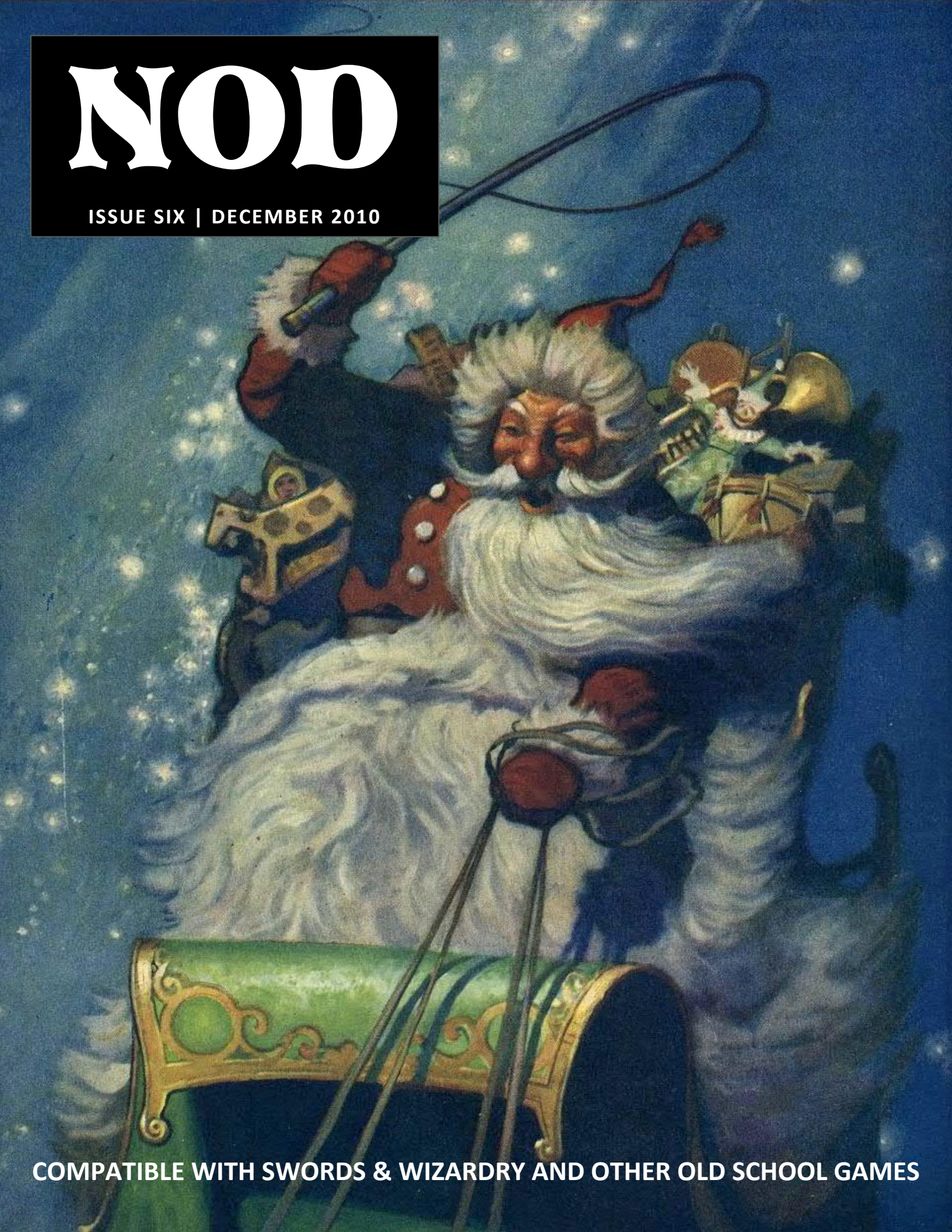


NOD

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COMPATIBLE WITH SWORDS & WIZARDRY AND OTHER OLD SCHOOL GAMES

Written and edited by John M. Stater

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Santa Claus, 1921

by N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)

Just like old Saint Nick, NOD is coming to you this month packed with goodies for your favorite RPG. On a personal note, I'd like to thank each and every person who has downloaded or (especially) purchased an issue of NOD™ this year or PARS FORTUNA™. I had a great time living my dream of being a semi-professional writer in 2010, and hope that next year I'll continue to produce things you find fun and useful. HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Holiday Magic

By John M. Stater

Most people can feel the magic in the air when the holidays of December roll around – good times with family and friends, the exchange of gifts, perhaps even a more charitable attitude towards others. For folks in fantasy worlds, however, magic takes on a more tangible form.

Bag of Goodies

The bag of goodies works in much the same manner as a bag of tricks, save instead of producing small animals (other than kittens and puppies), it produces small, simple toys. The prospective recipient of a gift must reach into the bag while making a wish, pulling out either a small toy made of wood or tin or, if they are chaotic or evil, a lump of coal. Wishes for swords will produce wooden swords, which can be used as clubs in combat. The bag operates once per year per person.



Chimney Charm (Spell, MU Level 2)

By touching one's finger to one's nose (but not placing it inside – different charm), they ascend through any chimney-like tube or hole, regardless of size and unharmed no matter what other material (smoke, water, acid) might be coursing through said concourse.



Dreidel of Fortune

This clay top can only be made by a lawful cleric of at least 3rd level. The dreidel is inscribed with the glyphs that mean “Nothing”, “Half”, “All” and “Put In”. When a gold piece is offered (it disappears when the top is spun) and the top is spun while chanting a charming ditty, the dreidel has the following effects (roll 1d4):

1. Nothing – Nothing happens to the spinner
2. Half – All spells and powers used by the spinner work at 50% efficacy for the next 24 hours
3. All – All spells and powers used by the spinner work at double efficacy for the next 24 hours
4. Put In – The spinner loses 1d6 x 100 XP to the top



Everburning Lamp Oil

This holy oil (blessed in the same manner as holy water is blessed) will, when placed in a lamp and lit by a lawful cleric, burn for 8 days before running out.



Helm of Mistletoe

This silvery helm has a representation of a sprig of mistletoe in gold attached to it. The helm grants its wearer a +1 bonus to AC. During the winter months, once per day, he can cause the golden mistletoe to become a real sprig of mistletoe. The sprig will then float above the person's head. Any creature that walks beneath the mistletoe must pass a saving throw or be forced to accept a kiss from the wearer of the helm. The kiss has the effect of a Charm Monster spell. If the saving throw is made and the kiss successfully refused, the wearer of the helm suffers the loss of 1d4 points of Charisma for the next 24 hours.



Magic Feed Corn

This feed corn, when given to animals, gives them the permanent ability to fly at a movement rate of 25 with excellent maneuverability.



Magic Snow Ball (Spell, MU Level 6)

By making a large snowball, the magic-user can turn it into a lesser crystal ball for 1 turn before it melts away. The magic snow ball also casts Know Alignment on any subject it is used to scry upon.



Pudding, Plum

A plum pudding is a large, viscous ooze with a deep purple color and a sharp, alcoholic scent. Standing

within 10 feet of a plum pudding forces one to pass a saving throw or become slightly intoxicated from the fumes, suffering a -1 penalty to all d20 rolls. This saving throw must be made each round one remains within the halo of fumes, with the penalty being cumulative. Once a person is at a -6 penalty, they pass out drunk (and likely come to a sticky end if nobody remains to carry them to safety). Plum puddings are not only immune to fire, they actually burst into flames when touched with fire, gaining a bonus of 1d6 to all damage caused by their pseudopod attacks. Like black puddings, plum puddings divide when struck by lightning, forming two identical puddings with half the original's hit dice and hit points.

| *Plum Pudding*: HD 8; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 pseudopod (3d6); Move 6; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Intoxication, immune to fire, flammable, divides when struck by lightning.



Wand of Winter Wonder

This wand appears as a small bough from an evergreen tree, its needles replaced by green, copper needles. When wielded by a druid or magic-user, the wand usually produces a cone of cold for 3d6 points of damage. There is, however, a 5% chance that the wand wielder is instead buried underneath a large pile of snow that appears above his head. The snow causes 1d6 points of damage and knocks the wand user prone. It will take them 3 rounds to unbury themselves if they have a strength penalty, 2 rounds without a strength penalty and 1 round with a strength bonus.



Yule Log

Yule logs are taken from large trees that have been struck by lightning. The typical Yule log weighs at least 20 pounds, but may be significantly larger. When placed in a hearth and lit, it creates a Protection from Evil effect in a radius of feet equal to the number of pounds it weighs – i.e. 20 feet for a 20 lb log, 100 feet for a 100 lb log.



Saint Nick (Demigod)

Saint Nick is the fey demigod of just desserts. He appears as a jolly gnome, dwarf or human (as he

chooses) with white hair, a long white mustache and beard, a large, red nose and twinkling eyes, dressed in red robes and wearing a pointed red cap. Saint Nick carries a large, green bag from which he can pull any desire of a good creature who petitions him with a sacrifice of milk and cookies (per limited wish), but for wicked creatures he instead pulls out a large whipping stick and beats them to within an inch of their life (i.e. 1 hit point). Saint Nick is as strong as a frost giant and as nimble as a sprite. He can use the following spells at will: Animal Summoning (8 reindeer), Charm Monster, Chimney Charm, Detect Evil, ESP, Know Alignment, Magic Snow Ball and Uncontrollable Laughter.

Saint Nick's clerics dress like their patron, with red robes over their armor and a whipping stick at the ready. They can learn the spells Chimney Charm and Magic Snow Ball when they learn to cast cleric spells of the equivalent level. Saint Nick's clerics must pass on 50% of all treasure they collect to the poor and needy. At 9th level, they build fortified orphanages and hospices, conducting waifs and the sick from cities via caravan to their palaces of generosity.



Gods of the Motherlands

By John M. Stater

The Motherlands pantheon is based on a mash-up if you will of Greek and Roman myth with the medieval Church. It is worshipped throughout the Motherlands, from Nomo to Tremayne to Lyonesse, with a few regional and foreign gods mixed in here and there. The city-state of Ishkabibel was dedicated to Venus, but has since fallen to the Tiamat-worshipping nomads of the Crimson Waste.

Jove is, naturally, the head of the pantheon, though he is not the most popular of the Motherlander deities.

Art comes from the Nuremberg Chronicle.

Apollo Helios

Also called Apollon, Apulu, Belenus

Deity of light, music, archery and herdsman

Wields a bow

Patron deity of Antigoon

Served by elohim and nymphs

Symbols are the lyre, crook, sunburst or cross

Aligned with Law

Clerics can cast Fireball as a level 5 spell, dealing damage as though 3 levels lower

Apollo Helios is the god of the sun, archery, medicine, healing, light, truth, oracle, colonists, patron defender of herds and flocks, music and poetry, homosexuality, harmony, order, reason and plague. He helps ripen crops, destroys pests, cures illnesses, and protects shepherds and their flocks. Apollo is not entirely beneficent. He carries a bow with terrible arrows that visit plague and disease upon the targets at which he fires.

In his true form, Apollo Helios is a beardless young man of divine beauty who radiates warmth and light. Apollo Helios always carries a lyre or longbow; in fact, the object he carries can take either form as the god desires.

Apollo Helios is the son of Jove and Latona, half-brother of Mars, Minerva and Hercules and twin brother of Diana. His most prominent son is Asclepius.

Holy Day: Midsummer's Day (May 15)

People build huge bonfires and walk themselves and their livestock between them to protect them from the diseases of warm weather. Masked mummers frolic and folk stay up all night making merry.



Atlas Telamon

Deity of strength, perseverance, exploration

Wields a club

Patron deity of Glorianas-town

Served by devas, giants

Symbolized by a globe or compass

Aligned with Law

Clerics can use the magic-user spell Enlarge

Atlas is worshiped not only as a deity of strength and endurance, but also as a god of exploration and cartography. He is the strongest of the titans who separates the heavens from the earth. Atlas appears as a giant of man holding the tools of exploration: compass, sextant, spyglass and globe.

Atlas is the son of Japetus and Clymenem, the daughter of the titan Oceanus. His brothers are Prometheus, Menoetius and Epimetheus. His own children are mostly daughters, and include the Hesperides by Hesperis, the Hyades and Pleiades by Aithra, and Calypso, Dione and Maera by unspecified goddesses.

Atlas' temples are supported by merchant societies and in turn fund cartographers and explorers. Temples of Atlas are decorated with images of exotic lands, animals and people. The classic cleric of Atlas will wear three-quarters plate and be found at the head of a column of explorers plunging into unknown lands.

Ceres Dea Frugu

Also called Demeter

Deity of grain, agriculture and fertility

Wields a staff

Patron deity of Lyonesse

Served by fey creatures, earth elementals and erinyes

Symbolized by a poppy, sow or mare

Aligned with Neutrality

Sacred animals are the bear, crow and horse

Druids can cast the spell Respite from Death

Ceres is the queen of the fruitful earth, goddess of agriculture, and patron of motherly love. Without her blessing, no crops may grow on the earth. Ceres will not hesitate to use this fact to blackmail men and other gods if the need exists. Ceres also has control over the weather. A sow is sacrificed to her when a death occurs in a family. Ceres is a usually a benevolent goddess. If her worshipers ignore their duties, however, she does not hesitate to destroy their crops and send famine upon them.

In her true form, Ceres is a beautiful woman, but she can change her own shape and that of others at will. She carries the cornucopia, or horn of plenty, and a scepter.

Ceres is the daughter of Saturn and Rhea and sister of Jove, Juno, Vesta, Neptunus and Plutus. She is the mother of Persephone by Jove. When pursued by Neptunus, she took the form of a mare to escape him. She could not hide her divinity, though, and Neptunus took the form of a stallion and coupled with her, producing a daughter called "the Damsel", who leads the avenging erinyes, and a black-maned, divinely swift, speaking horse called Arion.

Holy Day: Lammastide (August 1)

Celebration of first fruits, when loaves are baked from the first harvested grain and shared with friends and family.

Respite from Death (Druid Level 4)

A recently killed comrade's soul is released from the Land of the Dead as a shade for a limited time. If the person's body has not been destroyed, it can re-animate it as a zombie with the mentality of the deceased (with one half of the deceased memorized spells, determined randomly, and all special class abilities except saving throws and attack bonuses, which are per a zombie's statistics). The shade can persist in the re-animated body for 24 hours only. If the body cannot be inhabited, the shade uses the statistics of a shadow, but can only remain for 1 hour. In either case, the soul cannot subsequently be raised, resurrected or reincarnated for a period of 9 months.



Diana Prima Dea

Also called Artemis, Brigantia, Nicevenn

Deity of maidens, the moon and hunting

Wields a bow

Patron deity of Tremayne

Served by dryads, nymphs and giant animals

Symbolized by a boar or the moon

Aligned with Neutrality

Sacred animals are the eagle, boar and wolf

Druids may cast the spell Coursing Hound

The huntress Diana is the patroness of young girls and the mistress of beasts and all wild things. Because she will have nothing to do with men, she is a favorite goddess of the Amazons. Except for helping women during childbirth, she avoids involving herself in mortal concerns and matters. She values her privacy, and will severely punish any man violating it. Merchants, always on the hunt for profits, also pray to her to give them persistence.

In her true form, she appears as a slim young girl wearing buckskins and carrying a longbow. She is sometimes mounted upon a stag. Oak groves are sacred to her. Diana is the daughter of Jove and Latona and the twin sister of Apollo Helios. She is associated with the water nymph Egeria and the woodland god Virbius.

Diana's high priest is the *rex Nemorensis*, or "King of Groves", stationed near a sacred lake near Tremayne. The *rex Nemorensis* attains the position through a trial by combat, killing the reigning king of the grove. Combat may only be initiated, though, if the challenging druid is able to pluck a golden bough from one of the trees in the sacred grove.

Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

Holy Day: Whitsuntide (May 15)

On this day Whitsun Ales (fairs) and horse races are held, mummers dress as wild forest men, and hunting is forbidden.

Coursing Hound (Druid Level 2)

The druid conjures a ghostly hound that can track on a roll of 1-5 on 1d6 (-1 chance for each day since the tracks were made, additional -1 chance if the tracks have been obscured by snow, hard stone or running water). The hound exists for 24 hours and cannot attack or be attacked.

Hecate

Also called Hekat, Trivia

Deity of ghosts, witchcraft and curses

Wields a dagger

Served by demons and the fey

Symbolized by a torch and key

Aligned with Chaos

Sacred animals are the wolf, serpent and horse

Priests can cast the spell Entrancing Dance

Hecate is the enigmatic and dark virgin goddess of the undead and witchcraft. She is also associated with childbirth and rearing, doorways, walls, crossroads, torches and dogs. Most city-states, towns and villages honor her with, at the very least, a shrine and a lichfield. She is also associated with the concoction of medicines and poisons, thus making her a patron of alchemists, apothecaries and assassins. Hecate is served by chaotic clerics and druids.

Hecate is depicted as a three-headed goddess, either with the heads of three maidens or with the heads of a dog, serpent and horse. She is the daughter of the titans Terra and Uranus, the Earth and Sky.

The most common offering to Hecate is meat left at a crossroads. Dogs are sometimes sacrificed to her. A more intense ritual requires one to bathe in a stream of flowing water at midnight, don dark robes, dig a pit and then offer a libation of honey and blood from the throat of a sheep. The libation is placed on a pyre next to the pit by the petitioner, who then leaves the site, never looking back.

Holy Day: Hallowtide (Nov 1)

The boundaries between the Mortal World and the Ethereal Plane are thinnest on this day. People light bonfires, stay up all night, drink beer and enjoy the end of the harvest season.

Entrancing Dance (Cleric/Druid Level 3)

As the priest dances, all those present (except the priest's allies, unless the priest chooses to affect them as well) must save or become entranced. A new save must be made each round the priest dances without interruption (i.e. takes damage), and a dancing priest loses any dexterity bonus to Armor Class. Entranced creatures take on a bestial aspect and begin attacking one another savagely (+2 to hit and damage) until no rivals survive or the dance stops.

Hercules

Also called Heracles

Deity of adventure, heroism and rebirth

Wields a club

Patron deity of Guelph

Served by elohim and cherubim

Symbolized by a lion

Aligned with Law

Clerics can cast the magic-user spell Strength

Hercules is strength personified. While still an infant, he strangled two huge snakes with his bare hands. Hercules is a fearless adventurer whose many escapades are the stuff of legend. A robust, cheerful man, he has an appetite for food and women that almost equal that of his father.

Hercules appears as a stout man with a long beard, usually wearing a lion's skin or leather armor, brandishing a large, wooden club. Hercules is the son of Jove by the mortal woman Alcmena. Being born by Jove from an extra-marital tryst has earned Hercules the enmity of Juno, protector of marriage and sister-wife of Jove.

Hercules is best known for his Twelve Labors, quests he completes to atone for killing his own children when he was driven insane by Juno. The labors included killing a giant lion, hydra, giant deer, giant boar, cleaning stables, killing the Stymphalian birds (giant cranes with metal beaks), capturing a giant bull, rounding up carnivorous horses, stealing the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the amazons, herding the cattle of Geryon, fetching the Apples of Hesperides and capturing Cerberus, guard dog of Hades.

Holy Day: The Grande Tourney (July 22 - August 7)

During the Hercules' tournament, people compete at various athletic and musical contests. Brass tripods are awarded to the victors.

Jove

Also called Father Sky, Jupiter, Zeus

Deity of the upper atmosphere and royalty

Wields a lightning bolt

Patron deity of Nomo

Served by angels and air elementals

Symbolized by a lightning bolt

Aligned with Law

Clerics can cast Lightning Bolt as a level 5 spell, dealing damage as though 2 levels lower

Jove is the king of the gods, though his command over them is far from absolute and his decisions are often challenged. Jove is the god of the sky, the ruler of all high things, including the clouds, rain, wind, thunder, and mountain summits. He is the protector of laws, friend of the weak, and dispenser of justice. Jove is also worshiped as Father Oak, or the Green Man, the masculine force of procreation.

Although Jove can take any form he wishes, he often assumes the form of a powerful, bearded man with regal bearing when he visits the mortal world. His true form is that of a ball of fiery light so intense that no mortal can look upon him without bursting into flames.

Jove is the husband of Juno, queen of the gods. He is the father of Minerva, Apollo Helios and Hercules. His brothers are Neptunus, ruler of the oceans, and Plutus, ruler of the Underworld. Jove's father was Saturn, king of the titans.

Holy Day: Gulestide (December 22-28)

Gulestide is not only a time of feasting and merriment, but also a time when the world is turned upside down; masters and slaves, teachers and students and nobles and peasants switch places for a time, with the proceedings led by an elected Lord of Misrule.



Juno Regina

Also called Hera, Saturnia

Deity of women, marriage and cattle

Wields a spear

Patron deity of Nomo

Served by angels and erinyes

Symbolized by the cow, peacock or pomegranate

Aligned with Law

Clerics can, at 5th level, summon an erinyes once per month to punish an oath breaker

Juno is the goddess who protects women and the sanctity of marriage. She is known for her vengeful nature, especially toward the paramours of her husband Jove. She is the queen of the gods, often depicted enthroned and wearing a diadem and veil. Poets usually describe her as cow-eyed, indicating large, beautiful eyes.

Offerings to Juno take the form of pomegranates and poppy seeds, or ivory ornaments in the shape of pomegranates and poppy seeds.

Juno is the wife and elder sister of Jove and the daughter of Rhea and Saturnus. Her children by Jove are Mars, Juventas, Discordia and Ilithyia, goddess of childbirth. She reputedly created Vulcan without the aid of her husband in response to his creation of Minerva.

Holy Day: Matronalia (June 1)

On this day, women perform rites in the temple of Juno. They are permitted to wear their hair down and not permitted to wear belts or any knots in their clothing. Husbands are expected to pray for their wives and children give presents to their mothers.

Mars

Also called Ares, Camulus

Deity of war

Wields a spear

Patron deity of Azsor

Served by demons

Symbolized by a spear & shield

Aligned with Chaos

Clerics may use swords, but must clean them of blood and anoint them with oils worth 10 gp after each use

Mars is the god of blood lust and slaughter. He is fond of strife, anger, and unrestrained blood-letting. As such, he is not a very popular god and is only worshiped by a large

numbers of people in the city-states of Guelph and Nomo. Vultures and dogs are sacred to him.

Mars usually appears as a large man with burning, hateful eyes and a permanent scowl etched across his mouth. He wears ornate platemail armor and carries a flaming sword.

Mars is the son of Jove and Juno, the husband of Bellona and the lover of Venus. He is attended by Deimos (terror) and Phobos (fear) in battle, his sons by Venus, and by Adrestia, his daughter by his sister Discordia. Other members of his retinue are Nike, the deathless spirit of victory, Kydoimos, demon of the din of battle, the Makhai (battles), the Hysminai (man-slaughters) and Alala, personification of the war cry. His other children by Venus are Cupid and Harmonia.

Holy Day: Armilustrum (November 12)

On this day weapons of the army are purified and stored for the winter. The army is assembled and reviewed and garlanded with flowers. Trumpets blare and citizens gathered with their arms and armor take part in a procession with torches and sacrificial animals. Young noblemen dressed as ancient warriors with red capes take part in ritual dances.



Mercurius

Also called Hermes, Lugus, Psychopompos

Deity of trade, gambling, thieves

Wields a club

Patron deity of Blackpoort

Served by elohim

Symbolized by a caduceus, tortoise or winged sandals

Aligned with Law

Clerics can cast the magic-user spell Haste

Mercurius is the god of travelers, merchants, thieves, gamblers, athletes and eloquent speech. He also serves the gods as a messenger and an arbitrator of disputes. As a god of travelers and a slayer of giants, some rangers choose him as their patron.

Mercurius is depicted as a handsome, athletic youth wearing a broad-brimmed traveler's hat and carrying a white caduceus.

Mercurius is the son of Jove and Maia, a daughter of Atlas. His children include Faunus, the god of satyrs, Hermaphroditus, a man merged with the nymph Salmacis, Fortuna, goddess of fortune, and Autolycus, prince of thieves and grandfather of Ulysses.

Holy Day: Shrovetide (April 1)

Merchants sprinkle their heads, ships, wagons and merchandise with holy water. Shrovetide is a day of raucous celebrations with a carnival atmosphere.

Minerva

Also called Athena

Deity of wisdom, crafts, strategy and war

Wields a long sword

Patron deity of Gwenth

Served by angels

Symbolized by an owl

Aligned with Law

Clerics can cast the magic-user spell Shield

Minerva is Jove's favorite daughter and the virgin goddess of strategy, architecture, sculpture, spinning, weaving, horses, ox olives, prudence, and wise counsel. Though she is a warrior goddess, she is no less skilled in the arts of peace, inventing the potter's wheel, teaching men to tame horses and helping them to build great ships. Minerva is also a patron of chivalry and knighthood.

Minerva is depicted as a statuesque woman of great beauty attended by an owl. She wears the Aegis, a breastplate of goatskin with serpent fringes, a shield that bears a gorgon face, and a helm decorated with a winged lion.

Minerva was created by Jove without a mother, and as a virgin has no offspring of her own. She is often accompanied by Nike, the goddess of victory. She has aided many heroes, including Ulysses, Jason and Hercules.

Holy Day: Candlemas (February 1)

The highlights of the day are candle-lit processions and rites of purification. It is especially an artisan's holiday. Women consult fortune tellers on this day, plays are exhibited and contests for orators and poets are held.



Mithras

Also called Michael

Deity of valor, honor, chivalry and soldiers

Wields a lance

Served by angels

Symbolized by a bull or cross

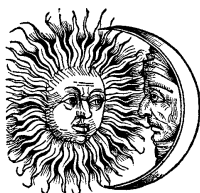
Aligned with Law

Clerics are +1 to hit and damage the undead

Mithras is a demigod associated with Minerva. His cult originated with the dervishes, who cast him as the prophesied slayer of Tiamat. Mithras is a patron of chivalry and is worshiped by soldiers and the nobility.

Mithras is depicted as a handsome young warrior wearing a Phrygian cap and a crimson cape. His temples, called mithraeum, are constructed in caves and kept secret, for his is a mystery cult that is spread from initiate to initiate. A place of honor in his temples is reserved for an idol of the god slaying a bull, a serpent and dog drinking from the animal's bleeding wound. Other symbols that may appear with the idol are a goblet, small lion, raven and scorpion. Twin celestial torchbearers stand on either side of the idol with their legs crossed. Above Mithras, the symbols for Sol Invictus and Luna are present in the starry night sky. New initiates to the cult are brought to such a temple where a mystagogue explains the symbolism and theology. A rite is then performed to re-enact the Water Miracle, in which a bolt is fired into a rock, causing water to spout from it.

The Mithras cult has seven ranks, which are in order: Raven, Bridegroom, Soldier, Lion, Perseus, Sun-Courier and Father.



Neptunus

Also called Nethuns, Poseidon

Deity of the sea, storms and earthquakes

Wields a trident

Patron deity of Port Janus

Served by fey, water elementals

Symbolized by a trident or dolphin

Aligned with Neutrality

Sacred animals are the dolphin, horse and bull

Druids can cast Water Breathing as a level 2 spell

Neptunus is the god of the seas, oceans, rivers, lakes, and earthquakes. He has the power to create new life forms and is the creator of bulls and horses. He can also summon and control non-divine forms of sea life and change his own shape into that of any living being at will. In his true form, he is a man standing a hundred feet tall holding a trident and wearing a crown.

Neptunus is capable of raising islands up from the sea or shattering them with earthquakes. He can bring fair weather or terrible storms, necessitating sacrifices in the form of drowning horses.

Neptunus is the son of Saturnus and Rhea, and the brother of Jove, Juno, Pluto and Vesta. His consort is Amphitrite. He has fathered many heroes, including Theseus and Orion. He is the father of Arion the talking horse by Ceres and the father of Pegasus by Medusa. Other monstrous children are the tritons, mermaids, cyclops and giants.

Holy Day: Neptunalia (July 23-24)

Games are held during this festival, including a knightly tournament and boat races. People erect colorful pavilions and use them for feasting and entertaining friends.

Pluto

Also called Aidoneus, Dispater, Hades, the Silent One

Deity of the underworld and its treasures

Wields a mace

Served by earth elementals and the undead

Symbolized by a ram's head

Aligned with Neutrality

Sacred animals are the ram, raven and serpent

Druids can rebuke undead as a cleric 3 levels lower

Pluto is the King of the Underworld and lord over all it contains, from the souls of the dead to the precious metals and gems locked inside it. Pluto is also the god of wine

under the name Dionysus Cthonios. He also has a measure of control over the creatures that dwell underground, especially the treasure hording dragons. Although not evil, Pluto is grim and morbid, and thus not popular among gods or mortals. In fact, mortals fear him enough that they rarely utter his name, lest they draw his attention. Although Pluto rules the Underworld, he is not death itself; that entity is called Thanatos.

Pluto's kingdom is called Erebus and contains such places as the Asphodel Meadows, Elysium and Tarterus, the abode of the Titans and devils. The five rivers of Erebus are Acheron (Woe), Cocytus (Lamentation), Phlegethon (Fire), Lethe (Oblivion) and Styx (Hate).

Pluto is the brother of Neptunus and Jove, and with them defeated the Titans and claimed rulership over the cosmos. His wife is Persephone, daughter of Ceres.

Holy Day: Secular Games (May 31 – June 3)

Every hundred years (a *saeculum*) the Secular Games are held in Pluto's honor. The games include many athletic endeavors, with nightly sacrifices of lambs, she-goats, bulls, sacrificial cakes, cows and sows.

Prometheus

Also called Theuth

Deity of learning, writing and magic

Wields a staff

Patron deity of Ibis (as Thoth)

Served by elohim

Symbolized by a quill or book

Aligned with Law

Clerics can learn one level 1 magic-user spell at each odd level and cast them in place of their cleric spells

Prometheus is the god of magic, philosophy, science and learning. He is the patron of scholars, illusionists, scientists, wizards and potters (since he created man from clay). Prometheus' temples are gathering places for philosophers and scholars to debate and learn; they are often connected to universities and colleges. Promethean clerics are dedicated to the protection of their deity's worshipers, and the enlightenment of human and demi-human-kind.

Prometheus is the brother of Epimetheus ("Afterthought"), Atlas ("Enduring") and Menoetius ("Ruined Strength"). His parents are the titans Japetus and Clymene. Prometheus' gift of fire to mortals earned him the enmity of Jove, who had him bound to a rock while an eagle ate his liver every

day, only for it to grow back. Prometheus was eventually freed by Hercules.



Venus

Also called Aphrodite, Astarte, Turan

Deity of love and beauty

Wields a mace

Patron deity of Ishkabibel

Served by elohim and nymphs

Symbolized by a mirror or crown

Aligned with Law

Clerics enjoy a +1 bonus to reaction checks

Venus is the goddess of beauty, love and gardens. As befits her position, she is an enthusiastic companion of the male gods. She is married to Vulcanus, but this did not stop her from consorting with Mars, Neptunus, Pluto and others. Venus can charm any male, god or mortal, and can generate strong emotions (love, hate, anger, sorrow, etc.) in any intelligent being. The myrtle, dove, sparrow and swan are sacred to her.

Although she can assume any form (all of them beautiful), in her true form she is a woman of astonishing beauty with golden hair. She also has a more martial aspect, sometimes appearing armored and carrying a mace.

Venus was created when Cronus castrated his father, Saturnus, and cast his testicles into the sea. She is married to Vulcanus, but has had notable affairs with Mars, Mercurius, Pluto and Adonis. Her children include Cupid, Phobos, Deimos and Fortuna.

Holy Day: May Day (May 1)

The day is celebrated by the gathering of herbs and wild water (from which holy water is made), the blessing of houses, 'beating the bounds', greenwood marriages, and dancing around May Poles.

Volcanus

Also called Hephaestos, Mulciber, Weyland

Deity of fire, volcanoes, smiths and invention

Wields a battle axe

Patron deity of Galardis

Served by fire elementals

Symbolized by a hammer and anvil

Aligned with Neutrality

Sacred animals are the bull, boar and serpent

Druids enjoy a +1 bonus to save vs. fire and heat

Volcanus is the god of fire, earth, and the forge. He is the smith of the gods, creating their weapons, armor and thrones. Volcanus is also a patron of engineers and an expert trap maker. Temples of Volcanus are decorated with precious stones and metals and are usually supported by the local guild of smiths.

Volcanus is depicted as a dour, ugly man with a twisted leg. He carries the tools of a smith and his skin is blackened from soot and exposure to fire.

Volcanus is the son of Juno, created by her alone as Jove created Minerva. Hurlled from heaven for his ugliness, he was found by the sea nymph Thetis and raised as her son. His wife is Venus, though they are estranged due to her indiscretions. He is the creator of Pandora from clay and

the father of Periphetes, the demi-god of bandits.

Holy Day: Vulcanalia (August 23)

Bonfires are created in honor of the god. The bonfires are used to roast fish and small animals and a red bull-calf and a red boar are sacrificed at the god's temple to ward away destructive fires.

The Priestly Colleges

Although many deities are worshiped in the Motherlands, the aforementioned deities are the most popular and well known. Most city-states have a temple or shrine to each of them. Each city-state in the Motherlands has a college of priests (usually 10 to 20) assigned to each temple. The college is headed by a pontiff, and each temple priest is assisted by a staff of lesser clergy. Some city-states have an upper college dedicated to the Motherlander deities and a lower college that oversees the temples of foreign deities.



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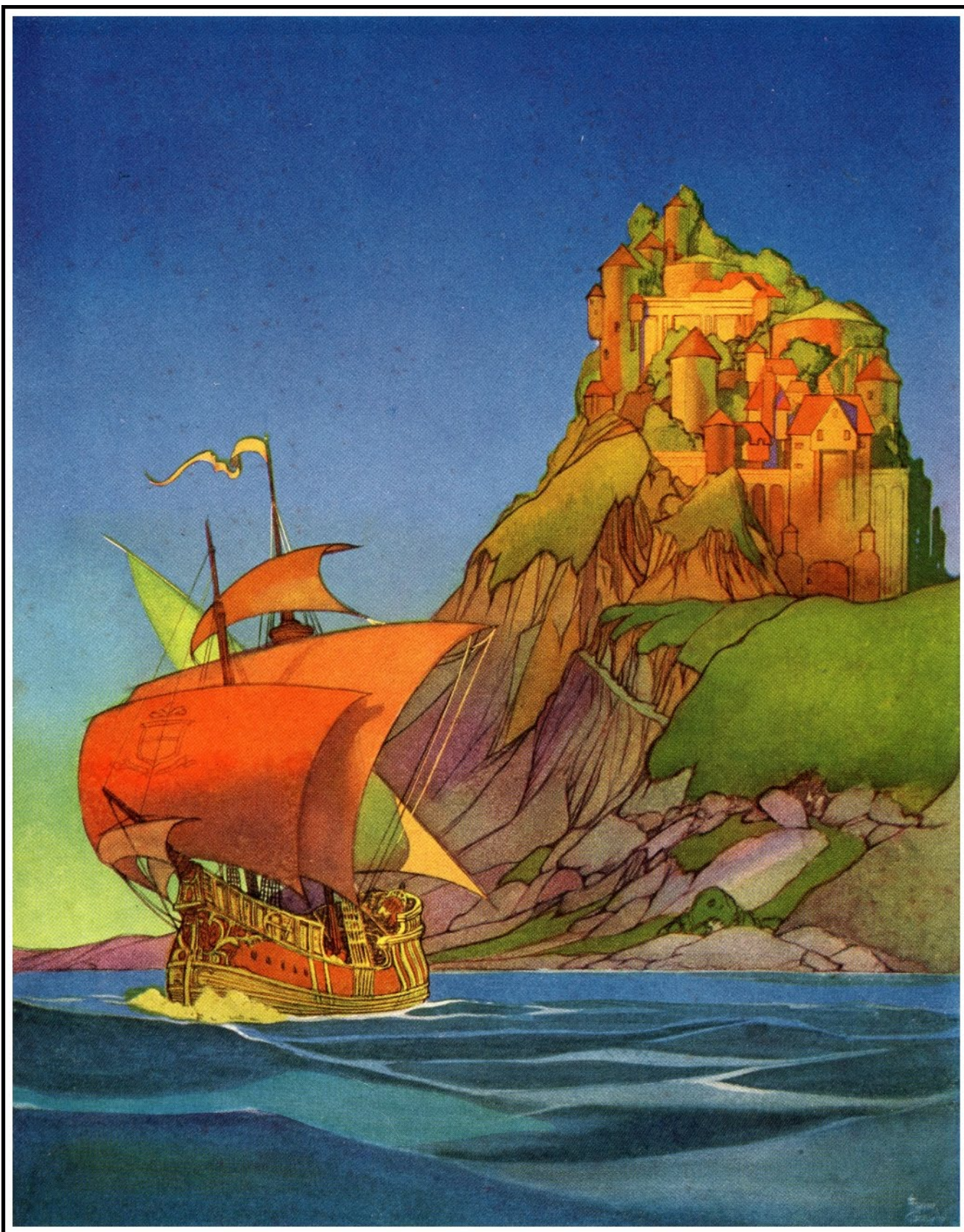
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Western Venatia

By John M. Stater

I. Overview

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 city-states, the largest being Lyonesse of the Gleaming Towers, heir apparent to Nomo. Other city-states in the region include Antigoon, heart of a mercantile network that stretches across NOD, and Blackpoort, a city of ne'er-do-wells on the shores of Blackmere.

Pandiluvian Age

During the Pandiluvian Age, Blackmere was connected to the Tepid Sea via a narrow, rocky channel. The Klarkash Mountains constituted the major landmass of the region and supported dozens of ophidian citadels, while the remainder of Western Venatia consisted of swampy, mosquito-ridden islands. The elder races constructed cities beneath the Tepid Sea while one tribe of aboleth constructed a fortress in the depths of Blackmere.

When the waters receded from the landscape, Western Venatia took on its modern appearance. The aboleth were trapped in Blackmere and very few still survive, while the heights of many a submerged city in the Tepid Sea were exposed. Lizard men moved into the swampy valleys and canyons and constructed cliff cities and magnificent ziggurats to Tiamat, the Mother of Monsters. Unlike the eastern lizard men, who formed the kingdom of Karzak, the western lizard men maintained small, feudal towns that warred incessantly. The ophidians were forced to seek shelter deep beneath the earth near volcanic vents as the Klarkash Mountains cooled.

Golden Age

As in Eastern Venatia (see **NOD 4**), the human slaves of the lizard men also rose up and destroyed their masters in Western Venatia, founding a number of farming and fishing villages. While the lizard men preferred to settle in the valleys, the humans constructed their lairs on hilltops and worshiped the sky (i.e. Jove) rather than the sea. Many humans lived in the woodlands as hunter-gatherers, and persist to this day as wild men of the woods.

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 first half of J10 appeared in NOD 4. 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 support 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

Legend

One Hex = 6 miles

	Grasslands		City
	Highlands		Town
	Mountains		Village
	Wastelands		Stronghold
	Wetlands		Notable Site
	Woodlands - Evergreen		
	Woodlands - Deciduous		

The human villages never amounted to much, and thus dozens of humanoid tribes (orcs, gnolls, goblins and hobgoblins) established themselves in Western Venatia.







Modern Age

The Modern Age was initiated with the coming of the legions of Nomo. Legion XXXI descended into the Rooky Wood from Chimeria in the Klarkash Mountains and established the forts that would become Morrow and Pfeife. Legion XXXI became bogged down fighting the goblins and spiders of the woods, and went no further. In the meantime, Legion XIV arrived from the south (after securing Brigandy's tribute via a marriage between the son of Corundus, legion commander and the niece of Queen Gloriana, who reigns to this day), constructing the old fort at Antigoon and then moving up the Swiven River. Legion XIV would found the city-states of Blackpoort and Lyonesse on their way to carving out what become known as the Western Kingdom, subservient to Nomo but always threatening to eclipse its "mother country".

With the fall of Nomo, the city-states of Western Venatia enjoy independence. Tristram, the king of Lyonesse, fancies himself a contender for the imperial crown, and would very much like his agents to find the lost relic that he may claim the title. Antigoon and Blackpoort, meanwhile, arm themselves for the eventual struggle with Lyonesse, for they wish to remain independent.

II. Regions

Blackmere

Blackmere is a large, fresh water lake that empties into the Tepid Sea via the Swiven River. Blackmere is a shallow lake with crystal clear water; passing ships have no trouble spotting the ruins that lie beneath the water, though the predators of the lake have adapted camouflage in the form of black skin or scales. The eastern shore of Blackmere is treeless and interrupted by rocky gullies the pour in frothing, freezing water that originates in the Klarkash Mountains and rushes through the wooded canyons of the

Rooky Wood. The western shore is choked with massive, black oaks and willows. The bottom of the lake is covered in smooth, black stones and large forests of bright, green kelp that hide the stone houses of the lake goblins.

Monster Lairs

Dertesha [1505]

Dreadful Forest

The Dreadful Forest is thick and dark, consisting mostly of evergreens (spruce, pine) and brambles. More information on the Dreadful Forest can be found in **NOD 4**.

City-States

Irras [3537], Loquash [3427]

Dungeons

Valley of Kings [3606], Zombie Mausoleum [3231]

Monster Lairs

Ettins [3521], Gumps [3207], Kobolds [3413], Wild Men [3722]

Settlements & Strongholds

Abbey of Mars [2916], Corche [3611], Garamond [3411], Nunnery of Diana [3524], Nynin's Castle [3834], Quadarr [3219], Senth [3031]

Random Trade Goods

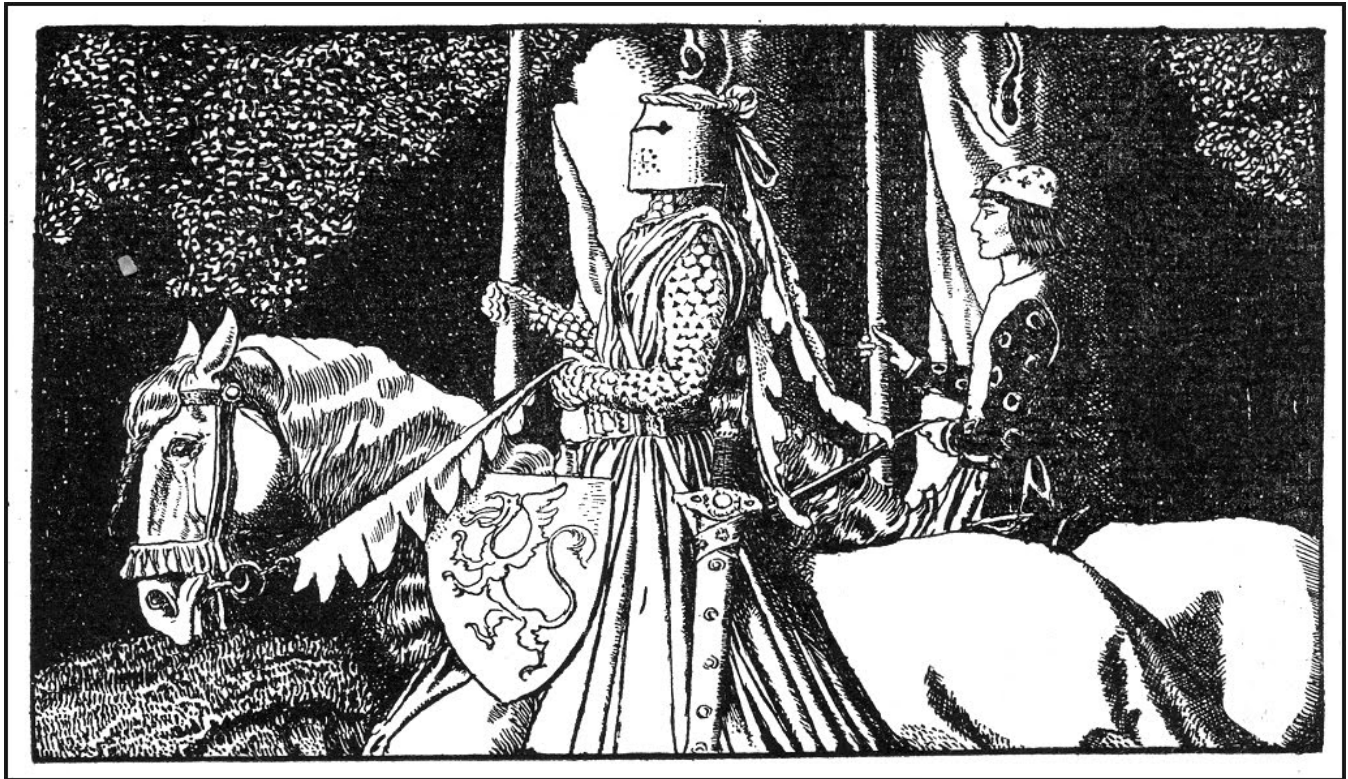
Barley, cattle, chickweed, citrines, goats, millet, morel mushrooms, potatoes, quartz, sheep, swine, timber, wheat, wineberries

Forest Perilous

The Forest Perilous is ancient woodland composed of oaks, hawthorns, and willows. The trees here are gnarled and twisted and prove very difficult to traverse. Many small, quick streams flow through the woodland. Forest paths are almost always twisted and useless; most end in traps set by ogres or pixies. Light in this woodland is never better than twilight.

The Forest Perilous surrounds the city-state of Lyonesse. Some suggest that only the devotion of the Lyones to Ceres keeps the forest monsters at bay.

The Watery Way: The watery way is a network of tunnels beneath the Forest Perilous. Each tunnel is narrow and small; a normal sized man would have to crawl through them on hands and knees. The walls of these tunnels are clogged with roots. Through the tunnels rushes water; in essence the tunnels are a subterranean river system. The



tunnels all eventually lead into larger and larger tunnels until they reach a tunnel 20 feet in diameter. This tunnel holds a raging torrent destined for the Grete Myre. The svarts have a number of tunnels leading to this torrent, which they use as a water supply and for quick escapes.

City-States

Lyonesse [3604]

Dungeons

Castle of the Beast [3106], Dormir Castle [3202]

Monster Lairs

Goblins & Hobgoblins [2505], Ogres [3601], Troblins [2903]

Settlements & Strongholds

Avelynn [3703], Baron Odrial [2807], Beacon Tower [2702], Castle Papelard [3504], Castle Oquilar [3605], Castle Xandrax [2407], Denburgan [1909], Glykis [3704], Guide [2301], Rosel [2006], Safis [3305], Xaine [3104], Wulum the Bald [2207]

Trade Goods

Barley, beans, bees, cattle, chalk, eggplant, fish, flax, grape, hemp, iron, pears, potatoes, rye, sheep, swamp apples, timber, wheat, wine

Gaestly Hills

The Gaestly Hills are an expanse of rough highlands studded with ancient barrows and burial chambers. Most of these burial sites were cleared by adventurers over the last 100 years, their treasures plundered and their secrets revealed, but a few remain untouched. The Gaestly Hills are rich with iron and silver deposits. They also support a good deal of game, and make adequate pasture for sheep and goats.

The hills are dominated (if anything can be said to dominate the bleak, mossy landscape) by the city-state of Blackpoort. Blackpoort is the main southern port on Blackmere, and handles goods coming from exotic Mu-Pan by the Jade Road via the Venatian League in the north.

City-States

Blackpoort [1513]

Dungeons

Abbey of Beelzebub [1814], Barrow Tomb [0921], Tomb of the Prince of Thieves [1228], Vampire Barrow [1817]

Monster Lairs

Hill Giants [1025, 1518], Orcs [1118, 2115, 2410, 2417, 2613], Troglodytes [1216], Tusken Ogres [2016]

Settlements & Strongholds

Abbey of Fire [1911], Abbey of Persephone [2119], Bishop Arnulf [1127], Brabo [1426], Castle Corum [1713], Friary of the Passive Voice [2812], Ghant [1227], Gormen [1414], Ladrik [1520], Lady Elsie [1416], Thrush [1712], Tourney [1528], Werp [1929], Zonders [1826], Valley of the Angel [2516]

Trade Goods

Herbs, resins, rye, sheep, strawberries, wheat, wild grains

Grete Myre

The Grete Myre is a thick, wooded swamp stalked by reptilian savages. A few bold human renegades dwell in the swamp, often hiding from the authorities of Antigoon. These myrefolk supply the alchemists of Antigoon with rare herbs and animal specimens.

The myre is bordered to the north by the Gaestly Hills, to the east by the Dreadful Forest, to the west by the Nybling Hills and the south by Biscotti Bay, an arm of the Tepid Sea. The principal settlement of the Grete Myre is Antigoon, which dominated the moors that rise on the border between the myre and the hills.

City-States

Antigoon [2027]

Dungeons

Temple of Tiamat [2222]

Monster Lairs

Leper Zombies [2622], Lizard Man [2124], Malformians [2424], Rhonians [2927], Skunk Goblins [1821], Swamp Ogres [2828], Thugtoad [2820]

Settlements & Strongholds

Dallend [2228], Galsh' Village [2327], Lady Seress [2725]

Trade Goods

Fish, rare herbs, reptile skins

The Lost Patrol: Several years ago, an arrogant young aristocrat, Lord Daufore, led a patrol of 15 soldiers into the Grete Myre. Unfortunately, the patrol came across a covey of hags cooling their warty feet in a stream. The oldest of the sisters showed an interest in the handsome young captain and was summarily rejected. In return, she cursed the patrol to never find their way home. They've been wandering the swamp ever since, losing several of their number (six remain) and having to learn to live off the

land. Their uniforms are now soiled and torn, their armor and weapons rusty and their sanity in question. Despite their haggard appearance, the men and their captain are formidable enemies if provoked.

| *Lost Guardsman:* HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; *Special:* Expert at wilderness survival. Rusty breastplate, warped wooden shield, rusty short sword.

| *Lord Daufore, Fighting-Man Lvl 6:* HP 22; AC 4 [15]; Save 9; CL/XP 6/400. Rusty breastplate, warped wooden shield, rusty long sword (1d6 damage), golden chain of command worth 50 gp.

Klarkash Mountains

Ancient and wicked, the Klarkash Mountains separate Venatia from Umbriago, the cradle of Nomo. The mountains are tall and have molded by the wind into great lumps of limestone divided by deep, lightless canyons. These canyons are home to fungal horrors and depraved fairy folk, as well as a few rugged clans of wild men and several hordes of hobgoblins.

The western mountains that border Venatia are a bit less severe than the eastern reaches, and even support stands of silvery beeches and coppery grass on their ledges.

Dungeons

Cavern of Purple Vapors [0102]

Monster Lairs

Caveman [0301], Frost Giants [0236], Gnomes [0816], Hobgoblins [0518], Kobolds [0328], Ubues [0303]

Settlements & Strongholds

Cadfani [0204], Elbernulph [0113], Ystram [0313]

Trade Goods

Furs, iron, pelts, skins, wolfberries

Nybling Hills

The Nyblings are wooded hills that extend from the Tepid Sea to the Klarkash Mts. They have a pleasant climate and are mostly covered with oak trees. The local "barbarians" include gnomes, kobolds, svarts and bugbears. The northern portion of the hills is settled by Antigooners and has many trails connecting manors and strongholds. The remainder of the woodland is quite wild, with the southern reaches dominated by trolls.

The hills were once the hunting preserve of the Nomo's Emperor and his clan. He constructed his summer palace, Amvianda, in the hills and each year hosted a glorious bardic college. Amvianda is now a lonely beacon of

civilization in the midst of the wilds. Patrols of rangers do their best to keep the town safe and maintain communication with the outside world, but they are hard pressed. Since the fall of the Emperor, the chamberlain of the palace has been the de facto ruler of Amvianda, and he has proven to be less than capable in the role.

City-States

Amvianda [0834]

Dungeons

Astral Prison [1338], Bronze Bell of the Gnomes [1836], Mi-Go [0129], Somerdale [0141], Trapezoidal Shrines [1137]

Monster Lairs

Badger Men [1838], Gnomes [2040, 2235, 2332], Kobolds [1435], Svarts [0541, 0836], Trolls [1829]

Settlements & Strongholds

Caladanay [1234], Fafna [0941], Kademond [1141], Nimroth [0434], Rose Tower [1931], Sailor's Rest [2138], Scontan [2029], Seaxel [0433], Simonya of the Seven Symbols [1733], Trowm [1638], Vhalla [0138]

Trade Goods

Barley, cabbages, chanterelle mushrooms, chestnuts, electrum, fish, forest cattle, gold, gourds, grapes, marble, quartz, silver, swine, timber

The Old Man of the Woods: The Old Man of the Woods is a weird old trader who rides in a giant cockroach-drawn buggy. Although he can be encountered just about anywhere, he mostly travels in the lands between gnomish villages. The Old Man will often appear before travelers without them noticing his approach (surprise on 1-5 on 1d6). He always appears at night and is usually accompanied by mist.

Although there is a 5% chance of any normal piece of equipment being in his buggy, the Old Man primarily sells his preparations. The preparations are potions (he has 1d4 of every kind). No two bottles look alike, and most are oddly shaped. The potions work perfectly well, but all of them carry the side effect of changing the imbiber's personality an hour after they are consumed. The personality change lasts for 1-20 days, and the new personality is the opposite of the normal personality.

Aside from his potions and other mundane items, the Old Man has no treasure – even coins just paid to him seemingly disappear once they are in his possession.

| *Old Man:* HD 4 (18 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 staff (1d6+1); Move 9; Save 13;



CL/XP 6/400; Special: Cast the following spells – cloudkill, fog cloud, hypnotic pattern, stinking cloud and wall of fog.

| *Giant Cockroach:* HD 1 (8 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 15; Save 17 (12 vs. poison); CL/XP 1/15; *Special: Immune to disease. If in its harness, the cockroach fights at a -1 penalty to hit and its movement is reduced to 12.*

Rooky Wood

The Rooky Wood was the last portion of Venatia brought under (loose) control by the legions of Nomo. It consists of a number of narrow, winding canyons shot through by fast, icy streams that empty into Blackmere. The badlands support hardy, evergreen trees and brambles and are haunted by arachnids and goblins. The forest was once home to demon worshipers, who summoned a multitude of fiends in the days of old. Shrines to demon princes can still be found in the woods.

City-States

Pfeife [1208]

Dungeons

Ancient Catacombs [0502], Aolus Cave [0715], Lyric's Temple [0509], Nabu Research Complex [1101]

Monster Lairs

Goblins [0711], Hobgoblins [0613], Jabberlings [0703], Troglodytes [0902]

Settlements & Strongholds

Dross & Pinkel [0909], Luinel [1006]

Trade Goods (for merchants)

Barley, cabbage, goats, oxen, rye, sheep, swine, timber, wheat

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**).

Dungeons

Tsalakian Maze [2846]

Monster Lairs

Aquatic Hobgoblins [1843], Mermaids & Merrow [2631], Sahuagin [2832]

Settlements & Strongholds

Grahad [1942], *Grinning Ghoul* [1444], O'phatigogo [2340], The Roadhouse [3137]

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)

Blackmere

1	Afanc (1)
2	Aquatic Hobgoblins (6d6)
3	Aboleth Thralls (6d6)
4	Cathbad (1d8)
5	Ghost (1d4)
6	Kelpie (2d6)
7	Nixie (6d6)
8	Privateer (6d6)
9	Raven, Giant (3d6)
10	Scrag (1d8)

Dreadful Forest

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

Forest Perilous

1	Actaeon (1d8)
2	Brownie (6d6)
3	Dryad (2d6) or Nymph (2d6)
4	Elf (6d6)
5	Goblin (4d6) + Hobgoblin (2d6)
6	Leopard (1d6, attack with surprise)
7	Ogre (3d6)
8	Satyr (2d6)
9	Treant – 7 HD (1d8)
10	Unicorn (1d6)
11	Wolf (5d6)
12	Wraith (2d6)

Gaestly Hills

1	Bandit (6d6)
2	Bat, Giant (2d6)
3	Cockatrice (1d8)
4	Dragon, Red (1) – see [2111]
5	Ghoul (4d6) or Ghast (2d6) or Ghost (1d6)
6	Hill Giant (1d6)
7	Lycanthrope – Were-rat (3d6)
8	Ogre (3d6)
9	Orc (6d6)
10	Owlbear (2d6)
11	Vierd (3d6) or Wight (2d6)
12	Wolf (5d6)

Grete Myre

1	Crocodile (4d6)
2	Froghemoth (1) – see [2925]
3	Giant Dragonfly (1d6)
4	Giant Frog – Large (3d6)
5	Giant Leech (5d6)
6	Harpy (3d6)
7	Hydra (1d4; roll heads randomly for each)
8	Lizardman (5d6)
9	Shambling Mound – 9 HD (1d3)
10	Skunk Goblin (3d6)
11	Thugtoad (5d6)
12	Zombie, Leper (4d6)

Klarkash

1	Bat Monster (1d8)
2	Black Pudding (1d6)
3	Caveman (6d6)
4	Chimera (1d6)
5	Dragonne (1d6)
6	Giant, Stone (1d8)
7	Gibbering Moulder (1d6)
8	Hobgoblin (6d6)
9	Kobold (6d6)
10	Ubue (4d6)

Nybling Hills

1	Badger – Giant (4d6)
2	Bandit (6d6)
3	Black Bear (3d6)
4	Bugbear (4d6)
5	Dragon, Green (1) see [0334]
6	Giant Owl (2d6)
7	Giant Skunk (2d6)
8	Gnome (6d6)
9	Kobold (6d6)

- 10 Old Man of the Woods (1)
- 11 Troll (1d8)
- 12 Wolf (5d6)

Rooky Wood

- 1 Aranea (1d8)
- 2 Bugbear (4d6)
- 3 Cave Bear (1d8)
- 4 Drider (1d6)
- 5 Ettercap (2d6)
- 6 Forlarren (2d6)
- 7 Forester's Bane (2d6)
- 8 Giant Spider – 4 ft (2d6) or Phase Spider (2d6)
- 9 Goblin (6d6)
- 10 Hobgoblin (6d6)
- 11 Imp (1d8) or Quasit (1d8)
- 12 Quickling (1d8)

Tepid Sea

- 1 Aspidochelone (1)
- 2 Giant Octopus (1d3)
- 3 Harpy (1d6)
- 4 Hippocampus (3d6)
- 5 Mermaid (3d6)
- 6 Pirate (6d6)
- 7 Roc (1d3)
- 8 Scrag (2d6)
- 9 Sea Dragon (1) – see [2735]
- 10 Sea Serpent – Briny (1) – see [3541]
- 11 Sea Serpent – Fanged (1) – see [1450]
- 12 Shark, Large (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 with +2 HD per 6 humanoids and one chief or captain with +4 HD and +1 AC per 3 sub-chiefs. If there are more than 20 present, they are usually accompanied by a spellcaster.

Aquatic Hobgoblins of Blackmere

Aquatic hobgoblins are much like their surface kin, but have scaly hides of silver and scarlet, flat faces with gaping mouths of needle-like teeth and bulging, glassy eyes. An encountered patrol emerges silently from the water to attack, or climbs up the sides of a vessel at night to kill the crew. Leaders wear bronze breast-plates (AC 5 [14]) and helmets made from sea urchin skins, with the length of the spines determining rank within the tribe. They also carry ornate sacrificial bronze daggers used to slice the belly of one victim they take in their raid in sacrifice to Balor. Other captives are dragged under the waves to be eaten. Lubbers are usually unarmored and carry military forks smeared with sea urchin venom (saving throw or searing pain inflicts a -2 penalty on all rolls).

Tribes of lubbers live at least a mile from the coast of the lake in ancient stone houses covered in ooze and hidden

by kelp forests. They keep giant gars as guard animals and pets. The males spend their time devising raids and seeing to the tribal defenses. Females and children hunt and gather shellfish. The tribe sleeps during the day and eats at dusk, coming together to have their meals parceled out by their chief. During full moons the tribe comes to the surface to howl and clink clam shells together in reverence to Hecate. Their chief divinities are Balor and Hecate, to whom they sacrifice one of every ten victims they take in raids.

Araneas of the Rooky Wood

The araneas traverse the Rooky Wood in small groups performing seemingly meaningless acts in worship of a deity they call the Cosmic Spider, Spinner of Webs, Mistress of Fate (always all three titles, always in that order). In hybrid form, these aranea are notable for their black robes, hand crossbows that fire delicate, needle-like bolts dipped in giant spider venom, silver daggers and intricate time pieces designed to track the phases of the moon and the movement of the stars.

When entering combat, the aranea will all cast mirror image to give the appearance of a much larger group. The aranea will attempt to stick to the trees, firing their crossbows and waiting for their poisoned barbs to do their work. Only then will they descend to web their captives, eventually binding them tightly and hanging them from the branches of a tree.

It is now that things get weird. Each aranea will withdraw from his robes a parcel wrapped in black cloth. He will set it on the ground and carefully, almost reverently, un-wrap the cloth. Inside, there is a wooden box containing quills, inks, parchment and an almanac written in their strange, wispy script.

After preparing its materials, the aranea will ask a captive the minute, hour, day, month and year of their birth. If this information is not known, they will sigh and move to the next captive. When an answer (even one that is somewhat incomplete) is given, the aranea will excitedly go about drawing their horoscope. The process takes approximately 3 hours. Based on the horoscope, the aranea will take the appearance of a captive and then perform one of the following actions (roll 1d6 dice to determine which):

1. The aranea will use its silver dagger to cut his captive's throat, watching for a few minutes while his blood soaks into the ground.
2. The aranea will open a vein and draw off a hand-full of blood, sprinkling it in each cardinal direction and then

drinking the rest. They will then use some webbing to dress the wound and cut the dizzy victim from their bonds.

3. The aranea will slice off both of the captive's ear lobes and leave them hanging in the tree.

4. The aranea will cut the victim from their bonds and present them with their horoscope; an astrologer will be able to use the horoscope to perform one augury per month.

5. Cut down the captive from the tree and release them from their bonds, bidding them a good day and leaving.

6. The aranea will place a silver coin in the victim's mouth and cut them from their bonds.

Captives without horoscopes will either be freed or killed, based on the flip of a coin. Each aranea keeps a single platinum coin stamped with the image of a spider on the obverse and the moon on the reverse for just this occasion.

Bards of the Nybling Hills

During the summer months, adventurers may run into a band of merry bards on their way to the bardic college at Amvianda. Encounters are with 1d6 bards of 1st to 8th level. They will usually (75%) be mounted and in good spirits. Bards are usually humans or elves, but other races are possible.

| *Dilettante, Bard Lvl 1: HP 1d10; AC 5 [14]; Save 16; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Decipher, inspire (+1 save, 1 round), legend lore. Ring armor, shield, long sword, dagger, short bow and musical instrument.*



| *Jongleur, Bard Lvl 3: HP 3d10; AC 5 [14]; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Decipher, inspire (+1 save, 3 rounds), legend lore. Ring armor, shield, long sword, dagger, short bow and musical instrument.*

| *Goliard, Bard Lvl 5: HP 5d10; AC 5 [14]; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Decipher, inspire (+1 save, 5 rounds), legend lore, fascinate (5d6 creatures), cast charm person on fascinated creature. Chainmail, shield, long sword, short bow and musical instrument.*

| *Troubadour, Bard Lvl 8: HP 8d10; AC 4 [15]; Save 9; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Decipher, inspire (+1 save, 8 rounds), legend lore, fascinate (8d6 creatures), cast charm person or suggestion on fascinated creature. Chainmail, shield, long sword, short bow, dagger, instrument.*

Black Guard of the Grete Myre

Armed patrols from Antigoon are rare in the Grete myre. They usually consist of 1d4 squadrons of soldiers, with a sergeant in each squadron and a captain if more than one squadron is encountered. Captains and sergeant wear chainmail and are armed with long swords, light crossbows and shields. These patrols travel either on foot or by raft and always belong to Antigoon's infamous Black Guard. The Black Guardsmen wear jacks and hosen of black and burgundy stripes. They are involved in smuggling and brigandry and associated with Antigoon's thieves.

| *Black Guard: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

| *Sergeant: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

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

Elf Rangers of the Rooky Wood

Bands of elf rangers make forays into the Rooky Wood to harvest the silk of the giant spiders. This silk is used in the making of boots and cloaks of elvenkind. Each band of rangers is led by a 6th-9th level ranger. He is assisted by a lieutenant (3rd-4th level; 50% chance of being a ranger/druid). The rest of the rangers are from 1st to 2nd level rangers. All wear boots and cloaks of elvenkind and chainmail. They are armed with long swords and composite longbows. Their leader has elven chain and probably several other magic items.

| *Elf Woodsman, Ranger Lvl 1: HP 1d10; AC 4 [15]; Save 15; CL/XP 1/15; Special: +1 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, immune to sleep and charm. Chainmail, shield, long sword, longbow.*

| *Elf Guide-Ovate, Ranger Lvl 3: HP 3d10; AC 6 [13]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: +3 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, druid spells (2nd), speak to animals and plants, animal friend, immune to sleep and charm. Leather armor, shield, cloak of elvenkind, long sword, longbow.*

| *Elf Pathfinder, Ranger Lvl 6: HP 6d10; AC 4 [15]; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; Special: +6 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, arch-enemy (giant spiders, +2 hit, AC, track), immune to sleep and charm. Elven chainmail, shield, elven boots, elven cloak, long sword, longbow.*

Gnomes of Nybling Hills

There are two kinds of gnomes inhabiting the Nybling hills, the “hithers” and “thithers”. The hither-gnomes live near the coast in surface villages. They are brown-skinned, have sun-bleached hair and wear conical blue caps. Hither gnomes are friendly and clever. They are magnificent smiths and their master smiths know the secrets of harnessing the elemental power of the pounding surf to enchant shields and blades. There is a 1 in 1000 chance that a hither-blade or shield will have a +2 enchantment, and a 1 in 100 chance it will have a +1 enchantment.

