

A Question of Religion II . . .

The baffling sequel to the adventure that was never made .

..

Play this adventure as an insight to the Evil and Power of Abbathor - Grand Master Of Greed.

Important Note:

In reading this Adventure, be very certain you don't go past a word you don't fully understand.

The only reason a person gives up a study or becomes confused or unable to learn is because he or she has gone past a word that was not understood.

The confusion or inability to grasp or learn comes AFTER a word that the person did not have defined and understood.

A good resource for definitions is www.dictionary.com

May your vocabulary and understanding be only equaled by your wisdom.

I would Love to hear from you on how my adventure played out.

Any questions / comments can be directed to me- Weston Latimer Prestage at agentfestaskull@hotmail.com

The weapon and armor system I used in this module is one I designed for my own campaign and is detailed at the end of the module- There is very little difference except my one is better. Alot of Weapons do more damage and Armor has aValue Vrs Piercing, Bludgeoning and Slashnig Weapons. Feel Free to Alter It as you see Fit.

DM

Background:

A Semberholme Elven patrol stumbles on the destroyed Wood Elven village of Yos which lies to the west of the large Elven settlement of Semberholme.

The find was a scene of massive slaughter and bloodshed. The battle was headed by one young and brash Gonyuk Fiddletin Urps- the wayward Prince of the Thunder peaks Duergar and commander of a small secret army of young adventurous Duergar who snuck off from the clan Urps in search of Elven gold and jewels. The small army called themselves THE LEADEN LEGION. This army was fed on stories of immense Elven riches for the plundering. They were told these stories and led to the village by a charismatic new Knight from a distant Duergar Kingdom, who seemed to know his way around.

Gonyuk fell in the battle with the Wild Elves and the young band promised not to speak a word of this to anyone back home lest they be blamed for Gonyuks death and punished.

The pickings of the spartan Wood elves were slim but the Knight paid them from his own saved horde and so the remaining Duergar who survived the battle joined the foreign Knight in his castle with the growing ranks of his Abbathorian mini army.

But the new knight wasn't happy. He was a Paladin of Tyranny and a Cavalier in Abbathors service. So he dispatched one of his many pet ravens to do some meddling . . .

The single raven successfully conveyed abhorrently crucial information regarding the "uncalled for and unprovoked " Elven assassination of Gonyuk, the son of King Urps - Patriarch of the Leaden Legion (King of the Duergar of the Thunder Peaks) to a secret temple of Abbathor beneath the city of Tilverton.

Not trusting the life expectancy of the raven's voice box on a second errand, a stringently selected band of Abbathorian Clerics quested to convey the stringent information to King Urps in the Deepearth beneath the Thunder Peaks.

The Grayish Orderlites of the Impassive Infantry are mobilized in response to the news. And who was there to lead them? The charismatic new Knight from the distant Duergar kingdom of course.

Abbathor would have them fight for his glory and to fill the infinite halls of the Glitterhell with plundered riches.

Elven Blood boils at the sight of the destroyed village, the great number of Elves lost to a small number of Dwarves. Angered are they more though at

the sight of a dead Elven boy, One of the two recently recognized heirs to the secretive Great Grugachian (Wood Elf) Mahogany Throne.

Word of the surviving heir soon reaches the Abbathorian authorities via raven spy and they send forth a stringently selected band of commandos to capture the boy, to take him as a sacrifice to Abbathor in the knights castle.

The Elves of Semberholme prepare for another attack and suspicious Elven eyes look to the West toward the happy Hill Dwarves of the Thunder peaks. Dwarves they thought were allies.

A question of Religion II begins with the characters wandering in the wilderness somewhere between the thunder peaks and Lake Sember, hopefully in the middle of another Important quest or on their way to one.

Early DM note:

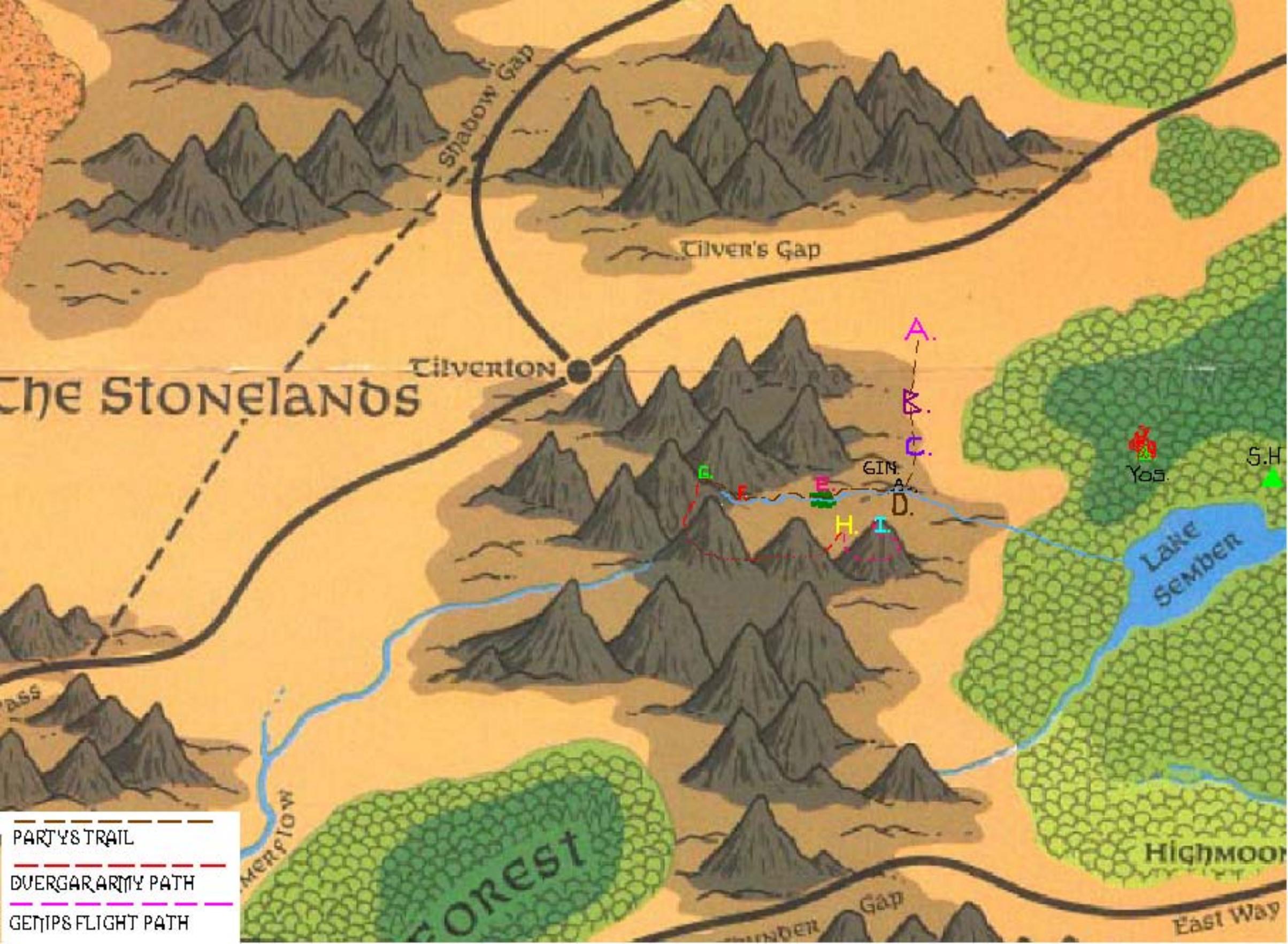
Pay VERY close attention to any players acting in a greedy fashion.

Abbathor is watching over the area and will always attempt to lure a player into his clutching avaricious fold. Read the Section on Abbathor at the end of this module for details on how this can be played for all its worth.

ENTER METTALICAIN AND NAANZ.

MAP POINT - A.

A hunch backed crooked necked ancient wizened old Gold Elf will stumble out of the undergrowth before the party. He wears heavily soiled camouflage robes, has a satchel at his side and leans heavily on an ancient double bladed polearm of ancient design and even more ancient origin. The polearm is shaped like a kayak paddle and is made of engraved Mithril and is studded with gems. The Gold Elf has a white Mullet caused by his incredible age, with all the hair down the sides of his face braided with gold and silver threads. He has gold eyes and light amber skin. On his shoulder dances a golden owl. The owl seems to be made of a gold like substance.



The Stonelands

Tilverton

Shadow Gap

Tilver's Gap

Merflow

Forest

Lake Sember

Highmoon

East Way

GIN

Yos.

S.H.

- PARTY'S TRAIL
- DVERGAR ARMY PATH
- GENIP'S FLIGHT PATH

A.
B.
C.

E.
F.
G.
H.
I.
D.

With him is a blandly dressed snobbish looking child Wood elf - all his hair has been combed and cut into a crude bowl cut - he has black hair and brown skin - he wears tatty leather pants and a rough leather coat. He looks about eight in human years. He cowers back in a snobbish fashion from the party and looks at them with an air of disdain.

DM NOTE: Naanz does not have stats or a character sheet as he is a special NPC and the center point of the entire adventure. If he dies, the adventure is over with a low-pitched ending noise.

He is a 20-year-old Wood Elf boy child - which is about 11 in Human years. He behaves in an incredibly spoiled fashion now that he has found out that he is a prince and is going to milk it for all it is worth - ordering the party about like slaves and treating everyone like dirt. This is how he feels he should behave when he is a prince.

He will start a lot of sentences with "When I am prince . . . "

And at least one occasion he will say "You clods are supposed to guard me? You couldn't even guard a stinking grogan that a dog crapped on your mothers grave"

He will only speak Elven of course, though he understands some common. He will not endear himself to the party in any way and any threats to his person are met with promises of torture and death when he is Prince. His only equipment is a well-made sling shot and a small bone knife.

Name: METTALICAIN.
Size: Medium: 5ft two in.
Race/Sex: Gold elf/ Male 700 years old.
Class/Level: Fighter 5th
Alignment: Neutral Good with Chaotic tendencies.
Hit Dice: 5 d 10 - 2 (HP 30)
Initiative: + 3 (Dex)
Speed: 30ft
Armour Class: Touch : 13 Elven Chain + Dex = Piercing: 20, Bludgeoning: 18, Slashing: 22. Flat footed, P: 17 B: 15 S: 19
Attacks: +4. Halberd- one attack at + 7 (Damage 1d8 +1) or two at + 3 (Damage 1d8 +1/1d8+1) Crit. x3
Short sword or dagger + 4 Damage 1d6-1 and 1d4 -1, Elven Long Bow + 8 ranged.

(Damage 1d8)

Saves: Fort + 2, Ref + 4, Will -1

Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 16 (+3), Con 6 (-2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 6 (-2), Chr 9(+0).

Skills: Balance + 5 / Climb +6 / Hide + 10 / Jump + 3/ Listen + 2 / Move silently + 10 / Search + 5 / Spot + 4 / Swim + 1/ Survival +10.

Feats: Weapon Finesse, Double weapon fighting, Armed Deflect arrows, Weapon focus: Ancient Elven Halberd.

All out Attack [General: Offense]

Mettalicain attacks recklessly, throwing caution to the wind.

Benefit: He may take a -2 penalty to Armor Class to add +2 to all attack rolls this round. The changes to Armor Class and attack bonus last until your first action next round.

Equipment: Lembas bread, Skin of berry juice, Old Elven Longbow, 26 arrows, Satchel, Elven short sword and dagger, Large muddy cloak. Magic Golden Owl, Ancient Elven mithril Halberd, Mithril Elven Chain under muddy rough wilderness clothes.

Encumbrance: Light. 25lbs carried.

Languages: Elven, Sylvan, Celestial, Goblin, Orc, Draconic, Giant.

Description: A hunch backed crooked necked ancient wizened old Gold Elf. He wears heavily soiled camouflage robes, has a satchel at his side and leans heavily on an ancient looking double bladed polearm of ancient design and even more ancient origin. The polearm is shaped like a kayak paddle and is made of engraved Mithril and gems. Mettalicain has a white Mullet caused by his incredible age, with all the hair down the sides of his face braided with gold and silver threads. He has gold eyes and light amber skin. An Elven bow on his back and a dilapidated much repaired quiver of molting arrows.

On his shoulder dances a small golden owl.

Personality: Mettalicain is entering the final stages of dementia and now almost entirely relies on the golden owl to tell him where to go.

He will forget how to open doors, cook, read and occasionally, count.

He never forgets how to fight and often attacks recklessly, throwing caution to the wind, after shooting a few arrows. This will probably result in his death.

He whispers a lot to himself in an incomprehensible mixture of the languages

he knows. And when spoken to in a language he understands he will often reply in a whisper in a different language that he knows. He is intent on keeping the boy from danger and the boy's safety and health are his charges. He will remember this much.

Background: Mettalicain was senile 100 years ago. His condition has worsened over the decades. He forgot to get on the boats to Evermeet. He is randomly employed by Elves, whose villages he stumbles into after months of wandering, lost in the wilds. Once an Elven wanderer and sometimes hunter - he was even docile in his youth. Disappearing from his village for decades at a time then stumbling home after everyone gave him up for dead and long forgot about him. Stumbling from job to job and from village to village he learnt many languages but never the common tongue of man. He learned how to take care of himself and creep away from danger. He was delivered the Scroll a few days ago by the golden owl with a message to find likely heroes and return the boy to the kingdom, although he will forget this after delivering the message.

THE SCROLL THE SEAL AND THE QUEST.

Metalliacain will hand the party a rather official looking scroll case made from a small Green Dragon Horn. It has a large bejeweled silver cap on one end with a rather official looking ebony seal on it. The scroll case is worth 1500 gp.

The message inside is written in flowing Wood Elven script adorned with many leaves and woodland pictures, and reads:

" Tender-hearted brave persons, I greet thee and thank thee greatly for volunteering to save my heir. Trouble brews in our fair land. Protection and transportation of my boy to his kingdom is a difficult errand. Should war begin, bringing my heir to his kingdom would be impossible. I fear but am not quite sure, that the a dangerous and wicked faction was alerted to my heir escaping the slaughter of his village, and is after him. Not to alarm you good fellows but you could be in a tad of danger yourselves. I offer you each 10 Mithril ingots (DM NOTE: an Elven merchant in the party or an Elf or Dwarf with more than two ranks in appraise will know a one pound Mithril ingot would retail for about a thousand gold coins and

may know some notes on Mithril (see note on Mithril) and the debt of my infinite gratitude when you succeed in returning the darling child to me before the next Night of Day.

(DM note - this is a solar eclipse which will occur on the day of the big battle at the end of this adventure. The solar eclipse is an Abbathorian holy day and is in the early morning 13 days from now. Depending on how knowledgeable the characters are they may or may not know about the eclipse or the Abbathorian holy day).

Please keep him nice and clean and make sure he is wearing the finest of attire on arrival. Make a hurried pace please we feel war is near.

His Gracious Slimness

King Balthasar the Ninth (debated)

Northern ruler of the Sineal Peaks Elven Infantry, Commander of the Golden Eagle Squadron of the Cheerful Cavalry and rather sick person at present.

If the party choose not to help, close the adventure and put it away.

If they do choose to help, Mettalicain leads them onward into the growing darkness.

The party camps and the Killers, hired by the Abbathorians, will strike.

During the battle the prince will be stolen away by the unseen fourth assassin known as Murkmoldiev the Ruddy.

He will invisibly kidnap the prince and flee with him unseen.

At the end of the battle the prince will have simply seemed to have vanished

.

After the battle Mettalicain will have a hard time believing that there was a prince to begin with, but the golden own will lead them to the village of Ginnalet, for the rescue.

THE DUERGAR ATTACK.

MAP POINT- B

Some time in a secluded moment, no matter where the players are, killers hired by the Abbathorians, will strike under the cover of darkness - hopefully while the party is asleep. They attack mercilessly - no conditions

were put on the job to be done. During the battle, the prince will be stolen by an unseen, fourth assassin known as Murkmoldiev The Ruddy. He will steal the prince unseen, and flee into safety. At the end of the battle the prince will have simply seemed to have vanished.

This will occur no matter what the circumstances.

The Duergar who will attack by stealth in the night are as follows . . . Their traveling gear is stashed a mile back along the wilderness and thus they only have what they carry.

Name: Fignorb (infested Hair in common)
Size: M or / L (special)
Race/Sex: Female.
Class/Level:Rouge 5 Duergar 1 Character level 6
Alignment: LE
Hit Dice: 1d8 +5d6 + 12 HP 47
Initiative: Sword 6 Darts 6
Speed: 20 / 30

Armour Class: Black Rothe hide Studded leather +1 Touch : 13/12
Piercing :16/15 Bludgeoning : 17/16 Slashing : 18/17 Flat footed , P: 13/12
B : 14/13 S : 15/14

Attacks: BAB +4 MW Dark Dwarves Broadsword +1 to hit . + 12/11 Dam
2d4 +8 / 4d4 +10 Dark dwarf darts. + 7/8 Dam 1-3 +7/8 ROF 2/rnd.

Saves: Immune to Paralysis and illusion Magic deep or alchemical poisons (not normal ones) Spells +2 Fort 7 Ref 7/6 Will 2

Abilities: Str 11 (25+7) enlarged 26 +8 Dex : 16 +3 /14 +2
Con : 15 +2 Int : 17 +3 Wis 12 +1 Chr 5 -3

Skills: Balance +11 Climb +8 Hide + 12 Jump +8
Listen +13 Move silently +14 Search +8
Spot +11 Sense Motive :+8

Feats: Toughness, Sneak attack + 3d6 , Evasion, uncanny dodge,
Hardy Brawler Benefit: Fignorb gains a subdual-based damage
reduction equal to her constitution modifier. This only applies to subdual
damage.

Her constitution modifier is +2, So she can subtract the first three points
of subdual damage from each subdual attack.

Equipment:

Girdle of Hill Giant Strength (See Magic Items) - This huge belt is actually the woven hair from a Hill giant's beard. When worn the belt greatly increases the wearer's strength making them as strong as a Hill giant. The side effect is massive fatigue and aches and pains after battle and heavy exercise as well as a magical weakening of the muscles until the person becomes totally reliant on the girdle as Fignorb has become.

Sets all over body strength to 25.(+7)

MW Dark Dwarves Broadsword +1 to hit, 12 Dark dwarf darts, 4 doses of Armor Lubricant, Dark Dwarf thief Kit, Holy symbol of Abbathor (a gold coin at two inches in diameter, which is stamped with the symbol of Abbathor (A jeweled Dagger) on both faces.)

A jeweled serrated dagger worth 300 gp, Abbathorian crimson silk pajamas underneath clothes. Masterwork Duergar Hairdressing kit, small pouch of wizened black under dark fungi that causes drowsiness if consumed.

Hidden under clothes: 2 pound Golden Mole shaped necklace (750 gp)

Languages: Elven, Sylvan, Celestial, Goblin, Orc, Draconic, Giant.

Description: A fat faced Ball of a Duergar with greenish grey hair that is coming away in flaking green strings. Piggy little black eyes.

Personality: Part time hairdresser for the guard watch and utterly merciless psycho killer under service to Abbathor.

Name: Runndriez of the "Green Earlobe" (A minor Duergar Sect) .

Size: M or / L (special)

Race/Sex: Male

Class/Level:Fighter 2

Alignment: LE

Hit Dice: 2d10 HP : 30

Initiative: -1

Speed: 20 / 30

Armour Class: Darkened Duergar Chain. Med Steel shield. Touch : 9/8

Piercing :18/17 Bludgeoning : 16/15 Slashing : 20/19 Flat footed , P 14/13 B 12/11 S 16/15

Attacks: BAB + 2 Enchanted Dark Dwarves Halberd +1 . +6 /+7 Dam 1d10 +5 / 1d10 + 1d6 + 7 Rothe skin whip + 1 Dam 1-3 + 3

Saves: Immune to Paralysis and illusion Magic deep or alchemical poisons (not normal ones) Spells +2 Fort +6 Ref 0/-1 Will +1

Abilities: Str 17 +3 enlarged 19 +4 Dex : 9 -1 / 7-2

Con : 15 +2 Int : 14 +2 Wis 12 +1 Chr 10

Skills Listen +3 Move silently +5 Spot +4 Hide +4

Feats :Toughness, Accurate Jab:

Runndriez can concentrate on hitting his opponent rather than inflicting great damage.

Benefit: When he uses the attack action or full attack action in melee, he gains a bonus to his attack rolls as much as subtracted (Max -5) from the damage he inflicts. This number may not exceed his Base Attack Bonus (+2). Regardless of the penalties to your damage rolls, you inflict at least 1 point of damage on a successful hit.

Equipment: Enchanted Dark Dwarves Halberd +1, Whip, Holy Fungus spirits of extra Healing in silver flask (10 gp), Holy symbol of Abbathor (a gold coin at two inches in diameter which is stamped with the symbol of Abbathor (A jeweled Dagger) on both faces), A jeweled stiletto dagger value 100 gp,2 doses of Armor Lubricant, Abbathorian crimson silk pajamas underneath clothes, small pouch of wizened green Underdark fungi that causes constipation if consumed.

Hidden under clothes: A Rothe skin neck pouch containing 52 thin Duergar gold.

Languages: Common ,Duergar.

Description: A Rugged Ball of a stocky Duergar with green earlobes and grey dye all over his neck and gauntlets. Wearing a Blackish wool cloak with leaves and sticks all over the back of it. Wearing a heavy Dark steel helmet. Piggy little grey eyes squint out from it.

Personality: A Joe nobody Duergar trying to get ahead by killing whom he is told to.

Name: Grunnyeff the little Limbed.

Size: S or / M (special)

Race/Sex: Male

Class/Level:Fighter 2

Alignment: LE

Hit Dice: 2d10 HP : 35
Initiative: +3
Speed: 20 / 30

Armour Class: Darkened Duergar Chain. Touch : 10 Piercing 18/17
:Bludgeoning 15/14 Slashing : 19/18 Flat footed same.
Attacks: BAB + 2 2 Duergar Hand axes + 4 / +5 Dam 2d3 +2 /3d3 +
3 x3 and two throwing spears + 2 ranged Dam 1-6 x3
Saves: Immune to Paralysis and illusion Magic deep or alchemical
poisons (not normal ones) Spells +2 Fort +10 Ref 0 Will -1
Abilities: Str 14 +2 enlarged 16 +3 Dex :11
Con : 20 +5 Int : 10 Wis 8 Chr 10
Skills Listen +4 Move silently +7 Spot +4 Hide +4
Feats :Toughness. Two weapon fighting.

Equipment: 2 Duergar Hand axes,3 doses of Armor Lubricant, Holy
Fungus spirits of Healing in silver flask (10 GP), Holy symbol of
Abbathor (a gold coin at two inches in diameter, which is stamped
with the symbol of Abbathor (A jeweled Dagger) on both faces.), A
jeweled Cinquenda boot dagger worth 100 gp, Abbathorian crimson silk
pajamas underneath clothes, small pouch of wizened yellow Underdark
fungi that causes Hallucination if consumed.

Hidden under clothes: A Rothe skin neck pouch containing 15 Duergar
gold, 13 Deep Gnome PP.

Languages: Duergar.

Description: A very small Midget Duergar who only tops 3 feet (6
feet when enlarged) . He has very small stumpy limbs but the long
handles on his custom-made hand axes make up for this lack of reach.
Wearing a black leather hood.

Personality: A horrid little thing that easily flies into rages when
teased.

Note on Duergar:

Dark vision out to 120 feet.

—Immunity to paralysis, phantasms, and poison.

- +2 racial bonus on saves against spells and spell-like abilities.
- Spell-Like Abilities: 1/day—enlarge person and invisibility as a wizard of twice the Duergar's class level (minimum caster level 3rd); these abilities affect only the Duergar and whatever it carries.
- Light Sensitivity: Duergar are dazzled in bright sunlight or within the radius of a daylight spell.
- +4 racial bonus on Move Silently checks.
- +1 racial bonus on Listen and Spot checks.

Duergar speak Duergan - an offshoot of the Dwarven dialect heavily influenced by Drow and Illithid words and language as well as words found in Undercommon.

Enlarge is the instant growth of a humanoid creature, doubling its height and multiplying its weight by 8. This increase changes the creature's size category to the next larger one. The target gains a +2 size bonus to Strength, a -2 size penalty to Dexterity (to a minimum of 1), and a -1 penalty on attack rolls and AC due to its increased size. The duration is one minute per level.

Assuming the players survive the sneaky ambush of the Duergar they will notice that Naanz is gone and Mettalicain will set out to find / track him. Leading the party stumbling through the wilderness for the entire night. Fatigue will kick in at dawn.

The Golden Owl will lead the way.

A mission through the hilly wilderness will ensue with one encounter.

THE DISEASED RANGER.

MAP POINT-C

With a spot check DC 22 someone may or may not spot a ragged looking man with a long black beard poking out of a flour sack that he is wearing over his head with two eye holes and a mouth hole cut into it.

He also is wearing hunting leathers and carries a sack a bow and an axe.

He shadows the group and examines them closely. This is Fiz the diseased ranger and he has exiled himself into the wilderness so that he does not infect any others with the disease he has.

The disease he has is called Festaskull and is transmitted by touch. DC 11 fort save. If failed all the skin rots and peels off your face and skull, starting with the dome of the head. It has an incubation period of one week and does 1 Chr and 1 Con damage per Ten-day until 5 con is reached when it goes dormant. It only affects the head leaving the rest of the body untouched.

He is trying to find out if there is a powerful priest with the group that may heal him. He will tell them this if confronted but will tell them he is afflicted with a pox and warns them not to approach.

He will run if threatened but will tear his hood free and attack if cornered.

In this hopefully unlikely event his stats are left up to the DM.

Four hours rest is allowed by Mettalicain (which will weigh heavily on non Elves) before he rouses everyone and begins to tear off across the hills in the wake of the Little Golden Owl.

ONWARD

With the aid of Mettalicain and the Owl they will venture into the hills and arrive upon a large cliff the next evening as the sun begins to go down.

A scene about two kilometers below the cliff will be seen.

Far bellow on the rough and muddy trail will be seen a tiny Dark Armored knight in a horned full helm standing in a chariot like box fastened on top of a long sinuous DRAGON. The dragon is seen to be of the White variety and can be seen to be as long as 3 of the skeletal horses that ride behind it making it just over 23 feet long from nose to tail with a 26 ft wingspan. The dragon lazily flies ahead of a troop

of Duergar cavalry draped in holed and rusty chain armor. The red lights in the eyes of the riders and the skeletal horses burn in a most sinister fashion.

To the party's surprise he sings in a deep baritone with one fist in the air. A Dwarven ballad . . . snatches of the song can be heard on the wind if the players make a DC15 listen check . . .

He sings as follows (in Dwarven of course)

Caves and catacombs forever
Caverns too much for the years of a man
Dwarves can find the way together
To get lost will cost you your life

Treasures from the darkest deeps
Grey-gleam, known as Mithril
Sacred metal shaped into magical weapons
The tribe so mighty and old
Delving tunnels under the ground.

The winged ones swept the land above
With the thundering winds they destroy
Those with the breath of fire and flame
Their strength far greater than man's
And their lore grows forever and ever
Eyes with a magical gaze
When they scream lands and mountains will quake . . . (fades off)

They head along the rough and muddy trail toward a village of earth and stone Dwarf mounds numbering about 100.

