserk; Copper torc (100 gp) and jade pectoral (150 gp), obsidian axe.

| L-Tlox, Noroob Adept Lvl 3: HD 9; AC 3 [16]; Save 10; Special: Spells (2nd), healer. 200 gp worth of jewelry.

| Noroob: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (2d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Track by scent.

4025. Bremanna, a legendary boar as large as an ox with razor sharp tusks that can sever limbs (or heads) as easily as a knife cuts through butter, dwells here. The boar is encountered on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6 and attacks without reservation. Bremanna has no treasure, but its tusks are worth 1,000 gp each, and the fame generated by felling the fearsome beast will attract 2d6 loyal warriors to the service of the slayers.

| Razor Boar: HD 10 (55 hp); AC -3 [22]; Atk 1 tusk (2d6) and 2 stomps (1d6); Move 21; Save 5; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Magic resistance 50%, regenerate, vorpal tusks.

4041. Dione, a nereid, dwells here in a patch of golden angel seaweed. Where her sister Telemache [3944] is bitter, Dione is bright and cheerful, but also spoiled, spiteful and cruel. She delights in tempting men and, after much struggle, dooming them with a kiss. Dione owns the magnificent hippocampuses [3944]. Treasure: Scattered about the seaweed; 2,040 gp.

| Dione, Nereid: HD 4 (17 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk None; Move 15 (Swim 15); Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spittle, control water, seduce men, shawl.

4044. The sorcerer Henakhe, bitter exile of Ibis, plies the Golden Sea in an animated dragonship called, *Revenge*, which looks like a merchant galley with a large figurehead in the shape of a dragon's head and neck. The ship is crewed by two dozen dragon men and their leader, a warlock called Felia. The *Revenge* has no home, as yet. It sometimes docks in Cutthroat Cove (see NOD #1, "Wyvern Coast", hex 3119), but more often finds small coves along the Golden Coast. Ibisian ships sacked by Henakhe have their crews slaughtered, their heads sent back to the king of Ibis through mysterious means. Henakhe's treasure consists of 9,125 gp and an aventurine worth 2,000 gp.

| Henakhe, Magic-User Lvl 7: HP 22; AC 9 [10]; Save 9; Special: Spells (4th); Grey robes over a black velvet doublet, crimson leggings and long, black velvet slippers that come to a point, grimoire, curved dagger, ebony staff topped with an obsidian jackal's head (worth 60 gp).

| Felia, Fighter/Magic-User Lvl 4: HP 13; AC 9 [10]; Save 11; Special: Spells (2nd), bite attack inflicts 1d4 damage plus 1d4 fire damage; Battle axe, dagger, grimoire.

| Dragon Men: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + 1d4 fire) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: 1 first level magic-user spell, fiery bite. Leather armor, curved long sword, dagger, crossbow.

| Revenge, Dragonship: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (2d8) and 4 slams (1d6); Move 15; Save 5; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Breath fire (3/day, 30-ft line, 10d6 damage), navigate, double damage from fire, control winds.

4049. A nexus of ley lines runs through this hex, culminating a monument constructed on a low sea mount. The monument consists of twelve whale tusks, each 10 ft in length forming a circle. Each tooth has a tiny line of runes carved into it from tip to base, facing the center of the circle. If a druid cuts his forefinger and traces each line of runes, he can activate a teleport spell that will take him up to 90 miles (15 hexes) in any direction, so long as the last tooth touched is in the direction he wishes to go. Others can be taken with the druid, but must be bound to him by some medium (rope, chain, etc).



March of the Black Manse

4103. Kalleneta is a marquessa who has constructed a tower keep of black stone at the juncture of the Danu and Sagar Rivers, and brought the surrounding lands under her control, having chased off the local goblins. A decrepit wooden bridge extends across the River Sagar. The tower keep is constructed on a rocky outcropping that overlooks the river. The surrounding village has terraced fields and foot-paths leading into the iron mines in the hills.

Kalleneta is a regal, unforgiving woman, who believes herself destined to carve a kingdom out of the wilderness. She descends from a patrician family of Nomo, and was forced to leave when that empire's collapse forced her family to forfeit most of their holdings. She is heavy-set, with violet-grey eyes and grey hair cut page-boy style.

Kalleneta's army consists of 50 men-at-arms (leather armor, shield, spear and short sword) and 10 elite hobilaris (Lvl 1 fighting-men, mounted crossbowmen in chainmail with shield and axe). Patrols encountered in this hex are usually hobilaris. Her household includes two adventuring companions: A calculating cleric of Juno named Segda, and

a pleasant but penniless itinerant mage called Orthian who does his best to inject mercy into the marquessa's judgments.

The stronghold is supported by a large village of iron miners and peasants living in brick cottages painted in bright colors to frighten away spirits. The farmers grow lallemantia for its valuable oil, strawberries, vetch and smearwort.

The village has recently been struck with a mystery, as Agadrick, the local ferrier, has disappeared without a trace. The locals suspect that the goblins [4303] are preparing an invasion, and Kalleneta believes Lord Thaco [4304] is backing the goblins.

Treasure: 1,650 sp in collected tolls, 3,070 gp, a terracotta kyton once owned by King Tragos of the lost bronze man city-state of Galzarb (worth 45 gp) and 19 barrels of winter ale (30 gal./250 lb each, worth 6 gp each).

| *Kalleneta, Fighting-Woman Lvl 12: HP 54; AC 1 [18]; Save 4; Platemail (lacquered sanguine red), shield, longsword.*

| *Segda, Cleric Lvl 5: HP 26; AC 3 [16]; Save 11; Special: Spells (3rd), turn undead; Chainmail, shield, mace, holy symbol. A giant of a woman, ash-blond hair, round face, wears simple brown robes and ties her hair back in a bandana.*

| *Orthian, Magic-User Lvl 5: HP 9; AC 9 [10]; Save 11; Special: Spells (3rd); Tattered robes, crooked pointy hat with a gold scarab pin on its upturned brim, slender porcelain wand. Portly man with messy brown hair and deep-set grey eyes.*

4109. A sparkling river flows over a tall ridge into a shimmering pool. The river emerges from a rend in a higher ridge three miles away, the rend shaped by some ancient folk to resemble a horned man with outstretched hands. The subterranean river carries scores of diamonds over the falls, depositing them in and around the pool. This cornucopia of gems has attracted hundreds of large crysmals who now dwell above ground, gorging themselves on the diamonds and aggressively defending their territory. The noroob have tried to force them from the pool on many occasions and have always met with failure; they're now happy to point greedy adventurers in their direction.

| *Crysmal: HD 6+1; AC -5 [24]; Atk 1 appendage (2d6); Move 9; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Immune to cold and fire, half damage from lightning, vulnerable to blunt weapons and spells.*

4115. An old road arises in this hex of mountains. Carved from the mountains themselves, sometimes with supplemental arched bridges of stone to cover gaps or

cross streams, it winds through this hex and into the ones to the north and south, but then peters out. Along this road, which is paved in basalt (but missing more than a few pavers), one eventually comes across a roadside stand. The stand is constructed of stacked pavers taken from the road. Behind the stand are five magma mephits – little elementals that look like bat-winged demons. The mephits have a collection of geodes – unopened – that they are trading for gold (no silver, no electrum, no platinum and no copper!). The geodes are worth 1d6 x 10 gp each (though see below) and the mephits will argue for an equally random price, flitting away if they make a sale. Any geode that an adventurer got a deal on will turn out to be filled with a caustic acid that will pour over the poor adventurer when cracked open (unless she is careful). The acid does 1d6 damage and will render one's hands useless for 1d3 days unless healing magic is applied.

4126. The trees break here to reveal a vast, rolling meadow crossed by babbling brooks and broken only by a few weathered stones. The meadow is usually occupied by a herd of grazers (roll below):

Roll	Grazers
1	2d6 bonnacon
2	2d6 musimon
3	2d6 parandrus
4	3d6 red deer
5	2d6 unicorns
6	2d6 yale

At night, the meadow is filled with faerie revelers. At the center of the party is a troupe of six fiddle-playing grigs. To determine the other revelers, roll four or five times on the following table:

Roll	Revelers
1	1d6 brownies, serving honey cakes and claret
2	1d3 swan maidens, giving each other knowing glances
3	1d4 korred, dancing wildly
4	1d3 nymphs, more accommodating than usual
5	1d3 pixies, looking for trouble
6	1d6 satyrs, inebriated and "in the mood"
7	1d6 sprites, flitting around happily
8	1d4 white ladies, graceful and haughty

Mortals can join the revels, but will awaken to find themselves 1d6 hexes away in a random direction and potentially missing a key piece of equipment or in one another's clothes and armor. Overly boisterous behavior will draw rebuke and possible violence.

| *Brownie: HD 1d4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 sword (1d3); Move 15; Save 10; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Spells.*

| *Fox Woman*: HD 8+1; AC 18/16/14; Atk 1 bite (1d2)/1 bite (1d12)/1 weapon (1d6); Move 24/18/12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; *Special*: Alternate form, entourage, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.

| *Grig*: HD 1d4; AC 1 [18]; Atk 3 darts (1d3) and 2 dagger (1d4); Move 6 (Fly 15); Save 18; CL/XP 3/60; *Special*: Spells (change self, entangle, invisibility, pyrotechnics, trip, ventriloquism), magic resistance 20%, fiddle (save or dance uncontrollably).

| *Korred*: HD 6+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 slam (1d2+4) or 1 weapon (1d4+4 or 1d6+4); Move 9; Save 11; CL/XP 9/1100; *Special*: Hurl rocks (2d8), laugh, magic resistance 25%, spells.

| *Sprite*: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 9 (Fly 18); Save 18; CL/XP 2/30; *Special*: Hide, move silently, sleep poison, spells.

4127. A steep, granite ridge lined with pine trees stands out like a rampart over the surrounding forest. The ridge is the lair of five woodwose, ill-tempered brutes who survey the surrounding woodland for victims on which to release their pent up hostility. The woodwose will attack from the ridge using their spikes when possible. The ridge is roughly 20 feet higher than the woodland floor. It can be climbed with relative ease by rangers, assassins and thieves even during a fight, but under pressure, other characters must make a saving throw midway during their climb to avoid falling for 1d6 damage. Treasure: 5,480 gp in heaping piles left in plain sight as bait.

| *Woodwose*: HD 9 (44, 42, 42, 39, 33 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 slams (1d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; *Special*: Spells, spines, double damage from iron.

4128. An ancient villa of the Nabu rests atop a rocky hill. One side of the hill is overgrown with pine trees and brambles, while the other is bare granite that has been carved into a bas-relief of a grape harvest and wine pressing under the gaze of Mut and Min, goddess and god of fertility. The villa is almost completely destroyed, with one two intersecting walls remaining and the rest a pile of masonry overgrown with weeds. One of the surviving walls bears a faded and damaged fresco showing the green-skinned god Osiris holding a goblet and with barrels of grapes at his feet sending ten men bearing jugs of wine away from him toward the setting sun. This is a really a clue directing one to proceed ten paces to the west. At this point, now buried by a couple feet of rubble, there is a secret trap door that leads into a wine cellar. The cellar contains several barrels of vinegar (once excellent wine), and a cache of twelve bottles of very fine wine, worth at least 50 gp each. One of these bottles contains a long vial that contains a map showing the location of a tower [4433].

4129. Iothir is a small village of wattle-and-daub huts surrounded by an earthwork rampart. A two-story watch

tower built of field stone and timber looks over the surrounding woods. The villagers make their living as woodsmen. The village has precious few women, and the men of Iothir are a bit aggressive in their amorous advances, even toward rather plain women. The Iothirians are a rowdy, fighting breed, and all of them fight as well as men-at-arms, wielding axes (1d8 damage) and short bows. The watch tower is manned by five men-at-arms in ring armor and carrying shields, crossbows and axes.

The village's mayor is elected by the woodsmen. The current mayor is Geren, a lean, arrogant man with wavy, auburn hair, grey-green eyes and a long, distinguished nose. Geren is a woodsman himself, and dresses like the other citizens of Iothir. The other prominent citizen of Iothir is Thoni, a squat woman with dark brown hair worn in short ringlets. Thoni is a master healer who traveled to this wilderness village in search of a husband.

4138. Sadhnath is a large fishing village built on bluffs overlooking the coast. Beneath the bluff there is a sandy beach and several caves in which the fishermen store their boats. Narrow, precarious steps lead from the village to the beach. The village is protected by a 7 ft tall, 3 ft thick wall of stone with a iron portcullis opening to the stairs and two thick wooden doors to the woodland beyond. A single beacon tower rises near the bluff, giving a commanding view of the sea and woods. Passing very near the village is a stream that pools and then flows underground, eventually spilling into the sea from a submerged cave.

The village consists of a number of stone hovels with gabled, wooden roofs. The fishermen are outspoken, honest and exceedingly rude, and both men and women make a habit of smoking clay pipes. The largest building in the village, a 3-story tower keep of weathered, pitted stone and warped, wooden shutters is home to Lord Porht, an aging man with heavily creased, olive skin and salt-and-pepper hair. Porht has a well groomed mustache and beard, and a jutting jaw line. He claims the entire coast, from river to river, but hasn't the ability to back up his claim. His entire "army" consists of fifteen men-at-arms in ring armor with spears and long bows and a brusque, burly sergeant named Jaltyr who wears a long, chainmail hauberk and pot helm and carries a double-headed axe (treat as a pole arm). Lord Porht's treasure consists of 1,200 gp.

The most interesting aspect of the village, however, is its hostel. It is constructed in a large cave about ten feet above the beach. There are two entrances, one through a door facing the sea (itself reachable via warped, wooden

stairs), and the other through a long tunnel that crosses the aforementioned subterranean steam before terminating in a circular staircase that leads to a hidden trapdoor on the surface. Either entrance is guarded by a zwunker bouncer (twins named Colleja and Serta). Within the cozy cave there is a taproom serving crabapple cider (the trees grow near the village) and a concoction of fermented goat's milk flavored with berries and honey, as well as fish stew, boiled eels and large oysters steamed with wild onions and parsnips. The hostel is run by Nidee, a likeable old woman with the mouth of a sailor, and her two sons, the elder March and the younger Linder. The hostel sells space on the floor of the taproom for 1 sp per night, and has two private rooms rented for 3 gp per night. Nidee has about 90 gp to her name.

| Lord Pohrt: HD 4 (16 hp); AC 1 [18] in platemail, otherwise 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Men-at-arms under his command are +1 to initiative. Wears red velvet doublet and striped red and white leggings with black, leather boots with silver buckles. Carries long sword and dagger.

| Jaltyr: HD 3 (14 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d10); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None. Jaltyr loves Pohrt like a son loves a father, and enjoys a +1 bonus to hit and damage when defending him.

| Colleja & Serta, Zwunkers: HD 2 (8, 7 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Control winds, magic resistance 10% in 10' radius. Twin sisters, they were wrecked up the coast, losing their comrades and parents, as girls and were given a home by Nidee, who reminds them of their grandmother. They wear leather coats and carry leaden clubs and three darts.

| Nidee: HD 1d6 (4 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 makeshift weapon (1d4); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: None. Usually wears a long peasant's dress and a dingy apron.

| March & Linder: Same stats as mother, save they have 5 and 4 hit points respectively. They wear peasant's clothes and carry daggers.

4211. This hex is trisected by an extremely deep chasm, the lowest reaches of which are filled with a black, murky lake inhabited by sapphire-skinned mountain squid and a dizzying array of shellfish. At approximately the center of this hex, a bridge of three massive bronze spans and mica tiles crosses the chasm from west to southeast and northwest. Three massive gnasher lizards are sunning themselves on the bridge and, though reluctant to move as a rule, happily charge any prey that wanders onto their bridge.

| Gnasher Lizard: HD 9 (53, 46, 41 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Behead on natural '20', bite victims must save or be swallowed whole (2d6 acid damage each round).



City-State of Bodbertus

4223. Bodbertus is a river port city of 5,000 people. The Bodberters are related to the bronze men of the Golden Coast. They have reddish brown skin, broad, round faces with brown, grey or blue eyes and thick, straight hair of pale blond to auburn that they wear braided. They average 6 feet in height.

Bodbertus is constructed in the lush valley of the River Vusk, which eventually flows through the Grete Myre and finally empties into the Tepid Sea. The valley is well cultivated and dotted with manorial villages. The economy is based on mining in the mountains. The city-state's currency is the wose, minted in gold, silver and copper. Bodbertus' patron deity is Sylvanus, god of the woodlands and wilderness.



The city itself has an outer wall consisting of thick earthen ramparts topped with wooden spikes and patrolled by groups of 2d6 militiamen in leather armor and carrying bill hooks, short bows and long knives. There is also an inner wall measuring 60 feet tall composed of granite blocks and strong towers. The inner wall has three gates of thick, laminated pine reinforced with iron. The inner wall is patrolled by men-at-arms wearing chainmail and carrying pole axe, short sword and light crossbow (see below). The buildings within the city are tall and narrow and constructed of white granite with sharply peaked roofs of green copper or tarred pine. Bodbertus is notable for its lush gardens, graceful architecture, expansive markets (there is a corn market, livestock market, metal market,

cloth market and gem market), local fencing schools and dozens of eccentric hedge mages. In fact, there are so many mages in Bodbertus that each city guardsman is equipped with three +1 crossbow bolts, and each sergeant of the guard is equipped with three +1 bolts that cause 1d4 points of lightning damage when they hit.

The city streets of Bodbertus are narrow and twisty. The most celebrated construction in the city-state is its museum of ancient treasures, an octagonal building with thick, granite walls. It contains, behind four permanent walls of force, a collection of royal regalia dating to the ancient and warlike Venatian chieftains of the woods, from whom the Countess traces her descent.

Bodbertus is ruled by a triumvirate of elected prefects, one elected by the guilds, one by the peasantry and one by the nobility. All three prefects are quite corrupt. The prefects are under the control of the Ophelia, Countess of Bodbertus, who rules the city-state's domain and from whom the triumvirate and the city's guilds gained their charters. Ophelia has a measure of storm giant blood in her veins, making her a sorceress of no mean ability.

Bodbertus' domain is populated by 45,000 people. The nobility consists of 25 baronets. There are also eight ecclesiastical manors. The country is divided into two shires, each patrolled by a sheriff – Jeovald north of the river and Guenock south of the river. The two men despise each other and vie for the hand of the Countess Ophelia. The city watch consists of 50 men-at-arms and the city-state's standing army consists of 300 militia, 20 knights and 19 sergeants-at-arms.

| *Ophelia, Magic-User Lvl 7; HP 24; AC 9 [10]; Save 9; Special: Spells (4th); Crimson robes, golden coronet, thin, twisty pine wand that can cause one subject to dance.*

| *Guenock, Aristocrat: HD 3 (19 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12 (9 in armor); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Soldiers are +1 to damage; Platemail, battle axe, dagger.*

| *Jeovald, Aristocrat: HD 3 (9 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12 (9 in armor); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Soldiers are +1 to hit; Platemail, shield, long sword, dagger.*

4228. An ancient soapstone vat rests in a clearing. From the waxy interior, it appears that it was once used to render fat. In fact, it was used to render the fat of a captured panthera. Tallow scraped from the vat can be used to create a single, small candle that will burn for one hour and produce a perfume similar to that of the panthera. The person who burns the candle will be cursed by the gods for profiting from the death of a panthera. Their nose will disappear, only to be returned to them

when they have found a living panthera and begged its forgiveness.

4235. An ancient manse from the days of Nabu sits on a wide meadow of wild flowers. It is constructed of cedar wood and boasts a single, 20 ft tall round tower (three stories, with the bottom floor starting five feet beneath the surface of the ground. The manse is in poor repair, the upper floors capable of collapsing at a moment's notice (1 in 6 chance). Nevertheless, it has a large hearth that can be used to warm the main hall. There are a few scraps of furniture left in the house, and a few barrels showing the residue of foodstuffs long since dried up, rotted away or eaten by rats. Lurking in the house are six shadows, all that remains of the noble family that once occupied the house and ran a prosperous plantation. A secret door in the bottom floor of the tower reveals winding, narrow stairs that lead to a small shrine dedicated to the three frog gods of chaos, Huh, Kuk and Nu.

| *Shadow: HD 3+3 (28, 24, 21, 21, 20, 18 hp); AC 7[12]; Atk 1 touch (1d4 + strength drain); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Drain 1 point str with hit, hit only by magic weapons.*

4236. A clutch of sixteen giant killer tree frogs lairs in the boughs of the trees here. They have wicked claws and are capable of leaping on unsuspecting travelers from the trees.

| *Giant Frog: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 6 plus up to 30ft hop; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Hop*

4240. A briny sea serpent hunts along the coast in this hex. Wrecked ships along the bottom contain 10,000 cp, 5,000 ep, 1,000 gp, 100 pp, a silver stud worth 1,050 gp and a porcelain bowl from the Imperial potter of the court of the Jade Empress of Mu-Pan worth 1,250 gp.

| *Briny Sea Serpent: HD 8; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6 + poison); Move 15; Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Acid breath, poison.*

4245. A crabnipe is nestled beneath a tarnished cuirass. This specimen will attempt to grapple anything that gets an arm or leg close enough in order to make it difficult for others to effectively attack it.

| *Crabnipe: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 4 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d6 + paralysis); Move 6 (Swim 12); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Paralysis poison (1d6 turns).*

4246. A forest of long, thick strands of kelp covers the floor of this hex and those surrounding it. Living among the seaweed are dryad-like kelpies, playful and beautiful, but ultimately luring people to their doom. Hidden by the strands of kelp is a massive stone head depicting Oceanus,

the titanic ruler of the sea. The head radiates powerful magic, but does not seem to actually do anything. If any remotely hostile act is perpetrated on the head, however, it rises from the ground on the body of a stone golem. Inside the stone head is a fist-sized ruby worth 20,000 gp.

| *Kelpie*: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 grapple; Move 9 (Swim 12); Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Charm, drown.

| *Stone Golem*: HD 15 (60hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 fist (3d8); Move 6; Save 3; CL/XP 16/3200; Special: +1 or better magic weapon to hit, immune to most magic.

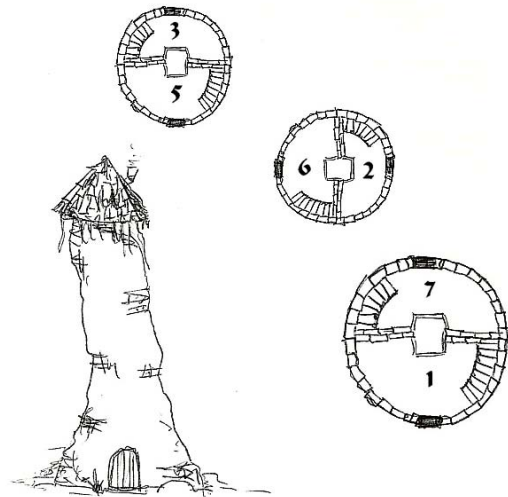
4250. A large city that looks like a maze of excavated canyons lies on the bottom of the sea. This city, its name now lost in the mists of time, was once home to a large colony of elder things. It is now home to 10,000 (more or less, they keep merging and splitting) oozes of every imaginable description – gelatinous cubes, black puddings, jellies of every unappetizing color known to man, slithering trackers and protoplasm as yet undiscovered.

The maze-like canyons of the city are lit by softly glowing irradium globes (treat as continual light spells). Hundreds of complexes, small and large, are cut into the walls of the canyons. Some of these complexes contain air pockets, but most do not. The outermost complexes mostly contain simple, though strange, domestic items and tools. Closer to the center of the city there are libraries, laboratories and a few crypts and command posts of the elder things. At the center of the city there is the large citadel now turned into a massive temple of The Faceless Lord tended by a priesthood of gibbering mouthers and an elder black pudding who is the city's "king".

| *Elder Black Pudding*: HD 20 (103 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 3 pseudopods (4d8); Move 6; Save 3; CL/XP 21/4700; Special: Acidic surface, immune to cold, divides when hit by lightning.

4303. Several streams come pouring out of the surrounding mountains and into a valley here. All of the streams are rapid and dangerous and difficult to cross, and all eventually pour into the center of the valley, creating a small lake. In the center of this lake there is a pinnacle of chalky-looking stone, and atop that pinnacle is a crooked castle of black, grey and white stones with a conical roof of chipped and discolored slate. A long, wooden causeway, as creaky as the tower, runs out to the tower's entrance, and a second causeway can be seen leading from the tower's exit to the far shore.

The door to the tower is neither locked nor barred, though it makes a terrible groan when opened.



[1] This hemispherical chamber is notable for its large, roaring hearth. The hearth's chimney rises through the center of the tower, and one can see into [7] through the white and purple flames and a cast iron grate. The flames, which have no fuel, are a fiendish fire elemental that will gladly appear to be extinguished by fire to lure people into his hearth.

| *Fire Elemental*: HD 8 (36 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 strike (2d6); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Ignite materials.

[2] The stairs lead to a thick, pine door. This room appears much as [1], though it is smaller in diameter. The room is filled with refuse, including rotting offal, soiled furs, creaky furniture, dented pots and pans and cracked crocks. The room is inhabited by twenty goblins, all of them within reach of a cleaver, poker or jagged, rusty knife. The goblins dress in black robes and tall, black cylindrical caps and paint their faces with phosphorescent fungi to look like skulls. Hanging from the rafters are dried mushrooms with hallucinogenic properties in mesh sacks. Hidden amongst the muck is 1,000 sp, 200 gp and a terracotta dish worth 105 gp that shows the way to [4318].

| *Goblins*: HD 1d6 hp; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: -1 to hit in sunlight.

[3] These stairs are narrow and made of wood, and bend when stepped upon. The top step is designed to give way when trod upon, with the victim suffering 1d4 damage and getting his leg stuck in the staircase unless he passes a saving throw. The door is locked. Beyond it lies a small room, not unlike [2] and housing ten larger, rougher looking goblins with picks and black bucklers.

| *Goblin Toughs*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: -1 to hit in sunlight.

[4] The pinnacle of the tower consists of a single, circular room with stairs leading to both [3] and [5]. The room is filled with cobwebs and houses twelve giant spiders, as cunning and intelligent as any human being. Hanging amidst the webbing are three cocooned humanoids, their vital juices sucked out and now hanging to age like sides of pancetta for the hungry goblins below.

| *Giant Spiders (4-ft)*: HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + poison); Move 18; Save 16; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Lethal poison, 5 in 6 chance to surprise prey.

[5] This room is inhabited by the goblin's resident eye-biter, Ziphilda, a gnarled old goblin witch who looks to be several centuries old. She labors to see under a thick mop of greasy, grey hair and wears an astounding assortment of fetishes and juju-beads in her hair and on her person. She shares her abode with a large swarm of spiders that cover the entire chamber. She is currently bent over a bronze cauldron of murky water communing with Marchocias, a marquis of Hell. There is a 1 in 6 chance each round that Marchocias will send a dretch to aid Zilphilda.

| *Ziphilda, Goblin Adept 4*: HP 11; AC 2 [17]; Save 12; Special: Spells (2nd), healer.

| *Dretch*: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d6); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Stinking cloud, darkness, teleport, summon 1d4 giant rats.

| *Spider Swarm*: HD n/a; AC n/a; Atk 1 (1 hp + non-lethal poison); Move 4; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Poison paralyze 1d3+1 rd.

[6] Ganzer, the thuggish leader of the goblins, dwells in this chamber, which is decorated with a shabby pile of furs and a few trophies (helms, cuirass, weapons) on the wall. His wallet contains an opal worth 60 gp, and is guarded by a deadly poisonous little spider within (save or die).

| *Ganzer, Goblin Chief*: HD 3 (15 hp); AC 3 [17]; Save 14; Chainmail, shield, hand axe.

[7] This chamber is empty, like chamber [1], though one might still have to contend with the fire elemental. A wide bear rug is sprawled across the floor, and hides a hole that deposits people into the freezing lake below and leaves them to the tender mercies of the giant gar that dwell therein.

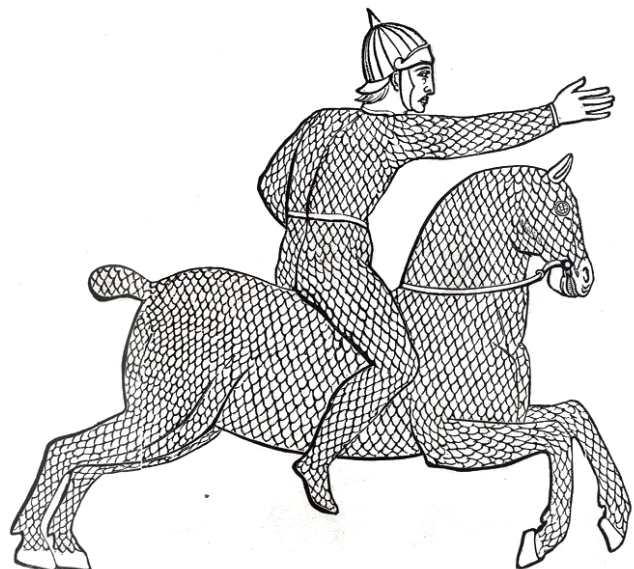


Barony of Thaco

4304. Baron Thaco is a tall, barrel-chested man with dark red hair, full beard and walrus mustache. Commonly attired as a simple yeoman, he is wont to wander over his possession, checking on the progress of crops and livestock, directing the building of irrigation channels and animal pens, and venturing into the silver mines to inspect the ore. He is well-spoken and pleasant, but always keeps his trusty battle axe in hand in case of trouble.

Thaco's baronetcy consists of a hamlet of 260 halflings and a smaller thorp of 30 human miners. The halflings occupy the lowlands, growing hops, celery, buckwheat and medlars, while the humans dwell in the outer reaches of the hex, nearer the mountains. Roughly in the center is Thaco's fortress, a mound of towers and donjons constructed of red marble and featuring twelve tall, pyramidal crystal spires. The castle was taken by Thaco from a nasty little wizard known as Hoovis the Harrower, who kept the halflings as slaves for the silver mines.

Thaco's household consists of Milan, a priest of Hercules and a seedy mage named Elros, a cowardly man who turned on his former master and aided the dashing Thaco



in his conquest. Thaco has 23 men-at-arms (chainmail, shield, spear) and twelve berserkers armed and armored as their lord. The berserkers can usually be found in the hamlet's tap house run by Gillfrey, the nominal head man of the village. The tap house serves crocks of kumis (fermented milk), thick soda bread and buckwheat cakes with birch syrup.

Milan can be found in his simple little monastery, located about 1 mile away from the castle amidst the fields of the halflings, where he is training six halfling neophytes to "take up the club". The halflings provide 45 militia (leather armor, short bow and dagger) to bolster Thaco's forces.

Thaco seeks the secret of the philosopher's stone, which he believes is located in the the Halls of the Titans [5332]. He has organized several expeditions into the dungeon, but has not yet found it.

Treasure: 3,330 gp, 31 lb of vermilion dye (4 gp/lb, left over by Hoovis) and 470 lb of buckwheat (25 cp/lb).

| *Thaco, Barbarian Lvl 9: HP 61; AC 6 [13]; Save 7; Special: Berserker, tenacity; Ring mail, battle axe, wolf cloak worth 10 gp.*

| *Milan, Cleric 3: HP 9; AC 3 [16]; Save 13; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead; Chainmail, shield, Hercules club (a two-handed club shod in iron, treat as a heavy mace), holy symbol.*

| *Elros, Magic-User 5: HP 9; AC 9 [10]; Save 11; Special: Spells (3rd); Black tunic, red hose, pointed leather shoes with silver buckles, gray hooded cloak, an ivory wand worth 25 gp.*

4308. A petrified forest fills a magically silent valley in this hex. Even the animals of the forest have been petrified, but their ghosts haunt the dead woods. A partially tumbled tower in the middle of the forest is home to a dragon and a magic sword.

4318. Gyres look like degenerate satyrs with wide, toothy mouths, crumpled horns and the tails of asses. Thirteen gyres dwell in this hex in an ancient temple carved into the side of a mountain. The temple is dedicated to "Kaos Invictus" – Chaos Unconquered – and contains shrines to dozens of demon princes and forgotten deities. The interior glistens with slime and its corridors and chambers are inhabited by giant, poisonous frogs, sentient jellies and carcass creepers. In the center of the temple is an ogdoad breeding pit fed by a slimy river that flows from a rent in the living rock. The ogdoad know the way to the Pleasure Palace of Izrigul [5839] and hold a bone key that opens a secret door to the lower levels of the dungeon.

| *Gyre: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d3) and 2 claws (1d4) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Frenzy.*

4323. At some point, the party may wander onto an ancient trail marked with wide, octagonal paving stones and stone posts carved with swirling glyphs every 4,200 feet. The top of each post has a hollow portion that looks as though intended to hold something. The trail eventually winds along a thirty to forty foot tall ridge laced with veins of salt. The salt trail, as it is sometimes called, attracts a variety of herd animals and their predators; there is a 5% chance per hour spent near the trail of having a violent monster encounter; about one in ten of these encounters will be with a flock of 1d12 salt mephits.

| *Salt Mephit: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d3); Move 12 (Fly 15); Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Breathe 10-ft cone of salt for 1d4 damage plus itching and burning, draw moisture from living creatures in 20-ft range for 2d8 damage.*

There is a 1 in 6 chance of noticing a small cavern in a salt vein about twenty feet above ground level. These natural caverns are narrow and require human-sized folk to stoop.

Approximately 20 ft inside one cavern, adventurers begin to run into simple traps (some magical). Further on, one might discover small (2 ft tall) humanoid shapes suspended from the ceiling in wrappings spun from spider silk. These are mummified pixies interred with a variety of burial goods. Disturbing the mummies invites a terrible curse (-2 to all rolls until removed). There is a 10% chance that 3d4 mummies animate and attack the tomb robbers. The salted mummies are edible, and act as potions of detect invisibility with a duration of 1 hour.

| *Mummified Pixie: HD 2; AC 3 [16], Atk 1 slam (1d4); Move 6 (Fly 12); Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Invisibility, mummy rot, magic resistance 30%, double damage from fire.*

4327. On a barren hillside, some ancient people created a giant chalk outline. The outline depicts a squat, humanoid form with clawed hands, large wings reminiscent of a dragon and a bulbous head with what appears to be a tangled beard. Knowledgeable clerics might be able to identify this creature as The Sleeper. The chalk outline is in good repair, and the many odd, hoof-like footprints and strange, desiccated, mummy-like corpses of small birds and mammals suggest that the keepers visit often.

4333. Five hawktoads lair in the treetops in this hex, streaking down from above to attack travelers and snatch any shiny objects (especially holy symbols) and then flee into the woods. If their wattle-and-daub nest can be found (a tricky task indeed), it contains a pearl worth 135 gp, rock crystal worth 3 gp, rose quartz worth 155 gp, a bronze statue of a dancing satyr worth 500 gp and five silver holy symbols worth 30 gp each.

| *Hawktoad*: HD 2 (9, 7, 7, 6, 4 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1d2), tongue (strangles); Move 3 (Fly 12); Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Strangling tongue (constitution check or fall unconscious).

4336. Magnar is a large farming burh of lanky peasants living in houses thatched from pine boughs. Magnar is surrounded by an earthen rampart set with wooden spikes and has three wooden guard towers. The villagers get their water from a number of quick-flowing streams around the village. The men of Magnar have light skin and hair that ranges from red to blond. The women of Magnar are known for the complex knot patterns they weave into their hair and their large, brown eyes – referred to poetically as “cow eyes”. They are a plain people, with button noses and jaws that never seem quite right. The peasants dress in tunics and hose of white, yellow and green, and they wear green skullcaps made from felt. The 25 men-at-arms of the guard wear ring armor and carry long bows and spears. Their two sergeants, Gaela and Svana, wear chainmail hauberks and are similarly armed.

The village is ruled by Baroness Tatya, a pudgy, friendly woman with a club foot. Tatya is protective of her people and kind to them, but is nevertheless strict about maintaining the feudal hierarchy. Her husband is a lanky wastrel named Fynedo who can pluck a fine tune on the harp but is otherwise useless. She has three children, the eldest being an easy-going young man named Olinus who dresses in blue and has grey-blue eyes and a disarming smile. The middle child is a dumpy little princess named Madie. The youngest, only five, is thin, meek girl called Tariel.

Magnar is a calm, pleasant village on the surface, but most visitors feel unease with the villagers and the ruling family. They seem a bit too calm and detached from the world, as though they are only going through the motions. In late autumn, the villagers hang blue lanterns in the trees and light blue candles in their windows to welcome the spirits of their ancestors, who visit the village on that night in the form of forest animals. These animals are invited into homes and treated as honored guests.

4344. Five great white sharks hunt in this hex. They shadow ships moving through in hopes of someone walking the plank.

| *Large Shark* (8HD): HD 8 (38, 37, 34, 32, 30 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+4); Move 0 (swim 24); Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Feeding frenzy.

4348. A community of locathah dwells in a submerged castle. They ride giant eels into battle and carry barbed spears or heavy crossbows or tridents and nets. The

locathah are known for their paralyzing poisons, which they harvest from the sea urchins that cover their castle. They are led by Lord Kigl’lot and his bodyguard of elite warriors. The castle is also protected by cave eels and a giant jellyfish. The cave eels live in the catacombs that run underneath the castle and hold Kigl’lot’s vault of treasure, which contains 6,610 gp and 97 pp.

| *Kigl’lot, Locathah Fighting-Fish* Lvl 4: HP 24; AC 4 [15]; Save 11; Shagreen armor, poisoned trident, shield.

| *Elite Warriors* (12), *Fighting-Fish* Lvl 3: HD 3d6+6; AC 5 [14]; Save 12; Shagreen armor, poisoned trident, shield.

| *Locathah* (112): HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.

4402. Miklos and Spavetz are a two-headed troll that lives in a shallow, bone-filled cave overlooking the river. The cave is on the only narrow pathway that leads around a mountain, and thus effectively cuts off movement through this hex. The troll owns an old ballista with four massive bolts that it uses like a heavy crossbow that deals 1d10+5 damage. Treasure: 4,130 gp and a banded agate worth 900 gp kept in the bronze head of a boar (once part of a statue, worth 50 gp itself).

| *Miklos & Spavetz*: HD 10 (46 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 2 bites (1d10); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on d6, regenerate 1 hp/rd (fire negates).

4413. Volcanus and his cyclopean assistants one forged powerful weapons and armor in this volcano, which has now cooled considerably and has thus been abandoned. The forge is located in a giant, vaulted cavern that has been scrupulously carved into palatial splendor. Connected to the forge room are dozens of storage chambers, now all empty save for a few bars of steel and other odds and ends. The center of the main cavern is dominated by a fire pit 30 ft in diameter. The forge’s bellows are still operated by a giant brass chimpanzee, an automaton created by Volcanus himself and abandoned when the forge was abandoned. The chimpanzee keeps the fire pit filled with coal and hot – hot enough that nine fire snakes have made it their lair. They ignore the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee ignores them. The coal is dug and delivered by five small bronze moles with ruby eyes (worth 50 gp each).

| *Brass Chimpanzee*: HD 4+1 (18 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Bronze Mole*: HD 1+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6+1); Move 6; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.

| *Fire Snake*: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Poison, immune to fire, surprise.



Mark of Rhovarn

4416. The domain of Rhovarn, second son of a knight of Lyonesse, lies in a broad pass that cuts through the mountains here, allowing trade to flow from Argis to Bodbertus. The mark consists of a fortified market outpost and concentric castle, and has a population of 900 (mostly serfs). The town supports the caravans that move between Bodbertus and Argis, and its farmers raise winter wheat and herd goats. The braver citizens climb into the aeries of giant eagles to steal their eggs. The town is mostly composed of wattle-and-daub houses and a few stouter buildings of brownish stone and boasts a master healer named Kanderz (they say he has elf blood because of his amethyst eyes and coppery hair) with a well-stocked apothecary shop. The surrounding slopes are pocked with caves and inhabited by giant eagle aeries and bugbear lairs. The fields surrounding the town are rocky and covered with meager grasses that support goats and a breed of white, long-haired rabbits. The pass is quite cool even during the summer months, and fills with snow in late fall to mid-spring.