The thither-gnomes live in burrows in the deep woodlands. They are more suspicious and pragmatic than their coastal cousins. Thithers have nut-brown skin, wavy, auburn hair and sparkling green eyes. They wear conical green caps and carry axes wherever they go. Most thither-gnomes are skilled woodsmen, wood carvers or clock makers.

All gnomes have root cellars that connect, via secret passages, to one another and to a vast underground tunnel system that runs underneath the Nybling Hills. This system of tunnels is under constant patrol and includes a plethora of trapped vaults, hidden workshops, crypts, and junk pits.

| *Gnome: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18 (16 vs. illusion); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force.*

Goblins of the Rooky Wood

Far from the cowardly schemers most people believe them to be, the goblins of the Rooky Wood are bloodthirsty psychopaths. Raiders and plunderers, they undermine settlements and then emerge from holes to wreak havoc.

Goblin fire teams consist of 1d6+4 goblins with hand axes and torches and a leader with several clay pots of alchemist’s fire. Raiding parties consist of 11-30 goblins, half armed with hatchets and short bows, the other half with hatchets and spears. Raiding parties are led by a sergeant and 1 in 6 raiding parties include a shaman. All Rooky Wood goblins mine as well as kobolds and dwarfs.

Gray Elves of the Forest Perilous

The gray elves are the noblest caste of the elves and they claim the Forest Perilous as their own domain. Processions of these glorious folk can sometimes be seen, marching through the woods, their destination unknown. Most of them are tramping from one hidden castle to another, or visiting an ancient shrine to the lords and ladies of Fairy.

The northern portion of the wood is said to contain the glamered city-state of Broceliande, one of the last free strongholds of the ancient elves.

Elf processions consist of 1d10+20 gray elves, splendidly arrayed and mounted on warhorses of fey demeanor. They are accompanied on their ride by all manner of fey subjects gaily playing cymbals, harps, pipes and fiddles and dancing and singing. The procession is always led by a lord and lady of elfkind. The lord is a fighting-man of 5th to 10th level, his lady a magic-user or illusionist of equal level. The sires and dames of their court are twelve knights and twelve mages of 1st to 4th level (three of each level). Each procession also includes a druid of 4th to 9th level.

The procession is rounded out by 2d6+6 brownies, 3d6+6 grigs, 1d6+6 satyrs and 4d6+6 pixies. There is a 10% chance they are accompanied by 1d4 treants and a 3% chance they are accompanied by a unicorn.

The procession ignores onlookers unless provoked. If given a reason, they gladly join battle and give quarter only to the gallant. Handsome ladies and gentlemen (those with a charisma of 13 or higher) are kidnapped and pressed into service as courtesans or grooms.

The gray elves live in castles veiled in illusion so that they appear to be nothing more than hills. Each castle is round and larger on the inside than on the outside. These castles often contain gates to other castles, other dimensions and maybe other worlds. Elf castles are inhabited by the same folk one would find in a procession, with a few extra humanoid servants and a pack of elven hounds thrown in for good measure.

| *Gray Elf: HD 1+1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 sword (1d8) or 2 arrows (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Immune to sleep and charm. Long sword, lance, platemail, shield, brightly caparisoned warhorse.*

| *Gray Elf Lord, Fighter Lvl 7: HP 7d10; AC 1 [18]; Save 8; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Immune to sleep and charm. Expertly crafted long sword (+1 hit), spear, platemail, shield, warhorse.*

| *Gray Elf Lady, Illusionist Lvl 7: HP 7d4; AC 9 [10]; Save 9 (7 vs. illusions); CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spells known (4th), spell points 21, silver tongue, immune to sleep and charm. Dagger, warhorse.*

| *Gray Elf Sire, Fighter Lvl 2: HP 2d10; AC 2 [17]; Save 13; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to sleep and charm. Long sword, spear, platemail, shield, warhorse.*

| *Gray Elf Dame, Magic-User Lvl 2: HP 2d4; AC 9 [10]; Save 14 (12 vs. spells); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Spells (1st), immune to sleep and charm. Dagger, warhorse.*

| *Gray Elf Druid, Druid Lvl 6: HP 6d6; AC 7 [12]; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spells (3rd), speak to animals, plants and monsters, animal friend, shapechange, immune to sleep and charm. Cudgel, white robes, leather armor, short bow, holly and mistletoe.*

| *Elven Hound: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

Hobgoblins of the Rooky Wood

The hobgoblins of the Rooky Wood originated in the Klarkash Mountains, moving into the woods to fill the power vacuum left by the retreating elves. Most of the clans dwell in a cave system overlooking a river or stream. The hobgoblins keep white apes as pets and spiders as mounts.

Hobgoblin platoons consist of ten warriors mounted on spiders. The warriors wear ring armor and carry shields, spears, maces and short bows. They are led by sub-chiefs wearing chainmail and carrying a shield and battle axes.

Hobgoblin clans are led by chieftains wearing platemail and carrying battle axes. The chieftain is advised by an augur (adept level 1d4). Augurs wear bronze breast-plates and carry spears decorated with fetishes.

A typical clan treasure will be stored in locked and trapped chests with poisoned needles.

| *White Ape: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d4); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Throw rocks 1d6.*

| *Spider-eater: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 sting (1d8), bite (1d8); Move 12 (F24); Save 13; CL/XP Implant eggs, poison.*

Human Patrols

In order to make these hex crawls sync with the mass combat rules in *Swords & Wizardry™*, the following unit types have been adopted as of this issue of NOD. First, units will be described as either squadrons or companies. A squadron consists of 9 men-at-arms or normal humans and one sergeant. A company consists of 17 men-at-arms or normal humans, two sergeants and one captain.

Units are divided into three categories: Militia, Foot and Horse. Militia units can be made up of peasants, yeomen or scouts (i.e. normal folk who work in the wilderness). Foot units include Slingers, Archers, Crossbowmen, Handgunners, Light Foot and Heavy Foot. Horse units include Light Horse, Heavy Horse, Mounted Archers and Knights.

| *Peasant Militia: HD 1d4; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: None. Carry farm implements or spears or clubs.*



| *Yeoman Militia: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: None. Leather armor, shield, spear or other hand weapon, longbow.*

| *Scout Militia: HD 1d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: None. Leather armor, hand axe, short bow.*

| *Archers: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Ring armor, buckler, hand weapon, long bow.*

| *Crossbowmen: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Ring armor, buckler, hand weapon, light crossbow.*

| *Handgunners: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Ring armor, buckler, hand weapon, handgun (treat as heavy crossbow).*

| *Light Footmen: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Ring armor, buckler, sword, pole arm.*

| *Heavy Footmen: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Chainmail, buckler, sword, pole arm.*

| *Light Horsemen: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Ring armor, shield, lance, long sword or horseman's axe or horseman's mace, warhorse.*

| *Heavy Footmen: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Chainmail, shield, lance, long sword or horseman's axe or horseman's mace, warhorse.*

| *Mounted Archer: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Leather armor, shield, lance, curved sword, short bow, warhorse.*

| *Knight: HD 1+1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Platemail, shield, lance, long sword or horseman's axe or horseman's mace, warhorse.*

Privateers of Blackmere

The privateers of Blackmere hail from the northern town of Nocturne. They operate armed merchant galleys that pose as merchant galleys to get close to their prey. Most galleys have crews of 30 to 50 sailors.

The most notorious of the Blackmere pirates is Captain Corvus. Corvus is a black haired woman with a slender, pointed nose and thin, cruel lips. She dresses entirely in black, save for a few select pieces of ornamentation (rings, brooches, earrings, etc.) Corvus commands her troops from the rear and only fights to save her own skin. She uses her strongest looking captives as galley slaves and kills all but a handful of the rest, hanging them from the prow of her ship in iron cages. Captive vessels are towed back to Nocturne and sold.

Corvus wears a leather coat and wide-brimmed hat. She carries a brace of three loaded pistols and a silver short sword she took from the horde of a green hag during her adventuring days. The sword is called Kala and is etched in gold with vines of ivy. The base of the pommel is a polished turquoise. Corvus also has a cat's eye agate ring that grants her the ability to sense all creatures within 30 feet of her, negating surprise, backstabs and sneak attacks.

| *Captain Corvus, Fighter Lvl 4, Thief Lvl 4: HP 27; AC 7 [12]; Save 11; CL/XP 4/120; Leather coat and doublet of burgundy silk, silk breeches, wide-brimmed hat decorated with an ostrich feather, silver short sword, 3 pistols.*

Corvus sails the *Manticora* with a crew of 50 pirates and Melza, her first mate, a 4th level fighting-woman.

Wraiths of the Forest Perilous

The wraiths of the Forest Perilous take the form of ghostly knights on pale, white steeds (technically a part of the wraith, not a separate creature). When encountered, they challenge one PC to a joust. Wraith knights challenge paladins before other warrior types. Since the wraith is incorporeal, the joust is hardly a fair contest. Upon winning, they attempt to take the hand of the female in the party with the highest charisma and lead her into the woods. Should they lose, they surrender their sword. These swords are constructed of black metal and are capable of draining a level (as a wraith) once per month.

Each time the wielder drains a level, his personality shifts closer to evil. If the wielder drains more levels than he has hit dice, he becomes a wraith and returns to the Forest Perilous.

Encounter Key

0102. Tromping through the mountains in this hex, one inevitably comes upon a grey scarp field, wide and at a gentle angle compared to the surrounding mountains and covered by pebbles and stones of varying sizes, though none larger than a football. In the center of this field there is a hole approximately 5-ft in diameter that disgorges a putrid purple plume of vapor that offends the nose and turns the stomach. A glimpse down the hole reveals a long natural chimney, 100-ft deep that, should an observer have the ability to see through the darkness and mist, ends in an unassuming cavern.

The cavern is roughly 20 ft in length and 15 ft in width and has a tall, rounded mound beneath the chimney, with the lower portions of the cavern branching into two tunnels that lead in an easterly direction. One tunnel, really more of a crack in the earth, shows signs of copper deposits and descends at a sharp angle. This copper tunnel is about 1 mile long and fairly straight, and finally ends in a dry pit of quicksand that will swallow a person up in the blink of an eye. Four iron spikes are driven into the tunnel walls before the pit, with two lengths of rope stretched between them as a warning of danger ahead.

The other tunnel is flatter and has a lower ceiling, and it is from this tunnel that the sickening vapor comes. It winds its way first east and then southeast for about 500 yards before ending in a blind drop of 40 feet. Natural alcoves abound in this limestone corridor, and many bear the signs of delvers – discarded bits of rope and clothing, bones, etc.

At the bottom of the drop one emerges, after a brief crawl through a wide passage with a 3-ft high ceiling, into a vast cavern. Strange creatures, fungal birds for lack of a better description, flutter overhead in the darkness around a weird miasma – a subterranean swamp of slimy, brackish water and weeds that look like tall, purple tassels growing along the banks. The banks are inhabited by a tribe of priests, humans that have reverted to some pre-human stage of evolution and now look as much like apes as men. They have grey, saggy skin and wild eyes, black as night with topaz motes floating about them to suggest some manner of intelligence. Here the priests chew on the purple weeds and grunt their prayers to the goddess of the benighted swamp, who they call Chu-gatch-na.



Chu-gatch-na stands in the center of the swamp, at first glance a great pillar of black, glistening stone. As one's eyes adjust to the darkness, though, and they focus their attention on the thing, they will notice it move and heave, and might discern a multitude of ill-placed and leering eyes, and strange abortions of reason swimming from the center of the pool, some to be snatched up by tentacles protruding from the terrible monolith and sucked into a waiting mouth, others creeping out into the swamp to feed on their siblings or an errant priest, or be snatched up by a priest and transformed into an ape man itself.

The goddess of the swamp is a living monolith, and her spawn populate the swamp. Her "priests", perhaps because of their chewing on the weird purple weeds or maybe because of their worship, have the ability to polymorph with their touch – one gets a saving throw to resist the ability, and if they fail this save they become as a priest. There are 20 priests in all living in the cavern, and an unknown multitude of spawn, but they are spread over a large area. Initial contact will be with 1d4+2 priests, with 1d3 more priests arriving each round if they hear battle. Likewise, combat attracts about 1d3 spawn each round, and the spawn do not stop coming until at least sixty of the foul creatures are slain.

| Priest: HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 fist (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Polymorph touch.

| Living Monolith: HD 28 (131 hp); AC 15 [4]; Atk 8 pseudopods (4d6); Move 0; Save 3; CL/XP 32/8000; Special: Acid, create spawn, regenerate 5 hp/rd (fire negates).

| Crawling Offspring: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d4); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Regenerate 2 hp/rd.

Each crawling offspring will have two of the following special features (roll 1d6).

- 1 Spit Acid (1/min, 20' range, 2d6 damage, save for half)
- 2 Rotting Touch (touch deals 1d3 constitution damage)
- 3 Extra Tentacle Attack (10' reach, deals 1d4 damage)
- 4 Regeneration (5 hp/round, normal damage from fire)
- 5 Winged Flight (gains fly speed of 12)
- 6 No Special Feature

0110. A crooked little stream flows from a high cave, forming a noisy little waterfall. The banks of the stream are bare of life because the stream is quite poisonous. The stream flows from a grotto, the walls and ceilings of which drip with poison. Well worn steps in the living stone protected by a large cave eel lead from the grotto to a little cavern, wherein dwells Eiois, an elven woman with eyes that stare like death and a once-pretty mouth whose corners have become down-turned and bitter. Eiois is a priestess of Eris, goddess of discord. Eiois worships at a jade altar that holds a crystal ball, through which she randomly curses powerful men in the region. She has become infatuated with Fortunato, the Prince of Antigoon, and her fascination has caused her to plot against his

enemies. She is now in a rage since the ball was stolen by a sneak thief (now deceased), who dropped his treasure in [0122].

Treasure: 2,000 sp, 230 gp, banded agate worth 900 gp and jasper worth 800 gp.

| *Eiois, Cleric Lvl 6. HP 21; AC 9 [10]; Save 10 (8); CL/XP 8/800; Special: Spells (4th), rebuke undead. Threadbare silk gown, silver dagger, crooked wand that poisons with a touch. Eiois has an aquiline nose and noble bearing, deeply bitter.*

0113. The conjurer Elbernulph, servant to the Duchess of Galardis, has a tower here overlooking the pass in the mountains that leads, ultimately, to the city-state of Galardis. A cheerful old rogue, Elbernulph is a paunchy man with disturbing black eyes and very pale skin. His tower is constructed entirely of wood (as is all the furniture – there is not a single item of metal or stone in the place) and rises 30-ft above a boulder-strewn plain between two snow-capped mountains. The grounds around the tower show signs of many camps, and the stunted trees and shrubs of the plain are constantly harvested for firewood, leaving no forage for animals. The tower is built atop a dungeon of sorts, for the conjurer's hobby is the invocation and imprisonment of fiends. In a glorified root cellar hung with strings of onions, garlic and sausages and stacked high with wheels of hard cheese, there are a dozen crystal pendants, each holding a random demon. Elbernulph keeps a chamber of summoning at the pinnacle of his tower, an onion-shaped dome that becomes translucent with the wave of his hand to allow him to track the stars. The old conjurer has two apprentices, Orp and Isbek. Elbernulph seeks the nine Orbs of Pandemonium, which he believes are hidden somewhere in the Klarkash Mountains. As yet, no demon he has summoned has revealed their location.

Treasure: 1,100 cp, 2,210 sp, 2,650 gp, jar of jasmine oil (1 lb, 25 sp), pearl worth 1000 gp, amber worth 100 gp and rose quartz worth 400 gp.

| *Elbernulph, Magic-User Lvl 10: HP 24; AC 9 [10]; Save 6 (4); CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Spells (5th). Staff, crystal pendant (empty), garish robes hung with little charms. Outgoing and irresponsible. Loves to dance.*

| *Orp & Isbek, Magic-User Lvl 2: HP 5, 2; AC 9 [10]; Save 14 (12); CL/XP 2/30; Special: Spells (1st).*

0122. A deep valley of larches here is inhabited by a large pack of basidirond. A fleeing scoundrel dropped a crystal ball in their territory before he was killed by the creatures. His body now lies a dozen yards from the ball, and is covered in brown mold.

| *Basidirond: HD 5+1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (2d4); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Immune to cold, hallucinations.*

0129. A waterfall here hides the entrance to a secret mine that burrows deep into the earth. The mine's entrance seems innocent enough – a broad cavern hung with sparkling stalactites (but hiding three darkmantles!). The rear of the cavern contains a large, concealed door that can only be opened by immense force or by the sound of droning insects.

Once opened, the door reveals an artificial tunnel dug into the rock. A rail of silvery metal that delivers nasty cuts, almost like paper cuts, when touched runs down the middle of the tunnel to a circular door constructed from the same metal. Besides causing a single point of damage when touched, the door is also quite cold – a harbinger of what lies beyond. The door is actually one of fifteen doors that roll out of the way when subjected to the insectoid droning mentioned above. As each door is moved, the temperature in the tunnel drops 20 degrees (assume a normal temperature of about 60-degrees Fahrenheit. The sixth door opens into a small antechamber guarded by a bone mound.

| *Bone Mound: HD 10 (39 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1d6 claw/kick/bite (1d4 each); Move 6; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Animate dead, multiple attacks.*

The final door reveals the inner workings of the mine – a cubical cavern measuring 200 feet to a side. The cavern is completely without light and bitterly cold – exposure to the cold, even with cold weather gear on, inflicts 2d6 points of damage per round to living beings. The entrance is at the top of the cube and centered, with a large, mechanical elevator allowing access to the bottom. One corner of the cubical cavern is taken up by a many-tiered construction of black, glassy stone around which a multitude of bizarre creatures called mi-go (terrible hybrids of fungus, crustacean and insect) buzz. The rest of the cubical mine is covered by metal scaffolding and fifty skeletal miners – for the undead do not mind the pitch black and the cold. The skeletons are mining a metallic substance that defies gravity, an important resource to the mi-go. Large chunks of the un-refined material – nearly but not completely weight-less – are put atop floating disks which are then gathered in the center of the chamber. Every so often, a band of six or seven mi-go descends from the black pagoda and causes the cargo and themselves to phase into the Astral Plane to meet an awaiting ship.

The mi-go are content to allow visitors to merely freeze to death. If they seem immune to the cold, they will attack, not wanting undue attention given to their activities. If

necessary, they will involve the skeletons. The mine is run by 20 mi-go.

| *Mi-Go*: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d8); Move 15 (Fly 33); Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; *Special*: Immunities. One mi-go in five holds a ray gun – treat as a wand of paralyzing with 5 charges.

0138. Vhalla is a small village of farmers living in wattle & daub cottages that are surrounded by a bulwark of packed earth. Four wooden watch towers overlook the fields as far as the woods. The farmers are thickset, with nut-brown skin and aquiline noses. The men of Vhalla keep nimble forest cattle and grow cabbages and chanterelle mushrooms. They are an athletic people, holding games each summer to honor the gods, and are fine archers. Vhalla is ruled by the Lady Reana, who traces her line back to the elves of old. Vhalla has the services of Ancho the Bowyer. The village can raise a company of peasant militia and Reana employs four ogres from the mountains as her personal guard. In their off hours, the ogres challenge all comers to fights in a deep, brick pit near the village square and in sight of the gallows.

| *Reana*: HD 5 (19 hp); AC 3 [16] armored; Atk 1 sword (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240. Elven chainmail, shield, long sword. Sharp featured but less so due to her girth, pallid skin, black hair and amber eyes. Precise mind, but a tad eccentric. Fancies herself a natural philosopher.

0141. The Somerdale is a vast field of sunflowers that exists in a state of perpetual summer. During the day, the sunflowers follow the track of the sun across the sky. In the middle of the field is a small shrine to Apollo Helios, to whom this place is sacred.

The Somerdale is inhabited by sprites, intelligent animals (rabbits, crows, chipmunks, mice, etc.) and their mutual foe, the blood hawk. Larger, non-sentient animals dwell along the periphery of the dale, feeding on the sunflowers.

| *Blood Hawk* (3d6): HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 talon (1d4) and bite (1d6); Move F30; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; *Special*: None.

| *Crow* (3d6): HD 1d4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 peck (1); Move 3 (F24); Save 18; CL/XP A/5; *Special*: None.

| *Small Animal* (3d6): HD 1d4; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite or claw (1); Move 15; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; *Special*: None.

| *Sprite* (10d10): HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d3); Move 9 (F20); Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; *Special*: Invisible at will, detect evil 15'-radius. Slim sword, tiny bow, 20 arrows dipped in sleep poison (save or sleep for 1d6 turns).

Normal-sized folk seeking to cross the fields are warned away by crow-mounted sprites. Travelers that claim the

right of pilgrims are led through the fields along a twisting path (meant to avoid the tiny home of the inhabitants) to the shrine.

The shrine consists of five marble pillars topped by a golden dome. Rain spouts in the shape of dolphins distill the light of the sun into golden holy water that flows into troughs and fountains surrounding the shrine. At night, moonlight is distilled into silvery holy water. Both holy waters glow of their own volition for several days with the power of torchlight. The sprites and animals bathe and caper in the fluids, for they produce all the sustenance they need to survive.

Adventurers might discover a trap door in the floor of the shrine. Touching it causes any natives present to grow quiet and wide-eyed, but they will not interfere.

Descending from the trap door are steps that lead to a cavern. The walls of the cavern are a riotous swirl of color. The bottom of the cavern is filled with water that moves slowly down a tunnel heading east. A skiff is tied to a stone post at the bottom of the stairs.

Many miles down the tunnel, one begins to note changes. The ceiling grows higher, the colors on the walls fade to yellow with serpentine bands of red, and tree roots appear poking through the tunnel ceiling. Eventually, one sees a beacon shining far ahead.

The beacon is an everburning torch in the hand of a golden statue of Apollo Helios. The statue rests on a shelf twenty feet above the water and six feet above the ceiling of a cavern entrance. The head of a medusa hangs above the cavern entrance and petrifies those who do not avert their eyes. The true pilgrim, of course, should already be bowing in the presence of Apollo Helios.

Beyond this cave mouth, the tunnel widens into a cavern. The water is slower here and the walls of the cavern are brownish-gray. Along the shore of the caverns there is a jumble of marble statues being eaten by tiny caterprisms that pose no danger to adventurers. An exploration of the shore reveals a collection of large, crystal lenses, most of which are marred.

Poking through the roof of this wide cavern is dripping tree roots that lengthen into columns. Inside hollows in these columns sit blind, pale mystics singing as a choir, stopping only to raise their heads and catch drops of holy water from above. All of these mystics are 10th level clerics. They do not move or defend themselves physically, but will defend themselves with magic if necessary. Molesting a a

mystic draws the attention of giant, luminous serpents. If these snakes are forced to rise from the water, they demand that all in the skiff swear an oath to Apollo Helios (geas to never harm his worshippers and servants) and cast 100 gold coins into the water as penance.

| *Blind Mystic, Cleric Lvl 10: HD 10d8; AC 11 [8]; Atk spells; Move 0; Save 6 (4 vs. paralysis or poison); CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Spells (5th), turn undead. Mostly defend themselves with insect plagues and fingers of death.*

| *Luminous Serpent: HD 6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d6) and coil (2d8); Move 12 (C12, S12); Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Immune to fear and fire, coil attack constricts for 1d8 damage per round.*

Beyond the cavern there are three tunnels. The east tunnel winds for many miles through an inhabited subterranean world before spilling into the Tepid Sea. It is up to the Referee to detail this lost world.

The central tunnel proceeds for a mile before the air grows warm and muggy. Eventually, all of the water in the tunnel evaporates and one is left in a dry, volcanic tunnel inhabited by dust mephits and other elemental creatures. The walls and floor of the tunnel are warm to the touch, but not dangerous. This tunnel is broken by a perpendicular crevasse thirty feet wide, the floor of which is a river of magma. The other side of the tunnel spirals down to the shores of the river and several magma pools that are used by a tribe of azer to make armor, weapons and other treasures for the gods. The azer are assisted by automatons and bronze spiders that act as beasts of burden. Exit from this hellish place is through a volcanic chimney that leads to a high peak in the Klarkash Mountains. Caravans of bronze spiders and automatons travel to this peak monthly to leave their crafts, which are swept away by a moving bank of ethereal fog that blasts across the peak at each full moon, leaving amphorae of nectar and baskets of ambrosia behind.

| *Automaton (60): HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 sword (1d8+1) or dart (1d4+1); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

| *Azer (30): HD 2; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 mace or spear (1d8+1); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to fire damage, double damage from cold.*

| *Bronze Spider (60): HD 5; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.*

| *Dust Mephit (1d12): HD 3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claw (1d3); Move 12 (F18); Save 14; Special: Cone of dust (10-ft long, 1d4 damage, itching and burning); spells – blur and wind wall.*

The western tunnel winds downward to a cavern entrance blocked by golden bars stronger than adamantite. The bars are set with a lens held by a golden frame. Human and

smaller sized folk can pass through the bars with a little effort, but attempting to do so draws the ire of a couatl.

The cavern beyond is as black as pitch. It holds a lake with a basalt pillar rising from the middle. The cavern is inhabited by Eudora, a night hag, who has scratched many blasphemous secrets into the basalt pillar and attempts to devour any who enter.

If a strong light is shone through the lens on the gate it is refracted by two other lenses into a beam that strikes the ceiling directly above the pillar. A gate is then opened to the Solar Archipelago (i.e. the floating islands surrounding the Sun in Nod's solar system). Warmth and light pour into the chamber, illuminating a fresco on the walls depicting the Sun surrounded by the stars and planets and green hills. The water now drains from the room and a garden sprouts before the adventurer's eyes. Colorful eggs scattered about the cavern floor split open, sending jaculi (winged serpents) flying through the room. Sun motes come in through the blazing solar portal above and cavort like dolphins.

The pillar crumbles to reveal an artifact called the Helian Mace (see below). A truly massive luminous serpent wound around the dais the pillar sat on must either be slain or lulled to sleep with music to claim this prize. Whoever takes the mace is marked with a red circle on their forehead and is now sworn to serve as Apollo's champion on Nod. The golden bars detach themselves from the wall and land on the floor; they can be used as fighting staves.

| *Couatl: HD 8 (36 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6 + poison), tail (1d6 constrict); Move 12 (F24); Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Fly, poison, spells, polymorph.*

| *Eudora the Night Hag: HD 8 (36 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 10; Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Magic resistance 65%, +2 or better weapon to hit, magical abilities.*

| *Jaculus: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d6 + poison); Move 3 (F15); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: poison.*

| *Massive Luminous Serpent: HD 12 (50 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (2d6) and coil (3d8); Move 12 (C12, S12); Save 3; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Immune to fear and fire, coil attack constricts for 2d8 damage per round.*

| *Sun Mote: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move Fly 21; Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, immune to cold, fire and lightning, magic resistance 25%, voices.*

The Helian Mace is a large mace with a head shaped like a sunburst – the aurora being a number of flanges. The weapon is +2 to hit and damage and casts light as bright as

sunlight in a radius up to 100-ft. Undead creatures in this light are turned as though 2 HD lower. Once per day, the wielder can sacrifice a number of hit points to fire a ray of scorching light that inflicts double that number of hit points in damage to its target. The ray requires a ranged attack to hit and the victim receives a saving throw to ignore half the damage.

0147. A herd of 20 hippocampi graze the seaweed here. The leader of the herd is a stallion that once served as a paladin's steed. Though his master is dead, the stallion still serves the cause of chivalry.

0204. Cadfani is an outcast elven aristocrat from Galardis, an elementalists of some repute who struggled with her cousin for control of the city-state and was banished when her plans went awry. She now dwells here in a mountainside retreat crafted from the living rock by a captive genie. The lodge is impeccably decorated, with exotic woods, plush carpets and accoutrements in brass and silver. Cadfani's servants are goblins in starched collars, burgundy trousers and black waistcoats (and hidden daggers). A company of elves, her followers, still serve their mistress out of a sense of fear and because going anywhere else might require honest labor. Her lieutenants are twins named Caldor and Yarrow.

Treasure: 4,800 sp, 6,200 gp and a terracotta lamp that formerly contained an efreet.

| *Cadfani, Elf Elementalist*¹ Lvl 12: HP 28; AC 9 [10]; Save 4; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Elementalist spells. Silver dagger, golden coif worth 100 gp, velvet gown, silver belt worth 15 gp, tools of her trade. Short, fine features, purple-black hair and lavender eyes.

| *Caldor & Yarrow, Elves* Lvl 6: HP 21 / 11; AC 4 [15]; Save 9 / 10; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spells (3rd) when magic-users. Elven chainmail, dagger or hand axe and kite shield. Slender, tan skin and black hair. Brusque and easily led.

0207. A bubbling spring arises here, creating a natural pool of crystal clear water that feeds into the River Sessentice. The spring is inhabited by a gaggle of flighty nymphs in diaphanous robes. The waters of the spring are alive (treat as a medium water elemental), and will rise up against those who would harm its daughters or treat them poorly.

0233. One might find an ancient plaza here, now overgrown with saplings and ferns. In the center of the plaza there is a large, malachite fountain decorated with tarnished brass hinds. The fountain is cracked and dry, and all that remains of the ruined town surrounding the

fountain and plaza are crumbling foundations, a few shards of pottery and rusted utensils and tools. Should someone polish the brass sculptures and whisper a prayer to Diana, the fountain will come alive and a large falcon will soon appear in the sky, spiraling down until it lands on the edge of the fountain. This wise bird will answer three questions (per Contact Other Plane) for the person who prayed.

0236. Tucked into the mountains here is a small, pristine lake with frigid waters. A family of four frost giants lives on the shores of the lake, fishing its depths for giant sturgeon. The frost giants are wicked and cruel, but they are willing to trade their dried fish and caviar for useful supplies and gold if a group of adventurers looks as though they are too powerful to rob. The family is lead by Oktothad and Maelma.

Treasure: Caviar (2d6 pounds, worth 10 gp a pound), 600 cp, 1,100 sp, 10,000 gp.

| *Frost Giant*: HD 10+3 (53, 48, 45, 41); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (4d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 11/1700; Hurl boulders (4d6), immune to cold.

0301. Cavemen of the lion clan live here in a large complex of caves. The 70 cavemen and their families are exceedingly primitive, arming themselves with clubs. Their lair contains a crude idol of a cave lion adorned with a cave lion pelt worth 150 gp. The cavemen are led by a boisterous man called Yok and his four brothers, Pudo, Kord, Gontor and Joro.

| *Yok, Barbarian* Lvl 5: HP 30; AC 7 [12]; Save 11; CL/XP 5/240; Wears a gold ring worth 1,000 gp given to him by Cadfani to seal a pact of friendship.

| *Yok's Brothers*: HD 3 (17, 12, 8, 5); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 club (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60.

0303. A clan of fourteen ubue dwell here herding ill-tempered sheep with onyx horns. The ubue dwell in a large, dry cavern, trapping the entrance with falling stones (save or 3d6 damage). The ubue sleep with their sheep in the main cavern, with a smaller, higher cavern serving as the lair of their chief, a robust figure of abject savagery called Kin-Toka-Rok. The ubue have visited the Gallery of Bones in [0308], losing two of their number there and re-sealing the cave.

Treasure: 1,600 sp, 1,350 gp, a brass locket worth 100 gp (hold a rolled up piece of paper with the word "ZAMAX" written in elven) and 2 casks of olive oil (12 gal., 100 lb each, worth 60 gp each).

¹ The Elementalist class appears in **NOD 3**. If you don't have this issue, or prefer not to use this class, treat her as a magic-user or elf.

| *Ubue*: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 3 slams (1d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Argue.

| *Kin-Toka-Rok*: HD 5; AC 5 [14]; Atk 3 slams (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Argue.

0308. The Gallery of Bones is a large, low-ceilinged cavern sealed by massive boulders. Centuries ago, when the legions of Nomo were marching into the Rooky Wood, they encountered a plague that their physics and priests could not counter. As company after company of men succumbed, their commander, Valestos, made a decision. He gathered the afflicted in this cavern and sealed it with a landslide as he listened to the dying men screaming for mercy. The cavern is now filled with bones, old military equipment (shorts swords, darts, spears, shields, chainmail and leather armor) and four allips, the tormented, undead souls of the lead legionnaires.

| *Allip*: HD 4 (20, 20, 18, 16 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 strike (no damage, 1d4 points of wisdom lost); Move Fly 6; Save 13; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Drains wisdom, hypnosis.

0313. Ystam is a tiny village of trappers constructed atop a granite dun at the intersection of two rushing streams flanked by wolfberry bushes. The trappers have carved a rugged little stair from their village to the canyons below. The village is surrounded by a little stone wall patrolled by a company of elves from the tower of Elbernulph [0113]. The village is ruled by Elbernulph's reeve Cirioch. The villagers are supported by a blue eyed armorer named Arthaa. Cirioch dwells in a short, stone tower attached to a more traditional wattle-and-daub, two-story cottage. His house is protected by ten skeletons that he controls using a gold medallion. The villagers live in little huts and are often visited by a druid called Talotam, who leads them in secret worship of Diana. The Chimerians demand the worship of Vulcanus of the Mailed Fist, the patron deity of Galardis. An azer work gang is constructing a fortified chapel of Vulcanus. The villagers resent the elves and the arrival of their "foreign" deity.

| *Cirioch*, Elf Lvl 2: HP 12/7; AC 4 [15]; Save 13/14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Elven chainmail, two-handed sword, dagger, spellbook, medallion allows him to command undead.

0326. A carcolh dwells in a lofty cave in this hex, sending its tendrils far into the countryside in search of prey. The carcolh is described in more detail in **NOD 4** or on the *Land of Nod* blog. Treasure is pushed to the fringes of the cave, the refuse of past meals.

Treasure: 310 ep, 430 gp, a little limestone idol of the arch-demon Furfur worth 165 gp, a brass urn worth 1,000 gp and dust of sneezing and choking in a leather pouch.

| *Carcolh*: HD 9 (49 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 or more tentacles (1d4 + grapple) or 1 bite (2d6); Move 9; Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Tentacles, swallow whole.

0328. This part of the woodland lies in the shadow of a tall granite peak that is completely bare of trees. Smoke can be seen rising from a multitude of caves around the mountain and the trails around the mountain are littered with snares and bear-traps set by the resident kobolds. The Nihilo tribe of kobolds number 350 warriors. They are led by the chieftain Jikjik and her thirty sisters. The kobolds mine iron and serve as the weapon and armor smiths of many of the humanoid tribes in the region.

Treasure: 2,900 cp, 100 sp in leather sacks.

| *Jikjik*: HD 2 (8 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Magic-user spells (1st).

0334. A waterfall of reddish water pours from a cliff into a wide, shallow pool. The pool is inhabited by a fossergrim, the spirit of the waterfall. Behind the waterfall is a large, conical cave that leads into a damp, slimy tunnel (saving throw to avoid falling and sliding down the tunnel). This tunnel empties into a muddy cave with two exits. The left-hand exit leads upward to a series of caverns that eventually open to the top of the cliff above, and show signs of having once been well traveled by animal caravans. The right-hand exit leads to a winding tunnel and the cavern of Harzh, a youngish green dragon just beginning to build her horde and roosting on three large, beryl eggs. Harzh can neither speak nor cast spells.

Treasure: 2,820 gp, a large rock crystal worth 900 gp and 3 pounds of zedoary in a wooden box (worth 320 gp per pound).

| *Harzh*: HD 8 (32 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d10); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Breathes poison.

0339. A pack of 10 blink dogs hunts these woods. They detect the presence of intruders into their territory on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6, and will track intruders to make sure they mean no harm.

0345. A cove here holds a pool of water. A rusty iron door blocks access to another cavern holding the remains of Grindir, a pirate lord from Tremayne who passed away almost 80 years ago. The door is trapped but not locked, and is cold to the touch. If opened, three spears in a triangular formation springing up from the ground to skewer thieves. The skeleton of a thief lies before the door. The actual tomb holds the body of Grindir in a black, silk coat and still adorned with jewelry. The corpse and most of

the cavern are covered in yellow mold. A moonstone worth 35 gp is lodged in the corpse's eye socket.

Treasure: 2,000 sp, 640 ep, 640 gp and a turquoise worth 155 gp.

| *Yellow Mold*: HD n/a; AC n/a; Atk 1d6 damage + spore cloud; Move 0; Save n/a; CL/XP 3/60; *Special*: Poisonous spore cloud, killed by fire.

0422. A haggard mountain hag, seven feet tall, grey of skin and yellow of eye, clothed in tattered furs, sits on a stool next to a bubbling pool of tar. Tormented spirits can be seen in the tar, struggling to free themselves and wailing and weeping as they do so. These cries of torment are captured by the hag and woven into a rough cloth, grey and heavy and capable of draining the light from a room (darkness 15-ft radius) and causing melancholy to all in sight (-2 to morale checks). She willingly sells the cloth for services rendered or other exotic or enchanted items. Assume that she has three yards of the cloth prepared.

| *Mountain Hag*: HD 7; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; *Special*: None.

0432. The river here meets strong, ancient rocks and divides into hundreds of little waterfalls, playful streams and pleasant pools before re-combining into the River Frush. Ample evidence around these pools suggests that the area was once visited often by the ancient elves and gnomes – wooden gazebos so delicately carved that they could only have come from a fey hand, discarded goblets, tattered scarves of spider silk, etc. The area is now infested by giant water wasps, which perhaps caused the olden folk to quit the area in the first place. Encounters with 1d6 water wasps occur on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

| *Giant Wasp*: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 sting (1d4 + poison), bite (1d6); Move 1 (Swim 12, Fly 20); Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Paralyzing poison, larvae.

0433. Seaxel is a small farming village on the banks of the river. Its sister village and rival, Nimroth, is on the other bank in [0434]. The Seaxels and Nimroths are descended from the serfs who served the elven families of the same names, families that despised one another and competed in all things for the attention of the Emperor Finrix. Whether hunting, racing, poetry or war, the Seaxels and Nimroths were always out to best one another. The lords of the manors, who only took residence in them when the Emperor was summering in Amvianda, accompanied Finrix to his war in the west and were never heard from again. With the emperor gone and the great families gradually deposed, the serfs came to rule themselves, putting decisions to a vote or following the wise counsel of one or

another elder. But even though they were rid of their masters, the old enmity has gone on unabated. The Seaxels raise gourds, grapes and fields of barley. The village has a company of yeomen for defense. The peasants dress in old-fashioned mail hauberks and carry the tall, Norman-style shields of the old elven legions.

0434. Nimroth is a small village of woodsmen, lusty rascals with a mean streak when gold and silver are up for grabs. They loath the people of Seaxel (see 0433 above). Nimroth's warriors wear leather armor and carry long bows and battle axes. They have the services of a healer named Hallya, a freckled woman of thirty-three summers. Nimroth has a single company of militia.

0443. The woods here are studded with strange, stone monuments. The monuments are 10-ft in height and resemble crude depictions of centipedes set on end, as though burrowing into the ground or staring at the sky (it's impossible to tell). Each centipede monument is topped by a large, gleaming piece of rock crystal (worth 25 gp each). There are probably 30 monuments in the hex and they appear to be placed without rhyme or reason. At night, the hex comes alive with centipede swarms (encounter on 1-4 on 1d6). If an adventurer is foolish enough to liberate a rock crystal from its perch, he will be visited each night by ever larger waves of centipedes: 1d6 centipede swarms on the first night, then 2d6 small, lethal giant centipedes, then 3d6 man-sized giant centipedes and finally, night after night, wilderness or town, 4d6 large giant centipedes. These violent visitations will continue until the crystal is placed back on its perch.

0502. A misplaced foot might send a character (1 in 6 chance) through a 20-ft deep hole into ancient elven catacombs. The catacombs are crudely fashioned, and in fact any dwarf will declare them to be the work of goblins, the usage by elves coming sometime after they were first dug. Within the maze-like catacombs are dozens of bricked up alcoves containing the remains of elf and human legionaries from Nomo. While three of the alcoves contain but a single elf corpse, the others are stacked high with human skulls. Apparently, the catacombs were a goblin redoubt taken with much loss of life. The three elf burials are as follows:

Walgirth, an elf baronet interred with his family armor (mail hauberk, winged nasal helm, Norman-style shield) and his long sword (+1 weapon, growls in the presence of goblins and forces the owner to pass a saving throw in the presence of goblins, hobgoblins and bugbears or attack until he or the goblins all lie dead). Walgirth's alcove is trapped with a flurry of darts (2d6 damage, save for half).

Inidubrid, a warrior-maiden (possibly a paladin) interred in her gleaming plate armor (not rusted) and her crescent shield bearing intertwined doves. Her spear is a +2 weapon and is lodged through her rib cage and can only be drawn from the stone by a chivalrous character. The spear is haunted by her spirit, and will scold the bearer of the spear with electrical shocks (1d6 damage) when they behave unchivalrously. Despoilers of this tomb will be marked for destruction by servants of Law until they make penance at the temple of a high priest of Law.

Galaddus, captain of archers. Galaddus was a drinking man in life, and in death he still holds court with a dozen shades of his former comrades. Galaddus' mouldering corpse, still wearing the remains of his ring armor, his yew longbow close at hand, sits atop a barrel of spirits, shadows flitting about him, their umbral goblets raised to receive a splash of "the wine of ages" from a dusty bottle. Visitors are invited to have a drink, or chased away if troublesome.

0506. A crag here is topped by ruined castle towers. The castle's only inhabitants are a flock of ill-mannered ravens. Below the castle there is a farm composed of seven homes built on ledges. These homes can be reached by iron spikes driven into the rock. The ground beneath the homes is occupied by a pen containing three large swine with pale skin and sagging, irritated eyes. One can also make out fallow fields and a small cemetery to the east. Although the pigs look well fed, there doesn't appear to be anyone living in the farm or castle. The pigs are actually wereswine that spend their days in pig form and their nights searching for prey.

Treasure: 4,000 sp, a platinum pentagram pendant worth 750 gp, a potion of heroism in a silver flask worth 10 gp and a scroll of questioning. A scroll of questioning can be used to ask one question per day of nonliving, non-magical objects. Their answers appear on the scroll as writing and are limited to simple observations. The treasure is in a locked iron box hidden beneath the filth of their pen.

| *Were-swine: HD 9; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Only killed by silver weapons, lycanthropy, cast charm person 1/day.*

0509. It is well known that the ancient elves, filled with envy and pride as they were, turned to the worship of demons and devils in a bid for power and freedom from their ancestor gods. The Rooky Wood was a haven for the elven nobility, and therefore has more than its share of temples and shrines dedicated to the princes of the netherworld. The most fearsome of these temples is that

dedicated to Lothe, a daughter of Kali, and home to the Demon of the Wood.

The Demon of the Wood is a daughter of Lothe by the Emperor Venrix himself. Lyric by name, she claims not just the Rooky Wood as her domain, but the throne of Illikiomenos, the Old Empire men call Nomo. To secure her rightful place she weaves intrigues that go far beyond the Rooky Wood. Her agents include shadow demons, bardic spies and secret elven cultists.

The temple itself is built in a gothic style. It consists of a central sanctum that holds the cult idol of Lothe, four towers that hold storehouses, armories and living quarters, and twisting catacombs that lead to the true inner sanctum of the temple, the bedchamber of Lyric. The approach to the idol, carved from obsidian and decorated with platinum and gold, is trapped with pressure plates. If tripped, they trigger poisoned darts that fly at upper torso to head level, for those who would worship Lothe must do so on their knees.

The temple looks to be in poor repair. It and its sub-levels are draped with webbing and hung with desiccated corpses, for the temple's main inhabitants are giant spiders. The outer grounds are patrolled by three retrievers bound to Lyric's service. The catacombs are haunted by shadow demon courtiers and driders, Lyric's harem of guardsmen.

At the new moon, cultists filter into the Rooky Wood and travel secret, well-worn paths to Lyric's temple to pay homage and receive instruction. All of these cultists are elves, and they range from simple nobles and scholars to high-level knights and wizards. Cultists wear hooded black robes with the interior traced with silver thread in a web pattern. They also have spiders tattooed on their inner thighs.

Lyric's treasure is located beneath a slab of stone that requires a combined strength of 20 or higher to shift. The treasure consists of the following items: A stone tablet believed to be a fragment of the infamous Kronos Tablet (worth 900 gp), The thigh bone of Saint Effigenia encased in silver and covered with paeans to Juno (worth 250 gp), a jade death mask with gold inlay of King Zanzo of far Mu-Pan (worth 1,250 gp), an ankle chain, the links of which are carved from blue jade with a moonstone hanging from the chain (worth 5,000 gp), a wooden music box of alien manufacture set with strange yellow gems and plays a confusing melody that some magic-users might recognize as a time stop spell (worth 500 gp), three items that belonged to the Countess Yorth, lost at sea during her



honeymoon cruise fifty years ago: a gold signet ring bearing the blazonry of the Yorths (worth 1,000 gp), a silver coronet inlaid with ivory (worth 750 gp) and a silver locket inlaid with gold in a floral pattern and containing a lock of ebon hair (worth 500 gp).

The treasure also contains two masterwork weapons: A trident emblazoned with the old royal seal of Antigoon, created by the master smith Yaul and incorporating wood from the ship of Captain Thatch (when he was briefly captured by the Antigooners), and a halberd taken from the elite guard of Maupo, a Mu-Pan merchant of great renown. There is also a +2 short sword shaped like a leaf and etched with the phrase “Excelsior” in mithral, and a suit of +3 chainmail with splints made to look like serpents. Finally, the horde contains two cursed items: An amulet of inescapable location and a stone of weight.

| *Elf Cult Leader*: Cleric Lvl 6: HD 6d8; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 10 (8 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 7/400; Special: Spells (4th), command undead. Leather armor, short sword, light crossbow, vial of spider venom, holy symbol.

| *Demonic Giant Spider*: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + poison); Move 9 (C9); Save 17; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Deadly poison, immune to fire, spell resistance 10%.

| *Drider*: HD 7; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 18; Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Magic-user spells (4th).

| *Retriever*: HD 10; AC -1 [20]; Atk 4 cleavers (1d8), eye-ray; Move 9; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Eye rays (4d6 damage of fire, cold or electricity or flesh-to-stone rolled randomly), crushing damage on natural 20.

| *Shadow Demon*: HD 7+7; AC 8 [11] or 4 [15] or 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 15; Save 9; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Half damage from cold, electricity, fire and poison, blend with shadows, spells.

| *Lytic*: HD 12 (75 hp); AC -3 [22]; Atk 8 slams (2d6); Move 15; Save 3; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Magic resistance 50%, half damage from cold, electricity, fire and poison, darkness 5-ft radius, +2 or better weapon to hit, spells (charm monster, fear, geas, (un)holy word, web).

0518. A large village occupies the southern shore of Lake Korusk. The village is collection of longhouses constructed of stone taken from the surrounding cliffs, which happen to be made of travertine. Despite the simplicity of the occupants, each house is worth a good sum if one were able to carry the stone away through the winding, evil valleys of the Klarkash Mts to a lowland market.

The people of the village, Zamat-on-Krusk, are humans, but with more than a little hobgoblin blood flowing through their veins. They have orange-red skin, protruding jaws and stiff, black hair with the consistency of straw. Born mostly

of slave-stock, they are fiercely independent folk and prone to react violently to provocation.

While the main industry of Zamat-on-Krusk is fishing and the production of fish oil (the Zamati know a process of distilling the fish oil to produce a pungent sort of naphtha), it is also a trading town, receiving goods from amoral merchants that with to trade with the goblin-folk of the mountains and serving armies of orcs, goblins and human bandits on the march.

Zamat-on-Krusk has a 30-ft tall wall and a standing army of 50 men-at-arms, half armed with crossbows and axes and the other half with pole arms. The villagers do most of their fishing with a legendary breed of giant fishing eagles. Some of these eagles are trained as war beasts – they do not carry warriors, but instead harry besiegers from the air. The village supports three large road houses located outside the village walls. These roadhouses cater to travelers – mostly bandits, hobgoblins, goblins and orcs.

Zamat-on-Krusk is governed by a council of chiefs, the population being divided into multiple close-knit clans headed by hereditary chieftains. The chieftains rarely convene – usually only in times of war or other severe crises. When they do, their first order of business is a series of violent challenges to determine who shall serve as the council’s de facto ruler.

0531. The burnt remnants of a stockade lie here, about one mile east of the river. Broken hobgoblin arrows are plentiful, but not a single body remains in the place. The walls of the stockade are in good enough shape that, if the gate is repaired, it can provide a fairly safe camp.

0535. A thoughtful stone giant sits here on the remains of a thatched cottage, scratching his head and working calculations on a large, antique abacus. If questioned, he will mumble something about counting the stars in the heavens. Syghadd is a sage among giants, and can cast spells as a 5th level magic-user. A loud whistle will bring his pet cave bear to his side.

| *Syghadd*: HD 9+3 (40 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 club (3d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Throw boulders, cast magic-user spells (3rd)

| *Wroth the Bear*: HD 7 (30 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6+1), bite (1d10+1); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Hug.

0536. The woods here are lousy with carnivorous flying squirrels. Encounters occur here on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6, and 2d6 of the beasts are encountered.

0539. A tiny cave overlooking the river serves as the sepulcher of a small gnome child, perhaps a prince. The cave is natural save for a single circle on one wall that has been ground smooth and painted with loving portrait of the large-eyed child. A small, soapstone altar rests beneath this portrait, covered by the stubs of candles and dried flowers. There is no treasure here, and the body is well buried, but the sepulcher remains a holy spot and a refuge from evil. Characters of a wicked bent find themselves unwilling to enter into the place without first throwing themselves to their knees and shedding a tear of remorse.

0541. The svart² village of Verm is composed of a vast series of limestone caverns located in the southern hills. The caverns descend many miles into the earth and some passages connect to much deeper vaults. The svarts dwell in the caverns nearest the surface, shrouding them in tricky illusions. From here they launch raiding parties against the other folk of the hills. The village consists of 400 warriors.

Approximately 25% of the svarts can cast spells as though they were 1st level illusionists. Svart warriors wear chain shirts and carry leaf-bladed short swords and spiked gauntlets. One in ten carries a net woven from hair of captured virgins. These nets have a +2 grapple bonus. Although the warriors are commanded by Huln, a warchief, the tribe is actually under the thumb of Ninnien, an alp, and his pack of hounds of Yith. Ninnien is 8-ft tall, has pallid skin, high cheek bones, white hair and pink eyes.

Huln is assisted in his duties by his two lieutenants, Hlassida and Karinn (8 HP each), both rivals for his affections. The svarts also keep 28 giant rats for guard animals and for use as hunting animals.

Treasure: 60,000 sp (ancient issue of the Nabu Empire) in a locked chest with a poisoned needle in the lock, belt of sable (120 gp) with 8 pp hidden in the lining.

| *Huln, Svart Chief: HD 2 (11 hp), AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Cast spells as 2nd level illusionist. Mail hauberk, round shield, mithral axe (+1 to hit).*

| *Ninnien, Alp: HD 8 (40 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 horn (1d4) and 1 bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Nightmare, gaze attack, change shape, cap of invisibility, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.*

| *Svart: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18 (16 vs. spells); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force 1/day,*

| *Hound of Yith: HD 3; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 18 (F25); Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Baying (cause fear 100-ft), harmed only by magic/silver weapons, fly, magic resistance 10%,*

0603. Here lies the head of Raldo. Raldo's head measures 8 feet in diameter. It lies in a gully thick with ferns and rotting vegetation and itself is in a state of advanced decay. Despite the presence of dozens of giant centipedes consuming the head and crawling through it, Raldo thinks and speaks and can be consulted as though a sage. Raldo does seem to feel pain, but it doesn't appear to consume him.

0609. Atop a hillock there is a lone pine tree that sings melancholy dirges heard up to 9 miles away. Anyone foolish enough to harm the tree is immediately set upon by a pack of four hounds of Yith.

| *Hound of Yith: HD 3; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 18 (F25); Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Baying (cause fear 100-ft), harmed only by magic/silver weapons, fly, magic resistance 10%,*

If the vandals survive, they are attacked for twelve more nights by more hounds, with the pack expanding by one hound each night. On the thirteenth night, they will face Arawn, a death god.

| *Arawn: HD 20 (137 hp); AC -5 [24]; Atk 2 club strokes (1d6+5); Move 15 (F15); Save 2; CL/XP 28/6800; Special: Cast spells as 20th level druid, death spell 1/rd (as black ray from eyes), immune to damage dealing spells and magic weapons, magic resistance 50%. Looks like a pale man in a black cloak and sable tunic wielding a large +3 club.*

The ground around the tree is littered with copper coins, some several centuries old. Adventurers can take the coins without fear of reprisal, finding 20-80 with each hour of searching until a total of 4,000 have been recovered.

0613. The White Wolves are a small hobgoblin tribe that dwells in a cave lair. They keep six carnivorous apes and 50 goblin slaves. The White Wolf clan consists of 200 warriors. The warriors wear chainmail and wield short swords and throwing axes, with half of the tribe also carrying pole arms and the other half short bows. The goblin slaves can be equipped with spears and clubs in a pinch.

Each platoon of ten hobgoblins is commanded by a sergeant-at-arms (2 HD) with chainmail, polearm and long sword. The White Wolves are led by Grishna the Flayer. He is an old, large, gnarled hobgoblin covered in decades of scar tissue. Grishna is a canny tactician who has held his own in many campaigns against the knights of Pfeife, Blackpoort and Guelph.

² Svarts are a malicious race of gnome with soot-colored skin and red-rimmed eyes.

Grishna is assisted by a wizened old female hobgoblin shaman called Fruze. Fruze has been around even longer than Grishnak and bears a special hatred for the Pfeifers that wiped out her old clan, the Dragon's Tongue hobgoblins.

Treasure: 270 cp, 270 sp and 250 gp locked in an iron chest that is kept beneath a boulder in Grishna's chamber.

| *Grishna, Hobgoblin Fighter Lvl 6: HP 27; AC 0 [19]; Save 9 (7 vs. disease); CL/XP 6/400. Heavy flail, dagger, +1 platemail.*

| *Fruze, Hobgoblin Adept Lvl 2: HP 7; AC 8 [11]; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Adept spells (1st), guide. Staff, fetishes.*

0620. A pack of four dragonnes roams these valleys, preying on the pale, gibbering things that scurry from boulder to boulder and cave to cave. Encounters with them occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Dragonne: HD 9 (45, 44, 37, 37 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); Move 18 (Fly 9); Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Roar.*

0628. A terrible image is carved into a mountain here. It depicts a squatting, vaguely humanoid shape. The thing's head is a mass of tentacles that spread out over the mountain side and its stunted arms end in talons. A stream of water rushes out of the mountain from beneath the squatting horror, which is 100-ft tall. The water flows into a deep, dark pool. The water has an oily sheen and smells foul but is safe enough to drink. The ground around the pool is often visited, and at night, random encounters with hags occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6.

0632. A family of three gnasher lizards can be found sunning themselves on the banks of the river. They are especially ill-tempered.

| *Gnasher Lizard: HD 9 (39, 36, 33 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Behead, swallow whole.*

0638. On a pleasant hill overlooking the river valley the gnomes of the hills have constructed a small, stone chapel dedicated to the goddess Minerva in her aspect as the goddess of crafts. The chapel is overseen by a lone priestess, a woman named Kothilda. Kothilda is a woman deformed by disease and abandoned as a child on the coast. Discovered by gnomes, she was raised among them and showed an astounding capacity at their crafts. As she grew to womanhood, they constructed this chapel and dedicated it to the human goddess they believed had blessed the child with her skill at woodworking. She now lives here along, often entertaining the good folk of the forest. The chapel has a single room furnished with an

ornate kneeling bench and idol of Minerva that were carved by Kothilda's own hands, and a simple wooden bowl for donations (she prefers items rather than coins, and people who leave items they have crafted themselves are Blessed by Minerva for 24 hours. Behind the chapel is a gnome-style burrow built on a human scale. This is where Kothilda lives her simple life. It has a hearth, woven rugs, comfortable chairs and a small bedroom and a root cellar.

| *Kothilda, Cleric Lvl 10: HP 47; AC 9 [10]; Save 6 (4 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Cleric spells (5th), turn undead.*

0644. The shore here is solid granite and marked with dozens of tidal pools. The granite runs just above the waves of the sea for two hundred yards before it curves upward in terraced cliffs. The very top of the cliffs is thick with pines, but the terraces support only a few scrubby bushes. Atop one of these terraces lies a hauberk of mail and an old spear (rusty and warped). The silhouette of a human body spills out of the chainmail in the form of fuzzy, black mold.

0701. Balor is the demon prince of goblins, and here the goblins have carved a stone in his honor. The stone looks, more or less, like a jack-o-lantern carved from a boulder (and crudely at that). Any adventurers captured by goblins in the region have a 10% chance of being marched to this spot to be sacrificed by fire. If a goblin shaman is present with the captors, the chance increases to 30%. The idol looks out on a small canyon and is reached by climbing steps carved into the canyon walls.

Goblin encounters in the hex occur on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. Goblins fighting in the presence of their idol have a +1 bonus to hit and will always fight to the death. Summoning spells cast in the idol's presence summon goblinoids 50% of the time, as follows (and within the confines of the spell's parameters):

1. Goblin (2d6)
2. Hobgoblin (2d6)
3. Nilbog (2d6)
4. Skunk Goblin (2d6)
5. Bugbear (1d6)
6. Throghrin (1d6)

The summoned creatures, not surprisingly, are not under the summoner's control.

0703. A stone bridge spans a canyon here. Either end of the bridge is anchored by a three-storey square tower with a gabled roof. The windows of the tower are barred and shuttered. A tunnel extends through each tower to the

bridge. Doors into the tower are on either side of the tunnel and are made of thick oak bound in iron. They appear to be in perfect condition.

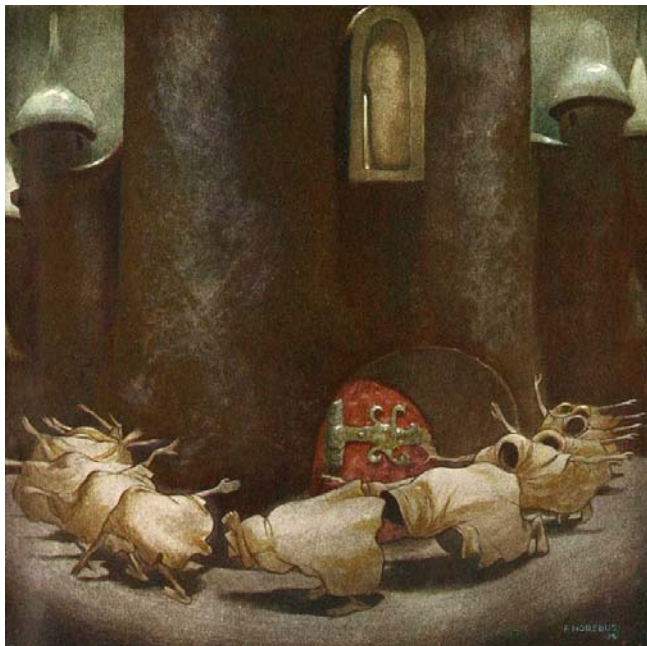
The towers are guarded by 200 jabberlings (thin, horned goblins with long, devilish beards) in thrall to the Bridge Keeper. The tunnels have murder holes in the ceiling, through which they will pour boiling oil or soot (either inflicting 3d6 points of damage or choking those who fail a saving throw, forcing them to stop in their tracks and spend 1d4 rounds coughing). There are also arrow slits.

| *Jabberling: HD 1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Confusion, immune to mind effects.*

The interior of the towers occupy the same extra-dimensional space. One will always exit through the same door they entered the tower. The first floor is home to living statues, mimics, giant beetles that look like floor slabs, trappers, and an efreet imprisoned in a large hearth. The second floor is home to the jabberlings and their “god”, a chaos beast called Zor-Ulthok, that they keep locked in an old chapel originally dedicated to Minerva.

On the top floor of the tower lives the bridge keeper, a humanoid goat-thing with the abilities of a 10th level magic-user and in possession of a celestial orrery that allows him to understand the seemingly random nature of the portal stones.

| *Bridge Keeper: HD 5 (20 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 staff (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Magic-user spells (5th). Carries a staff of abjuration.*



Each portal stone appears to be a normal stepping stone 3 feet square. A small rune is carved into each stone. When a stone is trod upon, a bright light appears shoots up from the stone into the heavens, carrying the creature with it. The light transports the creature to a random dimension, and continues to transport to that same place for 6 turns. The table below can be used to roll a random dimension:

1. The Ethereal Plane
2. Mighty Asgard
3. Carcosa
4. The Dreamlands
5. Fairyland
6. Hades
7. The Pandemonium in Hell
8. Jovis
9. Luna
10. Martis
11. Mercurii
12. The Mirror Dimension
13. Oz
14. The Primum Mobile
15. Saturnii
16. Solis (the palace of Prester John)
17. Toyland
18. Veneris
19. Wonderland
20. Yuggoth

Alternatively, you can send the adventurers to another wilderness region on Nod or to another hex in the Marche. The bridge offers no way back from the places it sends people.

0707. This hex is notable for its large, rolling meadow of tender grass and fragrant blooms. A large fairy circle is evident on the meadow, and it is visited on each full moon by a gaggle of (4d6) dancing, fiddling grigs and other fairies. In the daytime, it is thick with game and the occasional hunting party of centaurs.

0711. The Goblin Tower abuts the Klarkash Mountains. Built ages ago by a dwarf lord, it has since fallen to a strange cult of goblins that worship the Gnawer at the Root. The cultists' leader is Grinkle, an exceptional goblin shaman who uses his powers to snatch away children from all over the world, putting them to work mining beneath the tower to eventually open the tomb of the Gnawer, a creature said to combine the powers of an ancient black dragon and type IV demon.

| *Grinkle, Goblin Adept Lvl 10: HP 38; AC 8 [11]; Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Adept spells (3rd), sage. Owns a crystal ball through which he snatches disobedient children.*

0715. Howling winds always rush through this canyon. Those who have spent any time in the canyon say that eventually one begins to hear weird, alien voices in the wind and feel airy claws tugging at their clothes.