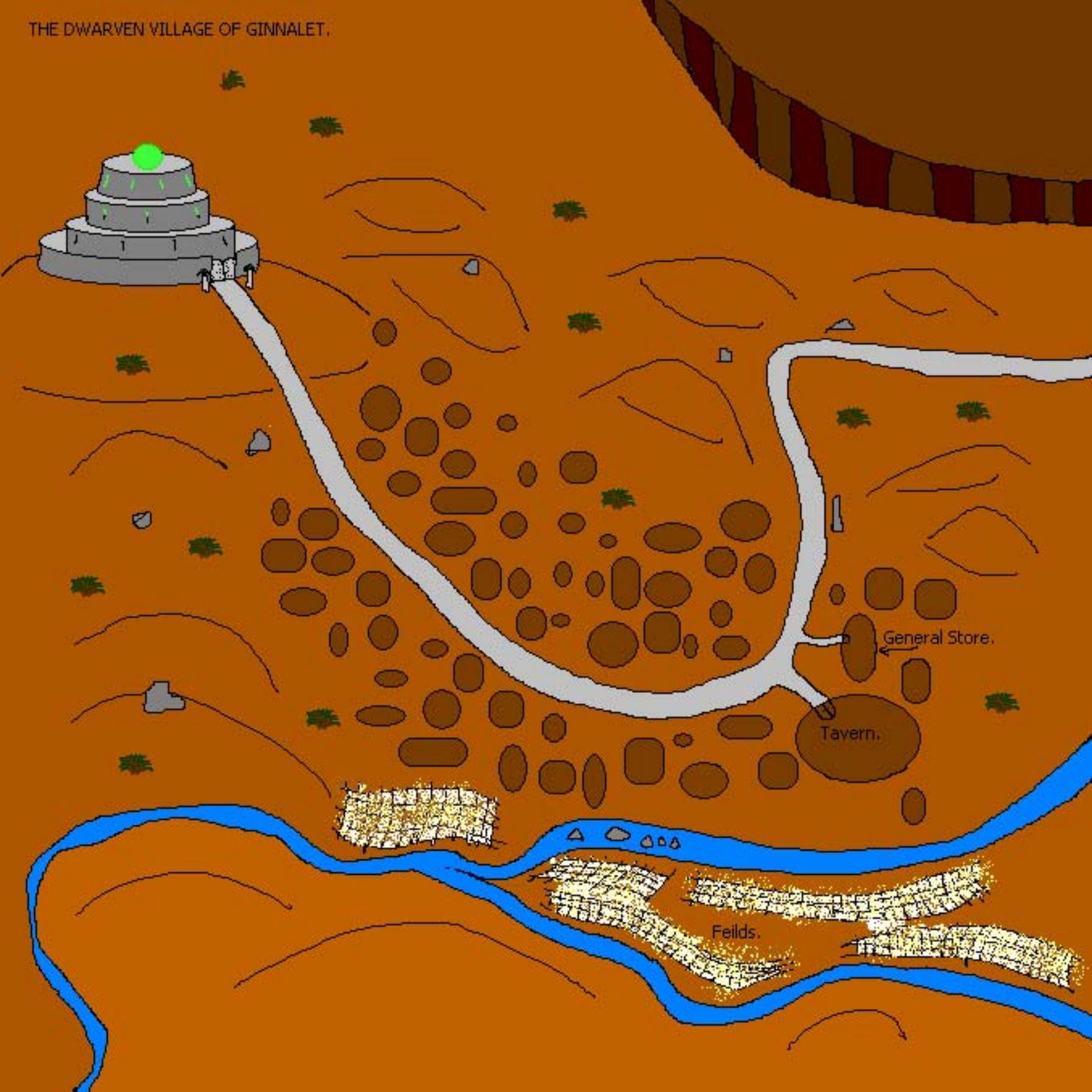
THE VILLAGE OF GINNALET.

MAP POINT- D

Long isolated and out of the way the Dark Knight Grunnipalg saw this place as an excellent base of operations, and quite intentionally became the Mayor.

It is a happy community made up of 552 happy Hill Dwarves, who live their lives high of chest and spirit.

THE DWARVEN VILLAGE OF GINNALET.



They live their lives oblivious to the goings on of the outside world and welcome travelers of all creeds and disposition. They make a lot of money from a very successful Tavern and a Dwarven spirits industry as well as many special varieties of wheat they grow in fields on the shores of the streams around the village.

They have a large general store and all of the structures are underground, connected by tunnels, mere mounds chimneys and small back doors above.

Though usually not very colorful folk, there is an Abbathorian Banner in every building. Grunnipalg has told them it is the new symbol of the village and it is an ancient good luck charm. Any effort to convince them otherwise will be met with ridicule at first followed by scorn and then anger.

Otherwise they seem quite happy and everyone seems very friendly to visitors of any race. Information that can be gathered is that the previous Mayor and the priesthood deserted the village a few months back. Leaving with the town treasury for bigger and better things, temples and towns . . .

Well so said the letters they left . . .

Then only a day later after their desertion, disaster struck! Ogres attacked the town! Yet were staunchly driven out by the Dwarven Hero Grunnipalg who came swooping out of the foggy sky to drive them off with piecing lance strikes and frigid blasts from his magnificent steed "Genip the wise."

Once the danger was passed him reluctancy agreed to be the new Mayor and they built him a tower on the hill in gratitude . . .

The PCs arrival at Ginnalet.

Upon entering the village a cold fog begins to brew and before long has engulfed the village, limiting visibility to 200 ft.

Merriment can be heard from the large stairway of the tavern . . .

GENERAL STORE: The party will also pass a general store (which is almost closing for the night) that can outfit them with almost any gear they need - all of it being well made Dwarven stuff. Prices will be up to 20% higher than PHB prices depending on the bartering skills of

the shopper. Brazzukus the Barterer (who will engage in no bartering with the PCs if he can help it - explaining that his bartering days are over and it is time to get down to serious exchange of cold hard cash for goods. He will be happy to give good prices for goods from other places) is the proprietor.

Brazzukus the Barterer: Dwarven Commoner 3. Appraise + 8 Sense motive + 3

Prices will be at 20% higher than PHB for Dwarves in the party also but they will have a few extras thrown in which will make the purchase come to 5% less than PHB.

THE TAVERN.

The tavern has a stone sign board outside it proclaiming it to be the "Tooth and Knuckle" in Dethek (Dwarven runes) - Ogre teeth and knuckle bones hang from it like macabre mobile

Note : 95% of the Dwarves can speak Dwarven only .

The ones that can speak common are the traders and barman.

Be sure to emphasize the ruggedness, independence and the strength of these Dwarves.

Mettalicain will suggest that they pop into the tavern for a few Dwarven beverages and the owl will just fly down into the tavern . . .

The tavern is crowded and cavernous. Decked with arrays of stone furniture, nearly all of which are occupied by grubby Dwarves - clay drinking mugs hang above the long granite bar and the floor is covered in sand. It is illuminated by the odd mining lantern that hangs from the ceiling, bathing the place in a gloomy yellow light. Which is just fine for underground races. There is a contest of some sort going on down the back and there is a fighting ring of sorts out of which an unconscious dwarf is being dragged.

Other Dwarves cheer a Red bearded dwarf who has his hands raised in victory.

There is a sign above the Bar - carved on clay tablets in Dethek:

Two Legs: Hand Keg 1 sp.

One Leg: Big Cup 3sp
No Legs: Big Cup 6 sp.
Food : Big Bowl: 2sp

After any payment the Serving Wench will slam a coin filled copper pot on her drink tray up and down to indicate that she wished to be given a TIP.

The warm and incredibly rowdy tavern is filled with dirty miners, and grubby farmers of both sexes, all hard at drinking the towns special Ale "Two Legs," Mushroom Wine "One Leg" and Dwarven Spirits "No Legs."

Dwarven spirits are quite strong and flavorful compared to that made by humans and Dwarven beer is various grains fermented in vats of silty mud. The silt and mud extract impurities during the fermentation process. It also lends a unique flavor to the beer. A strange muddy flavor. The mushroom wine is incredibly vile and any non Dwarf or non Half Orc drinking it that fails a fort save of DC 10 will immediately regurgitate it. It is only drunk by the sorriest Dwarven booze hags and any request for it will be met with laughter - until the server realizes the patron was serious.

Beardy wenches will push/offer a free drink on the house to the players when they enter.

One cup of the flavorful spirits is enough to drive a small sized character unconscious unless he has an exceptional high constitution or the Drinking feat.

A human could drink one cup of Two Legs ale and be slightly merry after it with no ill game effects unless his constitution was less than eight.

It is up to you the DM to decide the effects of consuming large quantities of Ale or spirits if the players do so.

If my years of DMing experience tells me anything the players will be exceptionally careful that they do not drink more than the tiniest amount of any alcoholic beverage unless they are sure they are not within 1000 miles of anything dangerous and even then only with Priest ready to cast remove poison standing by.

It never ceases to amaze me that most adventurers will happily guzzle unidentified magic potions like lolly water but will not have a single glass of ale . . .

Bar food is available in the form of Dwarven oatmeal this is a thick grey gruel that has bits of fried mushroom, crispy bacon, toasted bread and salted meat mixed in.

The Characters will discover that Dwarven food is not the most tasty and unless they have their own supplies the muddy, silty and hard foods of the dwarves being the only food available could be a running joke through the adventure.

Two interesting things are going on in the center of the Torch lit Tavern.

One is a big axe throwing contest. That the players can enter for 50 gp as this is the finals.

The players will be sized up by the Judge and given odds of 4/1 - 12/1 depending on how good a thrower they look.

The Dwarves may be bet on for the following odds - for any amount up to 200 gold.

Blerkus 8/1 Herdus 6/1 Nubilf 10/1 Beebus 4/1.

The four contestants have axe throwing bonuses of - Blerkus +6 Herdus + 7 Nubilf + 5 and the reigning champion is Beebus with + 9. Each contestant gets three Dwarven throwing axes with will require a bit of practice to use and thus the player will get a - 2 unless he has the Weapon Focus feat in some kind of axe like weapon or is a Dwarf.

The contestants throw at a huge wooden bull's-eye at the end of the room from a distance of 40 feet so a range penalty of - 6 applies to each roll.

Add up the total number of the modified hit rolls of the character and the highest is the winner.

If a player wins he receives the Platinum medal worth 250 gp in weight alone - and a pair of tough looking Dwarven mountain boots made of dark brown Cave Bear leather- full of gold - A total of 683 dwarven gp.

The boots are : Boots of Mountaineering: The soles of these tough leather boots are studded with tiny metal spikes and hooks that magically extend or retract to aid in climbing. While worn, the boots grant a +10 competence bonus on Climb checks. Additionally, while the wearer is in mountainous terrain, the boots fill him with feelings of contentment and support, almost as if the mountain itself were watching out for him. He suffers no Mountainous Terrain movement penalty. When in mountainous terrain, the wearer gains a +2 insight bonus on all saving throws and a +5 competence bonus on Balance, Jump, and Survival checks.

The Boots are very well made but obviously dwarven sized. They will

magically grow/shrink to fit the wearer if tried on.

The party may abandon a powerful magic item in their haste to get the gold (which spills from the boots) into a sack . . .

The other thing is the fighting ring. A player can challenge "Angry Red" the reigning champion.

The prize is all the booze and food you want while you are the champion and 400 gp. Lots of betting is being done and the player who fights Red will be assigned odds by the referee.

Name: Angry Red (Mim Baraz)

Size: M Race/Sex: Dwarf Male Class/Level: Bar 2 Ftr 3

Alignment: N Hit Dice: 2d12 + 3d10 +15 HP 55

Current HP 30.

Initiative: 0

Speed: 40'

Armour Class: 14 (has uncanny dodge also)

Attacks: one kick, punch or headbutt + 8 Dam 1-3 +4
(plus up to 5 more with power attack.)

Red will use his rage if he starts getting severely beaten.

Saves: Fort +9 Ref +4 Will -2

Abilities: Str 18 Dex 10 Con 16 Int 7

Wis 6 Chr 5

Skills: Balance +5 Jump + 6 Spot +1 Feats: Rage 1 day.

Dodge, Improved unarmed strike ,Uncanny dodge, Power attack ,

Hardy Brawler: Benefit: Red gains a subdual -based damage reduction equal to his constitution modifier. This only applies to subdual damage. His constitution modifier is +3, So he can subtract the first three points of subdual damage from each subdual attack.

Knock out punch: on a natural 19 or 20 with an unarmed attack Red had done his KO punch. The target must make a fort save DC 10 or be stunned for 1-3 rounds.

While stunned Red will keep delivering punches and that will be the end of the fight.

Equipment: Leather pants.

Languages: Red only speaks Dwarven

Description: An overweight drooling Dwarf. All his front teeth are

missing and his face looks like it has been pounded as to lose almost all shape. His fists are large and calloused. His toenails twisted, grey and sharp.

He has a long stinking and stained red beard and a shock of wild red hair.

Personality: Brawling, Drooling, Alcoholic.

THE BELL.

The sound of the horrendous storm brewing outside is masked by the cheering and shouting in the tavern and will not be heard unless someone in the party goes outside.

What does penetrate the noise though is a bells "DONGGG . . . DONGGG . . . DONGGG" noise.

At this the patrons drain the last of their brews and file out the back of the tavern through tunnels which connect up the homes and mines. They will be safe from the winds there and are seen later in the adventure (after they dig themselves out of their homes).

The players will be escorted out of the Tavern as it is closing time and as there is no Inn anywhere they will be told that all guests of the town usually stay at the castle or camp by the river.

DM NOTE: The Dwarves believe the visitors have been staying at the river and then head off early in the morning, never to be heard from again. When really they have been winding up in the castles stew pots.

When the players exit the tavern they will observe that the bells eerie tolling is coming from a menacing dark castle, at the end of the road . . . atop a windswept hill. A bright evil-magic green colored glow throbs from the top of the caste and the slit windows of the castle pour out the dull green light.

The heavy windstorm continues to brew in the valley around the village. Any player with low-light vision can see small tornados forming in the far off distance - tearing out the small shrubberies and casting them spinning into the air.

They will see the Mayor in his black Field Plate Armour, dark purple cape

billowing out behind him, one knee on the uppermost crenelation of the castle, silhouetted in a most sinister fashion by the green glow which pulsing behind him.

With a baritone texture he sings a grim opera type melody, fists raised to the sky . . .

"Running on a blood river
He feeds on blood
The Gems calls him
His strength glows if the hands invoking him are stained with blood
Where the Gems light shines, the blood is shed
There the light's kingdoms wobble
There nature forces are shaken . . ."

Not caring for the safety of the village he thinks he has the party trapped. And his skeletal knights will finish them for him as it is obviously beneath his status as a Caviler of Abbathor to fight them. In capturing and destroying Naanz he will have secured a great victory for Abbathor,

But . . . he underestimates the party and overestimates the skill of his Undead Men at arms . . . (Hopefully, as if not the adventure ends with the party dying a grisly death on the road to the castle . . .)

The skeletal Knights will ride out of the fortress grounds.

Each of the Dwarven Undead Knights is on a skeletal War Pony . . . Armed with light lances and rusty Morning stars and garbed in dark tinted and rust splotched Dwarven Chain mail and holding dented rusty steel shields, the five undead knights will march down the hill to seek out the party and to charge them at 100 yards.

At all costs they will attempt to stop the party from entering the Citadel to the point of dismounting and continuing the fight inside if the party somehow manage to get through their defenses.

The Undead Warriors are Dread Warriors detailed below.

Medium sized Undead

HP:30, 40 , 42, 35

Hit Dice: 4d12 (26hp)

Initiative: +0 (Dex) Morningstar + 0, Lance has reach.

Speed: 20 ft (in Dwarven Chainmail with medium steel shield);

AC: Piercing: 19 (20 while mounted, 21 Vrs Missile, 18 while charging, 19

Vrs missile while Charging)

Bludgeoning: 17 (18 while mounted, 19 Vrs Missile, 16 while charging, 17 Vrs missile while Charging)

Slashing : 21 (22 while mounted, 23 Vrs Missile, 20 while charging, 21 Vrs missile while Charging)

Attacks: Light lance + 8 Mounted charging,

Morningstar + 5/ +6 mounted

Damage: Light lance 1 d 10 x 2 (charging)

Morningstar 1 d 10 + 4

Special Qualities: Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to sneak attacks, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Damage reduction : 6 / Slashing or bludgeoning weapons weighing more than 8lbs or wielded with massive strength.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +4;

Abilities: Str 16 (+3), Dex 11 (+0), Con - (-),

Int 5 (-3), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 6 (-2);

Skills: Climb +10, Jump +10, Spot +9;

Feats: Superior Stability + 4 to ability checks made to resist being bull rushed or tripped or pulled of a skeletal horse even while riding at full speed.

Climate/Terrain: Any land

Organization: Solitary or Company (2-12)

Alignment: Always Neutral Evil

Dread Warriors are enhanced undead created immediately after a warrior's death so that they retain at least minimal intelligence. They must be created from the bodies of fighters of at least 4th level who have been dead for less than a day.

Combat:

Former fighters, dread warriors retain their desire to fight and are both

strong and skilled. Dread Warriors are armed with whatever weapons they carried in life, though they do not have the sophistication to use missile weapons effectively or use any of the feats they once had.

Skeletal Pony - the Skeletal ponies have been commanded by their creator to carry the riders and obey their commands - they cannot fight while being ridden but when the rider is knocked off they will join the fight with kicking and stomping.

Medium sized Undead

HP: 25, 26, 32

Hit Dice: 3d12 HP 24, 30, 28.

Initiative: +5

Speed: 60 ft

AC: 14 DR 10 vrs piercing, DR 5 vrs slashing.

Attacks: 2 hooves +3

Damage: 2 hooves 1-4 + 2

Special Qualities: Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and disease. Not subject to sneak attacks, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage.

Damage reduction :DR 10 vrs piercing, DR 5 vrs slashing.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +3

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 15, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 1

Skills: None.

Feats: Improved initiative.

Alignment: Neutral Evil

The Warriors and Skeletal ponies have no treasure.

If the battle ends with some of the characters still alive, Grunnipalg will become slightly worried. He knows there is not enough time to unbind the prince who lies in the dungeon, and flee as the party will soon be at his gates and he has many things to organize . . . So he hops on his oversized steed (which appears from lying down on the top of the castle hidden unseen behind the battlement) and flies off from the top of the castle and out of Ginnalet (maybe swooping and freeze blasting the party once for effect) into the tearing winds which part for him with the style of Moses and the

Red Sea. He intends on beginning a war the Hill Dwarves and the Elves. Anyone watching him will notice a wolf-sized raven with a 15-foot wingspan following him.

The ferocious winds begin to enter the perimeter of the town tearing the houses up and into the air, tearing the crops out of the ground and tearing the stream out of its bed and into the air to be sprayed about the place as muddy rain.

The party notice that soon the only place safe will be the castle as the winds are slowly closing in . . .

THE CASTLE OF GRUNNIPALG.

The structure consists of three round towers placed upon each other, with a floor in each.

The castle is recently made Dwarven architecture yet a character with stone cunning can see it was made in a bit of a hurry and so is not as strong as most dwarven constructions.

Yet it is foreboding in the extreme. He had it built a few months ago by the Dwarves of Ginnalet after he became their loyal "Mayor."

The castle is in a strategic location as suggested by Abbathor and is a good look out over the valley spreading out below it. It also suits as a base of operations for subversion of Dwarves and slaughter of elves. The Leaden Legion latched onto his service and under his leadership have embarked on a few unsuccessful mini campaigns against a few Gnome and Halfling villages in the area.

The castle is defended by a curtain wall and a closed well-made granite gate.

The wall is smooth mortared granite, 15 feet high and has a rounded back edge to foil grappling hooks. The gates are similar can be barred across the back with a long Iron reinforced Oak beam.

At this point only Murkmoldiev The Ruddy has been told by Grunnipalg that the party are coming - the rest of the castle's inhabitants have been abandoned to the winds of fate.

THE GATES.

1. These are the main gates, They are 15 feet high, 8 inches thick, Made of slabs of stone and have a rounded back edge to foil grappling hooks. The gates are open, and a long Iron reinforced Oak beam for barring them lies on the path behind them.

There are two simple and unadorned 10 ft high pillars on either side of the gate. Atop them are two very still looking ravens which could pass as statues if the light is bad ... Which it is.

If all members in the party fail a spot check of DC 15 - then describe them as statues.

They are Dire Ravens and they will burst into eye ripping-out action when threatened in any way- or if the party get within 10 yards.

Dire Raven Medium Animal
Hit Dice: 4d8+4 40 And 35
Initiative: +4 (Dex)
Speed: 10' , Fly 60' (average)
AC: 15 (+4 Dex, +1 natural)
Attacks: 2 claws +5 melee, 1 Peck + 8 melee
Damage: 2 claws 1-2 +1 Peck 1-6 + 1
Face/Reach: 5' by 5'/5'
Special Attacks: Blinding strike
Special Qualities: Disease resistance
Saves: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will +5
Abilities: Str 12, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 8,
Skills: Listen +6, Spot +9
Feats: Weapon Finesse (claw, peck)
Climate/Terrain: Any forest, hills, plains, and mountains
Organization: Solitary, unkindness (5-12) , Conspiracy (13 - 30)
Alignment: Usually neutral

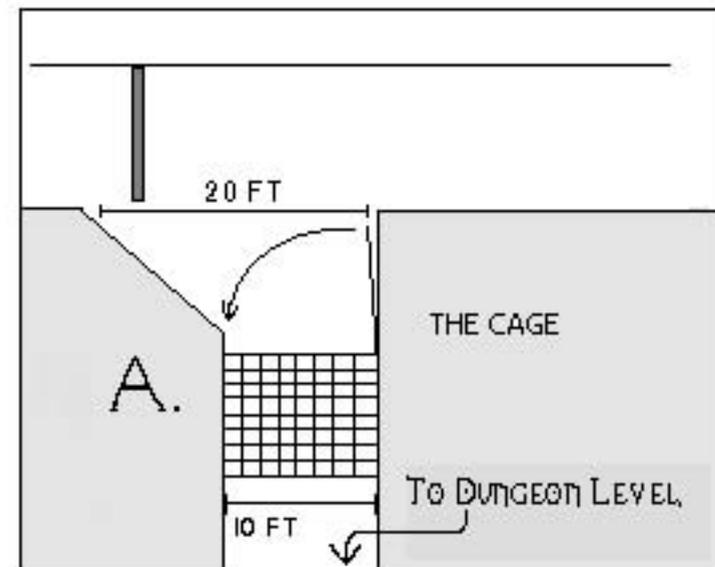
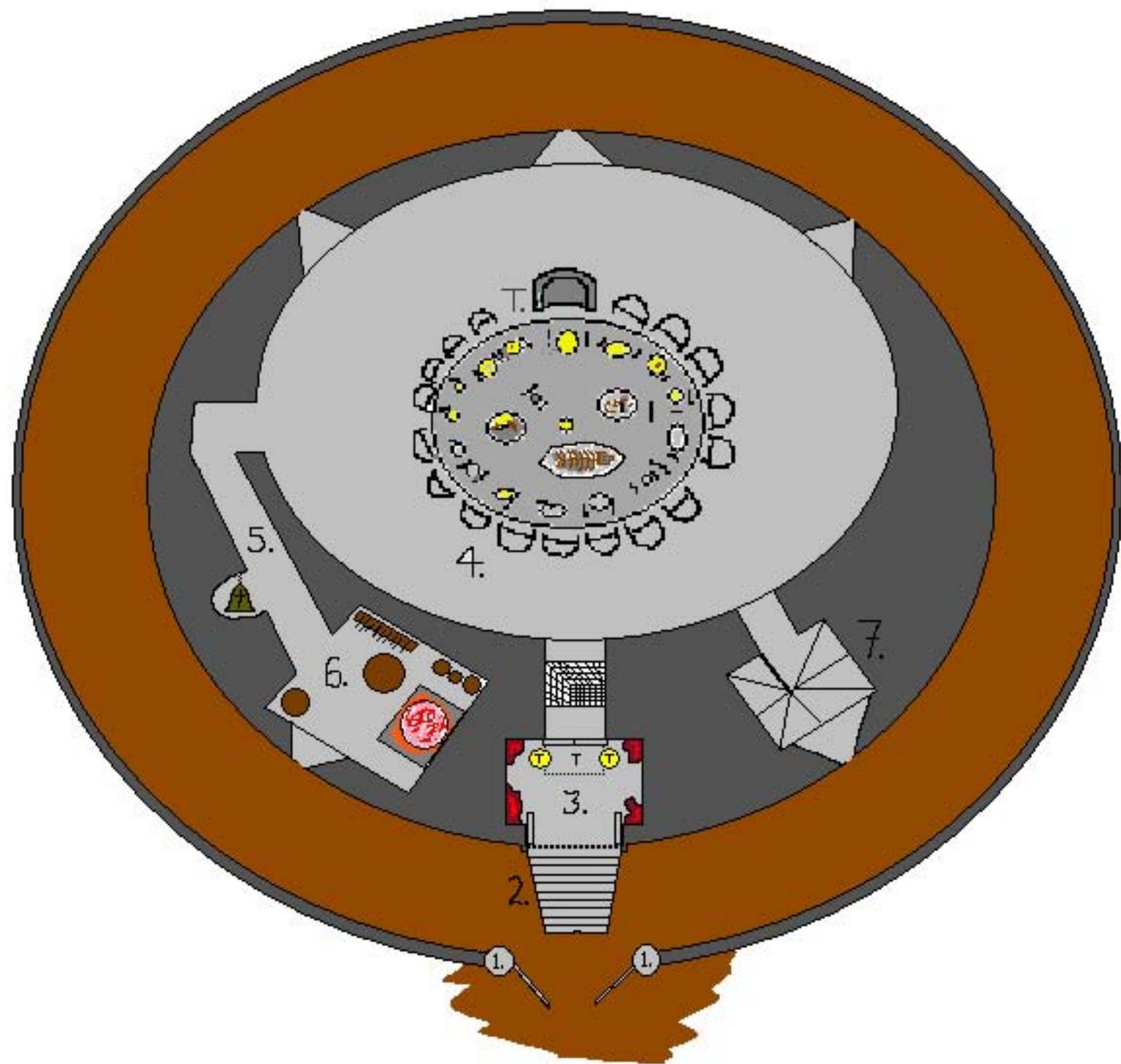
Dire ravens resemble massive ravens with black feathers reddish eyes. Domesticated dire ravens often learn the language of their masters.

Combat:

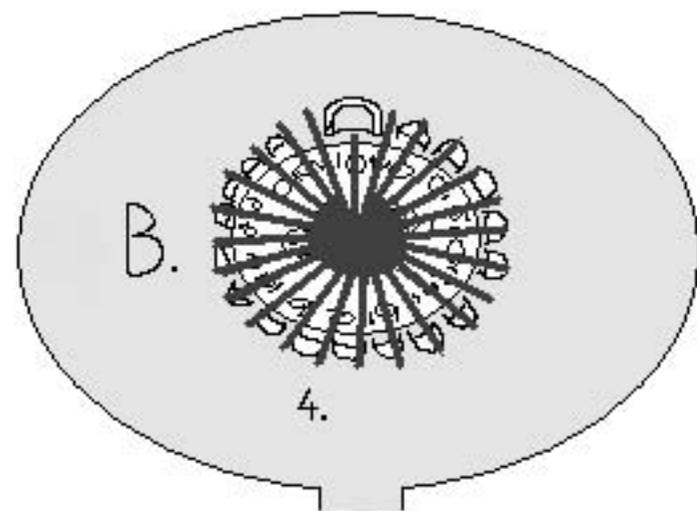
Dire ravens fight much like their lesser kin, but are far more aggressive.

Usually gripping with sharp ripping talons and then going for a creature's

CASTLE: LEVEL ONE



CAGE TRAP.



CHANDELIER TRAP.

eyes with vicious beak stabs.