Rhovarn's stronghold lies in the middle of the town. It is a strong concentric castle constructed of dull, brown stone left unadorned save for dozens of banners showing Rhovarn's colors. The castle is protected by 94 men-at-arms (chainmail, shield, short bow and spear) and twelve knights (platemail, shield, lance, long sword). His household is rounded out by a chaplain (Gudra) and court magician (Phild).

Rhovarn is has boyish good-looks despite his 46 summers. He has a fair complexion and freckles and a shock of red hair that he wears long. Rhovarn has a ponderous intellect and is well read in most of the sciences. He has written a couple minor papers on mathematics and has translated Machiavelli's *The Prince* into the Common tongue of the Motherlands. Rhovarn has a deep, abiding passion for the Duchess Ophelia of Bodbertus, sending her heartfelt (but overly wordy) verses of love and gifts of precious stones and giant eaglets. He sees all accomplished men as potential rivals for her affections, and often lures them

into the dungeon beneath his castle to be disposed of by the monsters therein.

Gudra of the Bone is a priestess of Zelus, a demi-god of jealousy and the male counterpart of Nemesis. It is she who has stoked the fires of Rhovarn's paranoia. She maintains a small shrine at the entrance to Rhovarn's dungeons containing a gold icon of Zelus and dozens of green candles she keeps lit at all times. Her nick-name is derived from her chosen weapon, the femur of a dragon.

Bilious Phild is an odd magician who dresses in a billowing green cloak and a body stocking of dark purple bedecked with rhinestones. He carries a slim, oak wand of lightning with 8 charges. Phild serves as Rhovarn's major domo and chief advisor, but envies his position and would like to seize power.

Treasure: 5,400 gp, 4 lb of jasmine oil (25 sp/lb; a gift for Duchess Ophelia of Bodbertus) and a terracotta urn worth 45 gp painted with acanthus vines and holding the ashes of Rhovarn's mother.

| *Rhovarn, Fighting-Man Lvl 12: HP 59; AC 1 [18]; Save 4; Platemail, shield, warhammer, dagger.*

| *Gudra, Cleric Lvl 6: HP 27; AC 1 [18]; Save 10; Special: Spells (4th), command undead; Platemail (lacquered gold), shield, mace, holy symbol.*

| *Phild, Magic-User Lvl 6: HP 19; AC 9 [10]; Save 10; Special: Spells (3rd); Wand of lightning, silver dagger.*

4421. A gang of 12 trolls dwell in a barrow mound looking over a steep, barren slope of chalk. The trolls make their way in the world by raiding the woodlands to the west, especially the outer settlements of Bodbertus. The Duchess Ophelia of Bodbertus will pay handsomely for proof of their destruction. The trolls are led by Marunga, a powerful jarl who stands a full 15-ft tall. The trolls worship Hel, demon princess of the frozen north, who is served by an old shaman called Kalo. Kalo is favored by the goddess and owns one of her nids. Treasure: 13,540 gp.

| *Marunga: HD 9+5 (54 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), 1 bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 7; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Regenerate 3 hp/rd.*

| *Kalo, Troll Adept Lvl 3: HD 6+3 (27 hp); AC 5 [14]; Save 11; Special: Spells (1st), regenerates 3 hp/rd.*

| *Nidhund: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d6) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 21; Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Immune to cold and poison, rake with claws, magic resistance 10%.*

4431. There is an abbey here dedicated to Arachne, a mortal weaver possessing such magnificent skill at her art

that she challenged the goddess Minerva and was eventually punished for her hubris. Nevertheless, she has become a patron saint of weavers and dyers and a minor figure in the cult of Minerva. The hillsides surrounding the abbey are grazed on by sheep with especially fine, strong wool. The nuns of the abbey use this wool to produce spectacular tapestries which are valued throughout the Motherlands and a variety of magical vestments.

The abbey itself is situated on a rocky hill overlooking a valley of rolling hills. The abbey is a shell keep, two stories tall, containing workshops, storage areas (mostly bundles of wool (5 tons, worth 20 gp per ton) and dyes of many colors (100 lb each of yellow, red, blue and green, worth about 5 sp per pound), combs, spindles, etc) living quarters for the nuns and their officers, an armory, and vaults carved into the granite hill where the true treasure of the monastery, dozens of enchanted spiders who do the real weaving of the abbey, are kept.

At the foot of the abbey hill there is a small village of longhouses surrounded by a stone wall with a moat and three towers. The village is built against the abbey hill, with the town hall constructed right against the wall and offering access through a secret door to the tunnels and vaults carved into the hill. One can also access the abbey from the village by a system of stairs, some wooden and some carved into the living rock. The villager is defended by five men-at-arms in embroidered, +1 tunics carrying shields, spears and light crossbows.



Abbey and village are ruled by Xanah, a small, radiant woman who wears sepia robes covered in magnificent embroidery depicting scenes from the life of St. Arachne (worth 200 gp). Xanah has guileless green eyes and fine, white hair in an elegant chignon. Her order is sworn to a vow of silence, and she will not break this vow. She is assisted by ten nuns. Hidden in the vaults beneath the abbey is her former lover, Brear, who has been turned into a drider and now stalks the dark corridor struck with madness. While Xarah has foresworn her love for him, she still does her best to hide and protect him, despite his occasional attacks on the villagers.

Treasure: 3,510 gp kept behind a locked door in the subterranean vaults.

| *Xanah, Cleric Level 9: HP 30; AC 1 [18]; Save 7 (6); Special: Spells (5th); Platemail, shield, mace, cloak of resistance (+1 to saving throws), holy symbol.*

| *Brear, Drider: HD 7 (30 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 18; Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Spells, magical abilities.*

4433. An ancient, crumbling donjon stands atop a hill, overgrown with pine trees that are gradually tearing the place down. An obscured trap door allows access into the donjon, which currently houses two ghosts.

| *Hungry Ghost: HD 1+1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 claw (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Phantasmal force, invisibility, suffer double damage from cold and fire.*

4436. An ancient analog computer has been tucked into a small niche in the rocks and hidden by a few pine boughs, now dry as kindling. The computer looks like a large, wooden chest filled with gears and covered with dials on the outside and a crystal sphere on which is etched a map of the world. By turning the dials to match astronomical observations, the sphere turns to show one their location on NOD™. Unfortunately, the map is a bit inaccurate, ignoring the existence of the antipodes and misjudging by 1,000 miles the western extent of Antilia. Operating the device requires a check against intelligence.

4450. This hex is filled with an enormous whirlpool that will almost certainly drag ships down to be dashed against the rocks. The whirlpool is caused by a glowing sword piercing the sea floor. The short sword, a gladius, was placed there by Neptunus for any hero brave and cunning enough to claim it. The sword is a +2 weapon that allows its wielder to breathe underwater and swim as swiftly as a dolphin (Move 24). In addition, sea creatures must pass a saving throw to threaten or attack the wielder (unless he attacks first).

4502. The nine female bugbears of the Bloody Fist tribe and their 30 males dwell here in the tree tops with their 12 bugaboos. The bugbears dwell in woven nests plastered with dried dung. These nests are tear-drop shaped and suspended in the upper branches of large trees. The bugbears wield spears and clubs and worship an idol of Balor of the Evil Eye carved from the tusk of a dragon whale. The bugbears are led by Znurk, a purple-faced brute with jutting fangs, though the most powerful member of the tribe is Gozr of the Mangled Claw [5701], a white furred yawahu bugbear with mystic powers. The bugbears tattoo their faces to enhance their grimaces, and are allies

with a two-headed troll named Mezabanobar that dwells about a mile away in a stinking cave surrounded by a thicket of black rose bushes. Treasure: Bugbears 4,560 gp; Mezabanobar 4,170 gp.

| *Bugbear*: HD 3+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Znurk, Bugbear Chief*: HD 5+1 (33 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+2); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6. Has a brass stud in his nose worth 3 gp.

| *Gozr of the Mangled Claw*: HD 3 (14 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 spear (1d6+1) or 1 shortbow (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Change self, burning hands, 1/day - blindness, invisibility, ray of enfeeblement and tiny hut.

| *Mezabanobar*: HD 10 (40 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 2 bites (1d4); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on d6, regenerate 1 hp/rd (fire negates).

4508. Actually, a fountain of the storm giants, in a great vaulted cavern that connected (via a winding stair) to a palace long since razed to the ground. The cavern walls are mottled with shades of magenta, blue and greenish-yellow and measures 300 ft in diameter and 60 ft from floor to ceiling. The fountain is stark, white marble ornamented with gold filigree (long since stolen) and a center piece with four giant brass heads with spouts in their open mouths. The water flows from the fountain in such a large quantity that it overflows and in fact form the head waters of the Rivers Danu and Dinar that emerge from caves (which form the principal entrances, north and south, to the cavern). The bottom of the fountain is covered in 2 inches of gold dust that is claimed by the storm giants and thus carries a terrible curse. Anyone attempting to steal the gold will discover their flesh slowly transform into the sparkling metal, starting with their fingers and toes and moving inward a couple inches each day. Just inside the northern cave entrance, in a small alcove of sorts, lays the skeleton of one unlucky robber; three quarters of the woman's skin was turned to gold and now lies an empty shell but for her dry bones.

4513. There is a large pool of water here that partially fills a natural amphitheater and puts off a prismatic haze that can be dazzling when first seen. Bathing in the pool



counteracts the effects of the pool in [4508], but is guarded by the archfiend Devolix, who demands a pound of flesh to bathe in the pool. Devolix appears as a huge, metallic butterfly with a highly reflective surface reminiscent of chrome. Those viewing the beast must pass a saving throw each round or suffer blindness from the glare lasting 2d6 rounds. In addition, magical spells that do not have a material form reflect off of Devolix's hide, striking a random creature within 10 feet. Damage inflicted by the creature's razor-sharp wings can only be healed naturally – curative magic has no effect.

Many magic-users claim that the pool was visited by Merlinus, the ancient archimage (or archdruid, if you believe the counterclaims of the druids) of Brigandy in olden days. Magic-users and druids making a pilgrimage here earn 500 XP.

| *Devolix*: HD 13 (53 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 wing buffet (1d10); Move 24 (Fly 12, Climb 24); Save 3; CL/XP 16/3200; Special: Reflexive skin, damage cannot be healed by magic, blindness.

4527. The House of Black Hearts is a fortified road house (i.e. inn) located in a secluded mountain valley not easily found or entered. Descending into the valley requires one to climb steel cliffs or discover a hidden tunnel. The inn has thick stone walls and a gabled roof of slate. It has no courtyard, but does have a built-in stable and a well inside the kitchen. The ground floor consists of a large tap room with a low ceiling (the rafters appear to warp downward in the center of the room), a stable, a kitchen (shares a

hearth with the tap room), private quarters for the innkeeper, Sebellius, and his bouncers, Vask and Greta. The upper story consists of a long dormitory heated by braziers (usually stocked with charcoal), four semi-private rooms and two private rooms that open onto the dormitory. The semi-private and private rooms have barred windows (the bars are easily removed by thieves and others who can "locate traps" or "secret doors") and copper-clad shutters that open inward.

As an inn and tavern, the House of Black Hearts is surprisingly clean and of good quality. The tap room has two long tables, and a number of smaller tables and private booths that are blocked by thick, black curtains. Copper lanterns on the tables and in the booths provide light. Prices are fair, but while the food is quite excellent (thanks to Zurla, Sebellius' wife), the drink is a very potent cider brewed from pears by Sebellius in a storage shed connected to the stables. The pears grow throughout the valley. The place is frequented by thieves, cut-throats and bandits, usually on the run and hiding - this keeps the crowd fairly small and conversation down to a murmur.

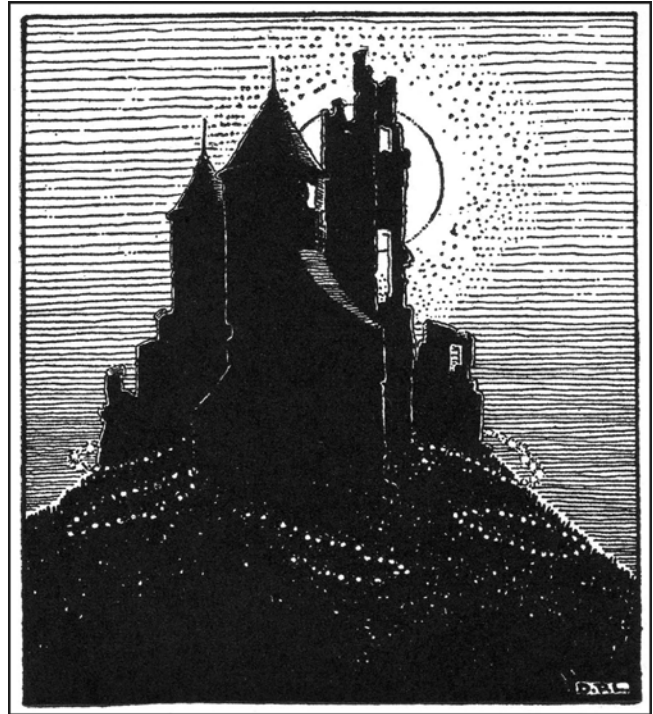
Sebellius is a handsome man, but usually nervous. He was a bard by trade until his courtship with a married woman put him on the run. He ended up at the House and became its bartender. When the original owner died, he left it to Sebellius, who also inherited his wife. Zurla is a pudgy, attractive woman with red hair streaked with silver. The miscreants who frequent the House of Black Hearts think of her as a second mother (and one who doesn't ask too many questions) and her health and safety are inviolable - every rogue from Lyonesse to Ibis knows this. She mostly serves thick soups (game, roots, what herbs she can find), black, crusty bread and pear torts.

A recent arrival to the House is a novice from the Monastery of the Crescent Moon named Sovo, who arrived wounded and has been recuperating under Zurla's capable care.

| *Sebellius, Bard Lvl 4: HP 20; AC 7 [12]; Save XX; Special: Decipher script, inspiration, legend lore, fascinate; Wears a jack of plates and carries a dagger on his belt. He keeps a loaded pistol under the counter (treat as a light crossbow).*

| *Vask, Bestial Fighting-Man Lvl 3: HP23; AC 4 [15]; Save 12; Vask has orc blood - turned up nose, vestigial tusks and little, piggy eyes. Wears a shirt of mail and carries a leaded club (1d8 damage) and dagger. A battle axe hangs from his belt.*

| *Greta, Barbarian Lvl 3: HP 26; AC 7 [12]; Save 13; Greta is a virtual amazon - tall and muscular with a scarred jaw and long, black hair. She wears heavy furs and is armed like Vask. Greta is an expert at choke holds (+1 to grapple attacks, +1 to damage).*



| *Sovo, Monk Lvl 2: HP 7 (12 normally); AC 6 [13]; Save 13; Special: Unarmed strike for 1d6 damage, movement 14, stunning attack 2/day, deflect arrows 1/rd; Wears a tattered white tunic and trousers and soft, brown boots. He carries the fragments of a staff (treat as two clubs) and has a wild look in his eyes.*

4531. An elevated stone road goes from this hex to [6026]. The road is of Nomo construction, and was meant to move troops swiftly into the Golden Coast region for an invasion that never took place. Every six miles (i.e. in each hex) there is a statue of Mercurius consisting of a 5-ft tall pillar of porphyry topped by a sculpture of the deity's head. Where the road is near settlements (or ruined settlements), it is lined with cenotaphs, tombs and crypts.

4542. Three giant manta rays lurk in these waters. Not of the more intelligent, deep sea variety, these rays have a habit of attacking ships.

| *Giant Manta Ray: HD 8; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (2d6), tail sting (2d10); Move (swim 18); Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Swallow whole, tail stuns.*

4545. A herd of six hippocampuses dwell in these waters. They are all that remains of a crew of pirates who were polymorphed by Horgges the sea hag [5045]

4547. About 20 ft below the surface of the water there is a sea cave. The entrance is clogged with purple and crimson kelp, and the cave itself is the lair of a mighty kelp dragon

called Kringe. Kringe was a living dragon that had the misfortune to expire beneath the waves. The lazy “beast” now wanders the hex, returning nightly to its lair to see that its horde (2,945 gp and a lapis lazuli worth 85 gp; all covered in a thin sheen of green slime) is safe.

| *Kelp Dragon*: HD 10; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Breath weapon, level drain, squeeze.

4548. Travelers through this hex have a 3 in 6 chance of meeting with the ship of Captain Seabard, a vicious bronze man pirate. *Demon’s Doom* is the flagship of a fleet of three merchant galleys rigged for war. The galleys have bronze-shod rams and draconic figureheads. Each carries 100 pirates. *Demon’s Doom* is commanded by Seabard and his first mate Dainn, while the *Executioner* is commanded by Nurne and *Lilith’s Love* by Hroncus. The flagship also carried Magnivar, a mechanical man cleric of the titan Oceanus. The pirates are armed with darts and hand axes. They have long, pointed black beards and wear leather armor. Magnivar looks like a bronze version of Michaelangelo’s David, only with visible seams and joints. He was constructed to be a temple slave of Neptunus, and thus for beauty rather than durability. Their treasure consists of 60 ep, 5,900 gp and 97 pp.

| *Seabard, Fighting-Man* Lvl 8: HP 44; AC 4 [15]; Save 7; Chainmail, shield, axe, light crossbow.

| *Dainn, Nurne & Hroncus, Fighting-Men* Lvl 4: HP 25, 25, 24; AC 5 [14]; Save 11. Ring armor, shield, axe, darts.

| *Magnivar, Mechanical Man Cleric* Lvl 6: HP 16; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; Special: Spells (4th), change into bronze eagle, immune to poison and disease, half damage from lightning; Curved sword, shield.

| *Pirates*: HD 1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

4626. Six magma mephits are sitting around a bubbling cauldron of magma, roasting bits of peasant and talking about life, love, etc.

| *Magma Mephit*: HD 3 (16, 12, 9 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claw (1d6); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Harmed by magic weapons, breath weapon, pyrotechnics, regenerate, shape change, summoning.

4633. A chasm splits this hex in two from north to south. The chasm is 100 feet deep, and the keen eyes of an elf might spot numerous piles of bleached bones in the bottom of the chasm. A rope bridge crosses the chasm, but is actually a rope golem in disguise. The golem was placed here by a long dead wizard to guard the approach to his tower, now located on Saturnis after a powerful teleportation spell went awry.

| *Rope Golem*: HD 6+1 (26 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Magic immunity, reduces damage from hits by 3, slashing, strangle, suffers double damage from fire.

4641. A collection of 24 towers composed of glass rests on the silt highlands of this hex. The towers were once built of basalt and inhabited by a happy tribe of locathah. But the village’s ruler, an arrogant magic-user of some ability, dared challenge the Horrges, the sea hag of [5045]. Her curse changed the village and villagers into glass. The remaining villagers, eight in number, are now crystalline wights that are almost invisible in the water. The village’s treasure consists of 17,655 glass coins (worth 1 sp each).

| *Crystal Wight*: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 claw (1hp + level drain); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Drain 1 level with hit, hit only by magic or silver weapons, surprise on 1-4 on 1d6.

4649 Mermaid Mountain: A small mountain of basalt rises from the sea here. The lower portions are encrusted with salt and feature a number of ledges occupied by sunning mermaids. Atop the crag one might see anywhere from 1 to 4 dour merrow, scanning the horizon for intruders. A total of 18 merrow and 150 mermaids live around the mount, mostly in little caves beneath the surface. The mermaids are especially lovely – petite, with golden tails and amethyst hair. The merrow have grey-green scales and large tusks and wear wide-brimmed hats woven from dried kelp. The merrow have 1,100 ep, 2,040 gp and 70 pp stashed in their caves.

| *Merrow*: HD 4+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 claw (1d10+1); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.

| *Mermaid*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 1 (Swim 18); Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

4705. Gzodd is a weird mountain stronghold, long abandoned and now inhabited by darkmantles, executioner’s hoods, cloaklers and ceiling lurkers. The citadel is sentient and, in an alien sense alive, the bizarre creatures inside it being a part of it the way white blood cells are a part of us. Gzodd’s heart is a massive ruby lodged in the center of the complex and worth 16,000 gp. Ratlings live inside as well, along with a nest of stirges, poetic giant spiders and the ghost of a giantess roams the halls.

4713. Illiops is a small village of ill-tempered bronze men who make a living felling the tall pines of this hex and sending them down the river to Argis. The village is set back from the river on a lofty hill surrounded by a dense thicket; the bronze men bypass the thicket using secret tunnels that exit many yards away from the village. The village consists of several dozen wattle-and-daub huts that,

from afar, appear to be stacked atop one another such is the density of the settlement. In the middle of the huts, and rising above them, is a tall, stone temple dedicated to Sabazios and overseen by a priest called Yavix. The village is ruled by Pankrost, a chalkeion lieutenant in command of 10 chalkeions and a single sergeant. The villagers believe an icy stream that flows from a rent in a nearby hillside leads to Sabazios' realm. A number of spiked poles amidst the thicket are decorated with desiccated humanoid heads collected from visitors; their hands hang from the rafters of the villagers' huts.

| *Bronze Man*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 iron-shod club (1d10) or 1 crossbow (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Weapon resistance.

| *Chalkeion Hoplite*: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Chalkeion Sergeant*: HD 6 (30 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

| *Pankrost*: HD 7 (37 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: None.

| *Yavix, Bronze Man Adept 2*: HP 4; AC 5 [14]; Save 14; Special: Weapon resistance, berserker, spells (1st). Black robes, silver helm, black staff topped by a ram's skull.



Sacellum of Mitra

4718. Nomer, a patriarch of Mitra, has established a fortified abbey in a pleasant valley ringed by wooded ridges and sparkling rills. Nomer's abbey is built in the Roman style prevalent in the grand city-state of Nomo, the place of Nomer's nativity. The principal stone used in abbey is limestone, supplemented with marble columns and lintels and gleaming brass ornaments. The abbey houses ten lesser clerics and their warhorses. The abbey sits atop a small rise next to the stream that flows through the valley. It consists of a large chapel to Mitra in which services for the priests and villagers are held each Sunday, storage rooms and simple living cells for the priests, including Nomer. The abbey also has a man-made grotto constructed beneath it in which private rituals are held for the priests. The priests' primary goal is subjugation of the

wilderness and bringing Mitra's benevolence to the villages of the woodlands.

The abbey is surrounded by a large village of pious yeomen farmers, all free men and women. It is defended by a wooden palisade, moat and three towers. The farmers live in timber longhouses built atop columns of bricks, for the valley is prone to violent weather and the stream often floods. They raise crops of barley and turnips, and the clerics maintain a vineyard and produce a middling wine. The village is protected by 60 archers (leather armor, short bow, spear) commanded by 4 sergeants and 20 horsemen (chainmail, shield, horseman's mace, light lance) commanded by three sergeants.

Treasure: 590 gp, 200 pounds of barley corn (1 gp/lb) in the village; The priests possess 2,180 gp, 2 hyacinths (worth 1,250 gp each) and ten coconuts given to them by a South Seas trader who sought curative magic. Each coconut is worth 10 gp.

| *Nomer, Cleric Lvl 12*: HP 45; AC 1 [18]; Save 5; Special: Spells (6th); Platemail, shield, mace, holy symbol. Muscular and bitter, his love was spurned by a highborn lady of Nomo – this rejection spurred him to become an adventurer, and though he is dedicated to Mitra, his feelings sometimes bubble to the surface, especially around petit brunettes.

| *Cleric of Mitra*: HD 2; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: One 1st level cleric spell; Platemail, shield, mace, holy symbol, blue mantle, white surcoat emblazoned with a blue bull.

4731. The White Ears are a tribe of gnolls with, as one might guess, black ears trimmed with white. The tribe numbers 150 warriors in hide armor and wielding spears, maces and javelins. The White Ears are known for their bone jewelry, with which they pierce their noses, ears and lips. The tribe dwells in a ruined stronghold of old Nabu, and one, appropriately enough, with walls decorated in bas-reliefs of hyenas on the hunt. The stronghold is surrounded by hilly scrubland, with the area closest to the stronghold divided into dozens of pastures divided by fences made of sticks. Each pasture houses a dozen or so goats and is tended by a human slave.

The gnolls are commanded by a thick-necked chieftain called Yivok and his rival, Kurvtaka the witch, a worshiper of Demogorgon. Kurvtaka is an animal handler who uses her four giant hyenas to intimidate the other gnolls. The White Ears keep fifteen human slaves to perform manual labor. One of these slaves is Kadon, a wise man from the abbey village [4431] who was captured by the gnolls thanks to the treachery of a rival. Kadon knows the way to the Pleasure Palace of Izrigul [5839] and knows what lies beneath the Abbey of St. Arachne [4431].

| *Yivok*: HD 4 (18 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d10); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None. Carries a pole arm and hand axe.

| *Kurvtaka*, Gnoll Adept 2: HP 15; AC 6 [13]; Save 14; Special: Spells (1st), animal handler. Has wild, matted hair streaked with silver and a chipped fang. Carries a small, wooden idol of Demo-gorgon with her as a holy symbol.

4733. A small cave here is filled with quartz crystals, in the manner of a geode. The cave is the home of an ancient kobold called Zosh. Zosh is as malevolent as any kobold, but he is also tired and not desirous of conflict with adventurers. He has an incredible knowledge of the area.

4734. A stone altar about 4 ft long, 3 ft wide and 3 ft tall sits in a forest clearing. The altar is surrounded by a ring of blotchy, purple toadstools and is itself stained purple. The altar is engraved with leaf patterns, and one of the leaves can actually be pulled out to reveal a tiny cache holding a vial. The vial contains a viscous, oily liquid that, when smeared on the eyes, allows one to see through material creatures and objects and to see incorporeal and ethereal creatures and object as solid. The oil also protects from gaze attacks, but each use (assume 10 uses in the vial) carries a 1 in 6 chance of permanent blindness.

4735. The Blue Eagle tribe is so named from the images on their shields. They are tribe of 50 primitive tribesmen who wear animal skins and carry shields, clubs and short bows. The Blue Eagles are muscular, with pale skin, fleecy black hair, snub noses and broad, round faces. The tribesmen, along with their families, dwell in a village of mud huts surrounded by a 10-ft tall log palisade. The tribesmen are warriors and hunters, and keep 50 human slaves taken from surrounding settlements to till their fields and perform other simple labors. The tribal village is constructed on a terraced slope, with the leadership living on the highest terrace in a deep cavern and the people living in the terraces below according to rank – warriors on the second tier, females and children on the third tier and slaves on the bottom in shallow pits surrounded by wooden pits. The tribesmen are currently preparing to sacrifice six gnolls in a giant wicker figure that will, at the next new moon, be set ablaze. The Blue Eagles are commanded by a powerful, grave-faced man called Skord, a witchdoctor of the demon lord Azazel. In his retinue are two lesser shamans and five elite berserkers. The Blue Eagles are gradually losing a war of extinction with the gnolls of the White Ear tribe [4731], the only thing keeping them alive being the superior sorcery of Skord.

| *Skord*, Adept Lvl 8: HP 25; AC 8 [11]; Save 8; Special: Spells (3rd), oracle. Animal skins, war club.

| *Shamans*, Adept Lvl 2: HD 2d6; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Adept spells (1st), berserkers. Animal skins, staffs topped with eagle feathers.

| *Berserkers*, Barbarian Lvl 3: HD 3d6+9; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+2); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Berserkers. Animal skins, shields, leather caps decorated with tufts of eagle feathers, obsidian axes, short bow, 10 arrows.

4748. A covey of three sea hags has set up shop in a sea cave located deep beneath the waves. While they do eat human and demi-human flesh, and find wrecks at sea the height of hilarity, they are actually less violent and evil than their kin and are willing to cast spells in exchange for favors. The hags are named Cacia, Morgis and Sthorah. Treasure: 960 gp, porcelain chamber pot worth 105 gp, moss agate worth 175 gp; kept in a casket holding brine zombie named Xavier.

| *Sea Hag*: HD 3 (18, 14, 10 hp); AC 6[13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 6 (Swim 18); Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Death gaze, weakness gaze.

| *Xavier the Zombie*: HD 4 (18 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 cutlass or 1 slam (1d6); Move 12 (Swim 12); Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Half damage from fire.

4811. The hills give way to a wide, natural amphitheater here, the entirety of which is carved in bas-relief depicting an army of spearmen and charioteers fighting a bulbous, tentacled thing. The carving still shows signs of having originally been painted. As one of the finest examples of ancient art, viewing the site is worth 250 XP.

4827. Kelatha is a large village of free men and women living in longhouses constructed of field stone and surrounded by an earthen rampart topped with a wooden palisade. In the middle of the village is a large, white abbey carved from an immense limestone hill. The abbey resembles a tower keep, being a rough pentagon about three stories tall, with the interior resembling tunnels and caves rather than halls and chambers. The exterior has been carved with nymphs in every provocative pose imaginable. The abbey is overseen by Neileah, a statuesque elf with deep, auburn hair and lavender eyes. She and her 15 nuns dress in simple hooded robes of pearl white and thick-soled sandals. Their abbey is dedicated to Kotys, the goddess of licentiousness, the night and caves.

The men and women of Kelatha are of the bronze race (see bronze man). During the day, they labor in their fields in white robes and broad-brimmed hats, the men in neat, pointed beards, the women with their hair hidden beneath a white turban. Rows of broccoli, barley and watermelons grow in the fields and a breed of large, docile dog is raised for its meat, along with flocks of geese with their wings

clipped. Children are always neat and quiet, and the men and women of the village are tight lipped and unfriendly, regarding outsiders as strange and uninviting. Strangely, dozens of feral cats roam the streets unmolested.

The village's hostel is a simple, two-story building run by an aging gentleman named Thearo with a scowl and a lazy eye. The hostel rents space in the common room (providing woven mats) and there are three private rooms rented for 3 gp a night. Food is simple (soups, barley cakes) and the only libation is a watered down ale served piping hot.

Everything changes on the nights of the full moon, for on these nights the people do honor to Kotys with a wild, drunken orgy. On these nights, all crimes are indulged and forgiven, up to and including murder (often for revenge for acts committed during the last festival). The nuns lead these wild revels, including torch-lit relay races on horseback and sacrifices of animals to the wanton goddess.

| *Neileah, Elf Cleric Lvl 10: HP 45; AC 3 [16]; Save 6; Special: Spells (5th), command undead; Chainmail, shield and mace (for combat), otherwise as described above with her mace hidden beneath her robes. Neileah is surprisingly muscular and unforgiving. She has a deep hatred for Kalleneta [4103] due to an encounter in the halls of the Pleasure Palace of Izrigul many years ago.*



Abbey of Kotys

4833. A path through the woods leads past a little stand – actually an old stump – at which a man in ornate, black armor is selling agates. On the other side of the path there is a long, wide pit in which a dozen young, undernourished children are laboring with picks and shovels. The agate merchant is a demonic knight, and the children are actually lemures. The agates are beautiful and cheap, but are cursed to slowly leech away a person's mercy.

| *Demonic Knight: HD 7 (33 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+2); Move 9; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Magic resistance 25%.*

4835. A glint of sunlight on metal might alert the adventurers that they are being watched. Atop a hillock, through the boughs of the pine trees, they spot an

armored man staring at them. The man will not answer back if called, and observant adventurers might notice that he does not move. In fact, the knight is dead, his body rotting away and leaning against a crude rune stone atop the hill. The six pine trees surrounding him are archer trees, capable of throwing their needles and feeding the bodies of creatures that die in their shade. The knight's armor is +2 platemail.

| *Archer-Tree: HD 7 (37, 36, 33, 33, 30, 26 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1d4 needles (1d6); Move 1; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Paralysis.*

4850. Under a few inches of soil there is a wooden trapdoor that covers an old root cellar. Travelers through the hex have a 1% chance of stumbling upon it. Inside the cellar there are jars of pickled radishes that either cause horrible stomach pains (1d6 damage and disabled for 1d3 days) or give one the ability to breath fire (2d6 damage, 10' cone) three times over the course of 24 hours. When adventurers eat the radishes, have them roll a saving throw to decide the outcome, with a -2 penalty for every jar consumed over the course of a week.

4904. This lamasery began construction 20 years ago, and is only yet half finished. It is constructed of large, black bricks on a precarious mountain ledge and follows the contour of the mountain, making it hemispherical. The core of the lamasery and the eastern wing has been completed, while the western wing is still being built and has many exposed areas.

The central core contains an entry hall and common room with a large hearth – the chimney hung with a silver crescent, the symbol of the order. The chamber is decorated with black sheep skins (used as rugs for meditation and the taking of meals) and nothing else, for the Crescent Moons are a poor order. Behind the common room there is a simple kitchen with its own hearth, and above is a training room.

The east wing of the monastery is given over to a large shrine containing a slim idol of an androgynous figure cradling a rabbit in one arm and balancing a crescent moon on two outstretched fingers of the other hand. The idol is decorated with a string of small pearls (worth 300 gp). Before the idol is a wooden altar; both altar and idol are carved from teak. White candles, many on stands of polished tin, fill the room and are always kept lit. The monks come here to pray and meditate several times a day.

The western wing will eventually hold a larger training hall. For now, it is approximately 2/3 complete. When the

monks are not meditating, praying, eating, sleeping or training, they are building.

The monks are vegetarians, sending off small parties to trade for food with Gilgin [4304]. They train in white rabbit style kung-fu, which emphasizes defense and focus. They were forced to leave Mu-Pan after a local lord they supported was destroyed by a rival. There are currently nine initiates (1st level) in the order, as well as four more advanced monks. The order is led by Kynzei, a beautiful woman of middle age who is even tempered but is beginning to yearn for a life outside the order. She laments that none of her students are ready to assume command of the monastery – in fact, one [4527] was recently exiled when it was discovered that he forced himself on a maiden under Gilgin’s protection. Kynzei is apt to fall in love with any eligible adventurers who visit.

Treasure: 1,260 gp.

| *Kynzei, Monk/Psychic Lvl 10: HP 62; AC 5 [14]; Save 5; Special: Stunning attack 10/day, unarmed strike deals 1d10 damage, fast movement (22), deflect arrows, harm creatures only struck by +3 weapons, slow fall, feign death, natural healing.*

| *Faolaurew & Cumaiven, Monks Lvl 3: HP 25, 17; AC 8 [11]; Save 12; Special: Stunning attack 3/day, unarmed strike deals 1d6 damage, fast movement (15), deflect arrows, harm creatures only struck by +1 weapons.*

| *Artlan & Cynestia, Monks Lvl 2: HP 13, 12; AC 8 [11]; Save 13; Special: Stunning attack 2/day, unarmed strike deals 1d6 damage, fast movement (14), deflect arrows.*

4909. A very shallow cave in the side of a mountain overlooking a rushing stream of white water holds the skeleton of a large cave bear. The skeleton is a mere pile of bones with the skull sitting atop the pile, and it has been decorated with smears of blue paint and eagle feathers. The walls of the cave are decorated with cave paintings of bears and hunters. The skeleton is an idol of Arcturus, the Lord of Bears, and must be propitiated with offerings of meat. If such offerings are not made, adventurers passing through the mountains have a 1 in 6 chance each hour of encountering 1d3 cave bears, who will attempt to kill one person and drag their remains back to the idol as an offering.

4913. In a rocky gully, in the middle of a lazy stream filled with polished stones, there is a 13-ft tall statue of Rakshis, a forgotten god of executioners and doomed men. The statue is composed of a glossy, blue-black metal that defies identification. It looks like an executioner wearing a hood and long robes and crowned with intertwined serpents. The statue holds an axe over its head, and before him

there is an old, weathered stone that looks like an altar. The stone bears a deep cut that line up perfectly with the axe.

The idol of Rakshis almost vibrates with divine power. Approaching within 10-ft is uncomfortable and those who do must pass a saving throw or begin spontaneously bleeding from ears, nose, eyes and/or mouth (1 point of constitution damage per round). If one places a living body part on the stone, the axe will come down with blazing speed and slice it off cleanly and cauterize the wound. The body part disappears and the statue speaks, asking “What is thy bidding?” The statue grants one wish per sacrifice.

4916. A herd of nine tiny cattle graze here. They were owned by the dwarfs of the mountains in elder times but escaped to the surface and now thrive. Their milk is creamy and refreshing, and one cup is as good as a full day’s rations. The cattle have velvety, white coats with grey, marble-like veins running through it.

| *Dainty Bull: HD 2 (12 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (1d6); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.*

| *Dainty Cow: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (1d4); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.*

4921. A caravan of brightly colored wagons is circled on a pleasant meadow overlooking a rushing stream. As one approaches, it becomes evident that the wagons are in terrible disrepair and that there doesn’t seem to be any movement around the wagons, although there is a flickering fire. The traveling entertainers, some months back, took a fortune teller named Morcerth into their ranks. Unfortunately, Morcerth turned out to be a necromancer, and in short order the entertainers had been murdered and raised as leper zombies. Morcerth is using them as his guardians while he searches for an entrance to the Netherworld that he believes lies hidden in the Forest of Dread. Morcerth’s treasure consists of 9,120 gp, a terracotta lamp he claims once held a genie and a cursed -1 dagger that he will offer in exchange for his safety, if hard pressed.

| *Leper Zombies (19): HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 claw or bite (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Disease, those slain animate as leper zombies.*

| *Morcerth, Magic-User Lvl 7: HP 22; AC 9 [10]; Save 9; Special: Spells (4th); Velvet robes of crimson, mauve and saffron, over-large golden turban with pearls (fake) and ostrich plumes, gnarled black wand.*



City-State of Argis

5013. Argis is a fading city of the native bronze men. The city is constructed on a low rocky plateau with steep sides overlooking the Dinar River, with a system of pulleys and a fortified mule trail linking the city proper to its docks. The city has thick walls of stone, a number of small gates of beaten bronze and tall watch towers manned by expert crossbowmen. Argis is dominated by its ancient citadel and known for the three mighty aqueducts that bring fresh water into the city from the Sturmdrangs. Argis' patron deity is Kubeleya, the mother goddess of their pantheon.

The streets of Argis are narrow and maze-like, and almost impossible for outsiders to navigate what with the propensity of the locals to set up temporary booths and carts to sell their goods. Almost 7,500 bronze men are packed into Argis' tall, narrow, tower-like buildings. The buildings of Argis are made of fired red brick with dome-like bronze roofs. The city-state is built around a number of medicinal hot springs, and features a multitude of baths.

Argis is also known for its well-stocked shops (and outrageous prices), medicinal gardens, its brotherhood of druids and rangers that comb the hills for monsters and the fact that almost every surface of every wall and building is covered with mosaics and grotesque terracotta sculpture.

The streets are patrolled by a total of 75 hoplites in archaic armor (treat as chainmail) carrying long spears with black shafts, short swords and crossbows.

Argis has a massive temple dedicated to Kubeleya and her consort, the fertility god Atys. As one of the last cities of the chalkeions, it supports temples to Kotys, goddess of the moon, lust, revelry and the hunt, Sabazios, the cthonic horseman, Zalmoxis, the thunder god worshiped by berserkers, Dionysus (who the Motherlanders call Bacchus), Men, the little god of the moon, and the deities of medicinal springs, Vidasus and Thana.

Argis is surrounded by a domain of 67,500 peasants in 50 manorial villages and mines, mostly goat and sheep herds, but also farmers and miners of gold, copper and silver. The metals trade dominates the economy, and has prompted dozens of foreign merchant companies to construct factories¹ in Argis. Argis has an army of 460 footmen (mostly spearmen, slingers and archers) and a corps of 30 hoplites in platemail with shield, spear and sword.

Argis is ruled by King Thrasophon and his queen, Hyperne. The royal family also includes princes Phomaccus and Hierophius and princesses Thrasoipa, Isaphraste and Lysiela. The king never appears in public without his fire drake-skin cloak (+2 save vs. fire) and his golden scepter and spiky crown.

| *Chalkeion Hoplite*: HD 5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

| *Chalkeion Sergeant*: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

| *Princes*: HD 7; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: None.

| *King Thrasophon*: HD 11 (59 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6); Move 12; Save 4; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: None.