The source of the winds seems to be an ancient cave temple to Aolus. The temple's entrance is a cave mouth that has been carved to resemble a face with puffed out cheeks and a furrowed brow. The wind coming from the cave mouth is equal to that of a Gust of Wind spell. Just 20 feet inside the entrance the winds die down to a breeze. The temple here includes a labyrinth stalked by six belkers and a central shrine to Aolus. The shrine includes a gold statue atop a stone altar. Anyone stealing the statue is cursed with ill winds for the rest of their days; they will be unable to travel by boat and make all their ranged attacks at -5 to hit until they have restored the statue to its shrine and atoned. The statue is worth 2,000 gp. The statue is guarded by three belkers.

| *Belker: HD 7; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); Move F18; Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Smoke claws, smoke form, magic resistance 20%.*

In the middle of the shrine there is a deep pit surrounded by a powerful magic circle that allows any creature to enter, but bars elemental creatures from exiting. At the bottom of the pit is a many-leveled dungeon in which a variety of evil air elemental creatures are imprisoned. The prison is maintained by several destrachans.

| *Destrachan: HD 8; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Sees by sending tremors, immune to sound damage; sonic blast (80-ft cone, 4d6 damage, 6d6 subdual damage or shatters small to medium objects of wood, stone, metal or glass.*

0723. A towering cliff in this hex has been sculpted into a bas-relief of Apollo Helios – at least, most of the accoutrements of the bas-relief would suggest the youthful sun god, all save a very long, heavy beard. Should one observe the sculpture long enough, or come in for a closer look, they will discover the origin of the discrepancy – a colony of giant wasps has built a nest underneath the sculpture's chin. The colony contains 22 giant wasps. At the base of the cliff sculpture there is a small shrine dedicated to Apollo tunneled into the space between his feet. The shrine's entrance is about 3-ft high and wide and can be sealed with a bronze grate from the inside, making it highly defensible. Inside the cramped shrine (about 9-ft long, 6-ft wide, 5-ft high ceiling) there is a small idol to the god carved from a large chunk of topaz. The idol is kept in

an alcove behind another bronze grate, this one protected by a glyph of warding that fires a searing beam of light that deals 4d6 points of fire damage and has a 25% chance of causing permanent blindness. A successful saving throw negates half the damage and the blindness. If the idol is removed, a hole is uncovered and releases a swarm of golden, flesh-eating scarab beetles. The idol is worth 1,500 gp.

| *Scarab Swarm: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + 1 point of Dexterity damage); Move 6 (F9); Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Minimum damage from pointed and slashing weapons, half damage from bludgeoning weapons, immune to fire.*

0739. Beastagores are large, demonic deer. One of them roams the southern bank of the river, spreading fear and desolation, but fearing to cross the river due to the presence of Kothilda [0638]. Encounters with the beastagore occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Beastagore: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 gore (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6) and 1 tail (1d3); Move 24; Save 5; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Poison breath, skewer.*

0804. This wide plateau is littered with the remains of a terrible battle. One can pick out dozens of skulls and skeletons of humans and hobgoblins and rusty weapons and armor that look to be a hundred years old. One side of the field contains a ruined catapult, its arm splintered. At the other there is a massive boulder from under which stick to legs still encased in armor.

The armor is +2 platemail that remains in perfect condition (if it can be extracted from the boulder). The old inhabitant of the armor, a Sir Goresby, now possesses the armor. Those who wear the armor must succeed at a saving throw to avoid charging goblins and hobgoblins on sight and to avoid feeling animosity towards elves and half-elves.

At night, the skeletal warriors rise and engage in mock battle. Intruders find themselves attacked by twenty skeletons for every adventurer present. Unlike normal skeletons, they age those they hit by 1 year.

0807. There is a dark crevasse here that cuts across the landscape. Rumors abound as to its contents. Some say that hundreds of magic swords have been thrown into the crevasse over the centuries to appease Vulcanus. Others claim a demon of terrible power is entrapped there. In truth, it is the abode of a giant spider called Carlotta. Carlotta was once an elf of exceptional promise that ran afoul of a necromancer she had seduced and robbed. The necromancer turned Carlotta into a giant spider and left her to live in this form for eternity. Eventually, Carlotta

found this crevasse and made it her home. In her years in the crevasse, she has come to dominate a goblin tribe. She uses them to expand her dungeon and lure travelers into its winding, trap-laden corridors.

| *Carlotta*: HD 10 (45 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d8 + poison); Save 5; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Poison (save or paralyzed for 3 turns), spells as 4th level magic-user.

0809. A retired trader from Pfeife has repaired and rebuilt an old stone fort here and turned it into a coaching inn. The inn has a 15-ft tall curtain wall surrounding an oval courtyard with a well. Blending into the wall is a three-story tall round tower topped with crenellations and a tall, conical bell tower. The trader, Androse, lives with his wife and three children on the top floor, beneath the belfry. The second level is a common room for sleeping and the ground floor is a taproom in the day and common room at night. The taproom has two curtained booths which turn into semi-private sleeping berths at night. Androse and his goodwife put out a bountiful spread for their customers, with steaming trays of spiced meats (mutton and game mostly), crocks of soft cheese, wheels of sharp cheddar, round loaves of black bread and fruit cake and leather mugs of pale, sweet ale. Expensive wines are available on request. All of the food is stored in the cellar, which used to hold instruments of torture but now has cages full of wine casks and barrels of flour.

0816. Fifty industrious gnomes have established an iron mining operation here. They are led by Morgenstern, a gnome veteran of countless campaigns against the kobolds. The gnomes live in their mine and have smelting ovens near the river. They are on good terms with the surrounding wildlife, and thus are rarely surprised by intruders.

The gnomes have an illusory trap of a flood filling the canyon. Folks that fail their saving throw pantomime being carried away by the waters, rolling around on the ground and eventually coming to rest a mile away with 3d6 points of nonlethal damage.

Treasure: Silver nuggets (10, worth 100 gp), 20 gp and three casks of brandy.

| *Gnome*: HD 1d6; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 18 (16 vs. illusions); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force once per day. Leather armor, pick, throwing axe.

| *Morgenstern, Fighting-Gnome Lvl 5*: HP 32; AC 3 [16]; Save 10 (8 vs. illusions); Special: Cast phantasmal force once per day. Military pick +1 (hums in the presence of silver), throwing axe, chainmail hauberk, shield.

0825. There is a shallow pool here where amber from the old forests of the mountains collects. A group can walk away from the pool with 2d4x10 gp worth of amber if they spend an hour searching. Unfortunately, the pool is haunted by a four pesky poltergeists and the surrounding woods are home to 12 kampfults.

| *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.

| *Kampfult*: HD 2; AC 3 [16]; Atk 6 branches (1); Move 3; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on 1d6.

0829. Alfie is a stone giant who runs a marble quarry in the shadows of the Klarkash Mts. He dwells in a nearby cave, where he keeps his team of six giant oxen. Alfie loves his animals and does not take kindly to anyone who shows them disrespect or harms them. Alfie trades his granite with a band of dwarf merchants chartered by the government of Antigoon. The dwarfs' caravan is based in Borbet [2332].

Treasure: Most of Alfie's loot is in the form of provisions. It consists of 1,550 sp, a pearl worth 25 gp, an opal worth 100 gp, 20 lb. of flour in wooden barrels, three large wheels of sharp cheddar cheese, twelve jars of gooseberry jam, five 20 lb. hams hanging from the ceiling, 50 lb of pickled herring, a cask of Tremanni whiskey worth 300 gp, a 10 lb block of tobacco worth 5 gp, four casks of dwarf mead worth 20 gp and a barrel of hard apple cider worth 1 gp. Alfie's money and gems are locked in a wooden chest kept atop a high ledge in his cave, along with other knick-knacks.

| *Alfie, Stone Giant*: HD 9+3 (50 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 club (3d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Throwing boulder for 3d6 damage.

| *Giant Oxen (6)*: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk Gore (1d10); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.

0831. This portion of the woodland is dominated by a great hemisphere of granite pocked with caves and covered by ancient, twisted pine trees. The mound, referred to as Bear Mountain, is surrounded by lush fields of clover and wild flowers. Black bears and a clan of werebears dwell in the vicinity. The black bears, numbering 30, live in the mountain caves, coming down to the meadow and woods to hunt and frolic.

The werebears live in hive-shaped stone huts on the meadow. They keep bees and are noted for their skill in sorcery, a pursuit not usually associated with their kind. The clan consists of seven werebears led by an old male

called Troff and his mate, Lir. The other clan members are all evocators (i.e. 3rd level magic-users). The werebears are presently quite pleased with themselves, as they have just created the world's first honey golem, which they plan to use as a guardian for their domain.

Treasure: The werebear's treasure is kept in a hollow place beneath the floor of their huts. It consists of 3,950 sp, 770 gp. They also have 8 barrels of mead (30 gal. each, 250 lb), worth 8 gp each.

| *Werebear Evocator (4):* HD 7+3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (2d4); Move 9; Save 9 (7 vs. spells); CL/XP 9/1100; *Special:* Lycanthropy, spells (2nd).

| *Lyr, Werebear Magic-User Lvl 7:* HP 37; AC 2 [17]; Save 9 (7 vs. spells); CL/XP 10/1300; *Special:* Lycanthropy, spells (4th).

| *Troff, Werebear Magic-User Lvl 9:* HP 38; AC 2 [17]; Save 7 (5 vs. spells); CL/XP 12/2000; *Special:* Lycanthropy, spells (5th).

| *Honey Golem:* HD 5 (18 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (2d6); Move 9; Save 12; *Special:* Immune to magic, half damage from piercing and slashing weapons, sticky, summon swarm. Grappled victims must pass a strength save or be engulfed and suffocate. Cold effects deal no damage to honey golems, but acts as a slow spell.



0834. Amvianda is a small town of 940 souls built in and around a wooded mount that rises above the surrounding landscape and overlooks the River Frush. Amvianda was constructed as a palace for the emperor of Nomo, his court using the surrounding woods as a hunting preserve and hosting lavish parties and entertainments. Naturally, the emperor's palace required defenses and soldiers, administrative building and bureaucrats and temples and priests, and this population required a large population capable of supporting it with food and drink.

Since the disappearance of the Emperor Vinrix, the town has been ruled by its steward, Ashbertus, a loyal functionary and capable administrator who has only begun to awaken to the fact that he is now, in effect, the noble ruler of a small city-state. Ashbertus is an elf with long, flaxen hair and piercing green eyes.

Amvianda's architecture, aside from the limestone and thatch cottages of the peasantry, is constructed of expensive stone – marble, porphyry and malachite in a dazzling array of colors and shapes. The architecture is graceful and most of the buildings possess brass domes that sparkle in the sunlight. The town has a temple dedicated to Jove, King of Heaven and protector of monarchs, with a great idol of the god enthroned holding a golden globe of Nod in one hand and a thunderbolt in the other, his eyes being sapphires worth 1,000 gp each and his toga painted in a deep purple glaze and edged with gold filigree. The temple is overseen by Tuardolon, an old, haughty elf with silver hair and an overbite.

Amvianda is best known for its college of bards, a gathering of bards, minstrels, poets and actors that occurs every seven years. The artists gather to compete for golden laurels and the title of master of their respective arts.

Amvianda is protected by three companies of elf longbowmen led by the rangers Lothiadh, Fuamtha and Ancreth, all scions of noble houses from the west. The population of 8,400 peasants can produce 70 companies of militia.

| *Ancreth, Elf Ranger 2:* HP 16; AC 4 [15]; Save 14; CL/XP 2/30; *Special:* +2 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, immune to sleep and charm. Elven cloak, elven boots, elven chainmail, shield, longbow, long sword, silver dagger. Ancreth is lazy and corrupt, and his longbowmen are little better than brigands.

| *Fuamtha, Elf Ranger 6:* HP 27; AC 4 [15]; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; *Special:* +6 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, arch-enemy (spiders, +2 hit, AC, track), immune to sleep and charm. Elven chainmail, shield, elven cloak, elven boots, longbow, long sword, silver dagger. Fuamtha's longbowmen patrol the northern lands, collecting the silk of the giant spider and ettercap to be made into elven cloaks and boots.

| *Lothiadh, Elf Ranger Lvl 7:* HP 36; AC 4 [15]; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; *Special:* +7 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, arch-enemy (hobgoblins, +2 hit, AC, track), immune to sleep and charm. Elven chainmail, shield, elven cloak, elven boot, longbow, long sword, silver dagger. Lothiadh's company patrols the western lands, and thus sees more combat than the other companies due the incessant incursions into the woodlands by goblins and hobgoblins from the Klarkash Mts.

| *Tuardolon, Elf Cleric Lvl 6:* HP 25; AC 4 [15]; Save 10 (8 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 8/800; *Special:* Spells (4th), turn undead, immune to sleep and charm. Elven chainmail, shield, light mace, golden holy symbol.

0836. Faljo is a svart lair built in and under a dense thicket. The thicket tunnels are just large enough for the svarts, so human-sized creatures must crawl on their hands and

knees to move through them. Every turn spent moving through the thicket tunnels is painful, so those doing it for more than a turn suffer a -1 penalty on all d20 rolls thereafter until they've had time to apply some salve or obtain divine healing.

Faljo is populated by 130 svart warriors and their mates and children. They are nominally led by their chieftain, Joro, and Nudno, the tribal shaman. The true power in Faljo, however, is Caldor, a wererat that believes he will one day found a mighty kingdom in the Nyblings. Caldor was once a young nobleman of Antigoon who has lost his grip on reality. His warren consists of 14 wererats. The svarts keep 10 giant rats as guard animals.

Treasure: Caldor keeps his own treasure in a locked chest. It consists of 1,600 cp, 600 sp, 350 ep and 15 gp. The svarts keep their treasure (1,500 sp) in a covered pit into which they've tossed a viper.

| Joro: HD 2 (15 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 6; Save 16 (14 vs. spells); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Cast phantasmal force,

| Nudno, Svart Adept Lvl 2: HP 12; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 14 (12 vs. spells); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Cast phantasmal force 1/day, adept spells (1st), sage,

| Svart: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18 (16 vs. spells); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force 1/day,

| Caldor: HD 6 (31 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d3), weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Lycanthropy, control rats, surprise on a 1-4 on 1d6.

| Wererat: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d3), weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Lycanthropy, control rats, surprise on a 1-4 on 1d6.

| Giant Rat: HD 1d4; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: 5% carry lycanthropy.

0902. Located on the shores of Blackmere are a complex of connected grottos inhabited by a tribe of troglodytes that worship a massive kelpie called the Green Mother, giant sea urchins, albino electric eels, giant freshwater crabs, dire corbys, piercers and various slimes, jellies and oozes.

0909. Two strongholds overlook this river canyon that approaches Pfeife. One is commanded by the chaotic Lord Dross, the other the lawful Lord Pinkel. Dross and Pinkel are brothers with an unceasing hatred of one another. They inherited their strongholds from their father, the elder Lord Dross, a powerful and respected Knight of the March. The brothers routinely fire volleys of stones and arrows at one another's castle, and are likely to consider any intruders in their valley to be on the other side's

payroll. Neither brother allows his henchmen to cross the river. Each noble commands a squadron of heavy foot and a squadron of crossbowmen.

0913. A tattered cloak hangs on the branch of a tree. The face of a grimacing ogre is embroidered into the back of the cloak. In the presence of ogres or giants, the wearer of the cloak must pass a saving throw or fight alongside them against his comrades or risk the cloak making a choking attack each round as a 4 HD monster dealing 1d8 points of damage.

0921. The Gaestly Hills are well known for their barrow tombs, and this hex holds one of the few that has not yet been plundered. Like most barrows, this one is constructed beneath a man-made hill of jagged stones and gangly tufts of grass. The entrance is sealed by a door of black metal – an alien material unknown to all but the greatest sages and dwarf smiths. The black metal has the effect of inducing hallucinations in those who touch it – dark hallucinations of imminent betrayal by their closest comrades. A successful saving throw thwarts the hallucinations, but many a band of would-be tomb robbers has been plunged into an orgy of violence before this simple door. The door is sealed by a wizard lock from a 10th level magic-user.

Beyond the door there is a 30-ft long passage lined with megaliths. Each of the 12 megaliths is set with a single pearl worth 10 gp. At the end of the passage there is a second black metal door, this one trapped to fall inward on any who attempt to open it. Unless a saving throw is made, the victim suffers 2d6 points of crushing damage under the 500 lb door.

The antechamber of the tomb is decorated with seven statues of handsome, barbarian warriors in terracotta and painted to seem alive, though the paint has begun to chip and crack. On the walls there are three tapestries. The middle tapestry looks like a tangled woodland with hints of strange creatures lurking in the trees. In fact, it is a sheet fungus covering the entrance to a small tunnel that descends deeper into the earth and holds the key to the crypt and treasure chamber of the wizard Bayard.

The other two tapestries are portals to pocket dimensions, each holding an item necessary to opening the crypt of Bayard. The first tapestry depicts a princess royal holding court with seven women dressed in white. The woman holds an ornate goblet of gold. Stepping into the scene, the adventurers will find themselves in a courtyard presented by these women and their mistress. Should violence occur, they will discover that the women have swords under their

robes and fight as though they were hill giants. The princess royal will ask the following riddle:

"I am swifter than my house, but it will long outlast me; it runs while I rest and if I be severed from it I must surely die."

The answer is a fish and its river, and if this answer is given the women and courtyard melts away and the adventurers find themselves back in the tomb holding the golden goblet (worth 150 gp).

The second tapestry depicts two men, one a noble knight, the other his hunched squire. When entered, the adventurers will find themselves on a green plain littered with the dead and dying of a terrific battle. The knight, a tuning fork in his hand, will ask the following riddle:

"I bear the scars of many a battle, and fight without hope of comfort or victory."

The answer is shield, and if given the men and field melt away and the adventurers find themselves back in the tomb holding the tuning fork.

The aforementioned tunnel leads down to a hexagonal chamber. Each wall is covered by a crystal mirror and in the center of the room there is a small basin filled with holy water (about one gallon). The mirrors can most easily be shattered by striking the tuning fork against the side of the basin. This will reveal, behind any mirror of the Referee's choice, a stone door with a large keyhole. Any attempt to break a mirror with physical violence will cause the image of the "breaker" to step out of the mirror and attack. The mirror image will have the same stats as the "breaker", and will be immune to attacks from any other person.

Once the final door is revealed, thieves will discover that they cannot pick the lock, for in fact there is no mechanism behind the keyhole. The only way to open the door is to empty the basin of water using the goblet (or any other similar device) into the keyhole. An entire gallon of liquid must be poured into the keyhole to cause the door to swing open, revealing a simple crypt holding the partially mummified body of Bayard in his green, velvet robes and grasping his scepter or blue quartz (worth 200 gp). The body is placed on a small platform and surrounded by the remainder of his treasure: A glass bottle holding two pounds of mercury (worth 10 gp per pound), a hyacinth worth 1,750 gp, a jacinth worth 40 gp, a jet worth 85 gp, 1,000 ep and 500 gp.

0941. Near the spray of a grand waterfall lies Fafna, a large village of herdsmen. The swineherds of Fafna are devout worshipers of Ceres, who they honor in the shape of a spectacular white sow. The eating of swine flesh is forbidden in Fafna unless it is butchered by the town's religious elders, three men called Jenyd, Varth and Greg. Fafna's traditions also ban the bearing of one's teeth in anger and the drinking of strong spirits. The village is protected by an earthen rampart clad in field stone and patrolled two companies of scouts and a company of yeomen who carry bill hooks and leaf bladed daggers. The people of Fafna, despite their simple garb and seeming inability to get a joke, are crafty and ingenious. In their temple they keep a thick book of knowledge, and all villagers are taught to read and expected to memorize lessons from the book, giving everyone in the village the abilities of a minor sage. The Fafnarians do a brisk trade in sow's ear purses and chestnuts with the gnomes of the hills, and enjoy the protection of the gnomes in return.

1006. Luinel is a mid-sized village of about 40 thatched huts surrounded by a picket of pointy sticks and a tangled thicket. The villagers mostly work as woodsmen, but they also keep a few goats, sheep and swine. They are best known, though, for their oxen – powerful beasts with red coats and horns that stretch 4-ft from one tip to the other. These colossal beasts are capable of hauling twice that of normal oxen. The village is governed by a mayor elected by a council of elders and important men and women. It is defended by three companies of scouts.

Of particular note is a tall, conical structure in the center of the village. This particular hut is surrounded by a low wall of bright red bricks, with a single opening that is always guarded by an armored man with a masked helm and a stout spear. Inside the hut there is a strange statue, abstract and wretched and hurtful to the eye and soul. The villagers do not allow people to enter the central hut, and when questioned they say only "It is the heart of the village. Can you not hear it beating?" with wide eyes and a look of eerie calm.

While adventurers are welcomed into the village, there is no inn, so they will have to sleep with different families. If they show too much interest in the idol and are of a lawful bent, the families will murder them in their sleep and drag their corpses to the hut, where they will have disappeared by the next morning. The villagers have the abilities of 3rd level assassins when given a mission by their idol. It is said that when a body is given over to "the heart", that a new red ox appears in the communal pen.

1011. As the adventurers walk through a narrow canyon, they come upon a stone head lying on its side in the midst of a shallow creek. The carving of the head suggests ancient Egypt, with its full lips and headdress. The stone is yellowish and shows signs of erosion. The head belongs to a massive stone golem located some ways away in a large rubble heap. If the head is touched, the body will animate and hasten to recover its head and kill anyone who happens to be in the vicinity. At its rate of travel, it will arrive in exactly one minute. It will then pick up its head, hold it under its arm and begin stomping on people. There is a +1 dagger stuck in a crack on the construct's left foot.

| *Stone Golem: HD 15 (60 hp); 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.*

1014. This canyon is unnaturally cold and windy. The stream that flows through it is iced over and the canyon walls are draped with sheets of ice. Dwelling in the midst of this winter wonderland is a mature white dragon called Fallax. His lair, a series of icy caves with dozens of deadfalls that end in a frosty pit, is guarded by ten immortal space vikings.

Treasure: 1,300 sp, 3,830 gp, amber hammer charm worth 100 gp, terracotta goblet worth 80 gp.

| *Fallax: HD 7 (33 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (2d8); Move 9 (Fly 24); Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Breathes frost (cone, 70' long, base 30').*

| *Space Vikings: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Immune to cold. Ceramic ring mail, force shield, laser axe. Force shield is proof against magic missiles and laser axe ignore armor. Both are powered by batteries and essentially have 10 charges each*

1021. North of Antigoon, on the banks of a rushing stream, there lies an abandoned stone windmill. The windmill is dilapidated now. Its arms turn slowly and the land around it is overgrown with reeds and gnarled, unwholesome trees. A decade ago, the mill served the manorial village of Baron Grodo. Grodo was a cruel alchemist who used the millstone to grind the bones of his enemies into meal that he baked and brewed into his concoctions. The millstone is now haunted by the souls of those that were crushed, giving the entire area an aura of horror.

The ruins of Grodo's castle lie about 200 yards south of the windmill. All that remains is the foundation and a single wall with a window looking out over a pond. The failed experiments of the baron ended up in that pond, which is now inhabited by fifteen mud-men and a species of intelligent (though harmless) fish.

The windmill is guarded by three apparitions that attempt to kill anyone who violates their lair. Beneath the millstone there is a small complex of damp, partially flooded chambers. The chambers are lined with flagstones and partially sealed with tar.

In one chamber there is a large crystal box sealed with wax. The box contains a pouch with 400 gp, several nuggets of fool's gold and several alchemical tomes in Grodo's secret code.

Grodo, now a ghast, haunts another chamber along with three ghouls. The baron wears a medallion with the Grodo family arms on one side and the seal of the Prince of Antigoon on the other. This medallion serves as the title to the Grodo estate. Any who bring it back to Antigoon and present it to the Prince can claim the estate as their own.

| *Apparition: HD 8 (43, 34, 26 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk See special; Move 15; Save 8; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Only harmed by silver or magic weapons, choking, surprise on 1-4 on 1d6.*

| *Ghast: HD 4 (18 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) and 1 bite (1d6); Move 14; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Stench, paralyzing touch.*

| *Ghoul: HD 2 (13, 9, 6 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) and 1 bite (1d4); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Immunities, paralyzing touch.*

| *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.*

1025. A small family of four hill giants scrapes out a living in the surrounding hills by hunting big game. The cavern holds a towering kiln that the giants use as a hearth for roasting meat. Tucked into the ashes of the kiln there is a sinister magic dagger called the Tooth of Vexus. The Tooth of Vexus is a +2 dagger. Vexus was a potent wizard in these hills some 300 years ago, but not many folks now remember him, primarily because he died in the process of creating a powerful spell to wipe away memories. Once per day, the holder of the dagger can cast a spell that automatically nullifies saving throws against it.

| *Hill Giants: HD 8+2 (42, 40, 36, 30 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (2d8); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Throw boulders.*

1032. There is a bell tower here constructed of dingy, yellow-brown stone. The tower is set on a grassy sward grazed by wild ponies and appears to be abandoned. Careful observers might note that the floor of the bell tower is a spiral of narrow stones. The bell has no rope, but if one manages to ring it, they will cause the spiral floor to turn into a winding spiral stair that leads down to a hexagonal room. Three walls of the room hold a mirror and

are painted in a primary color (red, blue or yellow), as opposed to the other walls which are painted black. The mirrors appear to be normal, but if touched prove to have no substance to them. They are, naturally, portals. Each one has a frame of gold set with gems – one with topaz, one with aquamarine and the third with tiger’s eye. Should any of the mirrors be touched, a magic mouth will appear on one wall and say “I shouldn’t do that until you have heard the riddle” in a somber, throaty bass.

At this, a second mouth appears on a different wall and, in a crisp, clear soprano, says, “Choose the picture fair, of fire and light, always bright, small as a snail but containing all there is to see.”

If one answers “The Eye”, a third mouth appears and says, in a soft, quiet voice, “Then what are you waiting for, the master awaits!”

Naturally, the tiger’s eye mirror leads to the under-ground stronghold of Mikelroy the Irregulous, a wizened old sorcerer who specializes in spells of transportation. The aquamarine mirror is one way, and leads to the Land of the Dead. The topaz mirror is also one way, and leads to an alley in Antigoon.

Mikelroy the Irregulous’ home is a round chamber 500-ft in diameter divided by dozens of arches hung with thick, white curtains. Within are living chambers, a library of invisible books (seven volumes, mostly concerning the magic of teleportation, but also a few travelogues of the dimensions) and a laboratory. Several rooms hold bizarre, alien animals in cages – mostly avians of many kinds, including a fairly enraged mi-go in temporal stasis.

Mikelroy has one apprentice, a bestial young woman with a flat nose and flared nostrils, a beetling brow, large, brown eyes, floppy, pointed ears and vestigial horns. Mikelroy will introduce her as Pencella, whom he rescued from a labyrinth.

Mikelroy is a pleasant sort, but distant and overly flashy. He is especially interested in finding a way into the dungeon in [1339].

| *Mikelroy, Magic-User Lvl 12: HP 29; AC 9 [10]; Save 5 (3 vs. spells); CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Spells (6th). Silver dagger. Old man with sharp, blue eyes and long, silky hair of grey. He is graceful in build and manner, and wears a flowing white robe that trails several feet behind him and is held aloft by three brass, mechanical crabs.*

| *Pencella, Beastman Magic-User Lvl 2: HP 2; AC 8 [11]; Save 15 (13 vs. spells); CL/XP 2/30; Special: Spells (1st). Dagger.*

1041. A pleasant shoal of white sand stretches almost a mile into the sea here. Though often submerged, at low tide it can be traversed, and one might spot a gleaming statue at its furthest point. The statue is studded with glistening white shells, and appears to be a woman, her arms thrown back, her shoulders forward, her eyes fixed on the horizon. The statue was constructed at some point in time by sea folk, and is an idol of Calypso, a nereid and minor goddess of death. By night, the waters around the idol are thick with enticing asrai.

| *Asrai: HD 1d6; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 touch (1d4); Move 9 (Swim 21); Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cold, spells, double damage from cold iron weapons, water dependent, magic resistance 30%.*

1101. A metal pipe, 5-ft in diameter emerges from the hillside to jut out over the water. The pipe is blocked by a rusty iron portcullis. If entered, one must walk nearly a mile to reach the other end, also blocked by rusted bars. Beyond the pipe there is a large, subterranean complex once used by the ancient Nabu for sorcerous experiments. Should one enter the complex proper, they may find themselves sealed in with dozens of brain-eating zombies.

| *Brain-Eating Zombie: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 strike (1d8); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Absorb 5 levels of spells (+1 per brain eaten) before head explodes.*

1105. A wily old kelp dragon, the remains of the honorable Yostifrix, haunts these waters, always on the prowl for a wayward barge of revelers to be overturned and devoured. The dragon’s bed contains three large, rusty chests containing 2,470 sp, 1,200 gp and a large, jagged sard worth 10,000 gp.

| *Kelp Dragon: HD 10 (42 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Breath weapon, level drain, squeeze.*

1108. A large, abandoned monastery overlooks the river here. Once occupied by an order dedicated to Ceres, the place was eventually infiltrated by chaos cultists who invoked an elder god in a terrible ritual. The god destroyed what was left of the order and then struck its worshipers blind, dumb and mad and sent them out into the world to their fate. Being dedicated to Ceres, the nuns were known for their exquisite, light ales. The brew vats are now filled with moldy ooze and five ooze mephits. Other oozes haunt the surrounding hills and the rest of the ruins.

| *Ooze Mephit: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claw (1d3); Move 12 (Fly 18, Swim 12); Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Harmed by magic weapons, breath weapon, acid arrow, stinking cloud, summoning.*

1118. The orc warlord Gorthruk has established a permanent camp here. The camp is built atop a tall, flat hill

and consists of a wooden palisade and two tall, wooden watch towers. Gorthruk has worked for the hobgoblins of the Klarkash Mountains in the past, but now has set his sights on conquering Blackpoort. Gorthruk controls 70 orc squadrons and has sent emissaries to the orcs of the central hills to secure an alliance. His warbands patrol the area around this hex constantly, and are encountered on a roll of 1-3.

Treasure: 900 gp, a platinum music box encrusted with gems (5,000 gp, mechanism needs repair) and a gold medallion (1,000 gp).

| *Gorthruk*: HD 8 (40 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 battle axe (1d8); Move 9; Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: None. Chainmail hauberk, battle axe, dagger, the Eye of Balor. The Eye of Balor is a pendant worn around Gorthruk's neck. It allows him to bestow a curse once per day as a 10th level magic-user.

1124. The drab moors give way here to a colorful garden of pistachio trees, maples and, in the springtime, brilliant tulips and lilies. A meandering path of crushed stone takes one from the front gates to the little castle within, a tower keep that looks as though it were carved from ivory. The garden is worked by thirty children dressed in tattered clothing, all of them wiry and underfed. The children work in a kitchen garden of oversized cabbages, radishes and eggplants. Secreted in the trees are a six ettercaps, all servants of the mistress of the ivory tower, an annis hag called Urmelia. Urmelia and her minions stage raids on the Emperor's Way, bringing back slaves who are, using the hag's special recipe, changed into mere children. Should the hag's formula be used on a human or halfling, they find themselves reduced in age to 8 or 9 years, their strength score cut in half and their dexterity dropped by 2 points. The hag usually has a dozen doses of the potent potion on hand. In the tower's donjon Urmelia keeps her sister Yordis, polymorphed into a small child and bound with silver chains that disrupt her ability to use magic.

Treasure: 3,800 ep, 1,090 sp, 820 gp, 10 lb of cocoa worth 100 gp/lb, 7 lb of saffron worth 15 gp/lb.

| *Urmelia, Annis Hag*: HD 8 (37 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (2d8), bite (1d8); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Hug and rend, polymorph, call mists.

| *Ettercaps*: HD 5 (31, 27, 23, 19, 16, 14 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d8 + poison); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Poison bite.



1127. A strong, fortified abbey of Apollo Helios has stood here on the moors for well over three centuries. Originally constructed to guard against the march of the hobgoblins under the command of their terrible khan Llurg, the abbey is now the center of a large, manorial village. The abbey and village are supplied by artesian wells and use windmills to pump the water to irrigate crops. The villagers grow wheat and rye and keep a fine herd of dairy cows. They also grow straw-berries. The village is composed of about 60 brick houses. Bishop Arnolf oversees both abbey and village. He is a bitter rival of Triptolemo, patriarch of Antigoon, and opposes him at every turn. His soldiers are a company of archers. He has two trebuchets (old, but in working condition) and is not averse to employing orcs.

Treasure: 7,760 sp, 2,770 gp, a granite bust of the first Bishop of the abbey (droopy mustache, overbite) and a brass statuette of Apollo worth 50 gp.

| *Bishop Arnolf, Cleric Lvl 12*: HP 50; AC 1 [18]; Save 5 (3 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Turn undead, spells (6th). Platemail, shield, mace, holy symbol, fox-skin cape worth 45 gp. Platinum blonde, green eyes, muscular build, thin face. Fanatical cleric.

1131. The woods here hold a forgotten cemetery, overgrown with black willows crowded with white butterflies and pale vines that produce a grape from which one can brew the "wine of ages". Here, aged ghouls come to lie in the cool grass and dream their dark, lazy dreams. A marble cupola in the center of the graveyard served as a shrine once, but is now the lair of three unpleasant gravebirds, who have used their ability to speak with the dead to learn many secrets, secrets they will divulge for the price of a squealing babe or blushing maiden.

| *Gravebirds*: HD 2 (15, 13, 7 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + disease) or 2 claws (1d3 + disease); Move 4 (Fly 16); Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Disease (per mummy rot), speak with dead.

1137. A cave flecked with serpentine snakes its way into the earth, first becoming chilly as one leaves the embrace of the sun, but then becoming hotter and drier with every step until the spelunker emerges into a great vault intersected by streams and rivers of magma that are spanned by natural bridges of basalt. On three of these

bridges there are trapezoidal shrines made of serpentine and pierced by a single dark, open entrance. The shrines are approximately 30-ft to a side. The interiors are clad in polished obsidian and hold idols of the ancient ophidians.

The shrine is dedicated to Yibolokendh, goddess of hunters, who appears as a tall ophidian female wearing armor and trophies of the hunt (primate skulls). The shrine is guarded by six inphidian warriors and overseen by an ophidian seer who speaks of the beginnings of things.

The next shrine is dedicated to Ichasha-Yath, goddess of the deadly chill that terrifies reptilians. The goddess appears as tall ophidian with icy eyes and chocolate brown scales and carrying a silver dart. It is guarded by six inphidian warriors and overseen by an ophidian seer who speaks of the ends of things. The seer of Ichasha-Yath can summon snowstorms once per day.

The final shrine is dedicated to Labos, the god of medicine, who appears as a stately male ophidian, graceful and adorned with long, white hair and purple eyes who carries a map of the ophidian anatomy. It is guarded by six inphidian warriors and overseen by an ophidian seer who speaks of the secrets and lies that can heal the sick and bring the dead back to life – for the right price.

| *Ophidian Seer*: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 iron staff (1d8), bite (0); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Reproductive bite, cast magic-user and cleric spells (3rd).

| *Inphidian*: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 bites (1d4); Move 15; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Blinding spray, poison.

1141. On a crystal clear bay there is a large village of swarthy men and women, a sort of lost colony of ancient Nabu called Kademand. The Kademandi mostly deal in the timber trade, shipping wood from the Nybling Hills to Antigoon and Ophir. The village buildings are constructed or marble quarried nearby, with even the most common hovel looking far above its station. The village is surrounded by a 15-ft tall wall of marble, 10-ft thick and studded with 25-ft tall towers. The village is ruled by a nomen (lord) called Thorothi the Sagacious, a learned man of astronomy and ancient history who keeps a small library of scrolls and well worn tomes. Thorothi commands four companies of militia.

The bay on which the town sits is inhabited by a herd of selkies (fey seal people), and in fact is called Selkie Bay. Thorothi was married to the most beautiful of the selkies, Brece, after using helping the selkies drive away the giant octopus [1149] that once dwelled just outside the bay. Brece now spends half the year in human form attending

her husband, and half the year in seal or selkie form playing in the sea. Both of them are satisfied with this arrangement, and their marriage keeps their people at peace, although it has not yet resulted in an heir.

1149. A giant octopus, called Death's Gauntlet by the people of the region, dwells here in a vast, undersea cave, brooding at his recent defeat by Thorothi of Kademand [1141]. In his cave he keeps an obsidian shield, too heavy for a human and too small for anything else, worth 200 gp.

| *Death's Gauntlet*: HD 10 (50 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 8 tentacles (1d4); Move 2 (Swim 10); Save 9; CL/XP 13/2300; *Special*: Constriction and pinioning.

1202. Beneath the waves of Blackmere stand the basalt battlements of Castle Chare, home of the oceanid Aelun. Aelun is swarthy skinned and grey eyes and well acquainted with death. Upon entering the silver gates of her castle, one finds themselves in a winding arabesque of passages, often encrusted with pearls to form macabre mosaics. Around any corner one may run smack into a giant moray eel or catch a glimpse of a drowned spirit heading for the grand ballroom at the center of the palace. Here, Aelun reigns over a thousand wan, haggard looking spirits dancing for her entertainment in a ponderous, agonizing waltz, waiting for a black current to sweep through the room and carry them off to the Land of the Dead and the court of Pluto.

Treasure: Pearls (1,000 gp worth, in the mosaics).

| *Aelun*: HD 3 (11 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk none; Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; *Special*: Sight causes blindness or death.



1206. A massive carcharadon patrols these waters, always watchful for a foundering cog or lazy galley slung low in the water.

| *Carcharadon: HD 8 (40 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+4); Move (Swim 24); Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Feeding frenzy.*



1208. Pfeife is a fortified town in the southern Rooky Wood governed by the Grand Master of the Order of the Lion, crusader knights founded by the King of Lyonesse centuries ago to rid the woods of the goblins and make them safe for human settlement.

Pfeife is built on an ordered, square pattern, with a large keep in the center and a square wall with multiple towers enclosing several acres of land. Sheep and goats are kept inside the town, allowed to wander the fields outside the walls only during the day and under guard, for wolves are plentiful. The fields around Pfeife are worked by peasants living inside the walls and walking to their plots to labor. They grow wheat, barley, rye and large, purple cabbages that find their way into virtually all of their cuisine.

The Duke of Pfeife is called Red Iperic. He is a large, red-faced man with a great, bald head and a seething temper. Iperic is related to the Oquilar of Lyonesse, and though the threat of his army sailing across Blackmere and up Trat Treuroit is distant, it still helps the Oquilar in their competition for power.

| *Red Iperic, Fighting-Man Lvl 8: HP 45; AC 2 [17]; Save 7; CL/XP 8/800. Platemail, shield, long sword, hand axe, dagger, lance.*

1209. On a lonely hill overlooking a quiet meadow of purple coneflowers and alyssum there are the remains of a villa. The villa belonged to Calyn, a well respected soldier of Nomo, adopted human son of a noble elf family. All that remains of the villa is a cobbled courtyard and a single stone wall. The wall carries the faded remains of a fine mosaic showing children at play and stately men and women watching them and drinking from black, horn-shaped cups. In the center of the courtyard there is a fountain carved from rugged limestone with fittings of green copper. Should one sit on the side of the fountain

and ask a question, the fountain will respond by singing an ancient legend (per the spell Legend Lore) in a fine tenor.

1213. On a gentle meadow one might spy a maiden in a grey dress and hood overlooking a flock of thirty black sheep. Her hair is platinum blonde and swept by the wind. The maiden's back is always to those who encounter her. If approached, she does not react. Those who view her face discover that she is no more than a skeleton now, propped up on her crook. By this time, the poor fool will be surrounded by the sheep, which are carnivorous and attack as wolves.

The maiden's tale is sad. She was called Adaline and was as beautiful as any woman ever born in the hills. Unfortunately, her beauty attracted the attention of a demon, which had his way with the girl and then went on his merry way. The girl, so ashamed by the event, never left the spot, eventually wasting away. Her vengeful spirit now controls the black sheep.

| *Black Sheep: HD 2+2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d4+1); Move 18; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.*

1216. A small stream emerges boiling hot from a barren hillside in this hex. The granite mount extends deep beneath the surface of the earth, and contains a large amount of uranium. In fact, the mount is a natural atomic pile, the stream flowing through it regulating the reaction. Deep beneath this mount, in a cavern system one can reach via shafts in the surface of the hex is a tribe of 100 troglodytes. They arm themselves with simple flint javelins and have 60 each of females and young. The war chief of the tribe is a craggy old thing called Kolosh, and he is assisted by five sub-chiefs. The true leader of the tribe, and their hirsute god, is an ancient super-computer of the ophidians that is powered by the natural atomic pile. The super-computer, termed Fo'Tran by its reptilian worshipers, is served by a shaman called Shajal, the only member of the tribe that can read the strange cards the "god" produces that carry its somewhat random commandments. The sub-chiefs have glossy black scales and use shadow mastiffs as steeds.

Treasure: 1,000 ep, 740 sp, 1,220 gp.

| *Kolosh, Barbarian Lvl 6: HP 26; AC 3 [16]; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Stench, chameleon skin, berserker, tenacity.*

| *Shajal, Adept Lvl 3: HP 16; AC 4 [15]; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), sage, stench, chameleon skin.*

| *Sub-Chief*: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4+1) or by weapon with shield (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Stench, chameleon skin.

| *Troglodyte*: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4+1) or by weapon with shield (1d8); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Stench, chameleon skin.

| *Shadow Mastiff*: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Baying, concealment in shadow.

1219. An old chimae lives in a cave overlooking a plain strewn with boulders. The chimae has the body of a giant goat, the head of a lion and a serpent tail and answers to the name Chalos. Chalos often comes to the river to hunt.

Treasure: 1,890 sp, 1,500 gp, brass collar worth 300 gp and hepatizon and turquoise pendant worth 1,000 gp.

| *Lion Chimae*: HD 9 (34 hp); AC 3 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d10) and 1 stinger (1d6); Move 12 (Climb 9); Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Poison sting causes paralysis.

1222. By the side of the imperial road you spot a fawn sitting next to a gnarled, old stump. From the way it is swaying, the fawn looks as though it has been injured. A close inspection reveals that the creature is, in fact, a wolf-in-sheep's-clothing, a sort of wilderness mimic.

| *Wolf-in-Sheep's Clothing*: HD 9 (35 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 3 tentacles (1d4); Move 1; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Grab, surprise on 1-4 on d6.

1225. Some 500 years ago, the Emperor of Nomo desired to visit his far flung eastern territories. In preparation for his visit, the men of Antigoon were given the task of constructing an imperial highway from their city-state to Lyonesse. One year after they began the project, the emperor's visit was cancelled and construction ceased.

Most of the highway has fallen into ruin. It is a broad, paved highway 12 feet wide and constructed five feet above the surrounding countryside.

The portion that remains is guarded by several stout, rectangular towers built every mile on alternating sides of the road. The towers now house bands of half-orcs. These half-orcs are expert archers and are often recruited by the local orcs and evil lords as mercenaries. Each tower measures 20 feet by 20 feet at the base and rises two stories. The top is crowned with crumbling battlements. Entrance is through a rusty iron door, and a ladder leads to a wooden trapdoor and to the roof. Each tower houses 1d10+10 half-orc warriors and their chief, as well as females and young equal to 50% of the warriors.

| *Half-Orc Archer*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Leather armor, short bow, 20 arrows, hand axe.

| *Half-Orc Chief*: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None. Ring armor, long bow, 20 arrows, sword, dagger.

Unfortunately, there is a greater danger lurking on the Emperor's Way. On moonless nights, a spectral herald gallops down the highway screeching like a banshee. This is the ghost of Hadra, a herald of the emperor put in charge of the highway's construction. She endured much hardship during its construction and took her own life when the project was cancelled. If she is turned, destroyed or otherwise dispelled, Hadra's final words will be "He yet lives!"

| *Hadra*: HD 7 (34 hp); AC 1 [19]; Atk 1 touch (1d8); Move (Fly 12); Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Wail (save or die), only harmed by magic weapons.



1227. Ghant is a market village of 1,000 souls nestled in a country of rocky hills covered by scrub woodlands. The hills are rich in iron ore, and the nearby woodlands provide an ample supply of charcoal, allowing Ghant to produce iron and steel at low prices (though not so cheap as Blackpoort). Ghant has many forges and foundries and a large contingent of dwarfs, and thus banks. In fact, Ghant is quickly becoming a center of banking for the region, as the bankers of Antigoon become more expensive.

The patron of Ghant is St. Latona, mother of Apollo Helios and goddess of motherhood and the lotus, though the Honorable Association of Moneylenders also performs grand pageants in honor of Vulcanus every year at the height of summer, besides tending to the Hearth Temple of St. Latona. The priests of St. Latona, men and women in vermilion robes and wolf-skin cloaks, lead the community in prayers and initiate them in the civic cult through the inhalation of narcotic lotus incense.

Ghant's Lord Steward is Piers Pounder, head of the noble Pounder family and owner of several mines and forges. Piers is a witty, diffident young man, tall and slender with curly, black hair, a thin mustache and grey-green eyes.

Lord Piers has under his command three companies of men-at-arms: archers, light horse and dwarven heavy foot in platemail and carrying war hammers and shields quartered with the arms of Ghant and crossed axes argent and or on a field sable.



Recently, scouts to the south retrieved a piece of a meteor – fuming and greenish. The dwarves gave up on smelting it when several of their number grew ill, and have counseled the humans to hire some heroes to dispose of it in a volcano. Piers has other ideas.

1228. A strange well rises up here in the hills, constructed of tan stones but so overgrown with moss and weeds that one might mistake it for a natural feature if it were shaped differently. The well stands 10-ft in height and is cylindrical and slightly wider at the base than the top. Inside the structure one sees that the shaft descends 70 ft.

At the bottom of the shaft there is a circular platform in a circular room – the platform is 10-ft in diameter, the room 20-ft in diameter. Walls, ceiling and floor are bare and were apparently carved from the living rock, though the platform is made of the same stone as the well. There are three tunnels leading from this chamber, none of which have a floor level with the floor of the chamber. Two are lower by 3 and 4 feet, one is higher by 2 feet. Should one decide to explore these tunnels, they will discover two things. First, they abound in deadly traps. Second, the complex has no chambers (well, almost no chambers), only tunnels that never join at right angles and, like the tunnels and the entry chamber, never have floors on the same level. In addition, there are no stairs and no monsters in the place, not even oozes, giant rats or giant centipedes. The place exists solely as a gauntlet to be run by thieves, and for good reason – it is the final resting place of the finest thief to ever purloin a purse in Blackpoort, the so-called “City of Thieves”.

Dorgon used his wealth and ingenuity to construct this delver’s nightmare as a challenge to future thieves. Dorgon’s crypt, containing what treasure he had left, rests in the center of the complex – actually, right beneath the platform in the entry chamber. The crypt has no secret doors or hidden caches to reveal it – one must merely jump to the conclusion and then take to the platform walls with hammer and chisel. Inside the crypt one will discover

the skeletal remains of Dorgon, still wearing the black and scarlet doublet and domino mask for which he was famous. Inside his last resting place one will find a few tools and a bucket of dried mortar – apparently he walled himself into the crypt – and his last remaining treasure, a set of burglars’ tools of such perfect manufacture that they grant a +2 (+10%) bonus to all thief abilities.

1229. Most of the folk of the Nybling Hills know about the mysterious Meistersinger and several have actually met him. All they know is that he is a youngish man with bright, intelligent amber eyes, auburn hair, a suit of colorful clothes and an elven mandolin of simple yet exquisite workmanship.

While the meistersinger might be encountered any-where in the hills, for he is an aimless wanderer, his favorite spot is near a rushing waterfall in the deep hills. Folk traveling through this portion of the highlands have a 1 in 6 chance of encountering the meistersinger. He never speaks of himself or his origins, but is always be curious about the welfare of those he meets. He is quite willing to guide people through the hills, singing and strumming all the while. Most of his songs are sonnets dedicated to “Bess”. Should anyone ever ask him about Bess, the meistersinger gets a distant, melancholy look in his eyes and ceases making music for about an hour.

| *The Meistersinger, Bard Lvl 9: HP 49; AC 8 [11]; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Decipher, inspire, legend lore, fascinate, heroism. Elven mandolin, padded doublet +1, dagger +1, sling, 10 stones, 10 gp.*

1234. Here stands the tower of Caladanay, diviner extraordinary. Caladanay is a human who was born without eyes and with a club foot. Despite his obvious handicap, he possesses a strong second sight, being able to perceive invisible, ethereal and astral creatures as though he had a set of eyes (which, in fact, he does, they simply exist on a higher plane). The bitter, old man lives with his three daughters (adopted, named Moska, Marush and Drora), street urchins he rescued from Blackpoort who now care for their father and eliminate his enemies. The tower is constructed of basalt with decorations in glassy snowflake obsidian. It rests in the bottom of a rugged valley that supports little more than moss and a few stands of feverfew and wormwort. Although usually devoid of much life, the valley is currently home to 5 companies of humanoid mercenaries – goblins, orcs, hobgoblins, gnolls and bandits. Caladanay was spurned one time too many by the gentle folk of Amvianda and now aims to burn it to the ground, scattering its citizens to the four winds.

| *Caladanay, Magic-User Lvl 11: HP 24; AC 9 [10]; Save 5 (3 vs. spells); CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Spells (5th), see invisible, ethereal and astral creatures. Silver-capped staff, simple brown robes, a belt of golden rings (100 gp, one ring in the back of the belt is a ring of invisibility).*

| *Daughters, Thief Lvl 4: HP 14, 14, 10; AC 7 [12]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Backstab for double damage, thief abilities. Leather armor, daggers (3), tools.*

1239. One might stumble across the body of a wolf, freshly killed with a hand axe that still sticks in the creature's side. If the axe is removed, the wolf's skin leaps from the body and glides into the woods. For one week thereafter, the adventurer's hear the howls and footfalls of a wolf pack, but encounter no random monsters in the woods.

1246. On moonless nights (beginning or end of a Nodian month), this hex becomes inundated with hundreds of jellyfish, from tiny creatures barely the size of a gold piece to monstrosity large entities. They float near the surface, swaying in time to an unheard tune and converging on anything foolish enough to wander into the midst of their reverie. Assume encounters here with 2d10 monstrous jellyfish.

| *Monstrous Jellyfish: HD 2d6; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 sting (2d6); Move 3; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Paralysis.*

1304. In the deepest part of Blackmere there lies the inverted city of Kraznar-Kan. Constructed in lightless, submerged caverns, the city is inhabited by a legion of aquatic hobgoblins, scraggs, merrow and their overlords, the aboleth. The city is a collection of tunnels, some broad but most narrow and claustrophobic. These tunnels are riddled with entrances to caverns large and small inhabited by the aforementioned humanoids. In the center of the city there is a maze-like fortress of the aboleth. This complex is coated in the slimy secretions of the aboleth, and each deep lord therein travels always with a retinue of thralls, for each aboleth exists in a perpetual state of war with its fellows. The fortress contains the mythical Tabernacle of Darkness, a spherical chamber from which no light (including spiritual light) can escape. The sphere, said to be several miles in diameter and studded with tiny cracks and crevices, is home to a myriad of dark spirits. Some believe that powerful spells bind a creature of the elder abyss into the Tabernacle.

1311. On the banks of a washed out gully you might notice, obscured by the foliage, an old, stone mile marker. The thing rests upon the buried remains of an ancient roadway that once ran along the coast. The roadway was narrow, elevated and paved with stone and crushed rock, and many times become a tunnel through the strange buttes of

the coast. Time and the elements have destroyed most of the road, but a small stretch yet stands beyond the mile marker, hidden by a dense stand of trees. The remaining road stretches less than a mile, and much of that distance is in the form a dank tunnel, its beginning and end clogged with non-hazardous fungal growths and its inner recesses explored by various insects, including a few lethal centipedes. The strangest inhabitants of the road, however, are what appears to be an honor guard of thirty skeletal warriors. The skeletons wear ancient plate mail armor and have crested helms, shields and spears. Their skulls have been painted a deep azure and their teeth replaced with silver (5 sp each), though whether this dental work was done while they were alive is unknown. The skeletons stand motionless in the tunnel, perhaps the advance guard of a necromancer who never made it through the tunnels. They can potentially be commanded by an evil cleric.

1314. Amid the rugged splendor of the moors there are the charred remains of an ancient abbey. Little remains but the burnt out shell of the cloister and the weed-ridden medicinal gardens, which are home to several violet fungi that let out their terrifying screams whenever they detect creatures moving toward the abbey. The abbey's courtyard has a well grown slimy with the passage of years. At the bottom of the well sleep the so-called "Beast of Bracken Abbey", a troll-like creature covered in bubbling pustules of slime. The beast has large, yellow eyes and iron-hard talons, and can expel a killer slime from its mouth every 1d4 rounds. The color of killer slime is rolled randomly:

Roll	Random Killer Slime
1-2	Purple
3-4	Red
5-6	Yellow

Treasure: Covered in non-toxic encrustations of slime you find 2,300 sp, 980 gp and two soapstone busts worth 100 gp each, one bust depicts Apollo Helios, the other Diana. When both busts are displayed in the same room at an equal height they create a Bless effect through the entire room.

| *Beast of Bracken Abbey: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Belch slime.*

1324. An antique chest floats in the river, nearly water logged to the point of sinking. If fished out, one will discover that it contains a Punch puppet with a leering grin and beady, wicked looking eyes. It will surprise nobody that the puppet is possessed and animated by a nalfeshnee demon, and is best left to sink in the river.

1333. Lonely Castle Carnifex stands brooding by the river, its black willows sipping at the lazy waters and its grey spires, showing no light or warmth, staring out over the endless woodlands. The castle is the home of a band of huntsprites, the executioners of the fairy court. The sprites look like slim humanoids with black butterfly wings and wearing simple white shifts. They arm themselves with longbows and short swords that give out a shrill ring when drawn from their scabbards. The sprites do not brook intrusion into their sanctum, and truthfully the place is so bleak and unwelcoming that few would want to spend more than a few minutes exploring its empty hall and the corridors and chambers that surround it. Each sprite's sword is +1 in the hands of an elf, dwarf or gnome, but -1 in the hands of folk without fey blood in their veins.

| Huntsprite (3): HD 8 (39, 35, 26 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 +1 sword (1d6+1) or 2 +3 longbow (1d8+3); Move 15 (Fly 30); Save 8; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Perfect shot, spells, magic resistance 45%.

1338. A lonely rocky promontory rises above the tree tops here. Should one take the time to climb the rocks they will discover a small portal closed by a dull, grey metal door. With some work, the door can be slid out of the way to reveal a long shaft that runs 300 feet down into the cold earth. At the bottom of the shaft there is a small room with steel walls, floor and ceiling. There is no apparent door, but a person carrying an iron amulet that can be secured from various highly placed astral pirates. Beyond the entry chamber are tunnels and chambers with steel walls, ceiling and floors and thick, steel doors that are always locked. The complex is a prison constructed by astral pirates and guarded by vrock demons and a few young red dragons. The prison holds dozens of astral ninjas, most of them held in chambers that are themselves large, complex traps meant to capture or kill any creature that attempts to free a prisoner. Naturally, the common dungeon pests have made themselves at home in the prison – giant rats, centipedes, oozes and the like.

1410. Blackmere Lake is known for its sudden, violent storms. One hundred years ago the wedding barge of the daughter of Argrave, Lord Mayor of Blackpoort, went down in such a storm with its passengers, crew and treasures. The barge still rests at the bottom of the lake, haunted by a wedding party that dances, sings and feasts on the living for all eternity.

The party guests and crew are now a collection of thirty wraiths. The guests and their servants appear as ghostly men and women dressed in medieval finery (long shoes tipped with bells, long turbans, doublets, etc.). When living creatures are spotted, the guests call out to them to join

the party. Servants seat them before a ghostly feast and pour luminescent wine in golden goblets. It is then, when they are surrounded, that the wraiths turn on their guests and devour their life force. Unlike most wraiths, their depredations do not create spawn.

Should one manage to destroy or disable all of the wraiths, they will find that the barge holds a great treasure of wedding presents.

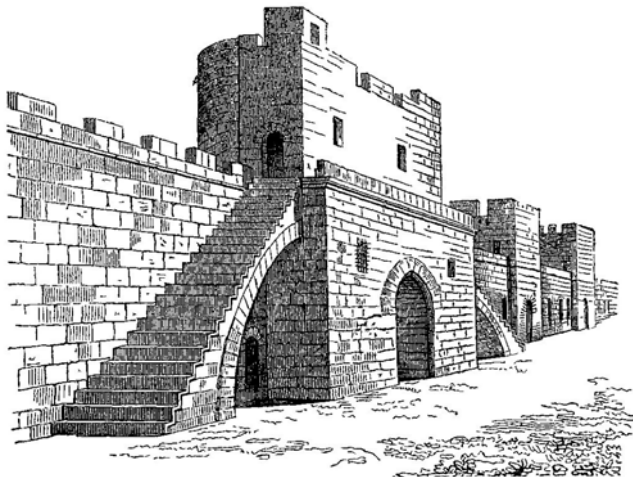
Treasure: 1,390 sp, 6,450 gp, a bronze statue of a satyr worth 20 gp, a silver statuette of Juno worth 125 gp, an amber brooch worth 100 gp, a brass waist chain worth 300 gp, a piece of polished coral worth 145 gp, a pearl worth 400 gp, an olivine worth 900 gp, a sapphire worth 4,000 gp and a silver decanter of endless water and a potion of extra healing.

1412. The remains of a shattered tablet rest on the beach, partially obscured by the dark grey sands. If pieced back together, they contains remnants of the spell Conjure Elemental – not enough that the spell can be cast or copied into a spellbook, but enough that they will aid a magic-user in researching the spell.



1414. The ville of Gormen rests here on the outskirts of Blackpoort's domain. The folk of Gormen are hard-working and industrious and have a very low opinion of adventurers, merchants and the rascals that populate Blackpoort. Gormen is the seat of Morgild, Sheriff of the East Riding. Morgild dwells in a gray towered keep, the villagers dwelling within a mile of the keep in four hamlets. Morgild is a heavily creased and weathered old man with bushy white eyebrows, a crooked nose and an intense fire burning in his eyes. Despite his age, he is no pushover. He commands a company each of heavy horse, mounted archers, light horse, heavy foot, light foot and slingers.

One of Gormen's hamlets has a brew-house run by a brewer and landlord named Eblith. Eblith is a saucy old rogue, sharp tongued and over-amorous with pretty ladies. His brews are renowned throughout this region of NOD, and he makes a pretty penny trading them to merchants from Blackpoort (who label the dark brews Blackpoorter



Stout), who in turn trade it to the Venatian League, Pfeife, Lyonesse and Antigoon.

Treasure: 370 sp, 240 gp and a bronze bust of Morgild (kept on his desk in his study) worth 1 gp.

| Sheriff Morgild, Fighting-Man Lvl 4: HP 18; AC 2 [17]; Save 11; CL/XP 4/120. Platemail, shield, long sword, dagger.



1416. On the fringes of the domain of Blackpoort lies the castle of Elsien, a barbaric fighting-woman. Elsien's manse is a motte-and-bailey castle built of white stone. A famed warrior woman in the Gaestly Hills, she has an uneasy alliance with Blackpoort that was sealed by her marriage to the son of Lord Mayor, a scrawny little complainer called Twearne who spends most of his time undermining Elsien's authority and going on about life at court. In truth, his father was glad to be rid of him, and half hopes that the baroness will kill him, ridding him on an ineffectual heir and giving him a casus belli to launch a conquest of the barony. Elsien keeps seven storytellers in her castle – each living in a comfortable cell barred by a copper grill and emerging only at the behest of Elsien to recount some ancient legend or invent a new tale. The storytellers want for nothing in their cells – women, wine, etc. It is a strange life, but they seem to be satisfied with it.

Elsien commands a company of heavy foot. She also has an elite squadron of berserkers, all tall men with white hair

and ritually scarred faces – veterans of campaigns against the hobgoblins in the Klarkash Mountains and natives of the barbarian tribes of that terrifying place. Her berserkers wear black kilts and iron bracers and carry long-handed battle axes. Among their number is a cleric of Mars called Resek. Of late, Elsien has grown bored with her husband, her annoying subjects and her retirement from adventure. She could easily be persuaded to take up her axe and once more descend into the dark places of the earth.

The castle is surrounded by a large, sprawling village of shepherds and farmers known for their love of a good fight (assuming somebody else is doing the fighting). Visitors will be goaded almost constantly into fistcuffs with other visitors through the use of innuendo and other acts of subterfuge. The village proper is surrounded by a wooden stockade and water is drawn from a number of wells.

Treasure: 4,500 gp, five 2 lb ingots of silver worth 20 gp each and 2 casks of olive oil (100 lb and 60 gp each).

| Elsien, Barbarian Lvl 11: HP 60; AC 3 [16]; Save 4; CL/XP 11/1700. Chainmail, shield, battle axe. Grave, short and sturdy, bossy, light skin, blue eyes, platinum hair, square jaw.

| Resek, Cleric Lvl 4: HP 27; AC 9 [10]; Save 12 (10 vs. poison and paralysis; CL/XP 5/400; Special: Spells (2nd), command undead. Black kilt, flanged mace, holy symbol. Tall, white hair, scarred face and back, gold tooth.

1422. A massive catapult has sunk into the swamp here. Vegetation now clings to the device, which is rotted and shows signs of fire damage. A noisy, little bird has built a nest atop the crossbar and raises a ruckus if anyone approaches, attracting a wandering monster on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6. A sliding panel on the catapult conceals a bone scroll case. The case contains a map that shows secret entrances into the citadel of Blackpoort and three old gold pieces dating back to the Antigoon monarchy.



1426. Brabo is the center of the leather trade in Antigoon's dominion. The farmers of Brabo raise cattle and produce many excellent cheeses. Brabo has a dozen tanneries and hosts a leather market every fortnight. The village is ruled by Yalk Wenders, Lord Steward of Brabo and a wealthy

cattle baron as well. The village has a ramshackle temple (recently struck by lightning) dedicated to St. Aristaeus, patron saint of dairy workers, cowherds and bee keepers. Brabo provides two companies of light horse, a company of heavy foot and a company of archers to the military forces of the Antigoon Republic.

1431. A falling star has created a crater here recently. The crater is still warm towards the center, and one can find bits of meteoric iron and glass strewn about the site. Buried in the center of the crater at a depth of 10 feet there is a large, glowing canister. The canister is 10 ft in length and 4 ft in diameter, and is the last resting place of an alien high priest of chaos. Anyone touching the canister with their bare flesh will watch their hand wither and drop off, but this touch is the only way to open the canister. Inside are the mummified remains of a slug-like creature with a single pseudo-pod and five long, supple “horns” growing from its head. It has seven eye buds and a lamprey-like mouth on the end of a long proboscis. The mummy rests on a foam “bed” and is swaddled in a tapestry covered with alien scenes of a bleak world with a green sun and rust red seas. At its feet is a brazen head that looks like a cross between a Rottweiler and a crustacean. The head, if spoken to in the alien tongue, can recite chapter and verse of the Hymns of Nibiru, called by humans “the Living Planet”. For unknown reasons, the canister has attracted the attention of hundreds of small, lethal giant centipedes. There is a 1 in 6 chance each round of encountering 1d6 of them while in the crater.

1435. The Skrink kobolds live in extensive silver mines that were abandoned by the gnomes many decades ago. The mines consist of five different levels, each level consisting of anywhere from 3 to 6 galleries and one or two shafts leading down to the next level. The kobolds number 150 warriors, 20 females and 60 young and are led by a Niknit and his 20 closest relatives, all 1 HD kobolds.

Treasure: The Skrink’s entire treasure consists of 60 gp worth of silver nuggets, each nugget being carried on a separate kobold to avoid losing the entire treasure to plunderers.

| *Niknit, Thief Lvl 3: HP 13; AC 2 [17]; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Backstab for double damage, decipher writing, thievery.*

1443. This hex and sometimes those that surround it are home thousands of small, luminous jellyfish. The jellyfish mostly dwell in the depths, but at night, especially when the moon shines down, they come to the surface and dance just beneath the surface like thousands of little stars. The jellyfish often form strange, hypnotic patterns

and have an effect on sailors or divers similar to a magic spell (i.e. save or fall into a trance). Entranced people cannot move until a dispel magic or remove curse spell is cast on them.

1444. The pirate ship *Grinning Ghoul* preys on shipping in this hex. The pirates are aware of the jellyfish in [1443] and they often take advantage of crews who have fallen into a trance, boarding their ships and taking their cargo and then leaving without a trace. The captain of the *Ghoul* is Luille, a fiery red-headed woman with a mannish face and bearing who calls Antigoon home and docks there every winter. She is smart enough to leave Antigoon shipping alone (for the most part), but ravages the ships of Tremayne and Ophir. She has a special hatred for slavers, setting captured slaves free and allowing them to punish their former victimizers. Her first mate, Erebores, is one such freed slave who serves his captain with total devotion. The *Ghoul* gets its name from its figure head.