Blinding Strike (Ex): A dire raven that scores a confirmed critical hit with its peak attack permanently blinds their opponents in one eye by either irreparably damaging an eye ball or ripping it out and eating it.

The effects for being blind in one eye may as well be - 5 on spot checks -2 on hit rolls and an additional - 6 on ranged hit rolls.

Wearing a closed face helmet automatically protects against this attack.

Disease Resistance (Ex): A dire raven gets a +4 racial bonus on saves against diseases.

2. THE PORTCULLIS.

These are steps to a closed iron portcullis, behind which sits open stone double doors. The portcullis can be opened via a lever in the lobby (A greased halfling may fit through the bars), or through smashing, kicking, levering and wrenching.

A rouge using disable device skill DC 29 may find the mechanism and tweak it with a wire causing the portcullis to raise.

3. THE LOBBY.

NOTE: There is no illumination in the castle whatsoever and most rooms are pitch black but for the green glow on the upper level. Ensure that the non darksighted players have illumination or they will be stumbling about in the dark.

The Lobby has many shabby and torn Abbathorian battle banners, standards and flags as well as mounds of crimson and maroon dwarven sized undergarments gathering dust in all corners.

DM Note: The Banners are actually made of Deepmoth silk, have tiny Mithril threads running through them and are adorned with semi precious stones. Each of the eight large war banners is worth 2000 gp in materials alone (more to Duergar or collectors) and weighs 10 pounds. They have been enchanted with the Conceal riches spell (as detailed in the section on Abbathor) to make them appear shabby and old.

Two sparkling 7 ft tall golden statues of standing Lions stand with their mouths open in a silent roar, to the sides of the closed stone double doors

that lead further into the keep. The statues are representations of the Trove Guardian - Abbathor's two magical Golden Lion Figurines of Wondrous power.

DM NOTE: The statues are magically gilded Deepstone - (a rare and incredibly hard granite variety) and have a hardness of 13 and 30 Hp per inch of thickness.

Each of the statues wields a Dwarven waraxe in each hand which as an extension of the statues and is made of the same material, and each statue has round goose egg sized gems for eyes which sparkle enticingly even if there is no light . . . the jewels sing for a few seconds with a high-pitched, multi-toned chiming, rather like the sounds made by glass and metal wind chimes.

Abbathor who is watching this room from the Glitterhell (His gold lined cavern in Onios the first gloom of Hades) will cause a treasure lust in any character to express an interest in the gems (to avoid, they must succeed at a Will Save DC 14, 20 if dwarven). Affected beings will rush toward a statue in an attempt to seize the gems - attacking anyone who tries to stop them. The effect will last two rounds. A character who makes his saving throw is immune to this effect for one day.

Combat with friends allows repeated saving throws, one per round, to break free of Abbathor's power.

TRAP .- THREE WAYS THE TIGER.

Double Axe Feline Statues of Abbathorian make.

Anyone getting into chopping range of the axes or doing anything to interfere with the gems will set off the trap, Sending the statues into a chaotic chopping routine. The statues will seem to flow like liquid gold at these time yet they will not move from their positions.

These two Statue guardians were made by powerful Priest/Rogue/Gifted Makers of Abbathor for Grunnipalg in exchange for a percentage of his plunder.

Two axes whipping around in a chaotic pattern will catch anyone within 6 ft of the statue with at least one chop.

Chopping axes of Abbathor: Search DC 40 to see tiny wear marks which shows that the statues activate (although if the players don't think the statues are a trap you should kill them all on general principle and find some other people to play with).

Trap finding / Disable Device DC 30 - To find the tiny hole at the back of the neck of each statue that a pin can be inserted thus rendering them immobile and safe for transport.

Alternately a Dispel Magic Vrs caster Level 15 will render them inactive for 1- 4 rounds . . . Although as Abbathor had a hand in this there is a 7% chance they will spring to life when seemingly inactive anyway.

1d6 reflex saves (to represent the number of whizzing axe strikes that may hit) of DC 18 are needed to tumble back out of the way of the blades. If failed they do 3d4 + 2 per hit - before settling into stillness again.

TRAP : Blinding dust. If the gems are prised out, ground diamond dust will blast out in a blinding 5 ft cloud.

Search DC 25. Disable - Closing ones eyes while prising out the gems renders the trap harmless. But the searching rouge will only see a trapped hollow behind the eyes, nothing to show that it is full of blinding dust.

Reflex save DC 16 or the diamond dust will permanently gouge and scratch the eyes to bleeding and destroyed usefulness when the character rubs or blinks his eyes in a frenzy to get rid of the painful blinding dust.

An immediate heal Check DC 15 by another non blinded character using some sort of rinse will clear most of the dust out resulting in the character being only half blinded (- 5 on spot checks -2 on hit rolls and an additional - 6 on ranged hit rolls and vision range reduced to 1/4) until four more heal checks as above are made. One heal check can be made an hour to dislodge more dust.

Finally, when a gem is prised out (it will come out easily if prised out by a small handtool or weapon but will be very difficult to remove if a pole is used), Abbathor will try to cause the gem to leap of its own accord. He will make it fall and bounce or roll away into a crevice in the wall from which he may recover it later. Allow PCs to make Dexterity checks DC 15 to trap, catch, or retrieve it before it goes rolling and scuttling away down into a deep crack in the corner where it will not be able to be recovered without taking the castle wall down.

The two flawless mastercut rubies are worth at least 33,000 GP each and the emeralds 27,000.

On the other hand if the characters just ignore the statues despite the

repeated gleaming and sparkling of the gems and the greed frenzy power of Abbathor they will be totally unharmed. And may open the doors without trouble as the axes can come no where near the doors or their stone handles.

THE DOORS.

Trap: Floor dropping away and turning into a slide. Trap concealed with Maskstone spell (see notes on Abbathor).

Search: DC 25 on the door to see that the handle will trigger some unknown effect, or on a stonemasonry check of DC 20 a Dwarf, duergar, gnome or other subterranean dweller can tell by examination that the stone's surface on the floor has been magically masked but not what its true appearance is. A true seeing or feeling about will find the crack.

Disable: DC 25 to use tools and such to wedge the mechanisms so it wont trigger. Or just push a tiny 1/16th inch wide button (found on the door near the handle) with a pin or dagger tip-Search DC 30

The doors are unlocked and well crafted out of stone. As soon as one of the handles is turned it will come off and start heating up (as heat metal spell) in the PCs hand and the ground beneath the opener and in front of the door will drop to a 60-degree slope.

Area A on diagram. Sending anyone in the zone of the trap shrieking down the slide and into a wide pit - unless a reflex save DC 12, 16 or 20 is made depending on how far away from the door one is. Making the save will allow the character to leap free from the opening chute.

Don't forget to give penalties for heavily loaded characters who have all their weapons readied.

Those who fall to the trap will slide down the 10-ft chute and into the shaft below. Falling safely and well caught into a cage for a mild 1d3 of battering damage and a small chance of breakables shattering. The roof of the cage will instantly slam shut sealing them inside. The bars of the cage are made of steel and are 6 inches apart and one inch thick. The cage is 10 x 10. The self-locking catch can be picked on an open locks DC 20.

As the trap is triggered and the chute opens up the party will hear Naanz screaming from the chute that leads to dungeon below and will see some

glowing green light from down there.

If the trap is triggered, it will alert Ogra and his well-trained Worg on a chain from the dining room and they will rush over to the edge of the pit to deal with the party in their own special way.

Ogra has 54 hp and the feat Weapon focus Great Spear instead of WF Great Club.

Attack: Great Spear (reach weapon with first attack)

Attack + 9 Dam 1-12 + 6 (X 3 crit). Or battle axe - Attack + 8

Dam 2d4 +7.

Spot + 3 Listen + 3

Stuff: Ogra also has a small jeweled dagger worth 50gp and 3 Dwarven gold. He wears thick wolf fur hide overalls.

Worg : Hp 40. Possessed of malevolent intelligence. Spot +6 Listen +6 plus Scent ability.

4. THE DINING ROOM.

This large room is the lower hall of the castle and is very dark. Whistling and howling winds can be heard outside of the castle through the windows. Every wall is adorned with long crimson banners and the ceiling disappears into the darkness above. If the characters have darkvision or some great light source (and state that they look up at the high reaches of the ceiling) they will see a gigantic candle covered iron chandelier positioned above the table. It is where Ogra and his Worg will be found (if not alerted), chewing on goat bones at the table.

The table contains the remains of the last meal - Goat from the hills and Giant Mushroom brought in from the Underdark. The table is also littered with many flagons that smell strongly of Fungus beer.

The cutlery Plates and such are Dwarven made and were gifts to Grunnipalg from the Dwarves of Ginnalet.

They are Dwarven made jugs, trays, plates, flagons and utensils of silver and gold and electrum worth a total of 600 gp to the right buyer, the lot weighing 100lbs and bulky enough to fill a very large sack to the brim.

There is a large simple looking throne at the head of the table which has,

protruding from the right arm rest the hilt of a beautifully crafted sword. By estimation the blade is embedded in the throne itself. This is one of Grunnipalgs most prized weapons yet is left here as a trap - he figures he can always have Genip dig it out of the rubble when the winds destroy the castle - together with any other treasures, later on . . .

TRAP. Anyone simply pulling the sword out, without having between 200 and 250 pounds sitting on the throne seat, will cause the gigantic chandelier to drop from the ceiling. This chandelier weighs over two tons and the trap is designed so that when triggered a steel pin being pulled out of the chain which holds the thing in place will release the whole thing from its ceiling attachment and the entire chandelier with its many arms which radiate out to where the chairs of the diners are and to each side of the throne (as detailed on the map at B) come crashing down to the domes of those in the way.

A spot or listen check of DC 10 or a screamed warning will allow a saving throw to not be crushed as the chandelier is horribly silent as it descends on its greased chain.

A reflex save of DC 14 is needed to avoid the trap from the edges of it. DC 18 if actually seated at the table - as the chandelier was originally designed to kill unwanted dinner guests (like visiting merchants).

DC 22 if the PC is standing on the table for some reason.

The chandelier will hit for a total of 4 d 20 damage with a hit of more than 40 damage meaning that the character has been pinned underneath its bulk and will be being slowly crushed - taking a certain amount of damage per round determined by the DMs fiendishness.

The chandelier will totally destroy the table and chairs and severely damage the plates, platters and such.

Search. DC 18. A rouge or a character with stonecunning who spends a few minutes searching for traps on the throne will see that the seat has something definitely trap-like going on.

A rouge, engineer or a character with stonecunning who inspects the chandelier fixture (where it is bolted into the ceiling) from up near the ceiling somehow will notice the whole traps structure on a search DC 6.

Disable device DC 15- to accurately deduce that weight is needed to

prevent the trap from being set off.

Also another steel bolt which is tied to the chandelier can be put through a hole in the fixture which holds the chandelier to its chain - this will render the whole trap impotent. This can only be found on top of the chandelier.

A PC may wonder why a bunch of Dark Dwarves and Ogres (who all have darkvision) need a huge chandelier covered in lots of candles and thus wonder about Grunnipalgs true Heritage . . . but they will probably be too busy looting the place and grabbing the sword.

The Sword. Jack the Giant Slayer

The sword is a wide white Mithril bladed bastard sword with a deep blood groove, deep serration along one side, a large V guard and a spiral carved bone handle with a three-inch platinum spike protruding from the base. The hilt is platinum and inlaid with eight small opals on each side.

The blade has the word "Jack" written across in magical runes on one side and in Dwarven runes on the other.

It is a + 2 Giant Slaying Bastard sword.

It is + 3 against Large humanoid creatures.

It is + 4 against Any Giant type creature. And deals double damage on each hit.

It is + 5 against any true Giant and deals a confirmed critical on each hit.

Its base stats against non Giant or non large opponents are:

One handed SF 2 dmg 1d12 +2 crit 19 -20 X 2 and +2 to hit.

Two handed SF 1 dmg 2d6+ 4 crit 19-20 X 2 and + 2 to hit.

5. THE BELL.

As the party reach this area they will hear out of tune whistling from the steamy meaty smelling room ahead.

A large bronze bell with the symbol of Abbathor on the front hangs in a small alcove in the wall here. If rung it will attract all the guards of the castle (including the ravens) to the dining hall for their dinner. They will hang about for a minute or so before one of their number moved to enquire of the cook while the rest will return, confused, to their guard positions- unless noise draws them from the dining hall to the kitchen corridor.

When the bell is rung Ogris the cook will yell out in Giant "Get out of it ya mongrels! Dinners ready when I say it is."

6. THE KITCHEN.

The kitchen glows with the light coming from the oven yet is obscured by a lot of steam from a large pot which is boiling on the stove. Howling winds can be heard outside of the castle though the windows.

The Chef a large hunched Ogre called Ogris (if unalarmed) hacks an Elven arm into chunks for the pot, on a large bloodstained chopping block.

Ogris has 52 hp and the feat Weapon focus Large Cleaver instead of WF Great Club.

Attack: Large Meat Claver (brutal heavy chopping tool Ini + 2)

Attack + 9 Dam 3d3 + 6 (crit 19-20). Or one of the many long knives or hooks he has along the wall in the knife block. Spot + 3 (-2 right now because of the steam) Listen + 3 (-2 right now because of the noises of the bubbling pot)

Stuff: Ogris wears thick leather oven gloves, (which come in handy when opening the hot door, handling the fire bat or throwing huge pots of boiling stew.) He also has on a thick ankle length leather apron with a large pouch within is a collection of 17 very sharp little knives. One has a tarnished silver blade and a small agate in its hilt(value 50 gp).

The room contains a large bloodstained chopping block. A knife rack. Eight long Iron knives. Four meat hooks. Four Elven corpses hanging naked from hooks in the ceiling (inspection shows they died from lance wounds and freezing), a water barrel, a barrel of smoked hedgehogs, a barrel of pickled goats heads and a big barrel of strange black dried fungus.

If he gets a chance he will open the glass door of the large iron oven releasing the 28 hp Fire Bat to attack before attacking also. If the party is a powerful one throw a few more fire bats into the mix . . . go on . . . just a couple.

BAT, Fire Small Outsider (Fire)

Hit Dice: 3d10

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 5 ft, fly 40 ft (average)

AC: 14 (+1 size, +3 Dex)

Attacks: Bite +4 melee

Damage: Bite 1d3 and 2d4 fire

Face/Reach: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft/0 ft

Special Attacks: Attach, blood drain, heat

Special Qualities: Elemental, see invisible, fire subtype

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +5

Abilities: Str 3, Dex 17, Con 10, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 4

Skills: Hide +11, Move Silently +7, Spot +6, Listen +6

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite)

Alignment: Always neutral evil

Advancement: 3-6 HD (Small)

The fire bat comes from the Elemental Plane of Fire and is seldom seen on the Material Plane.

It appears as a small bat about two feet long, with a 4-foot wingspan. Its entire body is wrapped in flames

Combat

Fire bats are pack hunters and will swarm an opponent in an attempt to bring it down. They attack by biting and draining blood.

Attach (Ex): If a fire bat hits with its bite attack, it latches onto the opponent's body. An attached fire bat has an AC of 11. It deals 2d4 points of fire damage each round it is attached.

Blood Drain (Ex): An attached fire bat drains blood, dealing 1d3 points of temporary Constitution damage each round it remains attached. Once it has drained 3 points of Constitution, it detaches and flies off to digest the meal.

Heat (Ex): A fire bat's body generates intense heat, dealing 2d4 points of damage with its touch. Creatures attacking a fire bat unarmed or with natural weapons take fire damage each time their attacks hit.

See Invisible (Ex): Fire bats can see invisible creatures as the spell cast by an 8th-level sorcerer. It can suppress or resume this ability as a free action.

Fire Subtype (Ex): Fire immunity - It has vulnerability to cold, which means it takes half again as much (+50%) damage as normal from cold, regardless of whether a saving throw is allowed, or if the save is a success or failure.

On top of the oven boils a huge pot full of Elf, hedgehog and mushroom stew. The ogre may try to throw this on the characters as they approach battering them with the pot and scalding them with the boiling stew.

Attack + 2 - pot bash Dam 1d6 + 5

Reflex save DC 16 to avoid being scalded by the boiling stew for 1-4 damage. The chunky hot oily stew all over the floor is apt to make the battle treacherous forcing a balance check DC 15. The players will also lose any dex bonus for AC as they cant move to avoid a blow without slipping unless they have more than 5 ranks in balance. If anyone is struck while balancing they must make another balance check (DC 15 + 1/4 of the damage taken) to remain standing. Large characters and characters with stability get a + 4 to stay standing when struck.

7. THE STAIRWAY.

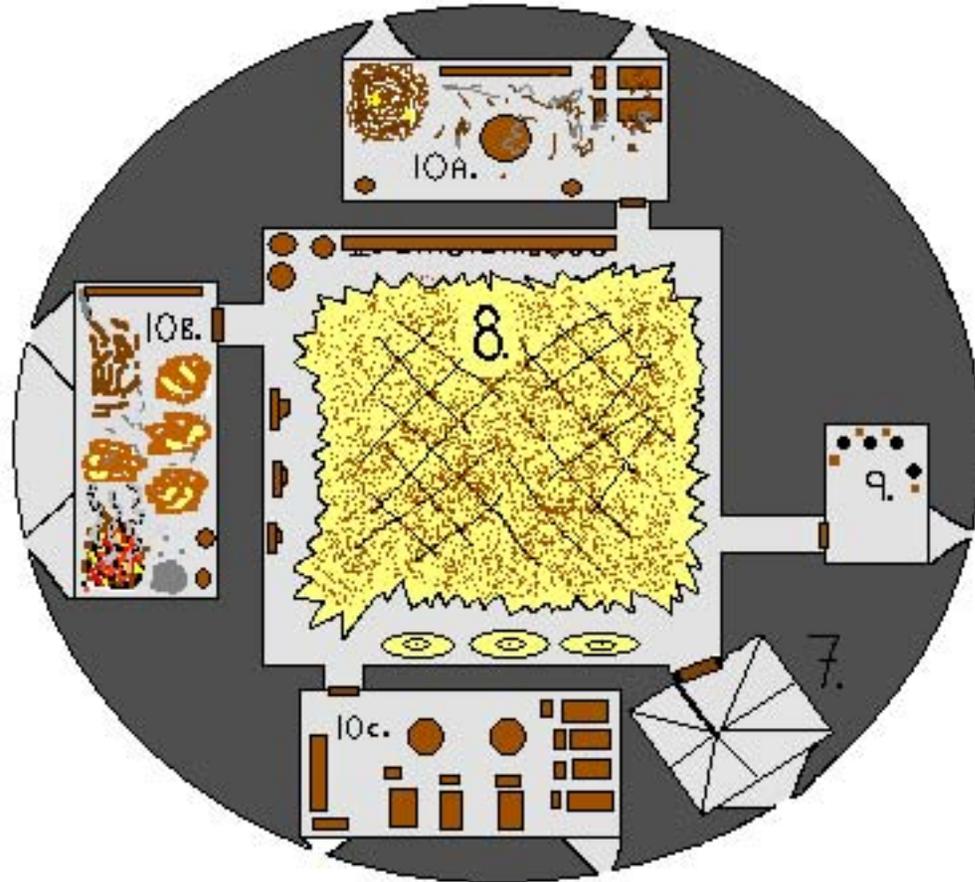
This stairway is large enough for ogres to traverse without difficulty. It goes up and up and up to exit at each floor and ending in a trap door with a green glow coming out of the cracks on the sides. At the top floor a heavy and locked but untrapped door opens into a small spiral stairway that winds down to the dungeon level.

The main stair has a window slit at each floor. Whistling and howling winds can be heard outside of the castle though the windows on the side of the stairway. On the top flight of stairs a green light can be seen through the window. It comes from the top battlement.

8. UPPER HALL.

This is the Upper hall of the castle. It was once used for prestigious dinners when Grunnipalg entertained Dwarves from Ginnalet as part of the farce of his Mayordom. Now it is a straw littered combat training room.

CASTLE : LEVEL TWO.



The whistling and howling winds can be heard only slightly in here if all the door are closed. The room is not deserted and awaiting a fight (unless the party has been exceptionally quiet) is a rather keen Ogre called Ogrit.

He has been placed on guard, and is rather a slouch on the job, though on the partys arrival he will fling as many spears as he can before grabbing up a trident and a battle axe and attacking.

Ogrit :

Has 65 hp and two levels of ranger as the chief hunter of the castle. He has the feats Weapon focus battle axe instead of WF Great Club, he also has combat style two weapon fighting, power attack and has as his chosen foe Elves for a +2.

He wears a good amount of well cured hides which protect him as improved hide. AC: P 15 B 16 S 18

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 22 +6, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 6

Skills: Climb +5, Listen +8, Spot +9

Thrown spear Ini + 3 Attack: + 5 1-8 +6 dam X3 crit.

Battle axe Ini + 3 Attack + 12 Dam 2d4 +9 (crit X3).

Second attack with trident Attack: + 9 Dam 3d3 + 6 (crit X 3)

On a simple chandelier above, and in the dark, sit two Dire Ravens of 40 and 28 hp. They are hiding in the shadows far above but can be spotted by a character with a spot check of 18 if he says he's ignoring the ogre and inspecting the ceiling. They will attack when the party has their back turned. By using the sound' s of battle to mask their swooping they will dive down in the fray and attempt to land on a players back, reach around and rip out their eyes. Then they will fly up again and dive bomb the players insulting them as they attack. Accusing them of being "Sons of an Elven asparagus leaf" Obviously an ancient Duergar insult.

The room also contains three straw spear targets, three barrels, three Armour racks - all three racks hold Duergar Chainmail suits - bloodstained and showing arrow holes and a large weapon rack at the back where Ogrit stands. It holds many Dwarven made weapons. 10 Dwarven War axes, 4 Broadswords , 4 small lances and two tridents.

In one corner are three barrels of crude oil.

In one is a Talisman of Zagy: A talisman of this sort appears as an oddly shaped bit of roughly polished rock. Its powers are dependent upon the Charisma of the individual holding. Whenever a character touches a talisman of Zagy, he must make a Charisma check (DC 10).

If he fails, the device acts as a stone of weight. Discarding or destroying it results in 5d6 points of magic damage to the character and the total disappearance of the talisman.

If he succeeds, the talisman remains with the character for 5d6 hours, or until a wish is made with it, whichever comes first. It then disappears. The character will get the feeling that the stone is waiting expectantly for him to do or say something.

If he rolls a modified 20 or higher, the character finds it impossible to be rid of the talisman for as many months as he has points of Charisma. In addition, the artifact grants him one wish for every six points of the character's Charisma. It also grows warm and throbs whenever its possessor comes within 20 feet of a mechanical or magic trap. (If the talisman is not held, its warning heat and pulses are of no avail.)

Regardless of which reaction results, the talisman disappears when its time period expires, leaving behind a 15,000 gp diamond in its stead.

Caster Level: 20th; Weight: 1 lb.

In the other two barrels are Stones of Weight.

Stone of Weight (Loadstone):

This magical stone appears to be any one of the other sorts, and testing will not reveal its nature. However, as soon as the possessor of a stone of weight is in a situation where he is required to move quickly in order to avoid an enemy-combat, pursuit or death the item causes the owner to be affected by a slow spell. Furthermore, the stone cannot be gotten rid of by any non magical means -if it is thrown away or smashed, it will reappear somewhere on the character's person fully formed. The item can be taken or stolen from the player however.

If a dispel evil is cast upon a loadstone, the item will disappear and no longer haunt the individual.

9. TOILETS.

This is the toilet block of the castle and is strangely devoid of smell.

Whistling and howling winds can be heard outside of the castle though the window. A freaky green light can be seen through the window. The light comes from the top battlement.

Four Torn Elven books are in the room, one next to each hole.

The books have over half their pages torn out but the writing on the spines and the remaining pages identify them as:

A History of the Keeblonesti Elves. : The Keblonesti are a halfelf subrace, a Gnome/ Wood Elf crossbreed. They usually live in hollow trees and have a knack for crafts, such as baking and cooking.

The Floral Scroll. : A Mind numbingly boring tome of badly written Poetry.

Bow Making for beginners. : The section that remains deals with arrows and how

to make the barbed arrow, the whistling arrow and the bulbed bird stunner arrow.

Constructions in nature. : A tome on how to build the tree houses of the elves. The most important parts are missing but some information could be gleaned from the remaining pages.

The holes empty into a long drain that empties into an underground stream past the point where the well water is drawn.

A giant frog swims below, near the drains entrance, it cannot attack but merely takes revenge on society by scaring innocent (or not so innocent) bottoms. The Duergar being highly suspicious of the above ground world and its noises have resorted to using chamber pots.

10 A, B and C. BARRACKS.

These are the Guard barracks of the castle. Grunnipalgs forces have diminished somewhat recently. Whistling and howling wings can be heard outside of the castle though the windows in these rooms. A freaky green light can be seen through the windows. It comes from the top battlement.

10 A. RAVEN ROOM. The Ravens have built a nest in 10 A out of blankets and beds and most of the room is shredded and clawed apart. One water barrel stands upright, the other lies on the ground.

The Nest is in the NW corner and contains Dire Raven feathers and pretty trinkets. The trinkets are: 2 golden plates value 25 GP each (stolen from

downstairs, A single silver boot heel Value 2 GP, a shiny bronze bodkin value 5 sp (a kind of huge needle for making holes in cloth). An eye patch, without chain or thong ties. The eye patch is a square of

beaten gold set with a false eye made of a sapphire (1,500 GP value). The sapphire is in turn surrounded by two crescents of polished and glowing moonstone (value 175 GP each). The eye patch is pierced in all four corners for ties (1900 GP value total). Also 26 Elven silver, 12 Elven gold and two Elven platinum pieces.

Put an angry mother Raven in here sitting on a nest full of eggs if you want.

10B OGRE ROOM.

The ogres have claimed this room as their own and it has been destroyed. The beds have been smashed for firewood and a fire smoulders in the centre of the room. Ogre beds made of torn straw mattresses and stinky blankets are in the room as well as a horrid sour milk stench.

There is a large mammoth leg club resting in one corner and piles and piles of cracked and chewed bones lie about the room. The skulls and bones of three elves lie in the piles as well as a nearly complete suit of Hide armour with many squares of Dwarven chainmail sewn onto it. This immaculate Ogre made armour is of good quality and would fetch a good price from a Large sized buyer - it weights 180 lbs. In the other corner is a strong crude Iron Box, underneath two 300 pound rocks, which hold it shut. It contains the ogres' treasure. Within the box is 51 egg sized chunks of clear and cut quartz crystal worth 2 GP each as well as 320 Elven silver coins.

Grunnipalg has been paying his ogres with what they believe to be diamonds and platinum.

10 C. DUERGAR ROOM. This room is immaculate although very stinky. It is well swept and all the beds are made.

There is a water barrel in the room with a wooden cup floating in it and a small unlocked chest at the end of each bed containing personal items such as half finished rock carvings, a few strange Duergar board games, very dirty shirts and under clothes, grey stone coloured cloaks, nail clippers, a tiny toy mace, 15 doses of Armor Lubricant, a necklace of dried Elven ears, Seven silver coloured Elven nightshirts and a huge bag of dried mint.

There are two round tables in the room with half played Duergar dice chess game on them as well as a long armour rack and a small weapon rack. One

spear leans on the weapon rack and three suits of bloody Duergar chain shirts hang on the armour rack. An examination of the chain will reveal arrow holes and thin sword holes.

The room is foul smelling from the contents of a large collection of rather full copper chamber pots which hide under the beds.

11. GRUNNIPALGS ROOM.

The door to this room is locked. The door is stout iron bound wood and the lock is of great quality needing a DC 27 roll to pick. In addition to the lock there is a mechanism which bars the door on the other side unless a stud near the lock is pushed. This can be spotted on a search DC 20: as the slight wear on the stud may give it away. If found this secondary locking mechanism can be disabled with an open locks or diable device roll of DC 28 without having to press the stud.