5030. These hills are home to 20 al-miraj.

| *Al-miraj*: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 horn (1d6); Move 24; Save 18; CL/XP A/10; Special: None.

5045. Horges is an ancient sea hag who was once worshiped along the coast as a sea goddess. A powerful sorceress and seer, many have sought out the old monster for advice and aid in the schemes. Horges is 9-ft tall, but looks about 7-ft tall because of her crooked back. She has a long chin and large, white eyes, sharp teeth and talon-like fingers. Her lair contains a magic cauldron that is always filled with hot air and which can be used as a crystal ball, and she owns a wand of polymorph (which she uses to teach centuries-long lessons to those who displease her).

| *Horges, Sea Hag*: HD 9 (42 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move 6 (Swim 18); Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Death gaze, weakness gaze, cast spells as a 9th level druid.

5109. The hills here are divided by a winding avenue of gleaming blue stone that almost looks like a river. Large burrows at the start of the road are home to five giant

¹ A factory, in the old meaning, was a place where factors – i.e. agents representing a merchant company – did their business. It does not usually denote a manufacturing plant.

owls who, if communicated with, will warn people to stay away from the road, for it leads only to their doom. The road extends into the center of the hex, so for about 3 miles as the crow flies, though its winding way actually totals about 5 miles. While walking on the road, there is a 1 in 6 chance each mile of an encounter with 2d6 blue flagstone spiders. The road eventually leads to a dark, wet cave choked with grey moss and hanging vines of a sickly yellow (a yellow musk creeper). The creepers control ten yellow musk zombies. The caverns beyond are said to lead, eventually, to the gates of the Underworld.

| *Flagstone Spider*: HD 1d4 hp, AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d2), bite (0 hp + poison); Move 15; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Poison (+4 save or die), surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Yellow Musk Creeper*: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 dust burst (2d6 + hypnosis); Move 0; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Hypnotic dust, intelligence drain.

| *Yellow Musk Zombie*: HD 2 (12, 12, 12, 11, 11, 10, 9, 8, 8, 7 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to mind affects.

5112. Towards the center of this hex the hills flatten and become a large meadow. The meadow is lousy with deadly nightshade and holds the lair of seven chaotic pixies with poisonous personalities. Encounters with the pixies are a certainty, for they love to harass travelers. Encounters with giant centipedes occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6, night and day.

| *Pixie*: HD 1 (7, 7, 6, 6, 5, 5, 3); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 dagger (1d4 + poison) or arrow; Move 6 (Fly 15); Save 17; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Arrows (cause amnesia), magic resistance 25%, spells (polymorph self, invisibility, dancing lights, dispel magic 1/day, permanent confusion 1/day with successful hit and negated by a saving throw).

5126. The Purple Tooth gnolls (200 of them) live in a ruined citadel of the bronze men that was called Therra in its prime. The citadel is built atop a rocky hilltop with sheer sides, making the walls effectively 60 feet tall from the valley below. A narrow passage of steps and tunnels that weave in and out of the cliffs is the only way into the citadel. The citadel itself is generally rectangular, with a long courtyard, several small chambers built into the walls (old stable, barracks, storage, access to the battlements and towers) and a large fortified manor set against the north wall. The gnolls patrol the walls, but live entirely in the manor. Many of the small chambers in the walls have iron doors, and are used to house the tribe's 20 human slaves. The gnolls keep 8 giant hyenas in the citadel's stables under the watchful eye of an apish imp called Scarblad.

The tribe is led by large, two-headed male called Yogg, whose father was an ettin. Yogg wields a flail and carries a shield of a pale golden material that gives off a repercussive force when hit. When a creature misses hitting Yogg by 1, it must make a saving throw or be disarmed and suffer 1d4 points of damage. Yogg is accompanied by seven bodyguards (max hit points) and served by a witchdoctor called Yacto. The gnolls are known for being headhunters, and they display their gory trophies over the front gate of the citadel and manor house. Their treasure consists of 400 lb of buckwheat (worth 25 cp/lb), 12 lb of calamus (8 gp/lb), 560 gp and a limestone sculpture of a headless hound worth 155 gp. Hidden in a secret cache in the manor, and unknown to the gnolls, is an amethyst worth 6,000 gp.

| *Yogg*: HD 6 (31 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 stone axes (1d8+2); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

| *Yacto, Gnoll Adept Lvl 2*: HP 8; AC 7 [12]; Save 14; Special: Spells (1st), berserker; Spiked club, holy symbol (wolf's head on a chain).

5136. Two giant death watch beetles have felled a number of trees, creating a dam that partially blocks navigation on the river. The valley has become swampy as a result, and the giant mosquitoes have already moved in, with 1d6 of the creatures encountered on a roll of 1 on 1d6, made every hour adventurers spend here. The beetles lair inside their dam under a cover of leaves, waiting for a band of adventurers to check things out. One has a dented bronze helm in its stomach that, when worn on the head and the command word "Azkabat" is uttered, covers the wearer in a bronze chitin that resembles the exoskeleton of an insect, complete with bulging eyes of amber glass that allow one to see in the dark. Treat the armor as platemail.

| *Death Watch Beetle*: HD 9 (39, 37 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d4); Move 15; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Vibrations – save (4d6 damage) or die.

| *Giant Mosquito*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 touch (attach); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Drain blood (1d4 constitution per round).

5201. The citadel of the storm giant king Summan is situated here atop a tall mountain and shrouded in clouds. The castle has actually been carved into the living rock and though the surrounding mountains are shrouded in snow most of the year, the citadel supports lovely gardens of ferns and woody roses. Sumann and his queen, Zema, have overseen the weather of Venatia, Nabu and the Wyvern Coast for many generations. They are not averse to visitors (at least, visitors who come through the front door), but are severe and possessed of violent tempers and extraordinary egos.

5215. Standing atop a large plateau is a circular construction of stones 20-ft tall and 100-ft in diameter. The construction has sloped sides, and on top of it there is a massive, old oak tree. Surrounding the plateau is a large village of timber longhouses surrounded by a palisade and dry moat filled with all manner of refuse. A narrow log bridges the moat.

The village is home to peasants who are, to be honest, a bit mad. The people of Lightning Hill are tall and handsome, with tanned skin and long reddish-brown hair that they wear unwashed and tangled. They paint their faces with a number of vertical blue lines and wear nothing (men or women) but leather kilts and sandals. Most of them have heavy scarring. The village is protected by 40 berserkers. The women of the village are known for their ability to breathe life into clay statues, but as a result of their bizarre blessing grow small, vestigial horns on their heads.

Prominent in the village are the priests of Zalmoxis, the lightning god. The priests wear nothing at all, and carry around leather whips that they use on one another and on the citizenry – to toughen them up and test their courage, they say. The priests dwell in the man-made hill, for on the top of the hill there are several trap doors that lead into a tangle of passages and small chambers – living chambers, storage chambers and a deep sanctum holding an electrum idol of Zalmoxis (worth 400 gp). The tunnels of the hill are narrow and inundated with roots from the oak.

The leader of the temple and village is a tiny woman named Mirza. Mirza appears to be calm and friendly, but inside is a raging torrent of resentment and revenge. Abused as a child and a wife, she fled her home village and wandered in the wild before attracting the attention of Zalmoxis, who appeared to her in a dream and promised her vengeance. She quickly became his servant, and within in a decade was leading a gang of berserkers to raze her home village. She is currently creating an army of animated clay statues to help her explore the Halls of the Titans [5332] and discover the artifact said to lie within.

| *Mirza, Cleric Lvl 11: HP 59; AC 9 [10]; Save 5; Special: Spells (5th), command undead; Leather kilt, blue war paint, bronze mace, holy symbol (a thunderstone).*

| *Priest (13), Cleric Lvl 3: HD 3d6+6; AC 9 [10]; Save 13; Special: Spells (1st), command undead; As above.*

| *Animated Statue (20): HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 fist (1d6); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.*

5219. These caves are the home of two behir (60, 51 hp) and a number of giant centipedes. The caverns possess

variable gravity – which is to say, upon entering a tunnel or cavern, roll on the following table to determine which direction is “down”:

- 1 – Ceiling
- 2 – East Wall
- 3 – West Wall
- 4 – North Wall
- 5 – South Wall
- 6 – Floor

Each round, there is a 1 in 6 chance that the gravity will shift. The behir and centipedes are used to this, and can crawl on the walls in any event. Experiencing the caverns (and living) is worth 300 XP.

5227. An aqueduct is constructed in this hex, heading from a spring in the highlands toward the coast. The aqueduct is weathered and chipped, and at one point simply stops, as though the rest of it toppled (though there is no rubble to suggest such a thing happened). Should one walk along the aqueduct, they will discover that the aqueduct does not, in fact, end, but rather is shunted into the ancient history of the Golden Coast, when the Nabu Empire still ruled the land with their weird flying machines and legions of fire lancers. I leave it up to others to detail that sandbox ...

5228. Symoch of the Black Font is a powerful wizard who has declared himself Necrarch of the southern hills, and gathered about himself a fell army of gnolls, goblins and orcs. His nomenclature refers to a artifact of old Nabu kept in his tower, a jagged shaft of obsidian that appears to have erupted from a tall bluff and appears to cast a shadow over the entire hex – regardless of the position of the sun.

The entrance to Symoch’s tower is actually through a gated cave in the hill overlooking a lazy stream filled with pale fish and frogs and skirted by grey reeds and thorn bushes that drip a black, tar-like sap. The water has a bitter flavor, and though it is clear stains things a dingy grey. The cave entrance to Symoch’s tower is guarded by the figure of a young woman in a loose tunic holding a black quarterstaff. This figure is a wraith, the tormented soul of a maiden who pined away for the great necromancer, eventually dying of a broken heart.

The lands around the tower are despoiled and contain three separate camps, one of orcs, one of goblins and one of gnolls. His 90 orcs call themselves the Black Penitents, and are avid worshipers of the death god Orcus. They wear blackened chainmail and carry battle axes and short bows. Symoch’s 250 goblins are called the Grey Consumption, a nattering swarm of devilish little wolf riders in leather

armor and carrying spears and short swords. The Grey Consumption patrols the outer regions of this hex and makes frequent raids against nearby settlements, bringing back plunder and slaves for Symoch's experiments. The 30-strong gnoll contingent of Symoch's force, the White Gnashers, represent his heavy infantry, wearing platemail and carrying shields and pole arms, they are preceded by their standard bearer, who holds an iron pole with a crossbar. This standard is decorated with two hanged, animated skeletons who caper and dance and clang large, rusty bells. The gnolls have a single, large camp around the base of Symoch's tower, consisting of hemispherical leather tents. The orcs are divided into three camps, and the goblins into five different camps (see accompanying map).

The lower portions of Symoch's tower consist of tunnels and small chambers used for storage and to hold traps and undead guardians. Hidden among these chambers is a winding stair that leads into the tower proper, where Symoch keeps his library, laboratory, living quarters for himself and his apprentices and, in a secret room guarded by powerful eldritch wards, the aforementioned Black Font.

The Black Font is a small basin of blackened steel. In the middle of the basin there is a cast figurine of Death holding a pitcher in its bony hands. From the pitcher fall fine, black grains of resin. When mixed with water, the resin forms a bitter, black broth that steals years away from a person's life but also increases their magical power, effectively increasing their spell-casting level by +4. For necromancers, who usually seek to preserve their existence in lich-hood, this is an easy trade to make.

Symoch is a coarse, hard-hearted man with a few strands of wispy, white hair and pallid skin covered with liver spots and a few purple tumors. He dresses in a ruffled white chemise and black, velvet vest and hose, with polished shoes with silver buckles. Over this, he often wears silk robes of white and grey embroidered with mystic symbols in silver thread. He is usually to be found smoking a slim cigarillo through a holder carved from bone. Despite his advanced age, he remains strong and steady, and thus does not use a staff. He does, however, carry a birch wand embedded with human teeth. His apprentices (four are level 0, Ruvok and Thach are level 1) were stolen from surrounding villages and trained from a very young age. They are cowed by Symoch and will not quickly oppose him.

Treasure: The Black Font, 1,080 gp, two topaz worth 1,250 gp each and 75 cigarillos worth 5 gp each.

| *Symoch, Magic-User Lvl 11: HP 38; AC 9 [10]; Save 5; Special: Spells (5th).*

| *Ruvok & Thach, Magic-User Lvl 1: HP 2; AC 9 [10]; Save 15; Special: Spells (1st); Threadbare black robe and leather sandals.*

5234. Gobardan is a large, sleepy ville of fishermen built on stilts in the waters of the lake. The villager's only access to the shore is via rowboats, they have constructed a wooden palisade around their village to further discourage visitors. The Gobardans are known for the cleverness – most folk in Motherlands have heard the tale of *The Gobardine and the Chimera*, in which the clever fisherman convinces the chimera's heads to devour one another and escapes with the beast's treasure. Besides fishing the lake for bass and smelt and variety of magenta fresh-water oyster, the Gobardans also cultivate thimbleberries along the shore. The village is governed by Ulier, the village elder, and his two sons Dorval and Glor. Dorval and Glor are accomplished archers and command the 20 village militia (no armor, long bows, spears and knife).

| *Dorval & Glor: HD 3 (10, 14 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None. Both wear leather armor. Dorval is a handsome brunette, which Glor is stocky and has red hair – they joke that his mother was frightened by a dwarf (in fact, the dwarf did more than frighten her).*

5246. Mozimumpus is a gentle old sea dragon who dwells on the hilly coast in a grove of pomegranate trees. In the morning, it crawls onto the beach to sun its 30-ft length, and in the evening it retreats to its bowered home. Piled high in its grove is a treasure of 5,300 gp and a lapis lazuli worth 30 gp.

| *Sea Dragon (10 HD): HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 12 (Swim 21); Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Constrict (2d8 damage), breath weapon (50-ft cone of sleep gas).*

5312. The White Wolves are a tribe of bugbears that dwell in a series of cramped caves overlooking a rushing rapid – the caves are situated about 15-ft above the rapids and 10-ft below the lip of a cliff. The bugbears are skilled climbers, and enter and exit in this way. The tribe consists of 26 males, 18 females and 10 bugaboos. They are under the command of Kakus and his three wicked wives, Scena, Gussa and Yara. Yara is a kidnapped human woman who was raised by Scena and Gussa from childhood and now serves as the tribe's shaman. The White Wolves derive their name from the soapstone masks they wear on raids, which resemble broadly grinning wolves. The cavern homes of the White Wolves connect to deeper, more dangerous caverns. The White Wolves have 830 sp, 6,500 gp, 10 pp and a brass locket worth 500 gp.

| *Kakus: HD 5+1 (26 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6) or weapon (1d10+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.*

| *Scena & Gussa: HD 4+1 (24, 16 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.*

| *Yara, Adept Lvl 5: HP 16; AC 8 [11]; Save 11; Special: Spells (2nd), oracle.*

5317 Retired Veteran: A craggy old borc (a centaur that is half orc and half boar) has retired in this hex to a cave overlooking a stream that flows into a pond. The area has ample game, and the borc has set the surrounding area with a variety of traps. The borc is still rowdy in his old age, and is willing to train fighting-men (especially barbarians) for a jug of wine, ale or spirits and a chance to tell war stories. His treasure, buried in a terracotta pot, consists of 9,814 cp, 1,265 ep, 405 gp, a terracotta statuette of Orcus worth 4 gp and 16 golden wolf skins worth 8 gp each.

| *Borc: HD 4 (21 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 halberd (1d10) or 1 longbow (1d8); Move 15; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Berserker (+2 to hit), can fight to -6 hit points.*

5326. Atop a pleasant, green hill overlooking the coast there is a large spyglass mounted on a bronze pole. The spyglass allows one to see several hexes into the Golden Sea.

5332. A yawning cave opens in the side of a hill. The cave has a sharp drop, almost 200 feet, to a cavern filled with strands of glowing fungus (act as assassin vines). Set in one wall of the cavern is a large set of double doors. The doors are composed of titanium and ensorcelled to absorb light, making them very difficult to find. They are also wizard locked.

Beyond the doors lies an extensive underworld carved out by the ancient titans and their mortal slaves to house their fabulous treasures. The underworld is haunted by a number of criosphinxes, each considering itself the lord of the dungeon. One level has a vast subterranean prairie of grey grass grazed on by a menagerie of elemental beasts. Another is composed of a massive mechanical puzzle consisting of its very chambers and tunnels, all movable by massive wenches (yes, wenches) and haunted by a tribe of kobolds armed with hammers, wrenches and oilcans, as well as mechanical assassin beetles and a creeping patch of rust that not only feeds on armor and weapons, but on one's very blood.

5333. A long, hollow, rotting log provides a place to rest and recuperate under shady trees. Water collects in a shallow pool nearby before flowing away in a gentle stream. The log is the lair of twelve giant centipedes.

| *Giant Centipede: HD 2 hp; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + poison); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Poison (save +6 or die).*

5341. Amphitrite is the wife of Neptunus and goddess of the sea. On the coast of her wooded island there is a small village of fishermen constructed on cliffs overlooking a wide, sandy beach. To landward, the village is protected by a short wall of limestone blocks. The village has a tall beacon tower to aid navigation along the coast, and a small abbey located further inland at the end of an old, paved path.

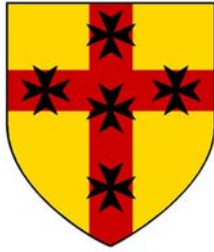
The abbey is dedicated to Amphitrite and governed by Shennal, a ponderous woman who dreams of the sea and the sons it has taken from her. Once a wise woman and the mother of five sons, she lost each on a voyage, vowing to find her youngest when he did not return, she went to sea herself and ultimately became a powerful druid. In her old age, she returned to her home village and constructed a monastery in the honor of the sea queen, with whom she discovered her sons now reside, safe and sound.

The abbey is inhabited by eighteen nuns in dove grey robes, each a widower or mother of a lost child, who comfort and support one another while serving Amphitrite and thanking her for her efforts at calming her husband's wrath. The sisters have also become somewhat expert at trade, since merchants from beneath the waves have started coming to the island under the aegis of Amphitrite.

The villagers are salty folk who love a good fight and are quick with a bit of doggerel. They are hospitable to strangers, serving hot chowders and roasted fish and potent wine brewed from wild grapes that grow along the foggy coast. Each man of the village is capable of picking up a club or dagger to defend it, but they do employ five men-at-arms (leather armor, javelins, spear) as a professional guard force.

Just off the shore of the island there are six nereids living in sea caves studded with pearls and bits of "treasure" cast off by the islanders. They often visit the village to seduce villagers.

| *Shennal, Druid Lvl 10: HP 37; AC 6 [13]; Save 5; Special: Spells (5th), speak with animals, plants, monsters and stones, assume shape of dolphin, seahawk and giant crab; Shagreen armor, bronze shield, gnarled club, holy symbols.*



Castrum Angelum

5346. The Castrum Angelum is a sea fort commanded by Osween, Grand Master of an order of knights dedicated to protecting shipping within the Tepid Sea. The fortress is dedicated to the archangel Gabriel.

The fortress is situated on a rocky prominence attached to the island proper by a rocky strip of land. The prominence protects a small harbor, where the knights maintain their three war galleys; *Gabriel, St. Erasmus and St. Nicholas* (see NOD #2 for more information on ships and naval combat). The ship's crews (about 300 men) are housed in stone barracks on the shore and provided a small chapel. When not serving as crew on the galleys, they work as fishermen and herdsman, keeping a hardy breed of goat.

The castrum proper is three stories in height and inhabited by 48 men-at-arms equipped with heavy and light crossbows, pole arms and short swords. The castrum also has three ballistae and one cannon. Osween has a high guard of six peers, all knights trained in chivalrous combat and experienced at captaining a war galley. The peers of Osween are Aldus, Colum, Isola, Lector, Pithilas and Venus. In addition to the peers, Osween's order houses a lawful cleric of Gabriel named Infreet and an elf sorceress called Azeline.

Osween's order takes vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and thus their coffers are rarely full. Currently, they have 10,250 cp, 1,580 sp and 885 gp.

| *Osween, Paladin Lvl 12: HP 46; AC 1 [18]; Save 5; Special: Detect evil, protection from evil, immune to disease, cure disease 3/wk, lay on hands 24 hp, banish undead as Lvl 10 cleric, immune to fear, smite evil 1/day (+2 hit, +12 dmg), healing touch 1/day. Handsome man with olive skin, short, black hair and grey eyes. Wears platemail and carries shield, long sword (can cause earthquake 1/day and gives him an affinity with eagles) and dagger.*

| *Aldus, Fighting-Man Lvl 6: HP 28; AC 1 [18]; Save 9. Platemail, shield, spear (an heirloom), dagger. Muscular man with sandy blond hair in a ponytail and greenish eyes. Very serious man, handles the orders accounts.*

| *Colum, Fighting-Man Lvl 6: HP 27; AC 1 [18]; Save 9. Platemail, shield, short sword, +1 longbow (once per day, when an arrow is fired into the*

air, a hail of stones falls down causing 1d6 damage to everyone in a 30-ft diameter area). Small man with large, emerald eyes and lustrous red hair; absent-minded but courageous.

| *Isola, Fighting-Woman Lvl 9: HP 45; AC 1 [18]; Save 6. Platemail, shield, broadsword, dagger. Willowy woman, dark brown eyes, long red hair, lost a finger to a shark, has a wonderful sense of humor.*

| *Lector, Paladin Lvl 3: HP 17; AC 1 [18]; Save 14; Special: Detect evil, protection from evil, immune to disease, lay on hands 6 hp, banish undead as Lvl 1 cleric. Platemail, shield, broad sword. A gaunt, gentle man with coarse, blue-black hair and aquamarine eyes; the unsteady acolyte of Osween.*

| *Pithilas, Fighting-Man Lvl 3: HP 12; AC 2 [17]; Save 12. Platemail, bastard sword, dagger. Athletic man, golden hair, black eyes, a raspy voice, a worrying pessimist.*

| *Venus, Fighting-Woman Lvl 5: HP 25; AC 2 [17]; Save 10. Platemail, heavy mace (flanged). Busty woman with auburn hair and lustrous green eyes, calm and collected.*

| *Infreet, Cleric Lvl 3: HP 12; AC 1 [18]; Save 12; Special: Spells (1st). Platemail, shield, warhammer, holy symbol. A lean man with wispy, ash-blond hair (already thinning), dark eyes and charcoal robes, earnest and serious.*

| *Azeline, Elf Magic-User Lvl 3: HP 11; AC 9 [10]; Save 13; Special: Spells (2nd). White robes, birch staff, silver dagger. Curvaceous, dark, slitted eyes, downy white hair and aquamarine skin, wears scarlet robes, very inquisitive.*

5349. Several hundred yards of crisscrossing open sewers are all that remain of an ancient city-state. The sewers run down to the sea, where they are barred with ancient bronze grating that has since been twisted. The rich soil in the sewers and the humid conditions have made them overgrown with grasses, herbs and a grape vines.

5409. At the crossroads of two well-worn paths that show signs of once having been paved (a few loose stones) there is a tall, crooked tree with twisting limbs and almost black bark. Six bodies with grayish-green skin hang from the tree: A heavysset woman with wiry, grey hair in loose curls, an equally corpulent man with reddish-blond hair and a snub nose, a thin elf woman with a hawkish face and fine, golden hair, a balding, barrel-chested man with broken teeth, a small man with mousy brown hair and an enormous man wearing a white chemise. All six corpses swing slowly from the branches of the gallows tree, a sort of twisted treant of the wastes. On the ground, in the crossroads underneath its boughs, there is an old great helm filled with 50 gp, just waiting for someone to claim it.

| *Gallows Tree: HD 12 (53 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 6 branches (2d6); Move 9; Save 3; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, zombies.*

| *Gallows Tree Zombie*: HD 4 (22, 21, 21, 15, 13, 12 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk Fists (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Regenerate 1d6 hp per round, breath weapon.

5427. A tribe of 100 troglodytes live in a series of deep caverns accessed via a half-submerged cave by a rushing stream. The cave is hard to spot, but is easily entered by strong creatures that can resist the pull of the stream. Once inside, the limestone cave extends back 30-ft into the hillside before it rises sharply into a smaller, dry cave. This cave again begins moving downward, and shows many signs of having been traversed by clawed hands and feet. Eventually, this tunnel ends in a vaulted cavern that houses stalactites, stalagmites and other features common to limestone caves. This cavern also houses a statue of a lizard king carved from serpentine. The statue is in poor condition, and its back is turned to adventurers when they first enter the cavern, for it is turned to face two tunnels. Offerings of severed hands, mostly (but not all) skeletal are piled around the base of the statue. The tunnels lead deeper into the earth and the lair of the troglodytes. The troglodytes worship an old, rusted bomb created by the ancient lizard kings. The bomb is still live and can be detonated if handled roughly or dropped. The bomb's "priest" is a blind, old female of enormous size called Mifsa. The tribe is led by a large male with milky white scales called Zzarj. The troglodyte's treasure consists of 9,035 gp. The coinage is mostly in the form of the triangular coins of the ancient lizard kings.

The troglodytes "share" the caverns with a clutch of white cave pythons, a cave troll called Kort and a magic mouth created by an ancient lizard shaman who tells the mythologies of his people, including their fight against a demon that erupted from the earth and built for itself a fine palace.

| *Zzarj*: HD 5 (30 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) and bite (1d4+1); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Stench, chameleon skin.

| *Mifsa, Troglodyte Adept 3*: HP 13; AC 5 [14]; Save 13; Special: Stench, chameleon skin, spells (1st). Around her neck is a cyclops eye in a sealed glass bottle hanging from a brass chain (80 gp).

5434. A small stream of reddish water flows into the lake from the surrounding hills. If one follows it, they will discover that it originates at a spring that flows from hillside. The cliff face from which it originates has been carved in the likeness of Sacmis, a lion-headed Nabu war goddess. Bathing in the fountain under a full moon makes warriors and clerics go berserk the next time they enter battle, gaining a +2 bonus to hit, but suffering a 2 point penalty to their Armor Class.

5443. At the bottom of the sea here there is a 6-ft tall statue of a scaled dolphin cast from orichalcum. A precious placed in the dolphin's mouth will disappear, but the giver's hit points are permanently increased by 1d6 points. Unfortunately, their skin is made to resemble that of the statue, becoming aquamarine and scaly, resulting in a loss of 2 points of charisma.

5502. The peak of a mountain top has been sheared away in this hex, leaving a plateau about 100 yards in diameter. In the middle of this plateau there is a roiling fountain of red water flecked with foam. A glistening white statue of a muscular torso stands in the middle of the fountain and serves as the roost of a caladrius bird. Once a person sets foot on the plateau, an invisible grappler "appears" and engages the person in a wrestling match, attempting to throw them over the side of the mountain. If an adventurer is victorious over the stalker, they may drink from the fountain, improving their strength score by one. Other adventurers drinking from the fountain decrease their strength by one.

| *Invisible Stalker*: HD 8 (35 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (3d6) or grapple (2d6); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Invisible.

5503. A boiling pool of water sits amidst the ruins of an ancient temple built by the lizard kings to what appears to have been a six-legged crocodilian creature with a single giant, saucer-like eye. The pool is inhabited by vapor cranes, 4 large adults, 8 small adults and 4 fledglings. The bird's boiling bodies can be deadly to touch. One standing wall of the temple has a secret cache that holds a golden face mask of the crocodile worth 100 gp.

| *Large Adult Vapor Crane*: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d4+5); Move 5 (Fly 12); Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Scalding to touch, steam cloud (1d6+5) in cone or 15-ft radius.

| *Small Adult Vapor Crane*: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d4+2); Move 5 (Fly 12); Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Scalding to touch, steam cloud (1d6+2) in cone or 15-ft radius.

| *Fledgling Crane*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d4+1); Move 5 (Fly 12); Save 12; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Scalding to touch, steam cloud (1d6+1) in cone or 15-ft radius.

5526. The hills turn into a canyon which ends in a dead end. The dead end is the last "resting" place of seven bloody bones, the remnants of a terrible slaughter that happened here in the days of the Nabu colonization. One of the skeletons has a chain around his neck holding a scroll case containing an incomplete map of level one of the Izrigul's Palace [5839].

| *Bloody Bones*: HD 5 (29, 26, 24, 24, 20, 18 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 *tendrils and 2 claws* (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: *Tendrils, slippery*.

5527. A narrow animal trail picks its way through the scrub, leading to the box canyon in [5526]. The trail is well shaded by trees, and frequented (encounter on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6) by the golden wolves of the coast.

5530. The skeleton of a fifteen-headed hydra lies sprawled on the ground here, its back apparently crushed by a huge, marble statue (now cracked in half) of a woman wearing Greek-style robes and with an animal skin tied around her neck. The statue hums in a low, rhythmic throb whenever poison is brought within 30 ft of it, and touching the statue neutralizes any poison in a creature's system.

5543. Two strange creatures called squid-men are here scouting the area in a large, mechanical contraption that looks like a giant crab topped by a glass dome. Squid-men hail from the far reaches of astral space, and are a race of conquerors. They appear as squids with their bodies packed into translucent, humanoid diving suits (12-ft in height) to protect them from alien environments, they hailing as they do from a sea of liquid diamond. The squid-men have blotchy, purple skin and a single large, orange eye with a white pupil. Both squid-men are armed with ray guns (treat as wands of magic missile with 12 charges each) and their mechanical crab can slip into astral space. As Bss and Klshk are on a secret mission (for their masters wish to colonize NOD™), they will not look kindly on interlopers.

| *Bss & Klshk, Squid-Men*: HD 5 (29, 16 hp); AC 1 [18] (9 [10] w/o armor); Atk *Slam* (2d6); Move 9 (Swim 24); Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: *True seeing*.

| *Robot Crab*: HD 10 (50 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 *pincers* (2d6); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 11/1700; *Special*: *Heat ray* (90' long, 30' wide at end, inflicts 25 points of damage).

5604. This hex is home to dozens of igniguana nests. The beasts seem to come here to spawn, probably because of the rivers of magma that flow and pool hundreds of feet below the surface. Since igniguanas can move through solid rock as easily as you or I move through the air, there are not tunnels or burrows in evidence. Encounters with the creatures occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6, and the chance of surprise is also 1-3 on 1d6. The nests, should one manage to burrow down to one (assume they are 1d6 x 30 feet beneath the surface) are made near the pools of magma or near eddies in the rivers of magma, and consist of piles of gemstones worth about 500-700 gp per nest.

5628. Ffolkes is an aging cambion (half-demon) who dwells in a lonely cottage of field stones, logs and thatch in a pleasant vale of purple coneflowers and wild melon vines. Ffolkes father was the demon Izrigul, who whispered into the King of Therra's [5126] ear just before he was driven mad and killed himself and his wife, though not before a nursemaid escaped with the newborn Ffolkes. He is now a hermit, a wise man and a healer, trying to live down his heritage. He will practice his healing arts on lawful folks (he knows — he can smell chaos). His treasure amounts to a few copper coins and a brace of conies recently given to him by a traveling ranger.

| *Ffolkes, Cambion Adept* 6: HP 20; AC 8 [11]; Save 10; *Special*: *Smell chaos, half damage from fire, spells* (2nd), *cast charm person and hold person* 1/day.



Vicounty of Xaphrei

5631. Xaphrei is an astounding beautiful woman who rules over a cozy motte-and-bailey castle and a small village of miners. Despite her delicate face and slight frame, she is an expert archer who has tromped through the hills and forests of Venatia for many years. In her travels, she has gathered together a band of longbowmen known to folks in these parts as the White Feathers. The White Feathers and their mistress do their best to keep the monsters of the woods at bay and give human civilization time to flourish. Xaphrei also happens to be the last human heir to the throne of Ibis, a job she does not desire.

Xaphrei's hall is always open and usually merry. Her men are skilled at making wine from the wild grapes that fill her vale, and choice game is always roasting in her hearth. Besides her seven companions, she also has a young chaplain of Diana in her employ named Cat and an absent-minded old scientist who goes by the name of Professor Rundemyne. Rundemyne was rescued years ago from the jaws of a chimera, and has proven his worth by turning the White Feather's wine into brandy, and also by rigging impressive defenses for their little castle (fire cannons, for example). He is currently working to repair a strange airship the White Feather's discovered two years ago in a ruined fort.

The mining village that surrounds the castle is protected by a wooden palisade. The miners live in huts of travertine (the stone that they mine from nearby cliffs) and catch their water in large cisterns. They are known for two strangenesses; firstly, they keep a breed of very loyal (and quite intelligent) giant spiders as guard and work animals. Secondly, they were cursed many years back by the fortune teller of a traveling show so that they cannot tell the truth. This curse extends to the White Feathers and Xaphrei, making all their lives that much more complicated.

Treasure: 1,880 gp, 10 wild sheep skins worth about 6 gp each, 22 lb of sandalwood oil in crimson kegs worth 40 gp per lb.

| *Xaphrei, Ranger Lvl 11: HP 59; AC 3 [16]; Save 5; Special: +11 damage vs. marauding humanoids, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, wilderness survival, tracking, +2 to hit and +2 AC vs. sphinxes. Chainmail, shield, battle axe, long bow and 5 arrows +1. Wears silver collar worth 4,000 gp.*

| *White Feathers, Rangers Lvl 3: HP 23, 21, 21, 19, 19, 18, 17; AC 3 [16]; Save 13; Special: As above, save no bonus vs. sphinxes. Chainmail, shield, battle axe, longbow.*

| *Cat, Adept Lvl 3: HP 9; AC 9 [10]; Save 13; Special: Spells (1st), healer. White robes, oak cudgel.*

| *Prof. Rundemyne, Scientist² Lvl 6: HP 9; AC 9 [10]; Save 10; Special: trivia, inventions. Silver dagger, fractal helm (generates a Shield spell), Aetheric Fork (Locates Objects set by a series of dials) and a Gravity Field Generator (size of a treasure chest, it casts Slow).*

5632. The woodlands in this hex are protected by an avenging actaeon. The actaeon has had several run-ins recently with humans and has become hostile toward that race.

| *Actaeon: HD 6 (20 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 antler (2d6) or weapon; Move 15; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Woodcraft, rain of arrows, magic resistance 30%.*

5701. There is a great rend in the side of the tallest mountain in this hex. It is marked with deposits of chalk and from it flows a tiny trickle of water, colored a dull yellow. The cavern has a sulfurous smell and the interior is cluttered with a magnificent array of rock formations, all tinged with yellows, oranges and reds and making the cavern look like it is aflame. Winding through these formations is the aforementioned brooklet of yellow water which, if followed, leads to a little waterfall spilling over several terraces of rock. A sharp eye will notice handholds spaced for a tall humanoid. These handholds lead up to a

narrowed cavern with a higher ceiling and more flowstone than stalagmites and stalactites. The brooklet forms many interlocking pools here, and appears to support a crusty form of yellow crab apparently immune to the poisonous water. More than a dozen tunnels of various sizes converge in this cavern – some leading deeper into the mountain, others lead toward the peak. A variety of odd beasts dwell in these caverns, but the most dangerous is surely a cabal of yawahu bugbears.

The yawahu are to normal bugbears what ogre magi are to normal ogres. Five yawahu dwell in this cavern, at least from time to time for their machinations and explorations into black lore often carry them to far away locales. They have white fur tinged yellow from their environment, and frightful faces of the deepest blue and green, with yellowing fangs and rather long, drooping ears. The foremost of the yawahu is Grifnarg Hells-Paw, a servant of the nether powers. His fellows are Drask Arch-Draconic, Borzog the Beast, Gozr of the Mangled Claw and Zukasm Friend-of-Jellies.

Collectively, they have amassed 930 gp and a shard of obsidian worth 3 gp and used by them as a sacrificial knife (it retains the psychic impressions of a dozen victims that can be read with Speak with Dead).

| *Yawahu Bugbear: HD 3 (15, 14, 14, 11, 11 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 spear (1d6+1) or 1 shortbow (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Change self, burning hands, cause blindness (1/day), invisibility (1/day), ray of enfeeblement (1/day) and tiny hut (1/day).*

5703. Tarion is a necromancer of some ill repute along the coast and in the city-states of the region. Several winters ago he took up residence in an abandoned bugbear lair and, with a tribe of cowed kobolds obtained through less than honorable means, began creating for himself a place to work and study. The kobolds soon took the dank caverns of the bugbears and turned them into a fortified complex of tunnels and chambers to house Tarion's tomes and laboratory, for his obsession is the perfection of flesh golems and the chemical reanimation of bodies. He is assisted in his research by two apprentices named Hraxen and Nosti and three valets, mute triplets with yellow eyes and steel grey hair who go by the names Bodye, Perono and Orouan. Far more fearsome than the necromancer's lads is his dragon Saapeth, a young white dragon re-animated as a zombie. Saapeth appears as a heap of mouldering flesh that sniffs the air with empty nasal cavities and hisses "Brainsssss" in a long, sibilant whine.

Tarion is a gangling lecher who fancies himself a ladies' man and has quite a peccadillo for Adrada [5839] in

² The Scientist class appears in NOD #2.

particular. His treasure includes 3,135 gp, 10 pp and a manual of flesh golem creation. At any given time, he will have 2d6 franken-zombies protecting his lair and there is a 5% chance that he will have an operational flesh golem. Tarion has fought a few magical skirmishes with the yawahu bugbears [5701].

| *Tarion, Magic-User Lvl 9: HP 26; AC 9 [10]; Save 7; Special: Spells (5th); A coat of raven's feathers worn over a crimson chemise and pantaloons, black leather boots, a gold clasp (15 gp) and a polished wand of teak tipped by a cat's eye (50 gp), silver dagger, deck of dog-eared taroca cards.*

| *Apprentices, Magic-Users Lvl 2: HP 7, 3; AC 9 [10]; Save 14; Special: Spells (1st). Daggers, slim pine wands.*

| *Saapeth, Zombie Dragon: HD 5 (30 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); Move 6; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Immune to sleep and charm.*

5731. The Empty Valley is a broad valley devoid of plant and almost all animal life (see below). Old stories claim that it was the site of an ancient city-state razed to the ground by invaders, who salted the fields before they left. The valley is pocked with "pit traps" – metal cylinders set in the ground and filled to a great depth with brackish water. The pits are home to oozes and one contains a strange, titan-sized metal dart.

Lingering in the valley for more than a day will bring on nausea and each week spent in the valley will reduce one's hit points by half (rounding down), killing most characters in the course of one or two months. The only animal life within the valley are a swarm of butterflies with wings of yellow and blue. These swarms appear at night and find victims using infravision. A swarm seeks out a single individual and attempt to kill and devour it. These butterfly swarms never retreat.

| *Killer Butterfly Swarm: HD 2; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 sting (1 hp damage + radiation poisoning); Move Fly 9; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Only damaged by blunt weapons and area attacks, radiation poison deals 1d3 constitution damage.*

It is possible, with some effort, to locate a dungeon of the ancients. The dungeon has smooth walls of grey stone marked with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs of aberrant forms and designs of non-euclidian geometry. If translated, they tell the story of an ancient war between two alien tribes. The dungeon consists of a spiral ramp that descends over 200 feet into the ground and several chambers containing strange devices and gruesome larders. It is inhabited by giant insects and oozes, a tribe of troglodytes, a hibernating alien and his robot bodyguards and the Shuffling Creeper, an entity unique to the dungeon.

The dungeon also connects to a fast-moving black river that moves horizontally at first, and then steeply downward into the Abyss. The river connects to a vault deep beneath the earth filled with monstrosities, including a race of albino pygmy neanderthals with froggy faces. There are some signs that these folk have adventured up the river into the dungeon (lord knows how), but they established no permanent presence.

The hills around the Empty Valley are marked with crude scarecrows meant to frighten people away from the valley. They were erected by druids, and resemble large humanoids constructed of wicker wearing thorny crowns on their heads. Most of these wicker men are inhabited by small, nesting birds who have a habit of squawking loudly and suddenly when someone investigates a scarecrow up close. There is a 5% chance that a scarecrow will animate and try to shoo the party away.

| *Scarecrow: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to magic, double damage from fire, hugs if ignited.*

5734. Vashp the Undying fell to Nod many centuries ago. He sits in a fetal position in the center of this hex, the trees all knocked down and away from him, as though toppled by a volcanic eruption. If approached, his head will raise and he will ask, "Can you sing my seven names?"