Treasure: Luille’s cabin holds a thick, wooden sea chest with a poisoned lock. It currently holds 240 pp, 2,650 gp, 400 ep, 700 sp, a silver belt worth 6,000 gp and a brass lamp worth 50 gp. Much of it came from a Tremanni treasure ship returning from Antilia that was blown off course by an ill wind.

| *Captain Luille, Fighting-Man Lvl 10: HP 46; AC 7 [12]; Save 5; CL/XP 10/1400. Leather armor, sword and dagger.*

| *First Mate Erebores, Fighting-Man Lvl 7: HP 40; AC 6 [13]; Save 8; CL/XP 7/600. Leather armor, shield, axe.*

| *Elites (4): HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 sword (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120. Leather armor, shield, long sword.*

| *Pirates (300): HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15. Heavy crossbow, shield, short sword or hand axe.*

1450. A particularly dangerous sea serpent that goes by the name of Illweather dwells under the waves here in the wreck of a sleek greatship that was once the pride of Tremayne’s navy. The *Golden Ark* was lost many years ago after receiving an illicit cargo from a galley that originated in the port of Ophir. The cargo was a silvery sphere that, when held, glows in a swirl of turquoise and taupe and causes the hair on one’s body to stand on end. The holder of this relic of the ophidians gains the power to control wind and weather in a 9 mile radius (i.e. 3 hexes in diameter). The sea serpent has learned of this power and uses it to raise storms in the hopes of sinking an easy meal.

| *Illweather, Fanged Sea Serpent: HD 8 (40 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (1d10 + poison); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Poison.*

1505. Beneath the surface of Blackmere, on a rolling plain of glassy, black pebbles, there arise a dozen queer buildings. These buildings, one might even call them alien townhouses from their overall shape, are constructed of grayish-green bricks, rough and convex on their visible surface, and each house is covered by a silvery disk that rests at a 35-degree angle. These little towers are huddled together around a large, round hole edged with milky, white glass. This glass appears milky because thousands of thin lines at odd angles and curves have been scratched into the glass.

The towers house 30 dertesha, tall, graceful humanoids with tentacles for legs and skin that is almost translucent. The dertesha guard their portal day and night, and though they cannot enter it on their own, seem nervous that something may soon emerge from it into Nod.

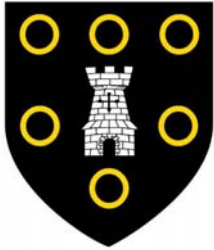
The portal leads to an odd star³ in the constellation Cetus. This star, called Dertesh, is composed of what can best be described as green cheese, being the remnants of an ancient lactation by an unnamed demigoddess. Dertesh is populated by a multitude of strange creatures, but dominated by a relatively small population of wizards related to the dertesha. These wizards share almost every characteristic with their exiled kin on Nod save that they have long, spindly legs in place of tentacles. It is said that the wizards of Dertesh have a number of wards effective against the bizarre entities that dwell beyond creation.

| *Dertesha*: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 (0); Move 12 (swim or fly 12); Save 11; CL/XP 9/1100; *Special*: Create tentacles, magic missile, paralysis touch.

1512. A band of aquatic hobgoblins is spying on the comings and goings of Blackpoort, headquartering in a submerged cavern. The band is ten hobgoblins strong and led by Bazulachel, a 4th level fighting-gob. The hobgoblins wear armor of black, leather scales, helms carved from sea glass and carry axes with obsidian blades. They also have glass globes filled with aboleth slime, contact with which makes one unable to breath anything but water (see aboleth in the monster section at the end of this article).

| *Bazulachel*, Fighter Lvl 4: HP 28; AC 3 [16]; Save 11; CL/XP 4/120.

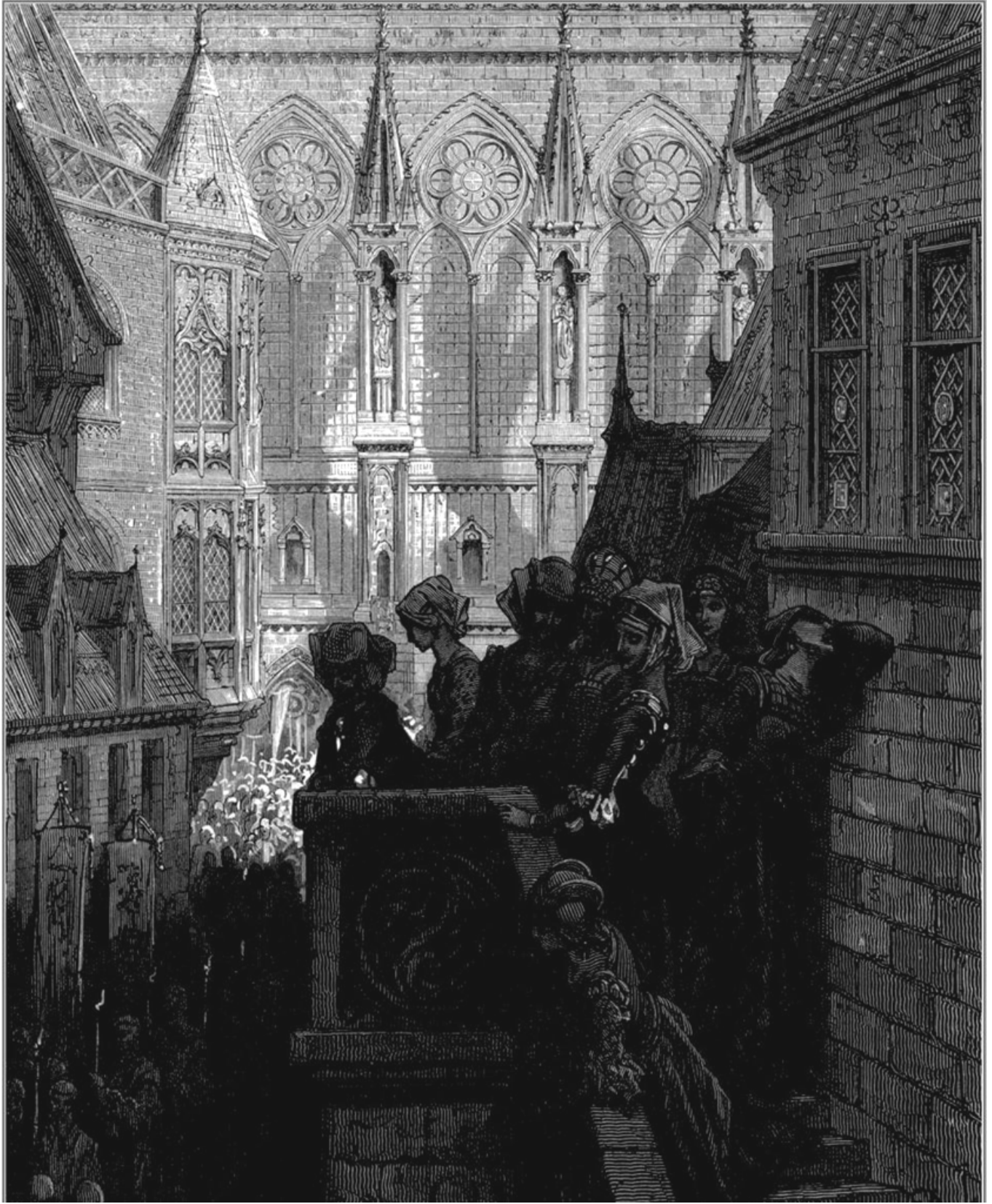
³ A brief explanation about Nodian cosmology: The terms star and planet are almost interchangeable, at least in terms of what they represent. Generally, the near bodies (Martis, Mercurii, Saturnis, etc) are termed planets, while the distant sparks of light that stud the outer shell of the cosmos, the Firmament, are called stars. The stars, unlike those in our own reality, are merely planetoids that drift on the edge of creation.



1513. Blackpoort is a large port on the shores of Blackmere. Originally built around medicinal springs that have long since gone dry, it is a rival to Antigoon and Lyonesse and controls trade on the lake and beyond. Blackpoort is ruled by its guilds, the most powerful being those of the thieves and assassins, who elect a Lord Mayor. The city is famed for its thieves, powerful priesthood, lavish, towering architecture (always covered in a fine layer of soot) and the grey pigeons that cover every roof and make up much of the diet of the locals.

DEMOGRAPHICS
Population 3,456 (city-state), 38,400 (dominion)
Race Human
Minorities Dwarves, Halflings
Patron Deity Mercurius, god of travel
AUTHORITY
Ruler Lord Mayor Glonders Pelf (Thief 12)
High Priest Wontan (Cleric 6)
Guard Heavy Horse (1C)
DESCRIPTION
Theme Wicked city of ne'er-do-wells
Accent Germanic
Vistas Gray buildings, gray skies, dreary people, sneering guardsmen, scurrying urchins
Cuisine Mutton, lamb chops, strong ales, few vegetables, thick brown bread drizzled in grease
Names Alfa, Bleth, Bodeus, Briggur, Fridus, Grifinn, Karlen, Melvis, Morga, Nevin, Rooks, Tater, Wilmo
Coinage Gold wulps, silver marks, copper tups

The motto of Blackpoort is *Teca Whed Yui Cel Gsef*, Motherlander for *Take What You Can Grasp*, and it tells you just about everything you need to know concerning the city-state. Blackpoort is home to a wide mixture of peoples, mostly human, but with large communities of halflings and dwarves. Despite its very high level of official corruption, Blackpoort has a fairly stable government and Blackpoorters take exceptional pride in their city-state, but otherwise avoid eye contact and displays of extreme passion. Blackpoorters worship Mercurius and permit no other faiths to operate legally within the city-state. Most



worship is conducted at private shrines in the guild houses and factories, or in small shrines in the homes that contain an idol consisting of a winged sandal that is kissed during worship. The national pastime of Blackpoort is drinking. The city boasts several fine breweries and taverns, and is renowned for its dark stouts.

The main export of Blackpoort is metal working, especially weapon making. Several old mines (iron and coal mostly) operate near the city-state. Coal is plentiful enough in Blackpoort that it is burned instead of wood to provide heat and cook food; some claim it is the soot from this coal that gives the city its name.

The priesthood of Blackpoort is open to men and women, who marry exclusively within the church. Children of priests are expected to become priests as well, and they receive the mark of the priesthood, a caduceus, branded into their lower arm at age 13. The clerics are spiritual advisors and, most importantly, the inspectors of goods and services. They wander the markets of the city-state with their measuring instruments and firebrands, burning the soles of feet of people guilty of cheating their customers (unless, of course, they have bought special dispensation to do so from the Lord Mayor or Church). The temples of Mercurius are decorated with mosaic tiles depicting his exploits. The priests wear fur-lined robes of teal. Eye contact with priests is taboo.

Blackpoort's army is composed of fast, light cavalry and light footmen and crossbowmen. They are infamous for their wanton cruelty during campaigns (even to their own people), and high rank is obtained via political connections or outright bribery.

A few blocks from the western gate is the Screeching Maiden, a decent if overpriced inn and tavern that serves excellent food and rot-gut liquor. The tavern is small and usually very crowded with shady looking characters. Rooms are overpriced but usually full (10% chance of vacancy). Most of the patrons of the Screeching Maiden are drunk and well armed. The main attraction is Gorlaf, a half-naked jongleur who recites dirty limericks and does juggling tricks.

Notable citizens are Alfa, a young noblewoman rumored to have been involved in several prominent assassinations of old merchants; Stolf, the arrogant master armorer who pays well for the right to cheat his customers; Lueuan, a flamboyant young mage who spins complex schemes to ascend the ranks of the local guild of diviners; Father Fridus, a deeply religious adherent to the cult of Mithras who opposes the religious and political establishment of

Blackpoort; Nevin, a seductive nobleman often found with his retinue of rakes and scoundrels at the Screeching Maiden; and Ysolda, an extravagant and disgraced daughter of a merchant family who throws lavish parties and cultivates a retinue of questionable allies (demon worshipers, folk whisper!)

Blackpoort will receive more detail in **NOD 7**.

| *Lord Mayor Glonders Pelf*, Thief 12: HP 41; AC 9 [10]; Save 3; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Back stab x4, decipher script, thievery, cant. Sable robes of office worth 300 gp, medallion of office worth 500 gp, silver dagger.

1516. This narrow canyon is hemmed by limestone cliffs that resemble towers and battlements. The shallow caves are inhabited by a great multitude of giant vampire bats. These bats become active at night, and will be encountered there at double their normal numbers (i.e. 6d6). One cave (1% chance of finding per day of searching) contains a partial map of a dungeon (take your pick) and a scroll of protection from oozes.

A small altar has been erected at the entrance to the canyon in honor of Camazotz, the demonic prince of bats. It is visited (during the day) by a small cult. The cult is located in Blackpoort and consists mostly of students and thieves. The cultists hold raucous orgies at the altar, spilling wine and a little blood in honor of Camazotz. Desecration of the altar has a 5% chance of attracting the attention of Camazotz, who will send a flock of 20 demonic bats ridden by demonic monkeys armed with obsidian swords to punish the heretics. There is a 1% chance he will investigate himself.

| *Demonic Bat*: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 3 (Fly 24); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons.

| *Demonic Monkey*: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d4) or 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9 (Climb 9); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons.

| *Camazotz*: HD 15 (300 hp); AC -3 [22]; Atk 2 claws (2d10) and 1 bite (3d10); Move 30 (Fly 30); Save 2; CL/XP 17/30; Special: Immune to normal weapons at night, magic resistance 75%, charm monster 2/day, comprehend languages, detect evil, plane shift, geas, teleport without error, deific powers. Camazotz is a huge bat surrounded by an aura of grey flames and 1,000 normal bats.

1518. A family of enterprising hill giants has set up shop on a flat, granite bluff that overlooks a twist in the Swiven River. The six hill giants throw boulders (some tied to ropes) at passing boats, trying to either sink them or pull them to shore. The hill giants are led by a female called Marda who casts spells as a 3rd level druid. Like most hill giants, she prays to Old Gnark of the High Hills and invokes



him constantly if threatened (1% chance of response). If summoned, Gnark will appear as an elder earth elemental.

Treasure: 1,550 gp, potion of invisibility, potion of levitation and potion of poison. All three potions are held by Marda, and she knows one from the other.

| *Marda*: HD 9 (36 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 slam (1d8) or club (1d8+1); Move 15; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Druid spells (2nd).

1520. There is a ruined castle here ruled by a mad psychic. The psychic, Ladrik, has assumed the title of King. He is served by a company of 30 bandits and their captain Ashala and governs 60-70 beggars. Ladrik wears a dented helm as his crown. His scepter is a rusty mace and his orb a skull. His clothes are those of a nobleman, but they are too large for him and are soiled and torn. Besides being delusional, Ladrik suffers from monstrous mood swings and his violent temper is easily ignited. On first meeting a party of adventurers, he takes them into his service (whether they want to be or not) and sends them on nonsensical missions. This arouses the ire of Ashala, who will bide her time before turning the king against the adventurers.

| *Ladrik, Psychic*⁴ Lvl 7: HP 28; AC 11 [9]; Save 8 (6 vs. mental effects); CL/XP 8/800; Special: Sixth sense, channeling, ego whip, mind thrust, telekinesis.

| *Ashala, Fighting-Woman* Lvl 3: HP 14; AC 1 [18]; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60. Platemail, shield, long sword.



1528. Tourney is a fortified market village in Antigoon's domain, and home to the storied Wodens family, a knightly family that has covered itself in glory (and loot). Tourney is a wool market and it hosts an annual tournament of arms, the finest in Antigoon. The people of Tourney are outwardly quite prim and proper, for among them the chivalrous virtues are held supreme. Their patron saint is St. Troilus, who governs courtly love and virtuous knighthood. At night, though, those who can make their way to the Blue Crone, a wild tavern where men and women go about in masquerade and give vent to their every desire. Recently, the owner of the Blue Crone, an outwardly crisp and precise dwarf called Tolliver, obtained a bottle of blue spirits stolen from the mythical Invisible City. Since drinking it, two women in the village have given birth (with a rapid pregnancy) to reptilian children. Tourney maintains two companies of knights, a company of heavy horse and a company of archers.

1529. This portion of hills is haunted by three infamous dwarf robbers, the Kolldens. The Kolldens are highwaymen of the first order, preying on traffic on the Swiven River. Their names are Broon, Droon and Zoot.

The Kollden's lair is a hidden cave in a dry gulley, the entrance trapped by a tripwire to cause a cave-in (2d6 points of damage). The lair consists of a dirt tunnel that slants downward for about fifteen feet and then drops into a crevasse 4 ft wide and 40 ft long. At the end of this

⁴ The Psychic class appears in NOD #1

crevasse there is a 2 ft wide crack that runs back ten feet before emptying into a spacious cavern that has been improved by the brothers.

The living chamber is furnished with piles of furs for beds, a long, narrow trunk locked with an expert lock and trapped with a deadly poisoned needle. One corner of the chamber holds several small barrels and sacks containing ale, flour and dried fish (treat as four weeks' worth of iron rations for three people). In the middle of the chamber there is a fire pit and roasting spit. A very narrow chimney in the roof allows the smoke to escape.

Treasure: The Kolldens keep their treasure in the trunk. It consists of 345 sp, 390 ep, 200 gp.

| *Broon Kollden, Dwarf Thief 5: HP 16; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Back stab for triple damage, decipher script, thievery, cant. Pistol (treat as light crossbow), short sword, pouch containing 23 gp and 18 sp and a four leaf clover.*

| *Droon Kollden, Dwarf Thief 3: HP 11; AC 9 [10]; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Back stab for double damage, decipher script, thievery, cant. Musket (treat as heavy crossbow), thick club, pouch containing 15 gp and 67 sp.*

| *Zoot Kollden, Dwarf Assassin Lvl 1: HP 4; AC 9 [10]; Save 15; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cheat death, decipher script, disguise, sneak attack for double damage, skullduggery, poison. Pistol, short sword, silver dagger, dog whistle, pouch containing 16 gp.*

1540. The steaming carcass of an ogre lies here, covered by maggots. There are no tracks, not even tracks belonging to the ogre, in the immediate area, and no apparent cause of death.

1606. Several days ago a barge was tossed ashore by an errant wave or ill-tempered water elemental. Whatever the cause, the barge's cargo of exotic musk was spilled all over the forested shore and the crew were forced to seek shelter in the boughs of the trees from the parliament of great horned owlbears that have come to investigate the aroma. The five surviving crewmen are exhausted, hungry and completely miserable.

| *Great Horned Owlbear: HD 7+1 (40, 31, 22 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Hug for additional 2d8 damage if to-hit roll is 18+.*

1611. Some 200 feet from the shore of Blackmere Lake a crag rises from the dark waters. Atop this crag the wizard Delorian chose to build his manse. It is here that he observes the stars, records his thoughts, putters about in his laboratory and does all the other things one expects of wizards.

Delorian is one of the most powerful magic-users in the Motherlands. He is capable of rending the very fabric of reality with his incantations and imposing his will on nature by dint of superior intellect; naturally, this means his tower is subject to almost weekly raids by robbers and adventurers and so is well defended by magical tricks and traps. Deep beneath the surface of Blackmere, the crag is honeycombed by caves that serve as the lair of a family of three mist dragons, allies of the wizard.

Visitors can reach the castle by a small dingy tied to a post on the shore. Upon reaching the crag, one must climb a ladder that leads to a small antechamber. At this point the image of the wizard appears before them, questions them and does his best to discern their true motives. If they do not seem to be a threat, he invites them in (the doors are wizard locked). If they do present a threat, all of the items in the antechamber animate and attack, including a richly woven rug, three tapestries, a chest-of-drawers and two suits of armor.

Groups that try alternate means of entry are attacked by a flock of twelve gargoyles. Delorian monitors all such battles and summons the mist dragons if the gargoyles seem to be outmatched. If necessary, he involves himself in the combat.

Within the confines of his modest home there is a small kitchen, a plush living room, a library closet with a secret door to a laboratory and observatory, and several guest chambers tended by automatons of polished steel with owl faces and sepia tunics bearing the three-handed glyph of Delorian.

Treasure: Delorian's treasure is kept in a sealed vault located 20 feet below his home. It can only be reached via teleportation and contains several beams that increase the likelihood of materializing within solid stone. The treasure is 11,700 gp and a bronze statue of a portly woman wearing a Viking helmet worth 115 gp. Delorian's grimoire contains these high level spells: Contact Other Plane, Extension II, Teleport, Wall of Stone, Control Weather, Disintegrate, Legend Lore, Limited Wish & Phase Door.

| *Delorian, Magic-User Lvl 15: HP 30; AC 4 [15]; Save 5; CL/XP 18/3800; Special: Spells (7th). White robe, staff of wizardry, ornate titanium dagger, three silver darts, potion of healing, bracers of AC 4 [15].*

| *Small Animated Object: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d4); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15.*

| *Medium Animated Object: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30.*

| *Large Animated Object*: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d8); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120.

| *Gargoyles*: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d4), horn (1d6); Move 9 (Fly 15); Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Fly.

| *Mist Dragon*: HD 10 (40 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 1 bite (4d6); Move 9 (Fly 30); Save 5; CL/XP 17/3500; Special: Gaseous form, breath weapon, spells.

1614. A surfeit of nine witherstench have burrowed into the black, conical hills that dot this area. The beasts mostly feed on carrion, and any death in this hex (a character, henchman or randomly encountered monster) will soon draw their attention (1 in 6 chance that 2d4 of the creatures will appear 1 turn after the battle ends, otherwise in 1d8+1 turns). The air around their burrow is indescribably foul, and if the wind catches it right can be smelled from 2 hexes away.

| *Witherstench*: HD 2+2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d6); Move 9; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Stench.

1616. A female great horned owlbear and her three cubs live here in a dank cave. The cave opens out on a small gully that turns into quite a large pond when it has rained. The gully is surrounded by scrub oak and blueberry bushes. When the female is in season, encounters with males occur on the roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

| *Owlbear*: HD 5+1 (27 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Hug (2d8) if attack roll is 18 or higher.

1627. When the men of the south first began pushing their way into the hills, they constructed a covered stone bridge over the Aalbrin River. The bridge remains the sole link between Antigoon and the humans who live south of the river. Because of this, patrols from Antigoon are often encountered (2 in 6) near the bridge.

What few know is that the superstructure of the bridge is hollow. It was constructed not only as a hideout for rangers, but also to make the bridge easier to destroy in the event of a humanoid invasion.

A secret door in the side of the bridge allows access to this mini-dungeon. There are two levels of rooms inside, with the lower rooms partially flooded. These rooms once contained dry straw and barrels of grain alcohol that could be ignited to burn down the bridge. The main inhabitants of the bridge dungeon are giant insects, oozes, giant rats and a tribe of jabberlings.

1631. There is a geyser here in a large, stony clearing surrounded by a “fence” of massive boulders. Most dwarfs can identify the work as coming from hill giants. Within this compound there is a shallow pool of hot water and mineral salts and the geyser, which erupts every 1d4+3 turns. Folk caught in the gout of super hot water suffer 3d6 points of scalding damage (half that with a successful saving throw) and moreover have their movement rate cut in half from the burns that cover their body for 2d4 days.

A cursory examination will reveal spikes hammered into the walls of the cavity from which the water springs. The cavity is safe, though very steamy, if the water is not exploding, and grants access to a complex of limestone caves filled with slippery, sucking mud to a depth of 1 to 3 feet. Movement through the mud caverns is at a rate of 3, and fighting in the mud forces folk to pass a save every time they miss an attack or fall into the sticky stuff.

Lurking in the system of muddy caves is a thessalhydra that the region’s giants, goblins and kobolds call Yiquartha, which roughly translates as the “Daughter of Heaven’s Whore”. Yiquartha receives sacrifices of gnomes and adventurers on an irregular basis from the evil folk of the woods, and will quickly pick up the scent of new arrivals. The creature’s treasure is scattered through the cavern system beneath the thick layer of mud.

Treasure: 3,240 gp and a gold nose stud worth 165 gp.

| *Yiquartha*: HD 12 (57 hp); AC -1 [20]; Atk 8 bites (1d6) and 1 bite (3d6) and 1 tail (2d6); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 17/3500; Special: Acid, poison, immune to acid.

1636. All that remains of an ancient elf hunting lodge is a support column carved to look like three thin beeches braided together. A stone foundation traces a large footprint – the lodge must have been quite a sight in its day. There is little rubble left from the thing, and the forest is slowly but surely reclaiming the site. Should one rap three times on the surviving column, a trapdoor will open nearby to reveal a set of stone stairs descending into a cellar. The cellar is divided into two sections. The first is a fairly common root cellar loaded with urns, amphorae and barrels of spoiled or dried foodstuffs and sour wine. In one wall of the root cellar there is a sturdy, steel door that is quite cold to the touch – cold enough that prolonged contact begins causing frostbite (1d4 damage).

Behind the frozen door there is a small chamber with steel walls that was magicked long ago into a sort of freezer. Freezer-burned sides of venison and fowls hang from hooks in the ceiling, and in one corner there are the

preserved remains of two elves, a woman and man. The woman was quite old (young looking, but with long ears) and is sitting in the corner cradling the man, who was much younger than her and died of terrible wounds taken in battle. The woman wears a gown of woolen scarlet, embroidered velvet slippers worth 50 gp and a silver tiara worth 100 gp. The man wears the costume of a wealthy forester and holds in his right hand a broken long sword (once a magical +2 weapon). Upon entering the freezer, a groaning spirit will emerge from the walls of the root cellar and attempt to destroy the intruders.

| *Groaning Spirit*: HD 7; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 touch (1d8 + Str); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Chilling touch, keening, only harmed by magic weapons and spells.

1638. Trowm is a mining village situated upon a tall, difficult to access hill. About 100 miners and their families live on this wooded plateau, digging into its fissures for electrum, quartz, silver and gold. The village was chartered by the Flonder family of Antigoon, and the boss who runs the place, Wargo, works for them. The miners of the village are Ophirians, and they preserve their people's ways in this village despite the presence of Wargo and the Antigooner mercenaries. They dwell in stone huts and have a small shrine to Dagon and Derceto that contains an electrum basin of sea water. Wargo, his soldiers (a company of heavy foot) and their armorer, a gnarly old gnome by the name of Krish, dwell in a small stone tower surrounded by a brackish moat. The tower provides a truly commanding view of the area – one can see up to 9 miles in each direction, and elves can see as far as 15 miles.

Ingress and egress to the plateau comes from a narrow trail cut into the rock and fit only for madmen and mules, or via strong, wicker baskets that are raised and lowered by pulleys. The plateau sits about 150 feet above the surrounding countryside, so either method is daunting. More daunting is a night spent in the village. Wargo allows no outsiders into his tower, where he keeps a child bride purchased in Ophir. People will have to spend the night in multiple hovels with the miners, and the miners are prone to human sacrifice in Dagon's name during full moon, new moons and whenever they are bored. Victims are bound and drowned in the basin. Their flesh is then stripped and burned to ashes that are thrown from the side of the plateau, while the bones are used to make holy jewelry.

| *Wargo, Fighting-Man Lvl 3*: HP 18; AC 3 [16]; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None. Half-plate, shield, long sword, dagger.

| *Antigooners*: HD 1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d10); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

1640. The shores of this placid bay are thick with tangle weed. Stepping ashore always results in an encounter with 1d4 of the floral menaces. A bout with the verdant horrors will attract the attention of hundreds of tiny, chirping creatures that look like a cross between a raccoon and a bush baby. Should the adventurers fight through the tangle weeds and disappear into the interior of the country, they will discover on their return that any boat they left on the shore have been crushed to bits by the invasive vines.

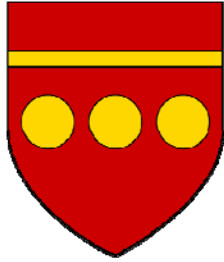
| *Tangle Weed*: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 4 vines (1d6); Move 0; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

1642. Giant manta rays, silvery blue in color, choke the sea lanes here by day, and at night leave the water to soar through the skies. By day or night, encounters with the beasts occur on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6 in this hex, with 1d6 appearing.

| *Giant Manta Ray*: HD 8; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (2d6), tail sting (2d10); Move S18; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400.; Special: Swallow whole, tail stuns

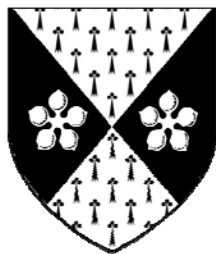
1705. Amidst the overarching oaks and fecund ferns of the forest, a small mound of earth has been raised and topped by a small wooden idol. The idol looks very old and weathered, the wood cracked and only a few particles of paint still adhering. The idol depicts a woman of earthy beauty, its breasts swollen, belly full, hips round and face regal. Druids, even neophyte druids, will recognize this as a depiction of the one true Goddess behind all mortal conceptions of feminine divinity, and their prayers and offerings (and those of their comrades) will result in each receiving the effects of the Bless spell for one week. Offensive actions directed at the simple idol curse the druid and her friends increase the chance of wandering monster encounters by +2 (i.e. usually to 1-4 on 1d6).

1707. The River Trat Treuroit in this hex plunges down a waterfall. Stretched across the falls are the remnants of a rope bridge. The bridge now consists of a single length of thick rope with the remaining ropes now suspended from it over the maelstrom. The river is not crossable further up river, for it is astoundingly deep, being a primordial gorge that once supported a dark civilization of ophidians. The river is 40 feet wide at this point, and crossing using the rope requires four strength checks (use whatever method you favor, or use saving throws) to avoid falling. A fall plunges one 10 feet down into the river and then over the 30-ft high falls for 6d6 points of damage.



1712. Thrush is the fortified village of Athegn, Sheriff of the East Riding of Blackpoort. The East Riding is a land of iron and coal mines marked by narrow defiles, little tree cover and acrid lakes. Most settlements in the area are temporary – often composed of canvas tents and wagons from which traders sell supplies. Thrush is a motte-and-bailey castle that is slowly being expanded into a proper concentric castle. The bailey surrounded by a small village of herdsmen. The main inhabitants of Thrush are its men-at-arms, a company each of heavy horse, light horse, archers and cross-bowmen and two companies of light foot. These men are served by a bustling population of entertainers, armorers, blacksmiths and tavern keepers.

Sheriff Athegn is a devious, taciturn man with leathery skin from a life spent on campaigns and a sharp-featured face framed by long, golden-brown hair. His blue-green eyes seem to reflect the sea.



1713. Here stands the Castle Corum, stead of the famed halfling hunter Turla the Unerring and her merry band of slingers. The castle and its domain lie just outside the reach of Blackpoort, and the place serves as a refuge for folk abused at the hands of the ruling, thieving elite of that wicked place. The castle is a compact keep of dull, brown stone built upon a great, manmade mound overlooking the river (as some distance) and surrounded by two concentric earthen ramparts, the inner rampart topped by a wooden palisade and gatehouse. Within the outer ring, animals – sheep and goats mostly – are permitted to graze. The inner ring holds a small village of gaily painted hovels and a small kirk dedicated to Diana, goddess of the hunt and favored spirit of the Lady Turla. The people of the village, numbering about 150, are mostly halfling, but also include humans, dwarfs and elves that have fled the evils of

Blackpoort. The little kirk is tended by a brown-robed friar of the wild hills named Skidoc of the Tangled Beard. The people of the village are primarily herdsmen, though they also harvest wild herbs and grains that they use to brew crisp, medicinal ales. Turla has a deep hatred for the men of Blackpoort, and seeks to thwart them at every turn. This has made her a bosom ally and companion of the wizard Delorian [1611]. She commands a company of halfling scouts and company of halfling slingers as well as a company of human militia.

Treasure: 3,330 ep, 2,530 gp.

| *Turla, Halfling Ranger Lvl 11: HP 60; AC 3 [16]; Save 5; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: +11 damage to humanoid raiders, wilderness survival, tracking, +2 to hit and +2 AC vs. orcs. Chainmail, shield, sling, short sword. Curly auburn hair in a haphazard bun, quite tall for a halfling, freckled, tanned skin and an easy smile.*

| *Skidoc, Dwarf Druid Lvl 5: HP 24; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (3rd), speak with animals, plants and monsters, animal friend (a badger). Leather armor, shield, gnarled club, book of proverbs. Bent and broad shouldered, with salt-and-pepper hair and long, well groomed beard. Fierce, blue eyes.*

| *Turla's Slingers, Fighting-Halflings Lvl 2: HD 2d6+4; AC 3 [16]; Save 13; CL/XP 2/30. Chainmail, shield, sling, short sword.*

1726. The banks of the river here are coated with run-off from the surrounding farms and villas. Encounters with effluvial grubs, nasty worm creatures that burrow and feed on waste, occur here on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Effluvial Grub: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + infection); Move 9 (B6); Save 16; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Infection, effluvial gases.*

1733. Simonya of the Seven Symbols, a grand dame among elves and a well practiced sorcerer, occupies a tall tower on the banks of the river here. The tower rises five stories, with domestics and guardsmen quartered on the ground floor, a great hall of learning and a great hall of celebration on the second story, an armory and balconies on which rest ballistae on the third story, living quarters for Simonya and her court on the fourth story, and the sorceress' laboratory and library on the fifth story. All in all, it is a cozy and well defended tower, and the ballistas give her sway over traffic to and from Amvianda. In fact, the great bolts fired from the ballistas are connected to large winches via thick, iron chains, allowing ships hit by the bolts to be reeled in and generally torn apart.

The tower is guarded by a company of elves from Amvianda, for Simonya is a close cousin of that city-state's Steward. The elf guardsmen wear uniforms of red leather studded with bronze and carry long swords and longbows.

Their sergeant, Cearas, is a handsome elf of the old blood with the eyes of an eagle and the tongue of an adder.

The Great Hall of Celebrations is notable primarily for its model of the great hippodrome of Nomo done in precise miniature. In this model, Simonya keeps several teams of horses and charioteers, all shrunk by magic. She and her court often gather around the hippodrome, miniaturizing visitors and challenging them to race or be fed to her oft invisible cat.

Simonya got her nomenclature from her centuries' long search for the seven symbols that, together, form a glyph of the true name of the demon prince Uvall. She now seeks the fabled Crown of Cykranosh, which is said to hold clues on how the symbols might be assembled and Uvall summoned. She believes the crown to be hidden within the so-called "World Below", a vast dungeon extending under much of the Klarkash Mountains.

Treasure: 1,320 sp, 4,270 ep, 750 gp, 240 pp, sapphire worth 7,200 gp, electrum toe ring worth 80 gp (taken from a lich, turns the toe black) and a brass arm band worth 115 gp in the shape of nymphs and satyrs.

| *Simonya, Elf Magic-User Lvl 14: HP 29; AC 9 [10]; Save 4 (2 vs. spells); CL/XP 16/3200; Special: Spells (7th), elf abilities. Dusky-skinned and painfully thin. She is scheming and casually cruel, but does honor contracts and show hospitality to guests.*

1745. On the floor of the sea here there is a strange, squat tower of white metal topped by a large, glassy-steel bubble, with several similar, though smaller, bubbles jutting out from the sides of the tower. The large bubble is about 20-ft in diameter, while the smaller bubbles range from 10 to 15-ft in diameter. The tower serves as an outpost of the mysterious squid-men, squid-like creatures who pack themselves into diving suits that make them resemble humanoids more than squids and operate mechanical crab-like vehicles on the ocean floor. It has been conjectured that they are visitors from another planet, gathering intelligence before their colonization fleet arrives.

| *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, 1d6 damage from contact to air.*

1802. Three giant skunks have established a burrow in this hex. Encounters with the animals occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6. They are quite temperamental, but have acquired a taste for iron rations – a generous gift will improve their reaction to intruders immeasurably.

| *Giant Skunk: HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Sprays musk (cone 60' wide at base, 60' long, dissolves cloth and paper, leather (20%), nausea 1d6 turns and blinded 3d6 turns, stench remains for 1d6 days).*

1808. The remnants of a Nomoan road can be spied here, forming a small ridge among the trees and underbrush. The road is mostly overgrown, but still allows fast passage through the woods. It once extended all the way to the mineral springs in [1816]. A particularly large oak alongside the road is home to a flirtatious hamadryad who will appear to benevolent looking adventurers and invite them to dine with her. They will find that a wide stump behind the oak has been set with a fresh linen cloth, plates of silver and a meal of venison steaks and berry wine. The dryad, Salena by name, will quiz the adventurers on the goings on of the wider world, and is a fine hostess. Should the adventurers return her kindness, she will send them on their way with a sack of goodies (treat as one week of iron rations). Should they prove violent, they will be set upon by a gang of buckawn robbers hidden nearby and poised to strike.

| *Buckawn: HD 1d6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 dart or dagger (1d3); Move 15; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Spells, magic resistance 10%.*

| *Salena: HD 2 (13 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 wooden dagger (1d4); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Charm person (-2 save).*

1814. A wretched brotherhood of devil worshipers has established here an abbey dedicated to the patron of gluttony, Beelzebub. The abbey has been established beneath the ruins of an old Minervan abbey that the diabolists have done their best to desecrate. The old abbey was a small, stone construction atop a rugged little hill, originally surrounded by clusters of peasant cottages and vast grain fields and orchards.

Now, the ruined cottages are inhabited by a tribe of 30 goblins that work for the cultists, mostly employed as raiders to steal food and treasure from surrounding settlements. The goblins are fat and cruel. They wear shirts of blackened mail and carry green, wooden shields emblazoned with a white fly. Their weaponry runs the gamut from axes to swords or short bows.

The old abbey proper long ago saw its roof and most of its second story collapse into rubble. Much of the ruined wood and masonry has been thrown to the bottom of the hill, with one slab actually serving to conceal a tunnel entrance to the lair of the anti-clerics. This tunnel leads to [1] below.

The cultists still use two portions of the ruined abbey. The chapel has been re-consecrated to Baalzebub, the idol of Minerva turned to face what remains of a white wall and the back of the sculpture re-sculpted into a crude representation of the fly-headed duke of Hell. The white altar of Minerva is now blood-stained and has had two thick chains secured to it.

The old abbey kitchen, now open air, is also in use. Staffed by a greasy, fat halfling called Brother Farkus and two putrid little goblin slaves, Kiv and Gaj, it is equipped with a sausage grinder (with sausages often hanging from wooden racks) and a bubbling cauldron over the remnants of the kitchen hearth.

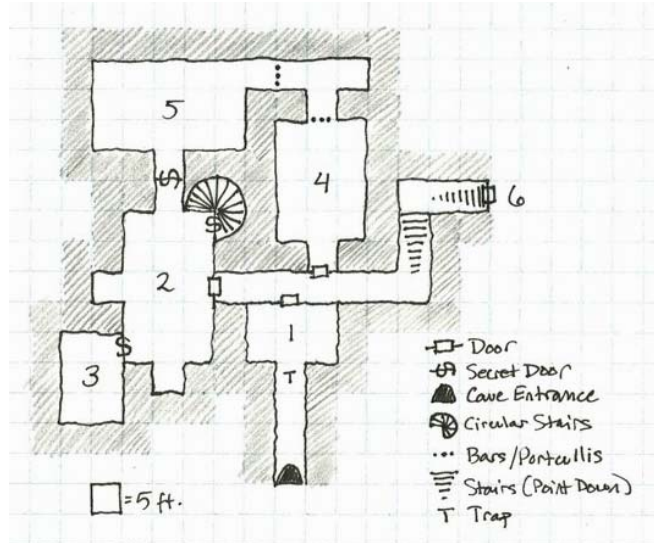
| *Farkus, Halfling Assassin Lvl 2: HP 10; AC 8 [11] due to high dexterity; Save 14 (13 vs. death); CL/XP 2/30; Special: Escape bonds, decipher script, disguise, sneak attack (+4 hit, x2 damage), hide in shadows, move silently, climb sheer surfaces, pick pockets, pick locks, identify, neutralize and manufacture poisons.*

The remainder of the cultists' complex follows:

[1] This chamber is a pantry piled to the ceiling with casks of ale, mead and wine, sides of meat (some salted) hanging from hooks in the ceiling, and crates and nets of fruits, vegetables and roots. Assume it contains 2 weeks' worth of trail rations and 1 week worth of iron rations for a single person. The tunnel leading to the pantry is trapped with a spiked, iron grate that springs up from the ground (it is buried under a layer of sand), potentially impaling the first person in line and latching at the top of the tunnel to block it as a portcullis. The victim of the sinister device must pass a saving throw or suffer 1d6 damage. The pantry is guarded by two skeletons in tattered vest-ments, the animated remains of Minerva's monks. The skeletons are armed with mace and shield.

| *Skeletons: HD 1 (3 hp each); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

[2] The door to this chamber is not locked. It was once a crypt for the high-placed priests of the abbey, but has been converted to living quarters for the new occupants. The stone shelves that were built into the walls are now lined with straw mattresses and two oak tables with chairs occupy the center of the room. Cedar trunks filled with robes and other articles of clothing are set along one wall. The room is usually occupied by 1d6 of the complex's 12 anti-clerics and two skeleton guards. The anti-clerics are all fat, but also muscular. They wear carmine robes.



| *Anti-Cleric Lvl 1: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 mace (1d6); Move 12; Save 15 (13 vs. paralysis & poison); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Rebuke undead. Chainmail, shield, mace, unholy symbol (a vial of flies suspended in human blood).*

| *Skeletons: HD 1 (8, 7 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

The circular stairs behind the secret door lead down to a sub-crypt where is interred the bones of Saint Eustace of Glurm. The bones are wrapped in cloth-of-gold and interred with a silvered mace (the head being shaped like three owls, back-to-back) and a white bishop's miter. They are set upon a slab of white marble and enclosed in a cage of steel. If disturbed, an anti-specter rises from the bones and attacks creatures that are intent on harming the sanctuary. Besides its normal powers, the anti-specter can cast the following spells: 1/day – cure disease, cure serious wounds, neutralize poison; 3/day - cure light wounds. It glows with a permanent light spell. The saint's vestments are worth 500 gp and his mace 100 gp.

| *Anti-Spectre: HD 7 (39 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 spectral weapon (1d8 + level drain); Move 15 (F30); Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Drain 2 levels with hit, spells, light.*

[3] This chamber is now the living quarters of Pater Fraid, master of the devil worshipers. She shares his quarters with his concubine, an attractive peasant girl drawn into a life of sin by the portly anti-cleric's promises of wealth. The girl, Lithild by name, now despises Fraid and his cultists, but is afraid to escape.

Fraid is a fat, gap-toothed, capricious man, always dressed neatly in long, carmine robes embroidered with gold thread into shapes reminiscent of swarming flies and locusts and bodies writhing over flames. Under his robes

he wears blackened platemail. A black, flanged mace always hangs by his side, and a ritual, wavy-bladed dagger is kept under his robes and only used to fight in the direst of circumstances.

His quarters are decorated richly with tapestries, a bear rug, a large, four-post bed of oak covered with linens and furs and a locked, iron chest containing 1,420 sp, 370 gp, 560 pp, a jasper worth 200 gp, a lapis lazuli worth 400 gp and a jade dagger worth 85 gp. The furnishings are worth 200 gp.

| *Fraid, Cleric Lvl 5: HP 18; AC 2 [17]; Save 11 (9 vs. paralysis & poison); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (3rd), rebuke undead. Platemail, shield, mace, unholy symbol.*

[4] This long room is occupied by thousands of droning, biting flies, summoned from the very depths of Hell by Fraid's master. The north end of the room is barred by an iron portcullis. The area behind is occupied by three giant carnivorous flies – a lever in [5] can be used to raise either portcullis and release them to attack. The flies that swarm in [4] ignore the robber flies and the cultists. There is a 2 in 6 chance that 1d4 prisoners intended for sacrifice are chained in this room and covered with swollen fly bites. The door to this room is locked, and it snaps closed and re-locks (-3 to pick lock from inside) after it has been moved through.

| *Fly Swarm: HD 3 (19 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move F9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Covers entire room and can make an attack against every creature in the room every round, only harmed by pummeling attacks and area effects.*

| *Giant Flies: HD 2 (12, 9, 3 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 9 (F18); Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Surprise on 1-4 on 1d6.*

[5] This room is a great hall meant for feasts that honor the lord of gluttony. The priests assemble here three times a day to consume the goods brought to them by their goblin raiders. The room holds a long, oak table, well worn, long benches, a tall, wooden chair for the abbot and tapestries depicting every kind of vice imaginable. Each corner of the room holds a zombie guard wearing tattered priestly vestments and with an iron cage over its face to avoid accidental bites. If warned of trouble, the anti-clerics will remove these masks and set the zombies on invaders. The long table is usually piled high with trenchers of sauerkraut, bowls of steaming soup and platters of thick, reddish sausages of unknown (and possibly dire) provenance. Anti-clerics not disposed of elsewhere in the complex are probably here eating.

| *Brain-Eating Zombie: HD 3 (17, 15, 10, 9); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 strike (1d8); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Absorb 5 levels of spells (+1 per brain eaten) before head explodes.*

| *Anti-Cleric Lvl 1: HD 1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 mace (1d6); Move 12; Save 15 (13 vs. paralysis & poison); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Rebuke undead. Chainmail, shield, mace, unholy symbol (a vial of flies suspended in human blood).*

[6] These stairs lead to the aforementioned kitchen.

1817. A tall hill of grey stone dominates the landscape. It is topped with several menhirs that jut out at odd angles. An ancient vampiric chief of the Magog is interred within this hill along with a bodyguard of wights. The tomb is accessible from the top of the hill via a small opening near the base of a menhir. One must wriggle through the opening to reach an ante-chamber ringed with menhirs carved with undulating, swirling patterns that cause nausea when stared at for too long. Secret doors from this chamber give access to the deeper recesses of the tomb. Wandering monsters in the barrow include mites, molds, wights and zombies. At the heart of the complex is the tomb of the vampiric chief, kept in a deep slumber in a coffin of silver in the middle of a pool of holy water.

1821. A tribe of skunk goblins has built a large stilt village here. The tribe numbers 125 warriors, 150 females and 200 children. The skunk goblin king is Glickwick, who is advised by Wullug the vizier. The tribe's warriors go into battle mounted on giant killer frogs, making them a force to be reckoned with.

| *Skunk Goblin: HD 1d6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Pungent.*

| *Glickwick: HD 4 (22 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Pungent. Chainmail, flail.*

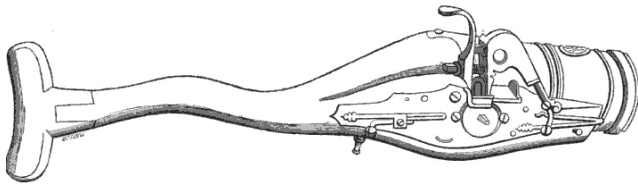
| *Wullug, Goblin Adept Lvl 3: HP 12; AC 6 [13]; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Pungent, spells (1st), guide. Warhammer.*

1824. A large pond here is home to a raucous collection of frogs, some of giant size and quite dangerous. If any female adventurers are present, a talking frog will present himself as a polymorphed nobleman who needs a kiss. In truth, the frog is the Baron Nettleman of Antigoon, gone missing as a youth fourteen years ago. He is a handsome fellow and can promise (and deliver) a reward of 2,000 gp upon his safe return.



1826. Zonders is a market village of Antigoon with a population of close to 1,100 people. It is home to a chymical faire where dyes, medicines and other products of alchemistry are traded fortnightly. The village's Lord Steward is Flonker Groon, an old dye merchant whose father helped establish the republic of Antigoon and who is possessed of a terrible zeal for the republic and all its stands for. His daughter Telda, is an accomplished scientist who teaches a small academy of students, most of whom go into the business of brewing dyes, but some of which become apothecaries or even alchemists. Zonders has a company each of slingers, light foot, archers and hand-gunners who equip themselves with hand mortars and copper shells of alchemist's fire. Zonders also maintains two companies of knights who arm themselves with pistol and mace. The village has a temple of St. Asclepius, their patron and patron saint of apothecaries and physicians. The temple maintains a hospice renowned through Western Venatia and visited by rich and poor alike.

| *Telda Groon, Scientist Lvl 4: HP 9; AC 9 [10]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Trivia, brew formulae, discover invention (1-2/3/4). Usually carries a couple formulae (cure light wounds, protection from evil).*



1829. This stretch of wooded hills contains a lair of trolls. The lair itself is located in a series of caverns that can be entered through a hole on the top of a nondescript hill. The trees surrounding the lair have been decorated by the trolls with numerous skeletons of sprites, gnomes, svarts and kobolds. In all cases, the skeletons are nailed to the trees, usually with their own weapons. There is a 5% chance that there is a living victim pinned to a tree and on the verge of death.

The trolls number eight, with the largest, Fange, being the leader. The troll lair is unfurnished and littered with cracked bones and dung. They keep their treasure, three

perfect violet-blue sapphires worth 1,000 gp each, in a hole covered by a 1,000 lb boulder.

| *Fange: HD 8+3 (50 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4+1), bite (1d8+1); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Regenerate.*

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

1834. A congress of twenty treants meets in this hex every century or so to discuss important matters. The meeting place is a natural depression in the surrounding forest. The depression is bowl-shaped, 100 yards in diameter and covered in a carpet of soft grass and delicate, white wildflowers. Several large, moss-covered boulders littering the area are used as stools by the treants.

1836. At the heart of the gnome tunnel complex that worms its way hither and yon 'neath the Nyblings is a cavern that measures 30-ft in diameter and 200-ft high. The cavern is occupied up by a massive bronze bell, 150-ft tall and made from a single casting. The great bronze bell is covered with gnomish glyphs and scenes from their folklore (epic pranks, bloody battles against the kobolds, etc).

Entrances to the bell chamber are near the top. Ladders allow people to climb down to the chamber's floor, where they find three stout, bronze doors. One door leads to a temple of Dagos, the druid of the gods and chief divinity of the gnomes, another to living quarters for the keepers of the bell and the third to an armory and storage rooms. Upon the altar of Dagos there rests a wooden crown with gold inlay worth 250 gp, a golden harp worth 1,000 gp and a platinum hammer set with emeralds worth 5,000 gp.

The bell is guarded by an order of deaf gnome priests, who strike it every day at noon to call the gnomes of the Nyblings to prayer. The gong can be heard throughout the hills, due to the crisscrossing tunnels and their finely tuned supports. Some folk call the Nyblings the "Ringing Hills" for this reason.

Several of the Words of Creation are engraved on the interior of the bell, near the top. If inscribed on paper, they form a limited wish spell that can be copied into a spellbook or cast as a scroll (assuming one uses the proper materials).

| *Keepers of the Bell (20), Gnome Druid Lvl 1: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Save 14; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Spells (1st), speak to animals, befriend animals. Leather armor, shields, clubs.*

| *Arbel, Magus of the Hills, Gnome Druid Lvl 5: HP 22; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (3rd), speak to animals, plants and monsters, befriend animal. Leather, shield, staff, hand axe.*

1838. Badger Hall is a forbidding old stronghold built atop a great mound of earth. The earthen mound is covered by brambles, blueberry bushes and spiky grass and is inhabited by seven giant badgers. The stronghold is of motte-and-bailey design and in a state of mild disrepair. It is occupied by a clan of 20 badger men and is led by the gruff old Tavich.

The ground floor of Badger Hall consists of a great hall and kitchen. The hall is dominated by a massive fireplace, long tables, numerous hunting trophies and hundreds of sealed glass jars containing preserved flora. The jars belonged to the former inhabitants of the hall and have not been touched due to the badger men being a superstitious bunch. The great hall is used as the sleeping quarters of the common badger men, while Tavich and his three brides use the bedchamber on the second floor. It is here that the badger men keep extra weapons (six short bows, 200 arrows, 15 daggers and 20 short swords) and their treasure.

Treasure: 1,330 sp, 50 gp and three bloodstones worth 40 gp each in leather sacks. One sack contains fifty gold beetles, small beetles that look like gold coins; treat as an insect swarm. The beetles attack anything that disturbs their hiding place.

| *Badger Man: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6) or weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, rage (+1 hit and damage). Chainmail, shield, short sword, short bow.*

| *Tavich: HD 4 (24 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6) or weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, rage (+1 hit and damage). Elven chainmail, shield, short sword, short bow, gold ring worth 150 gp.*

| *Giant Badger: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

1840. A colony of 100 noisy sea lions occupies the beaches in this hex. Hidden among them is a rusty full helm surmounted by a golden lion crest worth 200 gp.

| *Sea Lion: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 1 (S24); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

1843. A submerged megalithic fortress in this hex is home to 200 lubbers (aquatic hobgoblins), their 300 overbearing lubber-wives and 550 young. The megalithic fortress has hundreds of winding corridors and living cells, all of which radiate from a central chamber that holds the tribal

standard, a sea giant skull held aloft by four bronze poles. The lubbers are commanded by Gwathan and his twenty elite warriors. Gwathan is assisted by Kiril, high priestess of Grendel's Mother, the great goddess of the lubbers and other lake-dwelling fiends. The lubbers here have green-blue skin mottled grey and pure white hair that grows from scalp to lower back. They wear ornamental copper jewelry and beads of sea glass and arm themselves with spears with obsidian points.

Treasure: 580 sp, 330 ep, 390 gp and a hyacinth worth 700 gp.

| *Gwathan, Hobgoblin Barbarian Lvl 4: HP 26; AC 3 [16]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Immune to backstabs, mistrust magic, berserker (+2 hit and damage, -2 AC).*

| *Kiril, Hobgoblin Adept: HP 14; AC 8 [11]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), berserker.*

1901. Folk walking through these woods at night might not notice the change that comes over them, for the tall, foreboding trees are suddenly replaced by towering flowers with stalks as thick as tree trunks and petals 10 feet in diameter. This bizarre meadow is home to hundreds of gloomwings in their mature and larval stage (i.e. tenebrous worms). Encounters with 1d6 worms occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6. Encounters with 1d3 gloomwings occur on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6.

| *Tenebrous Worm: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 3; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Acid, poison bristles.*

| *Gloomwing: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claw (1d3), bite (1d8); Move F12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Confusion, surprise on 2 in 6.*

1907. A ruined villa's gardens have gone feral but still have many medicinal herbs. Once owned by a witch, they are now inhabited by dozens of flower fairies and a tarnished silver statue of a stag worth 1,000 gp.

| *Flower Fairie: HD 1d4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d3) or bite (1d3 + poison); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Spells (sleep, confusion), poison causes death.*

1909. Denburgan is a small village that mostly supports itself by hunting and cutting timber that they ship by barge to wood-starved Blackpoort. The folk of Denburgan are known for being brusque and rather standoffish, especially to strangers. The village is constructed around a central tower which serves as a defensive structure and as the home of the mayor, Ruinth, and his three homely daughters. The rest of the village is laid out on a sloppy grid, and consists of stone cottages surrounded by a wooden stockade and a moat filled with iron spikes. A

narrow causeway can be extended from a wooden gatehouse. Denburgan are master crossbowmen (+1 to hit), and a company of them make up the village's militia.

Treasure: 770 sp, 35 gp and a lapis lazuli worth 35 gp.

1911. A small but determined cult has established a small abbey here. The cult is dedicated to Kulthuga, an entity of fire they call "The Purifying Flame". The cultists, drawn from all walks of life, believe that the universe is irreversibly wicked and must perish in a great holocaust of destruction. Driven away from settled lands, the nihilistic cult stumbled upon an ancient, partially ruined hall here and put their wealth (for many members were aristocrats of Lyonesse) to rebuilding and fortifying it and hiring a company of blood orc mercenaries. The fortress is small – a central keep 3 floors high flanked by two round towers 2 floors high each and 10-ft in diameter, large enough to hold scorpions (a war engine that can throw 20 javelins every 3 rounds, creatures in the firing path suffering 3d6 damage unless they pass a saving throw).

The abbey is headed by the Chosen One, an enigmatic figure in red robes and a bronze face mask that resembles a swollen-faced man with a curly beard and mustache. The other cultists wear hooded red robes and the black orcs they employ wear leather armor and executioner's hoods and carry two-handed axes.

| *Blood Orc*: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+2) or 1 bite (1d4); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Berserker.

| *Cultist, Cleric Lvl 1*: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Save 15 (13 vs. paralysis & poison); CL/XP 2/30; Special: Rebuke undead, sneak attack as assassin. Chainmail, heavy mace, holy symbol.

| *Chosen One, Cleric Lvl 9*: HP 35; AC 2 [17]; Save 7 (5 vs. paralysis & poison); CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Spells (5th), rebuke undead, sneak attack as assassin. Platemail, shield, bronze staff, holy symbol (the mask).

1926. A grand cypress tree serves as shelter for a band of wayward children, stolen from their homes near the edge of the swamp by an *eleionomae* (marsh nymph) named Daina with an overactive mother instinct. The children dwell with the nymph in her extra-dimensional palace within the cypress. The children all have a froggy look to them, for they are all slowly turning into frogs. In fact, one will notice hundreds of noisy frogs all about the cypress tree and inside Daina's palace. Daina can be quite hospitable, though her palace, for all its charms, is a bit chill and damp and her murky swamp tea and cakes made of powered violet fungus not entirely appetizing (though

one might discover that they not only cure light wounds but also give one the ability to breathe water for 1 day).

| *Daina*: HD 3 (10 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk none; Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Sight causes blindness or death.



1929. Werp is a market town of 1,300 people ruled by the Guivre family, a knightly family that runs several weaving factories and controls the cloth market of Antigoon. The people of Werp raise sheep, goats and angora rabbits, and maintain an elite band of maiden barbers who venture into the woods in search of nymphs and dryads that they may waylay them and steal locks of their hair for the master weavers of Werp. Werp maintains a company each of handgunners, archers, crossbowmen, heavy foot and two companies of light horse armed with sabers and pistols.

1931. Rose Tower is a narrow, stone tower that stands approximately 40 ft tall. It has a conical roof and the lower 20 feet of the tower is covered in vines of vampire roses. There is a single window in the tower 35 ft above the ground, and no discernable door. The land surrounding the tower is overgrown with tall grasses and surrounded by the crumbling remnants of a stone wall.

| *Vampire Rose Vines (3)*: HD 4 (25, 24, 14 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 stalk 1d4 (save or grappled); Move 3; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Surprise on 1-4 on 1d6, drain 1d8 hp per rd to grappled victims.



The tower is inhabited by a company of svarts led by an evil gnome magic-user called Gadfry the Grey. Gadfry lives at the top of the tower, the svarts in the cellar.

The cellar connects to several tunnels that span out from the tower. One eventually reaches the sea, another exits into the forest one hex to the west, one ends in a sheer 500 ft drop into a subterranean ocean, and the last connects with the gnome tunnels that criss-cross the Nyblings. The final tunnel also connects with several pits dug around the tower and hidden with mats of woven grass. These pits are inhabited by giant weasels.

The cellar itself is composed of several stone chambers connected by archways. One chamber is a storage room and contains barrels of dried fish, flour, pickles and salt. Another room contains several vats of brine in which partially dissected human corpses have been preserved. One vat contains a bloody bones. The vats are kept closed and locked. The other chamber contains several wooden beds and foot lockers for the svarts, as well as a rack for their weapons, a table and three chairs.

| *Bloody Bones*: HD 5 (23 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 tendrils (1d4), 2 claws (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Tendrils (30' long, 10 hp, AC 2 [17]), half damage from fire, +5 AC vs grapple, immune to webs.

Gadfry is a necromancer of no mean ability. His chief interest is in vivisection and the fusion of living and dead flesh. His living chamber is located beneath his workroom and contains a comfortable (though blood-stained) bed, an old, wooden throne that bears some forgotten blazonry, an oak chest secured with a complicated steel lock and a large, cherry wood wardrobe. A rickety ladder leads to a trapdoor in the ceiling and Gadfry's workroom.

The workroom is typical of an alchemist; several benches, a pot-belly stove, scads of jars, clay pots and glass vials containing all manner of strange substances (see below) and principia on alchemy and anatomy. The workroom is guarded by two of Gadfry's more successful experiments, flesh golems that used to be orc thieves that sought to pillage the tower a few years back. Both serve Gadfry willingly, their spirits having been broken long ago.

Gadfry has done a number of experiments on himself over the years, bearing many scars and having physical abilities far beyond the average alchemist.

Treasure: In locked chest - 14,300 cp, 3,900 sp, 750 gp, six pearls soaked in blood worth 15 gp each, a brass locket containing a picture of a young gnome that might have been Gadfry and a lock of golden hair (worth 60 gp), a

silver toe ring embossed with the name "Walila" worth 150 gp, a red velvet mantle edged with sable worth 300 gp and a stone idol of a squat, pot-bellied man with a face like a vulture and hollow eyes worth 100 gp.

| *Gadfry, Gnome Magic-User Lvl 8*: HP 21; AC 7 [12]; Save 8 (6 vs. spells); CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Spells (4th), +2 to hit and damage due to intense strength. Club, spellbook, small spider in a wooden box, jawbone of a zombie, scroll of shield.

| *Svart*: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18 (16 vs. spells); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force 1/day,

| *Flesh Golems (2)*: HD 10 (45 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 2 fists (2d8); Move 8; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Healed by lightning, only hit by magic weapons, slowed by fire and cold, immune to most spells.

1935. The River Frush cuts through the middle of the Nybling Hills region. It is a quick, cold river with a multitude of waterfalls and ponds. This particular hex contains three separate waterfalls inhabited by fossergrim, a portion of the river actively fished by bugbears and a school of river nymphs that frolic in a calm pool created by a bend in the river.

The fossergrim are brothers, each the son of the river. They are named Albus, Sean and Fergus. Each is a master swordsman and is willing to instruct any warrior who can answer the following riddle:

What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward? An Icicle

Training requires five months and bestows upon the trainee a +10% bonus on earned experience points until they reach 5th level.

| *Fossergrim*: HD 5 (25, 19, 18 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 weapon (1d8+1); Move 9 (S30); Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Regenerates 3 hp per round in splashing water. Chainmail shirt, long sword.

The bugbears that dwell in this area are spear fishers. They number 16 and are led by Torir, a large male. Torir wears a +1 war hat that vibrates in the presence of oozes.

| *Torir*: HD 3+1 (16 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/120; Special: Surprise 3 in 6.

1942. On a windswept island of bare granite there is a tall tower, ancient looking and apparently unstable. It is the home of Grahad, an elemental of great repute who retired to this stronghold many years ago to be away from the rest of humanity and work on his "great project", which consists of imprisoning powerful representatives of the different genie-folk (djinn, efreet, marid, shaitan) into a

set of magical swords. Currently, the four swords are lodged in the rocks at the edge of the sea, soaking in the elemental power of wind and surf. Already, they were forged in pools of magma deep beneath the ground. In thirty years, they will be properly seasoned to receive Grahad's captive spirits, now held prisoner in four simple brass lamps that light Grahad's study. Grahad is assisted by four apprentices, all noble born children of Antigoon, their presence on the island assuring that their family's shipping is not disturbed. Grahad is quite jealous of other magicians, and has been known to challenge worthy opponents to pointless duels.

| *Grahad, Elementalist*⁵ Lvl 12: HP 33; AC 9 [10]; Save 4; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Turn elementals, spells (6/day).

1946. A pod of thirty intelligent killer whales hunts the seas here. One large male has the remnants of a leather harness on its back. They are encountered on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

| *Killer Whale*: HD 12; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (3d10); Move S24; Save 3; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: None.

2002. The crafty black dragon Vimoldo dwells here in a tall tower of variegated stone topped by a overhanging, conical slate roof, the eaves of which are frequented by swarms of bats. In addition to a cellar (the lair of Vimoldo, the entrance being a locked trapdoor or a chimney) and the attic, the tower has three floors. Each floor of the tower is composed of a single chamber, 15-ft in diameter.

[Cellar] This is the lair of Vimoldo, a small sorcerer-wyrm with dull, black scales and a spiny fringe on its head. He has cat-like eyes and a dark sense of humor. His cellar contains his treasure in a large, leather steam trunk with brass fittings and decorated with strips of paper bearing strange runes, unintelligible even to those using magic. There is a small fireplace here that connects to a chimney (a clay pipe) that runs all the way to the attic. Vimoldo, who knows the spells Gaseous Form, uses it to travel between levels, keeping the trapdoor locked and barred.