The room is a large and spacious. Loud whistling and howling winds can be heard outside of the castle though the many windows in the room on the wall. A freaky and bright green light can be seen through the window and snippets of indecipherable chanting can be heard. It comes from the top battlement. The room has a huge stone bed in it as well as a large unlocked stone trunk full of mouldy smelling clothes at the foot of the bed. A gigantic Abbathorian banner hangs draped above the bed and the huge Dwarven made quilt has a large design of the Abbathor symbol on it. A lantern sits on a stone table beside the bed.

An Adamantine light Durgear Mace lies underneath a pillow. (Non magical +1 to hit and damage and ignores the first 3 points of armour.)

A suit of slightly damaged Dwarven field plate stands in the room on a rack. It is sized for Grunnipalg and will not attack no matter what.

There is a large closed wicker laundry basket in one corner: Filled with dirty maroon pyjama type clothing, in which lives a Black furred snake which will attack with a spitting quickness anyone who opens the basket.

There is eight dirty triangular Durgear Platinum pieces in the back pocket of a pair of the stained and stinking maroon pajamas.

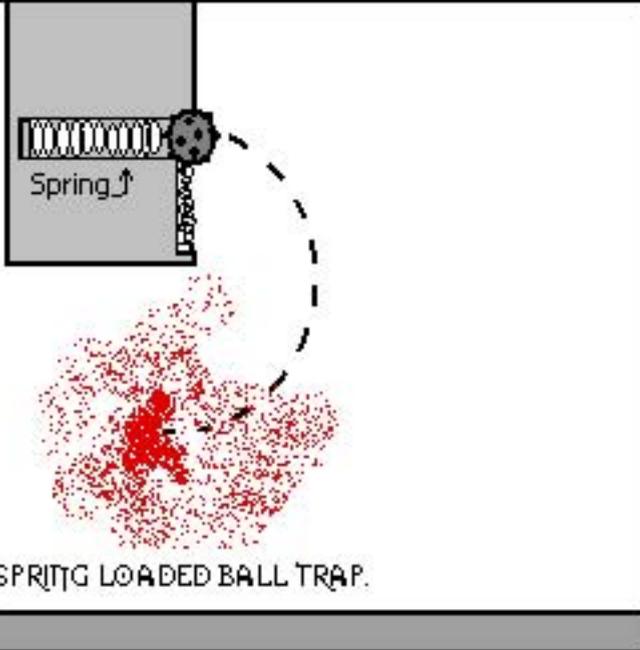
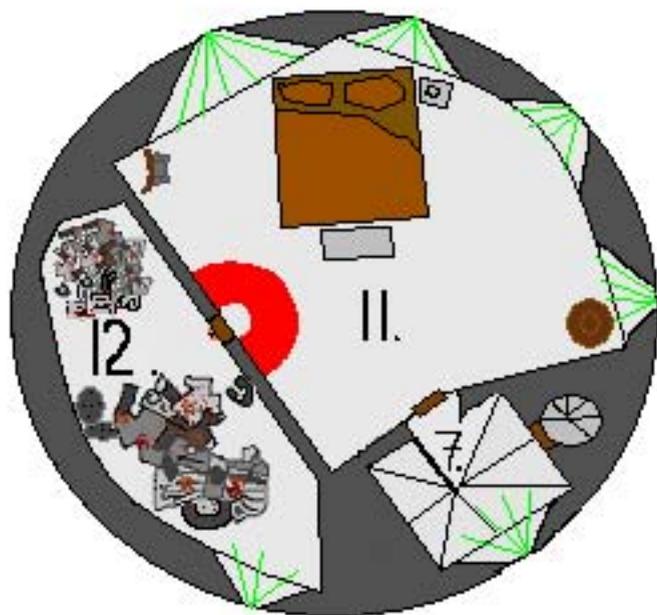
Furred Snake - Cold subtype - Reptile.

Small Animal

Hit Dice: 2 d8 + 4 HP : 20

Initiative: + 10

CASTLE: LEVEL THREE



Speed: 20 ft

AC: 17 (+ 2 natural + 5 dex)

Attacks: Freezing venom; spit. Ranged - + 7. Bite + 7

Damage: Spit: see below. Bite 1-3 plus poison.

Face/Reach: 5ft/5ft.

Special Attacks: The furred snake can spit its freezing venom out to a range of 15 ft. A reflex save DC 18 avoids a hit - a reflex save of DC 14 or better avoids a hit in the head which will blind the PC as well as make spell casting impossible without a concentration check DC 18 and a 30% chance of failure. The cold venom will quickly seep down through links and gaps in armour to skin level seeking heat, it will then adhere to the skin causing incredibly painful frost bite like freezing to the tune of 10% of a characters hit points per round until a fort save of DC 15 is made or it is neutralized with scalding hot liquid. If a victim is reduced to less than 10% of his maximum hit points in this manner, unconsciousness swallows them and death follows in as many rounds as they have Con.

If the furred snake hits with its bite attack a fort save of DC 16 must be made to avoid the freezing venom being injected into bloodstream where it will seek out the warmest place in the body - the heart. It will do 1 d 6 Con, Str and Dex damage a round until a fort save DC 12 is made and it is shaken off. While the PC is affected by the venom he will be incapacitated, unable to do anything except trash about and scream in a most amusing fashion.

Special Qualities: Cold subtype, Immune to all forms of cold.

1.

Saves: Fort +3 Ref + 8 Will + 4

Abilities: Str 8 Dex 20 Con 14 Int 2 Wis 12 Cha 2

Skills: Listen +5 Spot +5 Hide +14 Climb +13 Balance +13

Feats: Weapon Finesse freezing spit and bite. Improved initiative.

Climate/Terrain: Cold and Temperate lands.

Organization: Solitary

Alignment: Neutral.

Combat: The Furred snake will lash out with its spit attack until an enemy comes within bite range. It can use its spit attack up to five times a day.

This furred snake was captured by a scout of Grunnipalgs and given to him as a present. Furred Snakes are incredible rare and usually white: the black

furred snake being the equivalent of an albino.

If the snake was somehow captured unharmed, it could sell for up to 5000 GP to an animal trainer or snake charmer.

Under the bed is Grunnipalgs chamber pot which is disgustingly full of poos and wees. Yet it is of the finest Duergar craftsmanship and depicts many scenes of elves humans and fey being ripped to shreds, mashed and trampled on by the Grey Dwarves. It is solid platinum: to the tune of 6000 GP - more to a collector. It weighs 6 lbs.

The door in the east wall is locked in the same manner as the entry door but with a twist. The door is stout iron bound wood and the lock is of great quality needing a DC 27 roll to pick. In addition to the lock there is a mechanism which bars the door on the other side unless a stud near the lock is pushed.

This can be spotted on a search DC 20: as the slight wear on the stud may give it away. If found this secondary locking mechanism can be disabled with an open locks or disable device roll of DC 28 without having to press the stud which may be necessary to bypass the trapdoors (see below) if the searcher deduces that there is a trap but does not notice the trapdoors.

TRAP: The stud which disables the locking bar at the back ALSO triggers cunningly concealed trap doors in a semi-circle around the door (Shown in red on the map) - leaving anyone standing in front of the door unmoved: but sending anyone standing off to the side or at the back plunging down a cunningly designed stone chute that spirals around the edge of the wall before dumping them down into the locked cage in the dungeon level. The chute is angled at 60 degrees and is very smooth, it is 5 ft in diameter and is created so that no one will be damaged from the drop (although they might be slightly terrified). A reflex save of DC 16 allows the player to leap away from the dropping floor if it is triggered and they are in the red area. Adjust the DC accordingly for especially laden or armoured PCs.

Search: The edges of the trap door pit is concealed with the Maskstone spell (See notes on Abbathor). On a stonecunning check of 20 a searching dwarf, duergar, gnome, xorn, or other subterranean dweller can tell by examination that the stone's surface has been magically masked but not what its true appearance is.

A search check of 35 can find the seam: 15 if the player specifically states they are feeling the floor. Characters with stone cunning get a + 2 to this roll.

Disable : A disable device check of 25 could jam the trap so that the trap doors are not triggered. Avoiding the trapdoors entirely is easier.

The trapdoor trap is designed to be disabled by turning a screw set into the wood of the door which will lock the trap in place and render it ineffective. This can be found on a find traps roll of DC 18.

The Spring loaded studded ball trap (see below) can be disarmed by pushing or kicking another stud at the bottom of the door (search DC 18 to notice the scuffing on the stud).

Spring-loaded flail trap. (See Diagram)

TRAP. The door is rigged to trigger a spring loaded studded ball and chain to come whizzing down into the chest (face if Dwarf height - missing Halflings) of anyone who opens the door more than half way. A reflex save of DC 22 will allow a character to dodge it. If the save it failed, the trap has an attack bonus of + 15 and hits for 5d4 damage: x 3 critical on a 20. A hit character must make a balance check DC 16 or go falling backwards down the slide (if it is open).

SEARCH. A rouge or can find the trigger on a Search roll DC 26.

Disable : A disable device check of 25 and the proper tools could jam the trap so that the swinging ball is not triggered. Avoiding the ball by keeping out of its way, (although a searcher will not know the structure of the trap) or not opening the door more than one foot is easier.

12. GRUNNIPALGS CLOSET.

This room has one barred window which lets in very little of the freaky green light. Whistling and howling winds can be heard outside of the castle though the window on the wall.

This room is simply a large closet for Grunnipalg. It has been turned into an armour cache. It is devoid of much treasure as Abbathors creed states "The best is kept hidden".

A perfectly good 60 ft ordinary fibre rope with iron grappling iron is hooked on the back of the door.

Much good armour and some poor and damaged lie about here, in various sizes ranging from Duergar (60%) to Human/Orc (40%) -which suits are sized for which is up to the DM.

The Armour is: Two badly damaged suits of Dwarf made ringmail, two Duergar chain shirts one slightly damaged one very damaged. 11 full suits of Durgear chain - two mint condition - nine slightly damaged, One suit of very slightly damaged full suit of improved Duergar chain, seven Duergar half helmets - 4 damaged, three full helmets - one mint two badly damaged, 5 suits of moderately damaged Dwarf made splint mail with helmets, one suit of slightly rusty Dwarven made half plate. Six medium steel Dwarf made steel shields in used but good condition.

Durgear/ Dwarven Chainmail: is a hauberk style tunic of chainmail, falling to just above the knees with sleeves to the elbows with studded elbow and knee and shoulder plates. The armour itself is composed of thicker, heavier dark steel links than normal chainmail, thus making the armour 5 pounds heavier than normal chainmail and as such, is slightly more encumbering as well. However, due to the thickness of the chainmail, it is also much harder to damage or pierce. Dwarven Chainmail is often only made to Dwarven size specifications, but can occasionally be found in human-sized or larger, though it is far rarer.

Dwarf Chain shirt. Medium Armour. P- 5 B -3 S- 6 Max dex +3 Armor check penalty -3 spell failure 25% Weight 30lb. No speed penalty.

Dwarf Chain. Medium Armour. P- 6 B -4 S- 8 Max dex +2 Armor check penalty -4 spell failure 40% Weight 40 - 50 lb. Speed 20ft / 15ft

Improved Dwarven Mail is a hauberk style tunic of chainmail where a second layer of chainmail in the form of a long vest is sewn on over the existing tunic. Therefore creating double-protection for the neck, shoulders, back and parts of the chest, waist and thighs. This form of mail is heavier than normal mail by about 8 pounds and is typically only made to fit Dwarves.

Improved Dwarven Mail Medium Armour. P- 7 B -5 S- 9 Max dex +1 Armor check penalty -5 Spell failure 45% Weight 58 lb. Speed 20ft / 15ft

In one corner hiding under and among a large pile of broken armour lies a good full suit of Elf sized Mithril Elven chain and a full suit of Elf sized

Mithril Elven plate. As well as a Mithril (+ 2 inherent Mithril bonus) Elven war sword -

The Elven war sword is a strange yet fluid design used by many Elven warriors. The overall length of the weapon is 53 inches. However, half of that length is the grip which curves very slightly toward the wielder, then back out away from the wielder at the very end. This grip is smooth, polished wood with designs etched in silver. The blade is curved like that of a scimitar, though slightly wider than most Elven blades. Like all Elven weapons, the blade is finely sharpened and very strong. The sword has no cross guard, only a thin piece of steel that separates the grip from the blade. Elven war swords are most often used in two hands. However, they can be used with equal effectiveness single-handed if the hand is choked up on the grip just below the blade. It is an exotic weapon of course.

Elven War Sword - One or two-handed exotic weapon.

One handed - Ini: +4, Dmg 2d6, Crit 18-20 x 2

Two handed - Ini +3 , Dmg 2d8, Crit 18-20 x 2

The Elven War sword has a scabbard and is affixed to a board and plaque which reads (in common) " To my stumpy brother - may your days be filled with slaughter and you Knights with the screams of your enemies".

The sword and plaque is a joke-gift from Grunnipalgs brother. The Elven armour is loot from Elf slaughtering campaigns and is sized for an Elven warrior. The rest of the armour once belonged to Grunnipalgs mini army, and as it declined through over-ambitious expeditions, it was heaped in this storage room.

Mithril Elven Plate: Medium Armour. P-10 B -10 S-13 Max dex + 4 Armor check penalty -3 spell failure 20% Weight 25 lb. Speed 20ft / 15ft

The armour also provides Damage reduction 5 from fire and cold.

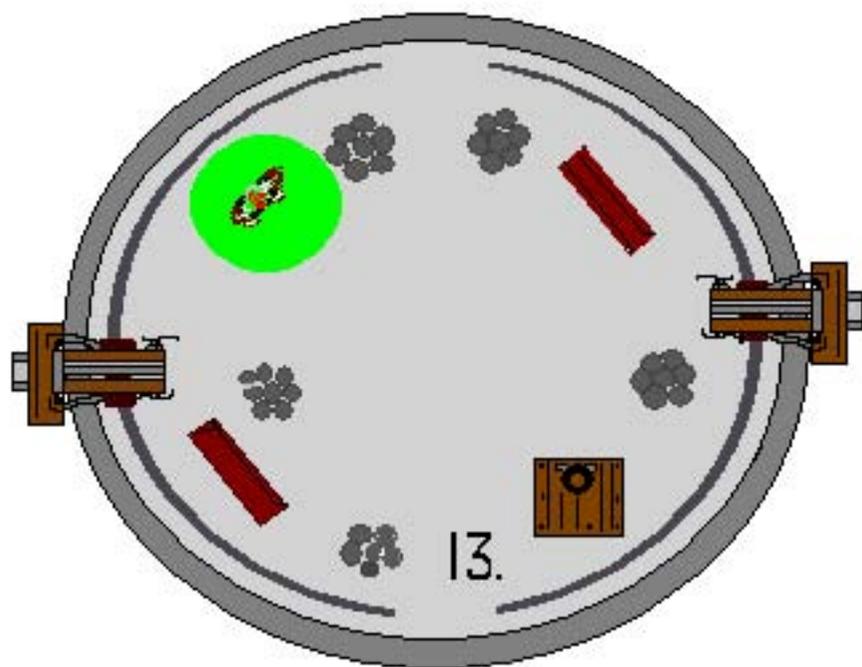
The armour provides DR 2 from physical attacks also.

13. THE UPPER BATTLEMENT.

This is where all anti - siege action would be carried out.

Two ballista on swivelling mounts are here. A good supply of ballista bolts in two long water proof boxes, as well as 5 large piles of 50 lb ballista rocks stand near and ready. The ballista are marvels of dwarven craftsmanship and

CASTLE : TOP BATTLEMENT.



can be turned to fire down over the edges of the walls - or almost directly up into the air. They are also mounted on tracks so they can slide left and right. (See upper battlement map.)

At present residing in this area is Murkmoldiev the Ruddy, successfully using the ensorceled and incredible powerful and secret 9th level scroll of a spell called "Power Control Weather". Which is like control weather only far far better. Its effects are to summon a massive wind storm complete with gigantic twisters at the edges of a 1 mile circle.

The storm comes in toward the caster destroying everything in its way. The caster is in not really in control of it but he can make safe places anywhere within.

The storm will be progressing towards the castle at the exact speed needed to enable the characters to have a good go at exploring the three upper floors as long as they don't take too long. When they get to the battlement it will look as if the mega tornadoes are about to hit (in the moonlight of course).

Murkmoldiev the Ruddy floats cross legged in the Green Ball(See magic Items) wearing his stained and patched brilliant scarlet longjohns and with his dark crimson ceremonial cloak billowing behind him. Murkmoldiev is a skinny Duergar with long legs, pot belly and a shockingly red face that looks like a mutated raddish. His white hair pokes out in freaky tufts at the sides of his head making him look like some kind of demonic reverse clown. He has a shadow jerkin on. He is floating within a very bright neon green ball that is 5 feet across and floating 3 feet off the floor.

This is from his Magic item: Gem which possess qualities pertaining to creation concerning a Magic Green Ball having and being composed from Power.

Or Gem of Magic Green Power Ball for Short. (See Magic Items)

Upon seeing the players he will give some sort of grand and evil villain type speech with many fiendish gestures. Unfortunately the ball blocks all sound. From the body language of the speech, intelligent PCs could deduce that he is describing that they are about to be whisked miles into the air and ripped to shreds by the powerful winds as he has them now in his deadly clutches. He will do this as long as the players watch, smiling as he calls the winds into the castle. The tornadoes look like they are not far off and peering into their spinning midst the players can see an anvil, a few barrels, tools, a

rocking chair, a tankard, an eel, a goat, two chimneys, an axe target, and tons of Dwarven house bricks.

This should give the players the idea that the best thing to do is to run down the small spiral stairway and get below ground as quickly as possible. The only safe place being in the dungeon level - the winds will bury the stairs, but once the party have liberated the prince escape is possible down the well - into the water, along the underground stream and out.

If they do not run to the Dungeon level when the tornadoes smash into the castle, they will be obliterated along with everything else (except for Murkmoldiev who can shield himself with the control of the spell).

Name: Murkmoldiev The Ruddy.

Size: M

Race/Sex: Male Duergar

Class/Level: Rouge 6, Aethamor 8 Rank Title: Hoarder of Gold

Alignment: NE

Hit Dice: 14 d6 +28 Hp 88.

Initiative: + 3

Speed: 20.

Armour Class: +2 black leather Jerkin (P 12 B 14 S 14) and dex. Touch :13

Piercing :15 Bludgeoning : 17 Slashing :17 Flat footed P:12 B :14 S :14

Vrs good hand attacks if he has his protective spells on Piercing :25

Bludgeoning : 27 Slashing :27

Attacks: Base Att: + 10/5

Mace of Legend -used two handed. Attacks: +16 /+11 Ini: + 8 Dam : 2d4 + 9 Crit:19-20 Or

Jeweled serrated *keen, speed* dagger + 2. Attacks : + +15/ +15 /+10 Ini +6 Dam 1d4 +4 Crit 17-20.

Saves: Fort : 6 Ref: 14 Will: 11

Immune to Paralysis, illusion Magic + deep or alchemical poisons (not normal ones) +2 vrs poison and Magic. (Not counted in saves above)

Abilities: Str 12 +1 Dex 17 +3 Con 14 +2 Int 16 +3 Wis 16 +3 Chr 4 -3

Skills: Balance +11 Climb +8 Hide + 12 (+17) Jump +8 Listen +17

Move Silently +18 Search +8 Spot +15 Sense Motive + 5

Slight of hand +20 Tumble+ 6 Disable Device + 17 Bluff + 17

Diplomacy + 8 Use Magic Device + 10

Spells: 36 spell points - Spells up to 8th level. Will usually have the following cast on self or nearby foes when expecting trouble :

0 level-Detect magic -dur 8 min, Guidance - dur one min, Resistance - dur one min.

1st level- Bane- dur 8 min, Detect Good- dur 80 min, Divine favor-dur 1 min, Protection From Good- Dur 8 min,

2nd Level.- Spell shield- dur 8 min, Aid- dur 8 min, Prayer- dur 8 rounds.

3rd Level- Magical vestment-dur 8 hours

4th Level- Armour of Darkness- dur 80 min.

The total adjustments the spells give him are:

First Minute - +1 to first save, +1 to one roll of choice.

Then up to 8 rounds / min and more- + 4 to hit and +3 damage, + 2 AC and saves Vrs Good,+ 4 deflection AC bonus from the Armor of Darkness and +2 on saves vrs any Holy - Good or light spells,+3 enchantment bonus to AC from magical vestment. +1 saves Vrs fear, + 3 on saves Vrs spells and spell like abilities. 8 +1d8 extra HP.

An extra +1 to all rolls for the next 8 rounds - while his enemies get a -1 to all their rolls- Due to the prayer spell which he will cast last.

This leaves him with 18 spell points.

Feats and class abilities: Sneak attack 3d6, Evasion, Uncanny Dodge, Trap sense +5, detect metals and minerals (as the priest spell) once per day, Invisibility once per day, Maskstone (as the 2nd-level priest spell) once per day, can take 20 on a slight of hand check, darkness, 15' radius (as the 2nd-level wizard spell) once per day.

Can turn any container (from a pocket to a barrel) into a Bag of holding capable of holding up to 10 cubic feet/ 100lbs of material per level. The duration is one hour per level.

If the effect ends prematurely, the contents of he container spill out onto the floor. This spell is currently active on his belt pouch.

Detect illusions at will in a path 10 feet, Trap sense equal to his Wisdom modifier.

Murkmoldievs Feats:

Corrupt Spell [Metamagic]:

Murkmoldiev can transform one of his spells into a thing of evil due to a deal he has with Abbathor

Benefit: This feat adds the evil descriptor to a spell. Furthermore, if the spell deals damage, half of the damage is unholy damage. For example, a corrupted Fireball cast by a 6th-level wizard deals 6d6 points of damage: 3d6 points of fire damage and 3d6 points of unholy damage. Thus, creatures immune to fire still potentially take 3d6 points of damage. The corrupted spell uses up a spell slot one level higher than the spell's actual level.

Deformity (Face) [Vile]:

Murkmoldiev has a terrifying ruddy face.

Benefit: He character gains a +3 circumstance bonus on Intimidate checks and a +3 deformity bonus on Diplomacy checks dealing with evil creatures of another type.

Weapon finesse - Dagger. He may use his Dexterity modifier instead of his Strength modifier on attack rolls with a dagger.

Combat Expertise[General]

Benefit: When he uses the attack action or the full attack action in melee, he can take a penalty of as much as -5 on his attack roll and add the same number (+5 or less) as a dodge bonus to his Armor. The changes to attack rolls and Armor Class last until his next action.

Improved feint.

Benefit: He can make a Bluff check to feint in combat as a move action instead as a standard action.

Equipment: Shadow Jerkin. This armor is jet black and blurs the wearer whenever he tries to hide, granting a +5 competence bonus on Hide checks.

Holy symbol of Abbathor (a gold coin at two inches in diameter, which is stamped with the symbol of Abbathor (A jeweled Dagger) on both faces.)

A jeweled, serrated *keen*, evil aligned dagger + 2, Abbathorian crimson silk pajamas underneath clothes. Pouch of Holding (from spell) Containing 6 Abbathorian Scrolls of the spells: Phantasmal Thief, Hide from Dragons, Contingent Energy Resistance x2,

(Dragonomnicon), Weapon of The Deity, Doomtide (Magic Of Faerun), Dispel Good. All scrolls are scribed at 15th Level.

The Abbathorian Mace Of Legend. (See Magic Items).

Inside mace : 3 pair of crimson silk pajamas, a Light Adamantine Drow mace +2, A Drow Piwafwi, 3 x 10 lb silver bars with the stamp of a Shield Dwarf clan, a 15 gal cask of human made cider, a half full 20 gal cask of Duergar fungus beer, 8 x 10 lb boxes of dried food - (Rothe meat, fish, fungus, strange purple bread, strange white moss balls). One small bag of hazelnuts, One jar of Apricot jam (moldy), A 6lb box of assorted herb teas, A vial of thin rose smelling Blue liquid (To Dwarves it has NO smell as it is Dwarfbane Poison and deadly to Dwarves Fort DC 35- Harmless to non Dwarves), A huge basket containing a 200 ft Giant spider silk rope- rope weighs 2 lbs and is stronger than steel, A Giant spider saddle, a finely engraved wooden Katana scabbard, 1lb volcanic ash in fragile wooden container, a pair of sharp steel scissors, a small wooden bird cage, a large iron cauldron, a Duergar armour and weapon dulling and dirtying kit, The Following weapons of Duergar make: Light crossbow (34 quarrels), Light mace, Heavy flail, Two Hand axes, One War hammer, 4 sharp Mithril X bow heads, two Small Durgear spike shooter Shields: These shields can fire their center spike at high speed by the pressing of a button in the grip, a moldy orange and a one pound sack of cloves.

Languages: Duergar, Undercommon, Common, Dwarven.

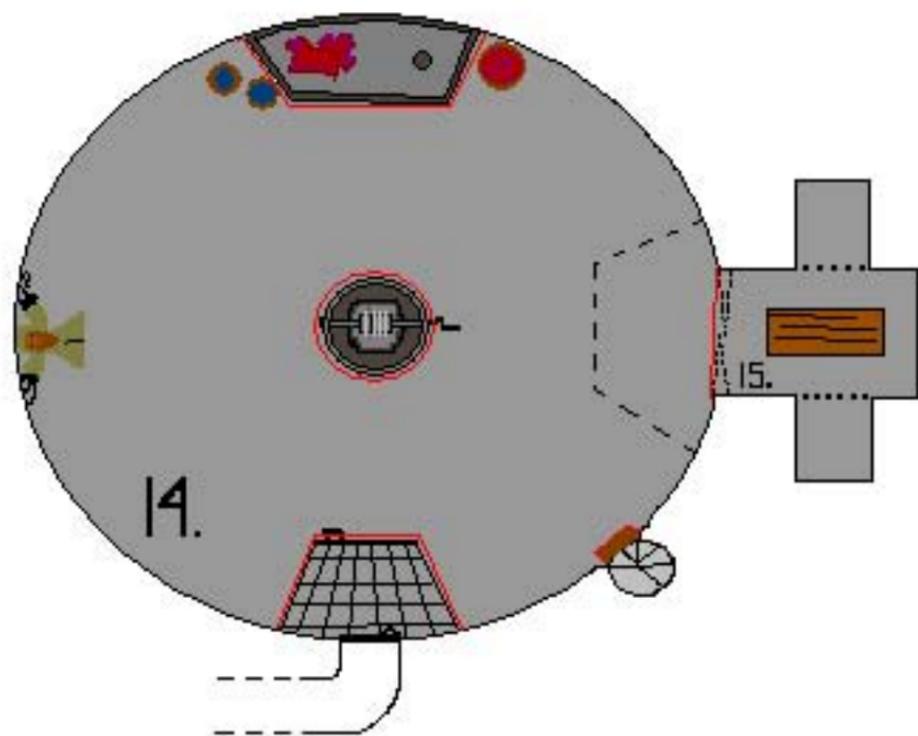
Description: Murkmoldiev is a skinny Duergar with long legs and a pot belly he has a shockingly red face that looks like a mutated raddish. His hair pokes out in freaky tufts at the sides of his head making him look like some kind of freaky reverse clown. He wears stained and patched brilliant scarlet longjohns, his dark crimson ceremonial cloak billows behind him. He has a shadow jerkin on.

Personality: A twisted covetous pervert whos' evil is only surpassed by his greed. He got this far through cunning and tactful use of his dark power. He will flee a battle as soon as it he thinks he cannot win, but his orders are to destroy the party and he will endeavor to do so.