If the adventurers can indeed sing his seven secret names ("You are deprivation and despair, the end of joy and the beginning of sorrow, the halo of the universe and the gaping hole at its heart, you are Vashp who will not die but dwells forever in Azithoth's dream") he will disappear, leaving behind a fist-sized crystal with a rainbow sheen on its surface. The bearer of the crystal enjoys protection from evil in a 10-ft radius so long as he keeps his eyes closed. In addition, and under the same conditions, he can survive in any environment and enjoys magic resistance 13%.

Vashp appears as a 9-ft tall, gaunt humanoid with arsenic grey skin, a sharp, triangular head covered with seven eyes and long arms that end in indistinct, smoky hands. The hands can reach into a creature and grab hold of the soul – victims of this attack must pass a saving throw or lose one level. Even if they save, they suffer 1 point of damage per level.

| *Vashp: HD 14 (70 hp); AC -1 [20]; Atk Claws (1d8 + level drain); Move 15; Save 3; CL/XP 18/3800; Special: Immune to cold and fire, only harmed by +2 or better weapons, magic resistance 13%.*

5746. Timulus was once a powerful mercantile city-state on the Wyvern Coast, and for a time eclipsed the power of Ophir (see NOD #2). Over time, its harbor filled with silt and the city-state slowly died away; all that remains now are a few toppled stone buildings and the great citadel. See the “Ruins of Timulus” article in this issue for more information.

5813. The woods in this area thin out, leaving room for several meadows broken up by little limestone crags. The meadows are covered in carpets of wild thyme, sweet woodruff and greenish-blue grasses that are grazed upon by wild goats and a variety of small game. A large village of huntsmen is nestled by a stream in a rocky valley. The village, Neldor, is composed of timber huts built in the shape of beehives and is surrounded by a wall of stacked limestone about 10 feet tall. Situated as it is on a natural trail across the hex, Neldor boasts a cozy roadhouse (constructed like the timber huts writ large) that serves sweet berry wine and an astounding array of roasted game and the rabbit sausages that are its house specialty.

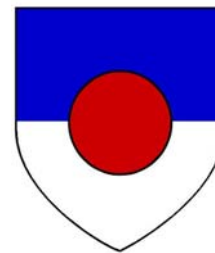
The Neldorians have thick, wavy black hair and pale skin made tan by the sun. They are short and thin and have narrow faces that bring to mind hawks. The Neldorians dress in exaggerated clothing in bright colors with bouffant skirts for the women and tall collars for the men. The village is defended by 20 men-at-arms wearing leather armor and carrying spears and short bows. The village is ruled by a mayor named Thoith, an overly-officious little pain in the neck. The roadhouse is run by Galin, and absent-minded fellow with an unreasonable fear of dwarfs (especially of their stubby fingers, which remind him of grubs).

5822. A mother chimera and her two young dwell in a cave overlooking a deep, barren ravine. The chimera guards a suit of +3 leather armor consisting of a breastplate emblazoned with an upside-down azure lion, gauntlets, greaves and a skirt of thick leather strips. The armor looks quite ancient, and the men of Ibis will recognize it immediately as the armor of Haricus, a great warrior and henchman of Rosmerta the Unyielding, a famous paladin who once roamed the deserts of Nabu and the highlands of the Golden Coast, and the only person known to have penetrated the deepest portions of the Palace of Izrigul.

| Chimera: HD 9; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), 2 horns (1d4), lion bite (2d4), dragon bite (3d4); Move 9 (Fly 18); Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Breathe fire 3/day, 50-ft range, 3d8 damage.

| Young: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), 2 horns (1d4), lion bite (1d6), dragon bite (2d4); Move 9 (Fly 15); Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Breathe fire 1/day, 30-ft range, 2d6 damage.

5838. The Pleasure Palace of Izrigul is a dungeon constructed by a baronet of Hell who disappeared into the Astral Plane after getting on the wrong side of Bael. It is unknown how deep the dungeon goes, but adventurers who have returned from delves in the Palace have reported at least seven levels and multiple sub-levels. They tell tales of flesh golems crafted from the corpses of beautiful women and their disembodied and tormented souls, dancing columns of pastel flames, hypnotic patterns that arc across glistening walls, opium dens inhabited by caterpillar men, ivory apes, death knights in baroque armor mounted on large, headless men, wine elementals, bizarre harems of maenads, absinthe fairies and whip-wielding berserkers who roam the halls screaming the name “Lenore”. The first level of the dungeon is detailed in this magazine in the article aptly titled “The Pleasure Palace of Izrigul”.



Barony of Ardrada

5839. Ardrada is a bronze woman, originally from Argis, who set out to find her fortune more than 20 summers ago. She eventually amassed enough money to construct a motte-and-bailey castle and establish a barony. Ardrada rules a small village of yeomen farmers living in thatched huts and grumbling incessantly about the goings-on of the baroness. Most were lured here in the hope of starting a new life, but have found Ardrada’s eccentricities most distracting, and a few have suffered by her whims.

The village has an earthen rampart with wooden watch towers, 25 men-at-arms (chainmail, shield, 1/2 with crossbow and short sword, 1/2 with pole arm) and 10 fighters (chainmail, shield, lance, long sword).

Ardrada wishes to claim the Pleasure Palace of Izrigul [5838] for her own. She has made several delves into the place with Pixin, an anti-cleric of Kotys, and Avzed, a magician whose unnatural urges made him infamous in Ibis and ultimately led to his leaving that place with a price on his head. Ardrada has gone as deep as the 7th level, but is tight-lipped about what she has seen.

Treasure: 3,100 gp and an onyx worth 450 gp in a beautiful brass chest that can only be opened by wrapping it three times on the left side while sitting on it (or otherwise weighting the lid). Any other attempt to open the chest releases a poison gas that drains one's will to live (1d6 charisma damage). A person whose charisma is reduced below 3 becomes a zombie slave of Ardrada.

| *Ardrada, Fighting-Woman Lvl 11: HP 57; AC 1 [18]; Save 4; Platemail, shield, long sword, crossbow. Pretty, a libertine.*

| *Pixin, Cleric Lvl 5: HP 23; AC 1 [18]; Save 11; Special: Spells (3rd), command undead; Platemail (sculpted to resemble a nude, bronze goddess, the face plate of her helm having an angelic face), shield, mace, throwing hammer, holy symbol.*

| *Avzed, Magic-User Lvl 4: HP 13; AC 9 [11]; Save 12; Special: Spells (2nd); Mauve coat with secret pockets, silk pantaloons, an ivory snuff box (15 gp) and a wand of electrum tipped with an amber sphere containing a dragonfly.*

5916. The hunting ground of a gulon, a strange hybrid of cat and fox that devours its prey whole, stuffing itself so full that it must force itself to vomit its meal so that it can continue its gluttonous feast. The gulon dwells in a shallow cave near a tall oak that was split decades ago by an errant bolt of Jove. The beast is nursing six cubs, making it especially rapacious.

| *Gulon: HD 3 (13 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d4); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Devour corpse.*

5946. A cople of petrified camphor trees is half-buried in the desert sand. If cracked in half, there are veins of aromatic amber. Living in the branches of the trees are 30 "monkeys" composed of hundreds of tiny pebbles brought together by some unknown force. The monkeys are aggressive and territorial. Hits scored on them send pebbles flying, but the pebbles quickly reform (i.e. regenerates 1d4 hp per round). Once killed, a monkey collapses into its constituent pebbles. The monkeys can fling handfuls of pebbles at their enemies, a ranged attack equivalent to a sling. Inside each monkey is an amber heart worth 10 gp, but cursed to make primates (other than humans) hostile to the holder of a heart.

| *Petrified Monkey: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 12 (Climb 12); Save 18; Special: Regenerate 1d4 hit points each round, immune to poison, diseases and sleep.*

6040. Five worgs hunt along this coast and are encountered on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. They inhabit a shallow cave that overlooks the sea.

| *Worg: HD 4 (23, 20, 19, 19, 12 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 18; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.*

6050. A lazy spring has made the desert here a mud flat of tall grasses. The grasses are grazed on by 11 yaruga, 10-ft tall reptilians that walk on long, bird-like legs. These creatures are passive enough in the daytime, launching a spray of foul-smelling gas at aggressors and running away. At night, however, they become aggressive meat eaters and focus their attentions on creatures that were sprayed that day. There is a 1% chance that adventurers spot a silvery ring of invisibility in the tall grasses.

| *Yaruga: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 kick (1d6); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Blinding flatulence, running kick.*



6110. An odd abbey of fifteen acolytes of Mercurius in ochre robes. It appears to consist of four small, stone buildings with copper roofs constructed around an older tower. The old tower is topped by a bronze statue of Mercurius. The abbey has a single entrance, a green door of thick oak. The abbey is a fortified roadhouse, and is usually playing host to several weary travelers. Violence is not permitted within the place, though weapons are not confiscated. The central tower is like a brick honey-comb of little sleeping niches outfitted with thin, straw mattresses and itchy blankets. The rectory serves hearty meals of mutton, barley cakes and pure water. The abbey is ruled by the Abbess Srenn, a sturdy friar with simple tastes and a reckless attitude. One can have accommodations for a tithe of one's wealth.

Treasure: 1,500 gp, 10 lb of lentils (2 gp/lb), 20 lb of cinnamon (1 gp/lb), 20 lb of ochre dye (1 gp/lb), 20 lb of barley (1 gp/lb) and 1 lb of saffron (15 gp/lb).

| *Srenn, Cleric Lvl 11: HD 31; AC 3 [16]; Save 5; Special: Spells (5th), turn undead. Chainmail, shield, iron-shod staff, silver holy symbol set with a moss agate worth 36 gp.*

| *Acolytes: HD 1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 mace (1d6); Move 9; Save 15; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Turn undead. Chainmail, shield, mace, holy symbol.*

6123. A three-headed idol of Hecate (40-ft tall, limestone coated in salt) stands on a hilltop in this hex overlooking the bay. It is weathered, but recognizable as the goddess of witches, having the heads of a she-wolf, serpent and mare. The statue holds a writhing serpent in an outstretched hand and a torch in the other. Those who touch the idol without first kneeling and offering a small sacrifice of gems become faint and suffer 1d6 points of constitution damage.

6126. An idol of Ysoudonann, the ophidian god of storms and static electricity. The idol is a statue of serpentine depicting a magnificent ophidian with four arms, each ending in a clenched fist. The base of the statue is engraved with a riddle (see below). Solving the riddle and choosing the upper left-hand fist reveals a shagreen map to Mozimumpus' lair [5246]. Choosing the wrong fist results in a Moe Howard-style smack in the face for 2d6 points of damage.

Riddle: Many small shellfish, one large shellfish.

The fists are marked with the following glyphs:

- Upper Left: Moon and stars
- Lower Left: Three crabs and skull
- Upper Right: Coiled dragon and coins
- Lower Right: Castle and knights

6130. Five belfry goblins dwell in an abandoned watch tower of Nabu vintage. They serve Zariq, a bat monster with a blue jade eye (hold person at will). Treasure: 600 gp, brass vase worth 1,650 gp, 50 silver ingots (2 lb, 20 gp each), 22 lb of ambergis (3 gp/lb).

| *Belfry Goblin*: HD 1 (7, 7, 3, 3, 2 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), weapon (1d6) and/or bite (1d4); Move 6 (Fly 12); Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; *Special*: Glide, swooping attack, chance of disease.

| *Zariq, Bat Monster*: HD 8 (36 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (2d8), 2 claws (1d6); Move 4 (Fly 18); Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; *Special*: Hold person at will.

6137. A mason's tools and several partially cut stones lie by the river. The stones are stained with splattered blood and rust and look to be quite old.

6202. A waterfall spills from a cliff 500-ft high. The entire cliff has been carved, most prominently into 50 towering female statues holding ewers from which portions of the waterfall are diverted. The water falls so far, and is so often diverted, that it falls like rain onto the landscape below, creating a small rain forest inhabited by giant black carnivorous squirrels and little archaeopteryx with gold

and lapis scales. The forest is also inhabited by a tribe of 30 dawn men living in rocky caves and covered in green lichens. At the foot of the falls are massive doors of green bronze studded with malachite discs. These locked doors bar entry into a fabulous temple of Oeagrus the river god. The temple contains an idol of thick glass containing flowing water diverted from the waterfall.

6230. Four belabra, a sort of woodland squid, have taken up residence here in the branches. They make a clicking sound with their beaks when agitated and can warn adventurers about the disenchanter [6235] if one can communicate with them. Treasure: 2,700 gp, potion of heroism and a roll of velvet (30 yards, 90 gp) hidden in the branches of a tree.

| *Belabra*: HD 4+1 (23, 22, 21, 16 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d4) and ram (2d4) or 6 tentacles (2d4); Move 3 (Hop 6); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; *Special*: Barbs, blood spray.

6235. The landscape descends into a hollow here inhabited by a disenchanter, a beast resembling a trunked camel that consumes the power of magic items. The hollow features a pond fed by trickling streams and, near the pond, a secluded cave that serves as the creature's lair. Littering the ground around the pond and cave are numerous items, rusted armor and weapons, wands and staves (usually snapped in two), discarded rings, etc.

| *Disenchanter*: HD 5 (21 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 hoof (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Disenchant.

6238. Six giant moray eels live in a long sea tunnel originally carved by mottled purple worms. The tunnel bears carvings of eels carrying giant pearls in their mouths. The carvings point toward the center of the tunnel, where there is a deep pit holding a veritable throne of pearls. Sitting on the pearls are the remains of an undine demilich – now nothing more than a skull and a few bones. The pearls are worth 15,000 gp.

| *Demilich*: HD 10 (51 hp); AC -2 [21]; Atk Nil; Move Fly 12; Save 5; CL/XP 20/4400; *Special*: Only harmed by vorpal weapons, immune to acid, cold, electricity, magic, polymorph, rejuvenation and turning, shriek, trap the soul.

6248. An abandoned temple in the desert has a cemetery within its walls guarded by a weathered idol of Anubis. The temple has been ransacked, with the remains of several priests, now dried husks, nailed to the stone walls. Some of the corpses are headless, the shriveled heads strung up by chains on the front door. The cemetery is inhabited by six gravebirds, highly intelligent undead ravens. The graves, at

least those that have not been plundered, hold 2,200 gp worth of jewelry and other grave goods.

| *Gravebirds*: HD 2 (14, 12, 11, 8, 8, 5 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4) or 2 claws (1d3); Move 4 (Fly 16); Save 16; CL/XP 3/120; Special: *Disease* (prevents magical healing, natural healing at 10% normal rate) with successful hit (save applies), speak with dead.

6304. The ghost of a noroob matriarch wanders these hills, searching for her lost eggs.

| *Ghost*: HD 10+4 (51 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 touch (special); Move 9; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Only harmed by magic, cause fear, touch ages victim 3d6 years.

6320. The ghostly city of Quidnog appears on the shores of the Golden Coast in this hex when the stars align. Quidnog is a city of dream, with ivory spires and narrow avenues paved with malachite and hiding a nightmarish underworld. The city is inhabited by a population of psychic lichs that assume the form of beautiful, luminous men and women of elfin aspect. The underworld is inhabited by monstrous things with dull black skin and wriggling, purple hairs. These creatures are blind and dumb, but smell with their skin and track people and things by their unique scent. They kill by squeezing people to death after first pulling their limbs out of their sockets. When their prey is dead, they crack open their skulls and feast on the hippocampus.

6327. Five large giant centipedes have a lair inside a petrified tusked whale skull. Inside the skull is a golden sphere worth 300 gp.

| *Large Giant Centipede* (20ft): HD 4 (22, 22, 19, 16, 16 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (3d8); Move 18; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: *poison bite* (+4 save or die).

6328. Halis is a small village of peasants in thatched huts surrounded by a low, stone wall and a moat of sludge and human waste. The men of Halis are loutish oafs who grow a variety of cereals and vegetables and raise fat geese. They have fair skin, blue eyes and brown or black hair worn straight and they wear long, woolen tunics of brown and blue and many wear brass lockets containing bits of hair from a saint (a seller of relics recently visited the village). The women of Halis are rightly famed along the coast for their fine loaves and pies. Halis overlooks a bay visited by merchant galleys. These merchants and their crews are not permitted to leave their ships after dark, but they are permitted to purchase fresh water and other supplies.

They are ruled by Torix, who styles himself Grand Duke Palatine of the Dreadful Forest. Torix is an odd man, mildly deluded (obviously) but tolerated by his crude serfs for he

is not especially cruel. Torix has under his command 16 men-at-arms (AC 1 [18], lance and mace) and a sergeant-at-arms named Pesciana, a curvaceous woman with limpid green eyes and wavy brown hair in a long braid. Treasure: 200 gp and 300 lb of cereals worth 3 sp per pound.

| *Torix*: HD 4 (20 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: *Troops morale* +1.

| *Pesciana*: HD 3 (11 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: *None*.

6340. An island here is really a massive aspidochelone, a giant turtle. The creature has been slumbering so long that its shell has had time to accumulate soil. It is a craggy island, with woodlands and gentle, merry nymphs who make wine from wild grapes. The island is visited (1 in 6 chance) by merchants who wish to trade with a small band of sudoths, an aquatic race of intelligent jellyfish. A small trading post has been constructed on the shore with a large, brass horn. Blowing the horn alerts the sudoth, who soon wander to the surface to examine the goods to be traded and display their own items (pearls, sea glass, exotic seaweeds, etc).

| *Sudoth*: HD 4 (25, 19, 17, 17, 11 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d6) or 1 spear (1d6); Move 3 (Swim 12); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Paralyze*, cannot be surprised.

6347. Untold centuries ago, a falling star created a wide crater here. The crater is filled with metallic sand (useful to alchemists) and alien sandworms that swim in the sand and strip flesh from the bone like piranha.

| *Sandworm Swarm*: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 swarm (1d6+1); Move Burrow 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Only harmed in full by area attacks, normal melee attacks do minimum damage.

6349. 22 formian workers, 10 warriors and a queen have begun to burrow into the sands to found a new colony. If allowed to proceed without opposition, they will be capable of challenging Ibis' hegemony over the region within a decade.

6402. A family of five ettins has made a lair here in a large cavern. The ettins keep a herd of 15 giant goats with long, black coats and gleaming white horns. The goats give copious amounts of milk which the ettins turn into excellent goat cheese that they trade to travelers for tools and baubles (unless of course they decide to eat the travelers and steal their stuff). The head of the family is Arnon-Torri and his wife is called Brigga-Nimayne. The ettins cave is cramped and reeks of sour milk and body odor. It contains a dozen large, terracotta bowls filled with fermenting goat milk and twice as many bundles of

cheesecloth holding curds in various states of cheese-hood. Treasure: Cheese (1d6 x 100 gp worth), 6,200 gp and a giant terracotta flask decorated with hecatonchires worth 800 gp.

| *Ettin*: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 clubs (3d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: None.

| *Giant Goat*: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (2d6); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: +4 damage with charge.



Citadel of Ormr

6408. Ormr is a stately citadel of cyclopean masonry that dominates a landscape of neat olive orchards and fields of golden wheat. The citadel houses seventy chalkeion hoplites and their barbaric leader, Macchos and three captains. In the damp tunnels and caverns beneath the citadel dwells the ancient copper dragon Zybok, who is worshiped as a god by the chalkeions.

The citadel is supported by 1,400 peasants, bronze men who dwell in four villas (each located 1d4 miles away from the citadel proper) that grow the afore-mentioned wheat and olives, as well as fields of hack-berries, silphion and zucchini. Each villa is overseen by a child of Zybok, Ermene (very young), Thyna (young), Gelbe (immature) and Brendorn (adult). Each has ten chalkeion hoplites and a lieutenant under his charge. Brendorn and his mother have begun to butt heads, and this conflict must come to a head soon.

| *Macchos*, Barbarian Lvl 9: HP 46; AC 5 [14]; Save 7; Special: No flank or back attacks, superstitious, berserker (+2 hit damage, -2 AC), fight till end of fury. Mail shirt, battle axe. Treasure: 1,900 gp, granite icon of Zybok (175 gp), copper pendant (115 gp) and a potion of extra healing..

| *Zybok*: HD 9 (72 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d10); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 6; CL/XP 20/4400; Special: Spit acid (60-ft) or breath slowing gas (30-ft cloud, slow for 6 rounds), can speak but no magic. Treasure: 12,200 gp and a marble statuette of Tiamat worth 10,000 gp.

| *Brendorn*: HD 9 (36 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d10); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Spit acid (60-ft) or breath

slowing gas (30-ft cloud, slow for 6 rounds), can speak and cast read languages and detect invisibility. Treasure: 3,600 gp, 40 bronze ingots (5 lb, 5 gp each), jet worth 115 gp, jacinth worth 1,250 gp and a lion skin worth 50 gp.

| *Gelbe*: HD 9 (27 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d10); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 6; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Spit acid (60-ft) or breath slowing gas (30-ft cloud, slow for 6 rounds), cannot speak. Treasure: 2,300 gp and a rock crystal worth 145 gp.

| *Thyna*: HD 9 (18 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d10); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 6; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spit acid (60-ft) or breath slowing gas (30-ft cloud, slow for 6 rounds), cannot speak. Treasure: 1,200 gp.

| *Ermene*: HD 9 (9 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d10); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 6; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spit acid (60-ft) or breath slowing gas (30-ft cloud, slow for 6 rounds), cannot speak. Treasure: 200 gp, moonstone (115 gp), smoky quartz (175 gp).

6417. A shallow, little cave hides an entrance to a large throne room of the ancient lizard kings. The entrance is a stone slab on rusted hinges buried almost to the top beneath a cave in. The throne room once boasted alabaster tiles and terraces that made it look something like an inverted pyramid. In the center of the room sits a chipped and cracked throne of malachite inlaid with alabaster shaped like crocodiles savaging human victims. The throne's dais is trapped. If more than 100 lb is put on the dais, copper bars shoot up from the floor creating a cage. The bars begin to circle the dais, and arcs of electricity fire between them – each round, a random person in the trap must pass a saving throw or be struck by the electricity, suffering 3d6 damage.

6420. A nest of 10 stirges beneath the chin of a giant minotaur statue (30-ft tall, one horn chipped off). The statue stands on a base 15 ft square. A secret door (lead; 24 strength to open) leads inside. Holds giant treasures: brass cup (2,000 gp), silver statuette of Venus (7,200 gp), wooden statue of Pan (85 gp), limestone icon of Demeter Engorged (600 gp), terracotta aquamanile (135 gp) and dish (35 gp), brass idol of Volcanus (8,000 gp), two brass ankle chains (35 gp), brass belt emblazoned with a lightning bolt (85 gp) and a terracotta candelabra (135 gp). If stolen, the minotaur animates (treat as an iron golem) and the stirges are whipped into a frenzy.

| *Stirges*: HD 1+1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 proboscis (1d3); Move 3 (Fly 18); Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Blood drain (1d4), +2 hit bonus.

| *Iron Golem*: HD 20 (80 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 fist (4d10); Move 6; Save 3; CL/XP 18/3800; Special: Poison gas, immune to all weapons +2 or less, slowed by lightning, healed by fire, immune to most magic.

6441. A lonely mountain rises here topped by a beacon tower and a small stronghold. From the tower, one can make out the coast at [6040]. The stronghold houses a

garrison of 30 spearmen and 10 archers from Ibis under the command of Stenso, a veteran soldier. Stenso is a tall man of rugged build, with thinning black hair and a long, curled beard. He is rash and easily angered, and finds his present duty frustrating. The tower also boasts two small cannon on swivels (300 yard range, 3d6 damage).

| *Stenso, Fighting-Man Lvl 4: HP 24; AC 3 [16]; Save 11. Chainmail, shield, long, flanged mace, 4d6 gp.*

6450. A round tower of yellow bricks sits atop a rocky hillock in the midst of a dry ravine. During the rainy season, the tower is surrounded by water for a couple weeks. The interior is a maze of walls constructed of red stone and copper plates, and the tower boasts a fabulous garden on its roof.

The tower is home to Sediquen, the last living apprentice of the famed archimage Baloc. Sediquen is now a master transmogripher in his own right, a petit man who dreams of conquering the region and founding an empire of magicians to rival Nabu. He is already well on his way – he has made several alliances with humanoid and nomad tribes in the area, and is now working on a scheme to destroy Ibis’ defenses from within. Sediquen has two apprentices, Gordanus and Santhr.

Treasure: 2,900 gp, pearl worth 6 gp and a vellum scroll containing the spells hallucinatory terrain and polymorph other.

| *Sediquen, Magic-User Lvl 12: HP 23; AC 9 [10]; Save 5; Special: Spells (6th). Wand of applewood bearing the tooth marks of a giant rat, silver dagger, scroll (see above).*

| *Santhr, Magic-User Lvl 3: HP 10; AC 9 [10]; Save 13; Special: Spells (2nd). Dagger, acacia wand painted blue. An overbearing swine with greasy hair.*

| *Gordanus, Magic-User Lvl 1: HP 1; AC 9 [10]; Save 15; Special: Spells (1st). Dagger. A mild-mannered young man in thick spectacles.*



City-State of Utya

6503. Utya originated as a military fortress of the Nabu Empire. It was constructed on the banks of the Oeagrus River within view of the blasted remains of an ancient citadel of the bronze men. The people of Utya have coarse, fleecy hair of dark brown and eyes of brown, green or hazel that they highlight with kohl (men and women). They are magnificent physical specimens, standing 6 to 8 ft in height with muscular builds, angular faces and light, creamy skin.

Utya is surrounded by a triple wall of wooden palisades and thick earthworks. It has four stone gatehouses: the River Gate, Mountain Gate, Gate of the Blue Men (see [7502] for more information) and Leopard Gate or Gate of Victory; with steel-reinforced doors operated by stone golems. Within the walls are narrow, stinking, muddy streets and rows of squat, flat-topped buildings constructed of gray-green brick. The city is built on a grid, but the “suburbs” are less ordered than the city center, which is dominated by a Moon Temple dedicated to Khonsu, the Nabu moon god, and the nomarch’s palace, a vast conglomeration of gardens, brick courtyards and square pavilions. The streets are patrolled by men wearing ring armor and carrying shield, throwing axe and short sword.

Utya is known for its many religious idols, which seem to glare at visitors from above every arch and around every corner, as well as its wandering gangs of priests who sing psalms (loudly and badly) for alms. Visitors to Utya usually come for its courtesans, men and women wrapped in gauzy robes of pink or midnight blue and carrying blue lanterns, even in the daytime, or the city’s infamous school of wizardry.

Utya’s economy is based on the fruit trade, with the fields around the city producing an especially tasty golden grape that is turned into a sparkling wine, and the many almond and fig orchards. The economy has been weak of late, but the people have remained cheerful through the hard times.

Utya is ruled by a nomarch, the title of feudal governors in the Nabu Empire. While the nomarch would have been an appointed position in the days of the empire, he is now elected by the people, with each hopeful nomarch-to-be minting tin coins in his image and people voting by dropping these coins through the front gates of the palace under the watchful eyes of the high priest of Khonsu. The night before each election, the candidates are tested in the arena of combat with light, wooden swords, with the winner usually chosen nomarch the next day.

6508. A tall pillar of black stone, the lower portions stained with dried blood, looms over the hills here. The pillar is 40 ft tall and 20 ft in diameter and the land around the pillar has a grayish cast. Every night, a horde of 4d10 red cap goblins emerge from the pillar (there is no apparent entrance, they simply emerge from the solid stone) riding steel-grey goats with black, twisty horns and carrying riding crops, cavalry sabers and barbed nets of leather and brass. The red caps slaughter almost everything in their path (and any creature within 1 hex of [6508] will meet them), capturing some victims in their nets to sell them into slavery to the cyclops in [6512].

6512. Three cyclops (Zonk, Bonk and Steve) dwell in a large cave here, engaging in the husbandry of a flock of giant sheep and passing the time by torturing innocents sold to them by the red caps [6508] in exchange for smith-work (the cyclops run a forge and can build and repair anything, producing objects of excellent quality). The cave is approximately 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, with a 25-ft high ceiling. Strong iron cages hang from the ceiling by chains attached to massive spikes driven into the stone. Those trying to bend the bars of the cages do so at a -1 (15%) penalty. The cages are secured with complicated locks (-2 or -20% to open). The number and composition of torture victims is up to the Referee. The cave is littered with instruments of torture (a rack, hot pokers, various screws, a cauldron for boiling oil – they use sheep fat). The cyclops keep their treasure in a securely locked strong box. It consists of 8,988 gp, a limestone sculpture of Amphitrite worth 14 gp, 14 lb of maple sugar in crates (worth 75 gp per pound) and 58 lb of tobacco (worth 100 gp/lb) scavenged from a recent shipwreck on the coast.

| *Cyclops:* HD 13 (63, 55, 53 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (6d6); Move 15; Save 3; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Hurl rocks (4d10).

6514. Dain is a cyclops who dwells in a large, wide-mouthed cave overlooking a crooked meadow of green grass and clover. The grass shows signs of fire in many places, as though an army camped on the meadow in the recent past. The meadow is grazed on by a herd of 20 giant sheep and 3 giant rams, all with golden fleece (triple value) and milky white horns. Unlike your typical giant ram, Dain's rams breath fire. Dain is eternally grumpy, for he is hen-pecked by Daia, his fire giantess wife, who, like most giantesses of NOD™, is very lovely and exceptionally cunning and ambitious. Daia casts spells as a 6th level adept³ and has been after Dain to build her a castle for

³ The Adept NPC class is in NOD #1. In a pinch, treat an adept as a magic-user with half the levels capable of casting both magic-user and cleric spells.

years. The couple has stowed away 4,082 gp in a bronze urn.

| *Dain:* HD 13 (71 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (6d6); Move 15; Save 3; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Hurl rocks (4d10).

| *Daia:* HD 11+3 (56 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 giant red-hot poker (6d6); Move 12; Save 4; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Hurl boulders, immune to fire, adept spells (2nd).

| *Giant Rams:* HD 3 (19, 14, 13 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (2d6); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: +4 damage on charge, breath 10 ft cone of fire 3/day for 3d6 damage.

6515. Imademorda is a young dragon living in a crumbling gatehouse that once defended a flourishing city-state of the bronze men. The city is long gone, consisting now of a few stone blocks and foundations, a couple wells and the aforementioned gatehouse, which looks perpetually about to fall. Imademorda actually dwells beneath the gatehouse. Imademorda is serpentine and 20-ft long, with dull, red scales, no limbs and a head that suggests a cockatrice topped with a crest of orange feathers. Imademorda subsists on a diet of magic-users and supernatural creatures. There is a 10% chance she will be in her lair rather than out hunting in the hills (and if not in her lair, there, she will be randomly encountered on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6, or 1-4 on 1d6 if magic-users are present). If in her lair, there is a 20% chance she is sleeping. Treasure: 1,000 cp, 3,660 ep, 430 sp, 2,980 gp, 540 pp and an obsidian blade worth 200 gp.

| *Imademorda:* HD 8 (16 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 9 (Fly 30); Save 8; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Breathes a sticky web 3/day, can raise hurricane winds in a 60-ft radius (save or dashed against object for 2d6 damage), only harmed by magic weapons.

6537. Travelers through this hex might (check for secret doors) notice a magic staff appears to jut out from a barnacle-covered rock. The "rock" is actually the bearer of the staff, a locathah magic-user. The staff is designed to turn a person into unbreakable stone to protect them from death; unfortunately the staff appears to have malfunctioned and has never turned the poor soul back to normal. A dispel magic effect can free the magic-user – it is up to the Referee what will happen next.

6547. Around a large, kidney-shaped pool of sweet water are hundreds of date palms. The date palms are home to hundreds of song birds and a druidess named Nebitha. Nebitha has lived in the oasis for well over a decade, constructing a small hut from palm fronds and subsisting on dates and hunting some of the small game (but never the birds) that lives in the oasis. The birds are Nebitha's spies, bringing her all manner of news from the region and

helping her oppose the actions of some of the less savory powers that call it home. Nebitha is a slight woman of advanced years with skin as dark as a berry and long, frizzy hair. She has a pleasant, calm manner that belies her inner fire.

| *Nabitha, Druid Lvl 9: HP 20; AC 7 [12]; Save 6; Special: Spells (4th), can take the form of an eagle, serpent or bear; Pale green robes, quarterstaff (wielded as though fighting with two weapons).*

6605. A herd of shaggy cattle with bluish pelts and pearl-white horns tipped with silver grazes here under the watch of seven mushroom man cowherds. The mushroom men look like purple toadstools and are mounted on craggy, crimson giant toads. A nearby cave is their home, and they will make an attempt to scurry their herd into the cave if attacked. Once they enter the cave, the mouth disappears, only to re-open when they will it. The cowherds have long-handled, grey war hammers.

| *Mushroom Man: HD 3 (18, 18, 16, 16, 14, 11, 9 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 fist or weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spores.*

| *Giant Toad: HD 3 (19, 17, 15, 14, 14, 12, 12); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 6 (Hop 30 ft); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Hop.*

6607. Forest of crystalline trees with oblong, faceted fruit that, at any loud noise or any damage, explode into shards (2d6 damage, 20-ft radius, save for half damage, sets off 1d6-1 other fruit). Geckos of living glass dwell in the trees, as do small families of silent gnomes with red faces and glassy eyes that consume the fruit and use the trees to make glass weapons.

| *Glass Gecko: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk Bite (1d8); Move 12 (Climb 12); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

| *Silent Gnome: HD 1d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 shard (1d8) or fruit (see above); Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Phantom force.*

6615. Lair of 100 dragon men and their mates. The lair consists of conical huts of beaten brass surrounded by rock gardens. The largest hut in the village is a spirit house that contains a lacquered idol of cinnabar in the shape of Imademorda [6515]. The dragon men themselves have crimson scales and wear feathered head-dresses and harnesses of leather. The warriors of the tribe wear coats of bronze scales (treat as chainmail) and carry pole arms and short bows. The lord of the dragon men is the warlock Dradin, an over-confident male. The spirit house is tended by a druid called Vorth, a much smaller male missing an eye but possessing a frightfully large ambition. The dragon men keep twenty giant lizards as mounts and seven igniguanas as guard animals. Treasure: 400 ep, 7,900 gp and 30 pp.

| *Dradin, Dragon Man Fighter/Mage Lvl 8: HP 33; AC 2 [17]; Save 7; Special: Spells (4th). Scale coat, battle axe.*

| *Vorth, Dragon Man Druid 6: HP 18; AC 6 [13]; Save 9; Special: Spells (3rd), speak with animals, plants and monsters, befriend animals, change into an eagle.*

| *Dragon Man: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Spells, bite.*

| *Giant Lizard: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

| *Igniguana: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Breathes fire (20-ft cone, 2d6 damage).*

6639. Around a 30-ft tall column of coral carved into the form of hundreds of capering crabs dance four giant crabs. The crabs dance slowly in a circle, rhythmically and one imitating the moves of the others perfectly. If disturbed, the crabs will fight and nerve toxins will spew from the column, filling an area 20-ft in diameter around the column in 1d4+1 rounds. The nerve toxin paralyzes creatures (but not the crabs) who fail a saving throw.

| *Giant Crab: HD 3 (20 hp each); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 pincers (1d6+3); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

6736. Zeigeheodo the old sea dragon of the so-called "glassee coast" dwells in an obsidian cave. Zeigeheodo is a 55 ft long, glossy black sea serpent who relishes combat. There is only a 10% chance that the wyrm is in his lair; otherwise he will be encountered hunting in the surrounding sea on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. If in his lair, Zeigeheodo spends only 5% of his time sleeping. Treasure: 4,660 ep, 6,320 gp, 12 seawolf skins worth 8 gp each and a tablet of protection from demons (x2 duration).

| *Zeigeheodo: HD 14 (84 hp); AC -4 [23]; Atk 2 claws (2d6) and bite (2d6); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 3; CL/XP 18/3800; Special: Lightning breath 3/day, roar causes deafness and 4d8 sonic damage to all within 30-ft.*

6803. Inside a small, concrete bunker obscured by the underbrush there are three old boxes constructed of steel with fluted sides. The boxes are not locked, though the opening mechanisms are a bit alien. Inside the boxes are a number of what appear to be small maces – steel balls with steel handles. The maces, there are 20 in all, are actually hand grenades (3d6 damage in a 10-ft radius). They are activated by twisting the handle, but are a bit rusty, so any given grenade only has a 1 in 6 chance of working. The handles are not turned easily, so there is little danger of inadvertently activating one, although attacking with one (it would do a mere 1d3 damage) has a 1 in 6 chance per hit of causing it to go off.

6809. A pack of ten shadow wolves ridden by emaciated halflings carrying silver sickles and looking for healthy livers. They have black haversacks slung across their shoulders holding bitter herbs and black ointment that, if spread across the forehead, makes one invisible to the living but gives nightmares for days afterwards that disrupt sleep completely. These creatures are only encountered at night, and then only on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. Once they disappear into the hills, they are impossible to track.

| *Shadow Wolf*: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 strength); Move 21; Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Incorporeal, blend with shadows, strength damage.

| *Halfling Hunter*: HD 3d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 sickle (1d6); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Invisible.

6826. A black merchant galley lacking sails and rowers is adrift. Eight figures in hooded black robes signal from the upper deck with lanterns. The robed figures are leper zombie. They will attempt to grapple any vessel that comes close.

| *Leper Zombie*: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 claw or bite (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Disease, those slain reanimate as leper zombies.

6831. A long galleass, its sides clad in plates of bronze, lies wrecked upon a rocky isle. Close inspection reveals that the island is a column of basalt raised from the ocean floor. Below decks, the oars are attached to bronze spheres. The spheres have two L-shaped pipes sticking from them on opposite sides and pointing in opposite directions. They appear to contain brackish water. Beneath each sphere is what appears to be a brass torch, but is actually a pipe. The lowest deck contains dozens of glass tanks, each attached to the torches above. Most of the tanks have been broken, but one contains a small, dead charcoal salamander. The salamander deck is burned extensively; the air is acrid and the walls pitted and scarred. Two chuul lurk in the shadows, eager to make a fresh kill.

The upper deck is intact except for the masts. The captain's cabin has been trashed, but one might find fragments of charts and schematics. The captain's head and entrails have been nailed to a door which leads to his sleeping chamber, now occupied by a massive chuul that appears to be waiting for someone to foolishly open the door. Each chuul on the ship has a golden amulet on a chain around its neck. The amulets are almost impossible to remove. One minute after death, the chuul and anything it is touching is teleported (via the power of the amulets) to the tower of Ingostos [7047].

| *Chuul*: HD 11+2 (76, 68, 58 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 claw (2d6); Move 12 (Swim 9); Save 4; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Amphibious, constrict, immune to poison, paralysis.

6838. An ancient river carved out a deep gorge in the desert here. The gorge ends at the sea, and though no river now flows through it, moisture from the ocean keeps the gorge damp for most of its distance. The gorge's floor, which is highly uneven and treacherous, is covered with tangled thorn bushes. The bushes produce iron-hard thorns approximately three inches long that can be used as needles and even nails in softer wood. The 32 pixies that call the gorge home in this hex use them as arrows. The thorn pixies are especially nasty. They look like emaciated, bent little men and women with long, pointed noses and wings like that of a mosquito. They keep their treasures stashed in holes hidden among the thorn bushes (1 in 6 chance of finding one-tenth of the treasure). It consists of 490 sp, 11,570 gp, 190 pp and a gold ankle chain worth 4,800 gp.

| *Pixies*: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 dagger (1d4) or arrow; Move 6 (Fly 15); Save 17; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Arrows, magic resistance 25%, spell-like abilities (polymorph self, invisibility, dancing lights, dispel magic 1/day and permanent confusion 1/day).

6906. A façade of black marble has been erected at the mouth of a natural amphitheatre to create a temple dedicated to Hecate, the goddess of witches. The marble façade rises 40 ft in height and is pierced by heavy, wooden doors covered in beaten gold and a single round window 30 ft above the ground.