[Level 1] This chamber has a narrow case of stairs leading up the second level and a large, rectangular mirror decorating one wall. Another wall has a small (1-ft by 8-inch) iron grate lodged into the masonry. This grate leads to a narrow clay pipe that seems to connect a furnace in the cellar with the other floors. A trapdoor in the center of the room is locked and barred from below. The mirror is in a framed of dark wood that bears a few old touches of gold

paint. As one approaches the mirror, it grows cloudy and dark, and one sees the face of a weeping maiden. Touching the mirror steals one away to [Level 4] in the blink of an eye. The mirror functions but once per day, and is enchanted to not only remove the victim from the room, but to remove them the memories of others in the room. Each person must pass a saving throw at each level, with the saving throw acquiring a -1 penalty (cumulative) per floor to avoid a focused Forget spell.

[Level 2] The second floor of the tower is decorated with two large, plush chairs (mimics). The walls are covered with hunting trophies, including three almost perfectly preserved human heads dipped in wax. A portrait on one wall is enchanted to depict a character taken by the mirror (see Level 1 above) in a hunting scene, spearing a unicorn in the heart. A narrow case of stairs leads to the third floor. If a character was stolen by the mirror in [Level 1], each of his companions must pass a saving throw at -1 to keep from forgetting him.

[Level 3] The walls of this chamber are decorated with twenty pole arms. Close inspection by a dwarf will reveal that the limestone tiles on the floor are sealed not with grout, but with copper. An iron ladder (magnetic) in the center of the room leads to a trapdoor in the ceiling. The ladder carries a powerful electrical charge, and when touched by someone in contact with the floor creates a circuit that causes 2d6 damage to the touching creature and 1d6 damage to each other person in the room (touching the floor) who fails a saving throw. Worse yet, the magnetized ladder, now fortified with electricity, will draw the pole arms from their loose bonds on the walls, essentially making an attack on each person in the room as a 4 HD monster that deals 1d8 damage. If the person touching the ladder is insulated, none of this will come to pass. The trap door is locked. If a character was stolen by the mirror in [Level 1], each of his companions must pass a saving throw at -2 to keep from forgetting him.

[Level 4] This lightless cell in the top of the tower is inhabited by a buxom maiden with long, black hair and large, innocent green eyes. If first encountered by a person stolen by the mirror in [2], she will act demure and frightened. Her dress is torn in some places and she looks slightly worse for wear, though not in terrible shape. Unfortunately, just as most things in this place are bits of trickery, so is the maiden. The maiden is actually Vimoldo, polymorphed into a maiden and lying in wait for a brave band of fools. If in the company of an adventurer stolen by the mirror in [2], he (as the maiden) will, when his comrades arrive from below, begin screaming as though being beaten by the adventurer (who, if his forgetfulness

⁵ The Elementalist Class can be found in NOD #3. You can substitute the magic-user class if you wish.



WARWICK GOBLE

trap has worked, will not know their comrade). Otherwise, Vimoldo will behave as though an innocent maiden, spinning a yarn of being kidnapped by the dragon from her home in Rosel [2006] and carried to this tower as a prisoner. The dragon will tag along with the adventurers until the opportunity for ambush presents itself.

Treasure: 100 pp, wizard's robes of blue damask silk worth 500 gp with a treasure map sewn into the lining, a blue-black slouch hat worth 10 gp, a tourmaline necklace worth 2,000 gp, and a vial of sea green liquid (a potion of invisibility) and a human skull that belonged to a 9th level magic-user named Fortebrand.

| *Vimoldo, Small, Ancient Black Dragon*: HD 6 (48 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (3d6); Move 9 (F24); Save 11; CL/XP 14/2600; Special: Spits acid (60' line), spells (gaseous form, polymorph self, shield).

2006. Rosel is a small village of cowherds living in pretty little stone cottages painted in vibrant colors and planted liberally with cheery flowers. The men and women of Rosel are tall and lanky, and most have rosy faces and platinum blond hair. The village is surrounded by tall, thick hedges that enclose five acres of grazing land, itself divided by wooden fences. The village is governed by a council of wealthy cattle owners and wise elders, the leader of the council being a skilled healer named Lalla. Rosel is protected by twenty militiamen armed with spears, swords and slings and wearing minimal armor. The village has recently suffered a murder, with the son of Thormoun the Rich having been found dead face-down in a stream that flows just past the village, his throat cut. Rosel can raise a single company of militia.

Treasure: 570 sp, twenty pelts and skins (5 gp each).

2013. The mineral springs here once boasted a small shrine often visited by pilgrims in search of relief for their ills. In recent years it has been taken over by a boogle of five giant rock weasels. The shrine consists of a rose-blush marble cupola containing a limestone effigy of Saint Osguia the Sublime, a priestess of Angita, a demigoddess of healing and witchcraft.

| *Giant Rock Weasel*: HD 4 (24, 19, 16, 11, 10 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Stone breath (10-ft long cone of rock shards, 8 damage, save negates).

2016. A clan of eight tusken ogres claims this hex as their own. The ogres mostly work as mercenaries for the orcs and unscrupulous humans in the area. They have tamed several aurochs (giant cattle) that they use as mounts. The ogres wear doublets and breeches of crushed velvet, with slits in the shoulders and chest revealing inserts of colored

silk. They fight using two-handed swords which they can one-handed.

Treasure: 450 sp, 1,190 gp and a brass locket worth 6 gp holding a tiny portrait of a darkly beautiful lady.

| *Tusken Ogre*: HD 5; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d10+1); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Single mirror image spell.

| *Aurochs*: HD 5; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (1d10); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.



2027. Antigoon is a large port of 10,044 souls located on Biscotti Bay. It is famous as the headquarters for the Merchant Venturers, a powerful company of merchants that controls trade on the South Seas. Antigoon is a modern mercantile republic that prefers to settle its problems with diplomacy but resorts to assassination and piracy to get what they want. Leading mercantile families include the Flonkers, Krumms and the Gombeens (perhaps the wealthiest family on NOD).

DEMOGRAPHICS

Population 10,044 (city-state), 111,600 (dominion)

Race Human

Minorities Dwarf, Elf, Halfling

Patron Deity Apollo Helios, god of light

AUTHORITY

Ruler Prince Fortunato (Bard 6)

High Priest Triptolemo (Cleric 5)

Guards Hvy horse (1C), archers (1C), handgunners (1C)

DESCRIPTION

Theme Dutch Republic

Accent Germanic

Vistas Narrow, paved streets alongside murky canals, sailors of all ethnicities hooting at courtesans in pink bodices, gentlemen and women in silk finery parading down the street, brick building with gabled roofs of copper and slate

Cuisine Seafood, mostly, including sea turtle soup and steaks, salads of cabbage and egg drizzled with honey, roasts of pork studded with cloves, cinnamon and candied plums, crisp white wines, potent ales

Names Baudrick, Colinda, Delindaer, Ginulow, Gwirona, Kerrolf, Mirandus, Suadnus, Thermiach

Coinage Gold wallons, silver jobs, copper wics

Antigoon was founded when the centurion Bombastus Grato slew the giant Antigoon that commanded the mouth of the Swiven River. Here, a military fort was established under the patronage of Apollo Helios. It soon expanded through trade, and received a charter from Emperor Vinrix of Nomo to form a counterweight to the increasing power of the King of Lyonesse.

Antigooners value art, wealth and freedom above all else. They have great respect for both artists and engineers and have a tendency to discriminate based on one's attractiveness. Fashion and grace are very important to Antigooners, but all pretense of civility goes out the window during their carnival-like holidays. Not surprisingly, alcoholism is the worst vice of the city-state.

Antigoon is known for its stable governance and the scandalous lives of its prominent, aristocratic families. The republic's Prince is chosen from the leading families of the commonwealth. Each candidate has a bust of him- or herself cast and placed atop a wooden "ballot box" in the center of town. All voting citizens hold large, copper tokens stamped with the imperial seal on one side and the family's arms or recognized glyph on the other. These coins are dropped into the slots on the ballot boxes and then counted in a public ceremony by the city-state's Lord Chancellor. The supporters of the candidates stand guard around these ballot boxes and harangue visitors to the square with political speeches and protestations. Scuffles are common and enjoyed by the burghers.

As befits a city-state protected by Apollo Helios, Antigoon is a center of the arts, both low and high. It supports multiple theatres locked in a tense competition for honors, private museums of art and antiquities and magnificent gardens of hyacinths, heliotropes, palms, acanthus, bay laurels and cypress trees. The city is divided by a number of small, canal-like channels of the River Swiven, being built upon its delta. The city has wondrous sanitation provided by cooperative nixies and hundreds of quaint toll bridges owned by the local river trolls (a guild in their own right, and not to be trifled with). The streets of the city are full of stray dogs, for dogs are sacred in Antigoon and cannot be harmed or molested in any way. The buildings are well built and heavily adorned with sculpture.

The leading watering hole in Antigoon is the House of the Rising Sun, a four-story inn with a long tavern that wraps around the exterior of the building. The tavern is



exceedingly clean, with fair prices and decent quality food and drink. It is usually filled to the brim with loud and rowdy imbibers, most playing games of chance.

The center of Apollo Helios' cult in the Motherlands is the Grand Cathedral of the Golden Sun, located in the city-state's main plaza. The building is a veritable fortress of granite covered with limestone bas-reliefs depicting, among other things, the Muses, the family of Apollo Helios (father Jove, mother Latona, sister Diana, sons Troius, Asclepius and Aristaeus) and the slaughter of the Niobids by Apollo and Diana. The pinnacle of the building is a 20-ft statue of Apollo cast from gold and worth at least 20,000 gp. Inside the cathedral, the floors are done in mosaic tiles depicting other scenes from the god's life. Large windows allow light to pour into the interior, which boasts a grove of bay laurel trees around a 30-ft tall idol of Apollo with alabaster and gold adornments.

The priests of Apollo are all males garbed in robes of vermillion and wearing golden bands etched with laurel leaves as signs of their office. Although the people of Antigoon are known for their excesses, the priests of Apollo follow the Golden Mean – the ideal of moderation, harmony and reason. All are scholars in addition to being priests, and the lesser members of the clergy are organized in a holy university that is recognized as the greatest organ of learning in Venatia outside the old university in Ibis. Apollo's priests serve as military leaders in times of war, organizing as a company of holy knights, and spiritual advisors in times of peace. Antigoon also has temples dedicated to Pax, goddess of peace, Justitia, goddess of justice, Pluto Dionysus, god of death and rebirth, Angerona, who relieves people of pain and sorrow, Morpheus, god of dreams, Nike, goddess of victory, Mercurius, god of travelers as well as the members of Apollo's family and the Muses.

Antigoon has an impressive navy consisting of fifteen war galleys, eleven cogs rigged for war and two great ships, the *Heliotrope* and *St. Troius*. Its own guard is supplemented by the soldiery of Brabo, Ghant, Tournay, Werp and Zonders and over 900 companies of militia can be called to service if necessary. Rank is acquired through family connections, giving Antigoon a pitiful officer corps.

Interesting persons in Antigoon include Leodes, a foreign mage involved in many ill-conceived affairs with girls of aristocratic birth; Ampforde, the lecherous guildmaster feared by the citizenry for he has the ear of Prince Fortunato; Greva, a gaudy lady of scholarly inclinations who detests courtesans and is asking too many questions about Antigoon's leading citizens; Segrim, the fabulously wealthy illusionist who has an unhealthy fascination with priests; and Eujenna, the strikingly beautiful venturer who has accumulated a mountain of debt trying to find her husband lost at sea.

Antigoon will receive more detail in **NOD 7**.

2028. A herd of 300 hippocampi graze the kelp fields in this hex. Encounters with the full herd occur on the roll of 1-2 on 1d6, while troops of 3d6 hippocampi are encountered on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. The presence of the beasts is well known to the sailors of Antigoon.

2029. Scontan is a good-sized village of woodsmen nestled about 2 miles inland from the coast and connected to the coast by a rough trail often traversed by massive oxen hauling timber. A stone quay has been constructed on the shore by a mercantile concern in Antigoon to facilitate the movement of timber. The woodsmen are hard-working men, all tall and sturdy and possessed of tremendous appetites for food, drink and entertainment. The village mayor, Kieldur, is a canny businessman. His four sons are quarrelsome and pig-headed, but generally do the right thing. The middle son, Arlen, dreams of setting out as an adventurer. The camp consists of log cabin-style dwellings protected by a wooden stockade. The village has a company of militia at its disposal.

Treasure: 930 sp, 140 gp.

2036. This quiet grove of trees surrounds a clearing that contains an old stone altar engraved with symbols of the old faith of the druids. Atop the altar there is a figure of a female gnome. Upon closer inspection, one discovers that the gnome's skin is formed from overlapping white rose petals, her lips the curled pink underside of those petals, her hair golden flax and her robes great, green leaves. The strange plant maiden is all that remains of an ancient

archdruid called Pickle. Her remains still hold her Staff of the Woodlands. Any chaotic or lawful creature entering the grove sets off violent chirping by birds in the trees and a general rustling of the leaves. This attracts the attention of a 1d4+1 treants, who arrive in 1d4+1 minutes to chase the intruders away.

| *Treant: HD 7 HD; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 strikes (2d6); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Control trees.*

2039. A leather sack containing 20 gp and 100 sp was recently stashed in a hollow tree here (1 in 20 chance of coming upon it). The money was stolen from the gnome village of Frank [2040] and will be recognized if someone attempts to spend it there.

2040. Frank is a fishing village built around a gnome abbey dedicated to Amphitrite. The abbey is built atop a promontory that looks back on the village, which is built on granite cliffs that overlook a small, sheltered harbor. A sandy beach provides access by boat. The gnomes have carved stone stairs from the beach to their cliffside homes.

The abbey has a small tower that holds a polished mirror. At night, the ovates take turns keeping a large oil lamp lit in front of the mirror, creating a brilliant beam of light that illuminates the sea. The rest of the abbey is taken up by a temple, scriptorium and living cells for the druids. The druids maintain a medicinal garden by the village. The abbey is governed by Trodo. He has under his care sixteen lay brothers, five neophytes, two initiates and a soothsayer, Grobin.

The village is inhabited by 300 gnomes. Abbott Trodo is the nominal head of the village, but Hrulfgar, the dwarf who runs the local inn, is a prominent voice in the community as well. The village militia consists of 11 gnomes-at-arms led by Hortua, a skilled ranger.

Frank is noted for its inn, run by a retired dwarf fighter named Hrulfgar. The inn is a large building capable of accommodating both humans and gnomes with ease. Hrulfgar's has become a stopping point for ships traveling between Antigoon and Tremayne, injecting the village with more coin than it would otherwise have. The village now has a rope maker, cooper, two tailors (capable of repairing sails) and a blacksmith.

The village treasure is kept in the abbey cellar, which was excavated into the promontory itself and can only be reached from the abbey temple. It consists of 1,760 cp, 650 sp, 100 ep, 10 gp, an ancient terracotta crown worth

10 gp, or 5,000 gp to a collector of barbarian antiquities and a painting of Amphitrite worth 530 gp.

| *Trodo, Gnome Druid Lvl 7: HP 21; AC 6 [13]; Save 8; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Spells (4th), phantasmal force 1/day, speak to animals, plants, monsters and rocks, animal friendship with a wolf and the ability to change form into a sea hawk and porpoise. Leather armor, shield, seashell pendant and club.*

| *Hortua, Gnome Ranger Lvl 5: HP 29; AC 4 [15]; Save 11; CL/XP 5/240; Special: +5 damage to evil humanoids, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, survival skills, tracking. Chainmail, shield, light crossbow, short sword.*

| *Hrulfgar, Dwarf Warrior Lvl 3: HP 31; AC 4 [15] when wearing armor; Save 12 (8 vs. magic); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Take note of unusual stonework. Chainmail, shield, warhammer, dagger.*

2106. A stately old castle rests here on a small, man-made hill. Now hemmed in by the thick forest, it was once commanded by a petty baron who came to a sticky end when he trifled with the witch who dwelled in a cottage in [1907]. The witch changed the man and his family (five people in all) into greymalkins, smoke-grey leopards always under the effect of the mirror image spell, that now hunt the area, often making victims of villagers [2006].

Treasure: 6,000 ep, 1,200 gp – all ancient coinage.

| *Greymalkin: HD 6 (33, 30, 25, 25, 18 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 1 bite (1d8); Move 15; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Mirror image, surprise on 1-3 on d6.*

2109. A horde of 50 lepers⁶ are on the march through this hex, pilgrims from Lyonesse making their way to the medicinal springs in [2013] that are now menaced by giant rock weasels. The pilgrims are led by the paladin Sir Juste, and his companions, Friar Owelle, Sir Tadith and ten fighting-men. All are mounted on warhorses and armed with platemail and shield. They are currently making camp, the named characters and men-at-arms in pavilions, the lepers under the stars. Friar Owelle owns a magic rope, the silk entwined with silver thread. When laid on the ground in a roughly circular shape, it acts as a Protection from Evil spell for those located inside the circle.

| *Sir Juste, Knight of the Jaguar, Paladin Lvl 6: HP 41; AC 2 [17]; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Detect evil, protection from evil, immune to disease, cure disease 2/week, lay on hands (12 hp), turn undead as 4th level cleric, immune to fear, allies are +2 to save vs. fear. Platemail, shield, lance, long sword, holy symbol, jaguar skin worth 25 gp worn as a cape, 20 pp.*

| *Friar Owelle, Cleric Lvl 4: HP 16; AC 2 [17]; Save 12 (10 vs. paralysis & poison); CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (2nd), turn undead. Platemail, shield, mace, holy symbol, magic rope (see above), 17 pp.*

| *Sir Tadith, Fighting-Man Lvl 4: HP 24; AC 2 [17]; Save 11; CL/XP 4/120. Platemail, shield, horseman's axe, lance, dagger, 16 pp.*

2110. A band of ten pot-bellied ogres with green, warty skins is living the lives of brigands in this hex. The ogres carry large blunderbusses (2d6 damage, otherwise treat as heavy crossbows) and axes, and dress in the fashion of landesknechts. Their leader wears a leather eye patch with three small pearls sewn into it (worth 30 gp). The ogres carry their loot in leather sacks, and currently hold four merchants from Antigoon in their own confiscated wagon. The merchants are tied up and the wagon is pulled in turn by the ogres, for they ate the oxen already. They want to ransom the merchants, but aren't sure how (or what ransom actually is - but they know it means money).

Treasure: 6 large platinum coins bearing a bearded king on the front and a hawk on the obverse (worth 20 gp each), a spool holding crimson silk thread (worth 120 gp), a copper cauldron worth 10 sp and a perfectly balanced hand crossbow (1d4 damage, +1 to hit) with brass fittings and five silver darts.

2111. A charred village here was recently razed by the Blood Hawk orcs [2210]. The remains of the village are still smoldering, and a small, young red dragon called Ekssenth has burrowed into a smoldering temple of Mercurius to make its lair. Ekssenth is capable of speech and can cast the following spells: Detect Magic, Sleep, Invisibility and Suggestion.

Treasure: 250 sp, 1,450 gp.

| *Ekssenth: HD 9 (18 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d8), bite (3d10); Move 9 (F24); Save 6; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Breathes fire, spells.*

2115. The most powerful clan of orcs in the Gaestly Hills are the Bloody Fangs. The Fangs are the most barbaric and superstitious of the orc clans, as their territory borders the land of the Barrow Fiends. The Bloody Fangs consist of 25 squadrons of black orc warriors. Black orcs have blue-black skin and red-rimmed eyes. They are devotees of the demon prince Orcus, and many show signs of demonic heritage. Black orcs wear armor of iron scales, iron shields painted with bloody fangs, light crossbows and battle axes. The Bloody Fangs dwell in a cavern lair. The entrance is ten feet above a rubble-strewn field. The Bloody Fangs are led by Thangblad. Thangblad maintains a bodyguard of six zombies.

⁶ It is worth noting here that leprosy and mummy rot, according to Dave Arneson in an early supplement, were one and the same. If it was good enough for Arneson, it's good enough for NOD.

Treasure: Kept in a locked chest. Consists of 150 gp, 800 sp and 1,700 cp.

| *Thangblad, Orc Adept* Lvl 6: HP 28; AC 5 [14]; Save 10 (6 vs. undead); CL/XP 7/600; *Special: Rebuke undead as 3rd level cleric, spells (2nd), berserker. Leather, shield, rusty spear caked with dried blood.*

| *Black Orc: HD 2+2; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 16 (12 vs. undead); CL/XP 2/30.*

| *Black Orc Sergeant: HD 4+4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 13 (9 vs. undead); CL/XP 4/120.*

| *Zombie: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to sleep and charm.*

2119. A small abbey dedicated to the demigoddess Persephone is located in this hex atop a rugged, rocky hill. The abbess, Frilla, hails from the Papelard family of Lyonesse. The abbey houses 10 neophytes and 6 initiates, as well as 50 lay brethren who herd sheep and work in the surrounding fields. The druids brew strong, golden ale that they trade to the orcs for peace. They also brew a powerful fungal wine from strange, purple fungal fans that grow beneath the abbey. This wine causes hallucinations and is used by the sisters in ceremonies during the full moon. Unknown to the sisters, one of the lay members of the order, Governa, is a werewolf planning to betray the abbey to the orcs.

| *Frilla, Druid* Lvl 8: HP 25; AC 9 [10]; Save 7; CL/XP 10/1400; *Special: Spells (4th), speak to animals, plants, monsters and rocks, animal friends with a wolf, change into wolf, she-bear and eagle.*

| *Governa, Werewolf: HD 4+4 (23 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Lycanthropy, regenerates damage from non-silver weapons at 1d6 hp/round.*

2124. A tribe of 100 lizardmen dwell here. Their village is built on a muddy island in the midst of the swamp and consists of 20 reed huts. The huts are gathered in the middle of the island, about 10-ft from the water. Along the shoreline, hundreds of sharpened wooden spikes are set in the ground. In the morning hours, one can see the lizardmen basking themselves on the shore, breathing slowly and peacefully, their eyes sparkling in the sun. The village's children, numbering 50, caper about the seemingly lazy adults.

By noon, the village is active; some lizardmen hunt in the swamp, others patrol the shore, fishing or weaving reeds to make simple baskets and shields. Groups of young females (just as capable of fighting as the males) are off in the swamp setting snares and digging roots and tubers. The older females are left in the village watching over the young. These old wise women can duplicate most 1st level

druid spells in the form of bitter broths of swamp water, tubers, bones, teeth, etc with a 40% chance of brewing a potion successfully. They can also foretell the future by the casting of bones or observing the flight of giant mosquitoes with a 30% chance of success.

The village is dominated by a massive male, Yshazhouab, twice the size of the others. The village treasury is kept in the chief's tent, in wicker baskets buried in the mud. It consists of simple hunting trophies and nothing of any value to adventurers.

| *Lizardman: HD 2+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (1d6) or weapon (1d8); Move 6 (S12); Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Breathe underwater.*

| *Yshazhouab: HD 6 (30 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d8) or weapon (1d10); Move 6 (S12); Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Breathe underwater.*

2128. This area of the Grete Myre, nicknamed the Pismyre, receives most of the run-off from Antigoon's open sewers. It is inhabited by several gangs of gulguths and at least thirty otyughs. Encounters with one or both occur whenever one travels through the area (1-3 = 1d8 gulguths, 4-5 = 1 otyugh, 6 = both), so the locals avoid it at all costs.

2131. This area of the highlands is a narrow canyon with high walls topped by overarching trees. As one moves through the canyon, they hear echoes of voices calling out to one another or pleading for help. The canyon ends in a cave. The primary denizens of the caverns are what appear to be shriveled, pallid children with tear-stained cheeks. They live in small caves that riddle the walls of the larger caverns. The miserable spirits are actually wights bound to their caves and unable to leave them. They will cry out in plaintive voices for water and then grasp anyone kind enough to approach them, draining their life.

The wights are tormented by imps that resemble demonic cherubs with bows and barbed arrows. Other denizens of this underworld include slimes, jellies, algoids, slime crawlers, giant rats, giant albino bats, will-o'-wisps, assassin vines rooted in the ceilings and a wandering pack of ghastrs.

2138. Sailor's Rest is an inter-dimensional rest home for sailors. One will spot Vikings, New England whalers, Chinese merchants and Napoleonic sailors in this place, all living in a large manse that appears to have been built from ship wrecks.

The men are stereotypical old salts. They live off of fishing and crates of foodstuffs and spirits salvaged by mermaids

from lost ships. Visitors are welcome, and can expect a supper of hard tack, salt pork, fish stew, turtle soup, grog and plenty of tall tales.

The sailors never leave their home (except by death, when they are given a Viking funeral), so they know little of the surrounding area. Since most do not come from Nod, only a few are knowledgeable about the Tepid Sea or Mother Ocean. All of them know of the Meistersinger [1229], for he visits every few months to swap stories and sing shanties.

The old men have no real treasure, for they've little need of it. One might find a silver pocket watch or some scrimshaw. They arm themselves with broad swords and hafted hooks.

| *Old Salt (25): HD 4; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.*

2139. As one nears the cliffs on the southern half of this island, there is the unmistakable glare of sunlight reflecting off of a crystal surface. The object in question is Xandrius, an aquamarine golem that was left on this spot to await the return of its master, the supra-wizard Jurt, whose last words were "Hold my robe, this will take but a moment". Jurt never returned to claim his servant, having been dragged into a pocket universe. Xandrius still stands here, tattered robe in hand, eyes looking to the sea.

| *Xandrius: HD 4 (25 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 fist (1d8); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, magic immunity (sonic attacks do half damage), regenerates 2 hp/day, cast wish (others only) once per month, one wish per person).*

2144. Hundreds of large sharks with deep blue hides and red crescents markings on their heads swim in these waters. Encounters with these sharks occur on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6, and though attacks on ships are generally ineffective, they will often bump against boats and harass them.

| *Large Shark: HD 7; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+4); Move S24; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Feeding frenzy.*



2207. Wulum the Bald, a hefty barbarian prince has built a small motte-and-bailey fort in this hex in a wide valley of soft, green meadows watered by a sparkling stream. The southern half of the valley is hemmed in by chalk cliffs (worked by a few stout halfling miners in Wulum's employ), while the northern walls of the valley are old, weathered basalt and studded with small caves.

The castle is constructed of creamy, white stone and pine and inhabited by a small court of servants and laborers, a squadron of tawny-headed berserkers and a company of light foot. Wulum is tall and quite fat, and despite his wild, ice-blue eyes and unkempt black beard, very logical and intelligent, traits not normally associated with barbarians. He hails from the Chimeria (located north and west of this region). He is happily wed to his court magician, Orandjia the Grey, a high-born exile from Blackpoort with grey eyes, long, black hair worn in braids and a delicate face that belies her powerful ambition and hatred for Blackpoort.

The castle is surrounded by several hovels inhabited by a mix of human, halfling and dwarf yeomen – mostly herders of sheep and cultivators of flax and rye. They are currently constructing a dye house.

Wulum is a tremendous host, sharing all he has with visitors provided they show him, his wife and his people respect and provide good company.

Treasure: 2,790 gp, 5 lb of cocoa (100 gp/lb), 2 lb of tobacco (100 gp/lb), 12 barrels of ale (30 gal., 250 lb, 6 gp each).

| *Wulum the Bald, Barbarian Lvl 12: HP 84; AC 6 [13]; Save 4; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Immune to backstab and flank bonuses, berserker (+2 to hit and damage, -2 to AC for 12 rounds, fights beyond 0 hit points while berserk).*

| *Orandjia, Magic-User Lvl 8: HP 18; AC 9 [10]; Save 8 (6 vs. spells); CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Spells (4th). Robes of dark blue velvet over comfortable clothing, a slim crystal wand and silver dagger.*

2222. A strange stone tower marks the entrance to an abandoned and submerged temple of Tiamat. The temple was once a crowning glory of the lizard men, but has now sunk into the swamp. The tower leads straight down into a partially submerged ante-chamber. The antechamber's walls depict the story of Tiamat, mother of monsters, in bas-relief. A stone trap door fitted with a mithral ring permits entry into the lower portions of the temple. These portions are completely submerged and pitch black. They are inhabited by aquatic oozes, chuuls, seductive kelpies, carnivorous fish, an eye of the deep with a persecution complex and other aquatic terrors.

2228. The people of Dallond, a small hunting village in the midst of the Grete Myre, are paranoid, to say the least. Prey is getting scarce (they mostly trap alligators and snakes for their skins and, in the case of the serpents, poison) and there have been eerie lights appearing over the marsh at night. The village consists of huts of wood and reeds on a dry piece of ground surrounded by acres of swamp chestnut trees. A wooden stockade surrounds the village, patrolled by a company of militia. The militia paint white frogs on their shields and most of the citizens of Dallond wear dried frogs on leather necklaces. The village is ruled by a magistrate named Brude, a small, thin woman with elfin facial features and long grey hair. Brude also serves as the village healer. Brude is humble and kind.

2235. The hither gnome village of Borbet overlooks the sea. Its inhabitants make their living by fishing, keeping guinea fowl, and growing vegetables in well-tended gardens. The village's population stands at 150 gnome-wives, 80 gnomelings and 230 gnomes. They dwell in several dozen stone cottages built around a central square that contains a stone well. A low stone wall surrounds the village. It has two gates on the east and west sides of the village, each overlooked by a tall wooden tower. The walls and towers are covered by creeping, flowered vines.

Borbet is known for its fine, pale ale and its smith-work. The smiths of Borbet maintain a forge in a sea cave, allowing them to harness the elemental power of wind and wave when manufacturing their magical weapons and shields.

The village militia consists of 11 squadrons of gnomes under the command of Nereva. The village is governed by a warlock called Kindle.

Treasure: The town treasury holds 4,085 sp, 2,860 gp, a hematite worth 65 gp, a bronze statue of Mercurius worth 3 gp and 3 sq. yd. of linen worth 12 gp. It is locked in an iron chest with a complicated lock in the cellar of the mayor and guarded by a bull mastiff.

| *Kindle, Gnome Magic-User Lvl 9: HP 20; AC 9 [10]; Save 7 (5 vs. spells); CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Spells (5th), phantasmal force 1/day. Golden amulet of office worth 1,000 gp, beechwood staff carved with gnome faces, silver dagger, pouch stuffed in right boot containing 30 gp.*

| *Nereva, Gnome Fighter Lvl 5: HP 19; AC 4 [15]; Save 10; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Phantasmal force 1/day. Chainmail, shield, boots of elvenkind, short sword, short bow, dagger.*



2301. Guidge is a large village of peasants farming a gentle valley of rolling hills ringed by oaks and elms. The village consists of wattle-and-daub houses built on gravel lanes and surrounded by a stout stone wall patrolled by archers. Guidge is ruled by Julidac, appointed by King Tristram as shire reeve. Julidac commands four companies of militia and a squadron of knights who do their best to impose the king's law in the wilds of the Forest Perilous. Guidge supports a bowyer, armorer, healer and priest of Pluto (in his guise as Dionysus) named Franwen. The Guidgaux are known for their cunning and their libertine ways and their love of good, rich, burgundy wine, which they produce in profusion. The fields around Guidge also grow barley, hemp and eggplants, much of which makes its way to Lyonesse via caravan, or goes by caravan to the stronghold of Dame Silindis and then by barge to Blackpoort.

| *Sheriff Julidac: HD 5 (30 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None. Platemail, shield, battle axe, dagger. Tall and thin, with sharp features and an aquiline nose. Black hair and blue eyes, always serious.*

| *Franwen, Adept Lvl 4: HP 12; AC 9 [10]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), sage – especially interested in viniculture (too much so, according to his housekeeper).*

2305. A skeleton is propped against a tree; a silver sword grasped in his left hand and rotted brigandine armor slung over his shoulders. The sword is a masterful item that, though not magical, gives a +1 bonus to hit. The tree is inhabited by a colony of 20 giant centipedes that attack anything that approaches.

| *Giant Centipede (20): HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + poison); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Poison (save or paralysis 1d6 rounds).*

2313. The cliffs here are pocked with hundreds of tiny caves in which blood hawks make their nests. Encounters with the predatory birds occur on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. Each nest (assume it takes about 1 turn to climb to and search each nest, and there are 100 nests total) has a 1 in 10 chance of a single minor gem.

| *Blood Hawk: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 talon (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6); Move Fly 33; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

2315. There is a great, round hill here with a flat, slanted top. It is used during moonless summer nights for the highland games of the orcs. All the tribes gather here to hold contests of strength and daring. The tribes establish their cook fires at the base of the hill and the games are played on the summit. Common game include rolling boulders up the hill, throwing tree trunks, tossing bound goblins and wrestling (luchadore style). The games are capped by a rousing game of orcish rugby. The week of the games are a time of enforced peace among the orcs; even dwarfs and elves can attend the games in relative safety.

2327. A small village of humans, called Myrefolk by the Antigooners, is built here atop a wide granite slab that juts ten feet above the mucky water. The village is home to 150 men, women and children who make their way by fishing, hunting and collecting swamp herbs that they trade with the Antigooners for necessary supplies. The people live in tiny, driftwood shacks. They keep fires burning all day, each one topped by a cauldron of fish stew. During the day, fish are laid out on the stone to dry in the sun. The Myrefolk travel using wooden rafts, propelling and steering them with 10-foot poles. The village is led by the merchant Rubric. The village militia consists of a company of yeomen. They are led by Galsh, a veteran of many wars.

| *Rubric*: HD 1 (4 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15. Shield, staff, dagger.

| *Galsh, Fighting-Man Lvl 1*: HP 6; AC 2 [17]; Save 14; CL/XP 1/15. Platemail, shield, halberd, throwing axe.

2332. Villet is a hither gnome village built on the River Frush. It is remarkable for its stone mill and its mayor, Warwick, an ex-adventurer who has brought what he knows of exotic Mu-Pan to the Nybling Hills in the form of rice paddies created by diverting water from the river and a formal garden of chrysanthemums and miniature pine trees surrounding his home. The village, its mill and its fields are surrounded by a ditch and a short, stone wall. The wall is patrolled by crossbow-gnomes night and day. The village's total population is 330, including 130 gnome-wives and 70 gnomelings.

Treasure: The village treasury is a stone building with an iron door and a complicated lock. It contains several barrels of flour, a crate of 10 lb. of tea (worth 50 gp/lb), a 1 lb. brick of tobacco worth 100 gp and an iron lockbox holding 4,560 cp, 440 sp and 160 gp.

| *Warwick, Gnome Ranger Lvl 9*: HP 50; AC 4 [15]; Save 7; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Phantasmal Force 1/day, +9 damage to giants and humanoids, tracking, wilderness survival, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, +2 to hit and damage hill giants. Chainmail, shield, +1 throwing axe, dagger.

2337. On a granite promontory that juts into the sea there is an ancient, weathered stone chair. Legends say that those who spend the night of a full moon sitting in the chair will learn the secret of their doom and how to avoid it. In truth, they will probably be killed by the enormous black pudding that lives inside the promontory and seeps out the cracks to engulf the chair each night.

| *Black Pudding*: HD 10 (60 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 attack (3d8); Move 6; Save 5; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Acidic surface, immune to cold, divides when hit by lightning.

2340. At the bottom of the sea there is, for lack of a better description, a stone amphitheatre surrounded by six tall pylons, each leaning in toward the center of the amphitheatre. The floor and sides of the amphitheatre are littered with stone tablets, the research material of O'phatigogo, an eye of the deep and respected (and feared) savant of the aquatic peoples of the Tepid Sea. O'phatigogo commands a gang of eight sudoth (jellyfish people), using them as his factors in the outer world and often sending them out to seize materials he needs by force. For their part, the sudoth believe they can turn O'phatigogo into a living portal to the stars if only they can uncover the proper incantations and materials. Those seeking the secrets of the deep or dark knowledge from an elder age might visit O'phatigogo, but whether they will survive the experience completely intact is unknown.

| *O'phatigogo*: HD 10 (39 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 pincer (2d4) and bite (1d6); Move 6; Save 5; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Blinding light, illusions, hold monster, hold person, regenerate eye stalks.

| *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.



2407. The beautiful and vengeful Xandryae, palatine baroness of Castle Xandrax, rules over most of this hex. Xandryae scoffs at King Tristram of Lyonesse's claims over the Forest Perilous, and in fact argues that her own claim is more valid for the fey blood running through her veins.

Xandrax is defended by a company of militia, a company of light foot, a company of archers and a squadron of handgunners) – all shrewd, well practiced warriors that are

very loyal to their lady. Xandryae also maintains a squadron of elven archers.

Castle Xandra is a large, concentric castle. Within the castle walls there is a small village of peasants, growers of pears and rye and keepers of dovecotes for the most part. The village supports a blacksmith and Xandryae keeps a bowyer and armorer on her staff. She also employs Quaradas, a magician of the green-wood who dresses in a scarlet tunic over green hosen and chemise, with a jaunty feathered cap to boot. Quaradas is a dangerous character – outwardly jovial and ebullient, but secretly assembling the necessary ingredients to summon a powerful nalfeshnee demon named Hethelu.

Treasure: 1,920 sp, 200 gp and a jasper worth 165 gp.

| *Xandryae, Fighting-Woman Lvl 11: HP 46; AC 2 [17]; Save 4; CL/XP 11/1700. Platemail, shield, lance, long sword, dagger, Gauntlets of Ogre Power.*

| *Quaradas, Magic-User Lvl 3: HP 9; AC 9 [10]; Save 13 (11 vs. spells); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (2nd). Woodsman's dress, wand of polished oak, dagger.*

2410. The Blood Hawks are the most northerly of the orc clans and the weakest, having recently been decimated by the adventuring company from Blackpoort. The Blood Hawks have 100 warriors. They are ruled by Nar, who is assisted by Zhor, a shaman of the Gods of the Lake (see Blackmere Lake). The Blood Hawks dwell in a cavern lair set amidst rugged cliffs. They fletch their arrows with blood hawk feathers and paint the birds on their shields.

| *Nar: HD 5 (21 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 battle axe (1d8); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None. Chainmail, shield, battle axe.*

| *Zhor, Orc Adept Lvl 3: HP 10; AC 7 [12]; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), alchemist (brews poisons).*

| *Blood Hawk Orc: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 spear (1d6) or short bow (1d6 + poison); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Poison on arrows causes paralysis for 1d3 rounds.*

2417. The Black Hands are the most southerly orc clan and have 300 warriors. They are known for their blood-curdling war screams and their black-fletched arrows. Their chief is the half-orc Bugbad, a hunched, vulgar barbarian wearing armor of black iron bands (treat as chainmail) and carrying a bronze sickle-sword (treat as a battleaxe). The tribe's shaman is Bullug, a devotee of the one-eyed demon Balor.

The Black Hands dwell atop a plateau surrounded by a short stone wall. Within the wall are approximately 75 crude stone huts with thatched roofs. The Black Hands

paint black handprints on their faces and bodies. They wear no armor and wield bearded axes. They are allied with a pack of eight shadow worgs (crossbred between worgs and shadow mastiffs) that act as scouts and shock troops. The Black Hands have recently hit a merchant caravan.

Treasure: 95 sp, 1,440 gp, a jacinth worth 100 gp, a lapis lazuli goddess mask worth 55 gp, 12 pounds of cinnabar (worth 3 gp per pound), 20 sq. yd. of lace (worth 5 gp per sq. yd, weighs 60 lb) and one pound of cloves (15 gp).

| *Bugbad, Half-Orc (Beastman) Fighter Lvl 5: HP 34; AC 3 [16]; Save 10 (8 vs. disease); CL/XP 5/240; Special: See in darkness, track by scent. Banded mail, shield, sickle sword, sable cloak worth 11 gp.*

| *Bullog, Orc Adept Lvl 4: HP 10; AC 8 [11]; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Spells (1st), berserker.*

| *Black Hand Orc: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 axe (3d4) or javelin (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Go berserk at half hit points, gaining extra attack each round.*

| *Shadow Worg: HD 4; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 18; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: 40% invisible at night, save or stunned for 1 round by bright lights.*

2421. A gnarled old tree here is inhabited by a dryad oracle. Besides her normal abilities, the dryad can use the following spells, each once per day: Augury, Commune with Nature and Divination. As payment, she desires a handsome male spend a night with her in her tree. Upon returning, the man will have aged 20 years but gained 1 point of charisma.

| *Dryad: HD 2 (6 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 wooden dagger (1d4); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Charm person (-2 save)..*

2424. Inside a burned out exhaust cone from a reactor of the ancient ophidians a clan of 60 twisted malformians makes its home. Within the cone they have several hovels made from reeds, sticks and wild grasses. The malformians raise cockatrices for their eggs and meat (grey and bitter and quite poisonous to most folk). They are immune to petrification, and thus have little to fear from the monsters. The leader of the village, Torouga, appears almost human, save for her brittle bones, paper-thin skin, bulging forehead and ability to disintegrate up to 75 lb of living material or 150 lb of nonliving material with her mind (though doing so leaves her unconscious and with 1 hp).

Treasure: 707 gp, 5 lb of mercury (worth 8 gp/lb) and a scroll of darkvision.

| *Malformian: HD 1+2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

| *Torouga*: HD 5+2 (28 hp); AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Disintegrate, +3 damage from blunt weapons and falls.

| *Domesticated Cockatrice* (15): HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d3 + petrification); Move 6 (F3); Save 16; CL/XP 4/120.



2402. On a long, green island in the midst of the River River Trat Treuroit, a paladin by the name of Contine has established a small keep as a bulwark against invasion (though it was less than successful against the hobgoblin army now encamped in [2505]). Contine's keep is a diamond shaped shell with 30-ft high walls that are 15-ft thick at the base and 10-ft thick at the top. Contine has 4 squadrons (3 x archers, 1 x knights) and 8 stone-throwing mangonels to target river traffic. Contine's archers are actually the remnants of the elven Bright Company, formerly of Nomo but exiled due to the increasingly erratic political situation there. Contine is also served by Jaelda, a chaplain of Minerva. For a paladin, Contine has a serious jealous-streak which often surfaces as non-deadly challenges at arms.

Treasure: 1,900 sp, 3,850 gp, moss agate scepter worth 900 gp.

| *Contine, Paladin* Lvl 11: HP 65; AC 2 [17]; Save 6; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Detect evil, protection from evil, immune to disease, cure disease 2/wk, lay on hands (22 hp), turn undead, destrier, immune to fear, allies +2 save vs. fear, smite evil (+2 hit and damage). Platemail, shield, long sword, lance, dagger, holy symbol.

| *Jaelda, Cleric* Lvl 3: HP 12; AC 2 [17]; Save 13 (11 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead. Platemail, shield, mace, holy symbol.

| *Elf Archers*: HD 1+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 sword (1d8) or 2 arrows (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15. Chainmail, white tunic, conical helm bedecked by three white feathers, longbow, long sword.

| *Cavaliers*: HD 3; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9 (12 unarmored); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60. Platemail, shield, lance, long sword, dagger, barded warhorse. On foot, they trade lance for pole arm.

2405. A band of 15 satyrs is patrolling the woods here, scouting on behalf of Dame Xandryae and doing their best to hector the hobgoblin army in [2505].

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

2435. This hex is the hunting ground of a truly massive giant crocodile. The croc measures 30-ft long and is capable of sinking small ships.

| *Giant Crocodile*: HD 12 (50 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d8), tail (1d8); Move 9 (S12); Save 11; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: None.

2505. An army of goblinoids is camped in this hex, having come down from Chimeria (where they were 5,000 strong) and raided and fought their way through the Rooky Wood, down the shores of Blackmere and up the river to their present location. Gorgar plans to raid the local settlements for a few months and then retire with his personal guard of throghrins back the mountains when winter sets in. The heart of the army is its 250 hobgoblin footmen, equipped with chainmail, shields, long, black spears and scimitars. The army's vanguard is composed of 100 goblin archers riding the distinctive blue-grey wolves common to the mountains of Chimeria. Gorgar's personal guard consists of 30 throghrins in platemail and carrying two-handed axes, the same equipment carried by Gorgar.

| *Gorgar, Trollcarl*: HD 12 (53 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 two-handed axe (2d8); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Regenerate 3 hp/rd (acid negates), magic resistance 25%, knock prone.

| *Throghrin*: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) or 1 two-handed axe (1d10); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Paralysis, regenerate 1 hp/rd.

2509. A 3-ft tall statue in the underbrush of a handsome pixie in waistcoat, spats and derby points the way to [2407]. Travelers moving through the hex have but a 1% chance of noticing it (2% for elves).

2516. In a dry gulch called the Valley of the Angel there is a small village of people that make their living collecting valuable acacia resins. The valley is named for a rock formation that looks vaguely like a winged creature bent down on one knee. The village is built around the base of this natural monument and consists of small hovels woven from the branches of the acacia. It is protected by a dry moat and a low wall of stacked stones. The village is ruled by Baron Nestor the Mad, an outcast of Antigoon who seized control of the village with his hired goons as a young man and has ruled it ever since. He is now pushing 60, not long for the world and fretting over the fate of his only child, Krapahild, now 30 and unwed. Krapahild, of course, is not in the least worried. She longs for freedom from her impetuous, often schizophrenic father, and enjoys a fine reputation among the villagers, who often seek her wise

council and will almost certainly accept her as their new baroness on the passing of her father. The company of militia wears dashing white capes. They are commanded by Morward, a man of 50 years who has served the baron since before his exile. Morward is an unassuming man, grey-haired and slight of build, who happens to be a very skilled assassin. Morward is quite a bit less excited about Krapahild assuming command of the village, and would gladly marry her or kill her to remain in power.

Treasure: 1,800 sp, 102 gp and a hematite arrow worth 105 gp.

| *Morward, Assassin Lvl 6: HP 25; AC 7 [12]; Save 10 (9 vs. death); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Decipher script, disguise, sneak attack x3, skullduggery, poison. Leather armor, buckler, long sword, several daggers and poisoned darts hidden on his person.*

2526. On a grassy, spongy hillock you see a tree so vividly white that it hurts your eyes to look on it. The leaves of the tree are like silver and hanging from the boughs are golden apples that act as potions of longevity. Unfortunately, a pack of shadow rats has been burrowing under the tree and gnawing at its roots – as a result, the tree of light has become tainted. The apples now have black seeds and a 10% chance of inducing a deathless sleep.

| *Shadow Rat (12): HD 1d6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 15 (Climb 9); Save 18; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Disease, incorporeal, shadow blend.*

2534. A volcanic vent beneath the waves gives the water a red, pulsating glow. A giant octopus, its skin glossy black, its eyes glowing red, dwells near the vent, bedeviling all who approach the site. Within the vent is a portal to the outer planets, created by elder things as a quick route to Saturnis. The portal is seemingly powered by the violent elemental forces coursing beneath the volcanic vent, and floats like a shimmering star 300 ft beneath the surface of the sea floor. Wraith-like sharks with bearded, humanoid faces contorted in agony and rage patrol the vent.

| *Bedeviling Octopus: HD 9 (37 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 8 tentacles (1d4); Move 2 (S10); Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Constriction and pinioning.*

| *Wraith Shark: HD 6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+2 + level drain); Move S24; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Feeding frenzy, drain 1 level with bite.*

2603. The River Trat Treuroit flows from a gully choked by overarching trees that seem always to be green and healthy, even during the dead of winter. Traveling up the river transports you to a broad, sun-dappled lake in Fairyland thick with swan-shaped boats oared by valiant fairy knights and their languorous lady loves. Outsiders are not welcome here, though, and unless an elf or gnome

accompanies the adventurers, it is a certainty that a giant, rainbow-scaled afanc will come up from the bottom of the lake and swallow them.

| *Afanc: HD 23; AC -4 [23]; Atk 1 bite (6d6) and 2 claw (3d6); Move 1 (Swim 24); Save 3; CL/XP 29/7100; Special: Immune to poison, half damage from acid, cold, electricity and fire, magic resistance 80%, sea swell, swallow whole, water dependent.*

2613. The Evil Eyes are the easternmost orc clan. In the past they often worked for as mercenaries for unscrupulous Blackpoorters. The Evil Eyes have 200 warriors. Their chieftain is Karg. As with all Evil Eye chiefs, Karg has plucked out his left eye in honor of Balor, demon prince of the orcs. The Evil Eye's shaman is Blad, a hunchbacked old crone of an orc. The Evil Eyes fletch their arrows with brown feathers and paint bloodshot eyes on their shields. The Evil Eyes live in an abandoned motte-and-bailey keep with dungeons.

Treasure: Hidden in Karg's chamber, consists of 4,000 cp, 1,800 sp and 120 gp in leather sacks. Most of the coinage comes from Blackpoort and Lyonesse.

| *Karg: HD 3 (19 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 scimitar (1d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

| *Blad, Orc Adept Lvl 5: HP 14; AC 8 [11]; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (2nd), berserker.*

2622. Dozens of leper zombies wriggle out of a mouldering pile of flesh – in fact, the exposed thigh of an elder titan that died and was buried beneath this swamp when it was still a shallow sea. Encounters with 1d8 leper zombies occur on a roll of 4 in 6.

| *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 animate as leper zombies.*

2631. There is a rocky crag rising up from the sea, upon which are a multitude of mermaids sunning themselves on the rocks under the watchful eye of their merrows. At any time there will be between 5 to 20 mermaids and one merrow for every five mermaids. The merrow are armed with tridents.

Surrounding the crag beneath the waves is a village of 140 merrow. The village is the stronghold of Laranei, a mermaid chevalier. Laranei's mount is a great white shark called Turu. Laranei does her best to keep the sea lanes clear of pirates and sahuagin and keep the merrow from stirring up too much trouble. She aspires to founding an undersea kingdom in the Tepid Sea and ultimately bringing its surface cities under her control.

Surface dwellers that approach the rocks are intercepted by the merrow and asked their business. If they have trade goods, they are allowed to land on the rocks after the mermaids have been escorted back beneath the waves. The traders are then met by a representative of Laranei to do business. Only folk that have proven themselves friends of the merfolk are allowed to venture beneath the waves.

Treasure: 27,000 cp, 7,160 sp, 280 gp and nine pearls worth 50 gp each.

| *Laranei, Mermaid Fighter Lvl 9: HP 60; AC 5 [14]; Save 6; CL/XP 9/1100. Bronze trident, bracers of speed (haste for 3 rounds per day), crab-carapace shield.*

| *Turu: HD 7 (31 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+4); Move S24; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Frenzy.*

2702. A beacon tower has been constructed here to facilitate communication between the village in [2301] and Lyonesse. The tower is 100-ft tall, rising well above the local trees, and is set on a small, granite mount to boot. The tower has an iron door flanked by bas-reliefs of rampant unicorns and the top of the tower is a stylized unicorn head in bronze over wood. The head can be turned by a wheel a floor below, and the eyes are lenses that enhance the light produced by two diamonds upon which continual light has been cast. The diamonds are worth roughly 500 gp each. A company of knights commanded by the effete and courageous Sir Gormund the Goode protects the diamonds and the tower.

| *Sir Gormund, Fighting-Man Lvl 6: HP 30; AC 2 [17]; Save 9; CL/XP 6/400. Platemail, shield, battle axe, dagger.*

| *Men-at-Arms: HD 1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 sword (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.*

2710. A small band of bugbears is traveling to join the hobgoblin army in [2505] before they cease being. The bugbears travel only at night, and are a strange band indeed. The leader of the band is Zorion, a yawahu bugbear, albino sorcerers akin to ogre magi. His comrades are the product of his dealings with demons, mutants possessed of extraordinary powers.

Treasure: 100 gp each.

| *Zorion, Elder Yawahu: HD 6 (36 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 spear (1d6+1) or 1 shortbow (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spells – charm person, magic missile, cause blindness, invisibility, weakness (rev. of strength) and rope trick. Wears a cloak of elvenkind he stole from a hapless adventurer on the way.*

| *Zunx, Undead Charred Skeletal Bugbear: HD 3+3 (22 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Surprise on 1-3*

on 1d6, surrounded by cloud of ash (10' radius, save or cough and choke, suffer 1d3 damage, -5 to hit from obscurement), touch causes metal to heat (per heat metal spell), rebuke undead as lvl 3 cleric, only harmed by magic weapons, at 0 hp explodes into 3 dice fireball.

| *Nobbit, Shadowy Bugbear: HD 3+1 (20 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d10+1 + 1d6 acid); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, acidic bite, filaments on head inject poison into unarmed attackers (paralysis 1d4 rounds).*

| *Unog, Demonic Bugbear: HD 3+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claw (1d6), bite (1d8+1); Move 9 (F9); Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, immune to poison, half damage from acid, cold, electricity and fire, only harmed by magic weapons, magic resistance 15%, cast darkness 15' radius and inflict light wounds 1/day. Unog is a distant relation to Melchom, Paymaster of Hell.*

| *Tmor, Blinking Bugbear: HD 3+3 (16 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, cast dimension door, blink as blink dog.*

| *Gux, Undead Bloody Bugbear: HD 3+3 (21 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d8+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, damage from bite adds to its own hit point (up to 27), creatures killed by it become zombie spawn, magic resistance 15%, only harmed by magic weapons.*

| *Zbugod, Giant Bugbear: HD 4+1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d10+1); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, throw boulders (40' range, 1d10 damage).*



2725. On a terraced ridge stands a brilliant white keep, paen pennons waving in the breeze. The ridge abuts the River Meander and is accessible by two quays built into the river and a landward gate, all barred by bronze grates. The lowest level of the terraced village is 15-ft above the ground, and is accessed by narrow stairs leading from the quays and gate. The village consists of a couple dozen timber huts and a vaulted, subterranean marketplace with pillars carved from the living stone and four shrines dedicated to Pan (patron of fishermen) and the three Gorgons – Medusa, Euryale and Stheno. The villagers are mostly fishermen and trappers, with an old armorer named Chiliont supplying hooks and making steel traps.

The keep belongs to the Lady Seress, formerly a famed adventuress of Antigoon, now hiding away in this keep in the middle of nowhere. At the close of her career, Seress received a powerful curse that no priest or mage has yet to

break. It turned her left hand and arm into that of a black dragon. The curse is gradually spreading across her body and mind – she is becoming more intelligent and covetous and is beginning to prefer her fish served raw.

Seress is served by a company of light foot in black cloaks. In addition, she has the services of the mage Jarnocoxus, late of Nomo and still in possession of the family jewels of the noble Xristian family.

Treasure: 480 sp, 1,160 gp, four lion pelts worth 25 gp each. Seress keeps 10 head of cattle in her keep's courtyard – they are worth 10 gp each.

| *Seress, Elf Fighting-Woman Lvl 10: HP 45; AC 2 [17]; Save 5; CL/XP 10/1400. Platemail, shield, long sword, longbow, dagger.*

| *Jarnocoxus, Magic-User Lvl 6: HP 18; AC 9 [10]; Save 10 (8 vs. spells); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (3rd). Flowing cinnamon robes, jewels worth 5,500 gp hidden in the lining, spellbook.*

2735. The sea dragon Zavicus makes its lair here in the submerged dome of some ancient sea fortress. Zavicus is a small dragon, about the size of a horse, with smooth, black skin and markings reminiscent of an orca. He is highly intelligent, but unable to speak or cast magical spells. Zavicus keeps its treasure in a large, round pit in the center of its lair. Seven mermaids of exquisite beauty are kept there as the dragon's prisoners, all chained to metal hoops that circle the treasure pit.

| *Zavicus: HD 9 (36 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d6), bite (1d8); Move 12 (S24); Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, can emit a cone of sound (30' long, 20' at base, 9d8 damage and deafness, save for half damage and to negate deafness), claws are so sharp one must save against them or begin bleeding (1d4 damage per round until cured by magic or staunching by normal means).*



2807. The warlord Odrial, he of the barrel chest and monstrous girth, ebon curls, pointed beard and long mustache, maintains a shell keep atop a green hill overlooking a pleasant land of meadows and fields. Odrial's castle is guarded by a company of archers and a squadron of knights, their armor always shining. Odrial is a palatine baron with a cordial relationship with King Tristram of Lyonesse and the other lords of the region,

although he does have designs on expanding his barony and desires strong warriors to swear fealty to him and clear the lands around his own. Odrial is served by the wise and urbane Fionna, a druid. Odrial manages about 100 peasants living in cottages built close to the keep. The peasants grow grapes, pears (they brew a fantastic pear cider), barley, wheat and the keep bees and sheep.

Treasure: 2,450 sp, 900 gp, zircon worth 950 gp, malachite worth 135 gp, jade dragon worth 165 gp (a gift from a wandering samurai) and 3 pounds of camphor worth 3 gp per pound.

| *Warlord, Fighting-Man Lvl 9: HP 59; AC 2 [17]; Save 6; CL/XP 9/1100. Platemail, shield, lance, battle axe, dagger.*

| *Fionna, Druid Lvl 6: HP 19; AC 9 [10]; Save 9; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spells (3rd), speak to animals, plants and monsters, animal friend, shapechange. White robes, oak baton decorated with mistletoe and holly, well-oiled sling, 20 stones, holy symbol.*

2812. This hex holds the Friary of the Passive Voice, a monastery dedicated to enlightenment and casting off earthly desires and cares. It is governed by Brandra, a slim disciplinarian born among the commoners of Lyonesse. Brandra was seized in a raid as a child and eventually found her way into the Cradle of the Sun as a slave. Here, she was trained as a monk, returning to the land of her birth after amassing great skills and wealth as a wandering fighting-woman. The friary houses 3 brothers and 11 postulants. The friary is located on the River Danu, where the monks dive for shellfish and catch fish with spears as a part of their training. This food is their only sustenance save for a small kitchen garden of vegetables. Those who fail to catch food are allowed to go hungry and even starve to death. Although the monks disdain treasure, they keep some hidden in the cellar – just in case.

Treasure: 730 gp and a lapis lazuli idol of an elephant-headed man in the lotus position worth 400 gp.

| *Brandra, Monk Lvl 10: HP 62; AC 6 [13]; Save 5; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Unarmed strike (1d10), secondary strike (1d6), movement +10, stunning attack 10/rd, deflect arrows 2/rd, mystic vibrations (+3), slow fall, feign death, natural healing (2 hp/day).*

| *Brother of the Passive Voice, Monk Lvl 3: HP 3d12; AC 8 [11]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Unarmed strike (1d6), movement +3, stunning attack 3/rd, deflect arrows 1/rd, mystic vibrations (+1). Staff.*

| *Postulant of the Passive Voice, Monk Lvl 1: HP 1d12; AC 9 [10]; Save 14; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Unarmed strike (1d4), movement +1, stunning attack 1/rd. Staff.*

2820. There is a small thugtoad village located in this hex. The thugtoads subsist on hunting, gathering, and raiding



human and lizardman settlements for food and weapons. The village consists of a mossy embankment topped with a collection of dried mud hovels. In many respects it resembles a wasp nest. The hovels are piled atop one another, forming a small hill. In the center of this hill is a dark, cool pool of water that allows the thugtoads to enter and exit their lair. It is here that the three village priests keep their 12 giant killer frogs.

The village is presided over by the high priest L'elz assisted by several lesser priests. When the village is at war, the priests attempt to summon (40% chance of success) a green ogdoad to smite their enemies. The thugtoads worship the frog demon Tsathagga.

Treasure: 200 gp, silk gown (worth 20 gp) stolen from a noble caravan of Lyonesse, an ivory, bejeweled buckle worth 300 gp of Mu-Panese craftsmanship and a gold baronial crown worth 1,000 gp. The treasure is kept in a copper urn sealed with wax and submerged in the giant killer frog pool.

| *High Priest L'elz, Adept Lvl 5: HP 26; AC 6 [13]; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (2nd), berserker, camouflage, hop. Silver curved dagger, ceremonial rattle.*

| *Thugtoad Priest: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 4 (S15); Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Camouflage, hop. Curved dagger, cat-nine-tails.*

| *Thugtoad: HD 1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 4 (S15); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Camouflage, hop. Blue leather armor, barbed spear.*

| *Giant Frog: HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move 3 (or 100' leap); Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Leap.*

2822. The Greywash here is choked with spiderweed. Boats traveling down the river and people traveling along the shore are attacked on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

| *Spiderweed (1d10): HD 2; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 thorn slashes (1d4 + sap); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Sap (rash for 4d4 hours, -2 on all dice rolls).*

2828. A clan of six swamp ogres lies in wait for travelers – they have recently lost their loot to a crafty illusionist, and are patiently waiting for some poor wretch on whom to get even.

| *Swamp Ogre: HD 6+1; AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 grabs (submerge opponent) or 2 claws (1d6) and bite (2d6); Move 6 (S12); Save 11; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Surprise on 1-5 on 1d6, swallow whole on roll of natural '20'.*

2832. An exiled tribe of 70 sahuagin warriors and their mates have established themselves in a small, crude

stronghold of basalt. They are led by Duke Yu-bo and his three lesser brothers. The sahuagin have no priestess yet, though three of their young spawn bear the mark of a priestess and, as they grow, will begin to assume the powers of a priestess and then fight for the position, the winner devouring the losers.

Treasure: 1,650 sp, a large zircon worth 5,000 gp and seven shark skins flailed from the sacred beasts of his old tribe, worth 15 gp each.

| *Duke Yu-bo: HD 8+1 (47 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8+1); Move 12 (Swim 18); Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: None.*

| *Yu-bo's Brothers: HD 5+1 (26, 25, 21 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12 (Swim 18); Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.*

| *Sahuagin: HD 2+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12 (Swim 18); Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.*

2836. A large whirlpool menaces shipping here, sending unlucky ships into jagged rocks that are littered with bits of wood, rope and bones. Skilled captains can avoid the whirlpool, but others must make a saving throw to avoid it (save as though 1st level if without skill at navigation and piloting).

2846. Sometime in the mists of antiquity, the alien Tsalakians, for reasons known only to them, constructed a vast maze of corridors, tunnels and vaults plucked from the sea floor beneath the waves. As the waters of Nod receded, this maze came closer to the surface, so close in fact that it now lurks just beneath the calm surface of the Tepid Sea. The maze is difficult to spot, and many a ship has been dashed against its walls, the inhabitants of the dungeon's upper levels preying on the shipwrecked sailors. Denizens of the maze include aquatic ogres and trolls, sharks, a team of squid-man adventurers and a veritable zoo of alien aquatic predators.

2903. A tribe of 30 troblins dwells in burrows beneath mossy boulders in a low, damp place in the forest. The troblins bow before the great Zor, a gangly troblin with knobby knees and elbows, but who moves with the grace and speed of a jungle cat. The troblins worship various elder entities of chaos, their names and forms changing almost daily.

Treasure: 1,130 sp, 2,820 gp, 250 pp and a jade pitcher worth 175 gp.

| *Zor: HD 5+1 (23 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 claws (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Mutation, regenerate 2 hp/rd (as troll).*

| *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).

2916. A strict order of warrior monks dedicated to Mars and the defense of civilization from monsters established a strong fortress in this hex three centuries ago. Since then, it has withstood several invasions by goblins, orcs and even amazons (though none came so close to toppling its blood red banners as the amazons). The abbey is now headed by Quond, a hefty old war-priest with fists as big as hams, a bristling black beard and nostrils that flare when he is enraged (which is often). Quond is a man's best friend and worst enemy, and his example of modesty, piety and energy drives his underlings just about crazy – it's tough to complain about one's duties when the old man is working twice as hard.

The priests usually wear brown robes over their mail armor (and mail is worn at all times, including at sleep, meals and especially exercise) and keep light maces hanging at their belts. They rise early, do their chores (cleaning, cooking, tending the fields), say their mid-morning prayers to Mars, breakfast, exercise for several hours (melee, wrestling, riding, tilting with blunt lances), sup, sing hymns to Mars for an hour and then retire to mugs of thick, frothy ale and quiet contemplation and study of strategy and tactics.