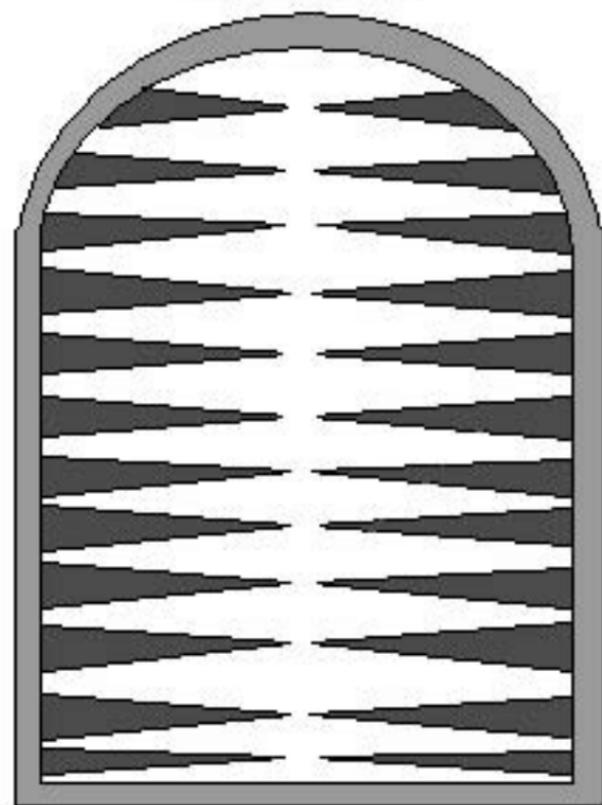
History: His past is unspeakable.

DUNGEON LEVEL.

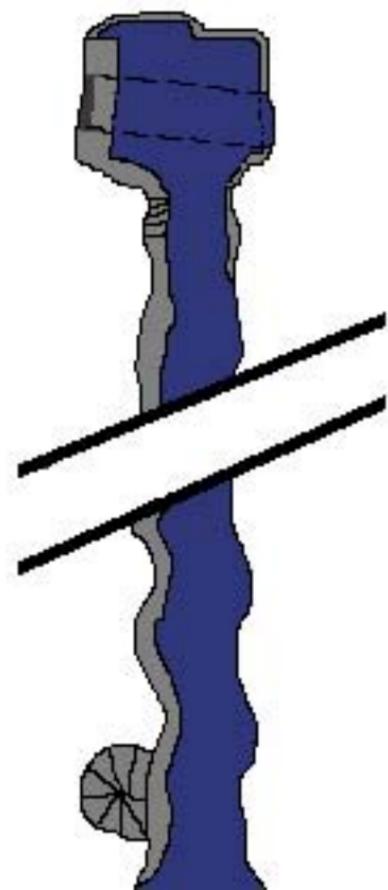
DUNGEON LEVEL



ARCH SPIKES



STREAM LEVEL



14. This level is where the prince is, and is accessed through the heavy and locked but untrapped door at the top of the large stair. The door opens into a small spiral stairway that winds down to another strong wooden door which has been barred from the other side by the occupants of the room.

The Dungeon level is damp, totally dark and smells disgustingly like sweat and mold.

It has been hewn from the rock on which the castle sits. It is 60' across and 30' high.

The level holds a well and a sink. The large stone sink has a few wooden buckets about it as well as a large washing basket filled to the top with a reeking pile of deep crimson/maroon under garments. The sink contains partially clean clothes, as the occupants of the room were hard at work scrubbing before the party arrived.

The room has been modified to accommodate guests of the "Ones to be Tortured" type,

with a row of strong shackles and chains along one wall.

Only one set is occupied right now. Seemingly by a starved looking Hill Dwarf in Dwarven priest Robes. On close inspection he will be seen to be wearing Moradin's Holy Symbol about his neck. He will motion for water if given attention - When approached he will tear the chains from the wall and bezerkly attack by surprise - Revealing his true form of a decayed skeleton under the illusion of his former self. He is now a Huecuva, cursed into this form by the Dwarven gods for renouncing his faith under the knives of his Duergar torturers.

The Cage: There is a 7ft by 7 ft cage made from strong Dwarf forged steel. Anyone falling down the chute from the trap in Grunnipalgs bedroom will arrive here. Taking 1-3 battering damage unless a Tumble or Dex check is made DC 9- Check for fragile item breakage.

The gate of the cage has a very good (DC 22) lock built into it. The key to the lock is in a small magnetic box attached to the underside of the steel bucket in the well.

But that is the least of the prisoners' problems. The trap door to the chute is one way and locks when closed.

The Duergar and the Ogre will rush over to the cage to investigate and the Ogre will excitedly start ransuering the characters to death through the bars.

Guarding the prisoner(s), are two very regular Duergar (Hoopskald and Knopplefodd) and an Ogre (Ogrin).

Name: Hoopskald and Knopplefodd

Size: M or L (special)

Race/Sex: Male

Class/Level: Fighter 2

Alignment: LE

Hit Dice: 2d10 HP : 22 & 26

Initiative: +0 Axes Ini +3/+1

Speed: 20 / 30

Armour Class: Darkened Duergar Chain. Touch : 10 Piercing 16/15

:Bludgeoning : 14/13 Slashing : 18/17 Flat footed same.

Attacks: BAB + 2 Duergar Battle axes + 4 / +5 Dam 2d4 +4 /4d4 +3 x3 and two throwing axes - ranged + 2/+1 Dam 1-6 +2/+3 x2

Saves: Immune to Paralysis and illusion- Magic, deep or alchemical poisons (not normal ones) Spells +2 Other poisons +2 Fort + 5 Ref 0/-1

Will -1 Abilities: Str 13+1 Enlarged 15 +2 Dex :11 Enlarged 9 -1

Con : 14 Int : 10 Wis 9 Chr 4

Skills Listen +4 Move silently +3 Spot +4 +2 size bonus to Strength, a -2 size penalty to Dexterity (to a minimum of 1), and a -1 penalty on attack rolls and AC due its increased size.

Feats :Toughness, weapon focus battle axe. Equipment: Duergar Battleaxe, 2 Duergar Hand axes, Fungus spirits in flask

Hidden under clothes: A Rothe skin neck pouch containing 13 Duergar gold each. Languages: Duergan.

Description: Emaciated, nasty-looking dwarves. Their large eyes lack any brightness, being a washed-out blue/white.

Personality: Durgear who are at the bottom of the castles social ladder -

thus ready to prove them selves as capable by sending the Ogre in to soften up the characters while they go invisible and sneak around to hack them down from behind.

Ogrin. There is nothing exciting about this 42 HP Ogre except the fact that he will hurl a full water bucket at a player before closing with his Ranseur to attack. (Attack +7 Dam 1d10 +5 X 3 - reach - +2 to disarm)
He may try to force a player down the well at some point.

The "Dwarf" in the shackles

HUECUVA

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 2d12 (24 hp)

Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft

AC: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 natural)

Attacks: Claw +2 melee

Damage: Claw 1d4+1 and disease

Face/Reach: 5 ft by 5 ft/5 ft

Special Attacks: Disease

Special Qualities: Undead, change self, damage reduction 10/Silver, +1 turn resistance +2

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con -, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 10

Skills: Hide +6, Listen +5, Spot +5

Feats: Improved Initiative

Climate/Terrain: Any land and underground

Alignment: Always chaotic evil

Advancement: 3-6 HD (Medium-size)

The huecuva is an undead spirit similar in appearance to a skeleton, but more dangerous and more difficult to dispel.

The huecuva appears to be a humanoid skeleton of normal size. The bones are covered by a robe that is little more than tattered rags.

COMBAT: The huecuva attacks by swiping with one of its hands; the sharp finger bones are capable of tearing into wood. It will attack relentlessly until either it or its opponent is dead.

Heucuva bones soon crumble once the monsters are destroyed.

If confronted by a cleric (or a cleric attempts to turn or rebuke a huecuva and fails) a huecuva will direct all attacks at the cleric (and those defending him) until either the cleric or huecuva is slain. The huecuva will ignore all other opponents around it if it encounters a cleric.

Disease (Su): Rotting Disease—claw, Fortitude save (DC 12), The victim suffers a daily loss of 1 point each of Strength and Constitution. A *cure disease* spell must be cast on the victim to prevent death and restore the lost points.

Change Self (Sp): 3/day—as the spell cast by a 10th-level sorcerer.

They may use this power to assume a nonthreatening shape in order to get close to an unsuspecting victim or avoid an undesired encounter when pursuing a specific prey. Heucuva may assume the form of people they have met in the recent past, such as a past victim or a member of a party that encountered the monsters. If the heucuva are in their lairs, they may assume their old (living) appearances. Groups encountered on the surface may appear to be pilgrims in procession. Such disguises fool only those who view the world solely via visible light; heucuva appear the same as other skeletal undead if looked at with infravision. The heucuva are incapable of speech; they can only moan or wail.

Undead: Immune to mind-influencing effects, poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage. Huecuva have darkvision with a range of 60 feet.

Habitat/Society: Heucuva roam the dark places of the world. They can be found in subterranean realms, as well as most temperate or tropical regions. Cold seems to prevent Heucuvan activity, for they are not found in high, desolate mountains or in any cold regions.

Legends tell that Heucuva are the restless spirits of monastic priests who were less than faithful to their holy vows. In punishment for their heresies, they are forced to roam the dark. Their spirits, appearance, and holy powers have become perverted mockeries of their old selves. The tatters they wear are the unrecognizable remains of their monks' robes. Instead of healing, they can kill with a diseased touch. Instead of helping others, they seek to kill all who still live. Even their old power to turn undead is now used to help them resist the efforts of others to turn them.

Heucuva retain dim memories of their old lives. Their lairs are decorated as grotesque mockeries of their old abbeys and temples. The corpses of past victims may be used to represent parishioners. These corpses may retain their original possessions, which may represent a large portion of the Heucuvan treasure trove. Other accumulated treasures may be scattered around the mock altar as decorations or offerings. Such a mock temple is a chilling sight to most and an abomination that few good-aligned cleric can resist destroying.

Some heucuva are nomadic and constantly wander on a pilgrimage to nowhere. Even these are mockeries of real pilgrimages.

Ecology: Heucuva are malignant spirits that seek to destroy those who still live. They are used as examples to remind priests the fate that befalls those who stray from their devotion or use their religion as a mask to hide unpius deeds. Powdered heucuva bones may be used in the preparation of magical items intended to corrupt the spirits of living beings or to control undead.

The Well -

This well is of solid Dwarven make and has a chain that will hold 800 lbs fitted to a large steel bucket. The well is designed as an escape route in addition to its usual purpose. The crank system is designed with a ratchet to prevent an out of control descent. Once set into action it will slowly wind down the well by itself. It is a marvel of Dwarven craftsmanship. It lands in a 10' deep pool but a strong wooden platform can be folded down off the wall for the bucket to land on and for easy disembarking. The platform is lowered in place by hidden machinery activated by pulling a very visible wire with a handle that hangs from the pool's ceiling. The path the plank leads to goes along the edge of the tunnel which the stream runs along the centre of. It runs south 1000 yards before reaching a spiral stair that goes up to a secret passage out from a huge boulder that sits atop a small hill. The underground stream dives under ground just past the stairs. It joins the main stream to the south not long after.

The only occupant of the stream is a lonely Giant Frog who swims about down here uttering mournful yet terrifying ribbits. He is no real danger to the players unless a lone Halfling or Gnome decides to go swimming. In this case the frog will attempt to eat the player on general principle. The players could become quite scared if this was played right as the tunnel echos and distorts the ribbits drastically.

15. PRISON AREA.

This is the prison area where Naanz is imprisoned. The party can see him sitting on a bench apparently free to go, but as they approach him, (unless the players are flying or levitating) one of them will stand on the pressure plate area (see map) that will trigger the trap. This area has been Maskstoned (see spell).

The below happens when it is triggered -

1 - Strong steel spikes shoot across the archway to the prison blocking the way through (see diagrams). These spikes are thick solid steel and almost impassable unless the trap is solved.

To solve:

the top two spikes need to be pulled, at the same time - toward the puller (they are 10 ft off the floor but the spikes are easily climbed -DC 5). They will slide back into place once pull. 3 seconds later (allowing the climber enough time to scramble down) all of the rest of the spikes will retract with a bang. This will halt the rise of the floor. It could be more complex but it does have to be operated by ogres.

Then 10 seconds later...

2 - The entire floor except the well begins to rise - if the characters fail to pull the top two spikes within 10 seconds.

It will rise in the shape depicted by the red lines. The cage and the large stone sink will rise to the ceiling but will stop before being crushed. Thus the safe places are inside the sink, inside the cage and in the well.

The floor will take 10 rounds to hit the ceiling. Causing inescapable death to all but the most resourceful players. It will wind down after 5 rounds of being pressed flat with the ceiling.

3 - Two small portcullises open up in the north and south walls of the prison, releasing a skeletal War Dog out of each alcove. They wear steel collars attached to a chain which unwinds as the floor rises - once the floor hits the ceiling they will have unwound enough for the War Dogs to make short work of Naanz unless the DM is creative with some Deus Ex Machina.

If the trap is solved, the chains reverse, winding the dogs back into the alcoves and dropping the portcullis.

Solving the Trap.

The spike puzzle could be solved with a rouge find traps DC of 18 if the player states they are examining all of the spikes.

Also a Dwarf stone cunning check of DC 16 if the player states they are examining the spikes and stonework around them.

Skeletal War Dogs. - Use 3 HD Wolf Skeletons from the MM. Remember that their eye sockets glow with a sinister green light...

The room only contains a stone bench. Naanz is not even secured to it. There is a wide chute in the ceiling above the stone bench which leads to the bottom of the cage trap on the first floor.

Once saved the Prince will be in tears, and at this point throughly convinced of the partys bravery and their dedication to the quest. He will swiftly become just as annoying as before. This time instead of insults he will continually pester the party for stories of other heroic deeds.

If the party fail to save Naanz and he is killed by the Dogs the quest is over and you may as well just have the winds collapse the castle on the characters and start the module again with new characters (unless you can think of something else).

At some opportune time (Determined by YOU the DM) while the players are in this level, the winds will smash into the castle demolishing in to the point where no one stone rests upon another - yet leaving enough rubble to fill the stairwell, the trap slide and the ceiling chute in room 15 as to make exit from those ways impossible without spending a few days digging.

The Dungeon Level will hold strong under the attack of the winds and the only signs of the wind at all will be a huge shuddering and crashing a few stones coming down from the ceiling (reflex DC 10 to avoid 1- 6 dam - the owl gets hit here by a small rock and become deranged yet no one will notice this...) - dust coming down the stairs and then ... silence.

The proper course of action for the players to take is to head down the well - along the river up the stairs and out of the secret stone that goes up to the secret passage out from a huge boulder that sits atop a small hill to the south of where the castle.

MURKMOLDIEV ATTACKS.

A half moon illuminates the scattered rubble on the top of the hill to the north. On exiting the boulder the players will see a glowing green ball descending on them from quite a height. This is Murkmoldiev coming in from the sky to kill the players.

He will begin by attempting to crush a player flat with the ball.

He will warn any Dwarves Back as he will only attack Dwarves if forced.

Naanz will take off for the shelter of some rocks to the north west and Mettalicain (assuming he is still alive) will make a valiant stand. Murkmoldiev will probably attack him first unless a player presents himself as a good target.

Notes on the Ball:

The Ball has the following magics.

Fly speed 40. Average maneuverability.

AC 15 DR 20 /magic; 40 HP .

Immune all energy attacks.

Immune to Sonic attacks.

Blocks all noise to and from ball.

No gas or liquid can enter the ball but it supplies the occupant with air to breathe or oxygenated water in the case of a water breathing occupant.

SR 12

The ball can be smashed apart but it blocks all attacks until its HP are reduced to 0 - when the green globe will turn into dramatic yellow sweet smelling smoke. If this happens the gem will remain dormant for 1 - 17 days.

The occupant cannot attack opponents with weapons or missile fire but he can try to bound on people with the ball boinging them flat against a hard surface , push them off cliffs or into danger.

A reflex save of DC 10 + the ball users Wisdom bonus is needed to avoid being boinged flat for 2d4 damage or boinged prone for 1d4 if the attacker

is not coming directly down on the defender. A bullrush vrs a +5 is needed to stay standing.

The occupant of the ball can cast spells freely out of the ball. Even spells that breach the wall of the ball are ok - such as Mystic Lash or Ray of Enfeeblement.

The Green Ball is fully detailed in the magic items section.

He will have 18 spell points remaining after he casts all his spells on himself. He will cast a mystic lash on his descent - crush a player prone with his Green ball and then whip out at the prone player with the lash.

Lash - 18 ft long -Evocation [Electricity, Evil] dur 8 rounds, Attack (With his previously cast enhancements) + 15 to hit, 1d8 + 8 electrical damage. A creature hit with the lash must make a fort save DC 16 or be stunned for one round. If the lash hits he will release it and it will continue to attack at + 10 to hit and 1d8 +4 dam once per round.

Other spells he may cast on the players as well as Mystic Lash may be - Curse of Misfortune, Dark Fire, Cure / Cause critical wounds, Dispel Magic, Hold Person, Poison.

From the mace - Darkness , Silence centred on Spell Casters.

If the ball is destroyed he will tumble to the ground and resume the fight within a Black Light Spell if possible. He will be able to sneak attack every round within this.

If the fight turns against him he will escape using a combination of Obscuring Mist, Invisibility or Silence or Darkness from the Mace.

He will leave himself enough Power to escape and heal up. Then he will become a recurring problem for the players as he will follow them and continually try to rob and kill them in typical Abbathorian style.

This is unless the players kill him and plunder his stuff in typical adventurer style.

THE AFTERMATH.

At this point the players have either killed Murkmoldiev or driven him off, and are in a state of post battle weariness.

It will soon become apparent that Naanz has strangely disappeared.
At this point the player with the highest spot score will see (resplendent in the moonlight) the tiny silhouette of the Mayor in his black Field Plate Armour, cape billowing out behind him, one knee on a foot stool sized rock on the far cliff to the North east. A dire raven perches on the end of the lance he has butted perpendicular to the ground.

With a baritone texture he sings a grim opera type melody . . .

The deep base of his voice easily reaches the Party across the way.

" Go dear Raven - Fly to the Sky and tell the Elves what the Hill dwarves have done.

They have killed the Heir!

Farewell you call to hearth and hall!

Though wind may blow and rain may fall,

You must away ere break of day

Far over wood and mountain tall.

With foes ahead, behind us dread,
Beneath the sky shall be your bed,
Until at last your toil be passed,
Our journey done, our errand spent.

You must away! You must away! ."

He will then fling the raven off his lance with great urgency - propelling it into the air like an spear - The raven will shoot off with determination, cackling in delight. Its purpose being to draw the Hill Dwarves into a war with the Elves...

Ask the players what they do...

The raven gets about 300 yards before being struck in the side of the head mid cackle by a mysterious flying stone. The confused raven plummets out of the sky to what the Party will believe to be a watery death.

Enraged- shaking his little fist and stamping his little feet Grunnipalg will leap onto his steed and wing it toward the mountainous west.

Naanz pockets his slingshot and heads back to rejoin the group.

THE JOURNEY TO THE SINEAL ELVES.

Once Naanz is again reunited with the party, the Golden Owl will start enthusiastically leading them to the Elven Kingdom. Unfortunately the damage to the owl caused by the falling rubble has deranged it and it is really leading them in the exact opposite direction. Mettalicain (unless dead) believes the knowledge of the owl is superior to his vague memories as he barley remembers what he is doing at the best of times, and Naanz trusts Mettalicain. If the characters realize they are heading west into the mountains and complain, Mettalicain and the Owl will insist it is the correct way to the secret Elven city.

DM NOTE: Time will run short for the party and the raven will awaken, downstream, wet and with a large bruise on its head. It will also remember its mission and the important message it has to convey to the Elves. It will erratically set off into the sky . . .

So the party ready or not will have to start missoning up into the hills.

EASTERN THUNDER PEAK HILLS.

The hills at the base of the Thunder Peaks and in particular the route the party takes over the next three days is relatively clear of orcs and goblins due to the proximity and patrols of Ginnalet. So there are only two encounters scheduled. But feel free to roll on whatever encounter charts you wish.

Weather : This is left up to you the DM to ease fitting the module into whatever season you have going at the time of the adventure - I suggest continual freezing drizzle that will soak the characters and chill them as well as rusting equipment. The weather later turning into sleet and snow as the characters climb to higher altitudes.

Terrain: for the first two days the landscape The party will follow a rushing stream over rocky terrain studded sparsely with small shrubberies. Edible roots and game in the form of wild birds, goats and sheep can be found with quite a bit more difficulty than usual. There are plenty of boulders, stunted trees, small creeks and tiny bogs.

THIN FOREST.

MAP POINT -E

On the evening of the second day the river passes through a small thin forest composed of twisted and stunted conifers. The riverside trail passes through it and thus the Owl heads in. An old sheltered ranger campsite is found with a fire pit and a supply of wood. If a Ranger, Barbarian or Druid is in the party they may see on a spot check of 10 and a nature Knowledge Check of 10, a ranger trail sign which will lead them to a cache of goodies left by a ranger a few seasons back.

The signs lead to the buried stash which is in a black waxed water proof sack containing

an Ice Box - currently set at 0 Celsius. (See Magic Item section for details) Containing the following frozen food. Four pounds of woodland berries, 11 pounds of venison, 3 pounds of nourishing wild seeds and nuts, 2 pounds of dehydrated mushrooms, a fine violet glass bottle of Elvermead (See Magic Item section for details). And in a smaller sack within the large waterproof sack are the following Ranger Items detailed in the Ranger Item section - A Horn of Animal Calls, one pair of snowshoes, one large arctic coat one pair of waterproof boots made for a large man, a wilderness harness-with knife, a survival kit and a waterproof tinderbox.

GIANT BLACK SQUIRREL ATTACK.

At around midnight the Giant Black Squirrels will attack. The smell of the food and the noise of the party has brought them and they will swarm the characters, stealing any trinkets they can and viciously biting anyone who resists. They will also grab and haul away any unattended bags, boxes and backpacks. Although they will leave the Abbathorian Mace if it is there. Make opposed Move Silently / Listen rolls to see if the players hear them approach.

Once a squirrel has a bauble they will flee across the tops of the trees with it back to their base.

If through some absolute miracle the players manage to track them to their base fill it with gems and shiny trinkets.

Giant Black Squirrel.

Small Animal

Hit Dice: 1d8+1 (4)
Initiative: +4 (Dex)
Speed: 30', Through trees 30'
AC: 15 (+4 Dex, +1 size)
Attacks: 1 bite + 4 melee (or + 8 Swarmfighting.)
Damage: Bite 1-3
Face/Reach: 5' by 5'/5'
Special Attacks: Bite through pouch string or belt.
Special Qualities: Low light vision , Scent.
Saves: Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +3
Abilities: Str 6 , Dex 18, Con 12, Int 4, Wis 14, Cha 8,
Skills: Listen +9, Spot +9, Climb +15, Swim +8, Move Silently +8, Hide +12,
Slight of hand +8
Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite), Swarmfighting.
Climate/Terrain: Any forest- but usually evil forests.
Organization: Scurry (3-18)

Alignment: Usually Neutral but slightly twisted to evil.

Combat: Giant Black Squirrels will usually swarm one enemy using their Swarmfighting Feat. This allows up to four of them to occupy a single 5' square and to get a +1 morale bonus on the attack roll for each additional ally beyond the first attacking the target but only if the target is medium or larger. This bonus cannot exceed the dex bonus of the Swarmfighter. Thus one character will be attacked by all 13 of the Squirrels at once. Luckily only a few will be attacking - most will be ripping trinkets from the character, before scurrying off with the newly acquired treasure. The Squirrels will not be interested in heavy items such as weapons larger than dagger size - but rings, pouches, necklaces and the like are not safe from them.

Pouch bite. (Ex): on a Natural 20 with a bite attack the Squirrel will have bitten through a pocket, belt or strap of some sort of container. It is up to the DM to figure out the full effects of this but the Squirrel should liberate an expensive item and start off with it.

Giant Black Squirrels have a +8 racial bonus on Climb checks and can always choose to take 10 on Climb checks, even if rushed or threatened.

Giant Black Squirrels use their Dexterity modifier for Climb and Swim

checks.

ONWARD.

On the third day the going gets steeper and the small stream they have been following joins a mini river. Visibility becomes limited as the terrain becomes craggy and broken. It will become quite cold - especially at night unless it is summer. Patches of snow may be seen and wood and food will be scarce today. If it is winter then the snow will be extreme. The air will be noticeably thinner but this will not have any game effect here.

WERERAT TRICK.

MAP POINT- F

A sheltered camping spot can be found on the evening of the third day. On the protected side of a small hill. While the party are setting up camp in the evening they will see a person approach from the path they came from. It is a thin and bearded lost looking wild man in furs carrying a leg of some animal out in front of him as if offering it to the Party. He will call out in common "HELLO! I have meat to sh-sh-share! A good leg of Long P-p-pig!" He will keep coming closer and closer all the while smiling and offering the meat.

Any character who has knowledge of cannibalistic cultures will know that Long Pig is human flesh. A Half Orc or Orc character will know this immediately. Allow other characters an intelligence check DC 20 to know this information.

While this is going on, the other Wererat is sneaking over the rise of the hill the players are camping at the base of. He is carrying a large rock he hopes to bash out the brains of a party member with.

As soon as the first Wererat gets close enough he attacks with the frozen human leg he has been offering. At this point the Wererat with the rock will attempt to throw it at the strongest looking character. Then they will fly into rages and attack viciously.

Note - Lycanthropes do not have DR in human form.

They will change into Hybrid form after their first attack and flee in Dire

rat form if the battle turns against them. Stats after slash are in Hybrid form.

Name: Ratface and Mange
Size: M
Race/Sex: Human / Wererat male.
Class/Level: 2nd Level Barbarians.
Alignment: Chaotic Evil.
Hit Dice: 1d8 +3 + 2d12 +6 HP 40 / 32
Initiative: +2
Speed: 40/50
Armour Class: 15 (Dex +2, natural +2, +1 Dodge) Touch :13 Flat footed 15.
Attacks: Base +2 Frozen Leg +5 (1-6+2), Rock +1 (2d4+2) / Bite+5 (1-6 +2+Disease.)
Saves: Fort +12 Ref +7 Will +4
Abilities: Str 15 Dex 14 Con 16 Int 10 Wis 10 Chr 6
Skills: Climb +4 Hide +8 Listen +7 Move silently +8 Spot +7 Survival +5
Feats: Iron Will, Fast Movement, Rage 1Xday, Uncanny Dodge, Alertness, Dodge. DR 10 /Silver, Disease, Curse of Lycanthropy.
Rage : +4St +4 Con, -2 AC, +6 HP. Lasts 8 rounds.

Equipment: Thick smelly bear furs, Rock, Frozen Human Leg.

Languages: Common ,Rat.

Description: Thin and smelly long bearded grizzly looking wild men with bloodshot eyes, wearing thick smelly bear furs. When they change into Hybrid form they look like strong insanely raging Wererats.

Personality: Very Little - besides a few introductory words followed by a transformation and vicious slavering attack on whoever they meet.

Background: Insane hill dwelling Wererat barbarians whose family has been in this area eating lost travelers for generations

THE GREYISH ORDERLITES OF THE IMPASSIVE INFANTRY.

MAP POINT - G

The fourth day proceeds uneventfully - following the Owl along a path that curves around the side of a large mountain that had been looming on the horizon all day. The terrain is rocky high country and a few goats can be seen here and there. An observant party member will spot a flock of dire sheep on a far hill and many normal birds fly about.