The surfaces within the temple have been carved into arched walls. A 30-ft tall idol of three-headed Hecate stands at the rear of the space, with an altar of scarlet stone and dozens of silver braziers in front of it. A giant constrictor snake is wrapped around the feet of the idol and serves as the temple's guardian. When in use, this chamber is filled with pilgrims (mostly bronze men, but also spell casting humans from surrounding settlements) enraptured in the throes of pious ecstasy – chanting, waving back and forth, bowing before the mother of witches. The priestesses of the temple are centaurs, including Eurene, the high priestess. A secret door underneath the idol leads to a long, black tunnel that eventually empties into an antechamber and vestibules, living cells for the 15 priestesses, storage chambers and a chamber for summoning demons.

Eurene is currently recruiting a team of explorers to enter the Pleasure Palace of Izrigul [5839] and bring back a mirror of smoky crystal that lies within.

Treasure: 1,900 gp and a jacinth worth 90 gp.

| *Eurene, Centaur Druid Lvl 12: HP 32; AC 7 [12]; Save 4; Special: Spells (6th), speak with animals, plants, monsters and stones, change into bear, mare and giant owl. Leather armor, staff.*

| *Priestess, Centaur Druid Lvl 3: HP 3d6; AC 7 [12]; Save 12; Special: Spells (2nd), speak with animals and plants. Leather armor, club.*

6912. Tarna, a female ferec (a sort of fox-centaur) adventurer, is slowly making her way to the Abbey in [6906], heading the call of Eurene [6906] for adventurers. Tarna wears leather armor and carries a quarterstaff and short bow, as well as 200 gp in a squirrel skin bag. Like most ferrec, she is excitable and superstitious, but also has an incurable curiosity. Tarna has a tendency to speak rapidly and non-stop, and becomes very moody if asked to stop.

| *Terec, Ferec: HD 6+3 (39 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 weapons (1d6) and 1 bite (1d4); Move 18; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Cannot be surprised.*

6934. A pod of six porpoises resides in these waters. Folk in need of rescue will invariably encounter these creatures, who know a great deal about the surrounding seas and will be happy to communicate (via *Speak with Animals* spell) with folk they deem worthy. They will specifically warn people away from areas [6926], [6938] and [6831].

6938. A white pyramid rises on the left bank of the River of the Death, just as it is emerging from the gorge that cuts through the Harrowing Hills. The pyramid is both a shrine of Thoth and a beacon tower, the top of the pyramid being composed of glass and holding a highly reflective mirror lit by a lantern. The pyramid's entrance is flanked by statues of criosphinxes ridden by winged baboons. Within the entrance is a small shrine to Thoth, complete with a wooden idol, and stairs leading to a guard chamber above. Another set of stairs leads to the pinnacle. The pyramid is guarded by a band of five clockwork cavaliers.

| *Clockwork Cavalier: HD 5 (31, 26, 20, 17, 13 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 sickle-sword (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Slows down, immune to sleep, charm, hold and non-magic piercing weapons, explodes if beheaded.*

6943. A small spring supports an oasis of lush grass surrounded by thorny acacias. The little oasis is claimed by a trio of onocentaurs and their 12 females and 21 young. An onocentaur is a centaur whose hindquarters are those of an onager, or ass. The onocentaurs are capable of going berserk in combat. They are armed with slings. Over the years, the violent onocentaurs have collected 500 gp, which they keep in soiled leather sacks. They also have a

bronze bust of an ancient nobleman of Nabu worth 55 gp and a weathered and warped wooden box containing 5 pounds of ochre dye (worth 1 gp per pound).

| *Onocentaur: HD 5 (25, 23, 20 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 kicks (1d6) or 1 sling (1d4); Move 18; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Berserkers (+1 hit and damage)*

7009. The banks of the river in this hex are scoured by a pack of eight ravenous dwarfs, a lost group of miners who carry sacks of fool's gold. The dwarfs are encountered on the roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

| *Ravenous Dwarf: HD 5; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 1 bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Scream (2 mile range, creatures with fewer than 5 HD must save or be panicked for 2d4 rounds), half damage from cold, lightning.*

7047. A tall, slightly tilted tower of what appears to be solidified sand looms over the desert in this hex. The tower is at least 300 feet tall, and is thus easily visible throughout this hex and those surrounding it. The tower has no discernable entrance, though it can be reached via magical means (passwall, teleport, etc). The interior of the tower is formed from glass, seemingly cut from one massive piece of glass. Naturally, the tower is the abode of Ingostos.

Ingostos is an old elf, thin and bent with centuries of arcane studies. His hair is as red as fire, and his skin is tan and without wrinkles. Ingostos dresses in workman's clothes, with many pouches for magical ingredients and appliances. He keeps his grimoire (well, one of them) chained to one wrist by links of adamantite. Ingostos is a conjurer by trade, and currently obsessed with elementals. In his heyday, however, he put most of his energies into dark conjurations, drawing souls from the Land of the Dead and keeping them like playthings until he tired of them and then sent them to demons as gifts in exchange for bits of magical formulae. At each full moon, dozens of ghostly nobles from the Nabu Empire call on his tower, gathering about it and walking in circles, moaning and shrieking until the dawn.

Ingostos employs three apprentices, scribes, from Ibis and one apprentice, a stout wastrel of a mechanical woman called Neb. Neb is constructed of burnished bronze and teak, and built like a brick hippodrome. Ingostos also employs a staff of five crystalline servants, all women with garnet-colored skin, to tidy up, cook and entertain guests with their (scant) musical abilities. The tower is guarded by an enslaved genie called Hati.

Ingostos' treasure, kept in a pocket dimension accessibly from his bedchamber (by playing a tune on a collection of

crystal goblets displayed on a side table) contains 1,590 gp, 9 lb of dried lotus fruits (worth 70 gp per pound) and 8 casks of sesame oil (each weighs 100 lb and worth 1,000 gp).

| *Ingostos, Elf Magic-User Lvl 12: HP 20; AC 9 [10]; Save 5; Special: Spells (6th), elf abilities; Crumpled chemise, knee breeches, velvet slippers, sometimes golden-brown robes worn loose, grimoire chained to wrist, lenses, magical inks, silver dagger and a few candles in assorted colors.*

| *Neb, Mechanical Magic-User Lvl 2: HP 6; AC 7 [12]; Save 14; Special: Spells (1st), mechanical man abilities; Grimoire, dagger.*

| *Scribes: HD 1d4; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 dagger (1d4); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: Can "read magic".*

| *Crystalline Servants: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Blinding refracting light, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6 inside the tower.*

| *Hati, Enslaved Djinni: HD 7+3 (31 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 fist (1d10+1); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Magical powers, whirlwind.*

7126. A hippocampus thrashes at what appears to be a collapsed tunnel. The beast's herd of 11 mares and foals is stuck inside, and will surely die if not freed. If aided by adventurers, the hippocampus and his herd will faithfully serve them as mounts and pack animals for 1 month.

7135. Many millennia ago, a band of zetans laid to rest their leader in an adamantine tower 300 feet tall and 50 ft in diameter. The tower is cylindrical and has a domed roof constructed of dense, black glass with the strength of steel. The roof dome is actually the entrance to the tower, an air lock that can only be activated with the crystalline control rods common to zetan technology.

Should one own three blue control rods (see NOD #3, "Wasteland of Nabu" for more on zetan control rods) and understand how to fit them into the locking mechanism, they will manage to open the dome. After two minutes have passed, the dome will close and all of the water will be pumped out.

The interior of the tower is divided into ten levels. Each level has 20-ft tall ceilings and is composed of a number of passages and chambers radiating out from the central elevator shaft (again, only operable with control rods). The tower is powered by some eldritch atomic pile located deep beneath the tower in the ocean floor. The entire tower is lit by unknown sources – the air just seems to glow softly. The floors and ceilings appear to be composed of a seamless, opalescent metal that is cool to the touch. Chambers are sealed by sliding doors and often connected to chambers above or beneath via sliding trapdoors.

The tower is inhabited by all manner of odd, unearthly creatures, including slimes and jellies of every imaginable color, fungal bat creatures, geckoes that glow with radioactivity, robotic guardians, many in the form of floating cubes, energy vampires and eight-legged rats. The tower's primary guardians are a "tribe" of twenty creatures that appear to be crossbreeds of zetans and ettins, that is they appear to be 15-ft tall, two-headed zetans with dull, amber eyes and stark, white skin. The guardians have a sort of hive mind, and they communicate telepathically, making them unnervingly silent and allowing them to send waves of hatred and loathing into the minds of their prey. Groups of three or four guardians will be found on each level of the complex.

The bottom floor of the tower holds the cryogenic tomb of the ancient leader. The exterior of the tomb is protected by six of the guardians, each with a different psychic power. The tomb proper is ungodly cold, and protected by an iron golem whose surface is so cold, its touch inflicts 1d6 points of cold damage.

7215. Lithr is an ancient city of 1,000 stone giants built at the mouth of the Oeagrus River. The city has mammoth walls of granite 150 ft tall and four mighty stone towers, each equipped with a ballista that the stone giant use as a heavy crossbow and dozens of throwing stones. The stone giants of Lithr are tall and angular, with pale grey skin and not a sign of body hair. They generally dress in greens and grays, usually in light tunics with sandals and, when the weather turns chilly, cloaks.

The buildings of Lithr are stone pyramids divided by wide streets and patrolled by groups of 1d3+1 female stone giants, each group having a black bear on a chain. Lithr is known for its lush vines of figs, its orchards of apples and the copious quantities of cider it presses each autumn. The stone giants are peaceful by nature, and welcome traders of the small folk so long as they behave. All small folk are kept at a large inn called the Pudding Pot that is run by Porogan, a swarthy Ibisian with a flair for cookery. The inn's second story is ringed by a gallery where traders can meet with potential giant trading partners, the arrangement being easier for both small and tall. The stone giants mostly trade via barter, but will accept bars of precious metals and large gems.

Besides their apples and cider, the Lithr are known for their massive ziggurat dedicated to Ymir, the progenitor of all giants, and its corps of rangers, stone giants armed with colossal longbows (1d12 points of damage) and trained giant hunting owls. The temple is overseen by Wall, who

has the abilities of a 6th level druid, and the rangers lead by Peorn, who has the abilities of a 3rd level ranger. Lithr's queen is the stoic and often cruel Sikn.

7219. A dense forest of sea grapes is inhabited by giants with smooth, white, shiny skin and no faces save for a large, red eye. They pluck the grapes and use them to make wine in brass cauldrons that hang upside down from weighted brass chains. The giants dance around the cauldrons in honor of Bacchus and offer their wine freely to visitors. The wine transforms people into a giant.

7228. Five fanged sea serpents share a cave lair in an inactive sea chimney. They are immune to the poisons that still seep from the chimney and give the waters in this hex a yellowish hue. The interior of the chimney is studded with quartz crystals (one can collect 20 gp worth per day for 1d4 weeks.) Treasure: 6,000 gp and an emerald worth 18,000 gp.

| *Fanged Sea Serpent: HD 8 (40, 40, 34, 32, 30 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (1d10 + poison); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Poison.*

7245. Remnants of a wood bridge span a dry wadi. The bridge may collapse if trod upon (saving throw each round). A scroll case containing a map of the cellars of the Ruins of Timulus [5746] with notations about monsters and treasures that are completely wrong hangs from an iron spike driven into the bridge's central support.

7250. The western portion of this hex is a yawning chasm 400 ft deep and 3 miles long. Sand constantly pours into the chasm and the chasm's floor acts as quicksand. The chasm was created during a vicious confrontation between Adrasteia and Zalmoxis and still bears the scars of their deific combat in the form of random magical effects. For each hour spent in or near the chasm, roll 1d6. On an even roll, generate a random spell effect (1d6 for level) from the cleric list. On an odd roll, use the magic-user list (1d8 for level). The spell's always target everyone present.

7310. Beron of the Staff, a virtuous necromancer and former raconteur of a infamous brothel in Ibis, makes his home here in a giant, mobile sphere of amber-colored crystal. The wizard's home is located in an immobile inner sphere of smoky glass. Within this inner sphere are living quarters, a library, laboratory, etc. Entry into the inner sphere is by teleportation, and Beron has numerous guards and wards in place to keep unwanted folk from entering (saving throw at -10 or teleport to a random location 50 miles away). The inner sphere is 100-ft in diameter, the outer sphere 120-ft in diameter. Between them is an inky

sea filled with sleek, black pike – the lost souls that have been conjured and then forgotten by Beron.

Beron is a sturdy man with thinning grey hair and an unassuming smile. He is handsome and completely virtuous, despite his profession. Beron has one goal – to defeat Death. Not, it should be noted, in the form of lichhood, but to give the gift of immortality to all creation by removing Death itself from the equation. Even his two apprentices, Ghallia and Lymir (both level 1 magic-users with 2 hp) think he is crazy.

Treasure: 3,000 gp, lapis lazuli worth 115 gp and a sunstone worth 4,000 gp.

| *Beron, Magic-User Lvl 10: HP 21; AC 9 [10]; Save 6; Special: Spells (5th). Blue robes, a crumpled hat and silver monocle.*

7311. There is an unpleasant hollow here that is thick with stinkweed and stinging nettles and inhabited by 12 witherstench.

| *Witherstench: HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Stench.*

7312. Fifty abnormally tall troblins live in burrows beneath mossy boulders. They are led by the chieftain Graal and three sub-chiefs and worship the Lords of Chaos under the guidance of a witchdoctor called Prath. The troblins are allied with a spectral troll called Zix, and sometimes serve Beron of the Staff [7311].

| *Troblin: HD 3+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Mutation, regenerate 2 hp/rd (as troll).*

| *Prath, Troblin Adept Lvl 3: HD 3+1 (11 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), mutation, regenerate 2 hp/rd (as troll).*

| *Zix: HD 5+1 (28 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) and 1 bite (1d6); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, regenerate 3 hp/rd (fire negates), immune to cold, invisibility, strength drain.*

7313. A 10-ft tall porphyry statue of a regal elf rises from the silt; arm outstretched pointing to the east. Two miles to the east, the statue's missing eye is buried in silt. If returned to the statue, it disappears in a puff of purple smoke and leaves in its place a tiny silver box that screams when opened.

7328: A series of submerged caves lie here, the upper portions exposed when the top of a sea mount was removed, probably by an angry wizard or two rough-

housing demigods. A crimson liquid seeps into the water from the caves and has an intoxicating effect on dwarfs, elves and other folk with fairy blood, drawing them deeper into the caves. A large sea spider dwells in the caves, which are littered with the remains and treasures of unlucky explorers. Treasure: 850 gp, 25 ingots of zinc stamped with the seal of Ibis (worth 4 gp each) and a small marble bust of Khefent, father of Ibis' current king (worth 90 gp).

| *Sea Spider*: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 *slams* (1d6) and 1 *bite* (2d6 + 1d4 acid); Move 36; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; *Special*: Swallow whole.



Barony of Nealbandan

7347. The warlord Nealbandan controls a stronghold on the banks of the River of Death. The castle and village are built on a low ridge of hills 1 mile from the River of Death, its fields set between castle and river. Channels direct water into a reservoir located around the castle as a moat.

The stronghold is supported by a large farming village of whitewashed adobe hovels painted with large, red ankhs on the doors. The village is surrounded by a tall stone wall. Nealbandan's army consists of 75 men-at-arms (ring, shield, spear, crossbow) and 7 fighting-men (chainmail, shield, lance, battle axe, warhorse). His household includes a druidess named Givana and a magician called Tauld the Mock.

The village is known throughout the region for its ghostly visitations. It seems that at every full moon, the ghostly barges that row up and down the River of Death converge on the village. The noble passengers, in all their ethereal finery, disembark and parade through (literally through) the town. Buildings with an ankh painted on the door in fresh ram's blood are left alone. The ghostly people do not seem to be aware of the villager or villagers, but should they pass through a person, they are aged just the same. The parade moves through the town, silently (though the ghosts are visibly chatting and laughing, and ghostly musicians pluck harps and sound flutes) and slowly and then into the desert sands beyond, not to be seen again until the next full moon.

The castle is constructed of red, adobe bricks and is set in the middle of a man-made (or elf-made) lake. It is approached by a brick causeway that can be raised or lowered via levers in the gatehouse. The castle's towers are capped with pyramidal structures of gleaming brass. Water from the lake is pumped through the marquis' bountiful gardens, in which he keeps a captive unicorn. The beast is so incensed at its captivity, that it does not permit the marquis or his guests to enter the gardens, attacking them on sight.

Nealbandan is an exceedingly thin elf with a very even temper and a considered way of talking and acting. Tall for an elf, he has a bushy shock of auburn hair that he keeps tied back with a ribbon, deep amethyst eyes and a slightly crooked nose, the result of an ill-conceived bar fight with an enraged lion man. Although a skilled archer, his first love is engineering, and he designed his castle himself.

Nealbandan despises Ingostos [7047]. It is rumored that Ingostos holds a piece of the baron's soul in a secret place, and refuses to return it. Others say that the two are brothers or even clones of an ancient elf fighter/mage and that at each full moon, the baron must be locked in his chambers and secured to his bed to keep him from following the ghostly parade.

Treasure: 8,600 gp and a wood statuette of a beckoning nymph worth 5 gp, but accorded a place of significance in the treasury.

| *Nealbandan, Elf Fighting-Man* Lvl 12: HP 57; AC 2 [17]; Save 4; *Special*: Elf abilities; Chainmail, shield, conical helm with two crimson, leather horns in the Celtic style, longbow (yew wood, +1 to hit), quiver of 20 arrows, 3 silver arrows, longsword, silver dagger, engineer's tools.

| *Givana, Elf Druid* Lvl 5: HP 11; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; *Special*: Spells (2nd), elf abilities; Leather armor, wooden shield, white robes, ebony rings worn in her platinum blond hair, which is usually braided, silver scimitar (treat as longsword), silver sickle (treat as hand axe). Wise and solemn, she harbors a bit of a crush on the baron.

| *Tauld, Magic-User* Lvl 3: HP 3; AC 8 [11]; Save 13; *Special*: Spells (2nd); Thick spectacles, yellow silk robes embroidered with red and orange thread, silver dagger (a gift from the baron), grimoire. Curses the day he ended up working in the middle of nowhere. Sickly and pale, he hails originally from Blackpoort, and has the less-than-scrupulous demeanor you would expect from one who hails from the city of thieves.

7406. The magical axe Blackburn lies under a pile of rubble in a gully with its former owner's skeleton beneath it. Blackburn is a +2 battle axe that creates a thunderclap when swung through the air. It can do this thrice per day. The thunderclaps inflict 1d4 points of sonic damage to everyone within 30 feet and they must pass a saving throw or be deafened for 1 hour.

7413. The land here becomes barren and parched. In the center of a gray meadow is a 20-ft tall tower of limestone, its exterior carved to look as though it were composed of hundreds of skulls. The tower's only entrance is a trapdoor on top, and this trapdoor leads to the only room in the tower, a room that far exceeds the dimensions of the tower.

The room appears to be a vast, limestone cave, with dozens of tiny, erubescant waterfalls pouring from rends in the walls and collecting in a pool at the center of the cave. Sitting on limestone mound in the middle of the pool, atop a golden stool, is Gashuul, a corpulent, albino female gnoll and a powerful oracle. Lounging around the cavern are two dozen albino gnoll warrior/mages, each armed with a bone wand and a silver throwing axe and wearing a loincloth, crossed leather belts over the chest and a tall, satin turban fastened with a golden pin. Gashuul will ply her trade for the price of one canine tooth (her servants are experts at extraction) and one pint of blood (lose 2 points of constitution).

| *Gashuul, Beastman Magic-User Lvl 11: HP 30; AC 8 [11]; Save 5; Special: Spells (5th). Crystal ball.*

| *Albino Gnolls, Fighter/Mage Lvl 3: HP 3d6+3; AC 8 [11]; Save 12; Special: Spells (2nd).*

7420. A commune of 6 kelpies lives here among a dozen wrecks. The ghosts of sailors swarm around their killers and help them lure others to their doom.

7423. The vestiges of a sacrificial mound can be found here. Crimson-mantled hawks are thick in the sky and aggressive. They will attempt to kill a thing and pluck out its liver, depositing it on the mound. If successful, each drop of blood that sinks into the soil grows into a full-sized goblin in one week.

7428. Nine giant trilobites are attached to the fractured head that was once attached to a 200-ft tall statue. The head is carved in the style of Nabu from obsidian and is 10-ft in diameter. If human flesh comes into contact with the head, it feels warm and sends a tingle up the spine. Prolonged contact puts one in contact with a voice from beyond. These communications carry with them the chance of possession by an alien mind that knows only hunger.

| *Monstrous Trilobite: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 12 (Swim 24); Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Dissolve wood, glue.*

7432 Sarcophagus: A limestone sarcophagus has sunk to the bottom of the sea here. Carved from porphyry, it is well lodged in the sand and almost impossible to move. The sarcophagus has been water logged for many centuries, and the former inhabitant has completely rotted away, leaving behind 200 gp and a smoky quartz worth 100 gp. The interred was once a middling enchanter from Ibis, and he animated two giant crab exoskeletons to guard his body and treasure in life; both followed him to the bottom in death.

| *Giant Crab Exoskeleton: HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 pincers (2d6); Move 6; Save 12; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Immune to turning, unaffected by sleep, hold and charm, immune to non-blunt weapons.*

7502. Palah is a city of blue-skinned men and women with golden hair and eyes of the lightest grey. They are colonists from another dimension and have the power to control people's minds (i.e. charm person at will).

Palah has a population of 17,500, making it the second largest city in the region after Ibis. The hills and valleys around the city have sewn with salt by the palahi to support their sole source of nourishment – a creeping lavender vine that produces bunches of small, purple crystalline berries that taste of salt and lime. Humans can live on the berries for a few weeks before the very high salt intake begins to take a toll on their health.

The many acres of lavender vines are cultivated by over 150,000 peasants, who trill strange songs with their throats while they work, using tame giant snails to pull their ploughs and fertilize the fields with their trails of slime. Palahiland, as it has been termed by sages, is composed of three districts, each ruled by a "zim" (roughly equivalent to a count). At the extreme western end of the domain there is a small trading town called Zibbul, where outsiders trade exotic goods for mineral salts and smelted metals.

The city boasts an army of over 1,000 footmen armed with repeating crossbows (2 shots per round) and large cleavers with hooks jutting out from the back of their heads. The army also has 74 knights wearing chainmail and carrying shields, lances and cleavers mounted on what appear to mechanical armadillos.

The city-state itself is constructed on a large, flat island in the midst of a shallow acid lake. A long bridge of spun glass spans the lake, but those crossing the bridge at less than a trot must pass a saving throw or be overcome by the acrid fumes and become nauseous for a few rounds and then die choking on blood. The palahi make a living dredging

weird salts and metals from the shores of the lake, the workers wearing respirators and using thick, long-handled glass scoops.

The palahi are cheerful, friendly folk. Their city has smoothly cobbled twisty streets (paved in brilliant azure stones) and spacious, multi-storied buildings built in a rococo style. The streets are patrolled by watchmen in chainmail and shield wielding cleaver, man-catcher (one per team) and longbow, and often assisted by thick, white eyeless worms that they have trained like guard animals. The city has 175 watchmen, each deadly in the extreme with their longbows – in fact, it is the fortunate thief indeed who is placed in the city stocks rather than spitted by a barbed arrow.

Palah is home to numerous little museums in the ground floor of noble homes, each a showcase of the odd collections of its owner. It is governed by King Jespers, a monarch elected by the noble families of Palah. The king, in turn, appoints dozens of nobles to his privy council and to oversee the plantations.

The palahi worship an alien god they call Vinin. Vinin's idols, which are numerous and placed throughout the city, depict a short palahi man with a graceful build and wearing a pointed, onion-shaped red helm. He carries a thick cutlass in one hand and a skull in the other and is apparently a god of killing placated by the sacrifice of young men, who throw themselves from the glass bridge under the fourth full moon of each year in frenzied adulation.

7514. An ancient mimic dwells here amid the ruins of an old farmstead. The mimic takes the form of an old barn and is filled with skeletons of animals and people.

| *Giant Mimic: HD 14 (59 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 smash (3d8); Move 2; Save 3; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Mimicry, glue.*

7615-7620. The Chasm of Death is a 10 mile long volcanic vent that spews forth poison into the sea. These hexes are devoid of life and all creatures entering them must pass a saving throw each day or die. Rumors persist that a fabulous treasure lies within the barren chasm.

7632. Seven small sharks are on the lookout for food. They have learned to follow galleys and are ever-present companions to ships traversing these waters.

| *Shark: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4+1); Move 24; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Feeding frenzy.*

7635. The waters in this hex churn and eventually begin moving counterclockwise, drawing ships toward the center of the hex. This region is nicknamed the Eye of Ra. Ships drawn to the center of the Eye are dashed against the rocky island and destroyed. The noble families of Ibis, however, are privy to the Eye's secret. By playing a secret tune on a reed flute, the Eye opens, the rocky island disappears and a portal to the Astral Plane takes its place. This portal allows the merchant princes of Ibis to venture into the cosmic gulf, visiting far flung worlds and returning with their exotic cargoes. Few merchant princes ever dare venture into the Eye, for few know how to navigate the Astral Sea and return.

7638. Here, in the midst of the Reed Sea, lies the great city-state of Ibis, scion of the Nabu Empire, city of sorcerers. Ibis has a population of 70,000 people. It is constructed between several fingers of the River of Death, and is clustered on a number of hillocks that rise above the wetlands. The city is known for its university, its ancient line of sorcerous aristocrats and its unique ruler, the gynosphinx Besheva. Patrols from Ibis are either with clockwork cavaliers or men-at-arms wearing ring armor and carrying short swords, spears and light crossbows. NOD #5 will contain information on the city-state of Ibis.

7643. A tall, bestial man, said to be son of the River of Death, collects a toll which skippers readily pay. The toll consists of an urn of olive oil, a bag of pulses, two handfuls of gold dust, a pound of horse flesh or a silver holy symbol. Those who fail to give an offering are cursed so long as they are on or near the river. They are tormented by stinging insects, floods, animal attacks, etc. and register as "evil" to detection spells. The curse can be lifted by serving a one year term of servitude to the sentinel. Slaves are sent to the bottom of the river to serve his mother, the nixie queen who lives in a palace of marble and gold.

| *Sentinel: HD 8 (50 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 weapon (1d10+1); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Curse.*

7647. A small tomb has been constructed here from sandstone. The tomb has been weathered into a lump in the desert sands, with all traces of decoration worn away. A secret door facing west allows access, but is trapped with poison dust (save or suffer 2d6 damage and burning lungs that impose a -2 penalty to all actions) that fills the air inside the tomb when the door is opened. The interior of the tomb is cramped, and shows only no decoration on the walls. On the back wall of the tomb a desiccated corpse has been hung against the wall by a rope around its neck. A silver spike worth 5 gp has been driven into its skull and its hands have been chopped off. Resting on the ground is a large canopic jar. The jar is sealed with silver and rigged with a magical fire trap (3d6 points of damage). Inside the jar is a magical ring carved from bone and capable of giving its wearer the abilities (and unholy desires) of a vampire. The ring consumes the wearer's soul at the rate of 1 level at each full moon, eventually turning them into a ghoul. In the jar with the ring are two Old Crawlers and some dried garlic.

| *Old Crawler: HD 2 (9, 7 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 rotting grip (1d8); Move 6 (Scramble 12); Save 11; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Good saving throws, continuous damage.*

7714. A yawning sea cave obscured by black vines houses the undead remains of Esgar, former captain of the *Alestor* [7717]. Esgar stole away from the ship in the night taking the pirate's treasure. He now hides in this cove, periodically digging up and re-burying his treasure and building cunning little traps in his sea cave. His pacing has worn a path from the shore to the top of the hill above the cave, where he might also be found looking through his spyglass.

| *Draug: HD 6 (31 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 cutlass (1d6+2) or 1 claw (1d4+2); Move 12 (Swim 12); Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Call storm, half damage from fire.*

7717. The *Alestor* is a creaky old pirate galley with tattered sails and groaning oars. It is crewed by 20 jolly rogers (skeletal pirates) searching for their ex-captain, Esgar, a draug [7714]. They are led by Murtos (3 HD, 22 hp), the former first mate.

| *Jolly Roger: HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Frightful, gold lust.*

7733. Tangled in and overgrown with kelp, the skeleton of a scrag floats in the sea here, its clawed hand still clutching the leg bone of an adventurer. The adventurer's leg is



IBIS

DEMOGRAPHICS

Size 70,000

Race Human

Minorities Beastmen, elves

Patron Deity Thoth of the Nabu Pantheon (NOD #3)

AUTHORITY

Ruler Besheva (Gynosphinx)

High Priest Ammen (Cleric 6/Magic-User 9)

DESCRIPTION

Theme Ancient Egypt in Renaissance costume

Accent Middle Eastern

Vistas Crowded old quarter of white-washed mud brick houses, paved streets, many tall onion-domed towers, strange creatures, occasional explosions, alchemists hawking their wares in the souk, nobles riding on golden sedan chairs carried by vat-grown synthoids, spitting camels, water bearers trekking through the streets carrying their voluminous loads, gangs of students causing trouble, imps flitting about carrying correspondence, veiled seductresses

Cuisine Unleavened bread, onions, garlic, fish, fish sauce, goat and lamb, crocodile steaks, dates, pale beer is common, wine is rare and expensive

Names Abhan, Ammen, Celyan, Chamh, Cumar, Gumphna, Gwazenn, Imrah, Mhain, Nazerd, Ossies, Porsem, Prakan, Quell, Quiplin, Quodobar, Ramm, Rios, Scioth, Sunus, Thos, Xabin, Xabus, Zorack

Coinage Gold Unce, Silver Dram and Copper Scruple

wearing a single magical boot of springing and striding. The other leg and boot resides on a man living in Ibis. Naturally, the boot is of no use without its partner.

7735. A chariot, gilded and highly ornamented, lies at the bottom of the sea here, wrecked. The chariot, like those employed by oceanids and tritons, looks to have been wrecked many years ago. It lies at the bottom of a rocky slope, poised above a sharp precipice. A gaggle of four giant crabs lives in caves that dot the slope. The chariot is partially operational, needing only some minor repairs and cleaning, and a new team of porpoises, to be fully functional again. The chariot is worth 300 gp if repaired.

| *Giant Crab*: HD 3 (16, 13, 12, 11 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 pincers (1d6+2); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

7736. What appear to be the crenellations of ancient battlements rise from the sea bottom's silt in this hex. The battlements are ancient and worn, and are in the process of becoming a coral reef. Beneath the coral, one can still make out the shapes of five hunched statues. The gargoyles are really kapoacincths, aquatic gargoyles, and the reef is their lair. Their treasure, hidden in a hollow, consists of 1,790 gp, a pearl worth 5 gp and a brass icon of Sabazios (see "Gods of the Golden Sea" in this issue) worth 450 gp.

| *Kapoacincth*: HD 4 (23, 22, 19, 18, 14 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d4), 1 horn (1d6); Move 9 (Swim 15); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

7742. Springs on these slopes support herds of carnivorous goats tended by bronze-skinned giants who never speak and who carve weird glyphs into their palms. The goats are preyed upon by water spiders that creep up from the river at night.

| *Giant, Bronze*: HD 7; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 spear (3d6) or 1 slam (2d4) or 1 rock (2d6); Move 15; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Rock catching, rock throwing (120').

| *Man-Eating Goat*: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 gore (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: +2 damage on charge.

| *Water Spider*: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 slams (1d6) and 1 bite (2d6 + 1d4 acid); Move 36; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Swallow whole.

7748. A merchant cog floats in the water here, apparently abandoned. The boat looks to be in excellent repair. If characters board the craft, make a secret wisdom check for each one, telling the recipients of successful checks that they feel that something is slightly wrong about the boat. The boarders will soon be greeted by seven pretty maidens who claim to be princesses of Quidnog, a city that lies on the Golden Coast. They will claim that they were set adrift in this boat by their jealous step-mother, the Queen, and that they are sure their father will pay handsomely for their return.

If asked, you can tell players that their characters have never heard of Quidnog. The truth is that the ship is really old, battered and broken. It floats low in the water, and its torn sails flutter uselessly in the breeze. The hulk is inhabited by seven hungry ghosts who have devoured all the cargo on board, but seem incapable of ever leaving the boat. They will do their best to keep the characters aboard the ship, stealing their food from them and devouring it. Of

course, in its true state, the cog cannot go anywhere, and the "maidens" cannot leave it.

| *Hungry Ghost*: HD 1+1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 claw (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Phantasmal force, invisibility, suffer double damage from cold and fire.

New Monsters

The following are new monsters that appear in this issue. All of them are declared Open Game Content. Some of the monsters in this issue have appeared in past issues:

NOD #1 – Cambion, Chuul, Ghost, Gnasher Lizard, Jolly Roger, Kapoacincth, Kelpie, Mephits, Merrow, Pirate, Sahitim, Serpoleopard, Shadow Wolf, Zwunker

NOD #3 – Amazon, Beastmen of Nabu, Brain Rat, Cyclops, Franken-Zombie, Poltergeist, Ravenous

Actaeon

The actaeon are fey creatures with the body of a large man and the head of a stag. They protect fey woodlands and only regularly have contact with human rangers and druids. The body and equipment of an actaeon turn into forest debris (old branches, moss, vines) after the creature dies. Once engaged in combat, an actaeon attempt to use their great speed to remain at medium or long range, pelting their enemies with arrows. When at least 100 ft away from their opponents, an actaeon can unleash a rain of arrows. Every creature within a 10-ft diameter circle suffers 1d8 damage. When closer than 100 ft, an actaeon simply gets three attacks with their longbow. Actaeon have an aversion to hounds, suffering a -2 penalty to attack or perform other skills when in their presence.

| *Actaeon*: HD 6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 antler (2d6) or weapon; Move 15; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Woodcraft, rain of arrows, magic resistance 30%.

Al-miraj

The al-miraj is a yellow rabbit with a single black horn that is two feet long. The al-miraj is a vicious predator that can kill and quickly devour creatures much larger than it. Its presence frightens normal animals.

| *Al-miraj*: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 horn (1d6); Move 24; Save 18; CL/XP A/10; Special: None.

Aurumvorax

These mean, vicious creatures resemble eight-legged badgers with golden fur and copper-colored claws. They are always hungry, and always spoiling for a fight. It dwells

in lightly forested areas. Anyone hit by its claws must pass a saving throw or be grappled. Grappled victims automatically suffer 8 points of bite damage each round and are attacked by an additional 2d4 claws. Only death unlocks an *aurumvorax*'s jaws.

| *Aurumvorax*: HD 12; AC -1 [20]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) and 2d4 claw (1d6); Move 12 (Burrow 6); Save 3; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on d6.

Baccae

Baccae are the fey handmaidens of Bacchus, the god of rebirth and revelry. They look like attractive women with red hair and green eyes in loose fitting robes. They carry large clubs (1d10 damage) and jugs of wine that can calm the emotions of any who drink it (except the baccae, who the wine sends into a terrible rage). Groups of more than 10 baccae are accompanied by a druid.

When enraged, a baccae takes on a bestial visage; they grow fangs and claws and gain a +1 bonus to hit and damage. This state lasts for 1 hour and cannot be ended voluntarily. In human form, a baccae has a gaze attack that acts as a charm person spell.

| *Baccae*: HD 3d6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d10) and 1 bite (1d4) or 1 bite (1d4) and 2 claw (1d4+1); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Beast form, charm gaze, double damage from silver.

Beetle, Giant Death Watch

These dreaded predators often disguise themselves with the carapaces of other giant beetles or by covering themselves in leaves and debris using saliva. Before attacking a death watch beetle will make a clicking sound with its carapaces, sending out sonic vibrations that can kill. Creatures within 30 feet must make a saving throw or die. Those who save take 4d6 points of damage. The beetle can only produce this noise once every few hours.

| *Death Watch Beetle*: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d4); Move 15; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Vibrations.

Belabra

Belabras are forest dwellers that resemble large jellyfish. They have 12 tentacles tipped with barbs, four eye stalks and a large beak beneath their body. Belabras are omnivores. They move by crawling along on their tentacles or bounding into the air and gliding. They can use their springing ability to ram a target, knocking them prone if they fail a saving throw. A victim hit with the belabra's tentacles must pass a saving throw or be grappled for 2d4 damage per round. A belabra's tentacles have AC 5 [14] and 10 hp. A severed tentacle sprays whitish blood that blinds all within 10-ft and causes uncontrollable sneezing

for 3d6 rounds (-4 to hit, lose 2 pts of AC) to those who fail a saving throw.

| *Belabra*: HD 4+1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d4) and 1 ram (2d4) or tentacles; Move 3 (Hop 6); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Barbs, blood spray.

Bloody Bones

A bloody bones looks like a skeleton with gibbets of meat and sinew still attached to the bone and four long tendrils writhing in its stomach cavity. It is covered with ever-oozing blood. The bloody bones attacks with its tendrils first; a successful attack indicates that the victim is held tight. The next round, a successful tendril attack pulls the victim to the bloody bones, which then attacks with his claws. The tendrils have 10 hp and an effective AC of 1 [18]. The coating of blood on the bloody bones makes it immune to webs and similar confinements. Grapple attacks made against it are made at a -5 penalty.

| *Bloody Bones*: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 tendril and 2 claws (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Tendrils, slippery.

Borc

A borc is an aberrant mutation created by the wisest and most vile orc shamans, mingling the essence of orcs with the strength and form of boars. The resulting creature has the body of a boar, with the torso and arms of an orc warrior where the boar's head should be. The orc part of a borc is even more brutal and animalistic than a normal orc, with a longer, hairier torso and limbs. Borks usually wear leather armour and carry a halberd and longbow.

| *Borc*: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 halberd (2d6) or 1 longbow (2d6); Move 15; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Berserker (+2 to hit), can fight to -6 hit points.

Bronze Man

Bronze men are either the remnants of, or throwbacks to, an age in which humanity was more corrupt, violent, vicious and sinful. Bronze men follow no morals or rules and they only find enjoyment when causing pain and mischief. They look like roughly built humans with a skin entirely made of bronze. They rarely wear any clothing or armor, but are always well armed, usually carrying a short sword, club and either a crossbow or a sling. Bronze men speak their own language and that of chaotic dragons. They suffer only half damage from non-magical weapons. Many are berserkers.

| *Bronze Man*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 iron-shod club (1d10) or 1 crossbow (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Weapon resistance.

Brownie

These distant relatives of halflings and pixies are shy but friendly to humans and demi-humans. They can sometimes be convinced to lend aid to lawful good characters or causes. Brownies are skilled at making and repairing items of wood, leather and metal with ease, and they are also good guides. Brownies cannot be surprised. In their native environment, brownies can blend so well and so quickly into the environment that they are effectively invisible. Brownies can cast light, confusion, dimension door, mirror image, protection from evil and ventriloquism.

| *Brownie: HD 1d4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 sword (1d3); Move 15; Save 10; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Spells.*

Bugbear, Yawahu

The yawahu are a mystic cousin of bugbears. Yawahu bugbears are born with their powers and eschew knowledge of any kind. They are more primitive and brutish than their common cousins. Yawahu look like smaller, white-skinned members of their race, with blood red eyes, sharper claws and almost as little body hair as humans. They have very long, red or black manes. Yawahu bugbears can use the following spells: Charm person, magic missile, cause blindness, invisibility, weakness (r. of strength) and rope trick.

| *Yawahu Bugbear: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 spear (1d6+1) or 1 shortbow (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells.*

Crysmal

A conglomerate of stone and crystal, crysmals transform mundane minerals into juvenile crysmals. To make a juvenile, a crysmal needs eight to ten gems. A crysmal can fire its sharp appendage up to 10 ft, inflicting 3d6 damage. Thereafter it can only use secondary appendages to attack. Crysmals move through solid earth and rock as though it were air. Because of their crystalline composition, Stone to Flesh spells lower its AC to 5 [14].

| *Crysmal: HD 6+1; AC -5 [24]; Atk 1 appendage (2d6); Move 9; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Immune to cold and fire, half damage from lightning and edged weapons.*

Demilich

A demilich is a very ancient lich that has been reduced to a skull with gemstone eyes and teeth (worth 1,000 gp each). Each round, a demilich emits a terrible shriek that kills any creature who fails a saving throw. It can trap the soul of up to 8 creatures per day (with a 300 ft range). The target gets a saving throw to negate the effect. If successful, it loses 3 levels. If not, the creature drops dead and its soul is trapped in one of the gemstone teeth of the demilich.