Besides Father Quond, the abbey houses twelve lesser clerics and two companies of light footmen. The clerics keep thirty warhorses in their stables and other livestock (cattle and sheep, mainly). The pride of the abbey, however, is Alala, a gnasher lizard raised, as Quond puts it, from a pup and kept beneath the abbey in a dungeon of sorts with her trainer, the very brave and slightly foolhardy Joss, a halfling animal trainer par excellence. A tunnel allows Alala to be released into the countryside in times of trouble, with Joss close behind with his trusty flute, which controls the monstrous reptile. With Alala at the ready, Quond anxiously awaits the next orc incursion.

| *Father Quond, Cleric Lvl 10*: HP 45; AC 3 [16]; Save 6 (4 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Spells (5th), turn undead. Heavy mace, platemail, shield, holy symbol.

| *Beadle of Mars (6), Cleric Lvl 1*: HP 1; AC 4 [15]; Save 15 (13 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Turn undead. Mace, chainmail, shield, sling, holy symbol.

| *Almoner of Mars (4), Cleric Lvl 2*: HP 2; AC 2 [17]; Save 14 (12 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead. Mace, platemail, shield, sling, holy symbol.

| *Chanter of Mars (2), Cleric Lvl 3*: HP 3; AC 3 [16]; Save 13 (11 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead. Heavy mace, platemail, sling, holy symbol.

| *Alala, Gnasher Lizard*: HD 41; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Behead, swallow whole.

2925. A froghearth makes its lair here in a mucky pool surrounded by black cypress trees. The thugtoads [2820] sometimes make pilgrimages to leave tributes (captives and a few unlucky warriors) to the beast.

Treasure: 15,000 sp, 3,000 gp under the murky water.

| *Froghearth*: HD 16 (89 hp); AC 3 [16], tentacles 1 [18], tongue 5 [14]; Atk 1 tongue (5d10) or 4 tentacles (1d8); Move 3 (Swim 9); Save 3; CL/XP 19/4100; Special: Swallow whole, immune to fire.

2927. This hex contains a hidden village of rhonians, tall, feathered humanoids with long, bird-like legs and bird-like heads. The rhonians have lived in the marsh for ages and are quite accomplished at avoiding the local barbarians. The village consists of a couple dozen wooden buildings built on stilts. The buildings are connected with raised walkways. The woodwork on the buildings and posts is highly decorative and shows true genius. The entire village is protected by a permanent hallucinatory terrain spell.

The village is governed by a council of worthies, including Savien, the village apothecary, Frinest, the captain of the guard, Clarion, the elected chairman and master illusionist, Waloo, master woodworker and Gentril, cleric of Minerva. The five worthies are even nattier than the other citizens of the village, and all of them carry a rather superior attitude. Although not evil, they are highly suspicious of anyone who manages to enter their domain, locking them away for a few days while deliberations are held. Eventually, captives are tested with cunning illusions to discover their true nature. If they appear dangerous, they are summarily executed. If not, they are extended a welcome and sworn to secrecy.

| *Rhonian*: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on 1d6. Leather armor, long sword, longbow.

| *Clarion, Illusionist Lvl 8*: HP 16; AC 9 [10]; Save 8 (6 vs. illusions); CL/XP 8/800; Special: Spells known (4th), spell points 28, silver tongue, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6. Silver dagger. Clarion is the eldest stork woman. She is severe and snobbish, but thorough and fair.

| *Frinest, Ranger Lvl 4*: HP 18; AC 6 [13]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: +4 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival. Leather armor, +1 short sword that glows in the presence of oozes, longbow. Frinest is haughty and genteel for a woodsman. He fancies Savien but lacks the courage to court her.

| *Gentril, Cleric Lvl 3*: HP 12; AC 5 [14]; Save 13 (11 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6. Elven chainmail, silver mace, throwing hammer, golden holy symbol, leather bound book of lawful prayers. Gentril is a bit self

righteous and over serious, but she is completely lawful good, and will be the main voice arguing for not disposing of captives.

| *Savien: HD 1d4 (2 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 dagger (1d4); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on 1d6. Fancy clothes, silver dagger. Savien is always cool and calm. She avoids conflict, but weighs in on matters when there is no other choice.*

| *Waloo: HD 1d4 (2 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 dagger (1d4); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP A/5; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on 1d6. Hammer and chisels, silver dagger. Waloo is a snobbish jerk and rarely honest*

3020. The land here seems to have collapsed into a massive sinkhole, creating a limestone pit 30-ft deep and roughly 50-ft in diameter. The ground at the bottom funnels into a dark cave which serves as the lair of a herald of Tsathagga, the demon prince. The cave is often visited by thugtoad cultists and other worshippers of darkness (encounter either 1d6+6 thugtoads and a priest or 1d3 anti-clerics of 5th level on a roll of 1-2 on 1d6). The limestone cave is like a slimy chute that sends interlopers sliding more than 200 yards into the earth and dropping them in a dank cavern littered with bones. Dozens of furry rat-toads burrow through the bones and hiss at strangers (treat as giant rats, 2d6 encountered). Sitting atop the bones is the herald, a massive frog-thing with bat wings and covered in sleek, glistening fur and sporting ten tentacles where it should have arms and legs.

| *Herald of Tsathogga: HD 16 (55 hp); AC -1 [20]; Atk 10 tentacles (1d6), bite (2d6); Move 12 (S12); Save 3; CL/XP 20/4400; Special: Croak, only harmed by magic weapons, paralysis, swallow whole on natural '20', regenerate 1d6 hp per round.*

3023. There is a tranquil pond here filled with lily pads and surrounded by tiny cottages woven from grass, leaves, twigs and reeds. A village of 200 of frog fairies is situated around the pond. The frog fairies are ruled by Queen Anabeth. Although they are not welcoming of most strangers, those of lawful alignment will be allowed to rest and refresh themselves and give tribute to the queen. Besides its warriors, the village is protected by a dozen giant frogs.

| *Queen Anabeth, Illusionist Lvl 8: HP 24; AC 3 [16]; Save 8 (6 vs. illusions); CL/XP 8/800; Special: Spells known (4th), spell points 28, silver tongue, +3 to hit with darts, magic resistance 20%, frog fairy spells.*

| *Frog Fairy (100): HD 1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 darts (1d3) or 1 dagger (1d4); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 1/15; Special: +3 to hit with darts, magic resistance 20%, cast hold person, invisibility and pyrotechnics.*

| *Giant Frog: HD 1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 3 (or 150' leap); Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Leap.*

3029. A crumpled horn has washed up on shore here. Travelers have a 1% chance of coming across it. The horn

allows one to use the ventriloquism spell by speaking into it and pointing toward the target.

3031. Senth is a large mining village built atop a quartz deposit rich in citrines. The miners live in stone cottages, with pleasant gardens tended by their mates. The village is surrounded by a low stone wall. The village's mayor is Innet, a proud, fierce woman with auburn hair in braids, a cleft chin and a pug nose. As burly as any of the men in the village, she is also kind to those in need and quick with a tongue lashing to those who need correction. The village also has a guide named Ealda, a blacksmith named Brenthis (a former fighter, he leads the village guard), a merchant named Utton and a trader named Aliam (an émigré from distant Ishkabibel, convinced to retire from that city when his daughters were killed for refusing to bow to a brazen idol of Tiamat, goddess of the desert nomads) who runs a dry goods store. Senth is defended by a four companies of militia. They most often defend the village from slave raids by the sahuagin and corsairs.

| *Brenthis the Smith, Fighting-Man Lvl 3: HP 16; AC 5 [14] when armored; Save 12; CL/XP 3/60. Ring armor, shield, spear, dagger.*



3104. Xaine is a large village of fishermen living in thatched huts built against the village's 10-ft tall stone wall. The wall is surrounded by a flooded moat (the local kids do their fishing there from atop the wall) and four 20-ft towers. Xaine holds an old imperial charter, and has a combative relationship with the Duchy of Brioché (see Lyonesse) and its sinister duke. Xaine is ruled by a Lady Mayor, Archene Ysfalla, a respected merchant of fish oil and bone meal and head of the local guild of merchants. The swampy lowland that Xaine occupies is also used to grow orchards of swamp apples, which though mushy make a delicious cider. The locals also drink lamb's wool – a combination of mashed apples and ale. Besides Archene, prominent locals include Islie the alchemist, Gebin the sage (the village school master) and Bryan the bowyer, an ex-woodsman who prefers village life to hunting goblins. The village is defended by 4 companies of militia. It also has its own small galley with a figure-head in the image of a wyvern. A pump system is rigged up to the wyvern's head, allowing

them to spray cones of flaming oil up to 30-ft, causing 2d6 damage (saving throw allowed for half).

| *Bryan the Bowyer, Ranger Lvl 2: HP 8; AC 6 [13] in armor; Save 14; CL/XP 2/30; Special: +2 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival. Ring armor, longbow, short sword, dagger, 20 arrows.*

3106. In the southern reaches of the forest, not far from the banks of the Danu, lies the infamous Castle of the Beast. The castle's inhabitants were cursed years ago, its master twisted into the form of a beast (treat as a werewolf in hybrid form but without lycanthropy) and the souls of his servants trapped inside objects, unable to speak but still capable of carrying out their duties. Here, the beast broods and hunts and prays that someday the curse will be lifted.

The castle has a sinister cast to it. It is surrounded by well-tended gardens and vineyards, but the fields surrounding the castle are fallow and wild pigs and cattle can be found in the surrounding woods. There is a dilapidated landing and boat house on the Danu about 1 mile away from the castle. The landing is connected to the castle with an overgrown stone path. Warnings have been carved on the boathouse walls by the claws of the Beast himself.

Those who would storm the castle for its treasures will be sorely disappointed, for though the castle holds many valuable items (see below), those who possess them for more than a day have their souls trapped within them (per Magic Jar spell) until the curse is removed by a cleric of at least 10th level.

Treasure: The Beast's treasure is in multiple trapped chests. It consists of 11,000 gold pieces. There is a winter wolf rug worth 1,000 gp stretched in front of the hearth of his great hall. The Beast wears an ivory broach carved in the image of his mother (worth 500 gp) and a weapon belt held with a silver belt buckle (worth 250 gp). Above his torn and tattered bed hangs a now-inverted holy symbol made of silver and platinum worth 750 gp.

| *The Beast: HD 4 (26 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d4); Move 15; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120.*

| *Animated Object (Small): HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d3); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15.*

| *Animated Object (Medium): HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30.*

| *Animated Object (Large): HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 slam (1d8); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120.*



3110. Secreted among the tall pines and set on a high limestone cliff there is a small castle, really little more than a keep with a single tall tower. The keep holds a spacious hall, two long dormitories – one for servants and another for soldiers, a narrow cellar with a multitude of stores and casks of sparkling cider and heady, dark beer, adjacent prison cells with iron bars that allow prisoners to glimpse strings of savory sausages and stacks of round loaves, and of course a grand bedchamber for the lord of the manor. Behind the keep and cliffs, in a steep-sided valley are the fields of the manor, lush with wheat, rye, barley and fruit trees. Wide pens hold swine, goats and sheep.

As idyllic as the manor and its domain, the lord and his people leave something to be desired. The peasants and servants are skulks, pensive looking folks in simple garb capable of blending into any background and never uttering a word. Their deathless lord is a silent knight, a pallid zombie in crimson armor who exudes an aura of silence. Visitors are always thrown in the prison to slowly starve, their corpses being raised by the Silent Knight as his zombie guardsmen. The lord can usually be found in his great hall, sitting on his throne, the shriveled corpse of his lady sitting next to him, long, golden tresses still on her head.

Treasure: 6,000 gp, 790 gp.

| *Silent Knight: HD 7 (23 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Silence in a 200-ft radius (impossibly to cast spells or turn undead within this aura).*

| *Skulk (100): HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Camouflage.*

| *Zombie Guard (20): HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 6; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Immune to sleep and charm. Chainmail, shield, mace.*

3128. A strange stone pylon, pentagonal in shape, rises from the sea shore here. The pylon is perfectly straight and appears to originate quite deep in the earth. It bears a single mark – a hand print. Placing one’s hand on the print switches your mind with an alien life form from somewhere in the Firmament (the sphere of fixed stars) for one week. Naturally, this gives your normal body a very different personality. At the end of the week, assuming one or both of you has not perished (assume a 1% chance of the alien life form dying if you wish), your mind returns to your body and the experience grants you an additional 2 points of intelligence and robs you of 2 points of wisdom. Roll on the table below for the alien mind.

Roll	Alien Personality
1	Arcanix
2	Human (1 Mars, 2 Mercury, 3 Moon, 4 Venus)
3	Kzaddich
4	Melgara
5	Mi-Go
6	Skarusoi
7	Thelidu
8	Tsalakian
9	Xill
10	Zetan

3137. On a rocky outcropping that pokes about 30-ft above the waves at its highest point there is constructed a “roadhouse” at sea. The roadhouse is called The Palace. Its lowest story is constructed of limestone blocks and traces out a circular shape. The second and third floors of the building were clearly added much later, and are built of wood salvaged from ships, with round beams clearly meant to be masts. The Palace is very weather proof, and has a large fire pit on the first floor topped by a bronze chimney that carries warmth to the dormitories and rooms above. The fire pit burns anything the owner, a one-eyed halfling called Runt, can get his hands on – in fact, dry wood is worth its weight in rum in the Palace. Runt is assisted by a motley crew of sailors and misfits, many of them thieves (in name if not in “class”). One will usually find several boats tied up on the rocky outcropping, their ships anchored a bit further off, enjoying the mixed company of the Palace and the warmth of the fire pit and Runt’s fine cooking – stews, steamed crabs, boiled lobsters, hot buns, etc. More than a few illicit deals are struck in the Palace, where one can rent a large room on the third floor for 5 gp a night (75% occupancy) or curl up on the first or second floors for a silver piece. Violence is usually avoided, since the ex-pirates who run the place are willing and able to toss offenders into the sea.

3145. A briny sea serpent, 20-ft long and dark, glossy blue, makes its home here in a series of submerged caves. The

caves are twisting and confusing and guarded by legions of large crabs.

Treasure: 1,950 sp, 3,810 gp.

| *Briny Sea Serpent*: HD 8 (21 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6 + poison); Move 15; Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Acid breath (50-ft cone, 10d8 damage), constrict (3d6 damage), poison.

| *Large Crab* (2d6+6): HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claws (1d4); Move 6; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: None.

3202. Dormir Castle is located a few miles into the Forest Perilous beyond the domain of Lyonesse. It appears to be nothing but an overgrown ruin. A brief exploration of the interior will suggest that it has been abandoned for at least fifty years, but was once the estate of a powerful lord. The castle is large and well constructed; there is a stable large enough to hold one fifty horses, and room enough for as many knights and men-at-arms. One tower seems to hold the library and laboratory of a mage. There is a large chapel dedicated to Ceres and a smaller one for Minerva. Living quarters next to the chapels suggests they were served by a single cleric and two acolytes.

One tower is held fast by a Wizard Lock. Should one gain entrance, they find a winding stair that leads to a well furnished chamber. In this chamber there lies a beautiful maiden, apparently dead. No signs of life can be detected, but she appears perfectly well preserved and is even warm to the touch. Naturally, the maiden can only be awakened by the kiss of a Lawful person of knightly rank. The kiss of a paladin awakens her immediately, while anyone else must make a charisma check at a -3 penalty.

The castle appears uninhabited, but this is not the case. The castle’s entire population was turned into insects. Their presence becomes apparent after a few minutes of exploration, as they buzz around the heads of the explorers in clouds. Should anyone harm the castle, they suffer as though from an Insect Plague.

Besides the insects, the castle is protected by a troupe of pixies. Other monsters that have wandered onto the castle grounds include owlbears, assassin vines and a pack of wolves. The fey and insects do not immediately attack visitors in the hope that they may release the place of its curse.

Every year, Malecosta, the wicked fairy that cursed the castle sends a band of goblins to inspect the grounds and report back to her. They hate the assignment due to the malicious pranks of the pixies and the terrible stinging of the insects, but they fear their queen more than they fear

the castle. There is a 1 in 10 chance that they are encountered by the adventurers.

The master of Dormir Castle is Baron Ceart. He is married to the Lady Sonet and their daughter is the maiden Ermaline.

| *Lord Ceart: HD 3 (12 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Long sword, expensive robes, 400 gp of jewelry.*

3207. A gang of thirty gumps has set up shop by the river, bending trees down and using them as makeshift catapults to hurl stones at passing boats. They've had little luck so far and are spoiling for a fight.

| *Gump: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+2); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 5/140; Special: Gaze attack paralyzes (+2 saves).*

3211. A deep, natural trench in this hex holds thousands of writhing man-sized giant centipedes, attracted, apparently, to a magic helm at the bottom of the trench. The helm is made of gold, and thus heavy and offering little protection. It is shaped like a skull-cap with a nasal guard and a crest composed of a number of rounded nubs. Wearing the helm makes it possible for you to communicate with vermin and for them to communicate with you. In addition, you gain the ability to "turn" vermin and oozes as a 3rd level cleric, but at the cost of 1d6 points of temporary wisdom damage.

3216. A magic fountain that resembles a delicate marble basin with a golden spout bubbles here in a deep, dark glade surrounded by black oak trees. The floor of the glade is bare granite overgrown with spongy, pale green moss. A small band of frightful kech dwells in the tree tops. The fountain acts as a Cure Serious Wound spell, but has a 1 in 6 chance of causing the imbiber to polymorph into a bestial hybrid (see table below). The newly created beastman will retain its personality and class levels. The woods surrounding the magic fountain are inhabited by any number of animal crossbreeds (use the table below to roll up a hybrid if monsters are encountered in this neck of the woods).

Roll	Animal
1	Black Bear
2	Deer
3	Fox
4	Hawk
5	Lion
6	Owl
7	Serpent
8	Wolf

3219. Nestled around a two-story abbey of grey-green bricks is a good-sized village of churls tending flocks of dall sheep and fields of millet, barley, potatoes and chickweed. The village is a cluster of wattle-and-daub houses surrounded by an earthen rampart. The abbey has a 30-ft tower in which a guard is always posted. Four large, weathered granite idols of gods of the Nabu pantheon are set atop the rampart, as though these divine guardians are meant to ward away attack. The idols represent the batrachian gods of chaos, Huh, Kuk, Nu and Shu.

The churls of the village, which is called Quadarr, are swarthy men and women descended from the ancient Ibisians and still living much as their ancestors did, though adapted for a wetter, cooler climate. The village is defended by a company of heavy horse. The Quadarians are known for their love of dice games and their willingness to bet almost anything on almost anything. The village is served by a trader named Seius.

The abbey is of ancient design, with large pillars surrounding a ground level portico that wraps around a courtyard dominated by a noisy frog pond. A chapel of black marble and oddly shaped pylons and altar looks over the pond, and frogs can often be found hopping through the chapel or lounging there. Atop the altar there is a large urn of obsidian sealed with wax. The urn holds a small portion of shoggoth, which the monks retain for a time of terrible crisis. Two monks are always present in the chapel playing pan flutes in a lilting, trilling melody that calms the shoggoth and keeps it from attempting to escape. The second level of the abbey contains living quarters and supply rooms for the 18 monks, all men. The monks wear black robes and have shaved heads and dour, blank expressions. They carry ritual daggers under their robes and light maces with heads shaped like frogs above their robes. The head of the abbey is Father Kael, a lumbering man, easily 400 pounds, with the manner of a scholar. Kael and his priests worship ancient Tsathagga, and know well the frog god's herald located in [3020].

Treasure: 3,000 ep, 300 gp.

| *Father Kael, Cleric Lvl 10: HP 45; AC 4 [15]; Save 6 (4 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Spells (5th), turn undead. Chainmail, shield, light mace, ritual dagger, holy symbol.*

3222. Hundreds of giant, dull green lizards sun themselves on the banks of the river. Folk traveling by river are safe enough, but those on land will encounter 1d6 of the brutes on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6.

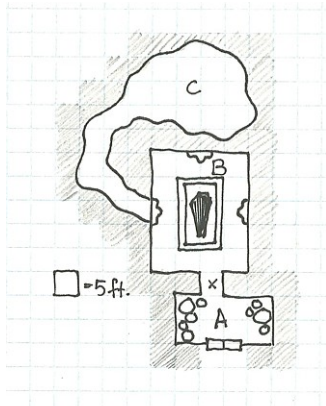
3225. A caravan of intelligent frogs riding giant snails passes through here from time to time (2 in 6 chance to meet them). They carry trade goods from the hidden city of the rhonians to the Vrusk River to trade with barges that come down the river from the Sturmdrangs. The caravan consists of twenty frogs armed with spears or pole arms. It is led by two cavaliers riding snails. A merchant prince rides in a sedan chair carried by two bearers. The frogs carry herbs and wood carvings in their saddle bags, which they trade for bars of steel and nuggets of silver.

| Frog: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Amphibious. Pole arm or spear, short sword.

| Cavalier: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 9 (6 on mount); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Amphibious. Short sword.

| Merchant Prince: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d4); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Amphibious. Silver dagger, pouch of 30 gp, gold ring worth 100 gp.

| Snail: HD 1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 6; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.



3231. A marble mausoleum has been built in a pine-covered hillside here. The doors to the tomb are made of bronze and are slightly ajar. The air in the mausoleum is unnaturally thick and seems to squelch normal fires, reducing the radius of visibility by 3 ft.

A – This antechamber has marble walls and several shallow bowls of copper (worth 50 gp total). All of these bowls are filled with water – 50% chance of being holy water, 50% chance of being deadly poison. The “x” on the map marks a pressure plate which, if stepped upon, has a 1 in 6 chance of releasing two bronze portcullises down directly in front and in back of the pressure plate, essentially trapping people. At this point, the pressure plate begins to heat up, causing 1d4 points of damage per round until the trap is deactivated by a secret catch near the ceiling.

B – This chamber holds a basalt sarcophagus atop a dais of reddish-brown marble. The sarcophagus is empty. Three



statues against the walls depict tall, statuesque creatures that look vaguely like reptilian elves. The statue on the west wall is obviously a secret door, because it has been held shut by iron spiked driven into the ground like wedges.

C – This room holds 6 brain-eating zombies. One of the zombies wears platemail. In the middle of the chamber there is some gear – a rusted shield and long sword and a leather sack containing 200 gp and a large carnelian intaglio worth 500 gp.

| Brain-Eating Zombie: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 strike (1d8); Move 6; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Absorb 5 levels of spells (+1 per brain eaten) before head explodes.

3234. A submerged grotto here holds the treasure of Arista, a rebellions daughter of Triton, the sea god. Over her lifetime, Arista has collected a fabulous treasure, guarding it with eight giant crabs. There is a 1% chance that she is present in her grotto (or will shortly arrive) when it is being explored.

Treasure: A silver bracelet in the shape of intertwined eels with onyx eyes worth 1,250 gp, two bronze battleaxes of ancient Ibisian make, forty arrows with silver heads and warped shafts, pan pipes made from a dragon's claws worth 500 gp, a lance once decorated with blue and yellow stripes but now warped, a jade crown depicting rearing manticores clawing at the sun worth 750 gp, a silver signet ring with the arms of the Duke of Norbury in gold worth 500 gp, ivory buckle in the image of a grimacing moon worth 750 gp, a surcoat bearing the colors of the Duke of Norbury, a blessed book of prayers sealed with wax in a copper case and a vermillion Cloak of Charisma (gives the wearer an effective charisma 2 points higher than their normal charisma, or 15, whichever is higher).

| *Arista: HD 15 (60 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slap (2d8); Move 15 (S24); CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Immune to cold, summon and control aquatic creatures.*

3240. Every 1d20 days a whirlpool appears in this part of the Tepid Sea. The whirlpool is a portal to a strange universe of aquatic creatures dwelling on spherical planetoids floating in an endless sea. It is common for water mephits to be seen flying over the whirlpool, often attempting to draw ships into the portal.



3305. The walled town of Safis, second only to Lyonesse itself in splendor, is the seat of power for the Kaspar family, the hereditary Dukes of Brioché. Safis has walls of blue-grey granite with tall, conical towers and gates of polished steel. The men of Brioché breed excellent warhorses and cattle and grow wine in the valley of the Mefidun River. Safis is a market town and a center of the tanning industry in Lyonesse. The duchy has a population of 32,000 people in 72 villages, most of them protected by a manor keep. Duchess Nimond commands 10 companies of soldiers, two companies of light horse, one of heavy horse, and two companies each of light and heavy foot supported by a company each of archers, crossbowmen and handgunners. Brioché can also raise 270 companies of militia in times of trouble.

The Kaspar family is known to be arrogant and cantankerous. They lead the movement among the nobles

to devolve power from the Diamantes to the nobles. The Kaspars are kin to the deposed Brute dynasty. The Duchess Nimond is heavyset, with a hollow-cheeked face, chestnut hair, blue eyes and pale, olive skin. She is resource rich, but cash poor due to her love of gambling. She owes money to the Krumms (dwarf moneylenders of Lyonesse) and Diamantes and resents them for it. She is the center of a spy network with cells in all the courts of Lyonesse and worships Nemesis, the goddess of revenge. Her chief rivals in Brioché, the Gulottes, control much of the trade in Safis and Brioché, including Safis' gambling house. The Gulottes are respected by the Diamantes for their mercantile background and their ability to hinder the machinations of the Kaspars. They share the Diamantes' hatred for the brothers Krumm.



Arms of the Gulottes

3310. A seemingly abandoned village in this hex contains a remarkable sight – dozens of villagers and twenty ogres frozen into statues of quartz by some unknown agency. Some searching will reveal one robed individual, on hands and knees in a doorway looking out at the slaughter, hand raised as though in the process of casting a spell. In fact, the wizard is responsible for the spell and the attack. The ogres had been tracking him for several days, he being injured in a previous encounter and seeking healing. The villagers took him in, and he rested for a few days before the ogres arrived. The quartz effect is merely an optical illusion of people frozen in time until some other equally powerful wizard (Morthern is a level 9 wizard) can undo the incantation, known as Morthern's Moment in Time.

3333. A mob of ten vargouille lair in old tower here overlooking a narrow cleft-like valley that runs from here to the sea. A pinkish wall of force shuts off the valley to those moving east, the controls for the force field, a pyramidal structure of gold wire that contains a piece of rhodochrosite, are located in the tower with the monsters. The vargouilles have been stuck in the tower for ages, and were summoned there by the wizard Morthern (see Hex 3310) to protect the force field. The gem is worth 100 gp and must be removed to turn off the force field.

Vargouille: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move F12; Save 17; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Permanent hit point loss (saving throw).

3336. In a complex of undersea caverns, a war is being waged. Zephelm, and ancient gold dragon has finally died and its offspring, six young gold dragons, are engaged in a fierce battle of wits and shifting alliances over the complex and mother's horde. The six dragons have enlisted various allies – crabmen, a swaggering triton freelance, merrow, sahuagin, etc – to help press their claims, and these creatures now fight a proxy war in the tunnels and vault of the complex.

Treasure: 1,700 gp, 670 pp and a marble icon of Apollo Helios, lost during the sack of Nomo, worth 6,000 gp.

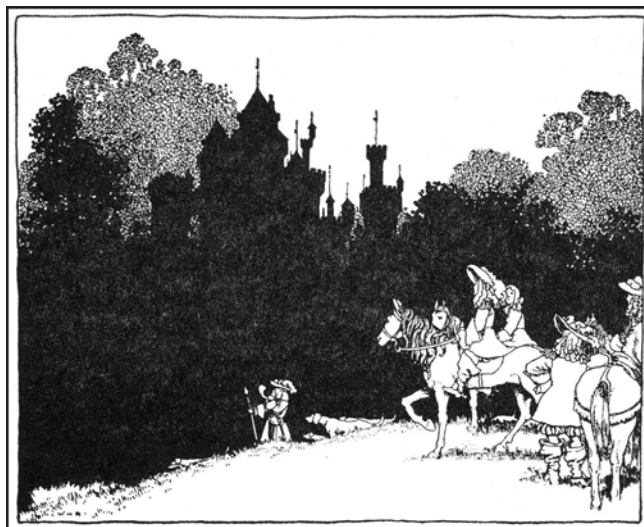
| *Young Gold Dragon: HD 10 (20 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (3d6); Move 12 (F24, S24); Save 5; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Fire (90-ft x 30-ft cone) or chlorine breath (50-ft x 40-ft x 30-ft), spells as 2nd level magic-user.*

3343. An undersea mausoleum of white marble is protected by a pod of seven celestial dolphins. Inside the mausoleum (entering requires one move a marble slab that weighs 2 tons) is the body of Fordran, a sea elf warlord, laying on a marble slab, golden shackles and chains around his wrists and ankles (they were used to hold the body in place until it became water-logged and settled onto the slab). Encased inside the marble slab is Fordran's holy trident. A paladin of 5th level or higher can sense the weapon's presence in the slab. If they touch the slab, they will find themselves transported to a sea cave, location unknown, in which dwells the demon Curserevit, which has the head and torso of a frail old man (though the demon is certainly not frail) atop the body of a massive crab. The humanoid portions of the demon are bluish-green while the crab body is glossy black. Curserevit protects the holy trident +1/+3 vs. demons. The weapon can cast light to a 120-ft radius and when driven into the ground creates a protection from evil, 10'-radius effect. Paladins who fall to the demon will be transported, unharmed, back to the tomb with the sense that they have been judged unworthy. They may return to try again after they have gained another level.

| *Celestial Dolphin: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move S24; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, magic resistance 10%, +2 damage vs. evil creatures.*

| *Curserevit: HD 9 (49 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 claws (2d6); Move 9 (S14); Save 6; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Magic resistance 50%, cause fear, detect invisibility, darkness 15' radius. Immune to cold and fire.*

3406. A pack of seven fox fairies, sisters, has established a comfortable lair here in a warm cave. They have decorated



the cave with a bear skin rug, tapestries, chairs of exquisitely carved wood, a plush couch with velvet cushions and a circular fire pit with a chimney (excavated by a passing pair of kobold brothers). The den is close enough to the settled lands of Lyonesse to suit their attraction to humans, but far enough away to keep unwanted attention rare. The oldest sister, Cora, is a good swordswoman.

| *Cora: HD 4; AC 4 [15]; ATK 1 or 2 weapon (1d6+1); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, multiple attacks.*

| *Fox Fairy: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; ATK 1 or 2 weapon (1d6); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, multiple attacks.*

3411. Here sits the crumbling stone tower of Garamond, a magic-user obsessed with turning base metals into gold and convinced the process can be affected with the use of a pituitary gland from a blue kobold. Garamond is a misshapen, unforgiving man, bald as a coot and missing a few teeth. He wears a tattered black robe and spends most of his days tromping around the countryside looking for kobolds with his cat familiar, Azazel. Garamond spends every copper he gets on laboratory supplies for his fruitless experiments. He has a spinning wheel and a bale of hay he uses for a bed, a few copper pots, a stack of lead ingots (worth about 5 cp), crucibles, beakers, a couple ounces of mercury (worth 5 sp each) and three vials of acid.

| *Garamond, Magic-User Lvl 6: HP 16; AC 9 [10]; Save 10 (8 vs. spells); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (3rd). Dagger, sack, spellbook.*

3413. Sixty male kobolds with sparkling, azure scales live here in a cluster of round cottages. The cottages are surrounded by a hedge of sarsaparilla bushes and are protected by a Hallucinatory Terrain spell cast by the tribal leader, a bent, ancient witch doctor called Grandpere by

the kobolds. The kobolds are typically vicious and ill-mannered, though they can be commended for their skill at brewing sarsaparilla. The old enchanter Garamond [3411] seeks the kobolds to use their pituitary glands in his experiments.

Treasure: 690 sp, 150 gp.

| *Grandpere, Magic-User Lvl 7: HP 17; AC 9 [10]; Save 9 (7 vs. spells); CL/XP 7/600; Special: Spells (4th). Red robes and pointy hat, silver dagger, spellbook.*

3416. Mystics come to the shores of this placid lake to retire to the life of a hermit in the surrounding caves. Most are devoured by a massive lake serpent that lives within the lake and stalks its shores.

| *Lake Serpent: HD 15; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (2d10); Move 0 (S18); Save 3; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: None.*

3114. Shawd is a large village of peaceful villeins living stone longhouses surrounded by a rampart and stone wall. They are ruled by a council made up of the heads of each household and have among their number a herbalist called Aetur, a skilled forester named Garvin, an animal trainer (most recently training falcons for the Duke of Brioche until an innocent wink at the duke's youngest daughter forced him to seek employment elsewhere) named Seann, a master bowyer called Morgreg and Gwilla, pretty young owner (an inheritance from her uncle) of the local tavern, the White Bull. The folk of Shawd are very independent, the founders having been escaped serfs of the Duke of Brioche who were led to this place by a cleric of Mercurius named Shawd. The villagers maintain a standing guard of 40 men-at-arms equipped with ring armor, halberds, short swords and light crossbows. The soldiers are known to put trouble makers and would-be conquerors to work in the village fields in chain gangs. The village grows jack beans, anise, peppermint, barley and wheat, and keeps undersized cattle and collects pine nuts.



3427. Loquash, the mythical "Invisible City" is situated near the banks of the River Vrusk. The city and its inhabitants are only visible in the moonlight, becoming completely visible during the full moon and otherwise existing in an

invisible, quasi-real state the rest of the time. The Loquashi have ophidian blood flowing through their veins, and their time under the curse has diminished them, making them about 5-ft tall on average. Their skin glistens like thousands of pink and yellow diamonds, their features would be elven save for the fact that their arms are more swept back and their torsos are a bit longer. They are terribly graceful, and sneak through the world, collecting secrets and knowledge and stealing precious articles, leaving clues to the location of the Invisible City to lure those from whom they have stolen to them during the full moon. These intrepid investigators are greeted warmly, their property returned to them, and they are permitted to feast on delicacies, the food being poisoned to turn the guests into Loquashi.

DEMOGRAPHICS
Population 3,500
Race Loquashi (see text)
Minorities None in any significant number
Patron Deity Saclist, Goddess of Virtue
AUTHORITY
High Priest Phliqur (Loquashi Cleric 5)
Guard Light foot (1C)
DESCRIPTION
Theme Cursed city that only appears at night
Accent Sibilant whispers
Vistas Gracefully tapered towers, glimmering stones, small, delicate men and women in flowing garments and anointed with fragrant oils, pampered miniature goats kept as pets on silver chains
Cuisine Raw fish mixed with citric juices and powerful herbs and spices, candied flower, beets
Names F – Hullhoth, Nyaatal, Phol, Sarnyig; M – Boshama, Guami, Moloibo, Tihalo
Coinage Copper and silver scales dipped in wax

Loquash has walls of pearly stone that gleam and shimmer in the moonlight, and thirty tall towers of dark, polished wood that rise 30-ft above the 30-ft stone walls. The city's gates are polished steel and decorated with whimsical arabesques. The buildings within the city walls are graceful, most in the style of slim towers that taper gently from base to peak. They are topped with observation decks to permit the inhabitants to gaze at the stars. The streets of the city that are paved are paved with grey cobblestones. The city's primary industries are the exchange of secrets and knowledge (their invisible lurking around the world have brought them much knowledge) and the catching of fish in the Vrusk River using nets that, for most of the year, are completely invisible. The lands around Loquash appear to be barren under the light of

day, but the moon reveals them to be lush croplands of beets, dates and pears and durum. Goats are kept for their milk, but they are never killed.

Loquash, in the days of the Lizard Kings when it was a normal city-state, was known for its fine metalwork, and in fact is still produces exceptional work. The city is also known for its lush parklands and its race track, where the locals watch the newt derbies.

Loquash once had a ruling monarch, but it was the king's sinful ways that brought the curse of the gods down on the people's heads. Since then, the palace has been allowed to sit empty, a monument to vice, and the priesthood has ruled the city with a gentle hand. The Loquashi, most of who are not born, but rather made, have few family ties. Instead, people are stratified by classes based on their skills. The wise make up the ruling class of priests, while the dexterous and intelligent make up the middle class of artisans, sages, mages and thieves. The strong and tough make up the lower class of warriors, servants and laborers, while the charismatic make up the slave class of jugglers, actors, poets and storytellers.

The Loquashi worship the old gods of the ophidians, from whom they received their curse and to whom they beg for forgiveness. The two main deities of Loquash are Saclist, the goddess of virtue (which the ophidians define as loyalty and diligence) and Phu'abbo, the lustful god of dreams. Minor divinities include Latha, god of craftsmen, Azol, goddess of wealth and Phothar, goddess of winter and dreaded hibernation. The days of the full moon are grand celebrations in Loquash in which the people travel a circuit around the city to each temple, reciting prayers and leaving offerings of flowers and prayer scrolls scribed in their own blood. During the full moon, the taboo on physical contact is lifted and much revelry ensues. It is also during this festival that most outsiders come to Loquash and are tricked into consuming the city's accursed food. The priests of the city-state wear bronze masks and go everywhere carrying censers burning sweet resins.

The soldiers of Loquash are apathetic and poorly trained. They wield morningstars and light crossbows, and primarily fight in the hopes of taking slaves. The army consists of one company of light foot and 30 companies of militia.

The Hanged Man is the finest tavern in Loquash. Located in the center of the city, it features service and fare fit for a lord (and priced for a lord as well). The tavern has two medium-sized rooms for rent, though they are occupied about 50% of the time. The Hanged Man is always loud and bustling, with dozens of tables featuring card games. They

serve fermented goat milk and curds of goat cheese as well as many fine raw fish dishes.

Some of the more interesting people of Loquash include Shollo, a member of the old royal family who has suffered many financial setbacks since the overthrow (and who insists he has ample gold in his old apartment in the royal palace, if only someone would retrieve it); a seductive mage named Zhaua who is toiling under the threat of blackmail; Thath, a wealthy garrison commander whose schemes go far beyond Loquash and Thigomin, a wealthy courtesan who has dabbled with many powerful priests and who spends money very freely.

Loquashi Characters: The fact that the Loquashi spend most of their time invisible makes them problematic as player characters, but excellent foils with which to challenge the player characters. Treat the Loquashi as elves with a +2 bonus to saving throws against poison instead of immunity to Charm Person and Sleep. In addition, their "class versatility" ability replaces Fighting-Man with Thief (the one published in **NOD 2** or any other version you favor).



3504. Here stand the slate grey walls of Castle Papelard, steading of the Papelard family that has ruled the Duchy of Lutain since the days of the Nomoan legions. Lutain is the chief competitor of Brioché. The people produce wine, cheese, fields of linseeds and sunflowers and fine cattle and sheep. Lutain also possesses the flower of Lyonesse' chivalry, having two companies of knights supported by a company of light horse and two companies of human archers and one company of elf archers. They can muster 260 companies of militia in times of war. Their annual tournament is the finest in Western Venatia, attended by knights from as far away as Irras and Amvianda.

The Papelards are a splendid, ancient family who served the emperors of Nomo and the Western Kingdom. They have a generous portion of elf blood in their veins, contributing to their fine, handsome features. A proud family, they are easily offended, but subtle in their revenge. They are fine diplomats and administrators. The Papelards hold important positions at court and lavish gifts

on the Count of Ull, hoping to unite with them into a Grand Duchy of Lutain through marriage. The current Duke, Tarvan, is a kind man with a lean build, golden-brown hair and green eyes. His wife, Geldith, comes from the family Gelf, who are distantly related to the royal family of Guelph and have extensive holdings in Lutain and Ull. The Gelfs' loyalty to Mother Church is suspect.



Arms of the Gelfs

3521. A small stream runs down ancient stone steps into a hollow, escaping into the under-world. The hollow is surrounded by ancient elms and only a few stray beams of light touch the ground. In the midst of the hollow there is a stout chest and a leather sack. In the shadows, an ettin waits (80% of the time) for foolish adventurers to take his bait!

The leather sack contains 1,000 cp and an amethyst worth 250 gp. The chest is locked and contains 15,000 cp, 3,100 sp, 140 gp, a hunter's horn made from a minotaur's horn with a silver mouthpiece and worth 250 gp and a suit ring mail +1. The entire treasure is cursed, with each person who takes possession of a portion having a 1% chance per day of encountering a random immature dragon.

| *Ettin*: HD 10 (45 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 clubs (3d6); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: None.

3524. A small tower keep (three stories tall made of granite blocks) has been erected here to serve as a nunnery dedicated to Diana in her role as moon goddess. Large, round lenses are set into the upper floor of the tower keep and lit by lanterns to duplicate the full moon. The door of the keep is thick oak embossed with silver filigree. Within the nunnery there is a small shrine dedicated to Diana and furnished with a small, silver idol set with moonstones around the base (worth 600 gp) and a small silver altar worth 500 gp. Secret doors in this shrine lead to the upper level dormitories, meditation chamber (a room painted in black with a single silver disc hung in the center from a black wire) and the living quarters of Abbess Kaprielle. The sixteen nuns are trapped in their abbey, their lenses having attracted a sounder of wereboars from the woods. Worse yet, the abbess was badly mauled in the first attack and has now joined the attackers, leaving Sister Glisa in charge. Supplies are running low, and the nuns are in dire straits indeed!

Treasure: 4,990 sp, 270 pp.

| *Sister Glisa, Cleric Lvl 4*: HP 8 (normally 24); AC 3 [16]; Save 12 (10 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 5/400; Special: Spells (2nd), turn undead. Heavy silver mace, platemail, silver holy symbol. Black-haired, green-eyed woman, fine-boned features, very kind.

| *Nuns of Diana, Cleric Lvl 1*: HP 1d8; AC 4 [15]; Save 15 (13 vs. paralysis and poison); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Turn undead. Chainmail, shield, light mace, silver holy symbol.

| *Wereboars (8)*: HD 5+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Lycanthropy.

3531. A silvery dome of a material with characteristics of both stone and metal rests in the middle of a barren landscape of ashen soil and stunted, cyst-ridden trees. The dome is approximately 100-ft in diameter and 45-ft high and serves as the manor of a small band of melgara, exiles from the Firmament trying to survive on what is to them a hostile world. Melgara are statuesque humanoid females with brilliant, azure skin, slit eyes the color of claret and long, pale blond hair. Melgars have 12 fingers and toes and an extra thumb on their left hand. Most melgara dress in silvery robes and sandals and live lives of meditation and introspection, but this band of exiles rejected this philosophy and turned to a more physical existence. They arm themselves with staffs tipped with balls of aluminum that, with a twist, can be extended from the ends of the staff like small flails. While these melgara warrior women cannot cast cleric spells, they can channel mental energy to cause Paralysis for 1 turn, Sleep for 1 hour or Charm Person for 1 day. They can also cast Haste on themselves once per day.

Their dome fortress is like a one way mirror, allowing those within to see outside. Inside the dome there is a tower with smooth, amber walls, tall, narrow windows and a door of a black, metallic substance that melts away in the presence of body heat. Herein dwell the melgara in closet-like cells that hold coffin-like beds that rest at a sharp angle to the floor and various hooks for equipment. The floor above is a recreation room with a crystal that provides heat and acts much like a crystal ball. The ball is powered by energies that exist within the dome (see below), and will not work if removed from the dome.

Weird energies, looking superficially like the aurora borealis, coruscate along the interior surface of the dome and the ground. These energies provide nourishment to a herd of vegetable creatures with long, stalk like legs tipped with long, thorn-like claws and bodies not unlike giant, smooth yams with clusters of black sensory organs at the

pointed tip and wriggling tendrils on the rounded end. These creatures serve as the primary food source of the melgara and seem to reproduce by budding. Every 1d4 hours, the dome gives off a pulse of this energy on the exterior. The energy causes 2d6 damage (save for half) and is responsible for the condition of the surrounding land.

| *Melgara Warrior Woman*: HD 5+2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 staff (2d4) or 2 flails (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Mental energy.

| *Yammel*: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 slam (1d4); Move 18; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; *Special*: None..

3536. In the fallow fields of an abandoned villa there lies a plough share. Forged from the sword of a forgotten king, it creates an aura of peace (20-ft, save at -2 to take violent actions) and encourages the growth of things (per Plant Growth, 1/week).



3537. Irras is an ancient city that was originally constructed atop a basalt plateau overlooking the sea. Over time, as the men of Irras dug into the plateau after its riches and to get closer to their patron deity, Pluto, and their tunnels gradually collapsed into canyons, they dug into the walls of those canyons and built a deep city of interconnected cliff dwellings. Eventually, they tunneled through the plateau, opening windows that looked over the sea and carving a cleft set with wide stairs to allow ships to dock at their city. They left the outer portions of the plateau alone, of course, giving them thick, natural walls that would-be conquerors (including the ancient elves of Nomo and the mages of Ibis) found impenetrable. The Irrasoi do not care for foreigners and pay respect only to foreign merchants, from whom they can get things they want. Visitors can expect to pay double normal prices for anything they want to buy.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Population 3,500

Race Human

Minorities None in any significant number

Patron Deity Pluto, God of Wealth, King of the Dead

AUTHORITY

High Priest Niphrococ (Cleric 3/Venturer 6)

Guard Crossbowmen (1C)

DESCRIPTION

Theme Plutocratic families

Accent Greek – very heavy

Vistas Shadowy, canyon-like streets, tall building with irregularly placed windows, iron doors etched with depictions of mining, bronze pavilion shrines that grant access to subterranean temples to the initiated

Cuisine Boiled fish, crumbly bread soaked in grease, braised eggplants sprinkled liberally with sea salt

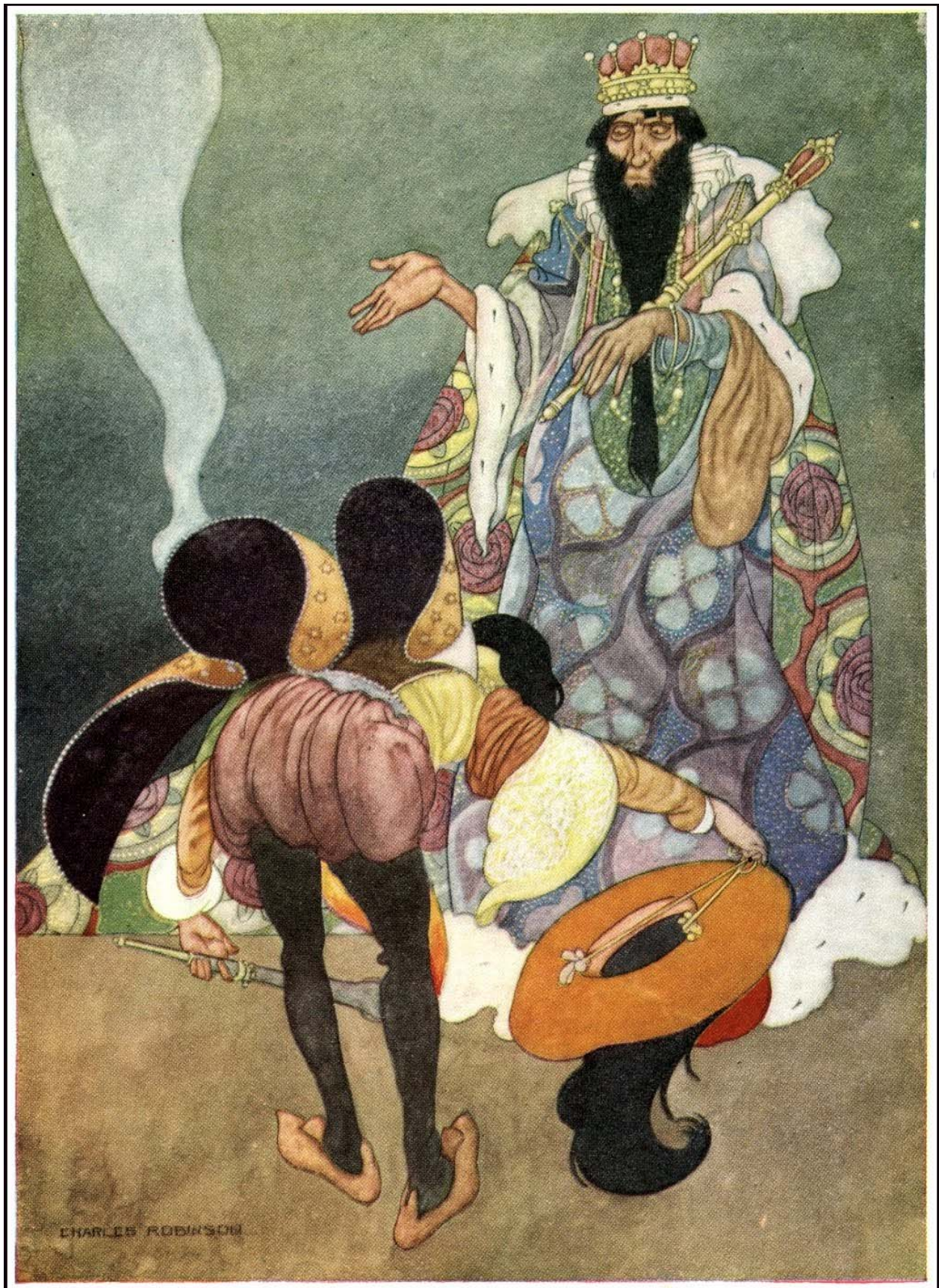
Names Akarla, Bretana, Jasaila, Kainkobos, Kidumnos, Luxforos, Niphrococ, Quesnaba, Xonfelos

Coinage Silver plutons

Irras has a population of 4,500 people, most of whom make their living mining metals or in the minerals trade. The city-state's main import is food animals (the wealthy adore game birds). The city is dominated by four families, Kranos, Elanki, Nikos and Brosi. All four families are in the opal trade, for opals are the most precious mineral mined in the plateau. The Irrasoi believe them to be the crystallized dreams and notions of Pluto, who they call "The Glorious One". The city is governed by the merchant-priests of Pluto, essentially a bureaucracy that is as much a political party and "guild of middle-men" as it is a convocation of priests. The priesthood maintains the hierarchy of families, and although repressive of personal freedoms maintains stability and prosperity.

Irrasoi respect family above all else. They believe their high priest is their god incarnate and give him complete control over their affairs. Only males are permitted to join Pluto's priesthood in Irras, though it is women who lead the rituals to placate the family's ancestors. Priests are expected to act as protectors against evil spirits and to conduct the rituals necessary to maintain Pluto's patronage. They are easily identified by the silver coins affixed to their bald heads forming a ring. Grand celebrations are held during the full moon. They believe wisdom, piety, kindness and loyalty are the greatest virtues and covetousness and recklessness the cardinal sins.

The army of Irras is purely defensive – the peasants know well that in time of war they must flee into the walls with all the food they can carry, for the army of Irras will not leave the city under any circumstances. The city walls are well defended by mangonels, scorpions and other war engines of the spear-throwing variety. The guardians of the walls are divided into 30 companies of 120 men-at-arms. They are armed with pole arms and crossbows (most light,



a few heavy). Each company is connected with one of the four major or many minor families. It has been over a century since the last attack on Irras, and the army is now poorly trained and led.

Some of the great sights of the city-state are its many fountains – all supplied by underground springs and crashing from the walls of the canyon-like streets into pools that then force the water into the city-state’s intricate sewer system. The city also has gladiatorial rings, terraced gardens of fruit trees and flowering vines and grand religious murals that cover most buildings. Irras is famous for its cuisine and its tiny, pleasant tabernas carved into the plateau and lit by fragrant oil lamps. The nearest to the seaward gate is the Dreaming Centaur, a shady, overpriced tavern that offer small rooms that were once miners quarters for a spent vein of opals. The Dreaming Centaur is very popular and always crowded, although the crowd is rarely noisy. The place is clean, with a simple menu and fine selection of watered down wines, ales and spirits. There is a 50% chance of finding a vacant room.

Some sample NPCs include Arabella (flamboyant swashbuckler with bad luck in keeping her allies alive), Joscios (wealthy guildmaster of smiths), Kakatha (a bereaved mage who keeps unusual company), Meldathermos (the gaudy guard captain who asks too many questions), Serrenna (disgraced former captain of the guard who protests her innocence in between draughts), Uriomos (a showy priest with a train of maidens in cloth-of-gold tunics who throw down flowers and swoon on command)

3541. Dozens of galleys lie rotting at the bottom of the sea here, the remains of a great naval battle fought during the wars between Ibis and Nomo for control over the Tepid Sea. A gang of 15 kapoacanth (i.e. aquatic gargoyles) dwells in the wreckage. The kapoacanth look like wooden figureheads – dragons, mermaids, sea gods, etc, and lie in ambush on their perches.

Treasure: Stored in the various wrecks, it will take several hours of searching to claim. The treasure consists of 1,870 sp, 1,160 gp and a dented bronze bust worth 5 gp.

| *Kapoacanth*: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d4), bite (1d6); Move 9 (S15); Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None.

3547. A cloning vat has fallen into the sea. The vat is made of beaten copper and etched in silver with glyphs and runes forgotten by most living men. If filled with a pungent brine of salt water and rosehips, it will clone any person or animal dipped in its water. The process of growing the

clone takes 4 years and there is a 65% chance of producing an ill-formed synthoid.

3601. Twenty ogres with sickly, yellow skins and great shocks of black hair on their heads dwell here in a large cave. The ogres have 10 females (fight like gnolls) and six young (fight like orcs), as well as fifteen prisoners from the lands of Lyonesse bound and hung upside down from a large, wooden rack. Music sends the ogres into frenzy, for it is the custom that males must serenade their wives before making little ogres. Their chieftain Goff (7 HD, 48 hp), is a crack shot with the heavy crossbow (+1 to hit).



3604. Lyonesse is a grand city built on a plateau surrounded by marshy land near a bend in the River Danu. The plateau rises on the east bank of the river, and a collection of peasant hovels sits on the west bank of the river, connected to the city proper by a fortified bridge with a gatehouse on either end. The walls of Lyonesse are made of granite blocks and white washed until they are gleaming. The towers that guard the walls are 60-ft tall (the walls rise 40-ft) and topped with conical roofs of blue-grey slate. The city proper is composed of very narrow lanes (people are really packed into Lyonesse tight) and tall buildings, some of stone, most wattle-and-daub with thatched or wooden roofs. The great keep rises in the northern end of the city-state and is linked to the Bridge Gate by a number of wide lanes stretched between crowded squares with large, communal fountains. These lanes and squares zigzag through the city, and often run beneath fortified arches that would allow men-at-arms to hinder a military advance to the keep.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Population 9,396 (city-state), 104,400 (dominion)

Race Human

Minorities Dwarves, elves, halflings

Patron Deity Ceres, goddess of agriculture

AUTHORITY

Ruler King Tristram (Fighter 2)

High Priest Bob (Druid 6)

Guard Knights (3C), handgunners (2C), hvy horse (1C)

DESCRIPTION

Theme Feudalism in all its brutal glory

Accent French

Vistas Wattle-and-daub houses, stone towers, narrow streets crowded with citizens and often clogged by farmers bringing animals to market, pungent aromas, processions of knights on horses and dames in carriages preceded by page boys and heralds in gaudy tabards

Cuisine Rich roasts and stews, joints of mutton, hog's heads stuffed with plums and apples, tankards of beer and mead, flagons of wine of every color, potent spirits, crusty loaves of bread

Names Aequas, Aevanwen, Alanth, Aluin, Dronan, Erith, Flamor, Gwenn, Jurace, Laoirean, Malbot, Painn, Pauldur, Poitny, Salond, Teine

Coinage Gold lions, silver dops, bronze flauts

Lyonesse is the center of a feudal kingdom, its fields, vineyards and orchards being the most productive in the Motherlands. Lyonesse exports huge quantities of food, some going north along the Danu and then by caravan to the Venatian League and then on to the Cradle of the Sun and Mu-Pan beyond. The rest goes south on the Danu to Antigoon and from there to the rest of the Motherlands and points west. The motto of Lyonesse, in Motherlander, is *Kailr eln Cuiltsirr*, or *King and Country*.

The king of Lyonesse is Tristram, a member of the Diamonte family that rose to prominence as petty barons engaged in the cloth trade. The Diamontes overthrew the older Mallor dynasty in a military coup funded by the Krumms, a family of dwarf financiers with holdings in Blackpoort, Antigoon and Lyonesse. The other great families of Lyonesse oppose the Diamontes in private, but have been unable to move against them, for their tax policies are popular among the merchants and craftsmen.



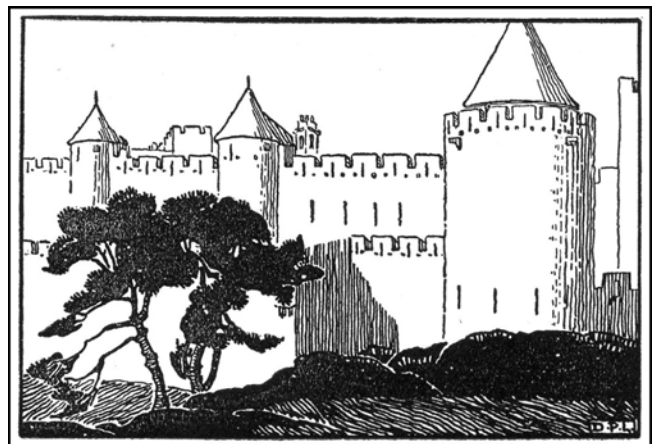
Lyonesse is composed of the duchies and counties of Brioché, Iver, Lutece, Lutain and Ull. Lutece, possession of the Diamantes, surrounds Lyonesse. It is a swampy country, unhealthy, and a center of the cloth dying industry. The Diamantes were cloth and dye merchants who hired a mercenary army and paid off many barons to oust the decrepit Brute dynasty, who were themselves

mere puppets to the ducal families. The Diamantes were financed by the brothers Krumm, dwarf moneylenders with factories in Antigoon, Blackpoort, Lyonesse and the Venatian League. The dukes of Brioché and Lutain despise the Diamantes and their king, Tristram. The Diamantes tax lightly, making them popular among the merchant and artisan classes and helping the country to prosper. Their chief rivals at home are the Malfeche, a mercantile family tinged with cambion blood and desperate for entrance into the nobility.

Lyonesse's society is based on reverence for Ceres and adherence to the feudal order. It is a conservative society and often repressive of the freedoms of the lower classes. King Tristram's health is known to be shaky, and much political maneuvering goes on between the merchants, the craft guilds, the clergy and the noble families, especially the Duke of Brioché and Lutain. The Lyones are known for their fine cuisine and their lustful behavior behind doors. Courtesans and mistresses are highly valued by the Lyones, for public displays of affection and taboo and one is expected to be sober and grave at all times.

Lyonesse is known for its fine taverns and restaurants, its public gardens and its fine tournament grounds, where lists are held every fortnight. The streets are unusually narrow and most buildings in the city-state have cellars with exterior doors. The locals are hard working and suspicious of outsiders and their rulers, who are known to be ambitious and conniving.

The chief divinity of Lyonesse is Ceres, the grain goddess of fertility and agriculture. Lyonesse also has temples to Proserpina, daughter of Ceres, Minerva, Mithras and Jove. The clergy dress in robes of azure and live in luxurious houses and dormitories. Their primary charge is to lead the community on behalf of the goddess and her representative on NOD, King Tristram, to render succor to



the needy and to act as historians, recording chronicles in large, heavy tomes kept in temple libraries. Male clerics of Lyonesse shave the tops of their heads in the tonsure associated with medieval monks, while female clerics cut their hair short, in the “pageboy” style associated with Joan d’Arc. The clerics believe in the return of a Golden Age and preach against the sins of faithlessness, selfishness, apostasy and blasphemy and encourage abstinence and bravery.

Many Lyones prefer to wet their whistle at the Mournful Ghost, a good-sized tavern and coaching inn located near the Danu Gate. The Mournful Ghost is a good quality establishment with large, expensive rooms that are usually vacant. It is usually crowded, with a cheerful, quiet crowd of pleasant drunks sipping fortified wine and brandy and listening to minstrels recite chivalric lays. Portions here are generous and hearty and the drink second to none.

Notable NPCs include Guson, the suave priest working to change the new order for old; Duhir the obnoxious silk merchant who is suspiciously free with money for a man who has lost several barges to river pirates on the Danu; Ysolm, a criminal lecher involved in foreign assassinations and Breth, a spice merchant of Antigoon with a family closet full of skeletons.

More information on Lyonesse and its noble domains will be published in **NOD 7**.



3605. Oquilar Castle, keep and castle of Brosvin, Count of Ull, runs along a wooded ridge overlooking a pleasant valley of farms. Ull is the easternmost county of Lyonesse. Settled by retired soldiers, it is still a wild region that suffers frequent raids from humanoids and giants coming out of the Dreadful Forest. Storms descend regularly from the Sturmdrangs. The men of Ull raise sheep and sell their wool in the markets of Lyonesse for processing there or down the Danu in Antigoon. They also raise large mastiffs here for use as guard and war dogs. The Ullmen are renowned for their skill with the two-handed swords, carried by their heavy footmen in place of pole arms.

The County has a population of 12,800 souls living in almost 30 villages, most of them anchored by a motte-and-bailey castle. The Count can muster 4 companies of men-at-arms, 3 of foot (archers, light and heavy) and a company of light horse. Almost 100 companies of militia can be mustered as well.

Count Brosvin is a grey-haired man of forty years, with forest green eyes, big-boned and beefy. He is a fanatic for expansion and a great lover of books. His family, the Oquilar, are known for their tall frames and blond hair. He has an alliance of convenience with Lutain. His rivals, the Valcords of northern Ull, are suspected heretics (demon worshipers), who spend their time hatching schemes against their lord.



Valcord Arms

3606. The Valley of the Kings is a rocky canyon in the midst of the woods that is riddled with caves and narrow tunnels. The valley has been used for centuries to inter the remains of the royalty of Lyonesse. An ancient stone road extends from the edge of Lyonesse’s domain to the valley. The road is in disrepair and usually overgrown with vines, shrubbery and saplings. The fey of the forest do not harm travelers on the Black Road (as it is called), though stepping off of the road for even a moment invites an encounter (4 in 6 chance), for many fey lie in wait along the road. The road is wide enough for two heavy warhorses to pull a wagon.

Several of the caves in the valley hold tombs. Tomb entrances are secured by iron bars engraved with glyphs of warding and divine symbols. Beyond the entrance are twisting tunnels and small alcoves holding shrines to deities like Minerva, Mithras and Pluto. The shrines hold valuable cult items and are protected by glyphs, symbols and other traps.

An actual tomb is sealed in stone and protected by powerful magic. Within the tomb lies the king or queen with several choice treasures. Tombs always contain a shrine to Ceres and are protected by a reliquary guardian. Tomb robbers that make it past the spells and reliquary guardian finally have to deal with the royal ghost, who dogs their steps for the rest of their days, demanding the return of his treasure.

| *Reliquary Guardian*: HD 13; AC -3 [22]; Atk 1 slam (5d6) or 1 large +1 two-handed sword (4d6); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 21/4700; Special: Only harmed by +2 weapons, magic immunity, pronouncement, regenerate 2, spells.

A typical tomb treasure (that of King Ebard the Holy) is as follows: The king's remains wear a leather jerkin worth 15 gp and a silver ring bearing his seal worth 250 gp. Beneath his skeletal hand there is a delicate wooden box lined with purple velvet and holding silver earrings set with peridots worth 1,250 gp.

In one corner of the tomb there is a long spear bearing a silk banner decorated with the armorial of Blackpoort (captured in the third battle of Mung two hundred years ago) worth 250 gp, a wax-sealed cask of dark red wine from Ebard's personal vineyard worth 110 gp and a clever mechanical toy shaped like a pouncing lion worth 17 gp.

A hidden compartment in the sarcophagus holds 100 gold pieces minted during his reign (his face on the obverse, Ceres on the reverse). An iron box protected with a poisoned needle and holding another 500 gp and two urns sealed with wax and holding poisonous gas and 300 gp. As was the custom of the time, the sarcophagus is surrounded by 5,000 sp.

Atop the sarcophagus there is a copper scroll case worth 20 gp that holds a scroll of raise dead written in the distinctive hand of Bishop Odric. Perhaps this was meant as a jest by the bishop, who was known to have despised Ebard and fancied his young mistress Henid.

3611. Corche is a fair-sized village of adobe huts built on terraces surrounding a crater lake. The village is protected by an adobe wall patrolled by archers. The people of Corche make their living as woodsmen and wood carvers, but also keep goats and grow wineberries, morel mushrooms and wheat. They are ruled by the Baroness Edina, old sparring partner and confidante of King Tristram. Dark days have descended on Corche, as several villagers have disappeared under mysterious circumstances, their families insisting they have left on a pilgrimage. In fact, the small island in the center of the crater lake is inhabited by olive slime. A weird cult is spreading in the village, with prospective cultists giving themselves over to the entity to be turned into slime creatures. The slime creatures dwell at the bottom of the lake, awaiting orders to attack. The village can muster two companies of militia.

| *Lady Edina, Fighting-Woman Lvl 7*: HP 35; AC 2 [17]; Save 8; CL/XP 7/600. Platemail, shield, sable cape, long sword. Edina is an aged lady with silver hair down to her waist. Age has done little to dim her grace and beauty, or her fiery temper. She has grown addle-brained in her old

age, however, and seems incapable of defending her village from the olive slime in the lake.

| *Olive Slime*: HD 2 (9 hp); AC 8 [11]; Atk None; Move 0; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Possession.

| *Slime Creature (Medium)*: HD 5; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 slam (2d4); Move 6; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

3629. An ancient tribe of kobolds, long since departed from the woods, has devised a tomb of deadly cunning for their departed chiefs and shamans. The tomb is a wonder of hydraulics and engineering that will leave dwarfs agape with wonder.