Just before sunset the owl will guide the party into a steep walled canyon 400 yards long which ends at a 20 yard wide cave entrance which slopes down in to the earth. At this point Mettalicain or Naanz will say " Oh good - the owl has found the short cut, I knew it was around here somewhere."

Unfortunately for the party this is not the case. Not at all. Once the party are all the way in the canyon allow the players some spot and listen checks DC 10 to notice some oddities - Like a strange bitter smell or hear the sound of something scratching.

What has happened is that the entire force of the Greyish Orderlites of the Impassive Infantry had just emerged from the under ground tunnel. Invisible advance scouts saw the party and the force was warned. The entire force cleared the way for the party to walk down the middle of all the invisible lined ranks. They are now doing what they do best - Standing very silent and invisible in ambush.

They players will see the golden owl, which is happily flying along leading them on, suddenly slam into something in mid air and fall to the ground with a clunk. As it picks itself up the entire Durgear army of 1003, which surrounds the player will become visible as one.

They are lined in orderly regimented ranks and they stare at the party impassively.

The Durgear wear heavy looking grey chainmail or black studded leather. Very very few are wearing plate. And the ones that do are kind of spaced slightly apart and at the back for some reason. There are ranks of spear men, crossbow men and Durgear Battle Maul Elite troops as well as hammer and axe welding footmen. Most of the Durgear carry a light mace or pick

and a shield carved with scenes of bloodshed. There are massive Steeders being ridden by grey bearded Durgear wearing dark iron breast plate and wielding savage looking pole arms. Scattered about the ranks are Durgear in hooded, ankle-length gray-blue robes trimmed with dark purple fur.

At the back of the ranks are many large covered cages and supply wagons to which large brown lizards are harnessed.

Yet the most amazing sight of all is a stocky knight in dark iron field plate. He stands on top of his chariot like saddle. He wears an ornate full helm embossed with the face of a snarling grey dwarf and a dark crimson opera cloak that flutters in the wind. An Abbathorian banner flies from his upright lance. And perched atop it is a grinning raven with a bloody bandage on his head. It is Grunnipalg at the head of his own army / audience.

He stands atop a powerful looking White dragon which stares at the party with eyes like blue diamonds, mouth slightly open, freezing mist pouring from it (party must save vrs dragon fear)

The owl which lies at the now visible dragons feet will try to comprehend how the absolute contradiction of its task came about and failing utterly will, in a desperate effort to save what dignity a little brain damaged golden figurine can hold will explode in a shower of golden goo, small cogs, springs and wheels.

The players may now do as they wish, although their options are somewhat limited.

Three things will happen and once.

Grunnipalg will burst into song.

" Go dear Raven - Fly to the Sky and tell the Dwarves that they Elves will come.

They come for your gold!

Farewell you call to hearth and hall!

Though wind may blow and rain may fall,

You must away ere break of day
Far over wood and mountain tall."

The party will see a dizzy raven fly, cackling towards the west. To convey an urgent message to the Hill dwarves of the destroyed village of Ginnalet. The message is to prepare for war. The Elves destroyed your village with High Elven weather magic as they have finally had it with your Dwarfishness. Now they are going to kill you to the last and take your gold. Having already alerted the Elves a few days before that the Hill Dwarves destroyed Yos having finally had it with you haughty Elves.

Grunnialgs' plan is to set the Elves on to the Hill Dwarves of Ginnalet - spy on the battle through his raven messengers and then once one side has been defeated, sweep down and crush the victor. Followed by intense plundering of the towns of the defeated, in the name of Abbathor.

As one the Durgear Psion priests of Deep Duerra blast the party with Domination powers. The players must make 6 will saves DC 1 d 20 + 8 each or be dominated to stand still.

The next round they will be dominated to put all their items (not armour) in a black sack that is brought forward by a warrior. And then walk over and get into one of the big iron cages a lizard pulls forward. They are allowed another save with a + 4 to resist this.

Unless the characters have some very tricky plan they will be caged. If they some how escape the army you as a DM will have to use all your skills to create the adventure from here on.

Naanz and Mettalicain (if he is still alive) will be quickly separated from the party and all will seem lost.

The cage has a few rough blankets and a large waterskin. It has a beaten metal floor and sits on a large cart. It is covered with a large raggedly hide which has many small holes, enough for the party to see a little bit of what is going on through. The cage has an intricate padlock of master Duergar craftsman DC - 37 to open.

A few minutes after the players are settled in the cage the Domination will kick in again (it lasts one day/level) and the players will be forced to bare their necks for a wizened old pee smelling Durgear wearing a terribly stained dark-green lab coat. He brings with him a black doctors bag from which he produces a shiny silver syringe full of a glowing purple goo for each player.

Each player is shot in the neck with this drug. And must make three fort saves DC 31 to resist the psionic poison called "Purple Foont" made from a rare Deepearth snail. Its effects slow the body to ten times its normal power and thus tranquilizing the players heavily. Making most motion and all spell casting and power use impossible and reducing ST and DEX to 3. Thus the players just loll about in the cage as it starts up and begins to rumble ahead into the night.

ROLLING ON.

No mercy is to be found in any of the many Durgear ranks for the party and the party will begin to feel depressed and despondent. As well as incredibly sluggish. The cage is locked with a huge padlock and the bars are too strong to bend for anyone without 28 strength. The doctor will reenter the cage every day to dose the players up. They will begin to get a resistance to the drug and will get a cumulative + 1 on each successive save.

The drug does not make the players sleep and the players will be able to hear the Dark Knight Grunnipalg sing a song of victory and war as they slowly head along the mountainside.

"Under the hills the heart of the axe,
Arises from cinders the still core of the fire,
Heated and hammered the handle,
For the hills are forging the first breath of war.
The soldier's heart sires and brothers,
The battlefield.
Come back in glory,
Or on your shield.

Red of iron comes from the vein,
Green of brass -green of copper,
Sparked in the fire the forge of the world,
Consuming in its dream as it dives into bone.
The soldier's heart lies down, completes,
The battlefield.
Come back in glory,
Or on your shield.

Rather than describing a day by day account of the party's caged journey, merely summarize the five-day event in one tale.

The Durgear move by night and entomb themselves by day in underground caverns. During their nice stay with the Durgear (who call themselves, translated to common "The Grayish Orderlites of the Impassive Infantry") the party will come to see the Gray Dwarven nature like none before. The utter regimentation of the troops, the incredible loyalty to a superior at all times is astounding.

This loyalty is tested in a rather trying way. On occasion a disobedient Durgear is forced by his jeering Commander and comrades to don a suit of plate armour. One greatly feared as "Ye Smelly Encasement", as a means of a horrible punishment the poor creature is forced to wear it for days and days. Through observing the bathroom habits of the Durgear, the players have learned that they have a rather unfortunate condition of "Bowellus Uncontrollus". Having a diet composed of 70% fungi and badly brewed alcohol probably does not help this.

(At the witness of this punishment the party may become suspicious of Grunnipalg as they have never seen him out of his Ornate Field Plate.)

The low hum of the continual under the breath grumbling. The Grey Dwarves are consumed with bitterness, feeling that their race has been forever denied what was rightfully theirs. The pure bitterness of the Durgear manifests itself as an actual smell as they see life as nothing more than a backbreaking torment from birth through to death.

They have little mercy for the weak or helpless and enjoy tormenting each other in a very mean way. From a young age they are quickly schooled in the harshness of the world, taught that their lot in life is nothing more than a never ending grind accompanied by betrayal and then death. The party will see the strange foods that the Durgear eat and have a taste of it as each day a few wizened sticks of something black and some grey goo is put into their cage for them to eat. The sticks taste like bitter blood and the goo tastes like dirty bitter radishes. The party will pick up basic Durgear terms such as "kill it", "crush it", "I dare you to eat it" and "Ye Smelly Encasement". They will experience the full hatred Durgear have for all

things as they refrain from harming the players with a pained self control.

The Gray Dwarves have little understanding of the above world and find the concept of vegetation and some of the creatures they encounter not only amazing, but sadly inedible...

Five days will grind by with the players laying about in the cold wobbly cage.

In fact they could be described as horrid little bastard days as with an evil deliberacy they drag on....

...and on...

...and bitterly on...

The party will find "dark" and "grim" and "bitter" to be the best words to describe the Durgear as a species.

If you use the sanity stat now would be a good time for a few checks.

The party notice that on the fifth day the army has left the mountains and high hills behind and is now rolling along a cold/frosty/snowy (choose one) hilly plain.

Just as the party have almost grown to believe that every stick, raven and day (along with everything else that moves, inflicts pain, sells or smells) has nefariously committed itself to lifelong service unto Abbathor something amazing happens.

THE GINNALLETTIAN REVENGE.

MAP POINT - H.

It is early morning of the fifth day and after a seeming eternity of lying in a stupor in a drafty and shaky covered cage the party will hear a far off bellow that sounds like a moose and six wild cats in a huge bag being beaten with a large stick. This is actually a Skavamareen. An ancient dwarven bagpipe and drum-like war instrument. Any bard can tell this on a Bardic Knowledge check of 10. It is chilling.

The Durgear are suddenly very silent - they are frozen in fear. The genetics of their smelly grey bodies know this sound. Their bodies know that this is the sound that comes a few minutes before having your head removed with a

heavy axe wielded with a ferocity that is only equalled by its bluntness. The genetic code in the bodies know this, as ancestors have seen it happen and run away and thus it knows the sound means DEATH and RUN AWAY.

But their fearless leader has a crazy instrument of his own and giving the Demon Goat Black Metal War Horn (see Magic Items) a huge blow he creates a long discordant blast that cancels out the bellow of the Skavamareen, fills the air with a sparkling black cloud and steels Duergar into holding the line.

Then they come charging over the rise. They come in all forms of attire - from cooking garb to their Grandfathers Mithril full plate. Armed with pitchforks, forge hammers and even the occasional menacing kitchen utensil.

Raging they swoop down on the plain. Their target - The Mayor that wasn't. The Mayor that told them they were safe and then obliterated their town. The mayor that poisoned their good relations with the Elves with his wicked ravens.

Of course the Elves (being wise and never hasty to go to war with a race that can keep a grudge for as long as runes remain carved in stone) sent a diplomat ahead to talk with the Ginnaletians to see if they were indeed behind the Destruction of Yos. Such an attack from such happy Dwarves (who the elves have been trading with for centuries) is totally out of character.

Elven magic soon found the real culprit and the Dwarves armed up and stormed the hills and plain in search of the Mayor.

The Dwarven mob comes barrelling down the hill slope and smashes into the bewildered Durgear ranks just as the bright sun surmounts the horizon.

As the Ginnaletians charge, through some trick of the wind the party will hear plate armour clinking and clanking, the sound of a Gray one excreting- then a pained silence followed by the sobbing creatures dialogue as he begs his comrades for a quick but honourable death.

The White Dragon Genip and Grunnipalg swoop over the battle singling out small group of Dwarves and freezing them or picking them up before flinging them down on their fellows.

The players can see just enough of all this fighting through holes in the tarp to pick out roughly what is going on, and as they get excited something amazing happens - The drug begins to slowly wear off! The cure for it is joy.

A substance practically unknown in the Underdark. Any spells or abilities they had when they were drugged will return once they have their gear back and can somehow maintain a period of happiness long enough to counteract the poison.

In the bright morning sun and in the glare of the fierce Hill dwarves the battle does not go well for the Duergar.

But then the sky begins to darken as the moon moves to block the sun's blinding light.

It is the Night of Day - The Eclipse which signals the start of the most Holy Day of Abbathor and the Duergar rally. As the darkness spreads the cage gives a mighty jolting lurch and is hoisted up into the air borne by Grunnipalgs mighty steed.

The joy begins to fade and the drug reasserts its tendrils of tiredness but then in the last remaining grey light a small Elven face is seen at the edge of the bars. It is Naanz and he has the Mace of Abbathor, (which hums with power in the unholy darkness of the eclipse) and the mace is full of all the party's stuff!

He flings the mace through the bars then screams " Good Luck" and with tears of hope in his eyes whips off the large hide covering from the cage and using this as a parachute leaps from the cage and miraculously floats down to safety (What really happened -unknown to the players - is that a watching Dwarven wizard cast an extended range feather fall on him as he attempts this crazy stunt).

It is now as dark as midnight and the stars come out. The eclipse is total and lasts nine minutes and nine seconds. In the starlight and with the cover of the cage gone the players can see the carnage of the raging battle below if they have low light or dark vision.

Its brutality is only equalled by its ferocity.

The party can also see all too clearly the underbelly of Genip the steed - the top ring of the cage clutched in mighty and large talons.

The bitter wind blasts the party as it whistles through the bars but cutting through the wind itself is the baritone voice of Grunnipalg defiantly singing into the darkness:

I Will Lead The Charge My Hammer Into The Wind,
Sons Of Abbathor Fight To Die And Live Again,
Today The Blood Of Battle Upon My Weapons Will Never Dry,
Many I'll Send Into The Ground Laughing As They Die.

THE RIDE.

Grunnipalg take the party through the most bladder bursting, insanely terrifying ride.

Utter hell will be experienced as they are spun into trees, taken down vertical dives into abysmal cliff sided crevasses and dragged through an icy mountain lake and a huge snow drift. He is slowly heading for a landing field near the very top of the mountain where he will fling the cage into the side of the mountain and then finish off any of the meddling party members who remain via dragon and lance. The ride is meant to torture the players.

Any action attempted while the cage is in steady but swinging flight requires a DC 13 Balance or Dex check to succeed.

The cold is the first thing the players must weather.

Cold and exposure deal nonlethal damage to the victim. This nonlethal damage cannot be recovered until the character gets out of the cold and warms up again. Once a character is rendered unconscious through the accumulation of nonlethal damage, the cold and exposure begins to deal lethal damage at the same rate.

An unprotected character must make a Fortitude save once every 10 minutes (DC 15, +1 per previous check), taking 1d6 points of nonlethal damage on each failed save. Depending on the amount of cold protection they have they may be able to make less frequent checks

A character who takes any nonlethal damage from cold or exposure is beset by frostbite or hypothermia (treat as fatigued then exhausted). These penalties end when the character recovers the nonlethal damage she took from the cold and exposure.

Those wearing metal armor are affected much more at the DMs discretion. The entire ride takes 70 minutes so the character must make 7 or more checks.

These events happen during the ride - spaced at roughly 10 minute intervals.

1. Cage is spun into trees. DC 15 strength check to hang on or DC 15 tumble or balance check to stop from being slammed about without hanging on to the bars.

Failure means 1-3 points of battering damage with a small chance of breakable or unsecured items being ruined.

2. Cage is taken down a vertical dive into an abysmal cliff sided crevasse.

DC 16 strength check to hang on or DC 22 tumble or balance check to stop from being battered about on the upward swoop for 1-4 damage and a medium chance of breakable or unsecured items being ruined /lost. If a player fails his roll he must make a DC 15 will save or become shaken until on level ground. A sanity check could be workable here also.

3. Cage is spun into trees. As # 1 above.

4. Cage is dragged through a large snow drift. The players can hang on or not as they

wish as the snow has a cushioning effect . They must make a fort save DC 15 (+ per previous cold check) or take 1-6 non lethal cold damage as the snow covers them.

5. Cage is taken down another vertical dive into an abysmal cliff sided crevasse. As # 2 above but any already shaken character becomes frightened yet unable to flee.

6. Cage is dipped into and dragged through an icy alpine lake. The players must make a DC 16 strength check or be slammed against the back of the cage by the force of the water for 1-4 points of battering damage before being immersed in the lake for a about 10 seconds. They must make an immediate Fortitude save (DC 15, +1 per previous check) or take 1d4 points

of nonlethal damage. And in addition take 1d6 points of lethal cold damage per minute (no save) until warmed up.

Two minutes later Grunnipalg will swiftly fly 100 feet above a snowy alpine meadow (

Map point -I) which ends at a solid granite cliff face which stretches up into the clouds.

Genip will fly at the cliff face as fast as possible, pulling up at the last moment and flinging the cage into the cliff. The cage will smash into the cliff and then tumble 100 feet down to rocks below where it will settle in a twisted heap.

Any one still in the cage when this happens must succeed on a DC 35 fort save or being mangled beyond recognition. Success will leave the player crawling from the cage a true legend with 1d20 hp remaining.

HOW THE PLAYERS SURVIVE.

There are a few options I can think of that allow the players to live through this.

1. Breaking free of the cage and flying or feather falling to safety (until Grunnipalg brings Genip around and combat begins).
2. Breaking free of the cage and leaping free, as the cage smashes into the trees, snowdrift or (less safe)the frozen lake. The players could also leap free and fall into the snow of the alpine meadow for a certain amount of damage depending on DM fiendishness.

The safest way to survive is for all the players to get inside the Mace of Abbathor. It will soon fall out of the cage, and when it lands (hopefully not at the bottom of the lake) they can climb out. Grunnipalg will instantly know this has happened and will drop the cage, turn Genip around and attack the players via dragon and lance. But the players may be a lot closer to the battle site and may not have had to survive any hellish ride if they have this idea early.

If they come up with absolutely no ideas whatsoever, resist the temptation to give them any advice or clues and have them flung into the cliff with the resultant mangling as they obviously do not deserve to live and need to be taught a lesson on How to play Dungeons and Dragons - Adventure game for ages 10 and up.

THE LAST BATTLE.

Ideally this should take place on a high alpine meadow (Map point I) with one or more feet of snow blanketing it.

This high up all the players will have to make fort saves DC 15 or be fatigued due to the high altitude.

Otherwise alter the environment as needed depending on where the players land after exiting the cage.

Once the players have composed themselves to some degree they will probably make some sort of heroic stand on the alpine field. If not Grunnipalg and Genip ruthlessly hunt them down as they scramble about in the wilderness.

Grunnipalg will attack with his lance as Genip swoops in - leading with his freezing breath.

Maybe even mixing it up by trying to rip at the players with his large talons as he flies by, before turning about and repeating the process. If Genip gets badly injured, he will land and Grunnipalg will dismount and advance to deal with the party himself. If Genip is killed Grunnipalg will fly into a rage with all the benefits of the Rage ability and will not stop until all the party is dead or he has been beaten down to 10 or less HP - at which point he will attempt to honorably surrender as a prisoner of war - quoting certain sections of various books of chivalry. If taken prisoner his rescue at the hands of highly trained Assassin / Priests of Abbathor is left to you the DM to detail.

Name: Grunnipalg. Age 34.

Size: M 4ft tall - taller with a majestic helmet.

Race/Sex: Midget Human Male

Class/Level: 5th Level Paladin of Tyranny/ 5th level Dragon Rider/2nd level Cavalier.

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Hit Dice: Hp 12d10 +36 HP - 94

Initiative: -1, Maul -1, Dagger +3.

Speed: 20.

Armour Class: Touch:9 Piercing 21 Bludgeoning 21 Slashing 24 DR 3

Attacks: Base Att: +12 / +7 / +2

Lance - On a charge - +19/20 Dam 2d4+3/ 1d12+3 x3 crit 20 x 3

Battle Maul - On Dragon +20 / +15 / +10 Double damage on charge.

- On ground + 19 / +14 / +9

Ini : 0 Dam 2d8 +7 19-20 x 3

Power attack - Improved sunder with Maul.

Dagger Ini +3 Attack +19/ +14/+9 Dam 1-4 +7 17-20 x2

Saves: Fort :+18 Ref: +6 Will: +13

Abilities: Str18 +4 Dex 8 -1 Con 16 +3 Int 13 +1 Wis 13 +1 Chr 16 +3

Skills: Armor Check Penalty -7 Balance +2, Concentration +3 (+8 on Dragon), Diplomacy +10, Jump +1, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (Nobility) +3, Knowledge Duergar and Dwarfs +6, Heal +2, Spot +5, Sense Motive +3, Tumble -1 Bluff +10, Ride + 18, Disguise +10, perform (Opera +6)

Spell Points - 2

Spells: Bane, Corrupt Weapon, Curse Water, Detect Poison, Detect Undead, Divine Favor, Doom, Endure Elements, Inflict Light Wounds, Magic Weapon, Protection From Chaos, Protection From Good, Read Magic , Resistance, Virtue.

Feats and Class abilities:

Aura of Evil, Detect good 60', Smite good 2x day, Diabolic Grace, Deadly Touch (Inflict up to 15 Hp damage- Will DC 16 for half)

Aura of despair (Enemies within 10' take -2 on saves)

Rebuke undead.

Dragon Riding (+5 ride- Dragons Maneuverability increases by one grade.)
Immune to Frightful Presence, Mounted Spellcasting (+5 concentration checks to cast while riding), Mounted Combat (Negate mount Hit with ride check), Ride by attack,

Weapon Focus- Bastard sword, Low to the Ground +4 to resist being rushed or tripped, Trample, Weapon Focus (Lance), Flyby attack, Spur Mount (DC 20 to increase mount speed by 50 % for 5 rounds) Mounted Weapon Bonus (Lance +1) , Ride Bonus +2, Spirited Charge (double damage with melee weapon on charge) , Tall in the saddle +1 (To negate mount being hit in combat with ride check), Mounted weapon bonus (Hammer +1), Deadly charge 1X day (4 X damage on successful charge), Power attack and Improved Sunder (from The Maul)

Flaws.: Grunnipalg is a human with the Dwarfism condition. He is medium size with a 20 ft move speed and a has shortened life span and slight breathing difficulties.

Equipment: Battle Maul of the Duergar Republic.(See Duergar Items) Maul is Mithril +3, and enchanted with Impact and when used the Warrior gains the Power attack and Improved Sunder feats.

Its stats are : Weighs 20 lbs and requires 16 strength to wield. Ini - 1 Dmg 2d8 +3 Crit- 19-20 x3

Black Mithril lance.

Is viciously barbed and grooved to deliver poison although Grunnipalg has run out of poison. Black Mithril is slightly lighter and weaker than silver Mithril so it only gives a +1.

Reach weapon 14' long 2d4+2 damage - extra 1d6 damage ripping on a successful critical. If it does enough damage it may impale a creature and tear free of its holder.

Silver Mithril Duskwood Lance .

Has a haft of smooth black Duskwood with a gleaming Mithril head of great workmanship and is fully +2. Reach weapon 16' long 1d12 +2.

Grunnipalgs dagger.

This dagger is a jeweled Holy Symbol of the Abbathorian faith. It is +3 Keen, and bestows feather fall on the holder for as long as it is held. In non-magical value alone is worth 10,000 gp as it is excitingly gem encrusted.

Grunnipalg keeps it in a pouch that conceals it completely.

Ini +4 Dam 1-4 +3 17-20 x2

Grunnipalgs Armor. This Armour is Masterwork Duergar Field Plate +2 of the highest quality. It is tinted with a slight dark crimson and is heavily engraved with scenes of plundered riches and bloodshed.

It is enchanted with Warming and Cooling quality granting the benefit of an endure elements spell to the wearer. It is also lucky. Twice per ten day the wearer can force a re roll of any attack roll rolled against him and can choose the lesser of the two rolls. P:12 B:12 S:15 Armor check penalty -7.

DR 3

Grunnipalgs Stuff.

On the Dragon bundled behind the saddle *Grunnipalg* has a flask of stale Durgear beer and 15 dried Elf hands with him as Dragon snacks. One small axe, a few pounds of Durgear trail rations, a small one man Tent, a heavy goose down patchwork quilt, a huge water proof oilskin over coat, metal polish, Three Abbathorian battle Banners and the Demon Goat Black Metal Warhorn (See Magic Items). Most of his good stuff is stashed somewhere totally hidden in typical Abbathorian style, or was left behind in the castle.

The Saddle: The saddle that is atop *Genip* is a modified Steeder saddle which allows a 4' rider to stand up and get 50% cover or to crouch down for 100% cover. It is designed like a chariot box, which is armoured with steel plates. It is custom built for *Grunnipalg* and has a special lance mount and swivel.

Languages: Common, Dwarven, Duergan, Draconic.

Description: Grunnipalg is a slightly overweight Balding midget with very white skin and a permanent squint. He almost never takes his Armor off as this would expose his greatest secret - That he is a HUMAN !

He is incredibly good at acting like a Durgear and has never been found out. And will never be unless the players remove his helmet.

Personality: Grunnipalg acts like an incredibly eccentric Duergar. He is totally devoted to Abbathor and works tirelessly to fill his halls with plundered riches. Abbathor has rewarded him with lots of treasure and goodies. Grunnipalg has almost convinced himself that he IS a Duergar and has taken on all of the grumbling and muttering traits of the race.

He has a huge sense of self importance and almost rightly so. He has a dragon and is respected by many.

History. Working as an Opera singer / Midget performer in Westgate from a young age Grunnipalg fell in with a bad crowd of alcoholic Dwarven Carnies who were headed off to the Durgear city of Gracklstugh to lead a life of debauched sideshow performing.

While there Grunnipalg was scouted out by Priests of Abbathor who saw promise in his ability to lead and his lust for plunder. Training him in the arts of trickery and tyranny he became the number one recruiter and diplomat between the Dwarven church of Abbathor and the secret Durgear churches of Abbathor. He rose through the ranks to become a great warrior and leader in his own right and set off to make his own fortune. With Abbathors blessing he roamed the surface world on his pony - Baz, tricking people and then killing them and then taking their stuff.

While burying a chest of booty in the northern foothills of the Thunder Peaks he heard the plaintive wail of a dying dragon. Investigating he came upon Genip - starved and dying in the ditch where he had crawled. Grunnipalg talked with the Dragon at length and then slew Baz and fed him to his new friend. He then nursed him back to health - leading him to Cormanthor where they hunted Elves for weeks.

Genip and Grunnipalg became fast companions and soared the skies together for many years.

The time came to embark on a large quest and the pair of them ventured into the Underdark. Visiting a small city of Durgear far beneath the Thunder Peaks, he styled himself as some kind of foreign prince from Gracklstugh. Befriending Gonyuk and his companions and feeding them stories of conquest and plunder, he set his plans into action. For the plans to be totally effective he needed a surface base...

Returning to the surface he tricked the gullible Dwarven town of Ginnalet into accepting him as Mayor and building him a Castle. Abbathor sent him a murder of Dire Ravens as animal companions as a reward for outstanding service.

Genip: Juvenile white dragon;

Med dragon (cold); HD 13d12; hp 168 (currently 127 - reduced from missile fire from the battle).

Init +0; Spd 60 ft., burrow 30 ft., swim 60 ft., fly 200 ft. (poor) (Average with rider)

AC 22 (touch 10, flat-footed 22)

Attack +14 melee (1d12+4, bite) and +12 melee (1-8+2, 2 claws) and +12 melee (1d4+2, 2 wings) and +12 melee (1d8+6, tail slap sv reflex DC 19 for half)

Face/Reach 8 ft. x 5ft./15 ft.

SA Breath weapon (cold, 35-ft. cone, save DC 19 Dmg 4d6)

SQ Blindsight, cold subtype, Damage reduction 3/magic,

Dragon traits, *fog cloud*, icewalking, immunities , keen senses, spell resistance 14;Frightful Presence DC 15

AL LE; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +8;

Str 18, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +9, Intimidate +6, Listen +16, Move Silently +7, Search +11, Spot +18.

Feats: 6 Flyby Attack,,Awaken spell resistance, Multiattack, Power Climb(Climb at full speed) , Tail Sweep knockdown (creatures who fail their save (DC 19)against the tail slap are knocked prone),Whirlwind Tail sweep (Tail sweep 360).

Languages: Draconic .

Breath Weapon (Su): Genip can breathe a 35-foot *cone of cold* every 1d4 rounds; cold damage 4d6. A breath weapon attack allows a Reflex save for half damage with a DC of 19.