After 24 hours, the soul has been consumed by the demilich and cannot be raised. Demiliches are immune to all spells except power word kill (deals 50 points of damage if cast by an ethereal creature) and dispel evil (deals 2d6 damage with no saving throw). Unless holy water is poured over a demilich's remains, it reforms in 1d10 days.

| *Demilich: HD 10; AC -2 [21]; Atk Nil; Move Fly 12; Save 5; CL/XP 20/4400; Special: Only harmed by +3 or better weapons, immune to acid, cold, electricity, magic, polymorph, rejuvenation and turning, shriek, trap the soul.*

Disenchanter

Disenchancers look like slightly transparent blue camels with elephantine snouts. They detect the aura of magic items and feed off of their power. They are shy creatures, and shy away from conflict. A disenchanter attempts to touch the most accessible magic item near it. If successful, it drains the magic from the item, leaving it non-magical but undamaged.

| *Disenchanter: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 hoof (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Disenchant.*

Dragonship

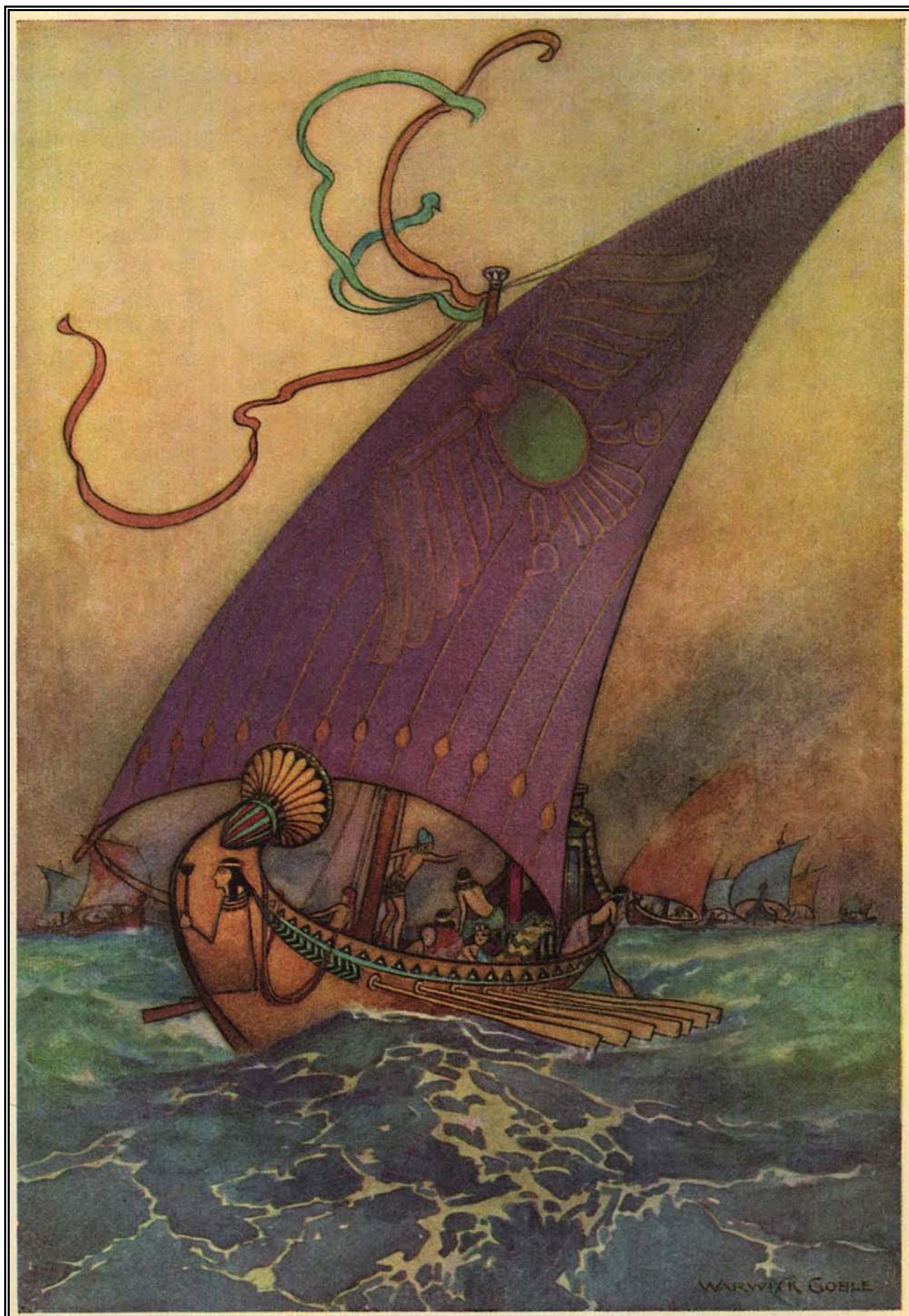
Dragonships are animated longships. They are 40 ft long with a square-rigged sail, 10 oars and a dragon figurehead. Dragonships can carry 30 crew and 35 tons of cargo. Dragonships can generate their own winds (as the control winds spell) and it is capable of navigating anywhere its captain commands without getting lost. Three times per day it can breathe fire in a 30-foot line that deals 10d6 points of damage (saving throw for half damage).

| *Dragonship: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (2d8) and 4 slams (1d6); Move 15; Save 5; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Breath weapon, navigate, vulnerable to fire, winds.*

Dragon Man

Dragon men look like humanoid dragons. They are tall and lithe and graceful and have scales matching the colors of the true dragons. Dragon men rarely wear armor, but prefer scale mail when they do. They arm themselves with spears, long swords and daggers. While dragon men do not have a breath weapon, their bite attacks deal 1d4 damage plus an additional 1d4 point of acid, fire, cold or electricity damage. Dragon men once ruled an empire inherited from more creatures more ancient than themselves. Warfare with younger races eventually destroyed that empire. All dragon men are capable of casting one 1st level magic-user spell per day.

| *Dragon Man: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Spells, bite.*



Draug

Draugs are the undead remains of ship captains that are lost at sea and denied a proper burial. The remains of his crew are brine zombies under his control. They can call storms once per day and suffer only half damage from fire. They are turned as 8 HD undead.

| *Draug*: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 cutlass (1d6+2) or 1 claw (1d4+2); Move 12 (Swim 12); Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Call storm, half damage from fire.

Ear Seeker

Ear seekers are small worms that live on wood pulp. They lay their eggs in warm places and favor humanoid ears. When they find such a place, they immediately lay 1d8+8 eggs. These eggs hatch in 4d6 hours and the larva begin eating the surrounding flesh, burrowing inward towards the greater heat. This will kill the host 90% of the time unless a remove disease spell is cast within 1 hour of the hatching.

| *Ear Seeker*: HD 0 (1 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk Nil; Move 1; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: Eat brains.

Eblis

Eblis look like grey-brown storks. Males have red-brown heads. Eblis tribes live in huts constructed of reeds and grasses. Their villages are exceptionally difficult to find. Any given hut contains an egg 30% of the time and treasure 25% of the time. To determine treasure, roll 1d20: 1-2 = scroll in metal tube; 3-5 = potion; 6 = ring; 7 = misc. magic item; 8-9 = magic dagger or knife; 10-20 = 1d4 pieces of magic jewelry. Each community has one member that can cast spells as a 3rd level magic-user.

| *Eblis*: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 beak stab (1d4); Move 12 (Fly 12); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Half damage from fire.

Effluvial Grub

These fat, greenish-brown grubs are covered in a thick layer of slime and filth. Beneath this slime articulated plates of brown chitin and stubby, black hairs surrounding a drooling mouth. Yellowish gas hisses from its orifices as it moves. They live in fetid surroundings like cesspits, fouled moats and sewers. Effluvial grubs eat anything. The "hairs" around their mouths are ovipositors. Three times a day they can release a 15 ft diameter cloud of gas that causes nausea in those who fail a saving throw. Victims of a bite must make a saving throw or be injected with eggs. These eggs can be removed with 5 points of fire damage or a remove disease spell. If allowed to grow, they inflict one point of constitution damage each day for 2d4 days before bursting out of the skin.

| *Effluvial Grub*: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + infection); Move 9 (Burrow 6); Save 16; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Infection, effluvial gases.

Firedrake

These beasts resemble small red dragons. They are incredibly hostile beasts, often attacking for no discernable reason. They make their lairs in hot, rocky hills. A firedrake can breathe fire five times per day. It erupts as a 60-ft cone dealing 2d8 damage. A successful saving throw halves this damage. A firedrake's blood burns when exposed to the air. If kept in a jar submerged in water it remains inert. Swords dipped into this burning blood become *flaming swords* for 1d4+2 rounds; unfortunately, while burning they have a cumulative 2% chance per round of breaking when they hit a creature or object.

| *Firedrake*: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claw (1d4) and 1 bite (2d4); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Half damage from fire, breath weapon, burning blood.

Fire Snake

Fire snakes have brilliant scales of red and orange. They dwell in fires, where they hoard gems recovered from the bodies of their victims. Because they blend with their fiery surroundings they surprise on a 1-2 on 1d6. A fire snake's venom causes paralyzation for 2d4 turns unless the victim passes a saving throw.

| *Fire Snake*: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Poison, immune to fire, surprise.

Fox Woman

The fox woman is a lycanthrope than can assume the form of a silver fox, a vixen (half-fox, half-elf) or elf. They dwell in woodlands, accompanied by 1d4+1 charmed males (humans and elves, mostly, fighting-men from level 2 to 5). In fox form the fox woman appears to be a large, silver fox. She has a movement rate of 18, can hide as a thief, and leaves no tracks. In vixen form she appears to be a silver-furred elf with the head of a fox. The vixen's bite infects elf females with lycanthropy. The change occurs in three days unless both a remove disease and remove curse are used to negate the effect. In elf form the fox woman appears as a beautiful elven woman. Males with a wisdom score below 13 will be under the effect of a charm person spell. Preferred males are kept as servants, while others are slain. In elf form, the fox woman the spell casting ability of a 4th level magic-user.

| *Fox Woman*: HD 8+1; AC 18/16/14; Atk 1 bite (1d2)/1 bite (1d12)/1 weapon (1d6); Move 24/18/12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Alternate form, entourage, only harmed by silver or magic weapons, magic-user spells.

Gallows Tree

The gallows tree is a sentient, mobile oak that feeds on the innards of animals, spilling them onto the ground and leeching the nutrients from the soil with its roots. Creatures hit by the tree's branches must pass a saving throw or be grabbed by a noose-like tendril. This tendril inflicts 2d6 damage each round. Pollen from the tree animates the corpses of its victims, turning them into zombies in 1d4 days. A gallows tree has 1d6+5 zombies. These zombies are connected to the tree by a 100-ft long tether vine. A gallows tree zombie can move up to 100 feet away from the tree. If a tether is broken, its zombie cannot regenerate. Zombies can breathe a cloud of greenish spores three times per day at a melee opponent. The victim must pass a saving throw or be slowed for 6 rounds.

| *Gallows Tree*: HD 12; AC 1 [18]; Atk 6 branches (2d6); Move 9; Save 3; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, zombies.

| *Gallows Tree Zombie*: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk Fists (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Regenerate 1d6 hp per round, breath weapon.

Giant, Bronze

Bronze giants have metal-like skin and look like large, bronze statues of armored warriors. They always dress in bronze armor and wield bronze spears and shields. Bronze giants live in small fortresses built out of the coastal rock face. While they prefer to live a life of isolation, farming or hunting to survive, they are not above ambushing ships passing through their lands, both for their treasure and for human captives, which they may use as food. Bronze giants are reclusive and unfriendly, even with their own kind, so they never establish groups larger than a few individuals. They sometimes dwell with harpies or wyverns.

| *Giant, Bronze*: HD 7; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 spear (3d6) or 1 slam (2d4) or 1 rock (2d6); Move 15; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Rock catching, rock throwing (120').

Gryph

Gryphs are birds with anywhere from four to eight legs. It has a razor-sharp beak and powerful jaws, and normally attacks from the shadows or from a great height. If three or more gryph are encountered, there is a 35% chance that one is a female ready to lay eggs. It will attempt to grapple a victim and inject its eggs into their bloodstream through a thin tube in the bird's abdomen. The victim feels swelling and discomfort in their abdomen while the eggs grow. The eggs hatch in 1d3 days, killing the victim immediately and releasing 1d4 baby gryphs. A remove disease or dispel evil destroys the eggs before they hatch.

| *Gryph*: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 beak (2d6); Move 27; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Implant eggs.

Gyre

Gyres are debased humanoids with leonine features that dwell on high, rocky plateaus. There, they hunt lesser creatures and lone travelers and revel in the moonlight around fire pits, dancing and screaming in honor of the demons of the outer darkness. One in 20 gyres is born with a white eye and has the ability to cast 1d6 levels of cleric spells each day. In combat, wounded gyres whip themselves into a frenzy, acting as though under the effect of a haste spell for 3 rounds and then falling unconscious. Gyres use weapons they have taken off of dead travelers.

| *Gyre*: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d3) and 2 claws (1d4) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Frenzy.

Hungry Ghost (Gaki)

Hungry ghosts are humanoid in shape, with parchment-like skin, thin limbs, distended bellies, small mouths and long, thin necks. They exist in a state of agonizing hunger than cannot be satisfied, for everything they eat turns to ashes. Hungry ghosts dwell in wastelands. They are generally harmless thieves, but can use phantasmal force (save at -3) to keep others from fulfilling their desires or accomplishing their goals.

| *Hungry Ghost*: HD 1+1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 claw (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Phantasmal force, invisibility, suffer double damage from cold and fire.

Kelp Dragon

Kelp dragons are created when an ancient dragon dies in a body of water. As his body decomposes, his spirit infuses the kelp bed in which he lays with undead energy and malign intelligence. Soon, the kelp takes a draconic form and leaves the sea floor to wreak havoc on all living things.

The kelp dragon can breathe a cloud of black putrescence three times per day. The cloud covers a 30 foot radius around the kelp dragon and completely obscures vision. It also fills the lungs or gills of living creatures with a sticky, black tar that causes suffocation in 1d6 rounds (double if a saving throw is made) unless the victim leaves the water or they receive a cure disease spell.

In combat, the kelp dragon will attempt to bite a creature and then wrap its body around them a round later. A grappled victim will suffer 2d6 points of damage each round from squeezing and must succeed at a saving throw or lose one level. The kelp dragon can only drain one level from any creature; when it does so, it gains 2d6 hit points and a +2 bonus to hit and damage for 1d4 rounds.

| *Kelp Dragon: HD 10; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Breath weapon, level drain, squeeze.*

Korred

Korreds resemble satyrs with long, wild hair. They carry cudgels and pouches that contain hair, shears and other items and can weave this hair into entangling ropes or snares. Korreds are as strong as hill giants and can hurl boulders 25 ft. They can attack with their shears (2d4), cudgels (2d6) or fists (1d4+1). A korred's laugh stuns those within 15 ft for 1d4 rounds if they fail a saving throw. They can transmute rock to mud and speak to stones.

Each week, the korreds hold a raucous dance in the woods. Those who interrupt the dance must pass a saving throw or begin dancing themselves, suffering 1d4 damage each round until dead or restrained or until the korreds flee. The items in a korred's pouch turn to gold (1d4 x 50 gp) if sprinkled with holy water.

| *Korred: HD 6+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 slam (1d2+4) or 1 weapon (1d4+4 or 1d6+4); Move 9; Save 11; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Hurl rocks (2d8), laugh, magic resistance 25%, spells.*

Lady Middy

Lady Middy is a fey spirit that appears to people in meadows and fields at midday. She looks like a beautiful maiden dressed in white and carrying gleaming shears. She often approaches a person and engages them in conversation, plying them with questions. Those who fail to answer correctly or who try to change the subject or end the conversation are attacked with her shears. The shears are a +2 weapon that inflicts normal damage plus 1d6 points of fire damage. On a natural attack roll of '20', victims of the shears must succeed at a saving throw or lose their heads. Lady Middy's touch causes confusion in those who fail a saving throw. She can assume the form of a dust devil (treat this form like a medium air elemental). If subjected to magical darkness, a Lady Middy suffers a -2 penalty to hit, damage and save.

| *Lady Middy: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 shears (1d4+2 plus 1d6 fire); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Burning touch, confusion, dark sensitivity.*

Lantern Goat

Lantern goats are undead spirits of people who died in the wilderness given the physical form of a tangled, grayish-white goat with white eyes and iron lanterns that emit an amber glow hanging from their necks. They roam hills and meadows, attracting the souls of the recently departed. Living creatures who view the light from its lantern must make a saving throw or be panicked. Creatures reduced to 0 hit points in their presence must make a saving throw or

have their soul absorbed by the goat. People so killed can only be returned to life with a resurrection or wish, not raise dead.

| *Lantern Goat: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 butt (1d8) and 2 hooves (1d6); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Capture soul, cause panic.*

Mosquito, Giant

Giant mosquitoes drain blood at the rate of 1d4 points of constitution per round. They must first hit with a touch attack to attach themselves.

| *Giant Mosquito: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 touch (attach); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Drain blood.*

Mud-Man

Mud-men are creatures of animated mud formed when alchemical residue builds up in the sediment. They cannot leave their pools and attempt to kill any creature not so shackled. In their normal form they lie below the surface of their pool spread out like ooze. In this form they are immune to physical attack. When a victim enters their pool, they form up into a humanoid shape and attack.

Mud-men attack by throwing blobs of mud against an AC 9 [10]. Each hit reduces a victim's movement by 3 as the mud hardens on contact. While throwing mud, the mud-man will be moving toward its victim. When it is within 5' it will throw itself. A successful hit destroys the mud-man and reduces the victim's movement by 6. A miss means it must spend a round reforming itself before it can attack again. Once a victim's movement reaches 0, it suffers 1d8 points of damage each round until its mouth or nose is cleared. The hardened mud can be cleared, restoring 3 points of movement for every 5 rounds of work.

Mud-men are affected normally by damage dealing spells. Dispel magic acts as a fireball against them and transmute mud to rock kills them.

| *Mud-Man: HD 2; AC 9 [10]; Atk Special; Move 3; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, throw mud, immune to mind-effects, poison and spells.*

Nereid

Nereids are water elemental creatures, the daughters of the sea god. They can assume human form when not in the water, and always have a white shawl which they carry in their hands or wear over their head and shoulders. In the water, nereids are transparent and undetectable except as golden angel seaweed. Nereids often keep giant eels, giant octopuses, giant squids, dolphins or giant manta rays as pets and guard animals. A nereid's only physical attack is

her spittle, which has a range of 20 ft and blinds victims for 2d12 rounds. This venom can be washed away with water.

A nereid can control water within 10 ft of her, making it heave in great waves (reducing movement by half) or causing it to churn and froth (saving throw or drown). She can make waves crash with such a resounding thunder that those within 20 ft are deafened for 2d6 rounds unless they succeed at a saving throw. Finally, she can form water into the shape of a serpent or fist which strikes for 1d6 points of damage.

Male humanoids are incapable of harming a nereid, and always interpret her actions as flirtatious and playful. Should a man catch a nereid, she flows away as water if she can make a successful saving throw. If a man does force a kiss from her (which they are loathe to give) he must succeed at a saving throw or instantly drown. If he survives the kiss, ecstasy is his.

A nereid's greatest weakness is her shawl, for it contains her soul. If a shawl is destroyed, the nereid dissolves into formless water. A character that obtains a shawl can command the nereid it belongs to, though she will hardly be loyal and will never cease plotting to regain her shawl and enact revenge.

| *Nereid: HD 4; AC 9 [10]; Atk None; Move 15 (Swim 15); Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spittle, control water, seduce men, shawl.*

Nidhund

Nidhunds are demonic hounds that serve Hel, the demon princess of nocturnal creatures. Hel dwells in the darkest, coldest portion of the abyss. Nidhunds roam their lands in packs hunting lesser demons and one another. They are sometimes sent to the mortal world to hunt down an enemy of Hela or to serve one of their mortal servants.

Nidhunds are all muscle, sinew and bone. They have four legs, a long tail and grayish skin that becomes on their underbelly. Nidhunds have six beady eyes with which they "see" odors. They have large mouths filled with sharp teeth and massive claws, like those of a velociraptor, on their front feet. Nidhunds have no eyes, but they can see perfectly well in any conditions. They are expert trackers. When a nidhund scores a hit with their bite attack, their prey must succeed at a saving throw or suffer double damage from their rake.

| *Nidhund: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d6) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 21; Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Immune to cold and poison, rake with claws, magic resistance 10%.*

Nilbog

Nilbogs are goblins that have succumbed to a strange disease that causes it to create a magical field of space-time disturbances. Adventurers fighting a nilbog have no control over their actions; in general they will pursue a course contrary to their goals. There is no saving throw against this field, but a wish will make an individual immune to it for a short time. A nilbog's condition also makes it gain hit points when hit in combat; it can only lose hit points when healed.

| *Nilbog: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam or weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Nilbogism.*

Noroob

The noroob are large lizard creatures that dwell in rocky hills. Noroobs have a strict sense of personal honor and fairness in combat. Noroobs look like powerfully built lizardmen with hair-like growths beneath their chin. These "beards" are a sign of age. Noroobs are ancestor worshippers and any group of noroob will be led by its oldest member. Noroobs enjoy combat, and readily take work as mercenaries or gladiators. They speak lizard man and common with a slow growl.

Noroob are skilled metal workers. They carry shields and usually arm themselves with heavy, curved swords (treat as two-handed swords), heavy maces and heavy flails. Noroobs prefer single combat, and thus begin encounters by challenging worthy opponents to melee. This challenge takes the form of a highly ritualized dance that includes stomping and flinging the head back to emit a curious thumping growl from the throat. Noroobs will never interfere with single combat to help an ally, and they ferociously attack those who do with a terrible frenzy (+2 to hit and damage, fight until -5 hit points).

Noroob bands are sometimes seen sunning themselves en masse. All noroobs are warriors. Most bands will, after soaking up the sun, break into smaller groups to hunt, leaving a small guard to look after any young. The number of young noroob will be equal 25% of a band's warriors. About half of the young will be mature enough to fight like lizard men if they are attacked. The guardsmen busy themselves with smithing and other crafts while two or three patrol the perimeter. Noroobs can use their tongues to scent creatures on the ground or in the air.

| *Noroob: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (2d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Track by scent.*

Rat, Ethereal

These giant rats are capable of entering the ethereal plane at will. They mostly use this ability to make hit and run attacks or to retreat from combat. Their bite injects a special poison that deals 1d4 points of strength damage each hour unless the victim passes two successive saving throws. If the creature's strength drops to 0 it becomes permanently ethereal.

| *Ethereal Rat*: HD 2d4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 15 (Climb 9); Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Poison, ethereal.

Razor Boar

Razor boars are enormous boars with black-bristles and wild, bloodshot eyes. Its tusks are more than three feet long. Razor boars regenerate 2 hp per round. On a natural 20, the razor boar's tusk attack severs its opponents head (if it has one) from its body.

| *Razor Boar*: HD 10; AC -3 [22]; Atk 1 tusk (2d6) and 2 stomps (1d6); Move 21; Save 5; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Magic resistance 50%, regenerate, vorpal tusks.

Rope Golem

Rope golems look like humanoids formed of coiled rope. Any creature hit by a rope golem must pass a saving throw or be strangled each round for 1d10 damage. Strangled foes cannot speak or cast spells. Rope golems are immune to magic except as follows: rope trick and animate rope deal 1d6 points of damage per 3 levels of the caster.

| *Rope Golem*: HD 6+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 slams (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Magic immunity, strangle, x2 damage from fire.

Sea Dragon

Sea dragons look like long, sinuous serpents. They have neither wings nor legs. They are amphibious, and usually live on or near islands, often near fruit trees. Their silver and green skins are worth 1,000 to 3,000 gp. Sea dragons can constrict opponent for 2d8 points of damage. Their breath weapon, usable three times per day, is a 50-ft cone of sleep gas. Creatures within the cloud must succeed at a saving throw or fall fast asleep for 1d6+8 rounds. The breath weapon is effective on land or sea.

| *Sea Dragon (9 HD)*: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 12 (Swim 21); Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Constrict, breath weapon.

| *Sea Dragon (10 HD)*: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 12 (Swim 21); Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Constrict, breath weapon.

| *Sea Dragon (11 HD)*: HD 11; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 12 (Swim 21); Save 4; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Constrict, breath weapon.

Sea Serpent, Briny

Briny sea serpents are 20 feet long, with two sets of large flippers and a finned crest from head to tail. Their bodies are dark blue, lightening on their underbellies, and their fins and crest are tinged with rust or green highlights. They live in caves on the ocean floor, where they maintain hordes like dragons. Briny sea serpents can breathe a 50-foot cone of acid once per hour that inflicts 10d8 points of damage. Creatures hit by their bite attack must make a saving throw or be grappled and constricted for 3d6 points of damage each round. Their bite injects a virulent poison. They are immune to sleep and paralysis.

| *Briny Sea Serpent*: HD 8; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6 + poison); Move 15; Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Acid breath, poison.

Sea Serpent, Fanged

Fanged sea serpents are 12 to 15 feet long and 5 feet thick, with silvery, armor-like scales and rows of long, sharp fangs in their gaping mouths. They follow ocean currents and attack in groups of 3d6. They have a deadly poisonous bite and are capable of constricting for 1d10 points of damage per round. They are immune to sleep and paralysis.

| *Fanged Sea Serpent*: HD 8; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (1d10 + poison); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Poison.

Sea Serpent, Gilded

Gilded sea serpents are 8 feet long and 2 feet thick, with brilliant, golden scales, a narrow, crocodilian snout and antennae-like whiskers sweeping back from its jaws. They live in secluded island lagoons and are hunted for their golden skins and the narcotic that can be brewed using their venom. Its hide can be crafted into a suit of scale armor with all the properties of mithril. Their venom inflicts 1d4 points of wisdom damage initially, and then another 1d4 points of wisdom damage and paralysis for 2d6 minutes one minute later. Gilded sea serpents are capable of constricting for 1d8 points of damage per round. They are amphibious creatures and can suffer only half damage from non-golden weapons. They are immune to sleep and paralysis.

A drug called golden bliss can be brewed by alchemists from the gilded sea serpent's venom. One sea serpent can produce 2d4 doses, each dose costing 40 gp. When inhaled, the drug produces a euphoric catatonia for 10-30 minutes, with a -4 penalty to wisdom for 24 hours. While under the influence, one is completely protected from mind-influencing magic and psychic incursion. The drug is highly addictive. Users must make a saving throw each time it is used to avoid addiction. Addicts must receive the drug once per week or become nauseous and permanently

lose one point of wisdom. A heal spell is required to remove the addiction and any wisdom loss.

| *Gilded Sea Serpent*: HD 5+5; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + poison); Move 3 (Swim 15); Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Poison, half damage from non-golden weapons.

Sea Serpent, Spitting

Spitting sea serpents are 15 to 18 feet long and 3 feet thick, with rough-edged scales of brown, blue and green. They have a webbed fringe around their short-muzzled heads. They live in shallow waters near coastlines. Their bite delivers venom that inflicts 1d6 points of dexterity damage. This acidic venom can also be spat with a range of 60 feet. They can also grapple and squeeze for 1d8 points of damage per round. Spitting sea serpents are amphibious. They are immune to sleep and paralysis.

| *Spitting Sea Serpent*: HD 12; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + poison); Move 3 (Swim 15); Save 3; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Spit poison.

Sea Spider

Sea spiders are 16 ft long creatures with bluish-green coloration and black dots covering its abdomen. Its legs and body are covered with little hairs that capture air bubbles, giving it flotation and mobility. Creatures hit by their bites must make a saving throw to avoid being swallowed whole, suffering 2d8 points of damage each round. A pelagos is a more powerful form of sea spider. It has a venomous bite that turns creatures into sea water and can cast the following spells: cone of cold (3/day), lightning bolt (3/day) and stinking cloud (1/day).

| *Sea Spider*: HD 8; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 slams (1d6) and 1 bite (2d6 + 1d4 acid); Move 36; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Swallow whole.

Spinal Leech

These vermin appear as 3-inch long transparent leeches. A typical encounter is with a swarm of 4d6 leeches. They are found in swamps, marshes, and stagnant underground pools. They attach to their prey and drain spinal fluid, thereby inducing paralysis in the victim. When first encountered, a saving throw can be made to avoid them entirely. If this check is failed, the spinal leeches go unnoticed and crawl onto their victim, moving quickly to its spine. A spinal leech needs only a single round to reach its destination. If the target is wearing armor, an additional round is added to the time as the leech finds a way underneath its host's armor. When a leech attaches itself, the victim has a 1 in 6 chance of noticing a strange sensation run down his spine. Otherwise, the spinal leech's bite goes unnoticed. Each round thereafter, a saving throw must be made or the victim takes 1d6 points of dexterity

damage. At dexterity 0, the victim is paralyzed until his dexterity score is brought to 1. An application of fire or salt instantly kills all leeches. They can also be pulled from a host with no ill effects.

| *Spinal Leech*: HD 1 hp; AC 10 [9]; Atk 1 bite; Move 3; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Paralyzation.

Sprite

Sprites dwell in wooded glades and balmy meadows. They are shy, but hate evil in all its forms. They are armed with slim swords (equal to daggers) and small bows with half the range and damage of short bows. They coat their darts with a sleeping poison (saving throw or sleep for 1d6 hours). The sprites will slay evil creatures as they sleep and move good and neutral creatures far away. Sprites can hide and move silently as well as rangers. They can become invisible at will and detect good and evil in a 15-ft range. Sprites speak their own language and common.

| *Sprite*: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 9 (Fly 18); Save 18; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Hide, move silently, poison, spells.

Squid-Man

The squid-men come from across the void. They have blotchy purple skin and bulbous heads, a single large, orange eye and small beaks, four thick tentacles and two smaller, thinner tentacles. Squid-men are 12 feet tall in their suits of armor (see below). They are scientifically advanced, their top scientists being the equivalent of wizards. Squid-men are aquatic creatures and cannot breathe air. Contact with air deals 1d6 points of damage to them per round and eats into their flesh like acid. To move around outside their ocean homes, they have developed suits of armor composed of a translucent, flexible metal unknown to non-squid-man alchemy. These suits give them an armor class of 1 [18] and the metal gloves give them a +1 bonus to slam damage. Squid-men are under a permanent (and non-magical) detect invisibility effect.

| *Squid-Man*: HD 5; AC 1 [18] (9 [10] w/o armor); Atk Slam (2d6); Move 9 (Swim 24); Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Detect invisibility.

Stegocentipede

These 18 ft long centipedes are covered in spiny, chitinous armor. They have large mandibles and a tails tipped in ball-like clubs. Stegocentipedes are brownish-grey to green in color. The bite and tail slap of a stegocentipede are poisonous. Victims must pass a saving throw or be slain; those who save suffer only 2d6 points of damage. Up to three creatures attacking the creature's head will suffer a horn attack each round that inflicts 1d6 points of damage.

| *Stegacentipde*: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) and 1 tail sting (3d4) and 1 horn (1d6); Move 15; Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Poison, spiny armor.

Sudoth

Sudoth are weird sea creatures with vaguely humanoid torsos, jellyfish-like heads ringed with tiny eyes and bunches of tentacles springing from the ends of their arms and in place of their legs. They are peaceful, though dangerous if roused. They trade with locathah, sahuagin and other aquatic peoples. Sudoth dwell in the depths of the oceans, but can easily travel into the shallows. Their flesh is prized by krakens and aboleths. A sudoth's lower tentacles excrete a paralyzing enzyme. Sudoths cannot be surprised. They can survive out of the water for up to 7 hours, but find movement on land difficult.

| *Sudoth*: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d6) or 1 spear (1d6); Move 3 (Swim 12); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Paralyze.

Synthoid

Synthoids are vat-grown creatures that approximate humanity. While a very skilled wizard can grow a perfect specimen (all attributes 13 or higher), most are slightly deformed creatures of low intelligence. Synthoids are usually stronger than humans.

| *Synthoid*: HD 2+2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 slam (1d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.

Throat Leech

This leech resembles a twig. It is found in fresh water. Anyone drinking water containing a throat leech has a 10% chance of swallowing it. It will fasten itself to the back of their throat, sucking blood for 10 rounds. At the end of 10 rounds it will be distended and stop sucking blood. Each round a throat leech is in a victim's throat, he must make a saving throw to avoid choking for an additional 1d4 points of damage. Beyond magical means, the leech can only be killed by sticking it with a heated wire or slim blade. The person administering this cure must make an attack modified by his dexterity score. Failure indicates that the victim suffers 1d4 damage, while success kills the leech.

| *Throat Leech*: HD 1 hp; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 blood drain (1d3); Move 1; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Choke.

Troblin

Troblins are crossbreeds between trolls and goblins. Their regenerative ability has led many to mutate into odd forms; scar tissue that thickens the skin, multiple limbs, etc. Troblins are hunter-gatherers that build their lairs in forested lands far from civilization. In general, they stand 5 ft in height and have crooked noses, long arms and legs,

and large flapping feet. Their skin is blotched in shades of green, grey and dull yellow. They speak the languages of trolls and goblins.

Sometimes, when a troblin regenerates hit points its body warps. Each troblin has the potential to possess 1-2 mutations rolled randomly on the table below.

1-20	Mutation
1-2	Dual forearm; claw damage increased by one die type.
3-4	Dual foreleg; +2 AC against overbearing attacks
5-6	Massive scarring; +1 AC
7	Multiple muscles; +1 to hit and damage
8	Shortened tendons; +1 to AC
9	Redundant vital organs; +3 hp
10	Third leg; +4 AC against overbearing, +3 move
11	Two arms on one side; gains additional claw attack
12	Two heads; only surprised on 1 on d8
13-20	No mutation

| *Troblin*: HD 3+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Mutation, regenerate 2 hp/rd (as troll).

Troll, Two-Headed

Giant two-headed trolls are crossbreeds between normal trolls and ettins. They are nocturnal cave dwellers that measure 10 ft in height. They regenerate as trolls, but cannot reattach limbs.

| *Two-Headed Troll*: HD 10; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 2 bites (1d10); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on d6, regenerate 1 hp/rd (fire negates).

Witherstench

This 4-ft long creature resembles a skunk with blotchy yellow skin covered with purple spots and little tufts of hair. It lives in dank places and feeds on carrion. It constantly emits a powerful odor; those within 30 ft must pass a constitution saving throw or be helpless, retching uncontrollably and unable to defend themselves.

| *Witherstench*: HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Stench.

Woodwose

The woodwose looks like a gnarled old man with skin like tree bark and hair and beard like Spanish moss. They are the wicked male counterparts of the dryad. In battle, a woodwose causes sharp spines to erupt from its body. These spines cause 1d6 points of damage to anything in contact with the woodwose. Woodwose can control plants within a 10 foot radius, causing them to entangle opponents (no movement, -2 penalty to hit until break free). They can speak with plants and are capable of

stepping into a tree and then out of any other tree within 60 feet. Woodwose cannot be harmed by wooden weapons or wooden spell effects. Plants never willingly attack them unless forced to by magical means. Woodwose can automatically sense anything within 60 feet that is in contact with vegetation.

| Woodwose: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 slams (1d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Spells, spines, double damage from iron.

Yellow Musk Creeper


The yellow musk creeper is a climbing vine whose flowers resemble yellow orchids. Each plant has 2d6 flowers and 1d4 green buds. They extend over 20 square feet. Yellow musk creepers grow in jungles or underground. When a creature comes within 10 feet of the plant, the flowers sway hypnotically and burst forth a cloud of pollen. The victim must pass a saving throw or be compelled to walk into the plant. Once in the heart of the plant, aerial roots attach to the skull and devour the brain at the rate of 1d4 points of intelligence per round. The only way to kill a creeper is by stabbing the bulbous root buried 1 foot underground. If the intelligence drain reduces intelligence to 0, the victim dies, a bud flowers and a new bud appears. If it drains the victim's intelligence to 1 or 2, the victim becomes a zombie. Each creeper has 2 zombies per flower.

A yellow musk zombie is a humanoid that has had a seed pod implanted into its head. It defends its master to the death and attempts to find new victims. Zombies retain their hit points, strength bonuses/penalties and armor and weapons from life. They lose any psychic powers or spells. A zombie serves its plant for 2 months before wandering off to die. Zombies are not true undead and cannot be turned. They are immune to mind effects. A zombie can be cured by killing its master and casting neutralize poison and heal, one spell after the other. The victim will be restored, but will need 4 weeks of rest before he regains his normal characteristics.

| Yellow Musk Creeper: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 dust burst (2d6 + hypnosis); Move 0; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Hypnotic dust, intelligence drain.

| Yellow Musk Zombie: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to mind affects.

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Pleasure Palace of Izrigul

An adventure for Low Level Characters

By John M. Stater

Izrigul was a demon, a captain among the legions of Bael. In an unrecorded time and for an unknown reason, Izrigul came to NOD in the service of the warlock Gavilcar. For a long century, he was bound to answer every fool question that popped into the old sorcerer's head, and he came to simultaneously loathe and desire the old sorcerer's wife, a delicate pink thing called Jasheba.

It was on a particularly chilly night, during a terribly long session of queries on the nature of the soul, that Gavilcar made his fatal mistake, allowing himself, in his exhaustion, to sneeze, breaking the barrier that held his demonic captive and loosing him on an unsuspecting world. In short order the old mage was gutted and his the demon took to tormenting Jasheba. He found a particular delight in the evocation of strong emotions and physical pain, and decided he would shirk his duties to Bael and spend some time in the mortal realms, exploring all the pitiable creatures had to offer. With a wave of his taloned hand, the Pleasure Palace was born.

Of course, Bael was none to pleased at this dissension (though given his position among the powers of Chaos, this might seem odd), and in good time brought his lieutenant to heel, leaving the palace to its former inhabitants.

Basics

The Pleasure Palace is meant to represent the first level of a seven level complex. Level One is suitable for low level characters. It is in most respects a traditional dungeon crawl through traps, monsters and treasure.

Wandering monsters should be checked for every two or three turns, and occur on a roll of 1 on 1d6.

Entry

The location of Izrigul's Pleasure Palace is no great secret – many dozens of would-be heroes have ventured into the bizarre underworld spawned by Izrigul's demented mind, and maps to the location can be purchased in any of the city-states in the region.

About 2 miles away from the entrance to the underworld is the House of Matthias Rook, a retired adventurer himself. The Rookery, as it is often called, is a fortified roadhouse with a fine taproom, a dry goods store that carries such essentials as 10-ft poles, rope, chains, iron spikes, sacks and dry rations. Matthias also offers dormitory sleeping in the common room, a few private rooms and a small forge that run by a travelling smith named Rudric who is present about half the time. Of course, the forge can be used by others with skill in smithing, mostly for basic repairs.

The actual entrance to the underworld is near the top of a rugged hill, and takes the form of two 20-ft tall doors carved from white wood and sculpted in the guise of, one assumes, Izrigul as he appeared in "life" – a gaunt face with full lips, a hooked nose, drowsy eyes and the horns of a ram. Over the years, many adventurers have carved their names or glyphs into the doors. Copper rings located 10-ft above the ground allow the heavy doors to be pulled open, and note that they always eventually close on their own.

Level One

The first level of the Pleasure Palace is mostly composed of limestone caverns. In the center of the first level there is a small temple dedicated to Izrigul and staffed by a small band of cultists. The temple is carved from the limestone and decorated with depraved bas-reliefs.