The tomb is set in a large excavation in the side of a limestone ridge. The tomb proper is a large chamber, 50-ft long, 20-ft wide with a 20-ft high ceiling. The floor of this chamber is sand. The walls are limestone and carved with bas-reliefs of giant kobolds trodding upon the members of other races – humans, elves, dwarves, gnomes, orcs, goblins, gnolls, etc. – dashing the little creatures to death under their clawed feet. The chamber is entered through an arch, with heavy doors of bronze (Str 14 required to open them) – three identical doors are located on the other walls of the chamber. The act of opening the entry doors sets the many traps in this chamber in motion. One turn after entering the large chamber, granite blocks on thick chains will begin to fall from the ceiling. Each block is 3 cubic feet, and there are hundreds of these traps. Each person in the chamber must pass a saving throw each round they spend in the chamber. Failed saves mean a person has been hit with a block (2d6 points of damage) and pinned underneath it. People hiding in an arch will be safe from the blocks, though they will find the doors (including the entry doors) barred from the other side.

After the granite blocks have finished falling, the sand floor will begin to drain away through four holes in the floor. In actuality, the chamber is rising rather than the sand descending. The arches now begin to heat up, becoming hot to the touch in one round. After four rounds (it takes 2 turns for the chamber to rise), the doors are white hot – touching them causes 1d10 points of damage and renders hands or feet useless for several days, and just standing near them causes 1d6 points of damage per round. Characters jumping in the sand will be sucked down and through one of the holes and might suffocate in the sand. Characters can also attempt to jump upon one of the nearby granite blocks. This requires a dexterity check, and the additional weight causes the block to begin to retract at a rate of 5-ft per round. Characters who ride a block all the way up will be trapped in a tiny space, the block's winch latching into place. A thief trapped in the space can

release it, but otherwise the person will be trapped until the entire trap is reset (takes 1 day) and then re-triggered.

When the chamber has finished rising, it will reveal a number of alcoves below the original level of the sand. These alcoves are barred by copper grates and contain limestone statues of kobold chieftains and shamans. The “new” floor is metal grating. The limestone statues can be lifted to reveal a small cubby hole into which charred bones have been thrown atop a small lead chest. Each chest holds a small treasure of coins and baubles (about 1d4 x 100 gp each). There are 20 alcoves in all. One of the lead boxes holds a captive specter, while one other alcove actually has a secret door to an escape hatch that exits 1 mile away.

3703. The village of Avelynn is in the throes of a peasant revolt fomented by the crimes of its late lady, Dame Madanne of the Honeyed Voice. The village is currently without a ruler, though a committee for safety has been organized and seems to be under the thumb of Robele, a wine merchant who is also an assassin employed by the Duke of Brioché. Coincidentally, a company of heavy horse has come to the peasant’s aid, under the command of Sir Juves the Bastard, an errant knight many believe is the illegitimate son of the Duke of Brioché.

The village is a collection of wattle-and-daub houses with narrow, unpaved streets, protected by a stone wall and several wooden towers. The farmers of Avelynn produce beans, wheat, rye and round, violet potatoes. The villagers are known for their drunkenness and love of gambling – clearly they are a very easy rabble to rouse! The Duke of Iver is on his way to put down the insurrection. The village is defended by four companies of militia.

| *Robele, Assassin Lvl 4: HP 11; AC 8 [11]; Save 12 (11 vs. death); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Decipher script, disguise, sneak attack x2, skullduggery, poison. Several daggers, vials of poison, putty for disguises, robes with secret pockets.*

| *Sir Juves, Fighting-Man Lvl 5: HP 17; AC 2 [17]; Save 10; CL/XP 5/240. Platemail, shield, battleaxe, dagger.*

| *Peasant Militia: HD 1d6; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: None. Armed with farm implements, short bows, spears, etc.*

| *Mercenary: HD 1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None. Chainmail, glaive. Usually intoxicated.*



3704. Glykis is the seat of the County of Iver, northernmost county of Lyonesse. Glykis is a concentric castle and fortified town of 1,000 people. The countryside of Iver supports 50 villages, most of them protected by a motte-and-bailey castle or tower keep, but a few in the heartland with little or no defenses. Iver shares cultural ties to the Venatian League in the north, and handles some barge traffic from Venatia via the Danu. Trade from Oparen, especially of opium, has made the Nivenze, the family that rules Iver, quite wealthy. The peasants tend cherry orchards, grow root vegetables and raise swine. Their country has become a gathering place for heretical sects and plays host to pikey caravans from the mysterious west.

The Nivenze use their wealth to employ mercenaries from Venatia and beyond. The head of the family, Count Bretos, are always seeking power but never finding it – they are the butt of many jokes among the other powerful families of Lyonesse. Bretos has even entered discussions to join the Venatian League, talks the Countess Nimund of Brioché has learned of. She has used this knowledge to keep the Nivenze on a short leash in her competition with the Diamontes and Papelards. Bretos is a tall man, with a long, mournful face, angry red hair and green eyes. He is a self-righteous sermonizer in public, but spends his hours in the company of the thieves’ and assassins of Iver, of whom he is the nominal head. He commands two companies of Saracen handgunners armed with jezzails, two companies of crossbowmen and a company each of Saracen horse archers, heavy footmen and archers. He can also muster 180 companies of peasant militia.

3709. The woodland gives way to upland here, essentially a long, loaf shaped hill about 3 miles long and 1 to 2 miles wide. The sides of the hill are fairly steep at first, but then smooth out. Atop the upland are long, green grasses and a few scattered pine trees. The landscape is strewn with boulders. In a small burrow dug beneath two large boulders, one leaning against the other, is a pack of eight blink dogs and a feral human child they are raising as one of their own.

| *Blink Dog: HD 4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Teleport.*

| *Feral Child*: HD 2d6 (7); AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 fist (1d3); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 2/30; Special: *Speak with animals*.

3722. A tribe of 200 wild men have a semi-permanent camp here. The wodewose survive by hunting and gathering in the hills. They have pale skin covered with shaggy, auburn fur and faces painted bright blue. The wild men are led by Vultach.

| *Vultach*: HD 5+1 (25 hp); AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon or fists (1d6); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Berserk* (+2 to hit and damage).

| *Wild Man*: HD 1+1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 weapon or fists (1d4); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: *Berserk* (+2 to hit and damage).

3730. A glorious waterfall tumbles from a narrow opening in the cliffs above. In the daytime it creates a broad rainbow. The pool formed by the waterfall is inhabited by a fossergrim, who tends wild grape vines and uses them to make a gentle, pleasant wine that she trades for news from the outside world.

| *Giony, Fossergrim*: HD 5 (26 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 weapon (1d8+1); Move 9 (S30); Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: *Regenerates 3 hp per round in splashing water. Chainmail shirt, long sword.*

3738. The *Fenris* is a longship crewed by a pack of viking-esque werewolves and led by a black-furred male called Tovis perpetually stuck in his hybrid form. The werewolves have a lair in a cove on the coast.

Treasure: Locked in a sea chest - 6,000 cp, 1,000 sp, 140 ep, 670 gp and a pearl worth 250 gp.

| *Werewolf* (15): HD 4+4; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Lycanthropy. Long sword, dagger, shield, chainmail.*

| *Tovis*: HD 9+4 (43 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d6+1); Move 12; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: *Lycanthropy. Long sword, dagger, shield, chainmail, potion of healing in an old rum bottle that hangs from his belt.*

3813. Several years ago, a band of adventurers stumbled upon a cave in the midst of the forest and discovered one of the richest diamond mines on Nod. The band has worked it ever since and has been successful in keeping its location secret. They dwell in a stout, defensible stone cottage several miles away from the mine and their path to work zigzags across rivers and through gullies to frustrate trackers.

The cottage of the wee folk is built of stone with a thatched roof and contains some of the finest wood carvings in the world. The cottage consists of a great room and kitchen on the ground floor and sleeping quarters

above. The house is kept by a maiden named Margarethe, who was hired from a nearby village.

Treasure: 390 sp, 1,450 gp, 1,000 gp worth of uncut diamonds.

| *Stonegrinder, Dwarf Thief* Lvl 5: HP 26; AC 6 [13]; Save 10; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Back stab x3, decipher script, thievery, cant. Pick, leather armor, short sword, light crossbow. Stonegrinder is an ugly old dwarf from the Bleeding Mountains who was forced to make his way in the Motherlands without a copper to his name. He is proud of his success and eager to keep what is his.*

| *Wayfinder, Gnome Ranger* Lvl 5: HP 23; AC 5 [14]; Save 11; CL/XP 5/240; Special: *+5 damage to humanoids and giants, surprise on 1-2 on 1d6, surprised on 1 on 1d8, track, wilderness survival, phantasmal force 1/day. Green cap, ring armor, shield, club, dagger, short bow. Wayfinder is the most talkative of the band. He spent most of his life in the Nybbling Hills before having to flee to the north due to a regrettable liaison with a married woman.*

| *Blackcap, Gnome Illusionist* Lvl 5: HP 11; AC 8 [11]; Save 11 (9 vs. illusions); CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Spells known (3rd), spell points 12, silver tongue. Silver dagger, darts (5), boots of striding and springing. Blackcap is the most intelligent of the band, and looks the part with his long, grey beard and gold pince-nez. He speaks with a lisp and is quite charming. Alone among his companions he longs to return to the comforts of civilization.*

| *Snowbeard, Dwarf Warrior* Lvl 3: HP 22; AC 3 [16]; Save 12 (8 vs. magic); CL/XP 3/60; Special: *Note stonework. Chainmail, shield, +1 short sword, light crossbow, a frayed black ribbon intertwined in his beard. Snowbeard is an old dwarf. He worked for many years as the sergeant of the guard for a petty lord of Blackpoort before striking out on his own. He is quiet and considerate and given to playing with his mustache.*

| *Shildbiter, Dwarf Barbarian* Lvl 3: HP 17; AC 5 [14]; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: *Immune to backstabs, fear magic, berserker (+2 hit and dmg, -2 AC, 3 rounds). Ring armor, battleaxe, shield, ivory pipe. Shildbiter is cantankerous and suspicious; he doesn't get along well with anyone, though his comrades have found him to be loyal and brave.*

| *Longnose, Gnome Venturer* Lvl 6: HP 15; AC 9 [10]; Save 10 (9 vs. traps); CL/XP 5/240; Special: *Appraise, haggle, natural leader, pidgin, smuggle. Silver dagger, light crossbow, map case, walking stick. Longnose is the most charming of the band. It is he, accompanied by Snowbeard and Wayfinder, who sells the band's diamonds in Lyonesse.*

| *Galeb, Halfling Bard* Lvl 3: HP 12; AC 8 [11]; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: *Decipher, inspire (+1 save, 3 rounds), legend lore. Silver flute, two daggers, leather jerkin. Galen worked for years on a pirate ship, entertaining the crew and performing menial tasks. He finally tired of the life and joined his present friends in Antigoon as they were about to set off to make their fortunes.*

3834. The river flows into a wide valley here and expands into a sluggish, shallow lake. A large island of pines, about 1 mile in diameter, sits in the middle of the lake. Poking up above the trees are the spires of an ivory-colored castle.

The southern bank of the island has a small village of gaunt men and women with glassy eyes that seem to look through people. The people are fishers who use small, swift skiffs to hunt giant pike with barbed spears. Fresh water is supplied by a natural spring in the courtyard.

The castle is the possession of a powerful elemental named Nynin ever since she seized it from her late husband, Lord Lugolf, by poisoning him and the rest of her family. To be sure, Lugolf was a wretched man who committed every venal act he could imagine on his helpless subjects. In her time as mistress of the castle, Nynin has dispatched her knights and dames, replacing them with lifelike marionettes operated by intelligent giant spiders who lurk in the rafters. Here, Nynin holds her false court in a wide hall of mirrors.

| *Nynin, Elementalist Lvl 11: HP 23; AC 9 [10]; Save 7; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Command spirits (Cha/2 per day), turn elementals. Ritual equipment and robes, grimoire, silver dagger. Eccentric woman, emotionally detached and narcissistic. Although pretty, she clearly tries to downplay her looks with tangled, unkempt hair and unflattering make-up.*

3836. An old disenchanter lurks here in a glade thick with knotty pines and fragrant wild flowers. The beast's blue fur has become white around its eyes and ears, and it doesn't have quite the same spring in its step that it did when it was young. Still, it can detect the presence of magic items when they enter the hex, and will make an attempt to track them down and help itself to a quick nosh.

| *Disenchanter: HD 5 (32 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 2 hoof (1d8); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Disenchant magic items.*

3838. An old, rusty breastplate has been propped against a tree here and used for target practice. Several arrows and bolts have pierced it or still stick from it. If polished and repaired, the breastplate will prove to date from the days of the Nomo Empire and it is worth 50 gp to a collector.

3901. The gray elf lord Cunobellis has his keep here, disguised as a hillock covered in clover and daffodils and topped by a single, large oak. For those who can pierce the illusion, the stronghold is a round shell keep of white stone with a crenellated roof flying a dozen brightly-colored pennons. The gate into the keep is forged of bronze. The keep houses 60 elf men, women and children. The courtyard is an open air great hall, protected by tarps of azure, crimson and green and featuring a stately throne of white wood decorated with tiles of malachite. Lord Cunobellis rules beside his wife, Lady Ysabel and has five champions named Aleach, Culiann, Faladh, Guoldis and Wibold. The elves pass the time feasting and playing, or

riding out into the woods to hunt or simply parade. They are mostly gentle and benign, but just the same they have little patience for men or dwarves. It is said that their stronghold exists in two worlds simultaneously.

Treasure: 26,610 sp, 2,000 gp.

| *Cunobellis, Elf Lvl 11: HP 64 / 24; AC 4 [15]; Save 4 / 5 (3 vs. spells); CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Magic-user spells (5th). Elven chainmail, shield, long sword, longbow, potion of healing. Peach skin, grey eyes, auburn hair in braids. A hunter extraordinary, it is almost all he talks about.*

| *Champions, Elves Lvl 5: HP 30 / 12; AC 4 [15]; Save 11 / 12 (10 vs. spells); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Magic-user spells (2nd). Elven chainmail, shield, long sword, longbow.*

| *Gray Elf: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 long sword (1d8) or 2 arrows (1d6); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Magic-user spells (1st). Chainmail, shield, long sword, longbow.*

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 of NOD have appeared in past issues:

NOD 1: Eye of the Deep, Froghemoth, Ghost, Gnasher Lizard, Kelpie, Mephits, Pirate, Scrag (Aquatic Troll)

NOD 3: Automaton, Living Monolith, Phase Spider, Poltergeist, Reliquary Guardian

NOD 4: Actaeon, Alp, Aspidochelone, Baccae, Brownie, Carcohl, Disenchanter, Effluvial Grub, Firedrake, Kelp Dragon, Mud-Man, Noroob, Poltergeist, Sea Serpent (Briny, Fanged), Sprite, Squid-Man, Sudoth, Troblin, Wild Man, Witherstench, Woodwose

Afanc

The afanc is a grey whale with the head of a catfish and serrated find. Afancs range from 100 to 200 feet in length. They are docile creatures that only fight when provoked. Afancs can create 30 foot waves by lifting their bodies out of the sea and crashing them back in. Ships in the presence of these waves must save vs. capsizing and any crew on deck must make a saving throw each round or fall overboard. Creatures knocked overboard are swallowed whole by the creature if they are hit by its bite attack and fail a saving throw. Afancs can breathe air for up to fourteen hours.

| *Afanc: HD 23; AC -4 [23]; Atk 1 bite (6d6) and 2 claw (3d6); Move 1 (Swim 24); Save 3; CL/XP 29/7100; Special: Immune to poison, half damage from acid, cold, electricity and fire, magic resistance 80%, sea swell, swallow whole, water dependent.*

Apparition

Apparitions are ethereal undead that are only vulnerable to attack when they themselves attack. They are reluctant to approach mirrors or objects made of pure silver. Apparitions usually speak common. They surprise on a roll of 1-4 on 1d6. Although an apparition cannot actually touch a victim, it creates the sensation of choking; a victim that succeeds at a saving throw is stricken with horror and must flee for 1d4 rounds, while a victim that fails his save must also make a saving throw or suffer a massive heart attack and die on the spot. A victim killed by an apparition will rise as an apparition in 2d4 hours.

| Apparition: HD 8; AC 1 [18]; Atk See special; Move 15; Save 8; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Only harmed by silver or magic weapons, sense living creatures, choking.

Asrai

Asrai are translucent water spirits that resemble tiny, beautiful women. They are playful creatures, but sometimes thoughtless of the safety of others. Asrai can create fog clouds at will. They can only survive out of water and more than 50 feet from their home for 6 hours, suffocating after that time period.

| Asrai: HD 1d6; AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 touch (1d4); Move 9 (Swim 21); Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Fog cloud, water dependent, magic resistance 30%.

Badger Man

These creatures look like anthropomorphic badgers with brownish-grey fur that grows lighter on the chest and abdomen. They are a warrior race, fighting elves and centaurs for territory and glory. Males are 5 to 6 feet tall and weigh 450 pounds. Females tend to be smaller. Although some badger men use weapons in combat, most prefer to use their own claws and teeth. Some coat their weapons with poison drawn from venomous snakes. They prefer to attack from ambush. In combat they can fly into a rage, gaining a +2 bonus to hit and damage until they die or all of their opponents are dead.

Badger live in communal burrows that extend deep underground or hunting lodges built aboveground. They are carnivores, and primarily hunt deer, sheep, goats and snakes, but will eat humanoid flesh on occasion. Badger men are nocturnal creatures. They keep company with badgers and giant badgers.

| Badger Men: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d6) and 2 claws (1d4) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Surprise on 1-2, rage.

Basidirond

Basidironds are mobile fungi with multiple, woody stems that they use for movement and a large conical cap. The interior of the top is black. Creatures struck by the basidirond's cap must make a saving throw; failure means the victim smothers in 1d4+1 rounds unless a cure disease spell is cast. The basidirond can release hallucinogenic spores in a 20-ft radius cloud. Creatures in the vicinity must pass a saving throw or suffer a hallucination.

HALLUCINATIONS

- 1 Individual believes he is in a swamp and strips off gear and armor to avoid sinking
- 2 Individual believes he is being attacked by a swarm of spiders; attacks floor and surrounding area
- 3 Individual believes item held has turned into a viper; drops and retreats from it
- 4 Individual believes he is suffocating and gasps for air and clutches throat
- 5 Individual believes he has shrunk to one-tenth normal size; begins calling for help
- 6 Individual believes his associates have contracted a disease; will not come closer than 10 ft.
- 7 Individual believes he is melting; grasps self in attempt to hold together
- 8 Individual believes his back is covered with leeches; tears armor, clothing etc from his back to get at them

| Basidirond: HD 5+1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (2d4); Move 9; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Immune to cold.

Beastagore

A beastagore is a demonic deer. It appears as a large, black stag, whose hooves end in vicious claws. The beast's maw is lined with jagged fangs, ending in two large tusks that protrude sideways. Three times per day a beastagore can breathe a black cloud of poison gas. Creatures next to its head must make a saving throw or suffer 2d6 points of damage. Beastagores can grapple with their antlers. If successful, they automatically inflict 1d8 points of damage each round to their grappled victim.

| Beastagore: HD 10; AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 gore (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6) and 1 tail (1d3); Move 24; Save 5; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Poison breath, skewer.

Belker

Belkers are wicked spirits of the air. They are composed of smoke, and their wings lend a demonic cast to their appearance. It can take on gaseous form, looking like a pillar of smoke. In this form it can engulf a victim, sending smoky claws into its lungs to tear and rend for 2d6 damage each round.

| Belker: HD 7; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 wings (1d6), 2 claws (1d3), 1 bite (1d4); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 9; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Smoke claws, gaseous form.

Blood Hawk

Blood hawks are grey hawks that are especially fond of human flesh. Blood hawks line their nests with gems they pick off the corpses of the victims.

| Blood Hawk: HD 1+1; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 talon (1d4) and 1 bite (1d6); Move Fly 33; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

Bloody Bones

A bloody bones looks like a skeleton with gibbets of meat and sinew still attached to the bone. Four long tendrils writhe in its stomach cavity and it is covered with ever-oozing blood. The bloody bones attacks with its tendrils first; with a successful ranged touch attack (up to 30 feet) the tendril wraps itself around its target. The victim is then dragged toward the bloody bones and attacked with its claws. The coating of slippery blood on a bloody bones makes it immune to webs and similar confinements.

| Bloody Bones: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 4 tendril and 2 claw (1d4+1); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Tendrils, rend, half damage from fire, slippery.

Buckawn

Buckawn are a less friendly variety of brownie that lives in wooded areas. They shun humans. They are more slender than brownies and have dusky skin. They dress in russets and greens. Buckawns average 2 feet in height. Buckawns typically coat their weapons with a sleeping poison. They can cast the following spells: At will – change self, dancing lights, ghost sound, invisibility; 1/day – entangle, pass without trace and summon swarm.

| Buckawn: HD 1d6; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 dart (1d2) or 1 dagger (1d3); Move 15; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Spells, magic resistance 10%.

Cathbad (Crow Woman)

The cathbad are fey crow women. As with most fey, their beauty hides danger, for they are man eaters. They are usually encountered in the branches of trees, quickly leaping to the ground to investigate visitors. Cathbad do not speak, instead creeping up to their victims and then revealing themselves, using their captivating beauty to charm victims into submission. Once their victim is subdued, the cathbad attacks, trying to rend them limb from limb.

Cathbad are possessed of a captivating beauty like that of a nymph. All humanoids must succeed at a saving throw when within 30 feet of a cathbad or fall under her charm.

Charmed creatures stand motionless for 1d6 rounds, allowing her to attack without defending themselves. When a cathbad fells an opponent she immediately begins to feed. If attacked while feeding, cathbads fights with a +2 bonus to hit and damage. In this bloodlust, they never retreat. Once per day, a cathbad can summon 4d6 ravens.

| Cathbad: HD 5d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 2 claw (1d4); Move 12 (Fly 21); Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Captivating beauty, bloodlust, summon crows.



Chimae

The chimae are vile monsters created by dark powers to serve as a mockery of the animal kingdom and their symbolic virtues. They are a mix of the features of a snake and one other animal, usually a ram or a lion; however, the characteristics of the second animal are invariably corrupted and deformed, physically altered by their attachment to the body of a snake. Powerful evil creatures often use chimae as guardians for ancient treasures or unholy temples.

| Lion Chimae: HD 9; AC 3 [17]; Atk 1 bite (1d10) and 1 stinger (1d6); Move 12 (Climb 9); Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Poison sting causes paralysis.

| Ram Chimae: HD 7; AC 3 [17]; Atk 1 gore (1d8); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Double damage with successful charge.

Demon, Shadow

Shadow demons are demonic souls trapped in the form of a shadow. They can be turned as undead. In bright light a shadow demon has AC 8 [11] and suffers double damage from attacks. In torchlight it is AC 4 [15], suffers normal damage from attacks and attacks at +1. In darkness or near darkness it is AC 0 [19], suffers half damage from attacks and attacks at +2. Light spells affect shadow demons as though they were fireballs. A shadow demon's vestigial wings are too small to permit flight, but do allow it to leap 30'. Once per day a shadow demon can cast darkness (10' radius) and fear (30' radius). Once every week it can use magic jar; if its prospective victim makes a saving throw, the shadow demon is stunned for 1d3 rounds.

| *Shadow Demon*: HD 7+7; AC 8 [11] or 4 [15] or 0 [19]; Atk 1 bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6); Move 15; Save 9; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Half damage from cold, electricity, fire and poison, blend with shadows, spells.

Destrachan

A destrachan looks like an eyeless carnivorous dinosaur with a lamprey's mouth. It is blind, hunting with its extra-sensitive hearing. From its tubular mouth, it can emit carefully focused harmonics, producing sonic waves so powerful they can shatter stone. A destrachan's sonic attack is a cone 80 ft long and 20-ft wide at its base. The sonic waves inflict 4d6 points of damage and victims must pass a saving throw or be stunned and deafened for 1d6 rounds. Instead of harming living creatures, the destrachan can attune the harmonics of its sonic attack to shatter any material (treat stone as AC 4 [15], metal as AC 1 [18] and magical items as AC -3 [22]).

| *Destrachan*: HD 8; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claw (1d6); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: Blindsight, sonic energy.

Dragon, Mist

Mist dragons are found in rainy areas. They usually make their lairs in large, natural caverns. They are usually found in gaseous form, but if properly annoyed they will become solid and attack. In mist form they have AC 0 [19] and 30% spell resistance. In mist form they are capable of casting spells. Mist dragons speak their own dialect of draconian and know a smattering of common. Mist dragons are always semi-transparent, even when solid. They are grayish-white to blue-white in color.

Three times per day a mist dragon can breathe a cloud of misty vapors 10-ft wide, 30-ft long and 10-ft deep. All air-breathing creatures within the cloud are blinded for 1d4 rounds and must pass a saving throw or suffer 3d4 points of drowning damage each round they remain in the cloud. Creatures that succeed at their saving throw take only 1d4 points of drowning damage and are left coughing and sputtering. The mist persists for 1d4+4 rounds, but can be blown away by strong winds.

Mist dragons have the following spells based on their age category: 1 – precipitation; 2 – create water; 3 – water breathing; 4 – zephyr; 5 – predict weather; 6 – cloudburst; 7 – gust of wind; 8 – airy water. Each is usable twice per day. See the cloud dragon for precipitation and cloudburst. See below for zephyr.

Zephyr creates a gentle breeze capable of moving clouds (obscuring mist, fog cloud, cloudkill) 5-ft per round and it reduces their duration by half.

| *Adult Mist Dragon*: HD 10 (40 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 1 bite (4d6); Move 9 (F30); Save 5; CL/XP 17/3500; Special: Gaseous form, breath weapon, spells.

Dragonfly, Giant

Giant dragonflies are fearless, voracious predators. Their skins, if preserved, are worth up to 3,600 gp. Tropical specimens might have up to 8 HD and deal 3d6 damage with their bites. If a giant dragonfly has the initiative it cannot be attacked with melee weapons and ranged attacks suffer a -2 penalty to hit. If the giant dragonfly does not have initiative, it can be attacked normally.

| *Dragonfly*: HD 7+1; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 3 (Fly 16); Save 3; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: +2 initiative.

Forester's Bane

The forester's bane is a low-lying shrub with broad, tough dark green leaves and purple stalks. It produces delicious smelling white berries. When a creature steps on the shrub's leaves, they snap around their leg and 1d4+2 of the serrated stalks begin sawing through flesh. The damage is inflicted automatically each round until the shrub is destroyed or a saving throw is passed. The leaves can be attacked independently. Each leaf has 1d8+8 hit points. The stalks can also be attacked independently; they have 3d8 hit points each.

| *Forester's Bane*: HD 5; AC 11 (16 stalks, 13 leaves); Atk 3-6 stalks (1d6); Move 0; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

Forlarren

Forlarren are the issue of a nymph and the archdevil that imprisoned her. They are lone wanderers with a terrible need to kill. Forlarren attack on sight, pummeling with their fists and trying to grapple a target wearing metal armor (they get a +2 bonus to grapple attacks and grapple AC). The forlarren will try to kill the poor sap by boiling him alive in his own armor. Once it has killed, the forlarren's attitude becomes one of remorse. It will offer the survivors of its attack its services and powers for a time, until its evil nature is rekindled (usually in 1d6 days). Forlarren can heat metal, as per the druid spell (see **NOD 3**). They can only heat metal by contact, thus their grappling tactic in combat. Damage is 3d6 per round for plate mail and 2d6 per round for lighter metal armors. A saving throw halves the damage.

| *Forlarren*: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 slam (1d4); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Grapple, heat metal.

Fox Fairy

Fox fairies dwell in forested areas near human settlements. They are quick and agile and capable of quickly taking a

situation and then acting decisively. Fox fairies surprise foes on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6 and can attack three times every two rounds (i.e. the attack once in odd numbered rounds and twice in even numbered rounds). Fox fairies wear light armor (leather, ring) and wield short swords and bows. They are approximately 3 to 3.5 feet tall and are covered in reddish-orange fur with white highlights. Their keen senses give them a 2 in 6 chance to notice secret or hidden doors and a 1 in 8 chance of being surprised.

Fox fairies are usually encountered in groups of 1d6, but some dens hold twice as many. If ten or more fox fairies are encountered, they are led by a fox fairy with the abilities of a 3rd level fighting-man and a 3rd level thief. Fox fairy player characters use the rules for halflings, except for their movement rate.

| *Fox Fairy*: HD 1d6; AC 5 [14]; ATK 1 or 2 weapon (1d6); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6, multiple attacks.

Gloomwing

Gloomwings are large, black, carnivorous moths that develop from the tenebrous worm. Their wing patterns cause confusion in intelligent creatures who fail their saving throw. They can carry away halfling-sized creatures and devour them in mid-air.

Every two rounds a gloomwing releases a pheromone that weakens non-insects. Creatures that fail a saving throw vs. poison lose 1 point of strength per round. This strength is restored 1d4 turns after exposure ceases. This scent also has a 20% chance per round of attracting 1d4 additional gloomwings.

Egg-laden females lay their eggs in corpses. These eggs hatch 12 days later into 1d6+3 tenebrous worms. The corpse cannot be resurrected until the eggs are removed with a cure disease spell. After hatching, the worms completely devour the incubating body.

| *Gloomwing*: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claw (1d3), bite (1d8); Move F12; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Confusion, surprise on 2 in 6.

Gnome

Gnomes are fey humanoids, 2 to 3 feet tall with round, pleasant features and pointed ears. The skin and hair color of a gnome vary with their home terrain. Men and women wear pointed hats. Warriors wear leather or ring armor and carry short swords and darts.

| *Gnome*: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18 (16 vs. illusion); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force 1/day.

Greymalkin

Greymalkins are predatory cats resembling smoke-gray leopard with unusually bestial snouts. They are 8' long and weight over 800 pounds. The air around them shimmers with mystical energies, causing multiple images of them to appear, per the spell mirror image, with 1d4-1 images appearing in a given round of combat. During any attack, the greymalkin can choose to shift 10 feet in any direction for a split second, allowing them to attack while up to 10 feet away. Greymalkins understand the common tongue, but cannot speak it.

| *Greymalkin*: HD 6; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d6) and 1 bite (1d8); Move 15; Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Dimensional lunge, multiple images, surprise on 1-3 on d6.

Groaning Spirit

Groaning spirits appear as incorporeal female elves. Their touch causes one point of strength drain unless a saving throw is passed. Anyone viewing a groaning spirit must pass a saving throw or flee in terror for 1d6+4 rounds. Once per day a groaning spirit can emit a death wail that forces anyone hearing it to save or die.

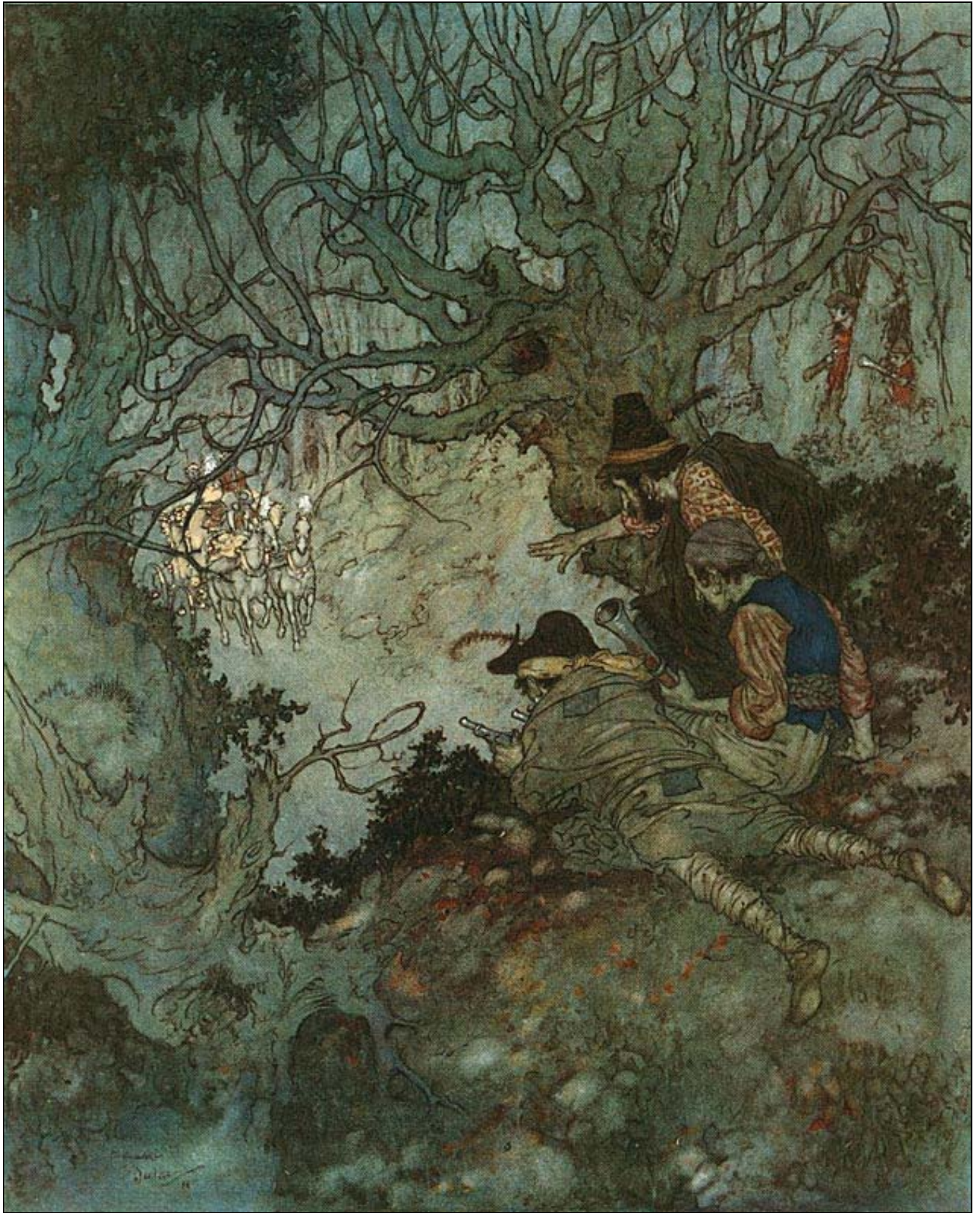
| *Groaning Spirit*: HD 7; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 touch (1d8); Move 12; Save 9; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Chilling touch, aura of fear, keening, only harmed by magic weapons.

Herald of Tsathogga

A heralds of Tsathogga looks like a pale, yellow-green frog, 20-ft long, with oversized eyes and writhing, barbed tentacles in place of their arms and legs. They dwell in reeking swamps where they are worshipped by swamp folk.

Heralds attack with their tentacles. If a herald makes more than 5 tentacle attacks during a round, it may not move that round. Creatures hit by tentacles must first succeed at a saving throw to avoid being paralyzed for 1d4+1 rounds, and also succeed at a saving throw or be grappled and bitten. If a herald's bite attack roll is a natural '20', its victim has been swallowed whole. Swallowed creatures suffer 3d6 points of damage each round. A herald's belly is AC 3 [16] and can be cut open by inflicting 20 points of damage. Heralds can emit a trilling croak that deafens and stuns all within 10 feet unless they succeed at a saving throw. Heralds can regenerate as trolls. They take normal damage from fire and holy weapons.

| *Herald of Tsathogga*: HD 16 (55 hp); AC -1 [20]; Atk 10 tentacles (1d6), bite (2d6); Move 12 (S12); Save 3; CL/XP 20/4400; Special: Croak, only harmed by magic weapons, paralysis, swallow whole on natural '20', regenerate 1d6 hp per round.



Human – Caveman

A caveman is a member of a primitive tribe of humans. Tribesmen wield spears and stone axes. Cavemen are led by chieftains (barbarian or ranger). Most large groups are accompanied by a shaman (adept or druid).

| *Caveman*: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Poisoned weapons.

Huntsprite

Huntsprites look like beautiful, slender humanoids with black butterfly wings. They wear simple white shifts and carry magical short swords and longbows. They are the assassins and executioners of the fey court. When hunting down a victim, they enjoy toying with them. Some get to know their prey by disguising themselves as a hireling or servants. Others follow invisibly for days. Huntsprites are not deterred by threats or bribes. Appealing to their sympathy drives them into a murderous, berserk rage. Against its designated target, it has a +2 bonus to attack and a +2 bonus to AC. By choosing to attack last in a round, a huntsprite can get off a perfect shot, adding the difference between their attack roll and the target's AC to any damage that they deal. The can cast the following spells: Dimension door, dispel magic, globe of invulnerability, invisibility, locate creature and see invisibility.

| *Huntsprite*: HD 8; AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 +1 sword (1d6+1) or 2 +3 longbow (1d8+3); Move 15 (Fly 30); Save 8; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Perfect shot, spells, magic resistance 45%.

Inphidian

Inphidians are bipedal snake men whose arms end in fully-functional snake heads. Their scales are blue-green. Every 1d4 rounds, an inphidian can spew forth a line of milky-white liquid that causes blindness for 6 rounds unless the victim passes a saving throw. An inphidian's hand bites are poisonous. Victims must succeed at a saving throw or suffer 1d4 strength damage per round.

| *Inphidian*: HD 4; AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 bites (1d4); Move 15; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Blinding spray, poison.

Jabberling

Purple-red goblins, lean and mean, with slitted yellow-green eyes and small black horns atop their pinched and ugly heads. They are devotees of chaos in its purest essence, spreading panic and insanity wherever they go. Jabberlings emit an incessant chatter, inane, nonsensical and maniacal, that forces those in earshot to pass a saving throw or be effected by Confusion. They are immune to all mind effects. Jabberlings wear no armor. They fight with

clubs and cast-off weapons with exceptional skill at arms.

| *Jabberling*: HD 1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d8); Move 9; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Confusion, immune to mind effects.

Jaculus

The jaculus is a winged serpent that can spit poison or inject it with its bite. The poison causes intense pain, the recipient suffering 1d4 damage for three rounds and suffering a -1 penalty to AC and attack rolls for the same duration. The poison can be spat up to 15 feet away and no more than once per hour.

| *Jaculus*: HD 1d4; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d3 + poison); Move 3 (F12); Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Poison, spit.

Kampfult

Kampfult dwell in forests, where they blend with the trees. They look like thin trees with 12 appendages, six for movement and six for attack. Only the central trunk of the creature can be damaged. Kampfult lie in wait for prey, looping their sinuous appendages around their victim's neck to strangle them. Escape from a kampfult's grasp is nearly impossible (-5 to grapple attacks) until the creature is slain.

| *Kampfult*: HD 2; AC 3 [16]; Atk 6 branches (1); Move 3; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Surprise on 1-2 on 1d6.

Killer Slime

There are three varieties of killer slime lurking about the dank, darks places of the world. Slimes have a diameter equal to their Hit Dice in feet. All slimes are acidic, but each color of slime is especially caustic to a particular material. Yellow slimes are flesh-eaters, inflicting an additional 1d6 points of damage with each hit. Red slimes dissolve metals other than gold, degrading the protective power of armor by 1 with each hit unless the wearer of the armor passes a saving throw and ruining metallic weapons on a roll of 1 on 1d6. Purple slimes have a similar effect on wood, ruining shields and wooden weapons on a roll of 1 on 1d6. All slimes are doubled in Hit Dice, and thus size, when struck by electricity. Weapon damage against slimes is halved, but when maximum damage is rolled a bit of the slime coats the weapon. This new slime is treated as an independent creature with 1 Hit Dice, its "mother slime" being reduced by 1 Hit Dice by its creation.

| *Killer Slime*: HD 3/6/9; AC 11; Atk 1 pseudopod (1d6); Move 3; Save 14/11/6; CL/XP 5/240 / 8/800 / 11/1700; Special: Acid, growth, divide, half damage from weapons

Mi-Go

Mi-go are fungous creatures from the outer void. They slightly resemble winged lobsters with tentacles where their heads should be. Mi-go are capable of flying a great speeds through the void of space without taking damage. They can find their way through the astral plane unerringly using mathematical principals of an entirely alien nature; wizards seeking to learn these formulas must succeed at a saving throw to avoid losing their minds.

The mi-go know many arcane secrets, including the process of removing a humanoid brain and keeping it alive in a metallic cylinder while they transport it great distances. It is believed they use these brains to animate automatons that are not unlike iron golems, with the exception that they trade their poisonous breath for the shocking grasp ability. The mi-go also manufacture a variety of ray guns (treat as wands).

| *Mi-Go*: HD 5; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 claws (1d8); Move 15 (Fly 33); Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Immunities.

Olive Slime

Olive slime is an algae-like plant that attaches itself to the ceilings of damp caverns. When it senses a creature moving beneath it, it releases tendrils and attaches itself to the creature. As it does this, it releases a numbing poison (saving throw to negate) that keeps its host from detecting it. Other members of the host's group have a 50% chance of noticing the plant attaching itself.

The olive slime will quickly spread over the host's spinal area, sending parasitic tendrils beneath its skin to feed on the host's body fluids. As it releases chemicals into the host's bloodstream, the host's mind begins to change. Her main concern will become nurturing the growth of the slime, and she will double her food intake or lose 10% of her hit points per day.

After 1d6+6 days, the host will begin to change into a slime creature. The olive slime gradually replaces skin and muscle and the host essentially becomes a new creature, uninterested in her old life.

Olive slime can only be harmed with acid, cold or fire. Spells that affect plants work on olive slime, and a remove disease spell will destroy it.

Slime creatures' minds are linked symbiotically to the olive slime that created them. Slime creatures gather together to hunt and for defense. They often dwell in swamps, shallow water or rain forests. They can be harmed by acid, cold, fire, magic missiles and spells that affect plants. They

have a limited telepathic communication with others of their kind to a range of 20 feet. Whenever a slime creature deals damage, there is a 10% chance that they infect their target with olive slime. When a slime creature dies, it leaves behind a patch of olive slime.

| *Olive Slime*: HD 2; AC 8 [11]; Atk None; Move 0; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Possession.

| *Slime Zombie*: HD 5; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 slam (2d4); Move 6; Save 12; CL/XP 5/240; Special: None.

Quickling

Quicklings are evil brownies who tampered with forces best left alone. They live in dark, wicked woodlands. In every group of quicklings there will be a 3 HD champion; if more than 10 are encountered there will be two champions and one 5 HD leader. Leaders often (75%) have a sleeping poison coating their daggers. They speak their own language and that of brownies and halflings with high, fast voices that are difficult to understand. Their accelerated metabolisms give them short life spans; few live beyond 12 years. They are 90% likely to be visible when moving, but are invisible when standing still.

| *Quickling*: HD 2; AC -1 [20]; Atk 3 daggers (1d4); Move 48; Save 16; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Immune to surprise, invisibility.

Rat, Shadow

These undead giant rats can assume an incorporeal form in which he can only be struck by silver and magic weapons. Even when incorporeal the shadow rat can bite material creatures. The shadow rat's bite inflicts 1d4 damage plus 1 point of strength damage. It also can infect its target with a fever that lasts 1d10+10 days. A successful saving throw wards off the fever. In any condition other than full daylight, the shadow rat can blend into the shadows, gaining total concealment.

| *Shadow Rat*: HD 1d6; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 15 (Climb 9); Save 18; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Disease, incorporeal, shadow blend.

Skulk

Skulks are capable of blending into any background; one must succeed at a wisdom check to even notice them. They live on the fringe of civilization, making their way by theft and murder. They typically attack lone travelers from behind or murder families in their sleep. Skulks stick to small bands and they keep on the move. They can sneak attack and backstab for triple damage and rely on ambushes and hit-and-run tactics when fighting.

| *Skulk*: HD 2; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Camouflage.

Skunk Goblin

Skunk goblins are runty goblins covered with reaking abscesses. They have large eyes and very long, pointed ears. Some are used as gong farmers in large cities. Skunk goblins smell so awful that all within 10 feet of them suffer a -2 penalty to AC and all dice rolls.

| *Skunk Goblin: HD 1d6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Pungent.*

Sun Mote

Sun motes are creatures composed of solidified light. They fly around the Sun in both the void and on the astral plane (which they can enter at will). Their movement is reminiscent of dolphins. Sun motes are generous and helpful creatures. They speak their own language as well as a simple form of angelic.

Sun motes attack by ramming their enemies, dealing 1d6 points of damage. Their bodies are so hot that they deal an additional 1d6 points of fire damage and instantly set flammable objects ablaze. They are also capable of opening their mouths and emitting a noise that sounds like a chorus of angels in full throat. This sound acts as a double-strength and double-ranged sound blast that deals damage to chaotic creatures and heals lawful creatures; neutral creatures are unaffected.

| *Sun Mote: HD 3; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d6); Move Fly 21; Save 14; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, immune to cold, fire and lightning, magic resistance 25%, voices.*

Svart

Svarts are gnomes with blue-black skin, wide, toothy grins and leering yellow eyes. As wicked as the gnomes are homely and pleasant, they haunt wild places, tormenting and killing for pleasure.

| *Svart: HD 1d6; AC 6 [13]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 6; Save 18 (16 vs. spells); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Cast phantasmal force 1/day,*

Tenebrous Worm

Tenebrous worms are found in dark forests and in the shadow dimension. They look like large, black and grey caterpillars. Their powerful, pearly mandibles drip acid that inflicts double damage on those who are bitten and fail a saving throw. Their bristles are poisonous to mammals. Any who touch the beast with their bodies suffer 1d4 points of damage and must pass a saving throw or be paralyzed. These poor wretches must receive a Neutralize Poison spell within 4 rounds or they die. Characters in armor have a chance equal to their AC on a d10 of avoiding the spines. Thus, a character in platemail (AC bonus 6) has

a 6 in 10 chance of avoiding the bristles. The mandibles of a tenebrous worm are worth 1,000-3,000 gp per set. The gloomwing is the adult form of this creature.

| *Tenebrous Worm: HD 10; AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 bite (3d6); Move 3; Save 5; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Acid, poison bristles.*

Thessalhydra

Thessalhydras are magically created terrors that dwell in swamps and jungles. They have a massive central maw that deals 3d6 points of damage plus 3d6 points of acid damage from its saliva. This maw is ringed by eight snaky heads on long necks. Each head bites for 1d6 damage plus an additional 1d6 damage if the victim fails a save vs. poison. These heads take 12 points of damage to sever; this damage does not count against the thessalhydra's hit points. Fringe heads regenerate in 12 days. The tail pincer deals 2d6 points of damage. Anyone hit by the pincer must pass a saving throw or be grabbed and hurled into the central maw to be swallowed whole. Once per day a thessalhydra can spit a glob of acidic saliva up to 7 feet away. The glob will cover a 12-ft diameter circle, inflicting 12d6 acid damage on all in the area of effect. A successful saving throw halves this damage.

| *Thessalhydra: HD 12; AC -1 [20]; Atk 8 bites (1d6) and 1 bite (3d6) and 1 tail (2d6); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 17/3500; Special: Acid, poison, immune to acid.*

Throghrin

A throghrin may appear to be a hobgoblin at first glance, but these monsters are actually a hybrid of troll, hobgoblin, and ghoul. They have an affinity for the company of hobgoblins and are sometimes employed as bodyguards to hobgoblin kings. Throghrin have the same paralyzing touch as a ghoul, and can regenerate 1 hit point per round.

| *Throghrin: HD 3; AC 5 [14]; Atk 2 claws (1d3) or 1 weapon (1d8); Move 15; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Paralysis, regenerate 1 hp/rd.*

Trollcarl

Trollcarls were created from troll stock by ancient sorcerers to serve as commanders of their humanoid armies. They are smarter than normal trolls and stand about 9 feet tall. They wear armor and use large weapons in combat. The force of their blows is such that they knock opponents prone unless a saving throw is passed.

| *Trollcarl: HD 12; AC 3 [16]; Atk 2 weapons (2d8); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP 15/2900; Special: Regenerate 3 hp/rd (acid negates), magic resistance 25%, knock prone.*

Ubue

Ubues have three heads, three legs and three arms. They are otherwise roughly humanoid. One of an ubue's three heads will be of a different gender than the other two, and will be in the middle. These heads are argumentative, and may (15%) even stop in the middle of battle to argue. An ubue's gender is determined by the majority of its heads; thus an ubue with two male heads is male. Ubue's have pale skin, wear animal skins and decorate themselves with bones. Ubue tribes are ruled by the strong.

| *Ubue: HD 3; AC 6 [13]; Atk 3 slams (1d6); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Argue.*

Wolf-in-Sheep's-Clothing

These bizarre creatures appear to be stumps upon which rests a rabbit. They are ambulatory, moving through the use of seven root tentacles. It has anywhere from 2 to 3 eye stalks, giving it all-around vision. The creature's body can withstand 9 dice of damage, but its appendages can be severed without doing permanent damage to the creature. Root tentacles are AC 4 [15] and take 20 points of damage to sever. Eystalks are AC 6 [13] and take 15 points of damage to sever. The creature's tentacles have a reach of 12 feet. Creatures struck by a tentacle must pass a saving throw or be grappled and suffer an additional 1d4 points of damage. The next round they will be pulled to the mouth and bitten for 1d8+6 damage.

| *Wolf-in-Sheep's Clothing: HD 9; AC 2 [17]; Atk 3 tentacles (1d4); Move 1; Save 6; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Grab, surprise on 1-4 on d6.*

HE'S ON HIS WAY ...



MYSTERY MEN!
OLD SCHOOL COMIC BOOK ROLE PLAYING
SPRING 2011

BLACK FURY BY JOEL CARROLL

Pleasure Palace of Izrigul

An adventure for Characters Level 3rd to 5th

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.

Dungeon Basics

This is the second level of a dungeon introduced in *NOD #4*, and is suitable for most low-level adventure parties. 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. The number of monsters encountered should be determined by the Referee on a case-by-case basis.

Note: Some of the encounters in this adventure might prove too disturbing for younger players. Frankly, just coming up with them disturbed me a little about myself.

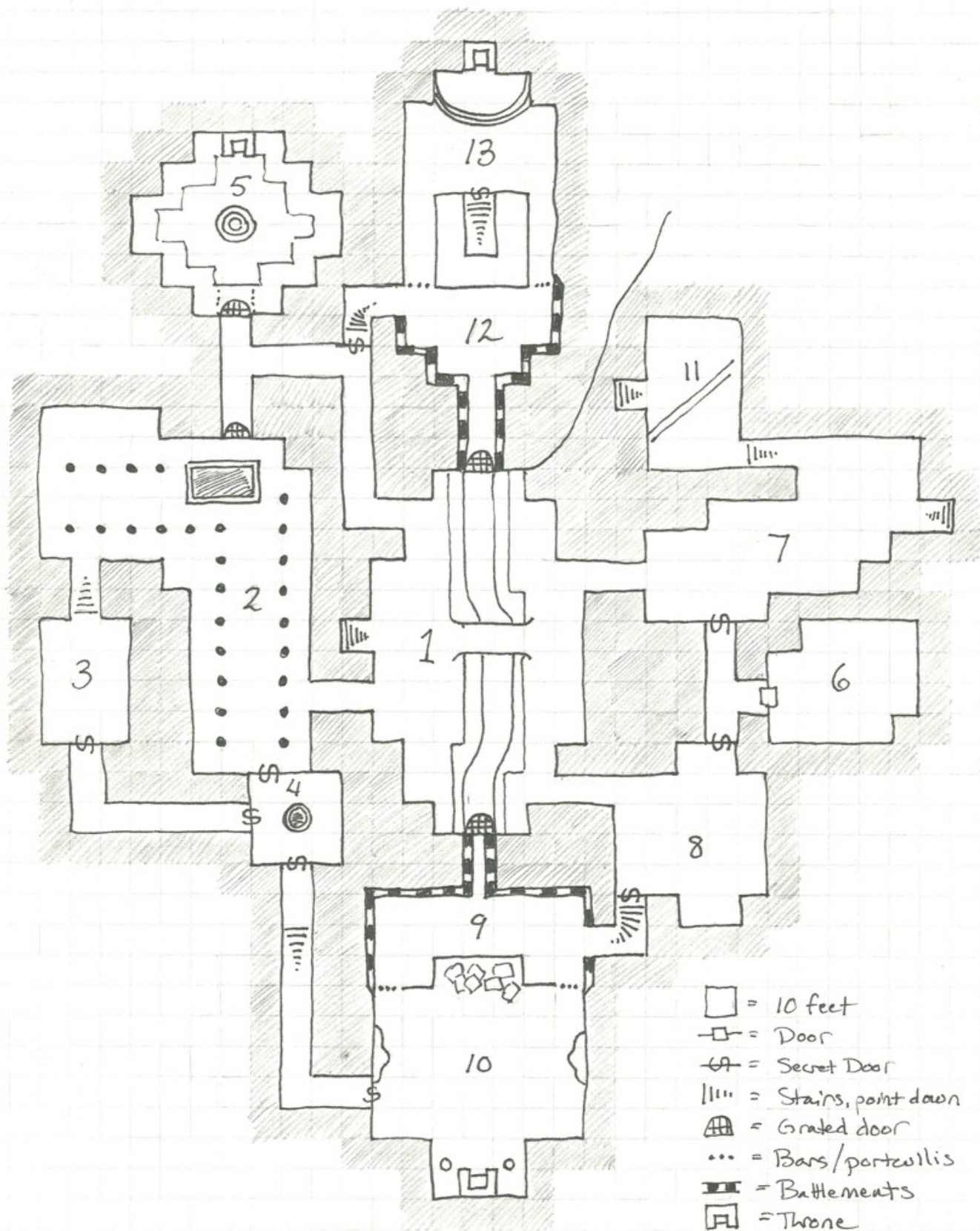
The third level of the Pleasure Palace was designed by Izrigul as a theatre of sorts. Like most demons (and Adolf Hitler), Izrigul is a frustrated artist, and the third level was intended to be his contribution to the world of art. Each

location on the third level represents a scene in a play that pits two queens, one of ice, the other of fire, against one another in a struggle for the love of a knight. A simple enough premise, but then, demons are exactly known for their creative genius. The twist (because being twisted is something demons are known for) is that the theatre is both a working ecology of sorts, populated by real creatures and a living theatre of Izrigul's mind. In short – it's a weird dungeon level, so be prepared.

Izrigul's Play

The following is a basic outline of Izrigul's play for the use of the Referee. The play has three primary characters, the Ice Queen, Fire Queen and Bearskin Knight.

1. The Bearskin Knight is leading the Ice Queen's soldiers in battle in [1] when he spots the Fire Queen for the first time. He is intrigued and resolves to see her again.
2. The Bearskin Knight creeps through the moors, using the mist to sneak by the guardian, on his way to spy on the Fire Queen.
3. The Bearskin Knight sneaks into [3] and overhears the Collier besmirching the Fire Queen's good name. Flying into a rage, he kills the Collier and steals into the Fire Queen's palace.
4. The Bearskin Knight finally makes it into the Fire Queen's throne room and admits his fascination to her. She toys with him, her maids-in-waiting performing a ballet. The Fire Queen then kisses his cheek, leaving a burn, and has her guardsmen throw him from the palace. She mocks his adoration, explaining that she only lured him here to drive him from the Ice Queen's service – hence the kiss.
5. Forlorn, the Bearskin Knight retires to a cave in the forest, becoming a hermit and living like a savage.
6. The Ice Queen, mourning the loss of her champion, sends her guardsmen out to locate him. They discover him by consulting the Hag of the Forest Pool. Discovering the mark on his cheek, they drag him in chains to the Ice Queen's Court.
7. In the court, he pleads his case to the assembled magistrates, but the Ice Queen delivers a guilty verdict and a sentence of death. Disgraced and despondent, the Bearskin Knight goes quietly to his doom.
8. In the Throne Room, the Bearskin Knight's head on the block, the forces of the Fire Queen stage their assault, interrupting the execution. The Ice Queen delivers a monologue about the wages of betrayal, but her manner indicates that she may be having second thoughts.



9. As the Fire Queen's soldiers break into the Ice Queen's palace, the Bearskin Knight leaps into the fray, rallying the Ice Queen's guards and saving the day, but not before being struck in the back by a musket shot.
10. Falling into the Ice Queen's arms, she watches as his spirit leaves his body and follows it into the royal crypt, the door closing on her life and the play.

Level Three Basics

Izrigul's third level is all about drama and performance. Characters with a charisma bonus may add it to all of their saving throws while on this level, and characters with a charisma penalty must deduct it from all of their saving throws while on this level. Likewise, dexterity bonuses and penalties are doubled while on this level.

The third level is also constructed on a grandiose scale. Ceilings are 50-ft high unless noted otherwise.

In most dungeons, random encounters are simply monsters that happen to be walking about or hunting. On this dungeon level, there are two types of random encounters. The first are monsters – or to be more specific, members of the opposing queen's retinues engaged in battle or on patrol.

The second type of encounter is random emotions and random performances. These represent urges that, when encountered, all in the party must resist with a saving throw or play out for a random period of time (see below). Carrying some of these emotions or performances into a chamber of the dungeon can set into motion a "scene" of Izrigul's play, with one or more of the afflicted PC's being thrust into a role. More information on these potential scenes is provided in the description of each dungeon chamber. These scenes can provide important clues to the party as to how this play is supposed to end, for ending the play is the only way one can get to the next level of the dungeon.

Roll Random Encounter

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Patrol of 1d6+6 bugbears, soldiers of the Ice Queen |
| 2 | Patrol of 1d6+6 tieflings, soldiers of the Fire Queen |
| 3 | Patrols of bugbears and tieflings engaged in combat |
| 4 | Wandering emotion |
| 5 | Irresistible Dance |
| 6 | Uncontrollable Laughter |

Bugbear Soldiers: The bugbears of the Ice Queen wear buff coats and brass miter caps decorated with the heraldry of the Ice Queen, field celestial with owl sable displayed. The bugbears are rather well groomed for their kind, having hair combed and curled and teeth freshly sharpened. Their faces are a stark white in color, their fur

light silvery-gray. They carry grenades (deal 2d6 damage in a 10-ft radius, take one round to light the fuse) and pole arms.

| *Bugbear:* HD 3+1; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d10+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.

Tiefling Soldiers: Tieflings are demonic humanoids who hail from the netherworld. The tieflings of the Fire Queen wear blackened half-plate armor that covers their torsos, shoulders and thighs and combed morion helmets. They carry muskets (treat as heavy crossbows) and rapiers. The tieflings wear yellow hosen baggy-sleeved chemise and crimson doublets under their armor. They are all male and have red faces and black pointed beards and mustaches.

| *Tiefling:* HD 4+1; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 musket (1d10) or rapier (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Darkness 1/day, half damage from fire attacks.

Wandering Emotions: The theatre is all about invoking emotions in the audience, and while demons may not be the most creative writers in the world, they are quite accomplished at bending the rules to suit their needs. People wandering through the third level of Izrigul's Pleasure Palace may be struck by wandering emotions. If an emotion is encountered, each member of the party must pass a saving throw or suffer under its effects for 1d6 turns. If more than one person fails, the person with the lowest saving throw roll suffers the effects. The precise emotion that is encountered is determined by rolling 1d4:

1. Despair: The despondent character suffers a -2 penalty to all rolls, including rolls to attack, damage and save.
2. Fear: As the Cause Fear spell.
3. Hope: The hopeful character enjoys a +2 bonus to all rolls, including rolls to attack, damage and save.

4. Rage: While enraged, the character enjoys a +1 bonus to hit and damage and a -2 penalty to Armor Class. The enraged person cannot resist the temptation to join battle, and will even attack comrades to invoke feelings of anger or frustration in them. After being enraged, the character suffers a -2 penalty to all attacks and saving throws for the same number of rounds spent enraged due to fatigue.

Irresistible Dance: Just as one can encounter a wandering emotion on this level, one might also succumb to the urge to dance! Again, when an irresistible dance is encountered, all members of the party must pass a saving throw or begin dancing for 1d6 turns. While dancing, the subject suffers a 2 point penalty to Armor Class and saving throws, and can

take no action other than capering and prancing. After 1 turn of this activity, the dance begins to suffer 1d6 points of non-lethal damage (i.e. can take hit points down to 0 and no lower) each turn it continues.

Uncontrollable Laughter: Per dancing, except the victim collapses into gales of maniacal laughter, falling prone on the ground and unable to take any action for 1d6 rounds. This laughter does not trigger any scenes in Izrigul's play, but it does call for a wandering monster check each round that it continues, with wandering monsters elicited by the noise rolled on 1d3 (i.e. patrols only, no wandering emotions or dancing).

Keyed Chambers

1. The Canyon: The north and south portions of this room are generally flat, being paved with uneven 5-ft by 5-ft tiles of grayish stone. The stairs from the level above lead to the south side of the room. The middle of the room is filled with a 30-ft deep, man-made (or demon-made) "canyon", complete with a false river of turquoise-colored tiles. On either end of the canyon there is a portcullis – the western portcullis is a grid of steel, while the eastern portcullis is composed of wrought iron bars. The canyon chamber is the site of many battles, and a unit of six bugbears and six tieflings is assigned to the room at all times, bugbears on the south, tieflings on the north. Each side has a piece of artillery – the bugbears a large mortar of blackened steel (treat as a light catapult with shells that explode for 4d6 damage in a 20-ft radius) and the tieflings a cannon of polished brass (treat as a ballista with shells that deal 3d8 damage). It is highly likely that the arrival of characters on the south will put the tieflings into great excitement, one or two will flee into [14] on their way to alert their queen that the balance of power has been broken, while the others will begin loading their cannon. Loading either siege engine takes two rounds to load and another two rounds to re-aim.

Hope: If a character under the influence of Hope enters the room on the south side, they will set off a re-enactment of Scene One, with the hopeful character in the role of the Bearskin Knight. Battle will instantly be joined by an additional 3d6 bugbears and 2d6 tieflings, and all forces will converge on the bridge. The person in the role of the Bearskin Knight will feel compelled to be at the forefront of the bugbear advance. As he engages the tieflings in battle on the bridge, he will spy the Fire Queen near the tunnel to [14] riding on a sedan chair borne by four fiery azers. As the hopeful character meets her gaze, he must make an additional saving throw or suffer from a

Suggestion that he or she must once again meet the Fire Queen. She will then withdraw and the battle will go on until one side has retreated. Whichever side wins, they will reinforce with an additional 2d6 soldiers but will not follow up. At this point, the hopeful character will be released from their role (but not from the Suggestion, assuming they failed their save).

2. The Forest: The forest is paved with the same ashen gray tiles as [1], placed in the same uneven manner. The forest also contains numerous stone pillars, in some places marked with vine-like engravings that reach the ceiling. The ceiling between the pillars is vaulted, like in a medieval cathedral, and lurking in the shadows of those vaults are 14 darkmantles.

The forest also contains a man-made pool of green water. The pool is 10-ft deep and occupied by a green hag, the so-called Hag of the Forest Pool. If the hag reacts positively to the characters, she can tell them the location of the Bearskin Knight and the location of the Ice Queen's and Fire Queen's throne rooms. The Bearskin Knight's sword and armor are at the bottom of the murky, green pool. The armor is +1 platemail and the sword a +1 two-handed sword, +3 vs. fire creatures.

The southwest corner of the room contains a tunnel to [6] barred by a steel portcullis that opens automatically for people dressed in the uniform of a bugbear but otherwise must be lifted (2 in 6 chance, 3 in 6 with strength bonus).