Frightful Presence (Su): This ability takes effect automatically. It affects only opponents with fewer hit dice or levels than he has (13). The affected creature must make a successful Will save of 15 or become shaken. Success indicates that the target is immune to Genip's frightful presence for one day.

Spell-like Abilities (Sp): 1 /day *fog cloud* caster Level 5th.

Blindsight (60 ft.) (Ex): Genip maneuvers and fights by using nonvisual senses. Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant, though he still can't discern ethereal beings. Genip usually does not need to make Spot or Listen checks to notice creatures within range of his blindsight ability.

Cold Subtype: Immune to cold damage; takes 50% extra damage from fire.

Dragon Traits: Immune to sleep and paralysis effects; darkvision 60 ft.; low-light vision.

Icewalking (Ex): This ability works like the *spider climb* spell, but the surfaces the dragon climbs must be icy. It is always in effect.

Personality: Genip is as savage as any of his kind although he has been expertly trained by Grunnipalg into becoming the ultimate steed. He is able to suppress his savage instincts in inappropriate times through fear of Grunnipalg and desire for the little snacks that Grunnipalg feeds him when he is good. Grunnipalg has also been giving him a small diamond now and then - which has helped his loyalty greatly. He recently became Lawful Evil through continual association with Grunnipalg.

If Grunnipalg is killed Genip will fly into a rage with all the benefits of the Rage ability and will not stop until all the party is dead or he has been beaten down to 20 or less HP.

History: 8 years ago Grunnipalg found him left for dead in the Northern foothills of the Thunder Peaks. Genip had survived a beating at the hands of his former Frost Giant Masters after killing a young Frost Giant who was teasing him.

Grunnipalg nursed him back to health on a steady diet of Elves and now Genip has an unnatural fixation on the taste of Elf Flesh and will attack Elves with gusto if able.

THE AFTERMATH.

If the players have not been slaughtered to a man then they should be standing exhausted on a blood soaked, snowy battlefield or some such thing.

If they were all killed, Grunnipalg and Genip head off to cause more Abbathorian style mischief in- A QUESTION OF RELIGION III - THE WACKY CONCLUSION TO THE TRILOGY THAT WASN'T.

Depending on where the final battle took place the players may have a long and dangerous hike out of the mountains ahead of them. Without climbing gear or the power of flight it could be very dangerous.

Not to mention the flocks of territorial Dire mountain goats that inhabit the peaks...

But the goats or their ability to butt people off high mountain cliffs is not the focus of the rest of this module and it is left to you the DM to detail.

Assuming the players DO somehow get out of the mountains they will be discovered in the foothills (just before they resort to cannibalism) by a well equipped search party of Ginnaletian Hill Dwarves lead by Naanz who is dressed in his finest adventuring attire- a crude duplicate of the partys clothes as he tries to emulate his Heros to the best of his ability.

A ragged cheer will go up from the ragged group of battle bruised Dwarves who have been totally informed of the partys heroics by Naanz. Naanz will be over joyed to see the party and will lavish praise and promises of kingdoms and treasures beyond imagining onto the party. To be given as soon as he is on the throne.

Blankets and bottles of warm "No Legs" are passed around and the Dwarves are truly glad to call the party "heros" and "Dwarf Friend."

The party learn the following news...

After a long and vicious battle the Dwarves were almost routed and had lost

half their number despite the Duergar losing two to the Dwarves one. The battle began to turn against the Ginnaletians due to the sheer number and ordered structure of the Duergar. . .

Until THE GOLDEN EAGLE SQUADRON OF THE CHEERFUL CAVALRY dropped from the sky amid blazes of incandescent magic. The Elves had arrived and their fury was like a wild fire burning a cane field in the summer sun. Illuminating the entire battlefield with nimbuses of eldritch light and picking the Duergar up with their giant dire eagle steeds, rending them, then flinging the halves down to batter the Grey folk. The combination of bright lights, searing holy magic and raining blood was too much for THE GREYISH ORDERLITES OF THE IMPASSIVE INFANTRY and they were cut down to the last as they routed.

The remaining Dwarves got to work tending their wounded, burying their dead and loading the Duergar wagons with the plunder of the battle field and wheeling back to rebuild their shattered village. Leaving the Duergar bodies where they lay.

A large murder of oversized ravens gather in a wheeling flock over the dead, hungrily looking down at the huge number of sightless grey eyeballs staring up at them...

Abbathor looks on and rubs his greedy hands.

THE MESSAGE.

Once the party are kind of settled and ready to head off with Naanz who says he has received the correct directions to the Elven Kingdom from an Eagle rider, and they are on the road again... an exiting thing happens.

The appropriate time for this would be as the players are sitting around a campfire on the way to the Elven kingdom and mid discussion on *exactly* how much riches they are going to get from the king.

"Tis funny" Naanz will say innocently " it did slip my mind to tell you that this was handed to me by a royal messenger eagle just after my daring rescue from the castle".

From the folds of his clothes he draws forth a rather official looking scroll case made from a small Green Dragon Horn. It has a large bejeweled silver cap on one end with a rather official looking ebony seal on it. The scroll case is worth 1500 gp.

The message inside is written in flowing Elven script adorned with many leaves and woodland pictures, and reads:

" Tender-hearted brave persons, I greet thee and thank thee greatly for saving nothing but a wench-borne, dishonorable mistake. Powerful high Elven divinations have revealed that the boy you so bravely protect is in all reality a Royal Bastard with all the ranks and titles bestowed to such an accursed station.

Due to a highly regrettable, embarrassing and unfortunate series of events while under the influence of Belldrake - a highly potent hallucinogenic aphrodisiac muffin crafted by mischievous Nightshade Woses (Nightshades are the fey spirit creatures of poisonous plants) I fell into a Wood Elf whores dirty arms and through the course of merciless nature idiot bastardchilde Naanz was born."

The rest of the letter is nothing but a mournful expression of personal woe, self loathing and deep humiliation, tear splotted and barely readable.

It is signed -

His Gracious Slimness

King Balthasar the Ninth (debated)

Northen ruler of the Sineal Peaks Elven Infantry, Commander of the Golden Eagle Squadron of the Cheerful Cavalry and rather sick person at present.

The scroll by if sold by chance to a knowledgeable Dwarf of any creed will fetch at least 3000 gp, due to the glory of having such a fearsome Elven King spill his sadness over such a Royal Blunder. This scroll would there after be exhibited in Dwarven Museums and great libraries all around - at such a viewing cost that it will pay for itself many times over.

What the party does from here is any ones guess.

Naanz will pester them to know what the scroll was about and if told he will just pretend he didn't hear or that the party is joking and try to lead them on to the Elven Kingdom.

He will never admit to himself that he is anything other than a prince and if left to wander he will wind up gibbering to himself on the streets of Semberholme wearing no shoes, a dress and an old shabby trench coat that smells like an elderly yak took a piss in both pockets, telling anyone who will listen that his is the Heir to the great Mahogany throne. That is until the royal guard apprehend and "Relocate" him. Whether he is relocated to a shallow grave in the forest or a sumptuous palace sanitarium is up to you the DM.

Mettalicain unless closely watched will wander off and before long become lost and then forget that he is lost and thus wander the world oblivious until killed or dying peacefully of old age in a lovely meadow somewhere.

Here ends A Question of Religion II . . .

The baffling sequel to the adventure that was never made.

DUNGEON MASTER NOTES:

MITHRIL.

Mithril is the Elvish name of a metal (also called "silver steel" or "true silver") with near-magical properties of strength, beauty, and lightness. This metal was worked by Dwarves and elves into intricate armor, light in weight and comfortable enough to be worn constantly, yet unobtrusive and nearly indestructible. Mithril is a rare metal found deep within the earth. It can only be forged with intensely hot magical blue fire. Items made of pure Mithril cost up to Fifty times their listed value, weigh 50% as much as steel, are incredibly strong and easily enchanted - having psudeo magical properties. Mithril and Mithril alloy do not rust, and only corrode if exposed to incredibly strong acids or bases and is nearly completely immune to heat and cold. They can be polished to have extremely little friction. Raw Mithril is dark silvery gray. When worked, it is satin silver in color. Dwarves usually have a monopoly on Mithril mining. They will sometimes sell impure Mithril

alloy to non-Dwarven craftsmen usually for around 500 gp a pound but do not part with pure refined Mithril ingots. Mithril Items are automatically +2 before any enchantment takes place. The armour also provides Damage reduction 2- 5 from fire and cold and Mithril armors are one category lighter than normal for purposes of movement and other limitations. Heavy armors are treated as medium, and medium armors are treated as light, but light armors are still treated as clothing. Spell failure chances for armors and shields made from Mithril are decreased by 50%, maximum Dexterity bonus is increased by 3, and armor check penalties are lessened by 3 (to a minimum of 0).

Weapons or armors fashioned from Mithril are always masterwork items as well.

DUERGAR:

Duergar appear to be emaciated, nasty-looking dwarves. Their complexions and hair range from medium to dark gray. They prefer drab clothing designed to blend into their environment. In their lairs, they may wear jewelry, although such pieces are kept dull.

The Grey Dwarves are consumed with bitterness, feeling that their race has been forever denied what was rightfully theirs. The pure bitterness of the Durgear manifests itself as an actual smell as they see life as nothing more than a backbreaking torment from birth through to death.

They have little mercy for the weak or helpless and enjoy tormenting each other in a very mean way. From a young age they are quickly schooled in the harshness of the world, taught that their lot in life is nothing more than a never ending grind accompanied by betrayal and then death. Gray Dwarves are a surly lot, more so than normal dwarves. They dislike their fairer brethren and dislike most other races even more. It takes a lot to earn the respect, or fear, of a Duergar.

Grumbling *Snorting* and *Muttering under their breath* are all common manners of dwarves expressing their less than flattering opinions on the rest of the world.

Battle axes, picks and maces alike are favored weapons of the gray dwarves. They also adorn themselves in finely crafted dwarven armor that is often of black iron although other plain dark colors in both metal and leather armor have been favored. Drab colors in all shades of the spectrum of gray are

worn in clothing styles.

Darkvision out to 120 feet.

—Immunity to paralysis, phantasms, and magical or alchemical poison.

+2 racial bonus on Fortitude saves against all other poisons.

Stonecunning (+2 racial bonus on checks to notice unusual stonework; can make a check for unusual stonework as though actively searching when within 10 ft. and can use the Search skill to find stonework traps as a rogue can; intuit depth).

— +2 racial bonus on saves against spells and spell-like abilities.

—Spell-Like Abilities: 1/day—enlarge person and invisibility as a wizard of twice the Duergar class level (minimum caster level 3rd); these abilities affect only the duergar and whatever it carries. The duration of both abilities will last two minutes per class level.

Enlarge is the instant growth of a humanoid creature, doubling its height and multiplying its weight by 8. This increase changes the creature's size category to the next larger one. The target gains a +2 size bonus to Strength, a -2 size penalty to Dexterity (to a minimum of 1), and a -1 penalty on attack rolls and AC due to its increased size.

—Light Sensitivity: Duergar are dazzled in bright sunlight or within the radius of a daylight spell. (-1 to rolls)

— +4 racial bonus on Move Silently checks.

+4 dodge bonus against giants.

Alertness as a bonus feat

+2 racial bonus on Appraise checks and Craft or Profession checks related to stone or metal

— +1 racial bonus on Listen and Spot checks.

Duergar speak Duergan - an offshoot of the Dwarven dialect heavily influenced by Drow and Illithid words and language as well as words found in Undercommon.

The Steeder: The Steeder is a giant hunting spider with tarantula markings. It does not spin webs and cannot move in them, but its feet exude a sticky substance which allows it to cling to precarious surfaces, even if only one foot is touching the surface. The Steeder also uses the secretions to cling to prey.

mm00085.phpDurgear often ride Steeders, fitting the spiders with complex saddles and control straps. A Steeder can leap 240 feet, even with a rider. Leaps are considered charging attacks. A Steeder moves on walls and ceilings at half its normal rate; duergar saddles are built for this kind of motion

MAGICAL ITEMS.

Girdle of Hill Giant Strength:

This huge belt is actually the highly enchanted woven hair from a Hill giant's beard. When worn the belt greatly increases the wearer's strength making them as strong as a Hill giant. The side effect is massive fatigue and aches and pains after battle or heavy exercise as well as a weakening of the muscles until the person becomes totally reliant on the girdle. The weakening is only noticeable on removal of the Belt but strenuous exercise will fatigue and then exhaust the character. A Character can perform strength based activity wearing the belt equal to his Con and Str modifier divided by two in minutes. After this is exceeded a Con check DC 15 every 5 rounds is needed to prevent fatigue. Each additional minute increases the DC by 2. One failed check causes fatigue, two Exhaustion and on each failed check after that the PC takes 3d6 non lethal damage. If the character has the Endurance feat he can perform strength based activity wearing the belt equal to his Con and Str modifier in minutes, and gets a + 4 on his Con check.

Although the belt increases strength it does not make the body any more resilient to damage. Remember this when the player wearing the belt decides to punch down a door.

The belt Sets all over body strength to 25 (+7).

Strong transmutation; CL 10th; Market Price 36,000 gp; Weight 3 lb.

Boots of Mountaineering:

The soles of these tough leather boots are studded with tiny metal spikes and hooks that magically extend or retract to aid in climbing. While worn,

the boots grant a +10 competence bonus on Climb checks. He suffers no Mountainous Terrain movement penalty. Additionally, while the wearer is in mountainous terrain, the boots fill him with feelings of contentment and support, almost as if the mountain itself were watching out for him. When in mountainous terrain, the wearer gains a +2 insight bonus on all saving throws and a +5 competence bonus on Balance, Jump, and Survival checks. The Boots are very well made but obviously dwarven sized. They will magically grow/shrink to fit the wearer if tried on.

Strong transmutation and Divine; CL 13th; Market Price 10,000 gp 20,000 to a Dwarf; Weight 2 lb.

Jack the Giant Slayer:

The sword is a wide white Mithril bladed bastard sword with a deep blood groove, deep serration along one side, a large V guard and a spiral carved bone handle with a 3-inch platinum spike protruding from the base. The hilt is platinum and inlaid with eight small blue opals on each side.

The blade has the word "Jack" written across it in magical runes on one side and in Thorass runes on the other.

It is a + 2 Giant Slaying Bastard sword.

It is + 3 against Large humanoid creatures.

It is + 4 against Any Giant type creature. And deals 50% extra damage on each hit.

It is + 5 against any true Giant and deals a non confirmed critical on each hit. (The full critical must be then be confirmed)

Its base stats against non giant or non large opponents are :

One handed SF 2 dmg 1d12 +2 crit 19 -20 X 2 and +2 to hit.

Two handed SF 1 dmg 2d6+ 4 crit 19-20 X 2 and + 2 to hit.

Strong evocation; CL 16th;Market Price 40,000 gp Weight 7 lb.

Talisman of Zagy:

A talisman of this sort appears as an oddly shaped bit of roughly polished rock. Its powers are dependent upon the Charisma of the individual holding it. Whenever a character touches a talisman of Zagy, he must make a Charisma check (DC10).

If he fails, the device acts as a stone of weight. Discarding or destroying it

results in 5d6 points of damage to the character and the disappearance of the talisman.

If he succeeds, the talisman remains with the character for 5d6 hours, or until a wish is made with it, whichever comes first. It then disappears. The character will get the feeling that the stone is waiting expectantly for him to do or say something.

If he rolls a modified 20 or higher, the character finds it impossible to be rid of the talisman for as many months as he has points of Charisma. In addition, the artifact grants him one wish for every six points of the character's Charisma. It also grows warm and throbs whenever its possessor comes within 20 feet of a mechanical or magic trap. (If the talisman is not held, its warning heat and pulses are of no avail.)

Regardless of which reaction results, the talisman disappears when its time period expires, leaving behind a 10,000 gp diamond in its stead.

Caster Level: 20th; Strong Universal. Weight: 1 lb. Market price 30,000 gp.

Stone of Weight (Loadstone):

This magical stone appears to be any one of the other sorts of magic stone, and testing will not reveal its nature. However, as soon as the possessor of a stone of weight is in a situation where he is required to move quickly in order to avoid an enemy-combat, pursuit or death the item causes the owner to be affected by a slow spell. Furthermore, the stone cannot be gotten rid of by any non magical means -if it is thrown away or smashed, it will reappear somewhere on the character's person fully formed. The item can be taken or stolen from the player however.

If a dispel evil is cast upon a loadstone, the item will disappear and no longer haunt the individual.

CL 5th; Strong Universal; Create Wondrous Item, curse, slow; Market price 1,000 gp

GEM OF MAGIC GREEN POWER BALL

Also known as: The Gem which possess qualities pertaining to creation concerning a Magic Green Ball with properties having and being composed from Power.

Description: The Gem is a Neon Green 127 sided hard resin ball the size of a small orange that glows incredibly bright green when activated. It has no setting or chain but at the present resides within a string bag worn around the neck of Murkmoldiev.

This powerful magic Item has been in the use of Abbathors clergy for centuries. Why Abbathor has not claimed it himself is a mystery only exceeded by the items power and usefulness.

It can be used once per night - for no more than three nights within one lunar month and it will last six hours before floating to the ground and dispelling.

Murkmoldiev is using the third use of the month now.

It is activated by silent will: requiring a Use Magic Device Check, Wisdom or Spellcraft check DC 15. Activation will invoke a 5-foot radius ball of glowing green energy around the user. Activation can be attempted once per round.

The Ball has the following magics.

Fly speed 40. Average maneuverability.

AC 15 DR 20 /magic; 40 HP.

Immune all energy attacks.

Immune to Sonic attacks.

Blocks all noise to and from ball.

No gas or liquid can enter the ball but it supplies the occupant with air to breathe or oxygenated water in the case of a water breathing occupant.

SR 12

The ball can be smashed apart but it blocks all attacks until its HP are reduced to 0 - when the green globe will turn into dramatic yellow sweet-smelling smoke. If this happens, the gem will remain dormant for 1 - 17 days.

Only the holder of the Magic gem can be inside the ball at any time and if activated while the holder grappled or pinned the expansion of the globe will force the attackers off. It can shrink to the radius of the cross legged gem holder if needed.

The occupant cannot attack opponents with weapons or missile fire but he can try to bound on people with the ball boinging them flat against a hard surface, push them off cliffs or into danger.

A reflex save of DC 10 + the ball users Wisdom bonus is needed to avoid being boinged flat for 2d4 damage or boinged prone for 1d4 if the attacker is not coming directly down on the defender. A bullrush vrs a +5 is needed to stay standing.

The occupant of the ball can cast spells freely out of the ball. Even spells that breach the wall of the ball are ok - such as Mystic Lash or Ray of Enfeeblement.

History: The Gem which possess qualities pertaining to creation concerning a Magic Green Ball with properties having and being composed from Power (Or Gem of Magic Green Power Ball): Was created by a group of Dark Druids. For the purpose of escape from magically created natural disasters. Knowledgeable Druids and Bards may know of or recognize it from legends. But probably not as it has been underground for the last 784 years.

Strong transmutation and Abjuration; CL 18th; Market price 80,000 gp.

Magic Golden Owl.

The golden owl is a magical Elven construct similar to a Figurine of Wondrous Power. The Owl stands 8 inches tall and can carry 10 pounds in its claws. It cannot attack. It obeys and serves its owners commands. It will fly out of harms way at any sign of danger, returning when the danger has passed. The Owl has an AC of 22 (18 flat footed) and 30 HP. If reduced to 0 HP it will shatter oozing a golden magical blood. The owl will not communicate in any way to the party as its currents orders are :

" Deliver this scroll to whoever is with the Elven Prince and then lead that group to me. "

The current owner and director of the owl is The Wood Elven King Balthasar the Ninth (debated), Northen ruler of the Sineal Peak Elven Infantry and rather sick person at present.

Medium Transmutation; CL 18th; Market price 20,000 gp

The Abbathorian Mace Of Legend.

This Heavy Mace + 5 is made of Jet black Adamantine and is covered in minute geometric shapes. A search check DC 20 in bright light reveals the

shapes are actually tiny interlocking symbols of Abbathor. In tiny and faintly glowing crimson Dethek runes on the head are the words "GOPAH AL TUNNIBITH" meaning "LARGISH POUCHES FOREVER."

If these words are said, a coin-sized hole will appear in the top of the mace. If they are said again the hole will close. The hole can be widened to 1 yard in diameter. The hole opens into the side of an extra dimensional 10x10 room with black stone walls. This room can hold any amount of weight and cannot be torn like a bag of holding can be. It is possible to go into and live in the room as long as the hole remains open enough to admit air. The hole can be closed all the way from inside but not opened again. The hole can be opened or closed with no difficulty from out sides the mace as long as the command word is spoken.

While inside the room, a worshiper of Abbathor, a greedy character or anyone speaking Abbathors name will see a glowing green outline of a doorway. This is a one way gate to Abbathors realm, the Glitterhell in Onios. If the hole (see above) is completely closed from within, the door will open and will not close again until the hole is opened from the outside. One of Abbathors servants will come to investigate (usually a Fiendish Dire Were Badger with many levels in rouge), as the room is sometimes used to sacrifice gems or enemies to the Trovelord. The creatures from the Glitterhell can come into the room but they cannot leave it and enter the Prime Material Plane.

Any single treasure worth more than 10,000 GP put into the mace will immediately open the door and alert Abbathors servants.

Any Non worshiper of Abbathor touching the mace must make an immediate Will save DC 14 (20 if dwarven). Or be consumed with a sudden treasure lust. Affected beings do anything Abbathor wants for six rounds, in an attempt to seize any known treasure and keep it, slaying all witnesses if that seems necessary. If there is no known treasure nearby no save is necessary. Combat with friends or loved ones allows repeated saving throws, one per round, to break free of Abbathors power. The Mace will be used to its best effect to get the loot. This save must be repeated each time the mace is grasped.

The mace will compel the holder to put all treasures owned within it. This can be resisted on a Will Save DC 14 (20 if dwarven). This save is made

the first time the owner acquires any new treasure and any time the owner attempts to remove anything valuable from the mace.

Abbathor can sense through the mace and will send dreams, gifts and help through the maces' abilities to lure the character into serving him.

All the following abilities are activated by silent will. (Although Abbathor who may be watching may activate the powers himself in an attempt to lure the owner into his avaricious fold).

Anyone holding the mace can be suddenly made aware of the precise location, nature, and value of hidden gems within 10 feet as a free action.

The mace can cause magical silence and darkness, 15' radius, both lasting one turn. Both of these powers usable three times in a 24 hour period.

The mace can create the Conceal Riches effect on its owner once per day, Lasting 24 hours or willed away by the owner. Under this guise the mace takes on the appearance of a length of rusty iron pipe.

The holder of the mace sees things as if they are illuminated by a Maskstone spell (See Abbathorian Spells).

The holder of the mace can invoke an Abbathors Greed spell three times in a 24-hour period (With attendant penalties).

The holder of the mace can invoke the Detect Metal and Minerals spell as a full round action five times a day.

No possessor of the mace can steal from any Dwarf, or influence events to cause harm to the person or wealth of any priest of Abbathor. The mace cannot be made to strike a worshiper of Abbathor and if this is attempted the attempt will reflect. Using the attack roll of the wielder to hit the wielder.

Mace Stats:

Legendary Mace of Abbathor: Ini + 5 2d4 + 6 Crit 19-20 9lb

Bludgeoning.

The mace is constructed so when wielded in two hands it does + 2 extra damage.

In addition to the qualities detailed above it possesses the following special abilities.

+2 hit and damage vrs Goblinoids and Orcs

Strikes in total silence.

Impact. Double crit threat range.

Ignores Item hardness.

All abilities of mace function as if cast by a 20th level caster.

The owner will know the moment they are being scryed on and can choose what is seen at that moment. A new choice can be made for each scry attempt. Of course Abbathor is immune to this and can view the mace and its surroundings at will.

History.

The mace is a holy relic forged by Abbathor himself. It has been passed down from High Priest to High Priest for more than 1000 years. It was originally a gift for Plunderer of Platinum -Skamtovan Sumtivuk, one of the original Coinlords. It was a gift that would (and has) ensured a steady flow of treasures into Abbathors clutches. It has been passed down on the death or the retirement of the High Priest - as a worshiper of Abbathor will not steal from another of the clergy.

It is not known about but by the most Knowledgeable Dwarven Sage-priests as Abbathorians are a secretive lot. It has seen continual use and is well known by Abbathorian worshipers. Possession of it is a coveted honor and if it is seen in non worshiper hands, wicked plans will be made for its immediate recovery.

If the possessor of the mace is a non worshiper and does not convert to Abbathor or ensure a steady flow of treasure, Abbathor will send dreams to his faithful. The current possessor of the mace may find life getting very exiting indeed as he fends off the questing Abbathorians.

But more likely he will be killed in his sleep and never know what happened. Such is the Abbathor Way.

Cannot be Detected or Scryed on. Artifact.

Elvermead.

The Elvermead is magical wine. It takes a special incantation to open it (the Elven words "Good Health" which is written in Elven on the cork). The incantation creates little magical balls of light in it, swirling, and soft Elven music! It takes dozens of generations in human years to make, let alone age this drink, yet this care seems to show in the experience of drinking it. This wine is like nothing made by mortals. It is the stuff you strive to experience even in a lifetime of riches, beauty and love . . . because it is all those things, heaven and earth, all in one. Drinking a glass will restore five luck points, 20 hit points and acts as a Greater Restoration spell. All these benefits come into effect in the morning after drinking it. Any one who drinks it will spit out in disgust any non Elven alcoholic beverage they imbibe over the next 1d6 months. The bottle holds four glasses of the mead.

Drinking more than one glass will drive the drinker into a fey wonder-filled dream (Fort DC 30 to resist) from which they will not awake for 2 d 6 hours. When they awake they will have the Skill: Knowledge- Fey
The mead is made from the essence of rainbows, moonbeams and the midnight mist of the Fey Otherworld or something.

Strong Conjunction (Healing); CL 16th;Market Price 8,000 gp Weight 1 lb.

Ice Box.

This is an airtight box one foot square, made of white metal with a single hinged panel. Opening the panel reveals the hollow interior. Centered on the outside of the panel is a white metal pointer resembling a small arrow. This pointer can be rotated in any direction to regulate the temperature inside the box. If pointed straight up (toward the hinges), the temperature remains at 70 degrees F. For every complete clockwise rotation of the arrow, the temperature inside the box drops 1 degree. Therefore, if the arrow is rotated 38 times, the temperature drops to 32 degrees F. Rotating the arrow counter-clockwise raises the temperature 1 degree per rotation. The temperature can't be lowered below 32 degrees or elevated beyond 70

degrees. The box is useful for making ice and preventing food spoilage.

Faint evocation (Ice Element); CL 8th; Market Price 1000 gp Weight 10 lb.

Horn of Animal Calls .

This wooden instrument, painted bright red with tiny silhouettes of various animals along the sides, resembling a recorder about six inches long. The instrument can duplicate the cries and calls of any animal. The user closes his eyes, pictures the animal in his mind, then blows into the instrument.

The sound is indistinguishable from the cry of the actual animal. The instrument can be used to call particular animals or frighten them away.

Weak Illusion (Figment); CL 5th ; Market Price 500 gp

Demon Goat Black Metal War Horn

The horn is made from a strange black metal in the shape of the horn of a fiendish goat. It is a yard long, and decorated with many demonic carvings. These carvings denote the history of the horn and general evil prayers for battle success. Thin skin ropes are tied around the horn in a criss-cross pattern and hang off the side, teeth, bones and small skulls are strung from them.