Wandering Monsters

1. *Giant Centipede*: 1d2 hp; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 bite (0 + poison); Move 13; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Non-lethal poison causes crippling pain for 1d4 rounds and then a random limb is useless for 2d4 days. Crippled leg reduces movement by 50%, crippled arm cannot use shield and suffers a -4 penalty to hit. Multiple bites stack these effects.
2. *Giant Leech*: HD 1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 3; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Sucks blood (1 hp/round).
3. *Giant Rat*: 1d4 hp; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: Disease (lose 1d4 constitution each day, until two successful saving throws are made in a row; die at 0 Con).
4. *Goblin*: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: -2 penalty to grapple, -1 to hit in bright light.

5. *Piercer*: HD 1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 drop and pierce (1d6); Move 1; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.
6. *Tunnel Prawn*: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 pincers (1d2); Move 6; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Climbing.

Keyed Chambers

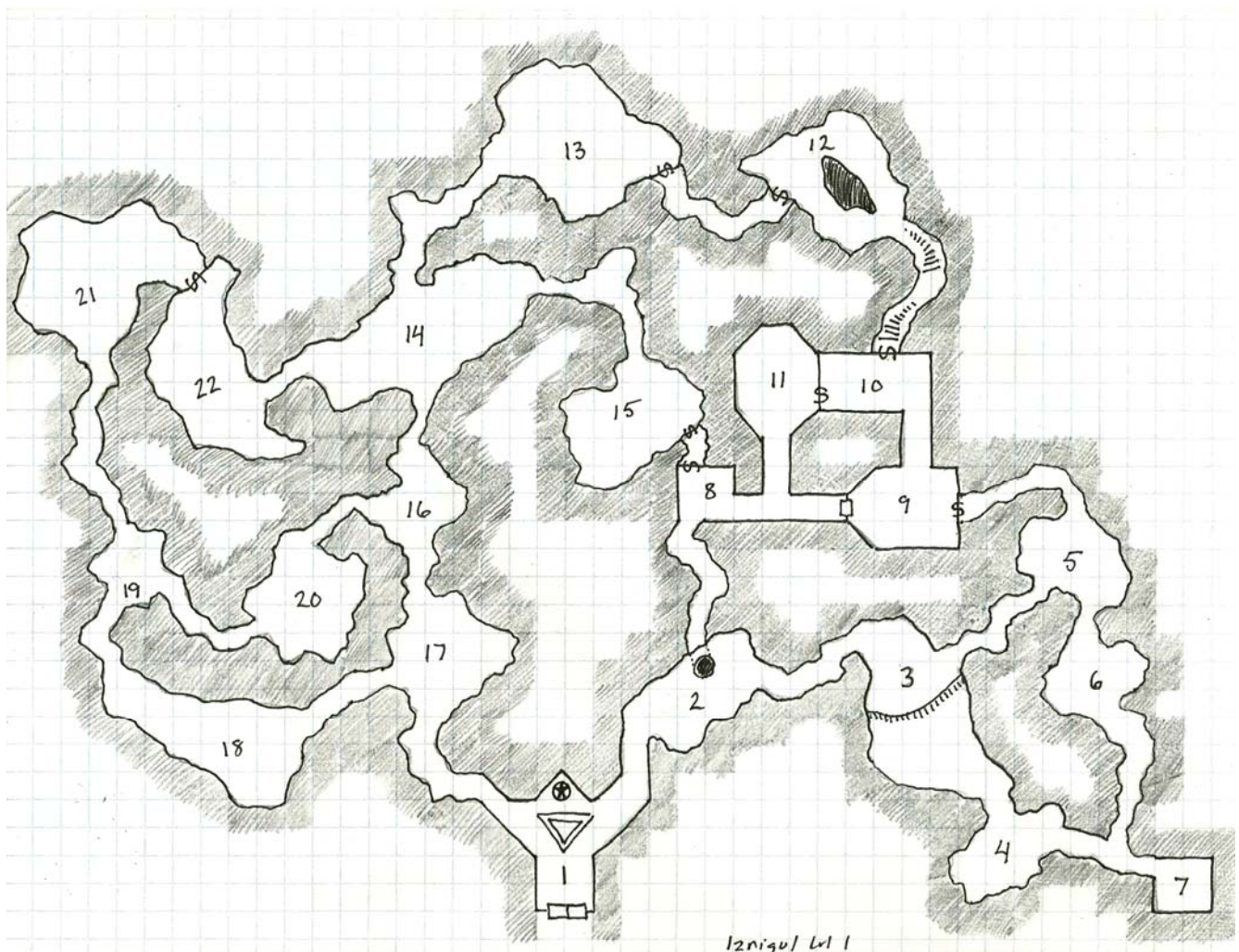
1. The Demon's Foyer: This chamber has two notable features; the first being a shallow, triangular pool of purple water, and the other being a marble statue depicting a headless man intertwined by serpents.

The water in the pool is intended for purification before entering the underworld. Those who bathe in the water will find that it smells of wine, and that it will form itself into leering, humanoid faces as they bathe. The water is not dangerous, and one might notice a very small hole in the center of the pool. Those who do not bathe in the pool attract wandering monsters on the roll of 1-2 on 1d6.

The corridor leading to the right is magnetic. Characters carrying armor or weapons find themselves drawn to either wall and held fast. One avoids this fate with a successful saving throw (cumulative -1 penalty for metal weapons and shields, -2 penalty for chainmail, -3 penalty for platemail). Once someone becomes stuck, they will discover that green slime coats the ceiling and is slowly working its way down the walls.

2. Funnel: This limestone cavern has glistening walls and a ceiling of stalagtites. The floor here slopes down to a hole. Two iron spikes have been pounded into the ground near the hole, and still support a length of rope. The hole gives access to a tunnel with a 5-ft diameter.

3. Greasy Goblins: This large cavern consists of an upper area and a lower portion separated by a 10-high cliff. The lower portion is covered in about 6-inches of oily, unwholesome-smelling liquid. The liquid trickles down the walls. A dozen pasty, white goblins with pinched faces and



beady, red eyes shuffle their way through the liquid, scooping it in their bony hands and letting it run down their arms. The goblins carry short bows with flint arrows and clubs, and resolutely defend their lair. Their hooting and hollering may attract a wandering monster.

| *Goblin: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: -2 penalty to grapple, -1 to hit in bright light.*

4. Birthing Chamber: The oily liquid from [3] continues into this room, and hides a 10-ft deep pit. Around the periphery of the room, tiny, feral goblins crawl from the oily liquid. The pit is filled with what can best be described as goblin-pollywogs that attack like pirhanas. One can avoid the center of the room by sticking to the walls.

| *Feral Gobs (2d4): HD 1d4; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: None.*

| *Gobbywogs (2d6): HD 1d3; AC 8 [11]; Atk 2 bites (1d3); Move 1 (Swim 9); CL/XP A/5; Special: None.*

5. Hell's Heart: A pillar of what appears to be stone throbs rhythmically at the center of this cavern, which has a ceiling 30-ft above the uneven floor. The pillar secretes a sticky ooze, and two skeletons in rusty chainmail are stuck to the pillar. Every turn a group spends in this room brings a 1 in 6 chance that a swarm of coral-colored scarabs will emerge from tiny burrows in the outer walls and attack. One of the skeletal adventurers has a leather pouch (saving throw to avoid become stuck in the ooze) that contains 12 iron spikes and 2 pp. The northern tunnel from this chamber slopes downward and ends in a bas-relief of Izrigul's face. Depressing the images left horn causes the wall to swivel around, depositing a person in [9].

6. Happy Place: This great cavern is filled with odds and ends – bits of masonry, splintered beams, broken goblets. Amidst this trash there is a simple wooden chest. The chest is locked, and picking the lock is easy enough, but doing so releases a gas inside the chest. When the chest is opened (and found to be empty), the colorless, odorless gas fills the cavern for 1 turn. Everyone exposed to the gas must pass a saving throw or begin laughing hysterically. The fit of hysteria lasts for 1d6 turns and, while so afflicted, confers a -2 penalty to hit and make saving throws on the laugher, and increases the chance of encountering a wandering monster to 1-3 on 1d6.

7. Stairwell: This chamber contains a spiral staircase that leads to area [1] on Level Two. The steps are covered in a slick, waxy film. Treading on the fifth step from the top causes the stairs to sland and become a slide.

8. Vestibule: This room contains three purple robes on brass hooks sticking out from the walls. The robes have inner pockets, and one contains a brass ring bearing an inverted pentagram.

9. Zombies: The walls of this room are covered by bas-reliefs of Izrigul in limestone. The floor is a gridiron. One of these bas-reliefs is a secret door that spins around when pressure is applied. In each corner of the room there is a suit of ornate, baroque platemail. Each suit holds a zombie under the command of the high priest Immon [10]. The zombies attack anyone without a purple robe that enters the room. At the sound of a struggle, Immon flips a switch in this chamber that causes a portcullis to bar the west door and north hallway (leaving the secret door the only exit) and the gridiron to heat up. The zombies are unaffected by the pain of the heat, but others suffer 1 point of damage each round and suffer a -1 penalty to hit and to AC. After the fight is won, the platemail can be removed from the zombies and used as normal armor, but the wearer must pass a secret saving throw each day or lose 1 point of wisdom. A person whose wisdom is brought to 1 becomes a mindless zombie under Immon's control.

| *Zombie: HD 2; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 strike (1d8); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to sleep and charm.*

10. High Priest's Chamber: This chamber is both a shrine dedicated to Izrigul and the living quarters of the high priest Immon. The room is decorated much as the rest of the temple area is decorated, with the addition of a heavy curtain of velvet bisecting the room. In the eastern half there is a brass idol of Izrigul (worth 100 gp, but extremely heavy). In the western half there is a bed, small table (holding an oil lamp), chair, and a switch on the south wall controlling the trap in [9]. A secret door that blends into the wall and is activated by wrapping on it three times gives access to [11]. Immon is usually in his chamber accompanied by two acolyte guards.

| *Immon, Anti-Cleric Lvl 3: HP 13; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Rebuke undead, spells – Cause Light Wounds, Protection from Evil. Chainmail, mace, unholy symbol.*

| *Acolytes: HD 1 (4, 2 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Leather armor and battle axe.*

11. Chamber of Horrors: This chamber contains a number of medieval torture devices on wooden workbenches. The devices include a lead sprinkler (with a pot of molten lead), thumb screws and a knee splitter. The largest device is a rack, on which three hooded and robed acolytes are torturing a captured goblin. The goblin will serve as a guide

if rescued, but will betray the adventurers as soon as it can.

| *Acolytes: HD 1 (7, 6, 2 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Leather armor and battle axe.*

12. Cavern of the Red Pool: This large cavern is empty save for a placid pool of shimmering, red liquid. The liquid is a cunning illusion hiding a 20-ft drop (3d6 damage) into [18] on level two of the dungeon.

13. Mad Magus: This cavern holds a chipped throne carved from limestone of the cave. A skeletal figure in tattered robes sits on the throne, four stitched leather bags scattered around its feet. Three of these bags hold coins (a total of 130 sp), while the fourth is a bag of teeth. The skeleton is holding a black, metallic wand in its right hand. Moving this wand or the arm holding it trips a trap (via a slim wire that feeds into the throne), causing a massive stone to fall from the ceiling and block the western exit.

| *Bag of Teeth: HD 1 (3 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + 1/round); Move 0; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

14. Crystal Nightmare: The floor of this room is littered with shards of glass – amber, ash, amethyst and cyan. Inhabiting the room are three poltergeists, the spirits of former adventurers who died fighting the crystalline guardian that once inhabited this room. Buried in the glass is 120 gp.

| *Poltergeist: HD 1d4 (4, 3, 1 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk None; Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Fear, invisibility, incorporeal, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.*

15. Grasping Hands: This cavern is studded with a dozen ivory hands and a dozen ivory faces twisted in a pose of agony. The hands and faces are about double life size. The hands are clenched into fists and the faces have their eyes closed. Coming close to the hands causes them to grab at a person and hold them tight. The hands make a wrestling attack with a +3 bonus to hit the target's unarmored AC. If successful, they inflict 1d4 points of damage (with death indicating that the hand grasped the target around the throat and strangled them). The victim must make his own wrestling attack to pry himself out of the hand; his attack is made against an AC of 5 [14]. There is a 5% chance that a hand, instead of grabbing, opens to reveal a blue flame. This flame can be transferred to a wooden or metallic object, and remains in effect for 1 day. During this time, the flame acts as a protection from evil spell.

The masks, if touched, open their eyes and emit a blinding light (saving throw or blinded for 1d6 hours). There is a 5%

chance that a mask instead opens its mouth and reveals a small pearl worth 1d6 x 10 gp.

The blue flame and pearl only appear once in a given adventurer's lifetime.

16. Wailing Wind: A wailing wind whips through this cavern and its surrounding tunnels, giving adventurers a palpable sense of dread. An adventurer must pass a saving throw or be cursed to suffer a -1 penalty on her next saving throw. An adventurer who passes his saving throw instead gains a +1 bonus to her next saving throw.

17. The Reaper: When one enters this cavern, there does not appear to be an exit (other than the tunnel from which one entered). Against the northeastern wall of this cavern there is a statue of the Grim Reaper molded from black bronze and carrying a gleaming scythe. A glowing sphere of light rests in the middle of the cavern, floating five feet above the floor. Placing one's hand next to the sphere causes a single spot to glow bright red and move away from the hand. A second hand causes a light blue spot to form, and both green and orange spots attempt to keep away from the hands that created them. As the sphere moves about, a magenta spot appears and light cast from these colors projects onto the walls of the cavern. The object of this "game" is to force the colors to mix into swirls of purple, green and orange, and can be simulated by the player and Referee competing at dice.

Player and Referee select 3d6, roll them on the table behind a screen and then place them in any order from left to right. Each person then reveals their dice. Compare each dice with its opposite, with the player scoring a point if his dice beats the Referee's and visa versa. Two points scored wins the round. The first round that the player wins reveals the northern passageway out of the cavern. The second round the player wins reveals the western passageway out of the cavern. The third round deactivates all traps on this level for 1 hour and causes the sphere to return to its normal color and cease spinning.

Each round that the Referee wins, however, forces the player to pass a saving throw or fall into a trance and deliberately walk toward the Grim Reaper. When a pressure plate in front of the reaper is stepped on, the scythe takes the entranced adventurer's head. The trap can be activated whether the game is being played or not, simply by standing in front of the statue, although an examiner of the statue, not being entranced, gets a saving throw to avoid the scythe and certain death.

A headless skeleton of an elf next to the Grim Reaper is wearing leather armor and has a shield and long sword.

18. Xanthous Death: Streaks of yellow mold swirl around this room, growing from a central point that looks like a mold covered corpse holding a leather backpack. Touching the yellow mold causes 1d6 points of acid damage, and disturbing it carries a 50% chance of it erupting in a cloud of spores. The cloud is roughly 10-ft in diameter and creatures within the cloud must pass a saving throw or die horribly. The mold can only be destroyed with fire. The backpack holds a vial of holy water, bottle of oil and 20 gp.

19. Smoking Chamber: This chamber is filled with sweet, delicious incense that causes one to become drowsy. Three maidens occupy the room, propped on pleasant pillows and garbed in pea green tunics and silvery sandals. The maidens invite visitors to sit and relax and pour them goblets of sweet, black wine. The wine is delicious and refreshing (restores 1d4 hit points). Visitors who inhale the incense or drink the wine must pass a saving throw or fall into a deep slumber. Visitors who inhale the incense and drink the wine save at -2. Those who fall asleep are robbed by the maidens, who keep an iron chest hidden beneath a pile of silks and pillows. The maidens then open a trapdoor underneath a colorful rug and toss the unfortunates down the stairs (1d6 damage) and into [41] on level 2. The maiden's iron chest (locked, poisoned needle causes instant death) contains 80 gp, 310 sp and a brick of purple incense worth 20 gp.

| *Maidens: HD 2 (8, 7, 6 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 dagger (1d6 + poison); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Poison halves a person's dexterity score for 1 hour.*

20. Lightning Cage: The walls, floor and ceiling of this cavern are studded with copper pyramids. At random intervals, arcs of lightning fire from one pyramid to another, essentially forcing one random adventurer to make a saving throw each round or be struck for 1d6 points of damage and stunned for 1d3 rounds. Floating in the room are three lightning lampreys. Their bites inflict 1 point of damage from their teeth, and 1d6 points of damage from electrical shock.

| *Lightning Lampreys: HD 1 (7, 6, 5 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 bite (1 hp + 1d6 shock); Move (Fly 6); Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Electrical bite.*

21. Skeletal Lounge: This room is inhabited by 9 skeletons that lounge about on wooden sofas, one playing a harp, others competing at chess, reading a scroll of poetry or looking thoughtfully at the ceiling. If a person wearing a purple robe and bearing the brass ring from [8], the skeletons snap to and follow that person for the space of 1

day, thereafter abandoning their former master, even in the middle of a fight. They ignore everyone else, but fight if provoked.

| *Skeletons: HD 1 (8, 7, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+1); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

22. Smoky Mirror: Hovering in the center of this chamber is a circular mirror of smoky glass. Looking into the mirror reveals dim shapes that are not your own, with occasional glimpses of sinister white eyes peering into your soul. One can leap through the mirror. If it is turned to the north (as it usually is), the person leaps into [15]. If turned to the south, they leap into [7] and might fall down the stairs. If turned to the east they leap into a random room on Level 3, and to the west a random room on level 5. If turned in any other direction, they only leap through to the other side, remaining in [22]. The mirror can be turned, but cannot be removed.

New Monsters

Poltergeist

Poltergeists are "noisy spirits" encountered where they were originally killed. They are invisible and incorporeal and can only be harmed by silver or magic weapons. They can attack by throwing unattended objects, hitting as though they were 5 HD creatures. Creatures hit by a flying object suffer no damage, but must pass a charisma save or be affected by fear, fleeing in a random direction for 2d12 rounds. There is a 50% chance a victim will drop what he is carrying while fleeing. Holy water and strongly presented holy symbols will drive poltergeists back but not harm them.

| *Poltergeist: HD 1d4; AC 9 [10]; Atk None; Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Fear, invisibility, incorporeal, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.*

LEVEL TWO

Level Two of Izrigul's pleasure palace will be detailed in the next issue of NOD.

- JMS

The Ruins of Timulus

An adventure for Mid-Level Characters

By John M. Stater, Silhouettes by Telecanter

Timulus was a wealthy city-state of the Purple Kings of the Wyvern Coast, so named because they dominated the trade in purple dyes derived from mollusks found along the coast. Timulus consisted of a citadel (the site of this adventure) overlooking a city of warehouses, mansions, public squares, temples and adobe hovels. The city-state was the greatest power on the coast for a short time, eclipsing Ophir, until its harbor began to fill with silt. The king of Timulus, Alcar, refused to quit his city, and soon descended into madness.

Timulus has been a ruin for well over a century, its buildings crumbled, its streets overgrown with weeds and wild flowers, its fields fallow and its orchards grown wild. It is now the residence of a lamia queen called Shamela and her daughters Quedra and Ilax. Commanding a small army of hobgoblins, they control this portion of the coast. They share the ancient citadel with the ghoulish descendants of the old royal family, much to the chagrin of the hobgoblins.

Shamela often appears in the dreams of people camped within 15 miles of the ruins, appearing as a damsel or young man in distress and in need of rescue.

The Citadel

The citadel is situated above the ruined city streets on a rocky promontory. One can reach the citadel via a winding stair that climbs 200-ft to the front gates.

The gates of Timulus are 20-ft tall and composed of thick oak covered in beaten bronze. The gates depict triumphant angels battering down the gates of Hell – a strange image for the gates of a citadel to be sure. The outer walls of Timulus are 40-ft tall and are flanked by 50-ft tall towers.

Beyond the gates is the so-called Moon Court. The Moon Court is paved in limestone and now lies empty but for a few rickety wooden carts and bleached bones. A second 20-ft tall gate, much the like the first but composed of dark wood and embossed with a depiction of the XXX in alabaster, divides the Moon Court from the Sun Court. The thick walls that surround the Moon Court are studded with small storage chambers and living quarters for soldiers.

The Sun Court contains multiple planters carved from red marble and holding the dessicated remains of apricot trees. The court is paved with tiles of iron pyrite and is flanked by two 50-ft tall guard towers that look over the courtyard as well as the ruined city below. The western tower is usually staffed by three hobgoblin crossbowmen who will alert the hobgoblins of the citadel to the presence of intruders. They will not attack, and in fact will flee the tower if they think adventurers are approaching, using the secret door into the inner walls that lead to [4] in the ground floor of the palace (via the ladder).

From the Sun Court one can enter the palace via the double doors into area [1] of the ground floor. A secret trapdoor in the courtyard leads to the cellar level via the ladder in the southern passageway.

The palace stands 30-ft tall, with the ground floor and second floor having vaulted, 10-ft ceilings and being separated from one another by 5-ft of masonry.

Note on Wandering Monsters: Many game rules advise that wandering monsters should be checked for at different time intervals. If you are using such rules, you can adhere to their guidelines. In my own games, I check for monsters anytime the adventurers turn a corner or enter an other-wise unoccupied chamber.

The Cellars

The cellars of Timulus' palace were excavated from the rocky promontory. Seams in the stone have been exploited by the ghouls and turned into narrow tunnels that descend into the ruined city below (i.e. areas 8, 9 and 10). These tunnels slope downward and finally emerge in a ruined temple of Dagon.



Wandering Monsters

1. *Dust Mephit* (1d6): HD 3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claw (1d3); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Harmed by magic weapons, breath weapon, blur, regenerate, summoning, wind wall.*

2. *Ghoul* (1d6): HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: *Immunities, paralyzing touch. From [8]*

3. *Giant Spider*, 4-ft diameter (1d6): HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + poison); Move 18; Save 16; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Lethal poison, surprise on 1-5 on 1d6.*

4. *Giant Spitting Snake* (1d3): HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d3 + poison) or spit poison; Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: *Spit or bite with lethal poison.*

5. *Kobold* (2d6): HD 1d4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 24; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: *None. From [7]*

6. *Grey Ooze* (1): HD 3+3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 strike (2d6); Move 1; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Acid, immune to spells, heat, cold and blunt weapons.*

Encounter Key

1. Storage Room: Several amphorae in various states of disintegration; a couple have the remnants of sour wine in them, and one hides a small ruby worth 100 gp. The walls are stained with moisture and harmless molds. The secret door can be opened by pushing it forcefully.

2. Torture Chamber: Skeletons in three of the cells, the fourth one (*) has two bars worked free. Room contains braziers, iron pokers and brands, a rack (the ropes disintegrated) and an animated iron maiden.

| *Iron Maiden:* HD 10 (45 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 fists (1d8); Move 9; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: *If hits with both fist attacks, opponent must save or be shut inside the golem, suffering 1d6 damage each round and otherwise being unable to move, magic resistance 20%.*

3. Deep Well: Stairs descend for 200 feet to a 10-ft deep well of cool water, the lair of a massive grey ooze. The following treasure is scattered on the floor of the pool: 16,000 cp, +1 pole arm tarnished and slightly warped.

| *Massive Grey Ooze:* HD 9 (43 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 strike (2d6); Move 1; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Acid, immune to spells, heat, cold and blunt weapons.*

4. Storage Room: More amphorae. One sealed amphora contains very fine wine worth 150 gp. Shelves hold a variety of dried herbs, including an iron box of saffron (3 oz.), dried sage, bay leaves and a jar with powdered black lotus (treat as a sleep potion).

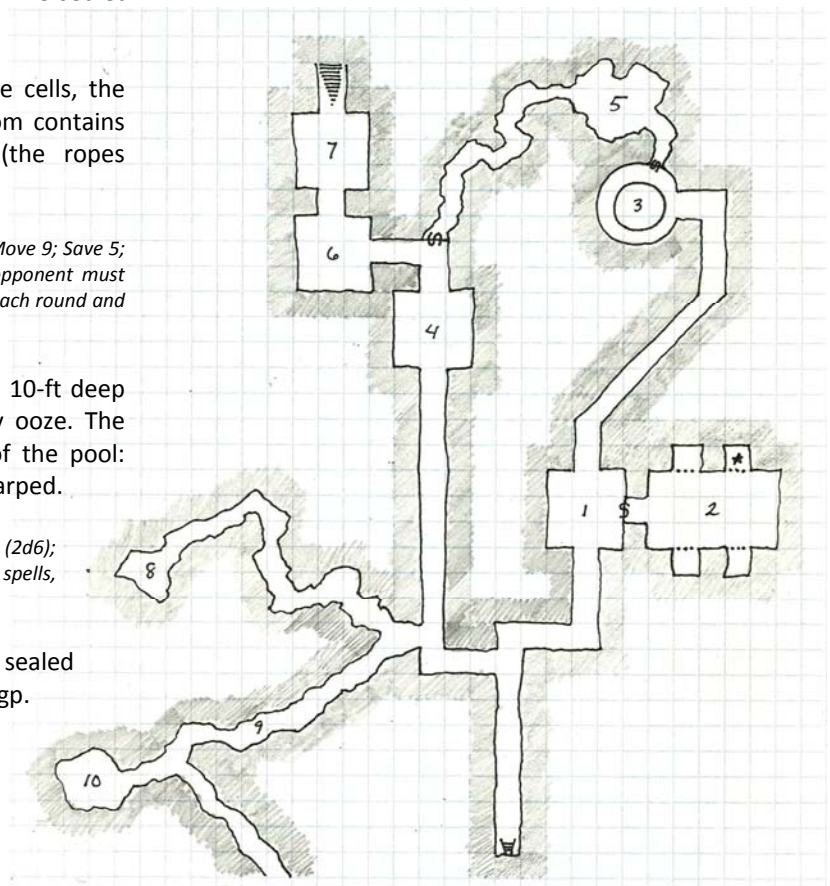
5. Hidden Cave: A secret door disguised as a portion of wall, a slim iron bar level with the floor releasing it, hides a cramped tunnel that slopes downward to a cavern that contains a magical pool. Bathing in the pool for 10 minutes increases one's wisdom by 1d4 points for 1 hour. The cavern is inhabited by twelve darkmantles. A serpent formed of elemental water lives in the pool. A dead adventurer lies in one corner of the cavern, her neck broken. She has a leather sack containing 54 pp, 51 gp, 84 sp and 60 cp.

| *Darkmantle:* HD 1+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 grab (1d4); Move 3 (Fly 3); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: *Suffocation, darkness.*

| *Water Serpent:* HD 8 (54 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move (Swim 15); Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: *Half damage from non-blunt weapons, grappled and enveloped characters down in 1d4 rounds.*

6. Storage Room: This room has hooks on the walls and the ceiling that might once have held sides of meat.

7. Storage Room: Lined with empty shelves containing broken jars, crockery and scattered grains. Inhabited by a tribe of 20 kobolds who live in burrows in the walls. The pesties know about the lamias and despise (and fear) them. Hidden in their burrows is 69 gp, 44 sp and 15 cp.



| Kobold: HD 1d4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 24; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: None.

8. Ghosts: Two ghosts dressed in tattered robes of silk and wearing tarnished crowns on their heads dwell in this little cave accompanied by five ghouls.

| Ghosts: HD 4 (23, 14 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); Move 14; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Stench, paralyzing touch.

| Ghoul: HD 2 (12, 9, 7, 6, 6 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Immunities, paralyzing touch.

9. Ghouls Warrens: This stretch of cavern is pocked with small tunnels leading to burrows are inhabited by a band of twelve ghouls. Hidden in the caves is a bejeweled golden crown worth 4,000 gp. These caverns run into the catacombs beneath the Temple of Dagon in the ruined town below.

| Ghoul: HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Immunities, paralyzing touch.

10. Dead End: The ceiling of this chamber is covered by a large patch of green slime. The crumpled remains of three ghouls lie on the ground.

Ground Floor

Wandering Monsters

1. Dust Mephit (1d4+2): HD 3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claw (1d3); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Harmed by magic weapons, breath weapon, blur, regenerate, summoning, wind wall.

2. Giant Scorpion (1d2): HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 pincers (1d10), sting (1d4 + poison); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Lethal poison.

3. Giant Spider, 4-ft diameter (1d4+2): HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + poison); Move 18; Save 16; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Lethal poison, surprise on 1-5 on 1d6.

4. Hobgoblins (1d4+4): HD 1+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. **From [6]**

5. Kobold (1d6+6): HD 1d4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 24; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: None. **From Cellars [7]**

6. Thralls (1d4+2): HD 3 (16 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None. **From Upper Floor**

Encounter Key

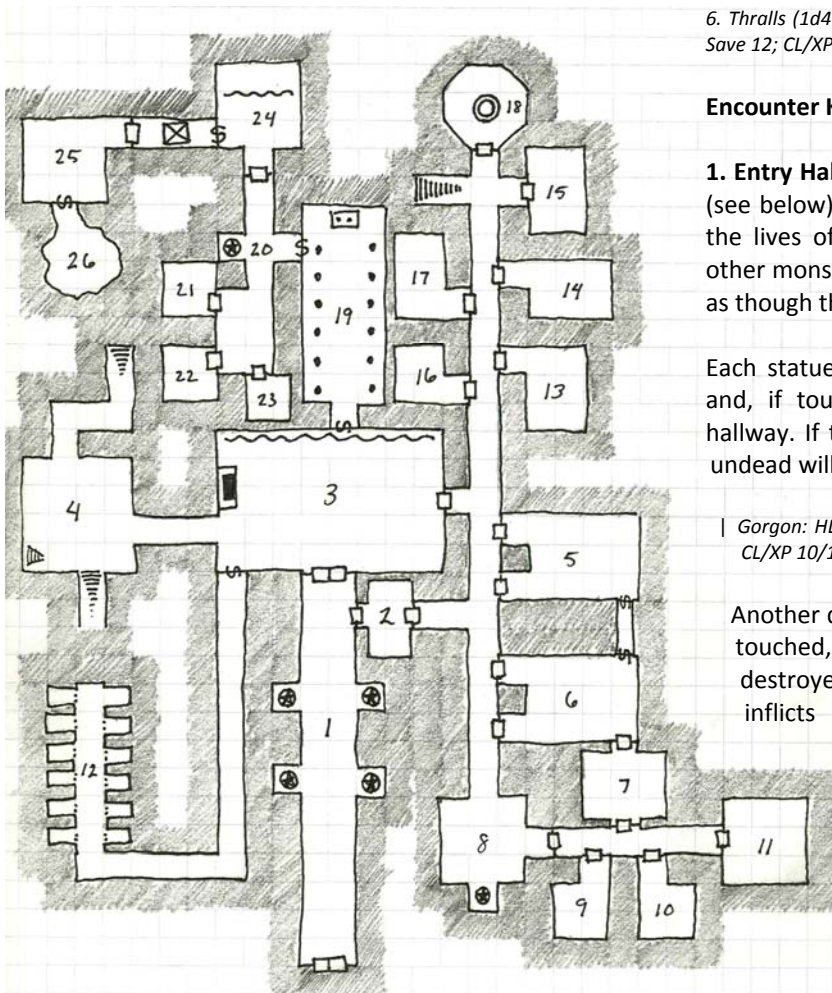
1. Entry Hall: Four alcoves hold bronze statues of the gods (see below). The walls are covered with a mural depicting the lives of ancient heroes slaying hydras, medusas and other monsters. The double doors are thick wood and look as though they were once inlaid with gold.

Each statue is magical. One depicts the great god Shedu and, if touched, conjures a gorgon at the end of the hallway. If the gorgon is defeated, a light mace +1/+3 vs. undead will appear below the statue.

| Gorgon: HD 8 (44 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 gore (2d6); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Breath turns to stone.

Another depicts Kadesh, the goddess of sex and drugs. If touched, five bacchae appear and attack the party. If destroyed, a pitcher of wine (a potion of heroism that inflicts 1d6 points of temporary wisdom damage) appears at the statue's feet.

| Baccae: HD 3 (10 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d10) and 1 bite (1d4) or 1 bite (1d4) and 2 claw (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Beast form, charm gaze, double damage from cold iron.



The next statue depicts Kothar, the god of excellence and craftsmanship. If touched, a clay golem appears and attacks the party. If defeated, a cube of a strange substance (plastic) appears at the statue's feet. It takes on the shape of the first small object the holder thinks of.

| *Clay Golem: HD 12 (50hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 fist (3d10); Move 8; Save 5; CL/XP; 14/2700; Special: Immune to slashing and piercing weapons, immune to spells.*

The final statue depicts Venerable Resheph, the ram-headed god of disease. If touched it conjures seven wights wearing bronze scale armor. If destroyed, an arrow of slaying appears at the statue's feet.

| *Wight: HD 3 (15 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 claw (1 hp + level drain); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Drain 1 level with hit, only harmed by magic or silver weapons.*

2. Reception Room: Visitors would wait here to be presented to the king and queen. It is now a guard post for 3 hobgoblins armed with heavy crossbows and spears. The room holds two benches and a burning brazier.

| *Hobgoblins: HD 1+1 (7, 4, 2 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

3. Great Hall: Once a great hall, this room is now empty save for two thrones and a dais carved from a massive block of greyish-white stone and several empty sconces. The base of the dais is engraved with the phrase "Hail Astarte! Save the King!" A secret compartment on the king's throne contains a silver dagger. Four long, tattered tapestries hang behind the thrones. The first depicts frolicking mermaids, the second Dagon and his queen, the third Astarte crowned with stars and the fourth dancing nymphs. All are faded and torn and worth no more than 10 gp each. Inside the hearth, half buried beneath dust and ash, is a wooden box. If touched, a fire trap is triggered (10-ft cone, 4d6 damage). The secret door to the north blends with the stone wall and rotates when one flips a metal switch on the floor. The secret door to the south is triggered by pulling down on a torch sconce, the door swinging inward.

4. Kitchen: This was once a kitchen. There is a large fire pit in the center of the room filled with ash and several animal skeletons, a chimney above (30-ft tall with a metal grate 15-ft up and not removable). Battered tables and stools litter the perimeter of the room, along with broken crockery, dented cauldrons and pans and empty barrels and amphorae. A tripwire on the stairs leading up dislodges several barrels of sand, which crash down the

steps inflicting 2d6 damage on anyone on the stairs or below them and possibly attracting a wandering monster.

5. Barracks: The doors to this barracks are spiked shut from the outside and have crude hobgoblin glyphs painted on them; a cleric might be able to tell the glyphs are meant to repel evil. The barracks is home to ten revenants. The room is filled with broken furniture (bunks, stools, a weapon rack) and fifteen spears with broken shafts. Amid the rubble is a locked iron box containing 150 gp and an ivory handled dagger worth 100 gp.

| *Revenant: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Regeneration, disease.*

6. Barracks: These barracks are inhabited by the hobgoblin henchmen of the lamia. There are usually 20 hobgoblins spread between this room and [8]. Hobgoblins in this room are usually sleeping and unarmored, but are awakened by any noise and quickly join a fight. Each hobgoblin wears chainmail and carries a spear. Ten of the hobgoblins have heavy crossbows and 10 bolts each. Tucked into greasy bedsheets or hidden under beds is a total of 90 sp.

| *Hobgoblins: HD 1+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

7. Serjeant's Room: The hobgoblins are led by a hobgoblin sergeant called Groon. Groon wears chainmail and carries a wooden shield and a curved longsword. He keeps 20 gp tucked in his right boot.

| *Vrask: HD 3+1 (13 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

8. Common Room: This is the recreation room for the hobgoblin guards. There will usually be from 5 to 15 in here playing dice, sharpening weapons, oiling armor, etc. They keep an especially nasty giant scorpion chained in one corner as a mascot. If attacked they release the scorpion to wreak havoc on their enemies.

| *Hobgoblins: HD 1+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

| *Giant Scorpion: HD 6 (28 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 pincers (1d10), sting (1d4 + poison); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Lethal poison.*

9. Serjeant's Room: Vrask, the serjeant of crossbowmen, lives in this room with his half-orc mate Ruak. Vrask wears chainmail and carries a spear and heavy crossbow with 10 bolts and a +1 bolt. Ruak is carrying a child and is especially moody. They keep 30 gp and 15 sp hidden under the soiled pile of furs they use for bedding.

| *Vrask*: HD 3+1 (11 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

| *Ruak*: HD 1 (5 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

10. Lieutenant's Room: This is the room of Frank, the stern lieutenant of the hobgoblins, a big loper (a cousin of the bugbear with curled ram's horns on its head). Frank is violent and unstable, and only captain Urgas can keep him under control. He keeps his treasure of 18 gp, 200 sp and 30 cp stacked on a table in his room.

| *Frank the Loper*: HD 3 (13 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 head butt (1d8) or 1 axe (1d8); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Charge for double damage (2d8), run at x5 movement.

11. Captain's Room: Captain Urgas resides in this room. Urgas and a fervant servant of Molech, the demon prince of fire. He has a small altar in his room with a bronze statue of Molech worth 30 gp flanked by two everburning torches. Beneath the altar is a locked iron box trapped with a poisoned needle. The box contains 200 gp, a small piece of jet worth 70 gp and a large tiger eye turquoise worth 40 gp. Urgas wears black platemail and carries a mace. Urgas has the following spells prepared: (1) Cause Light Wounds, Protection from Evil, (2) Hold Person, Silence 15-ft, (3) Bestow Curse.

| *Urgas, Hobgoblin Fighter/Anti-Cleric Lvl 5*: HP 27; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+1); Move 9; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells, rebuke undead.

12. Prison: This secret prison holds two prisoners, a halfling thief named Filbert and an elf named Jambo who stumbled upon the ruins of Timulus three weeks ago. The lamia are holding them here until they've decided what to do with them. The prison is guarded by a huge, white ape chained to the wall at the entrance. The chain allows the white ape to move up to 30-ft. The key to the cells hangs next to the white ape's chain.

| *White Ape*: HD 5 (28 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 hands (1d3), bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Hug and rend.

| *Filbert, Halfling Thief Lvl 4*: HP 3 (15 normal); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 fist (1d2); Move 6; Save 12; Special: Back stab x2. Str 4, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 9, Cha 10.

| *Jambo, Elf Lvl 3*: HP 2 (12 normal); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 fist (1d2); Move 12; Save 12/13; Special: Spells (2/1 – none prepared).

13. Guest Room: The door to this room is locked. It is empty save for a large hole in the floor surrounded by thick strands of white fungus. The hole admits giant centipedes, and there are 1d4-1 in the room at any given moment.

| *Giant Centipede, Man-Sized*: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + poison); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Poison bite (+6 save or die).

14. Guest Room: This guest room still has a trunk (empty) and bed (unmade) in good condition.

15. Guest Room: The hobgoblins use this room for refuse. It is piled high with rotting carcasses, broken arrow shafts and bowstrings, wrecked spear heads, etc. Those digging about the room discover the pile is filled with rot grubs.

| *Rot Grub*: HD 1 hp; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 burrow; Move 1; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Burrows to heart.

16. Chamberlain's Room: This was once the room of the palace chamberlain. The hobgoblins use it for a toilet and it definitely smells the part.

17. Guest Room: This room is empty but for an empty bronze oil lamp.

18. Summoning Chamber: This room was used by the old palace magician for consulting spirits. The room is much as it was originally left. It contains four benches around the perimeter, small shelves exhibiting various weird objects (a mummified monkey, a glass faceted trapezoid of smokey grey glass worth 40 gp, a ram's skull engraved with magical signs and a gong made of a blue metal that does not make noise, no matter how hard it is struck).

In the middle of the room there is a pool of water as black as night. If one stares into the water for a few moments, they begin to perceive glowing motes, not unlike stars, deep within the pool. Should the pool be disturbed, a sibilant voice answers from the pool, saying, "Speak my name or suffer my wrath." If nobody answers with the name "Umamrod" within 1 minute, or gives the wrong name, a great chuul with a sparkling black carapace will rise from the pool to kill anyone present. The beast will not return to the pool until either it or its prey is dead. The creature's carapace is worth 500 gp.

| *Chuul*: HD 11+2 (62 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 claw (2d6); Move 12 (Swim 9); Save 4; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Amphibious, constrict, immune to poison, paralysis.