Despair: If a character in despair enters the forest, they will be compelled to cast off their armor and weapons and head directly to [3], as though they were the Bearskin Knight after he realized his error in betraying his queen. Upon reaching [3], the character will snap out of it.

| *Darkmantle:* HD 1+2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 grab (1d4); Move 3 (F3); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Suffocation, darkness.

| *Green Hag:* HD 9 (40 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 2 claws (1d4+4); Move 12 (S12); Save 6; CL/XP ; Special: Hag can cause weakness with a touch attack (2d4 strength damage), can mimic the sounds of forest animals, can cast dancing lights, invisibility, tongues, water breathing, can assume the likeness of any individual.

3. The Cave: This is the residence of the Bearskin Knight, now living the life of a savage. The knight is tall and broad-shouldered, with high cheekbones and icy blue eyes. His platinum blond hair is long and matted, and his face is obscured by a long beard and thick mustache. He is unarmored and clothed only in a loin cloth and a cloak made from a polar bear's hide. The cave (it is not a natural cave, but rather man-made in the manner of the other

chamber's on this level of the dungeon) is unfurnished. In his savage state, the Bearskin Knight is now a werebear, his bear form being that of a polar bear. The Bearskin Knight is usually in the grips of despair, but he easily put into a state of rage by probing questions or any sign of aggression by visitors. When in despair, he will fight as a man. When enraged, he fights as a bear.

| *Bearskin Knight*: HD 7+3 (45 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claws (1d3), bite (2d4) or 2 slams (1d6); Move 9; Save 9; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Lycanthropy.

4. Cherubs: The walls of this chamber are covered with bas-reliefs of impish cherubs engaged in all manner of depravity. These bas-reliefs completely obscure the edges of the secret doors, though they are somewhat marked by images of the Green Man worked into the background of the battle. These Green Man masks have open mouths and long, extended tongues. In the center of the room there is a copper pipe, scalding hot, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. The pipe has a faucet at roughly chest height for a man, with porcelain hardware. A copper cup hangs from the faucet from a chain. Upon entering this room, one will begin to hear, faintly at first and gradually louder, what first sounds like an angelic chorus. As it grows louder, one will think it is the suction of air into the mouths of the Green Men. In fact, it is the suction of spirit. Each round spent in the room requires each person in the room to pass a saving throw or all lose one random memory (see below, one roll for the entire party of adventurers):

Roll	Random Stolen Memory
1-2	Who they are
3-4	Who they know
5-6	Where they come from
7	Knowledge of previous level of dungeon
8	Highest level spell or one level's worth of skills (for thief-types) or one level's worth of fighting ability (for fighter-types)*

The memory drain effect can only be prevented by stuffing something in the mouths of the Green Men (like cloth) or by placing a gold coin on their tongues. Memories can only be restored with a Wish spell or by drinking from the copper pipe. The pipe produces a hot tea (black). Each cup of the tea restores one lost memory, with a 5% chance that the memory is a false one of the Referee's choice.

* One level of skills means take skill abilities back one level. If you use saving throws for skills, impose a -1 penalty. One level of fighting ability means take "to hit" bonus back one level.

5. Hall of Judgment: This oddly shaped room is entered through a short tunnel that extends under a gallery. The gallery is filled with seats for the magistrates of the Ice Queen and holds a large throne carved from balsam pine. In the middle of the floor there is a dais on which the accused must stand when judgment is being rendered. The Hall of Judgment is always freezing cold, and icicles hang from the gallery. The queen's magistrates are a gang of nine ice mephits wearing disheveled powdered wigs and oversized robes of black. The mephits are cackling idiots, truth be told, whose verdict is always "guilty" and whose sentence is always a quick, frosty execution. Only the presence of the queen keeps the mephits calm.

| *Ice Mephit*: HD 3 (10 hp each); AC 2 [17]; Atk 2 claw (1d6); Move 12 (F21); Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Only harmed by magic weapons, breath weapon (10-ft cone of ice shards, 1d4 damage, -2 penalty to AC and attack rolls for 5 rounds), cast chill metal 1/day and magic missile 1/hour, regenerate 2 hp/rd.

Anyone entering this chamber will find themselves on trial, the iron bars locking behind them. The mephits, after a few moments of uncomfortable staring, will begin to chant "guilty", louder and louder for about 1 round and then launch an attack on the victims.

Despair: If a person under the effects of despair enters the room, the Ice Queen will appear on her throne. The person in despair, in the role of the Bearskin Knight, will be compelled to step forward to the dais and plead for mercy. She will hear his pleas and then, without a hint of emotion, stand and declare him guilty and sentence him to die by the axe. At this, six bugbears will appear behind the party and move to clap irons on the guilty party, who will not resist. Once dragged outside the room (on their way to [12] via the secret stairway), the person will come out of the role and be free to act.

6. Dressing Room: The door to this room is locked tight, and thieves trying to pick the lock do so at a -4 (or -20%) penalty. The room is filled with trunks containing costumes – uniforms of the tieflings and bugbears, spare gowns of the Ice Queen and Fire Queen, a bearskin cloak, etc. There are also enough rapiers, pole arms, muskets, shot and grenades to arm 20 soldiers.

7. The Moor: The moor looks like the faux landscapes in [1] and [2], though here the ground is broken into cubes of various sizes giving the appearance of dark grey hills. The ground here is swathed in billowing mists that seem to originate in tiny pipes set in the floor. The mist helps obscure a sinuous, saucer-eyed basilisk, allowing him surprise victims on a roll of 1-3 on 1d6.

| *Basilisk*: HD 6; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 8/800; *Special*: Gaze turns to stone, avoiding gaze imposes -4 penalty to hit, reflected gaze has 10% chance of affecting the basilisk.

8. Furnace: This large room, the walls covered in soot, the air acrid and difficult to breath (save each round or suffer 1 point of damage), contains a massive furnace of cast iron connected to copper pipes that disappear into the east and south walls. A rotund, greasy demon sits by the flame, tending it, tossing in what appear to be humanoid bodies wrapped in funeral shrouds every so often to keep the fires burning. The bodies give off a terrible shriek when they hit the flame, forcing non-demons in the room to pass a saving throw or suffer the effects of fear.

Rage: Any character suffering from rage when they enter the room will be cast in the role of the Bearskin Knight. The furnace demon will play his part by uttering a cascade of rude criticisms of the Fire Queen in very spicy language. Naturally, this will cause the enraged character to attack.

The furnace demon can call forth 1d4 cinder ghouls from his furnace to attack his enemies.

| *Furnace Demon*: HD 5 (23 hp); AC 1 [18]; Atk 1 spear (1d8) or bellows (ranged attack, 1d8 fire damage) or 2 claws (1d4); Move 12; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; *Special*: Fire attacks cause the demon to burst into flames (1d6 damage to all engaged in melee with it), immune to fire, only harmed by silver or magic weapons.

| *Cinder Ghoul (Undead)*: HD 4; AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 slam (1d4 + 1d6 fire + level drain); Move F12; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Only harmed by +1 or better weapons, immune to fire, can take smoke form (per gaseous form), as smoke can attempt to enter lungs (save or suffer 1 point of constitution damage for 1d6 rounds).

9. Gatehouse of Fire: The gatehouse to the Fire Queen's throne room is reached by crossing a bridge embanked by battlements. The bridge spans a pool of magma – to fall into the magma means certain death, even for tieflings!

The gatehouse is surrounded by obsidian battlements. The walls of the throne room are constructed of solid brass, 1 foot thick and without any seams or joins. They are warm (though not damaging) to the touch. Entrance into the throne room is through one of two tunnels and barred by bars that are actually beams of scorching energy (causes 2d6 damage to cross, save for half damage).

The gatehouse is always guarded by six elite tieflings in black platemail and carrying two-handed axes.

| *Tiefling*: HD 4+1 (20 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 axe (1d10); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Darkness 1/day, half damage from fire attacks.

10. Throne Room of Fire: This is the throne room and lair of the Fire Queen. The walls of the throne room are the aforementioned solid brass and set with any number of smoking braziers. The floor is tiled in obsidian, which reflects the light of the flames from two everburning torches on either side of the queen's throne. The throne is carved from obsidian and decorated with cushions of crimson and scarlet. Opposite the throne are more large cushions, the resting place of six fire nymphs, the queen's maids in waiting. Two basalt idols stand against the north and south walls, both depicting a leering Izrigul.

The Fire Queen is usually found in this room, attended by two azer servants (who do not fight unless first attacked) and guarded by four tiefling soldiers. The Fire Queen is a fire nymph herself, swathed in diaphanous robes of burnished gold and copper hues and adorned in gold and fire opals (worth a total of 2,000 gp). She is somewhat short and rubesque, with a round, pretty face, full lips as black as coal and eyes like burning embers.

Hope: A character that enters the throne room under the effects of hope will have to replay the scene of the Bearskin Knight's ill-fated rendezvous with the Fire Queen. Seductive music – strings and castanets – will come from nowhere and the fire nymphs will rise to perform their dance. All other characters in the room must pass a saving throw to avoid joining into the dance and suffering 1d4 points of damage each round from the intense heat of the fire nymphs' bodies. The dance lasts 3 rounds, and the hopeful character will stand enraptured by the Fire Queen while it proceeds, slowly making his way to the throne. Upon reaching the throne, the Fire Queen will rise, embrace the hopeful character and kiss them on the cheek, inflicting 1d6 points of damage and leaving a burn. She will then push the hopeful character away, the dance will stop and the secret door in the south wall will swing open. The Fire Queen will point to the door and laugh. What happens next is, of course, up to the adventurers.

| *Fire Queen*: HD 8 (47 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 fist (1d3 + 1d6 heat damage) or flamberge (2d6 + 1d6 heat damage); Move 12; Save 8; CL/XP 12/2000; *Special*: Heat (1d6 damage from touch), immune to fire, cast 8 dice fireball 1/day, suggestion 1/day, magic resistance 25%.

| *Fire Nymph (6)*: HD 2 (15, 15, 12, 10, 9, 8 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 fist (1d3 + 1d4 heat damage); Move 12; Save 16 (14 vs. magic); CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Heat (1d4 damage from touch), immune to fire, cast 2 dice fireball 1/day.

| *Tiefling (4)*: HD 4+1 (24, 21, 16, 13 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 musket (1d10) or rapier (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 6/400; *Special*: Darkness 1/day, half damage from fire attacks.

| Azer (2): HD 2 (8, 6 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6+1); Save 16; Move 12; CL/XP 2/30; Special: +1 heat damage, immune to fire).

11. Harpy Roost: This chamber is entered via an arch and set of stairs. The arch is surmounted by a crest showing a human heart gripped in an eagle's talons. The chamber is paved in large tiles of limestone in which small skeletons and shells can be seen. Across the room there is a long beam of stone, and upon the beam are seven harpies, with the faces and torsos of beautiful women and the hind quarters, wings and talons of vultures. The harpies preen and squawk at one another until the room is entered, at which point they begin their song and let down ropes of blue silk that their conquests may ascend and be eaten. Each harpy carries a spear with a silver tip. Hidden atop their roost there is a gold locket containing a lock of platinum blond hair. Possession of this locket protects a person from the enervating touch of the Ice Queen.

| Harpy (7): HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 talons (1d3), weapon (1d6); Move 6 (F18); Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Flight, siren song.

12. Gatehouse of Ice: The gatehouse of ice resembles the gatehouse of fire superficially – bridge, battlements, etc. In place of a pool of magma there is a chasm of ice 80-ft deep. The walls of the gatehouse are solid, icy white and blue quartz. Entrance into the throne room is barred by bars of steel so cold that one's unprotected hand will suffer 1d6 points of damage by touching them. Four yeti guard the gatehouse.

| Yeti: HD 5 (28, 28, 27, 24 hp); AC 6 [13]; Attack 2 fists (1d6); Move 14; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Immune to cold, hug (if both claw attacks hit the same opponent, 2d6 damage and must save or be paralyzed by fear for 1d3 rounds).

13. Throne Room of Ice: The walls, ceiling and floor of this throne room are solid ice. The bodies (or souls) of the dead can be seen encased in this ice – any characters or hirelings who have died in this dungeon are prominently displayed here. The walls produce a gibbous, waxy light in this room. A dais leads to a throne of ice occupied by the Ice Queen, a gaunt woman as tall as a hill giant (but slender and graceful) with porcelain skin and icy blue eyes. Her long, platinum hair is worked into three thick braids that are held by three platinum pins (worth 50 gp each) and she wears a gown of white silk and a cloak edged in the fur of a winter wolf (worth 6,000 gp). Atop her head there is a platinum tiara set with diamonds worth 2,000 gp.

The Ice Queen is attended by four bugbear soldiers and a yeti that acts as the royal executioner. The yeti wields a two-handed executioner's axe (human-sized creatures with a strength of 18 can wield the axe, which deals 3d4+1

damage). The throne room is devoid of warmth, and every round spent in the room inflicts 1 point of damage and 1 point of dexterity damage (save to avoid Dex damage).

Despair: A character who enters in despair, or one brought from room [5] will be brought to the dais and thrown at the feet of the Ice Queen (who will simply be here, even if she was just a moment ago in [5]). Two bugbears will hold them on the ground while the yeti steps forward with his axe. The potential victim will not resist until the axe is held over the yeti's head. At this point they are freed, but a squadron of fifteen of the Fire Queen's soldiers will barge into the room and attack. If the characters thwart the attack, they will turn to see the Ice Queen cradling the dead Bearskin Knight in her arms. At this point, the secret door to Room 14 will slide silently open, revealing stairs down to Room [1] of Level Four of the Pleasure Palace.

| Ice Queen: HD 10 (52 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 fist (1d4 + level drain); Move 12; Save 5; CL/XP 13/2300; Special: Touch drains 2 levels from physical and spiritual frost, immune to cold, magic resistance 25%.

| Yeti Executioner: HD 5 (30 hp); AC 6 [13]; Attack 2 fists (1d6) or axe (3d4+2); Move 14; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Immune to cold, hug (if both claw attacks hit the same opponent, 2d6 damage and must save or be paralyzed by fear for 1d3 rounds).

| Bugbear (4): HD 3+1 (17, 14, 9, 9 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (2d4) or weapon (1d10+1); Move 9; Save 14; CL/XP 3/120; Special: Surprise on 1-3 on 1d6.

The Traveler

By John M. Stater

An astounding array of creatures passes through the Land of Nod, from elves to native-born humans to the ambulatory fungi and floating brains. But among the more interesting are the so-called Travelers. Travelers are human beings, often from our own waking world, who navigate the Land of Nod with the power of their dreaming mind. Although seemingly awake and aware, all travelers actually exist in a state of semi-consciousness, living out their fancies thanks to the shaky fabric of reality that makes up the nonsensical tapestry called Nod. Travelers are adventurers first and foremost, with a thirst for new and strange vistas. Travelers are imaginative and creative, and often impulsive for they are used to reality shifting to please them, and sometimes taken back when events do not comply with their wishes.

PRIME REQUISITE: Charisma and Wisdom (13+, +5% XP)

HIT DICE: 1d6+1 (+2 hit points per level after 9th)

WEAPONS PERMITTED: Any but two-handed swords, two-handed axes and pole arms.

ARMOR PERMITTED: Leather, ring, chainmail, shields.

FOCUS: To use his special abilities, a traveler must possess a focus object and must be holding it in his hand. To use his abilities, the traveler must activate them with a successful saving throw. He must then remain in a somewhat calm reverie; emotional and physical disruptions can stop the traveler in his tracks and necessitate further saving throws to maintain the reverie.

From 1st to 4th level, a traveler can impose his will upon his immediate surroundings. To use these abilities, he must be grasping a walking stick with a silver tip. Such a stick can be obtained for 30 gp, and can be used as a club in combat.

From 5th to 8th level, a traveler can use his powers to explore on a global scale. To use abilities gained from 4th to

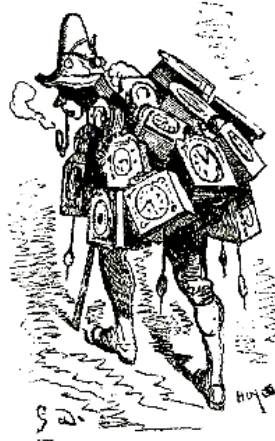
6th level, the traveler must possess a golden compass. Such a compass can be constructed by an expert jeweler at a cost of 500 gp.

From 9th level on, the traveler learns to pierce the veil of time itself. In order to use his new abilities, he must possess a pocket watch made of gold and studded with diamonds. Such a device can be constructed by an expert jeweler at a cost of 3,000 gp.

Creatures wishing to accompany the traveler on his extra-dimensional trips must take care. The traveler can travel with one person per two levels. These hangers-on must keep their eyes closed tight while traveling or go mad. Even with their eyes closed, they are ripped from their own sense of dimension and time, and thus must pass a saving throw or become nauseous for 1d4 rounds after they finish their trip.

SLEEP RESISTANCE: Although not immune to sleep, travelers enjoy a +2 bonus to save against sleep spells and effects. Strangely, when knocked into unconsciousness by a sleep spell a traveler still perceives the world around him, and can act on it by animating inanimate objects. The traveler can animate one small object at 1st level, one man-sized object at 4th level and one large object at 7th level. The object acts with the traveler's will. If destroyed in combat, the traveler loses 1d6 hit points for a small object, 2d6 for a man-sized object and 3d6 for a large object.

ECCENTRICITIES: The traveler's ability to perceive the spaces between dimensions gives them a slightly alien mindset that reveals itself in their eccentricities. At each level beyond 1st, a traveler must roll on the following table. The term "unnerved" indicates that the traveler suffers a -1 penalty to all d20 rolls while in the presence of the thing that unnerves him. Rolling an eccentricity a second time makes it more intense (i.e. being unnerved imposes a -2 penalty, etc).



D20 Eccentricity

1	Unnerved by a certain color
2	Unnerved by small animals or children
3	Must stand next to the tallest or shortest or fattest or thinnest person in a room
4	Frightened by gourds and melons
5	Can only eat or never eat with his fingers
6	Accidentally reverses the meanings of words
7	Becomes unnerved, morose, angry or giddy when traveling in one of the cardinal directions
8	Suffers from agoraphobia
9	Stares at people and takes long pauses before he speaks
10	Will not drink water, only wine
11	Unnerved by sea creatures and seafood
12	Laughs at inappropriate moments
13	Unnerved (or even frightened) by an innocuous word or phrase
14	Never calls people by their names, only nicknames that change from day to day
15	Only walks backwards across bridges or under arches
16	Feels the need to touch people while talking to them
17	Unnatural fear of cabbages and other leafy vegetables – this becomes panic at the sight of leafy plant monsters
18	Will not willingly get on a boat – mumbles something about the stars when asked to
19	Talks to himself, often in the middle of the night, increasing the chance of wandering monsters by 1
20	Super fastidious and clean

NON-EUCLIDIAN PRINCIPALS: A 1st level traveler perceives that the shortest route between two points is a non-Euclidian curve and increases his speed by 3 (or by 30 ft in some system or 5 ft in others). To use these abilities, he must be grasping a walking stick with a silver tip. Such a stick can be obtained for 30 gp, and can be used as a club in combat.

MAKE HASTE: For exactly one minute per day, the 2nd level traveler can operate under the effects of a haste spell. The traveler must take care not to exceed one minute of hasted movement, for beyond this he begins aging 1 year for every minute of hasted activity.

BETWEEN DIMENSIONS: The 3rd level traveler's inherent perception of the space between dimensions allows him to slide between them, duplicating the effects of the dimension door spell. He can do this once per day without incident, but additional uses carry with them an increasing chance of attracting the attention of an inter-dimensional being such as a demon or ethereal marauder. The second time in a day that a traveler uses dimension door carries a 1 in 6 chance of a weird encounter. Each additional use increases the chances by 1.

NORTH STAR: At 4th level, a traveler always knows which direction is north and can duplicate the effects of a Find the Path spell by making a successful saving throw. A failed saving throw gives the traveler false information, usually sending him in the opposite direction that he desired.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS: The 6th level traveler learns the true nature of shadows, and gains the ability to step into them and emerge many miles away as though using the spell teleport. The journey through the shadows seems to take a normal amount of time to the traveler (i.e. covering 6 miles on foot in 8 hours of travel), but in fact takes only 1 minute per mile traveled. The traveler suffers the same possibility of error while navigating the shadow realm, but does not run the risk of teleporting low or high, though their soul can be lost in the spaces between realities.

AMONG THE STARS: At 8th level, the traveler can fall into a deep sleep and travel in astral form, per the Astral Spell. If awakened while so travelling, the shock of returning to his senses robs the traveler of half his hit points (they heal naturally) and his bloodcurdling scream may attract wandering monsters.

PLANE SHIFT: The 10th level traveler can use his ability to slide between dimensions to visit other planes and realities. Traveling to another reality does not necessarily mean the traveler has the ability to survive in that reality, so care must be taken not to visit a place hostile to life.

FOURTH DIMENSIONAL THINKING: The 12th level traveler reaches the pinnacle of his art and learns to move frictionless between the falling sands of time, effectively stopping time around himself per the spell Time Stop.

Level	XP	HD	Attack	Save	Title
1	0	1	+0	15	Rover
2	1,500	2	+0	14	Wanderer
3	3,000	3	+1	13	Vagabond
4	6,000	4	+1	12	Navigator
5	12,000	5	+2	11	Explorer
6	30,000	6	+2	10	Discoverer
7	60,000	7	+3	9	Psychopomp
8	120,000	8	+3	8	Imaginant
9	250,000	9	+4	7	Traveler
10	400,000	+2	+5	6	Traveler
11	550,000	+4	+5	5	Traveler
12	700,000	+6	+6	5	Time Lord



Phantastes, Part 5

By George MacDonald

This month, NOD™ continues its serialization of George MacDonald's *Phantastes*, an early work of fantastic fiction that inspired such esteemed authors as J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and Lewis Carroll.

JMS

XIII

*"I saw a ship sailing upon the sea
Deeply laden as ship could be;
But not so deep as in love I am
For I care not whether I sink or swim."
- Old Ballad.*

*"But Love is such a Mystery
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resols'd,
I then am in most doubt."
- SIR JOHN SUCKLING.*

One story I will try to reproduce. But, alas! it is like trying to reconstruct a forest out of broken branches and withered leaves. In the fairy book, everything was just as it should be, though whether in words or something else, I cannot tell. It glowed and flashed the thoughts upon the soul, with such a power that the medium disappeared from the consciousness, and it was occupied only with the things themselves. My representation of it must resemble a translation from a rich and powerful language, capable of embodying the thoughts of a splendidly developed people, into the meagre and half-articulate speech of a savage tribe. Of course, while I read it, I was Cosmo, and his history was mine. Yet, all the time, I seemed to have a kind of double consciousness, and the story a double meaning. Sometimes it seemed only to represent a simple story of ordinary life, perhaps almost of universal life; wherein two souls, loving each other and longing to come nearer, do, after all, but behold each other as in a glass darkly.

As through the hard rock go the branching silver veins; as into the solid land run the creeks and gulfs from the unresting sea; as the lights and influences of the upper

worlds sink silently through the earth's atmosphere; so doth Faerie invade the world of men, and sometimes startle the common eye with an association as of cause and effect, when between the two no connecting links can be traced.

Cosmo von Wehrstahl was a student at the University of Prague. Though of a noble family, he was poor, and prided himself upon the independence that poverty gives; for what will not a man pride himself upon, when he cannot get rid of it? A favourite with his fellow students, he yet had no companions; and none of them had ever crossed the threshold of his lodging in the top of one of the highest houses in the old town. Indeed, the secret of much of that complaisance which recommended him to his fellows, was the thought of his unknown retreat, whither in the evening he could betake himself and indulge undisturbed in his own studies and reveries. These studies, besides those subjects necessary to his course at the University, embraced some less commonly known and approved; for in a secret drawer lay the works of Albertus Magnus and Cornelius Agrippa, along with others less read and more abstruse. As yet, however, he had followed these researches only from curiosity, and had turned them to no practical purpose.

His lodging consisted of one large low-ceiled room, singularly bare of furniture; for besides a couple of wooden chairs, a couch which served for dreaming on both by day and night, and a great press of black oak, there was very little in the room that could be called furniture. But curious instruments were heaped in the corners; and in one stood a skeleton, half-leaning against the wall, half-supported by a string about its neck. One of its hands, all of fingers, rested on the heavy pommel of a great sword that stood beside it.

Various weapons were scattered about over the floor. The walls were utterly bare of adornment; for the few strange things, such as a large dried bat with wings disspread, the skin of a porcupine, and a stuffed sea-mouse, could hardly be reckoned as such. But although his fancy delighted in vagaries like these, he indulged his imagination with far different fare. His mind had never yet been filled with an absorbing passion; but it lay like a still twilight open to any

wind, whether the low breath that wafts but odours, or the storm that bows the great trees till they strain and creak. He saw everything as through a rose-coloured glass. When he looked from his window on the street below, not a maiden passed but she moved as in a story, and drew his thoughts after her till she disappeared in the vista. When he walked in the streets, he always felt as if reading a tale, into which he sought to weave every face of interest that went by; and every sweet voice swept his soul as with the wing of a passing angel. He was in fact a poet without words; the more absorbed and endangered, that the springing-waters were dammed back into his soul, where, finding no utterance, they grew, and swelled, and undermined. He used to lie on his hard couch, and read a tale or a poem, till the book dropped from his hand; but he dreamed on, he knew not whether awake or asleep, until the opposite roof grew upon his sense, and turned golden in the sunrise. Then he arose too; and the impulses of vigorous youth kept him ever active, either in study or in sport, until again the close of the day left him free; and the world of night, which had lain drowned in the cataract of the day, rose up in his soul, with all its stars, and dim-seen phantom shapes. But this could hardly last long. Some one form must sooner or later step within the charmed circle, enter the house of life, and compel the bewildered magician to kneel and worship.

One afternoon, towards dusk, he was wandering dreamily in one of the principal streets, when a fellow student roused him by a slap on the shoulder, and asked him to accompany him into a little back alley to look at some old armour which he had taken a fancy to possess. Cosmo was considered an authority in every matter pertaining to arms, ancient or modern. In the use of weapons, none of the students could come near him; and his practical acquaintance with some had principally contributed to establish his authority in reference to all. He accompanied him willingly.

They entered a narrow alley, and thence a dirty little court, where a low arched door admitted them into a heterogeneous assemblage of everything musty, and dusty, and old, that could well be imagined. His verdict on the armour was satisfactory, and his companion at once concluded the purchase. As they were leaving the place, Cosmo's eye was attracted by an old mirror of an elliptical shape, which leaned against the wall, covered with dust. Around it was some curious carving, which he could see but very indistinctly by the glimmering light which the owner of the shop carried in his hand. It was this carving that attracted his attention; at least so it appeared to him. He left the place, however, with his friend, taking no further notice of it. They walked together to the main street, where they parted and took opposite directions.

No sooner was Cosmo left alone, than the thought of the curious old mirror returned to him. A strong desire to see it more plainly arose within him, and he directed his steps once more towards the shop. The owner opened the door when he knocked, as if he had expected him. He was a little, old, withered man, with a hooked nose, and burning eyes constantly in a slow restless motion, and looking here and there as if after something that eluded them. Pretending to examine several other articles, Cosmo at last approached the mirror, and requested to have it taken down.

"Take it down yourself, master; I cannot reach it," said the old man.

Cosmo took it down carefully, when he saw that the carving was indeed delicate and costly, being both of admirable design and execution; containing withal many devices which seemed to embody some meaning to which he had no clue. This, naturally, in one of his tastes and temperament, increased the interest he felt in the old mirror; so much, indeed, that he now longed to possess it, in order to study its frame at his leisure. He pretended, however, to want it only for use; and saying he feared the plate could be of little service, as it was rather old, he brushed away a little of the dust from its face, expecting to see a dull reflection within. His surprise was great when he found the reflection brilliant, revealing a glass not only uninjured by age, but wondrously clear and perfect (should the whole correspond to this part) even for one newly from the hands of the maker. He asked carelessly what the owner wanted for the thing. The old man replied by mentioning a sum of money far beyond the reach of poor Cosmo, who proceeded to replace the mirror where it had stood before.

"You think the price too high?" said the old man.

"I do not know that it is too much for you to ask," replied Cosmo; "but it is far too much for me to give."

The old man held up his light towards Cosmo's face. "I like your look," said he.

Cosmo could not return the compliment. In fact, now he looked closely at him for the first time, he felt a kind of repugnance to him, mingled with a strange feeling of doubt whether a man or a woman stood before him.

"What is your name?" he continued.

"Cosmo von Wehrstahl."

"Ah, ah! I thought as much. I see your father in you. I knew your father very well, young sir. I dare say in some odd corners of my house, you might find some old things with his crest and cipher upon them still. Well, I like you: you shall have the mirror at the fourth part of what I asked for it; but upon one condition."

"What is that?" said Cosmo; for, although the price was still a great deal for him to give, he could just manage it; and the desire to possess the mirror had increased to an altogether unaccountable degree, since it had seemed beyond his reach.

"That if you should ever want to get rid of it again, you will let me have the first offer."

"Certainly," replied Cosmo, with a smile; adding, "a moderate condition indeed."

"On your honour?" insisted the seller.

"On my honour," said the buyer; and the bargain was concluded.

"I will carry it home for you," said the old man, as Cosmo took it in his hands.

"No, no; I will carry it myself," said he; for he had a peculiar dislike to revealing his residence to any one, and more especially to this person, to whom he felt every moment a greater antipathy. "Just as you please," said the old creature, and muttered to himself as he held his light at the door to show him out of the court: "Sold for the sixth time! I wonder what will be the upshot of it this time. I should think my lady had enough of it by now!"

Cosmo carried his prize carefully home. But all the way he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was watched and dogged. Repeatedly he looked about, but saw nothing to justify his suspicions. Indeed, the streets were too crowded and too ill lighted to expose very readily a careful spy, if such there should be at his heels. He reached his lodging in safety, and leaned his purchase against the wall, rather relieved, strong as he was, to be rid of its weight; then, lighting his pipe, threw himself on the couch, and was soon lapt in the folds of one of his haunting dreams.

He returned home earlier than usual the next day, and fixed the mirror to the wall, over the hearth, at one end of his long room.

He then carefully wiped away the dust from its face, and, clear as the water of a sunny spring, the mirror shone out from beneath the envious covering. But his interest was

chiefly occupied with the curious carving of the frame. This he cleaned as well as he could with a brush; and then he proceeded to a minute examination of its various parts, in the hope of discovering some index to the intention of the carver. In this, however, he was unsuccessful; and, at length, pausing with some weariness and disappointment, he gazed vacantly for a few moments into the depth of the reflected room. But ere long he said, half aloud: "What a strange thing a mirror is! and what a wondrous affinity exists between it and a man's imagination! For this room of mine, as I behold it in the glass, is the same, and yet not the same. It is not the mere representation of the room I live in, but it looks just as if I were reading about it in a story I like. All its commonness has disappeared. The mirror has lifted it out of the region of fact into the realm of art; and the very representing of it to me has clothed with interest that which was otherwise hard and bare; just as one sees with delight upon the stage the representation of a character from which one would escape in life as from something unendurably wearisome. But is it not rather that art rescues nature from the weary and sated regards of our senses, and the degrading injustice of our anxious everyday life, and, appealing to the imagination, which dwells apart, reveals Nature in some degree as she really is, and as she represents herself to the eye of the child, whose every-day life, fearless and unambitious, meets the true import of the wonder-teeming world around him, and rejoices therein without questioning? That skeleton, now – I almost fear it, standing there so still, with eyes only for the unseen, like a watch-tower looking across all the waste of this busy world into the quiet regions of rest beyond. And yet I know every bone and every joint in it as well as my own fist. And that old battle-axe looks as if any moment it might be caught up by a mailed hand, and, borne forth by the mighty arm, go crashing through casque, and skull, and brain, invading the Unknown with yet another bewildered ghost. I should like to live in THAT room if I could only get into it."

Scarcely had the half-moulded words floated from him, as he stood gazing into the mirror, when, striking him as with a flash of amazement that fixed him in his posture, noiseless and unannounced, glided suddenly through the door into the reflected room, with stately motion, yet reluctant and faltering step, the graceful form of a woman, clothed all in white. Her back only was visible as she walked slowly up to the couch in the further end of the room, on which she laid herself wearily, turning towards him a face of unutterable loveliness, in which suffering, and dislike, and a sense of compulsion, strangely mingled with the beauty. He stood without the power of motion for some moments, with his eyes irrecoverably fixed upon her; and even after he was conscious of the ability to move, he could not summon up courage to turn and look on her, face to face, in the veritable chamber in which he stood. At

length, with a sudden effort, in which the exercise of the will was so pure, that it seemed involuntary, he turned his face to the couch. It was vacant. In bewilderment, mingled with terror, he turned again to the mirror: there, on the reflected couch, lay the exquisite lady-form. She lay with closed eyes, whence two large tears were just welling from beneath the veiling lids; still as death, save for the convulsive motion of her bosom.

Cosmo himself could not have described what he felt. His emotions were of a kind that destroyed consciousness, and could never be clearly recalled. He could not help standing yet by the mirror, and keeping his eyes fixed on the lady, though he was painfully aware of his rudeness, and feared every moment that she would open hers, and meet his fixed regard. But he was, ere long, a little relieved; for, after a while, her eyelids slowly rose, and her eyes remained uncovered, but unemployed for a time; and when, at length, they began to wander about the room, as if languidly seeking to make some acquaintance with her environment, they were never directed towards him: it seemed nothing but what was in the mirror could affect her vision; and, therefore, if she saw him at all, it could only be his back, which, of necessity, was turned towards her in the glass. The two figures in the mirror could not meet face to face, except he turned and looked at her, present in his room; and, as she was not there, he concluded that if he were to turn towards the part in his room corresponding to that in which she lay, his reflection would either be invisible to her altogether, or at least it must appear to her to gaze vacantly towards her, and no meeting of the eyes would produce the impression of spiritual proximity. By-and-by her eyes fell upon the skeleton, and he saw her shudder and close them. She did not open them again, but signs of repugnance continued evident on her countenance. Cosmo would have removed the obnoxious thing at once, but he feared to discompose her yet more by the assertion of his presence which the act would involve. So he stood and watched her. The eyelids yet shrouded the eyes, as a costly case the jewels within; the troubled expression gradually faded from the countenance, leaving only a faint sorrow behind; the features settled into an unchanging expression of rest; and by these signs, and the slow regular motion of her breathing, Cosmo knew that she slept. He could now gaze on her without embarrassment. He saw that her figure, dressed in the simplest robe of white, was worthy of her face; and so harmonious, that either the delicately moulded foot, or any finger of the equally delicate hand, was an index to the whole. As she lay, her whole form manifested the relaxation of perfect repose. He gazed till he was weary, and at last seated himself near the new-found shrine, and mechanically took up a book, like one who watches by a sick-bed. But his eyes gathered no thoughts

from the page before him. His intellect had been stunned by the bold contradiction, to its face, of all its experience, and now lay passive, without assertion, or speculation, or even conscious astonishment; while his imagination sent one wild dream of blessedness after another coursing through his soul. How long he sat he knew not; but at length he roused himself, rose, and, trembling in every portion of his frame, looked again into the mirror. She was gone. The mirror reflected faithfully what his room presented, and nothing more. It stood there like a golden setting whence the central jewel has been stolen away – like a night-sky without the glory of its stars. She had carried with her all the strangeness of the reflected room. It had sunk to the level of the one without.

But when the first pangs of his disappointment had passed, Cosmo began to comfort himself with the hope that she might return, perhaps the next evening, at the same hour. Resolving that if she did, she should not at least be scared by the hateful skeleton, he removed that and several other articles of questionable appearance into a recess by the side of the hearth, whence they could not possibly cast any reflection into the mirror; and having made his poor room as tidy as he could, sought the solace of the open sky and of a night wind that had begun to blow, for he could not rest where he was. When he returned, somewhat composed, he could hardly prevail with himself to lie down on his bed; for he could not help feeling as if she had lain upon it; and for him to lie there now would be something like sacrilege. However, weariness prevailed; and laying himself on the couch, dressed as he was, he slept till day.

With a beating heart, beating till he could hardly breathe, he stood in dumb hope before the mirror, on the following evening. Again the reflected room shone as through a purple vapour in the gathering twilight. Everything seemed waiting like himself for a coming splendour to glorify its poor earthliness with the presence of a heavenly joy. And just as the room vibrated with the strokes of the neighbouring church bell, announcing the hour of six, in glided the pale beauty, and again laid herself on the couch. Poor Cosmo nearly lost his senses with delight. She was there once more! Her eyes sought the corner where the skeleton had stood, and a faint gleam of satisfaction crossed her face, apparently at seeing it empty. She looked suffering still, but there was less of discomfort expressed in her countenance than there had been the night before. She took more notice of the things about her, and seemed to gaze with some curiosity on the strange apparatus standing here and there in her room. At length, however, drowsiness seemed to overtake her, and again she fell asleep. Resolved not to lose sight of her this time, Cosmo watched the sleeping form. Her slumber was so deep and absorbing that a fascinating repose seemed to pass

contagiously from her to him as he gazed upon her; and he started as if from a dream, when the lady moved, and, without opening her eyes, rose, and passed from the room with the gait of a somnambulist.

Cosmo was now in a state of extravagant delight. Most men have a secret treasure somewhere. The miser has his golden hoard; the virtuoso his pet ring; the student his rare book; the poet his favourite haunt; the lover his secret drawer; but Cosmo had a mirror with a lovely lady in it. And now that he knew by the skeleton, that she was affected by the things around her, he had a new object in life: he would turn the bare chamber in the mirror into a room such as no lady need disdain to call her own. This he could effect only by furnishing and adorning his. And Cosmo was poor. Yet he possessed accomplishments that could be turned to account; although, hitherto, he had preferred living on his slender allowance, to increasing his means by what his pride considered unworthy of his rank. He was the best swordsman in the University; and now he offered to give lessons in fencing and similar exercises, to such as chose to pay him well for the trouble. His proposal was heard with surprise by the students; but it was eagerly accepted by many; and soon his instructions were not confined to the richer students, but were anxiously sought by many of the young nobility of Prague and its neighbourhood. So that very soon he had a good deal of money at his command. The first thing he did was to remove his apparatus and oddities into a closet in the room. Then he placed his bed and a few other necessities on each side of the hearth, and parted them from the rest of the room by two screens of Indian fabric. Then he put an elegant couch for the lady to lie upon, in the corner where his bed had formerly stood; and, by degrees, every day adding some article of luxury, converted it, at length, into a rich boudoir.

Every night, about the same time, the lady entered. The first time she saw the new couch, she started with a half-smile; then her face grew very sad, the tears came to her eyes, and she laid herself upon the couch, and pressed her face into the silken cushions, as if to hide from everything. She took notice of each addition and each change as the work proceeded; and a look of acknowledgment, as if she knew that someone was ministering to her, and was grateful for it, mingled with the constant look of suffering. At length, after she had lain down as usual one evening, her eyes fell upon some paintings with which Cosmo had just finished adorning the walls. She rose, and to his great delight, walked across the room, and proceeded to examine them carefully, testifying much pleasure in her looks as she did so. But again the sorrowful, tearful expression returned, and again she buried her face in the pillows of her couch. Gradually, however, her countenance had

grown more composed; much of the suffering manifest on her first appearance had vanished, and a kind of quiet, hopeful expression had taken its place; which, however, frequently gave way to an anxious, troubled look, mingled with something of sympathetic pity.

Meantime, how fared Cosmo? As might be expected in one of his temperament, his interest had blossomed into love, and his love – shall I call it *RIPENED*, or – *WITHERED* into passion. But, alas! he loved a shadow. He could not come near her, could not speak to her, could not hear a sound from those sweet lips, to which his longing eyes would cling like bees to their honey-fountains. Ever and anon he sang to himself:

"I shall die for love of the maiden;"

And ever he looked again, and died not, though his heart seemed ready to break with intensity of life and longing. And the more he did for her, the more he loved her; and he hoped that, although she never appeared to see him, yet she was pleased to think that one unknown would give his life to her. He tried to comfort himself over his separation from her, by thinking that perhaps someday she would see him and make signs to him, and that would satisfy him; "for," thought he, "is not this all that a loving soul can do to enter into communion with another? Nay, how many who love never come nearer than to behold each other as in a mirror; seem to know and yet never know the inward life; never enter the other soul; and part at last, with but the vaguest notion of the universe on the borders of which they have been hovering for years? If I could but speak to her, and knew that she heard me, I should be satisfied." Once he contemplated painting a picture on the wall, which should, of necessity, convey to the lady a thought of himself; but, though he had some skill with the pencil, he found his hand tremble so much when he began the attempt, that he was forced to give it up ...

"Who lives, he dies; who dies, he is alive."

One evening, as he stood gazing on his treasure, he thought he saw a faint expression of self-consciousness on her countenance, as if she surmised that passionate eyes were fixed upon her. This grew; till at last the red blood rose over her neck, and cheek, and brow. Cosmo's longing to approach her became almost delirious. This night she was dressed in an evening costume, resplendent with diamonds. This could add nothing to her beauty, but it presented it in a new aspect; enabled her loveliness to make a new manifestation of itself in a new embodiment. For essential beauty is infinite; and, as the soul of Nature needs an endless succession of varied forms to embody her loveliness, countless faces of beauty springing forth, not

any two the same, at any one of her heart-throbs; so the individual form needs an infinite change of its environments, to enable it to uncover all the phases of its loveliness. Diamonds glittered from amidst her hair, half hidden in its luxuriance, like stars through dark rain-clouds; and the bracelets on her white arms flashed all the colours of a rainbow of lightnings, as she lifted her snowy hands to cover her burning face. But her beauty shone down all its adornment. "If I might have but one of her feet to kiss," thought Cosmo, "I should be content." Alas! he deceived himself, for passion is never content. Nor did he know that there are TWO ways out of her enchanted house. But, suddenly, as if the pang had been driven into his heart from without, revealing itself first in pain, and afterwards in definite form, the thought darted into his mind, "She has a lover somewhere. Remembered words of his bring the colour on her face now. I am nowhere to her. She lives in another world all day, and all night, after she leaves me. Why does she come and make me love her, till I, a strong man, am too faint to look upon her more?" He looked again, and her face was pale as a lily. A sorrowful compassion seemed to rebuke the glitter of the restless jewels, and the slow tears rose in her eyes. She left her room sooner this evening than was her wont. Cosmo remained alone, with a feeling as if his bosom had been suddenly left empty and hollow, and the weight of the whole world was crushing in its walls. The next evening, for the first time since she began to come, she came not.

And now Cosmo was in wretched plight. Since the thought of a rival had occurred to him, he could not rest for a moment. More than ever he longed to see the lady face to face. He persuaded himself that if he but knew the worst he would be satisfied; for then he could abandon Prague, and find that relief in constant motion, which is the hope of all active minds when invaded by distress. Meantime he waited with unspeakable anxiety for the next night, hoping she would return: but she did not appear. And now he felt really ill. Rallied by his fellow students on his wretched looks, he ceased to attend the lectures. His engagements were neglected. He cared for nothing. The sky, with the great sun in it, was to him a heartless, burning desert. The men and women in the streets were mere puppets, without motives in themselves, or interest to him. He saw them all as on the ever-changing field of a camera obscura. She — she alone and altogether — was his universe, his well of life, his incarnate good. For six evenings she came not. Let his absorbing passion, and the slow fever that was consuming his brain, be his excuse for the resolution which he had taken and begun to execute, before that time had expired.

Reasoning with himself, that it must be by some enchantment connected with the mirror, that the form of the lady was to be seen in it, he determined to attempt to

turn to account what he had hitherto studied principally from curiosity. "For," said he to himself, "if a spell can force her presence in that glass (and she came unwillingly at first), may not a stronger spell, such as I know, especially with the aid of her half-presence in the mirror, if ever she appears again, compel her living form to come to me here? If I do her wrong, let love be my excuse. I want only to know my doom from her own lips." He never doubted, all the time, that she was a real earthly woman; or, rather, that there was a woman, who, somehow or other, threw this reflection of her form into the magic mirror.

He opened his secret drawer, took out his books of magic, lighted his lamp, and read and made notes from midnight till three in the morning, for three successive nights. Then he replaced his books; and the next night went out in quest of the materials necessary for the conjuration. These were not easy to find; for, in love-charms and all incantations of this nature, ingredients are employed scarcely fit to be mentioned, and for the thought even of which, in connexion with her, he could only excuse himself on the score of his bitter need. At length he succeeded in procuring all he required; and on the seventh evening from that on which she had last appeared, he found himself prepared for the exercise of unlawful and tyrannical power.

He cleared the centre of the room; stooped and drew a circle of red on the floor, around the spot where he stood; wrote in the four quarters mystical signs, and numbers which were all powers of seven or nine; examined the whole ring carefully, to see that no smallest break had occurred in the circumference; and then rose from his bending posture. As he rose, the church clock struck seven; and, just as she had appeared the first time, reluctant, slow, and stately, glided in the lady. Cosmo trembled; and when, turning, she revealed a countenance worn and wan, as with sickness or inward trouble, he grew faint, and felt as if he dared not proceed. But as he gazed on the face and form, which now possessed his whole soul, to the exclusion of all other joys and griefs, the longing to speak to her, to know that she heard him, to hear from her one word in return, became so unendurable, that he suddenly and hastily resumed his preparations. Stepping carefully from the circle, he put a small brazier into its centre. He then set fire to its contents of charcoal, and while it burned up, opened his window and seated himself, waiting, beside it.

It was a sultry evening. The air was full of thunder. A sense of luxurious depression filled the brain. The sky seemed to have grown heavy, and to compress the air beneath it. A kind of purplish tinge pervaded the atmosphere, and through the open window came the scents of the distant fields, which all the vapours of the city could not quench.

Soon the charcoal glowed. Cosmo sprinkled upon it the incense and other substances which he had compounded, and, stepping within the circle, turned his face from the brazier and towards the mirror. Then, fixing his eyes upon the face of the lady, he began with a trembling voice to repeat a powerful incantation. He had not gone far, before the lady grew pale; and then, like a returning wave, the blood washed all its banks with its crimson tide, and she hid her face in her hands. Then he passed to a conjuration stronger yet.

The lady rose and walked uneasily to and fro in her room. Another spell; and she seemed seeking with her eyes for some object on which they wished to rest. At length it seemed as if she suddenly espied him; for her eyes fixed themselves full and wide upon his, and she drew gradually, and somewhat unwillingly, close to her side of the mirror, just as if his eyes had fascinated her. Cosmo had never seen her so near before. Now at least, eyes met eyes; but he could not quite understand the expression of hers. They were full of tender entreaty, but there was something more that he could not interpret. Though his heart seemed to labour in his throat, he would allow no delight or agitation to turn him from his task. Looking still in her face, he passed on to the mightiest charm he knew. Suddenly the lady turned and walked out of the door of her reflected chamber. A moment after she entered his room with veritable presence; and, forgetting all his precautions, he sprang from the charmed circle, and knelt before her. There she stood, the living lady of his passionate visions, alone beside him, in a thundery twilight, and the glow of a magic fire.

"Why," said the lady, with a trembling voice, "didst thou bring a poor maiden through the rainy streets alone?"

"Because I am dying for love of thee; but I only brought thee from the mirror there."

"Ah, the mirror!" and she looked up at it, and shuddered. "Alas! I am but a slave, while that mirror exists. But do not think it was the power of thy spells that drew me; it was thy longing desire to see me, that beat at the door of my heart, till I was forced to yield."

"Canst thou love me then?" said Cosmo, in a voice calm as death, but almost inarticulate with emotion.

"I do not know," she replied sadly; "that I cannot tell, so long as I am bewildered with enchantments. It were indeed a joy too great, to lay my head on thy bosom and weep to death; for I think thou lovest me, though I do not know; – but –"

Cosmo rose from his knees.

"I love thee as – nay, I know not what – for since I have loved thee, there is nothing else."

He seized her hand: she withdrew it.

"No, better not; I am in thy power, and therefore I may not."

She burst into tears, and kneeling before him in her turn, said –

"Cosmo, if thou lovest me, set me free, even from thyself; break the mirror."

"And shall I see thyself instead?"

"That I cannot tell, I will not deceive thee; we may never meet again."

A fierce struggle arose in Cosmo's bosom. Now she was in his power. She did not dislike him at least; and he could see her when he would. To break the mirror would be to destroy his very life to banish out of his universe the only glory it possessed. The whole world would be but a prison, if he annihilated the one window that looked into the paradise of love. Not yet pure in love, he hesitated.

With a wail of sorrow the lady rose to her feet. "Ah! he loves me not; he loves me not even as I love him; and alas! I care more for his love than even for the freedom I ask."

"I will not wait to be willing," cried Cosmo; and sprang to the corner where the great sword stood.

Meantime it had grown very dark; only the embers cast a red glow through the room. He seized the sword by the steel scabbard, and stood before the mirror; but as he heaved a great blow at it with the heavy pommel, the blade slipped half-way out of the scabbard, and the pommel struck the wall above the mirror. At that moment, a terrible clap of thunder seemed to burst in the very room beside them; and ere Cosmo could repeat the blow, he fell senseless on the hearth. When he came to himself, he found that the lady and the mirror had both disappeared. He was seized with a brain fever, which kept him to his couch for weeks.

When he recovered his reason, he began to think what could have become of the mirror. For the lady, he hoped she had found her way back as she came; but as the mirror involved her fate with its own, he was more immediately anxious about that. He could not think she had carried it

away. It was much too heavy, even if it had not been too firmly fixed in the wall, for her to remove it. Then again, he remembered the thunder; which made him believe that it was not the lightning, but some other blow that had struck him down. He concluded that, either by supernatural agency, he having exposed himself to the vengeance of the demons in leaving the circle of safety, or in some other mode, the mirror had probably found its way back to its former owner; and, horrible to think of, might have been by this time once more disposed of, delivering up the lady into the power of another man; who, if he used his power no worse than he himself had done, might yet give Cosmo abundant cause to curse the selfish indecision which prevented him from shattering the mirror at once. Indeed, to think that she whom he loved, and who had prayed to him for freedom, should be still at the mercy, in some degree, of the possessor of the mirror, and was at least exposed to his constant observation, was in itself enough to madden a chary lover.

Anxiety to be well retarded his recovery; but at length he was able to creep abroad. He first made his way to the old broker's, pretending to be in search of something else. A laughing sneer on the creature's face convinced him that he knew all about it; but he could not see it amongst his furniture, or get any information out of him as to what had become of it. He expressed the utmost surprise at hearing it had been stolen, a surprise which Cosmo saw at once to be counterfeited; while, at the same time, he fancied that the old wretch was not at all anxious to have it mistaken for genuine. Full of distress, which he concealed as well as he could, he made many searches, but with no avail. Of course he could ask no questions; but he kept his ears awake for any remotest hint that might set him in a direction of search. He never went out without a short heavy hammer of steel about him, that he might shatter the mirror the moment he was made happy by the sight of his lost treasure, if ever that blessed moment should arrive. Whether he should see the lady again, was now a thought altogether secondary, and postponed to the achievement of her freedom. He wandered here and there, like an anxious ghost, pale and haggard; gnawed ever at the heart, by the thought of what she might be suffering – all from his fault.

One night, he mingled with a crowd that filled the rooms of one of the most distinguished mansions in the city; for he accepted every invitation, that he might lose no chance, however poor, of obtaining some information that might expedite his discovery. Here he wandered about, listening to every stray word that he could catch, in the hope of a revelation. As he approached some ladies who were talking quietly in a corner, one said to another:

"Have you heard of the strange illness of the Princess von Hohenweiss?"

"Yes; she has been ill for more than a year now. It is very sad for so fine a creature to have such a terrible malady. She was better for some weeks lately, but within the last few days the same attacks have returned, apparently accompanied with more suffering than ever. It is altogether an inexplicable story."

"Is there a story connected with her illness?"

"I have only heard imperfect reports of it; but it is said that she gave offence some eighteen months ago to an old woman who had held an office of trust in the family, and who, after some incoherent threats, disappeared. This peculiar affection followed soon after. But the strangest part of the story is its association with the loss of an antique mirror, which stood in her dressing-room, and of which she constantly made use."

Here the speaker's voice sank to a whisper; and Cosmo, although his very soul sat listening in his ears, could hear no more. He trembled too much to dare to address the ladies, even if it had been advisable to expose himself to their curiosity. The name of the Princess was well known to him, but he had never seen her; except indeed it was she, which now he hardly doubted, who had knelt before him on that dreadful night. Fearful of attracting attention, for, from the weak state of his health, he could not recover an appearance of calmness, he made his way to the open air, and reached his lodgings; glad in this, that he at least knew where she lived, although he never dreamed of approaching her openly, even if he should be happy enough to free her from her hateful bondage. He hoped, too, that as he had unexpectedly learned so much, the other and far more important part might be revealed to him ere long.

"Have you seen Steinwald lately?"

"No, I have not seen him for some time. He is almost a match for me at the rapier, and I suppose he thinks he needs no more lessons."

"I wonder what has become of him. I want to see him very much. Let me see; the last time I saw him he was coming out of that old broker's den, to which, if you remember, you accompanied me once, to look at some armour. That is fully three weeks ago."

This hint was enough for Cosmo. Von Steinwald was a man of influence in the court, well known for his reckless habits and fierce passions. The very possibility that the mirror should be in his possession was hell itself to Cosmo. But violent or hasty measures of any sort were most unlikely to succeed. All that he wanted was an opportunity of breaking the fatal glass; and to obtain this he must bide his time. He revolved many plans in his mind, but without being able to fix upon any.

At length, one evening, as he was passing the house of Von Steinwald, he saw the windows more than usually brilliant. He watched for a while, and seeing that company began to arrive, hastened home, and dressed as richly as he could, in the hope of mingling with the guests unquestioned: in effecting which, there could be no difficulty for a man of his carriage.

In a lofty, silent chamber, in another part of the city, lay a form more like marble than a living woman. The loveliness of death seemed frozen upon her face, for her lips were rigid, and her eyelids closed. Her long white hands were crossed over her breast, and no breathing disturbed their repose. Beside the dead, men speak in whispers, as if the deepest rest of all could be broken by the sound of a living voice. Just so, though the soul was evidently beyond the reach of all intimations from the senses, the two ladies, who sat beside her, spoke in the gentlest tones of subdued sorrow. "She has lain so for an hour."

"This cannot last long, I fear."

"How much thinner she has grown within the last few weeks! If she would only speak, and explain what she suffers, it would be better for her. I think she has visions in her trances, but nothing can induce her to refer to them when she is awake."

"Does she ever speak in these trances?"

"I have never heard her; but they say she walks sometimes, and once put the whole household in a terrible fright by disappearing for a whole hour, and returning drenched with rain, and almost dead with exhaustion and fright. But even then she would give no account of what had happened."

A scarce audible murmur from the yet motionless lips of the lady here startled her attendants. After several ineffectual attempts at articulation, the word "COSMO!" burst from her. Then she lay still as before; but only for a moment. With a wild cry, she sprang from the couch erect

on the floor, flung her arms above her head, with clasped and straining hands, and, her wide eyes flashing with light, called aloud, with a voice exultant as that of a spirit bursting from a sepulchre, "I am free! I am free! I thank thee!" Then she flung herself on the couch, and sobbed; then rose, and paced wildly up and down the room, with gestures of mingled delight and anxiety. Then turning to her motionless attendants – "Quick, Lisa, my cloak and hood!" Then lower – "I must go to him. Make haste, Lisa! You may come with me, if you will."

In another moment they were in the street, hurrying along towards one of the bridges over the Moldau. The moon was near the zenith, and the streets were almost empty. The Princess soon outstripped her attendant, and was half-way over the bridge, before the other reached it.

"Are you free, lady? The mirror is broken: are you free?"

The words were spoken close beside her, as she hurried on. She turned; and there, leaning on the parapet in a recess of the bridge, stood Cosmo, in a splendid dress, but with a white and quivering face.

"Cosmo! – I am free – and thy servant forever. I was coming to you now."

"And I to you, for Death made me bold; but I could get no further. Have I atoned at all? Do I love you a little – truly?"

"Ah, I know now that you love me, my Cosmo; but what do you say about death?"

He did not reply. His hand was pressed against his side. She looked more closely: the blood was welling from between the fingers. She flung her arms around him with a faint bitter wail.

When Lisa came up, she found her mistress kneeling above a wan dead face, which smiled on in the spectral moonbeams.

And now I will say no more about these wondrous volumes; though I could tell many a tale out of them, and could, perhaps, vaguely represent some entrancing thoughts of a deeper kind which I found within them. From many a sultry noon till twilight, did I sit in that grand hall, buried and risen again in these old books. And I trust I have carried away in my soul some of the exhalations of their undying leaves. In after hours of deserved or needful sorrow, portions of what I read there have often come to me again, with an unexpected comforting; which was not fruitless, even though the comfort might seem in itself groundless and vain.

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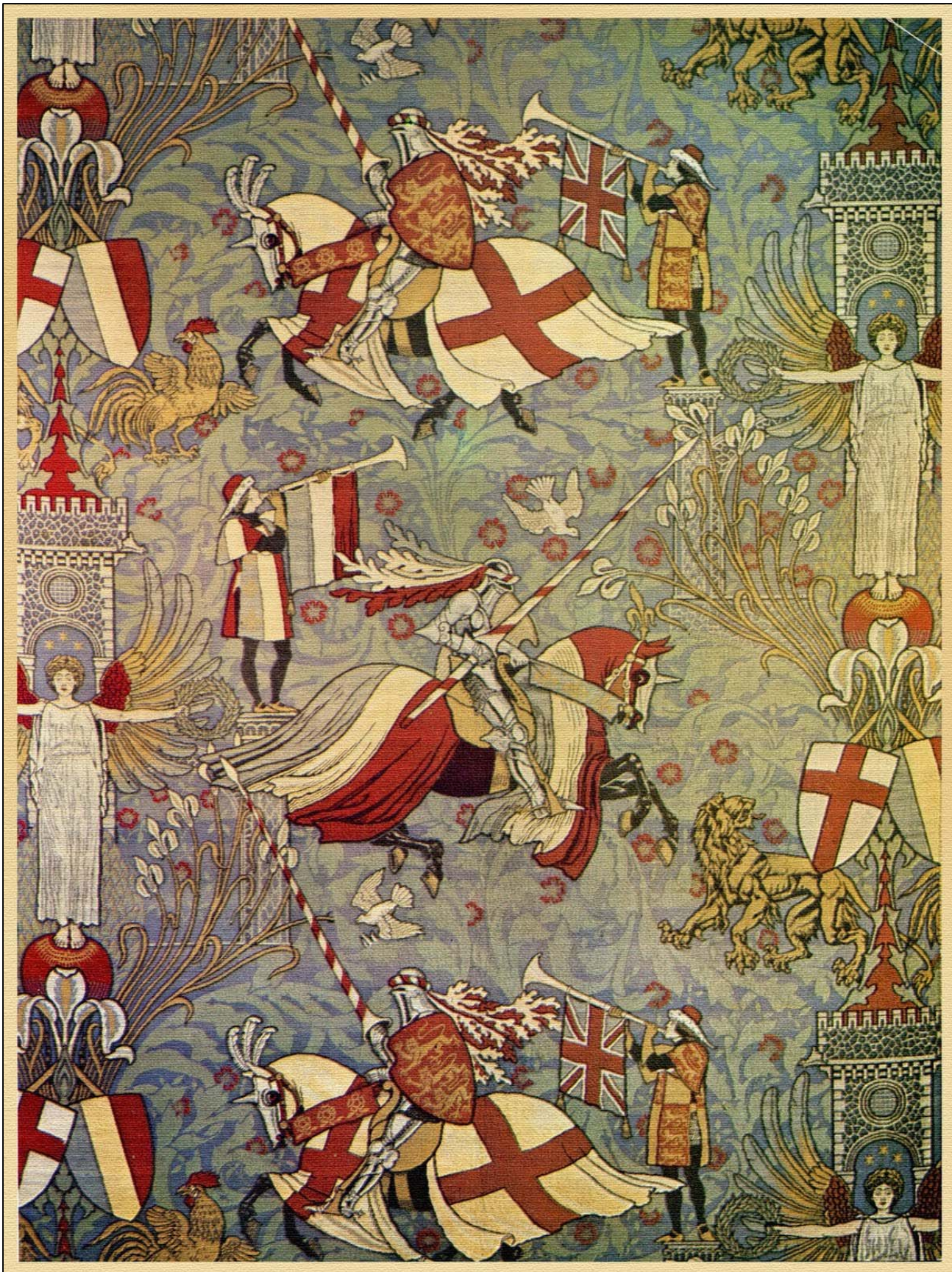
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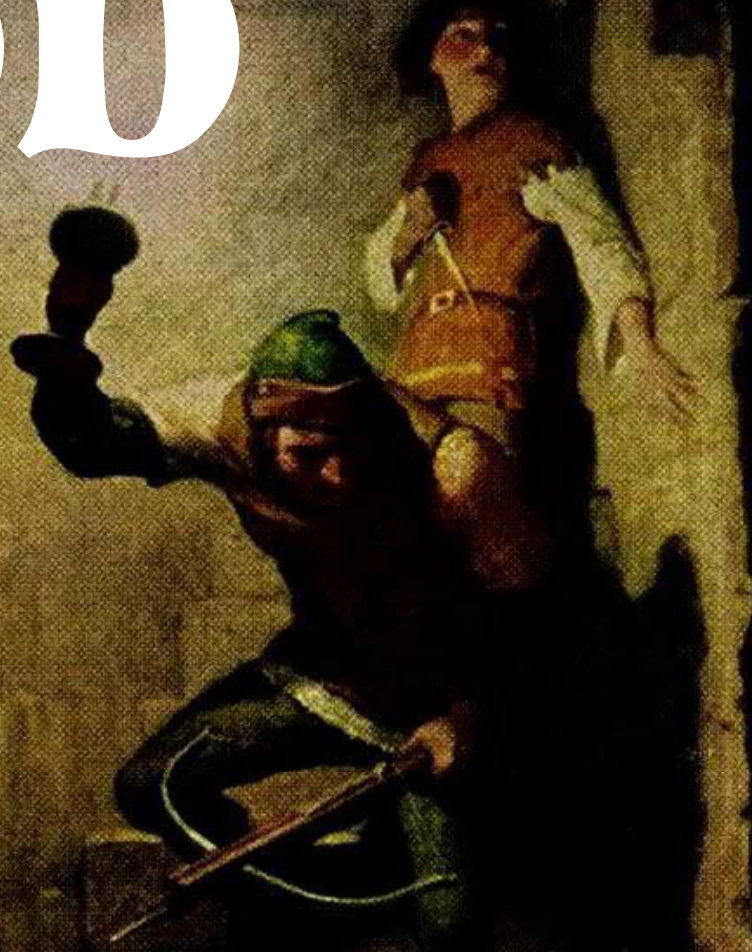
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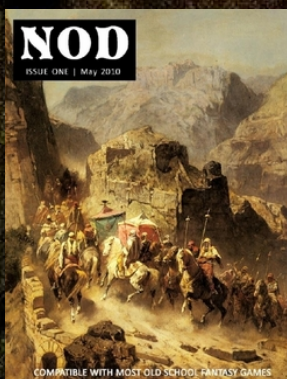


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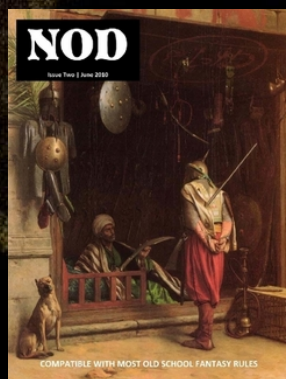
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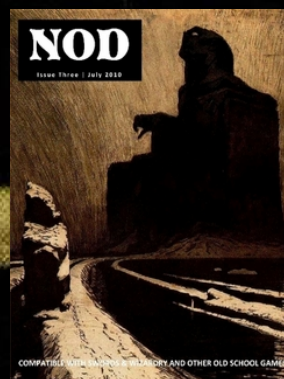
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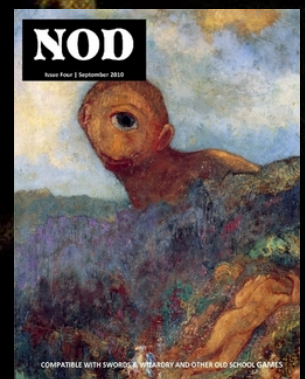
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