It is dangerous to blow the Warhorn when not in battle, unless there has been an immediate victory. If blown out of battle it will alert the Arch Devil Bel and he may take a personal interest in the holder of the horn. This is a bad thing.

Because of its reputation even seeing it may have a demoralizing effect on good creatures who know of it. Any good creature touching the horn gains one temporary negative level and is immediately affected by it as if it blew on them.

The very sight of the Warhorn can inspire evil troops in war, because it is a symbol of great power to rally troops to, like a flag or standard.

When blown correctly, it gives off a low rumbling sound that increases to a middle-pitch, and can be heard for 10 miles around. This sound can strike terror into the hearts of the enemy, and have a heavily demoralizing effect. Before battle, the inside of the horn is lined with a thick coat of special

poison herbs, pollens, and ground fungus. When the horn is blown, these will immediately fly into the air, creating a large cloud of the stuff. Which spreads out in a cone 300 feet long and 200 foot wide at the far end. Though it acts like a severe irritant when it gets into the lungs of the enemy, causing them to cough almost uncontrollably, creatures of an evil heart who breathe it become refreshed and energized, as if they were injected with a megadose of moralizing stimulants. The recipe for this brew is inscribed on the horn.

Once blown it acts as a bless spell on all evil troops in battle and the spores give a +2 alchemical bonus to Con and Str and cure any fatigue. This lasts for 10-30 minutes.

Good creatures hearing the horn must make a Will save DC 10 [sonic, mind affecting, Fear effect] or become shaken until the battle is over.

If the creatures affected know of the horns reputation they must make a Will save DC 10 on seeing the horn or suffer the above effect. If the horn is then blown the and the creature is shaken they become frightened.

If a good creature gets into the spore cloud they must make a Fort save DC 10 or be fatigued and able to only perform a single action per round due to the coughing. A new save is allowed each round. Once two saves in a row are made the good being has shaken off the effect.

History: The horn has been linked to the Arch Devil Bel and has been lost and found again many times. It somehow always winds up in the insane hands of a military leader who leads an evil army against the forces of good.

Strong Necromancy; CL 15th; Price 100,000 gp, Weight 22 lb.

DURGEAR ITEMS

Armor Lubricant.

This nonmagical oil reduces the friction that impedes movement in metallic armor. One application of armor lubricant reduces the armour check penalty by 2. Each application takes three minutes to apply and lasts 4 + 1d4 hours. It is made out of a secret mixture of fungus slime and Underdark insect



goo.

Durgear Battle Maul.

This Head of this Huge maul has two sides which are slightly pointed and Two that are studded giving the weapon the look of some sort of giant meat tenderizer. The weapon weighs 30 lbs and is nearly unusable but for the strongest warrior.

The regular Iron Durgear battle maul weighs 30 lbs and requires 18 strength to wield.

Its stats are: Ini -3 Dmg 2d8 x3

Grunnialgs maul is Mithril +3, enchanted with *Impact* and when used the Warrior gains the Power attack and Improved Sunder feats.

Its stats are : Weighs 20 lbs and requires 16 strength to wield. Ini - 1 Dmg 2d8 +3

19-20 x3 Market Price: 20,000 gp.

History: The Maul was a coming of age gift from King Urps to Gonyuk Fiddletin Urps the Durgear Prince. Grunnialg took it from Gonyuks cooling corpse after Gonyuk took an Elven arrow in the eye at the battle of Yos. He has been keeping his possession of the Maul on the down low but has been using it since he forgot his Sword "Jack" in the castle.

Grunnialgs dagger.

This dagger is a jeweled Holy Symbol of the Abbathor faith. It is +3 *Keen*, and bestows feather fall on the holder for as long as it is held. In non-magical value alone is worth 10,000 gp as it is excitingly gem encrusted. Grunnialg keeps it in a pouch that conceals it completely.

RANGER ITEMS.

Snowshoes -. Each about three feet long, these oval-shaped wooden frames are laced with leather webbing to allow the wearer to walk across snow without sinking. A character newly introduced to wearing snowshoes moves

at half his normal rate until he gets used to them. After a day or so of practice, he moves at his normal rate. A character wearing snowshoes cannot charge.

Arctic Coat -. Designed for protection against extreme cold, the arctic coat is a knee-length single-piece garment with a billowing hood. The long sleeves allow the wearer to warm his hands by drawing them inside and holding them against his chest. Arctic coats are usually made of thick bear fur, lined with seal skin for comfort. An arctic coat keeps the wearer comfortable in temperatures well below zero degrees C. There are waterproof fur gloves and a yellow woolen scarf in the large inside pocket of this coat.

Waterproof Boots - These thick boots are made of tough, water-resilient caribou hide, treated with a waterproofing oil derived from minks. The wearer tucks his trousers inside the boots, then ties them near the knees with a leather drawstring. The boots keep the feet dry, even when wading in water.

Wilderness Harness -. This device resembles a thick leather belt with straps that cross over the wearer's back. Both the belt and the straps contain a series of small pouches, useful for storing supplies, ammunition for missile weapons, and other materials. A secret compartment in the back section of the belt conceals a 9-inch-long flat hunting knife

Survival Kit -. A character may strap this small leather pouch, about four inches on each side and an inch thick, around his thigh, upper arm, or anywhere else where it can remain concealed. The kit contains a number of small items useful in emergencies: a scrap of parchment and piece of graphite, a fish hook, a 25-foot length of fishing line on a spool, one platinum piece, a small razor, a wooden whistle, a long cloth bandage, and a few pieces of sugar candy and dried fruit.

Tinderbox- Waterproof. This waterproof box contains flint and steel, along with a small supply of wood shavings and pitch for kindling. The box keeps the contents dry during a rainstorm or when submerged underwater.

ABBATHOR.

Intermediate Power of the Gray Waste, NE

PORTFOLIO : Greed.

ALIASES: Great Master of Greed, Trove Lord, the Avaricious, Wyrms of Avarice.

DOMAIN NAME: Oinos /the Glitterhell- Hades

SUPERIOR: Moradin

ALLIES: Task, Vergadain

FOES: Berronar, Brandobaris, Clangeddin Silverbeard, Cyrrollalee, Dumathoin, Moradin, the gnome pantheon, the goblin and giant pantheons.

SYMBOL: " Heart of Avarice" Jeweled dagger or a Jeweled dagger engraved on a gold disc.

CLERIC ALIGN.: LE, NE, CE

DOMAINS: Dwarf, Evil, Luck, Trade, Trickery, Greed.

Abbathor (AB-bah-thor) the Avaricious is the Dwarven god of greed, venerated by most evil Dwarves and nearly all evil Dwarven thieves. He represents the worst aspect and major weakness of Dwarven character. Many Dwarves and even non-Dwarves consumed with treasure lust and greed, or those who seek to steal valuables, make offerings to him.

His home is a gold lined cavern complex, the Glitterhell, deep in Oinos, the first gloom of Hades.

The Great Master of Greed was once interested purely in the natural beauty of gems and metals, but became embittered when Moradin appointed Dumathoin as the protector of Mountain Dwarves - a position Abbathor felt should be his. From that day onward, Abbathor has become ever more devious and self-serving, continually trying to wreak revenge on the other Dwarven gods by establishing greed, especially evil greed, as the driving force in the lives of all Dwarves.

The Trove Lord maintains an uneasy truce with the god Vergadain, but he is otherwise estranged from the Dwarven pantheon. Abbathor particularly hates Dumathoin and Moradin for denying him his rightful place in the pantheon, and he secretly works against both. He hates Clangeddin for Clangeddin's self-righteous noble stance and certain past insult, and Clangeddin returns the favor. Berronar loathes Abbathor's deceitfulness, and Dumathoin shields treasures from the Great Master of Greed, to Abbathor's unending frustration and fury. Unlike Laduguer, however, Abbathor is tolerated by the other Dwarven gods, although none trust him. Despite the fact that he embodies everything they teach their followers to avoid, he has sided with them in epic battles of the past and is still a valued member of the group. Abbathor never helps any non-Dwarven deity or being, however, with the notable exception of Task, Draconic god of greed.

Abbathor is squat and hunched, despite his height. He seems to slither and sidle along as he walks, never making much noise but often rubbing his hands together. If carrying gems or gold, he often caresses these in a continuous, unconscious, overwhelmingly sensuous manner. At times, this has made ignorant folk attack him, overcome by lust to gain the treasure he holds. The Great Master is said to have burning yellow-green eyes (blazing yellow when eager for treasure or when pouncing upon it, hooded and green while scheming or when thwarted). He has a sharp hooked nose like a giant eagle's beak and always dresses in leather armor and furs, both fashioned from the skins of creatures who have opposed him and died to regret it. He is said to have a harsh, husky, wheedling voice and a quick temper, hissing and spitting when angry. Abbathor is governed by his insatiable lust for treasure, especially gold, and is treacherous in his dealings with Dwarves. He roams many worlds, including the Realms, in avatar form in search of treasure. Abbathor uses any means, no matter how evil, to further his ends, which typically involve the acquisition of wealth. Should the Great Master of Greed see treasure worth more than 1,000 gp or any magical item, he attempts to steal it outright or slay the owner and then take it anyway. If frustrated in an attempt to steal an item, Abbathor tries to destroy it so as not to be tortured by the memory of his failure.

Abbathor carries a pair of magic golden dire lion statuettes (figurines of

wondrous power) concealed in a pocket. If hard-pressed, he hurls these, commanding them to fight for him. If they are overpowered and the god must flee, he simply returns to steal them back and slay their new owner as soon as it is convenient.

When expecting trouble, Abbathor also bears a shield that can cast a 30-foot range blindness spell at any one creature, once per round.

Other Manifestations:

Abbathor manifests purely to work his own ends, typically in one of four ways:

* He can create a sudden treasure lust in a being (to avoid, succeed at a Will Save DC 14, 20 if dwarven). Affected beings do anything Abbathor (in other words, the DM) wants for 6 rounds, in an attempt to seize known treasure and keep it, slaying all witnesses if that seems necessary. Combat with friends or loved ones allows repeated saving throws, one per round, to break free of Abbathor's power.

* Abbathor can cause any dwarf to be suddenly made aware of the precise location, nature, and value of hidden gems within 10 feet.

* Abbathor can cause magical silence and darkness, 15' radius, both lasting 1 turn, to aid the escape of a dwarf who has stolen something.

* Finally, whenever a treasure chest is opened or a hoard pile is disturbed within his influence, Abbathor tries to cause gems and/or coins to leap of their own accord.

He makes them fall, bounce and roll away into crevices or other hiding places from which he may recover them later.

Allow a 1 in 3 chance of this happening; if it occurs, roll

1 d 12 to determine how many valuables are affected, and allow PCs to make Dexterity saves DC 15 to trap, catch, or retrieve them, according

to how they act.

Sometimes, when Abbathor's avatar is present in the Realms, two other manifestations occur. First, when Abbathor hears his name spoken (in the way all avatars can), a handlike invisible force snatches and clutches at the purse, pockets, worn jewelry, or sacks of the speaker, by way of warning. If anything comes loose treat the objects as leaping into hiding (as above) for Abbathor to claim later.

Second, when Abbathor's avatar or a being (almost always a Dwarf) upon whom he is concentrating walks close to gems (either cut and finished or natural and still embedded in stone), the jewels sing with a high-pitched, multi-toned chiming, rather like the sounds made by glass and metal wind chimes. This singing is audible to all his worshipers and serves to guide Abbathor or his chosen being to the gems.

Abbathor is served by Aurumvorae, Crysmals, Dragons consumed with avarice, Earth Elemental Vermin, Earth weirds, Ghost Dragons, Hetfish, incarnates of covetousness, Khaasta, Rappers, Rust monsters, Tso, Werebadgers, and Xavers. He manifests his pleasure through the discovery of gold and jewels of all sorts and his displeasure through the despoiling of treasure - causing gems to split apart, sacks of gold to tear, and so on.

The Church

At 7th level and above, clerics can command undead as other clerics do, but as a cleric of four levels less than their current level. All clergy members of Abbathor were male until the Times of Troubles, but since then some females have joined the church.

While Abbathor is publicly reviled in dwarven society "gone to Abbathor" is a Dwarven expression for lost treasure, most Dwarves have been consumed on more than one occasion with the lust for treasure that he embodies. Rare is the Dwarf who does not recognize the streak of avarice infecting the

Stout Folk, and thus the Trove Lord's rightful place in the Dwarven pantheon. Like an unliked and self-serving member of the clan who nonetheless is not *known* to have ever betrayed his kinfolk, the Great Master of Greed is venerated as a member of the Morndinsamman by most Dwarves, even as they decry his beliefs.

Temples of the Great Master of Greed are always in underground caverns or secret, windowless rooms. Sacrificial altars are massive, plain blocks of stone, blackened by the many fires laid and burnt upon them. Abbathors places of worship can easily be mistaken for treasure vaults, as they are typically painted in gold leaf and filled with a cache of purloined treasures. In fact, the most sacred places of the Trove Lord are caverns that once housed the hoards of ancient Wyrms.

Novices of Abbathor are known as *Goldseekers*; full priests are known as the *Hands of Greed*. In ascending order of rank, the titles used by Abbathoran priests are: *Coveter of Copper*, *Seeker of Silver*, *Luster of Electrum*, *Hoarder of Gold*, *Plunderer of Platinum*, and *Miser of Mithril*.

High Old Ones have unique individual titles but are collectively known as the *Masters of Greed*. Specialty priests are known as *Aetharnor*, a Dwarven word that can be loosely translated as "those consumed with greed." The priesthood consists of *Gold Dwarves* (50%), *Shield Dwarves* (40%), *Gray Dwarves* (9%), and *Jungle Dwarves* (1%). Male priests still constitute most of the priesthood (97%). Abbathor secretly supports some leaders of the *Worm Cult*. Such priests are known as *Noroghor*, a Dwarvish word that can be loosely translated as "beast followers."

Dogma: Seek to acquire all that shines or sparkles, and revel in the possession of such. The wealth of the earth was created for those Dwarves strong and crafty enough to acquire it by any means necessary.

Greed is good, as it motivates the acquisition and the holding of all that is truly precious. Do not seize wealth from the children of the Morndinsamman, however, nor conspire against the favored of Abbathor, for such strife in the name of avarice weakens the clan.

Day-to-Day Activities: Like their deity, priests of Abbathor strive to enrich themselves, taking advantage of their positions and influence to steal or deal themselves some personal wealth. Such funds are typically cached in remote, fiendishly well-trapped hideaways, as amassing enough loot to retire in luxury is a game and a driving motivation among priests of this god.

As noted above, however, there is one strict rule: No priest of Abbathor can steal from any other Dwarf (yet may secretly arrange the death of then loot), or influence events to cause harm to the person or wealth of any rival priest of Abbathor. This is the infamous Abbathor's Commandment, of which Dwarven thieves are often reminded. Priests of Abbathor do not like to remember so readily that it was uttered purely in order to preserve some followers of the god after angry fellow Dwarves had slaughtered thief after thief in the robes of Abbathor's clergy.

The wider aims of the priesthood are to enrich all Dwarves, working with the clergy of Vergadain and Dumathoin where possible toward that end. Across the Realms, priests of Abbathor are always looking for a chance for common Dwarven profit (and their own personal gain) through underhanded and shady arrangements. The underground ways known to Dwarves make them ideal smugglers, and many borders are undercut by tunnels enabling Dwarven merchants to avoid duties and restrictions in transporting goods from one land to another. Dwarves are prevented from dominating the smuggling trade purely by their aversion to water, which effectively excludes them from shipborne activity.

Priests of Abbathor trade (on the sly) with anyone, including Duergar, Drow, Illithids, Zhentarim, Orcs, Giants, and other undesirable creatures or traditional enemies of the Dwarves. Dwarves have been slain by axes sold by priests of Abbathor on more than one occasion. This contrariness, however, is an essential part of the Dwarven nature, as is the goldlust that drives many Dwarves on occasion - at such times they are said to be under the spell of Abbathor or in Abbathor's thrall. Priests of Abbathor can be considered to be permanently in this condition, but to have learnt subtlety and devious cunning in its pursuit, rather than simple, crude acquisitiveness.

Beings who need something underhanded done can always contact priests of

Abbathor if they know where to find them. (Usually only Dwarves know how to do so.) For a fee, a known worshiper of Abbathor will often arrange a meeting between an outsider (such as a Human) and one of the god's priests. The priest and the worshiper will both work to arrange the meeting so that the priest is in little danger of attack, kidnaping, or arrest.

Priests of Abbathor secretly work to undermine the faith of Dumathoin and Berronar - the former in revenge for the Silent Keeper's assumption of a position meant for the Trove Lord, and the latter in response to the Revered Mother's concerted efforts to prevent thefts. Since such actions must always be kept secret from all but their fellow clergy members and may never endanger the immediate safety of the clan, the Hands of Greed must proceed very slowly in this task.

Holy Days/Important Ceremonies; Solar eclipses and days when volcanic eruptions or other causes bring darkness during daytime are always considered holy days.

Once a year, priests of Abbathor sacrifice a creature on an altar. It must be an enemy of Dwarves but can be anything from an elf to an Orc.

Orcs, Trolls, and Giants are the most favored sacrifices. The faithful of Abbathor then bring gems in offering to the god, and these are placed upon the body, they must touch the blood of the sacrifice. The value of the sacrifice is said to determine the amount of Abbathor's favor that will benefit the offerer in the year to come. Even priests refer to this practice as "buying grace." The sacrifice is then burnt to ashes, gems and all. If magic or especially valuable gems are sacrificed, these sometimes disappear before the body is consumed, taken by Abbathor (or pocketed by the priests for their own use, some say).

Abbathor's favor is said to include minor things like causing guards to sleep or become distracted, shaping shadows and moon-cloaking clouds to hide the features or exact position of a fleeing Dwarven thief, or allowing a trapped thief an occasional battle-aid (in the form of an initiative roll bonus). Dwarves in need of Abbathor's immediate favor may make offerings at other times throughout the year. It is also customary to make an offering

when one first worships at a particular temple.

Major Centers of Worship: Aefarn, the House of Gold, is a fortified temple complex housing much of the collected wealth of Abbathor's clergy. The temple is located deep beneath Turnback Mountain, the southernmost peak of a mountain range of similar name running north-south along the eastern border of Anauroch and north of the frozen steppes known as the Tortured Land. The treasure vaults of the Hands of Greed are located in a cavern complex hewn millennia ago from the surrounding granite by the great red Wyrms Ragflaconsen, Spawn of Mahatnartorian, before he died defending his hoard from the avaricious Abbathor.

In the Year of the Wailing Winds (1000 DR), a trio of Abbathoran priests stumbled across the Wyrms' long-hidden lair after following a trail of gold coins placed - or so they suspected - by the Great Master of Greed. After an arduous adventure bypassing the long-dead Wyrms' many traps, the three priests finally penetrated Ragflaconsen's inner sanctum early in the Year of the Awakening (1001 DR). There they discovered that the great Wyrms had survived, after a fashion, as a Ghost Dragon, his spirit unable to rest until every coin of his fabulous horde was replaced.

The Trove Lord then appeared to the three priests in a vision and directed them to muster the faithful (along with their personal hoards) scattered throughout the Cold Lands - the territory loosely incorporating the lands between the Moonsea, Anauroch, and the Great Glacier and meet in the Ghost Dragon's lair.

This mass assemblage of treasure would allow the spirit of the Trove Lord's ancient antagonist and kindred spirit in greed to rest at last. When this was done, Abbathor appeared to his assembled worshipers in avatar form and directed them, under the leadership of the Three Coinlords (as the trio was thereafter known), to build a temple honoring him. This structure would house the assembled trove of treasure (possibly the most valuable to ever exist in the Realms), as well as all new wealth that its clergy acquired in the wider world.

In the nearly four centuries since the founding of Aefarn, the caverns that make up the House of Gold have been entirely covered with gold plates and studded with precious gems. The three senior most priests of the temple compose the ruling triumvirate (still named for its founders), although

Abbathor's assembled priests work collectively to defend the House of Gold from interlopers. Each priest has his own heavily trapped set of chambers in which his personal share of the temple's wealth is hoarded.

Thus those seeking to plunder the House of Gold find themselves faced with innumerable smaller fortresses in addition to the formidable collective defenses.

Priestly Vestments: Priests of Abbathor always dress in red - a brilliant scarlet, worn as underclothing for everyday use and as over-robos for ceremonial occasions. Over this they wear leather armor with leather caps (never helms). If this armor must be discarded, dark crimson robes are worn to echo - and yet conceal the brightness of - the scarlet underclothing. Clergy of Abbathor never wear wealth openly because of the god's saying: "The best is always hidden." **Adventuring Garb:** When expecting open combat, the Trove Lord's priests gird themselves in the best available armor and weapons with which they are proficient, in the fashion of most dwarven warriors. When stealth is required, however, members of Abbathor's clergy prefer the garb and tools of rogues. In all cases, however, the Hands of Greed keep the signs of their calling - including their scarlet underclothes and their holy symbols - (The "Heart of Avarice" a Jeweled dagger or a Jeweled dagger engraved on a gold disc) concealed, as it is considered an affront to Abbathor to proclaim his name or his symbol openly. This is something that Grunnipalg as a Cavalier bent on glory in Abbathor's name could never really grasp - but as so much plunder is being captured in his name Abbathor is turning a blind eye.

Prestige Class . (Aetharnor)

Requirements: To qualify to become an Aetharnor, a character must fulfil all the following criteria.

Alignment: NE.

Skills: Appraise 8 ranks, Bluff 6 ranks, Disable device 8 ranks, Hide 8 ranks, Move silently 8 ranks, Search 8 ranks, Slight of hand 8 ranks.

Feats: Skill focus Slight of Hand.

Patron Abbathor.

Special : The character must have amassed a stolen fortune of gems gold and Magic items of at least 50,000 gp total value.

CLASS SKILLS

The Aethamor class skills are as rouge but without Balance, Craft, Knowledge (local), Perform, Profession, and Swim and with Heal, Knowledge Dungeoneering, and Concentration.

Skill points each level 5 + int.

Hp each level 1d6.

An Aethamor gains no additional weapon and armour proficiencies.

Spells per day: An Aethamor gains spells per day as if he had gained a level in the Divine spell casting class he belonged to before adding the prestige class level. If he was a rouge, he gains Divine spells as a priest of his prestige class level. An Aethamor does not continue to gain the domain spell bonus.

At first level Aethamor can cast detect metals and minerals (as the 3rd-level priest spell from Faiths and Pantheons) once per day.

At second Level the Aethamor can cast Invisibility once per day.

At 3rd level, Aethamor can cast maskstone (as the 2nd-level priest spell) once per day.

At 4th level An Aethamor can take 20 on a slight of hand check.

At 5th level, Aethamor can cast darkness, 15' radius (as the 2nd-level wizard spell) once per day.

At 6th level Aethamor can turn any container (from a pocket to a barrel) into a Bag of holding capable of holding up to 10 cubic feet of material per level. The duration is one hour per level. If the effect ends prematurely, the contents of the container spill out onto the floor.

At 7th level, Aethamor can detect illusions at will in a path 10 feet wide and 60 feet long in front of them. They must concentrate to use this ability.

At 8th level Aethamor gain Trap sense equal to his Wisdom modifier.

At 9th level, Aethamor can cast conceal riches (as the 4th-level priest spell)

once per day.

At 10 th level, Aethamor can cast knock (as the 2nd-level wizard spell) at will.

Class level.	BAB	FORT	REF	WILL			
1	0	0	2	2			
2	1	0	3	3			
3	2	1	3	3			
4	3	1	4	4			
5	3	1	4	4			
6	4	2	5	5			
7						5	2
					5	5	
8	6/1	2	6	6			
9	6/1	3	6	6			
10	7/2	3	7	7			

Abbathoran Spells

2nd Level

Maskstone

Illusion

Level:Clr2 Earth 2

Reversible

Casting time: 1 round

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 year/level

Area of Effect: A square that is 1 foot/level on a side

Saving Throw: None

This spell alters the appearance of stone to hide seams, openings, traps, runes, doors, and so on. The priest touches the central point of the area to be masked and visualizes what appearance is desired (in other words, hue, fissures, shape, and general appearance). The spell cloaks the stone with a long-term illusion matching the caster's visualization. A caster of at least 6th level can cloak a second section of stone of similar dimensions, and a caster of at least 9th level, a third section.

Features of the stone under the maskstone spell remain physically unchanged. A known door can be felt for and located in 1d3 rounds. Unless it has been used by the searcher before, determining its method and direction of opening and the location of any locks or catches is extremely difficult without a dispel magic to end the cloaking effect.

Only characters with thieving skills have the necessary expertise, and they find catches, locks, and traps on such doors at a -5 penalty to the search rolls a -5 penalty to the open lock rolls and a -5 penalty on thier disable device rolls.

On a stonecunning check of 20 a Dwarf, Duergar, Deepgnome, Xorn, or other subterranean dweller can tell by examination that the stone's surface has been magically masked but not what its true appearance is. Features affixed to the stone's surface (such as maps or inscriptions) are hidden by this magic. True seeing penetrates the spell.

The reverse of this spell - *revealstone* negates maskstone. It clearly indicates secret or hidden doors, panels, cavities, storage niches, catches, locks, and other hidden features in stone work by momentarily illuminating them with a glowing outline.

The material components are an eyelash (from any creature) and a pinch of dust or sand. The reverse of the spell requires a scrap of gauze and a handful of iron filings.

3rd Level

Abbathor's Greed (Divination)

Level: Pr 3 Greed 3

Components: V, S

Range: Self.

Casting Time: One round.

Area of Effect: 10-foot-wide path, 10 feet long/level

Duration: Instantaneous

Saving Throw: None

The priest who casts this spell can determine the single most valuable item within the spell's area of effect and its exact value. Note, however, that the information gained involves an item's monetary value only. Magical items are revealed to be only as valuable as the materials from which they are made. This aside, the caster learns the item's exact value (in terms of gold pieces).

This use of this spell is not without risks. For every 1,000 gp value of an item, there is a 1% cumulative chance that Abbathor takes notice of the item and desires it for himself. If this occurs, there is an equal chance that Abbathor sends an avatar to retrieve the object. The total chance will not exceed 95%.

The avatar's sole purpose is to retrieve the desired item and return with it to the Gray Wastes. Under no circumstances does the avatar of Abbathor become involved in the affairs of the priest. Any attempt to prevent the avatar from carrying out its duty is dealt with accordingly.

4th Level

Conceal Riches (Illusion)

Level Clr 4 Trickery 4

Components: V, S

Casting Time: One round

Range: Touch

Duration: Permanent

Area of Effect: 1 person or an area up to 20 cubic feet.

Saving Throw: None

Conceal riches makes all the items worn or carried by one person or an area up to 20 X 20 X 20 feet look worthless. Fine clothes look shabby, and new, expensive, or luxurious items appear old and worn. This illusion is used by priests of Abbathor to disguise

themselves or their treasure hoards and abodes (or those of others, for a fee) and to thwart robbery attempts. They also use this spell to decrease the chance that they are detained or molested when traveling from one locale to another while carrying great wealth or dressed in the finery they admire. The effect is permanent until dispelled or dismissed by the caster.

Glossary.

DEUS EX MACHINA : In some ancient antiquity.html Greek drama, an apparently insolvable crisis was solved by the intervention of a god, often brought on stage by an elaborate piece of equipment. This "god from the machine" was literally a *deus ex machina*.

Few modern works feature deities suspended by wires from the ceiling, but the term *deus ex machina* is still used for cases where an author uses some improbable (and often clumsy) plot device to work his or her way out of a difficult situation. When the cavalry comes charging over the hill or when the impoverished hero is relieved by an unexpected inheritance, it's often called a *deus ex machina*.

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