19. Temple: Entering through a tapestry depicting a woman riding an antelope you find a temple. It has walls of white plaster stenciled with vines and representations of other crops and fruits. An altar of green stone stands at one end with a white crescent moon painted over it. The pillars that line the temple are carved in the shape of writhing snakes. Twelve darkmantles live on the ceiling.

The secret door blends into the mural and can be opened by putting pressure on the upper right hand corner.

| *Darkmantle: HD 1+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 grab (1d4); Move 3 (Fly 3); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Suffocation, darkness.*

20. Crystal Statue: The floor here is covered in crystal shards that appear to have once been a statue of Astarte.

21-23. Acolyte's Chamber: These chambers were once apartments for the temple's acolytes. They contain beds, desks and stools. Room 23 is filled with long strands of webbing. On the bed there is what appears to be a corpse covered in webbing. The corpse rises if the room is entered and attacks. Amidst all of the webs there is a wooden holy symbol of Astarte that, if stuck into the ground, creates a small spring of sweet water that lasts one day. The symbol can do this once per week.

| *Spidery Revenant: HD 6 (33 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 9; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Breathes a spider swarm (2d6 spiders that bite the next round with paralyzing poison, opponents can kill a number of spiders equal to their dexterity each round they do nothing else).*

24. High Priest's Chamber: This chamber is divided by a white curtain. The entrance area is empty. The back area contains a wardrobe, desk and bed, all covered with a thick layer of dust. The chamber is inhabited by the ghost of the old high priest. The secret door can be tripped by inserting a needle-thin object into a small hole besides the door. This causes the door to rotate 180-degrees.

| *Ghost: HD 10+4 (41 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 touch (special); Move 9; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Only harmed by magic, cause fear, touch ages victim 3d6 years.*

25. Library: This was the high priest's library. It has been sealed for a hundred years and consists of four shelf units containing the following works:

Shelf #1: Scrolls of love poetry on indelible paper that cannot rot or fade.

Shelf #2: Scrolls dealing with the triumph of the gods of law over the demons of chaos.

Shelf #3: A herbal, a history of Nabu, an alchemist's notebook with unreadable handwriting and a book of druidic prayers. A hidden button on one of the shelves, when depressed, allows the shelf to be slid away, revealing the passage behind.

Shelf #4: Scrolls dealing with historical manifests and accounts from Timulus' past.

A wooden chair rests in the middle of the room. Beneath its dusty cushion is 5 cp.

26. Hidden Shrine: This cavern has smooth, sandstone walls. At the back of the cavern there is a life-sized statue of a woman carved from alabaster, her "garments" covered in gold leaf. The woman is beautiful and kneeling on the ground, her arms outstretched and her chest thrust forward. A small slot appears in the statue's chest and the statue's hands are cupped. A blade thrust into the slot on the chest becomes a cursed -1 weapon. Liquid placed in one of the hands becomes a potion of healing (once per week only).

Upper Floor

Wandering Monsters

1. *Crazed Wizard from [2]*

2. *Giant Scorpion (1d4): HD 6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 pincers (1d10), sting (1d4 + poison); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Lethal poison.*

3. *Giant Spider, 4-ft diameter (1d4+4): HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + poison); Move 18; Save 16; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Lethal poison, surprise on 1-5 on 1d6.*

4. *Hobgoblins (1d6+6): HD 1+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

5. *Lamia – either Quedra from [8] or Ilax from [12]*

6. *Thralls (1d4+4): HD 3 (16 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

Encounter Key

1. Maid's Chamber: This room contains three beds and a wardrobe (now empty). It once housed the maidservants of the royal family and contains a secret door in the back of the wardrobe that allowed access by the young prince Tumulcar. A dessicated corpse is now nailed to the back of the wardrobe to discourage snoopers.

2. Prince's Chamber: This room contains an elaborately carved bed (gilded wood, worth 500 gp), a stone pedestal, an ebony stool in the shape of a bull's foot (worth 10 gp, contains a secret compartment on the bottom guarded by a poisoned needle; hides a golden locket containing dazzling orange hair), pegs on a wall that might have once held clothing or weapons and an ornate wardrobe (see [1] above). The room is currently occupied by a crazed wizard called Hayam. Hayam has been charmed by the lamia queen and is engaged in unraveling the secrets of a magic chest. The chest opens into other worlds depending on

where it is placed. If placed in the secret cavern in the cellars, it creates a portal to Hell, for example. Hayam is gaunt and dirty, with red-rimmed eyes of green and deep creases on his face. He has an aquiline nose and stringy black hair that is turning grey at the temples. He wears a red robe. Besides his curved dagger he also carries a grimoire and a wand of mineral detection.

| Hayam, Magic-User Lvl 5: HP 11; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 dagger (1d4); Move 11; Save 11; Special: Spells (4/2/1). Str 6, Dex 12, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 3, Cha 7. He knows the following spells: Hold Portal, Magic Missile, Read Magic, Shield, Darkness 15-ft Radius, Web, Lightning Bolt.

3. Major Domo's Chamber: This chamber was once used by the major domo of the palace. It contains a bed (a scorpion dwells under the sheets), wardrobe, desk, stool and a shelf containing delicate scrolls that detail the living expenses of the palace. The locked wardrobe contains about 100 skulls of various humanoid creatures.

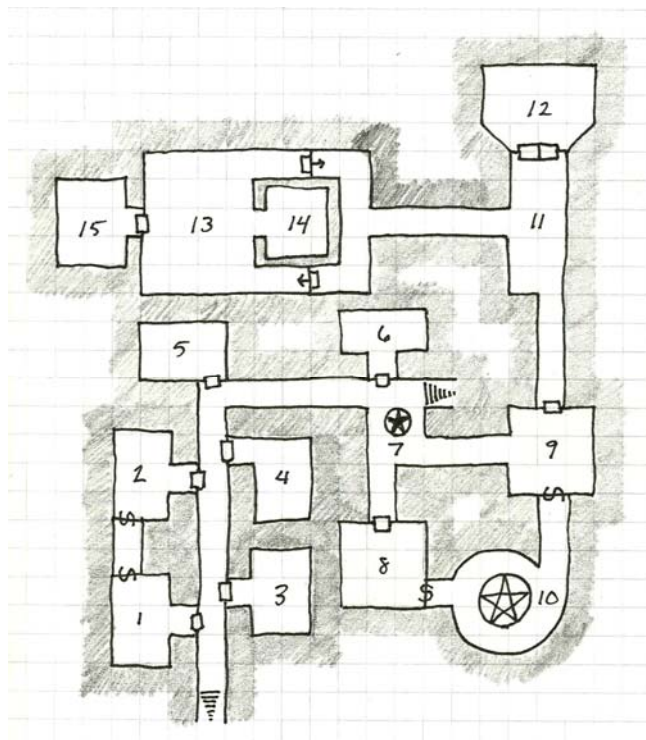
4. Prince's Chamber: This was the lush apartment of Prince Reshep, the favored son of King Alcar. It is now empty but for a tiny wooden sculpture of the prince. Those trying to remove the sculpture from the room will be teleported to [10] without the sculpture.

5. Queen's Chamber: The door to this chamber is trapped. The door is hollow and filled with poisonous gas. When the door handle is pulled, it unplugs the door and releases the gas (save for 2d6 damage or die instantly). The gas fills a 20-ft square area and persists for 10 minutes. The room beyond was home to the good queen Amphele, a regal elf who lives to this day in exile in the southern city-state of Zinj. When the horror of the ghouls came down upon the royal palace, she barely escaped with the help of the archimage Lartharpa. The lamia have looted the room, but generally avoid it for the palpable sense of sorrow it imprints on those who enter.

6. Princess's Chamber: This room is furnished with a wooden bed (no mattress) that is actually a mimic and a wardrobe that contains three expensive outfits suitable for a princess (worth 150 gp each).

| Mimic: HD 7 (27 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 smash (2d6); Move 2; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Mimicry, glue.

7. Statue: This room is dominated by a stone statue of King Alcar. The top of the stairs is trapped with a pressure plate that sends spears hurling horizontally from the top three steps (save or 1d6 damage). If the lead character avoids any of the spears, characters behind might be struck.



8. Lamia's Chamber: This was once the chamber of the archimage Lartharpa. It is furnished with a great pile of silk cushions, a large wooden harp and a human thrall to pluck it, a hookah of black lotus (sleep potion), five hanging chimes of gold, silver and bronze that chime on command (worth 100 gp each) and several crystal decanters of dark wine mixed with blood. In the room resides the lamia Quedra, a devotee of Hecate who has managed to summon a demon in [10]. If hard pressed in combat, she will not hesitate to dash through the secret (illusory) door and release the demon to destroy her enemies in exchange for her own servitude. Quedra wears a necklace of thin, interwoven silver chains (225 gp).

| Quedra: HD 9 (46 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 24; Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Spells (charm person, charm monster, suggestion), touch drains wisdom.

9. Gallery: This was once a gallery of sculpture and tapestries. The floor is a mosaic depicting the slaying of a dragon by a shedu. A pressure plate in the center of the floor releases a large iron cobra.

| Iron Cobra: HD 5 (17 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + poison); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Poison (6 doses, lethal).

10. Summoning Chamber: This circular room is plain but for a pentagram drawn on the floor in iron powder. Inside the circle there is an area of impenetrable darkness. The darkness is created by a first-category demon called

Hepzibah. Hepzibah was conjured by Quedra and desires release more than combat.

| *Hepzibah: HD 8 (46 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 beak (1d6), 2 foreclaws (1d4), 2 rear claws (1d6); Move 12 (Fly 18); Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: 50% magic resistance, darkness, immune to fire.*

11. Recreation Room: This room is furnished with six couches (purple cushions, gilded wood). Marble pedestals rest next to each couch. Six champions recline on the couches when the party enters, but quickly spring up to attack. All wear chainmail and carry shields and spears. Three carry short bows and have 10 arrows each. The spearmen form a shield line to protect the archers (cover increases Armor Class by 3). Any commotion here alerts the lamia Ilax [12] of trouble.

| *Champion: HD 3 (16 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

12. Lamia's Chamber: Even though this is an unremarkable room of bare stone, Ilax the lamia has used a scroll of hallucinatory terrain ability to make it resemble a sunny garden of fruit trees. In the middle of the garden there is a purple couch with a beautiful lamia lying in repose eating grapes. She will attempt to charm those who enter, resorting to violence only if necessary.

| *Ilax: HD 9 (58 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 24; Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Spells (charm person, charm monster, suggestion), touch drains wisdom.*

13. Queen's Chamber: This plush room is the home of Shamela, the lamia queen. The room has a large, comfortable bed, several ornate chairs, a large table covered with a gruesome feast, a large wardrobe containing three embroidered and bejeweled robes worth 200 gp each. Shamela can be found dining at her table, attended by four champions in platemail and carrying curved long swords. An ornate rug in the middle of the chamber hides a spiked pit 10-ft deep (3d6 damage).

| *Shamela: HD 11 (63 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 24; Save 4; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Spells (charm person, charm monster, suggestion, hold person, fear), touch drains wisdom.*

| *Champion: HD 3 (20 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

14. Bath: This was King Alcar's private bath chamber (though often shared with his family and friends). It contains a pool of clean water (constantly refreshed by a faucet in the shape of a sea serpent), wooden chairs (curved sides, no backs), shelves of cotton towels, a table for massages and braziers for incense or creating steam.

The room is attended by an automaton that looks like a delicate maiden wearing a loin cloth. The automaton, called Penelope, is carved from ivory and capable of speech (though her mouth does not move when she does so). She is an accomplished valet and groom and sworn to serve the master of the palace (currently, Shamela). She is also, surprisingly to many, a skilled assassin, and fully capable of defending her master.

| *Penelope: HD 6 (19 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 hidden weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Sneak attack for triple damage.*

15. Treasury: This locked door (-5 to pick lock checks) contains Shamela's treasure. The door is guarded by a glyph of warding (7d6 electricity damage).

The treasure consists of a tiger's eye gem worth 115 gp, 4,380 ep, 13,910 gp, 240 pp and the magic throwing axe Skarathustra. Skarathustra is a +5 throwing axe forged 700 years ago for King Alcar by his court magician, Larthrapa. The axe is a blend of steel and pitchblende and is traced with silver runes. The handle is oak, cut from the heart of an ancient treant and polished with oil extracted from moonlight, giving it a ghostly glow in darkness.

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Gods of the Golden Sea

By John M. Stater

The native deities of the Golden Sea region are based on the mythologies of the Eastern Mediterranean, especially the Phrygians, Dacians and Thracians. Almost everything that is known of these entities comes to us from the Greeks and later Romans, and is viewed through their lens. Most of these gods and goddesses were adopted by the Greeks into their own pantheon, usually in positions that were no doubt inferior to the positions they held in the estimation of their native worshipers. Because there were many gaps in the knowledge of these divinities, I did my best to fill them in a suitably pulp-fantasy style.

Besides the deities listed here, several of the deities of the Motherlander pantheon (to be published in the near future) originated in this pantheon, including Bacchus (Dionysus), Hecate and possibly Proserpina (Persephone).

Kubeleya (Cybele)

Also called *Great Mother*, *Mountain Mother*

Deity of Nature, Mountains, Caverns

Wields a staff

Served by earth elementals, fairies of a grim humor

Symbolized by the lion, bees

Aligned with Neutrality

Druids can cast Victory Chant (see below)

Kubeleya, also called Cybele and Rhea, is the grim goddess of the mountains and mother of the gods. She appears as a stately woman with a dour expression. She wears a long, belted dress, a high, cylindrical headdress called a polos, and a veil covering her entire body. One of her hands rests on an attendant lion while the other holds an instrument that resembles the tambourine. She is often pictured in a lion throne or a lion-drawn chariot.

Kubeleya's consort is the demi-god Attis. Attis has a bizarre origin. The demon Agdistos was a creature that was half man and half woman. It so terrified the gods that they killed it in a suitably bloody manner and from its castrated male organ grew an almond tree. The remainder of Agdistos became Kubeleya.

One day, Nana, the daughter of the river god Sangarius, picked an almond and laid it on her breast, where it promptly disappeared and impregnated her. Nana abandoned the infant, who was raised by a he-goat in the



hills and later adopted by human parents. As an adult, his beauty was godlike and attracted the attention of Kubeleya. Unfortunately, Attis had already been promised to the daughter of the local king. As the wedding songs were being sung, the jilted Kubeleya appeared in all her transcendent power, causing the wedding-goers, including Attis, to go mad and castrate themselves. Attis died, apparently of blood loss, but Kubeleya relented and resurrected him as a pine tree. This occurred on March 25, and is celebrated in the Hilaria festival, an orgiastic ceremony of wild music, drumming, dancing and drinking.

Kubeleya's priests are called *korybantes*. They are male eunuchs (self-castrated, like Attis) who worship the Great Goddess in full armor with rhythmic stomping and the clashing of spear on shield.

VICTORY CHANT (Druid Level 2): The druid, by chanting and stomping, gives his allies a +1 bonus to hit and damage for as long as he keeps it up.

Adrasteia (Nemesis, Invidia, Erinys)

Also called *Implacable, One from whom there is no escape*

Deity of Protection and Righteousness

Wields a long sword and scourge

Served by inevitables (see NOD #3)

Symbolized by a scourge

Aligned with Law

Clerics can cast *Unerring Huntress* (see below)

Adrasteia is the goddess of the cosmic sea, dispenser of justice to the wicked and protector of the righteous. In some myths, she is the nursemaid to the infant Jupiter, who grants him a golden ball containing the universe as a toy. In others, she is Nemesis or Invidia, the goddess from which escape is impossible. She appears to her worshipers as a winged maiden with a face unmarred by pity. She might carry the scales of justice, or simply a sword and scourge. Adrasteia is a patron of magistrates and judges, soldiers and gladiators.

UNERRING HUNTRESS (Cleric Level 3): This spell allows the cleric to follow the path of a wanted criminal or blasphemer unerringly for a number of days equal to her level. During this time, she has no need of sleep and feels no hunger. If she has not captured or killed her quarry by the time the spell ends, she collapses into a deep slumber for a full day and cannot be roused.

Kotys (Cottyto, Cottytus)

Deity of the Moon, Caves, Darkness, Lust, Hunting

Wields a spear

Served by bacchae, demons, satyrs

Symbolized by the full moon

Aligned with Chaos

Clerics can cast *Benighted Revelry* (see below)

Kotys is a lunar goddess of hunting and wild revels. All of her sacred rituals are conducted at night, preferably by the light of the moon. These rites include raucous midnight orgies accompanied by shrill piping, the clashing of brass cymbals and the thunderous roll of drums, and nighttime relay torch-races on horseback.

Kotys appears as a woman wearing a foxskin cap and short chiton, wrapped in a leopard skin and holding a spear in one hand and a torch in the other. She has a hooded mantle on her shoulders fastened with a brooch and high, leather boots.

Kotys' priests are called baptai due to the purification ritual they undergo to join the priesthood. They are not unlike the baccae who worship Dionysus / Bacchus.

BENIGHTED REVELRY (Cleric Level 3): This spell affects all sentient creatures within sight of the cleric who fail a saving throw. For the duration of the spell (1d6 rounds per person) they will act in one of three ways:

1 – The person enters a drunken stupor, falling over themselves and finding it impossible to do anything.

2 – The person becomes a raving lunatic, attacking whomever the cleric desires with their teeth and claws. The lunatic attacks twice per round but suffers a 2 point penalty to their Armor Class.

3 – The person acts like a love-starved satyr, attempting to grapple the nearest creature they find even remotely attractive and, well, what they do if successful depends on what kind of game you run.

Men (Lunus)

Also called *The Lunar Bull*

Deity of the Moon

Wields an axe

Served by nocturnal fey

Symbolized by the crescent moon or an ox skull

Aligned with Neutrality

Druids can rebuke/command lycanthropes as a cleric two levels lower than their druid level

Men is the so-called Lunar Bull, a deity presiding over time and the changing seasons. He appears as a rugged man with crescent horns, like those of a bull, atop his head, and sometimes with the head of a bull in the manner of the minotaur. He wears a Phrygian cap and a belted tunic, and is accompanied by white bulls and white lions.

Sabazios (Karabazmos)

Also called *Great God, the Horseman*

Deity of Health, Vitality, Abundance, the Underworld

Wields a staff or spear

Served by barghests, demons, wraiths

Symbolized by Hand

Aligned with Chaos

Clerics can cast *Ghastly Steed* (see below)

Sabazios appears as a black-skinned rider on a white horse. He wears a himation and is depicted carrying a staff of power or a spear. Sabazios is the conqueror of the Lunar Bull and the Solar Dragon, and represents male vitality.

Games are held in his honor every five years. Sabazios is believed to be the father of Dionysus. Motherlanders associate him with Pluto.

Sabazios rules the Land of the Dead, emerging with a party of cthonic fey and wraiths to conduct hunts on the nights of the new moon. On these nights, villagers stow away their animals and keep indoors, for all night they hear the baying the barghests and the blowing of spectral horns.

Sabazios' is the patron of horsemen and his priests are all skilled at riding and mounted combat. They blacken their armor and conduct ritual sacrifices of white bulls and ritual hunts of great beasts like chimerae and manticores. Sabazios is also a psychopomp, and thus represents the transmigration of the soul after death. This makes him a patron of magic and magic-users. Such scholarly followers honor Sabazios by tattooing their right hands with so many sigils and designs that they are nearly black.

GHASTLY STEED (Cleric Level 2): This spell summons a ghostly white steed with the stats of a warhorse with maximum hit points. The steed is tireless, and serves for a number of hours equal to the cleric's level divided by three. The cleric can exchange one hour of the spell's duration for one minute of etherealness, but only while mounted on the steed.



The Hand of Sabazios

Zalmoxis

Deity of Thunder, Strength, War, Incantation

Wields an axe

Served by berserkers, demons

Symbolized by his axe

Aligned with Chaos

Clerics can cast Thunderstruck (see below)

Zalmoxis appears as a handsome man, unclothed, wielding an axe or lightning bolt. He is a sky father and a deity of masculine power, a god of uncontrollable passions that are often unleashed as violence.

Zalmoxis' most fervent worshipers believe he is the one true god who accepts their souls after death. Because they do not believe they can ever truly die, they fight as berserkers, gaining two attacks per round and suffering a 2 point penalty to their Armor Class. Zalmoxis is also skilled in the arts of incantation and singing, and thus is worshiped by bards.

Zalmoxis' clerics wear no armor and only a small amount of clothing. They cultivate a wild, feral appearance and are permitted to wield axes and chopping blades in battle. Because they do not use armor, their Hit Dice are increased to 1d6+2 and +3 hp/level after 9th level.

THUNDERSTRUCK (Cleric Level 2): This enchantment is placed on the cleric's weapon. The next time it hits in battle, it unleashes a terrific peal of thunder. The victim of the hit must pass a saving throw or be stunned for 1 round. Everyone within 20 feet, including the victim of the hit but excluding the cleric, must pass a saving throw or be deafened for 1d6 minutes.



Phantastes, Part 3

By George MacDonald

This month, NOD™ continues its serialization of George MacDonald's *Phantastes*, an early work of fantastic fiction that inspired the likes of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and Lewis Carroll. Like last month, this edition is annotated with ideas and statistics useful for pen & paper gamers.

JMS

VII

*"Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
A little I me hurt, but yett not slaine;
He but lye downe and bleede awhile,
And then Ile rise and fight againe."
Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton.*

But I could not remain where I was any longer, though the daylight was hateful to me, and the thought of the great, innocent, bold sunrise unendurable. Here there was no well to cool my face, smarting with the bitterness of my own tears. Nor would I have washed in the well of that grotto, had it flowed clear as the rivers of Paradise. I rose, and feebly left the sepulchral cave. I took my way I knew not whither, but still towards the sunrise. The birds were singing; but not for me. All the creatures spoke a language of their own, with which I had nothing to do, and to which I cared not to find the key any more.

I walked listlessly along. What distressed me most--more even than my own folly--was the perplexing question, How can beauty and ugliness dwell so near? Even with her altered complexion and her face of dislike; disenchanted of the belief that clung around her; known for a living, walking sepulchre, faithless, deluding, traitorous; I felt notwithstanding all this, that she was beautiful. Upon this I pondered with undiminished perplexity, though not without some gain. Then I began to make surmises as to the mode of my deliverance; and concluded that some hero, wandering in search of adventure, had heard how the forest was infested; and, knowing it was useless to attack the evil thing in person, had assailed with his battle-axe the body in which he dwelt, and on which he was dependent for his power of mischief in the wood. "Very likely," I thought, "the repentant-knight, who warned me of the evil which has befallen me, was busy retrieving his lost honour, while I was sinking into the same sorrow with himself; and, hearing of the dangerous and

mysterious being, arrived at his tree in time to save me from being dragged to its roots, and buried like carrion, to nourish him for yet deeper insatiableness." I found afterwards that my conjecture was correct. I wondered how he had fared when his blows recalled the Ash himself, and that too I learned afterwards.

I walked on the whole day, with intervals of rest, but without food; for I could not have eaten, had any been offered me; till, in the afternoon, I seemed to approach the outskirts of the forest, and at length arrived at a farm-house. An unspeakable joy arose in my heart at beholding an abode of human beings once more, and I hastened up to the door, and knocked. A kind-looking, matronly woman, still handsome, made her appearance; who, as soon as she saw me, said kindly, "Ah, my poor boy, you have come from the wood! Were you in it last night?"

I should have ill endured, the day before, to be called BOY; but now the motherly kindness of the word went to my heart; and, like a boy indeed, I burst into tears. She soothed me right gently; and, leading me into a room, made me lie down on a settle, while she went to find me some refreshment. She soon returned with food, but I could not eat. She almost compelled me to swallow some wine, when I revived sufficiently to be able to answer some of her questions. I told her the whole story.

"It is just as I feared," she said; "but you are now for the night beyond the reach of any of these dreadful creatures. It is no wonder they could delude a child like you. But I must beg you, when my husband comes in, not to say a word about these things; for he thinks me even half crazy for believing anything of the sort. But I must believe my senses, as he cannot believe beyond his, which give him no intimations of this kind. I think he could spend the whole of Midsummer-eve in the wood and come back with the report that he saw nothing worse than himself. Indeed, good man, he would hardly find anything better than himself, if he had seven more senses given him."

"But tell me how it is that she could be so beautiful without any heart at all -- without any place even for a heart to live in."

"I cannot quite tell," she said; "but I am sure she would not look so beautiful if she did not take means to make herself look more beautiful than she is. And then, you know, you

began by being in love with her before you saw her beauty, mistaking her for the lady of the marble – another kind altogether, I should think. But the chief thing that makes her beautiful is this: that, although she loves no man, she loves the love of any man; and when she finds one in her power, her desire to bewitch him and gain his love (not for the sake of his love either, but that she may be conscious anew of her own beauty, through the admiration he manifests), makes her very lovely – with a self-destructive beauty, though; for it is that which is constantly wearing her away within, till, at last, the decay will reach her face, and her whole front, when all the lovely mask of nothing will fall to pieces, and she be vanished for ever. So a wise man, whom she met in the wood some years ago, and who, I think, for all his wisdom, fared no better than you, told me, when, like you, he spent the next night here, and recounted to me his adventures."

I thanked her very warmly for her solution, though it was but partial; wondering much that in her, as in woman I met on my first entering the forest, there should be such superiority to her apparent condition. Here she left me to take some rest; though, indeed, I was too much agitated to rest in any other way than by simply ceasing to move.

In half an hour, I heard a heavy step approach and enter the house. A jolly voice, whose slight huskiness appeared to proceed from overmuch laughter, called out "Betsy, the pigs' trough is quite empty, and that is a pity. Let them swill, lass! They're of no use but to get fat. Ha! ha! ha! Gluttony is not forbidden in their commandments. Ha! ha! ha!" The very voice, kind and jovial, seemed to disrobe the room of the strange look which all new places wear – to disenchant it out of the realm of the ideal into that of the actual. It began to look as if I had known every corner of it for twenty years; and when, soon after, the dame came and fetched me to partake of their early supper, the grasp of his great hand, and the harvest-moon of his benevolent face, which was needed to light up the rotundity of the globe beneath it, produced such a reaction in me, that, for a moment, I could hardly believe that there was a Fairy Land; and that all I had passed through since I left home, had not been the wandering dream of a diseased imagination, operating on a too mobile frame, not merely causing me indeed to travel, but peopling for me with vague phantoms the regions through which my actual steps had led me. But

the next moment my eye fell upon a little girl who was sitting in the chimney-corner, with a little book open on her knee, from which she had apparently just looked up to fix great inquiring eyes upon me. I believed in Fairy Land again. She went on with her reading, as soon as she saw that I observed her looking at me. I went near, and peeping over her shoulder, saw that she was reading "The History of Graciosa and Percinet."

"Very improving book, sir," remarked the old farmer, with a good-humoured laugh. "We are in the very hottest corner of Fairy Land here. Ha! ha! Stormy night, last night, sir."

"Was it, indeed?" I rejoined. "It was not so with me. A lovelier night I never saw." "Indeed! Where were you last night?"

"I spent it in the forest. I had lost my way."

"Ah! then, perhaps, you will be able to convince my good woman, that there is nothing very remarkable about the forest; for, to tell the truth, it bears but a bad name in these parts. I dare say you saw nothing worse than yourself there?"

"I hope I did," was my inward reply; but, for an audible one, I contented myself with saying, "Why, I certainly did see some appearances I could hardly account for; but that is nothing to be wondered at in an unknown wild forest, and with the uncertain light of the moon alone to go by."

"Very true! you speak like a sensible man, sir. We have but few sensible folks round about us. Now, you would hardly credit it, but my wife believes every fairy-tale that ever was written. I cannot account for it. She is a most sensible woman in everything else."

"But should not that make you treat her belief with something of respect, though you cannot share in it yourself?"

"Yes, that is all very well in theory; but when you come to live every day in the midst of absurdity, it is far less easy to behave respectfully to it. Why, my wife actually believes the story of the 'White Cat.' You know it, I dare say."

"I read all these tales when a child, and know that one especially well."

What is Fairyland?

From reading *Phantastes*, Fairyland appears to be a demi-plane, intersecting the real world in many places. Thus, in this chapter, our hero visits a cottage on the border of Fairyland, and two people, both women, who interact with the place in a way the men do not. I would imagine that dozens of places located near woodlands border on Fairyland, and that one can visit these places by moving through Fairyland, but must eventually return to Fairyland to complete their journey and return home.

"But, father," interposed the little girl in the chimney-corner, "you know quite well that mother is descended from that very princess who was changed by the wicked fairy into a white cat. Mother has told me so a many times, and you ought to believe everything she says."

"I can easily believe that," rejoined the farmer, with another fit of laughter; "for, the other night, a mouse came gnawing and scratching beneath the floor, and would not let us go to sleep. Your mother sprang out of bed, and going as near it as she could, mewed so infernally like a great cat, that the noise ceased instantly. I believe the poor mouse died of the fright, for we have never heard it again. Ha! ha! ha!"

The son, an ill-looking youth, who had entered during the conversation, joined in his father's laugh; but his laugh was very different from the old man's: it was polluted with a sneer. I watched him, and saw that, as soon as it was over, he looked scared, as if he dreaded some evil consequences to follow his presumption. The woman stood near, waiting till we should seat ourselves at the table, and listening to it all with an amused air, which had something in it of the look with which one listens to the sententious remarks of a pompous child. We sat down to supper, and I ate heartily. My bygone distresses began already to look far off.

"In what direction are you going?" asked the old man.

"Eastward," I replied; nor could I have given a more definite answer. "Does the forest extend much further in that direction?"

"Oh! for miles and miles; I do not know how far. For although I have lived on the borders of it all my life, I have been too busy to make journeys of discovery into it. Nor do I see what I could discover. It is only trees and trees, till one is sick of them. By the way, if you follow the eastward track from here, you will pass close to what the children say is the very house of the ogre that Hop-o'-my-Thumb visited, and ate his little daughters with the crowns of gold."

"Oh, father! ate his little daughters! No; he only changed their gold crowns for nightcaps; and the great long-toothed ogre killed them in mistake; but I do not think even he ate them, for you know they were his own little ogresses."

"Well, well, child; you know all about it a great deal better than I do. However, the house has, of course, in such a foolish neighbourhood as this, a bad enough name; and I must confess there is a woman living in it, with teeth long enough, and white enough too, for the lineal descendant of the greatest ogre that ever was made. I think you had better not go near her."

In such talk as this the night wore on. When supper was finished, which lasted some time, my hostess conducted me to my chamber.

"If you had not had enough of it already," she said, "I would have put you in another room, which looks towards the forest; and where you would most likely have seen something more of its inhabitants. For they frequently pass the window, and even enter the room sometimes. Strange creatures spend whole nights in it, at certain seasons of the year. I am used to it, and do not mind it. No more does my little girl, who sleeps in it always. But this room looks southward towards the open country, and they never show themselves here; at least I never saw any."

I was somewhat sorry not to gather any experience that I might have, of the inhabitants of Fairy Land; but the effect of the farmer's company, and of my own later adventures, was such, that I chose rather an undisturbed night in my more human quarters; which, with their clean white curtains and white linen, were very inviting to my weariness.

In the morning I awoke refreshed, after a profound and dreamless sleep. The sun was high, when I looked out of the window, shining over a wide, undulating, cultivated country. Various garden-vegetables were growing beneath my window. Everything was radiant with clear sunlight. The dew-drops were sparkling their busiest; the cows in a near-by field were eating as if they had not been at it all day yesterday; the maids were singing at their work as they passed to and fro between the out-houses: I did not believe in Fairy Land. I went down, and found the family already at breakfast. But before I entered the room where they sat, the little girl came to me, and looked up in my face, as though she wanted to say something to me. I stooped towards her; she put her arms round my neck, and her mouth to my ear, and whispered –

"A white lady has been flitting about the house all night."

"No whispering behind doors!" cried the farmer; and we entered together. "Well, how have you slept? No bogies, eh?"

"Not one, thank you; I slept uncommonly well."

"I am glad to hear it. Come and breakfast."

After breakfast, the farmer and his son went out; and I was left alone with the mother and daughter.

"When I looked out of the window this morning," I said, "I felt almost certain that Fairy Land was all a delusion of my brain; but whenever I come near you or your little daughter, I feel differently. Yet I could persuade myself, after my last adventures, to go back, and have nothing more to do with such strange beings."

"How will you go back?" said the woman.

"Nay, that I do not know."

"Because I have heard, that, for those who enter Fairy Land, there is no way of going back. They must go on, and go through it. How, I do not in the least know."

"That is quite the impression on my own mind. Something compels me to go on, as if my only path was onward, but I feel less inclined this morning to continue my adventures."

"Will you come and see my little child's room? She sleeps in the one I told you of, looking towards the forest."

"Willingly," I said.

So we went together, the little girl running before to open the door for us. It was a large room, full of old-fashioned furniture, that seemed to have once belonged to some great house.

The window was built with a low arch, and filled with lozenge-shaped panes. The wall was very thick, and built of solid stone. I could see that part of the house had been erected against the remains of some old castle or abbey, or other great building; the fallen stones of which had probably served to complete it. But as soon as I looked out of the window, a gush of wonderment and longing flowed over my soul like the tide of a great sea. Fairy Land lay before me, and drew me towards it with an irresistible attraction. The trees bathed their great heads in the waves of the morning, while their roots were planted deep in gloom; save where on the borders the sunshine broke against their stems, or swept in long streams through their avenues, washing with brighter hue all the leaves over which it flowed; revealing the rich brown of the decayed leaves and fallen pine-cones, and the delicate greens of the long grasses and tiny forests of moss that covered the channel over which it passed in motionless rivers of light. I turned hurriedly to bid my hostess farewell without further delay. She smiled at my haste, but with an anxious look.

"You had better not go near the house of the ogre, I think. My son will show you into another path, which will join the first beyond it."

Not wishing to be headstrong or too confident any more, I agreed; and having taken leave of my kind entertainers, went into the wood, accompanied by the youth. He scarcely spoke as we went along; but he led me through the trees till we

struck upon a path. He told me to follow it, and, with a muttered "good morning" left me.

VIII

"I am a part of the part, which at first was the whole."
GOETHE. – *Mephistopheles in Faust.*

My spirits rose as I went deeper; into the forest; but I could not regain my former elasticity of mind. I found cheerfulness to be like life itself--not to be created by any argument.

Afterwards I learned, that the best way to manage some kinds of pain fill thoughts, is to dare them to do their worst; to let

them lie and gnaw at your heart till they are tired; and you find you still have a residue of life they cannot kill. So, better and worse, I went on, till I came to a little clearing in the forest. In the middle of this clearing stood a long, low hut, built with one end against a single tall cypress, which rose like a spire to the building. A vague misgiving crossed my mind when I saw it; but I must needs go closer, and look through a little half-open door, near the opposite end from the cypress. Window I saw none. On peeping in, and looking towards the further end, I saw a lamp burning, with a dim, reddish flame, and the head of a woman, bent downwards, as if reading by its light. I could see nothing more for a few moments. At length, as my eyes got used to the dimness of the place, I saw that the part of the rude building near me was used for household purposes; for several rough utensils lay here and there, and a bed stood in the corner.

An irresistible attraction caused me to enter. The woman never raised her

face, the upper part of which alone I could see distinctly; but, as soon as I stepped within the threshold, she began to read aloud, in a low and not altogether unpleasing voice, from an ancient little volume which she held open with one hand on the table upon which stood the lamp. What she read was something like this:

"So, then, as darkness had no beginning, neither will it ever have an end. So, then, is it eternal. The negation of aught else, is its affirmation. Where the light cannot come, there abideth the darkness. The light doth but hollow a mine out of the infinite extension of the darkness. And ever upon the steps of the light treadeth the darkness; yea, springeth in fountains and wells amidst it, from the secret channels of its mighty sea.

Shadows

In this chapter, Anodos is united with his shadow. Clearly, the shadow here is meant to represent something akin to a soul or spirit – it exists on another plane glimpsed through the strange door in the ogre's house and quickly attaches itself to its double. One imagines that Barrie might have had this scene in mind when Peter Pan was after his own shadow. The ultimate value or danger of the shadow is revealed later in the story.

Truly, man is but a passing flame, moving unquietly amid the surrounding rest of night; without which he yet could not be, and whereof he is in part compounded."

As I drew nearer, and she read on, she moved a little to turn a leaf of the dark old volume, and I saw that her face was sallow and slightly forbidding. Her forehead was high, and her black eyes repressedly quiet. But she took no notice of me. This end of the cottage, if cottage it could be called, was destitute of furniture, except the table with the lamp, and the chair on which the woman sat. In one corner was a door, apparently of a cupboard in the wall, but which might lead to a room beyond. Still the irresistible desire which had made me enter the building urged me: I must open that door, and see what was beyond it. I approached, and laid my hand on the rude latch. Then the woman spoke, but without lifting her head or looking at me: "You had better not open that door." This was uttered quite quietly; and she went on with her reading, partly in silence, partly aloud; but both modes seemed equally intended for herself alone. The prohibition, however, only increased my desire to see; and as she took no further notice, I gently opened the door to its full width, and looked in. At first, I saw nothing worthy of attention. It seemed a common closet, with shelves on each hand, on which stood various little necessities for the humble uses of a cottage. In one corner stood one or two brooms, in another a hatchet and other common tools; showing that it was in use every hour of the day for household purposes. But, as I looked, I saw that there were no shelves at the back, and that an empty space went in further; its termination appearing to be a faintly glimmering wall or curtain, somewhat less, however, than the width and height of the doorway where I stood. But, as I continued looking, for a few seconds, towards this faintly luminous limit, my eyes came into true relation with their object. All at once, with such a shiver as when one is suddenly conscious of the presence of another in a room where he has, for hours, considered himself alone, I saw that the seemingly luminous extremity was a sky, as of night, beheld through the long perspective of a narrow, dark passage, through what, or built of what, I could not tell. As I gazed, I clearly discerned two or three stars glimmering faintly in the distant blue. But, suddenly, and as if it had been running fast from a far distance for this very point, and had turned the corner without abating its swiftness, a dark figure sped into and along the passage from the blue opening at the remote end. I started back and shuddered, but kept looking, for I could not help it. On and on it came, with a speedy approach but delayed arrival; till, at last, through the many gradations of approach, it seemed to come within the sphere of myself, rushed up to me, and passed me into the cottage. All I could tell of its appearance was, that it seemed to be a dark human figure. Its motion was entirely noiseless, and might be called a gliding, were it not that it appeared that of a runner, but with ghostly feet. I had moved back yet a little to let him pass me, and looked round after him instantly. I could not see him.

"Where is he?" I said, in some alarm, to the woman, who still sat reading.

"There, on the floor, behind you," she said, pointing with her arm half-outstretched, but not lifting her eyes. I turned and looked, but saw nothing. Then with a feeling that there was yet something behind me, I looked round over my shoulder; and there, on the ground, lay a black shadow, the size of a man. It was so dark, that I could see it in the dim light of the lamp, which shone full upon it, apparently without thinning at all the intensity of its hue.

"I told you," said the woman, "you had better not look into that closet."

"What is it?" I said, with a growing sense of horror.

"It is only your shadow that has found you," she replied. "Everybody's shadow is ranging up and down looking for him. I believe you call it by a different name in your world: yours has found you, as every person's is almost certain to do who looks into that closet, especially after meeting one in the forest, whom I dare say you have met."

Here, for the first time, she lifted her head, and looked full at me: her mouth was full of long, white, shining teeth; and I knew that I was in the house of the ogre. I could not speak, but turned and left the house, with the shadow at my heels. "A nice sort of valet to have," I said to myself bitterly, as I stepped into the sunshine, and, looking over my shoulder, saw that it lay yet blacker in the full blaze of the sunlight. Indeed, only when I stood between it and the sun, was the blackness at all diminished. I was so bewildered – stunned – both by the event itself and its suddenness, that I could not at all realise to myself what it would be to have such a constant and strange attendance; but with a dim conviction that my present dislike would soon grow to loathing, I took my dreary way through the wood.

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